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." What is 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 affectionation 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, wealth will be greater, and a more opulent state than ever. The crushing burden of Imperialism has been taken off from their shoulders; and only a false pride will grieve at the loss. The German "people" in so far as they can be true to themselves, will find occasion for nothing but satisfaction.

In contrast with the real as distinct from the sentimental prosperity 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 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 any 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 have now to spend in furnishing 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 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.

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 strong enough to over-ride. 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 remits, 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 500,000 years. Is "compensation" to be paid upon this basis; and if not, why not? 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

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 meant to fight for their privileges with Prussian obstinacy. 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 it and it is by the pressure of 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 ordained that 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 Mazer and others 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.

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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 "property" over whose working they have exercised possession. The "property" over whose working he has exercised possession of the community to re-appropriate its 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 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 hitherto shown 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 good results as any that have been known before. 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 inexpediency 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 possession—and possibly cure him of it. Speaking at the Royal Academy banquet, presumably to artists about art, he appeared, 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.
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 literal sense, but had this virtue, that it was conscious of its ignorance, and desirous of obtaining the best instruction upon any public interest. The public interest, in the case of the Near East and especially of Syria, is larger in amount and in consequence of the intensity of its discussion than that which Dr. White and Major Powell are considering in Anatolia. 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 Islam, he tells us, will revert to paganism 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 do increase rapidly unless checked by periods of war and by military occupation.

Dr. White, President of Anatoila College, Marsouvan—"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 not 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 Islam, he tells us, will revert to paganism 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 do increase rapidly unless checked by periods of war and by military occupation.

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 host 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 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 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 not far distant future, wander at will in the Forbidden Cities of Islam—our Government should call up Washington to once and for all put an end to 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 Babylonian walls; the people of Syria were not delighted by French interest in their country. The only race which welcomed it was the Maronite Christians. But who knows who knows about this self-enlightened Orientalist if space allowed.

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 Jihâd, 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 Sherif 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 Hejzâz 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 with them the Caliphate. 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 the 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 Sherif 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 Khalifh 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 for the Turks, as being 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 Aqâia.

* "Al Giblüh," the official journal of the King of the Hejzâz.

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 stenographic, 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 writers after writer continue 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 tripe vague. Some understand by 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 number of other misapprehensions to be overcome by all who would be husbandmen.

On the whole, it seems best to choose 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 and Perseus', and dwell under their 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 as well, in 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, for example, 200 acres.

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 a Henry VII, cap. 16, "it is ordained and enacted that no manner of person, of what degree, estate, or
Neither the Agrarian laws of the Romans nor the 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 1540, when a French army attempted to land at Southampton.

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 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, when a large part of Italy was transformed into Cesar, and Cesar 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 leisureed 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. The small holder will receive honest treatment. Nor is there any indication that the party spirit will not once more be encouraged. The modern small holding movement is designed to supply a want, which will probably be felt in the case of the small holder, and under the circumstances, it is a question of statesmen. Agriculture is there a national concern. Compensation should A pay to his confreres for having had the privilege of working the land that an estate owner refuses to cultivate. 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. 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 plough and the wheat that he produces is an asset, while the menial and tedious work he has to perform is merely the disguise of 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 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-hidden hours.

O vain Astrophers exalt in Shinar,
O vain Borsippa thronged with courtseans!
He whom ye seek is here: Love in the desert

Shinar,

WILFRID 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 the social and moral life. The authors 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-academician, can express no useful opinion. He reaches, inter alia, three conclusions that concern me as a citizen. In the first place, he demands a more 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, Glasow, and perhaps one or two others. But Mr. Robieson will have none of the straggle, 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. For the 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 would 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 and Social Education 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 presumes 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 subscribe 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:

- To engage in 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.

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 towards fellow-teachers in a worthy professional manner.

It is a Breach of Professional Etiquette:

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

- 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 [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 exercises 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 school-house; 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 unions of all exhausting conditions; they were subjected to the tutelage of a calculating Whitehall in conspiracy with ignorant and cheep-paring local authorities. But this particular battle has now been fought and won; the elementary teacher can call his soul his own, even though he works under morally corrupting local authorities. And these, owing to the pressure 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 from the secondary schools, eleven from the elementary schools, and eleven from the subject associations. Each member of the Council must be a teacher or a former teacher. The Council does not work in rivalry with existing organisations; it unifies the higher plane of function. It already has a legal recognition. It is authorised by the Education Act of 1912 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 long run, enforce discipline until they 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.

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 elf-kind.
Of merry Markelin the field is forlorn,
And widowed is the wind.

Ruth Pitter.
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 somehow that he is different, different in the sense that everyone is different from everyone, but that everyone else is fundamentally the same, and that he differs from the rest. Of course, 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 cannot afford 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 "Trivial" 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 level crossings; in the worst wind my hat never blows off."

"And if ever of 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 obsessions 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, by so doing keeping 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 surrounding the world with a sort of magic circle), and are 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, to which every one of us is thus devoted unthinkingly, and by so doing keeping the true light from our conscious self. And with this self-flattery (especially if the particular sublimity is of a creditable nature) there is often associated, transitarily, 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 repressed, run the 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 the result of a conscious autocracy of self, under the control of some inner force: 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 same principle in others. And this is how a" super-conscious" mind, 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; for though the manifestations themselves have been neither infrequent nor of long duration, and of often 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 difference and unconsciousness 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 subsisting 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 re-orientation 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 super-consciousness 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 super-consciousness 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 absalutes 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 of "A. E.'s". He 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-heartyly 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 plague me. Enough that it passed, but not before it corners, and had rubbed and polished them over with 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 intellect, and had rubbed and polished him over with that time entirely, to let it bury itself with what mourning learning of it lay the best and gladdest lesson of all. . . .

It must have been as detestable a person as ever trickled out of 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.

Shelmerdene was not made for 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, 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."

Shelmerdene, 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 one night, and for a long time stood in my little hall and examined the Eastern stamp and post-mark, 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. Shelmerdene, in the rush of her last pursuit of her perfect fate, laying in a sufficient store of her own special nips 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 cannot bear you not to share it, for you; I am quite sure that you are still the dear you were two years ago. But it is too young 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 will 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 now naturalised 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, faubbling 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 has made just such a wise old East it must always be right. 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 Blue Bird. Rather bitterly, I 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 mythical East. I've made my peace and said my prayers, and I've seen the East and—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 let you think 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 to go to a sleepy 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 was too much like an emotion, and therefore superior. I thought, and sitting with me on the terrace of the Hyde Park Hotel, and wondering 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, kneeling 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 more clearly than your letters can express you, and if you don't stand any nonsense, and go down 400 or 80. 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 room for breakfast, but had gone farther than some door, perhaps wondering whether I had been very drunk the night before, or only just "gazy."

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 would 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 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 off and think of something else, because, if that same husband heard of my staying on the river with a young man of uncellbrate eye and uncertain occupation, he would at once take steps to stop 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 water a racing punt down the river, you will learn more about punting than 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 we were going to find 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 padle 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 friend Harding, still grey and melancholy, and not of its little hill, but not impeciously enough to prevent the outlet of two days' impatience in the curse I vented on it.

"Little man with little toys wants big toy of the same pattern and cries when he can't have it," she mocked me, and smiled away my anger which had only been 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 80. It teaches you restraint."

"That 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 back 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. And then the tragedy is that bring a sudden reality into life, but the reality is so unrecognizable 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 seen 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 just 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've only sensed it in my trivial, but people like me is as France is still France!

"But you would have adored my old 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 and admired any other English... 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 for Dikran. I've seen him grow up 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 my eyes and face burning, 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, I know how truthful mine is compared to the real thing, as done by such old men as 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 everyone is his own god, but that Buddha is every man's God, which goes 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. I've just got to know how it was that, since you had a perfectly good father alive in England, you were allowed to go gabbling about in France with a guardian, sol-di-ant—"
Not so much of your soid-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 at that, that is what I meant by it. For that time, in spite of having exactly the figure for it, he had always refused to enter Parliament, 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 he started at the top, and he simply and utterly went broke with a soft job and a low income. But all that is really beside the point, for between politics and gainesisher and I had had a slight disagreement about a certain young man whom I was inclined to marry off-hand, being only 16, you know, and liking the young man—and, of course, my father did the correct thing, as he always did, give 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 Vicomte, and how I'd be quite safe in his care, for any young man who as much as looked at me would have a pair of eyes asking him who the devil he might be and why he chose to escaerate 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 the French business about the saneness 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. For it wasn't that I wasn't skating. But 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 locked 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—entirely out the stupendous fact that I was almost a woman, and a very feminine one at that, who liked an old 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 dowswagers, and the aforesaid young Vicomte, who had manacured himself out of existence, and was now considered harmless. So Paris was a dead city, my father had died and appointed him as my guardian, when you leave my care you enter the custody of your beloved great-uncle, and how I knew somehow that big things were in store for me. I knew it so often. . . .

"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 demanded so little of me, and I knew that I was no account at all in the world. But the tragedy of it was, and is, my dear, that indulgence made the moexter 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 it away—so if you desire, Ira, 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 idee of my young life, just as Napoleon III had long ago formed his eternally child-like idea of 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 how life was, and do things by impulse, and the way 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 so disappointing a 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 schoolboy. Obviously, I thought helplessly, 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 boxoir, 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, 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 intoning 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 court it as any more than the suggestion of an old man who thinks only of your good, and to tell me quite honestly when you choose—'
A more unmilitary type of man could not be imagined; the diary of a dead officer and would read books. He lived almost entirely for individuals who actually liked reading the really great men. He loved beauty in every form, knew much of pictures, company, had no vices, says his friend, did not smoke, and was musical 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 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 with 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 of existence he ignored when he assumed that nobody could exist. I certainly asked no one was his courage that failed him when he dared not desert; actually, it was that very social instinct (whose ever asked anybody else to form a society) which was 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 of desperation always, in a sense, irrelevant to him; "even his death was irrelevant. He died, it seems, in a blaze of glory, he died leading no forlorn hope, but struck 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. 25. net.) This is a series of addresses which purport also 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 else to form a church when used in the dark. "Follow the pure reason of the intuitions in the other world is the monopoly of our unbeneficed 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."." We can bear in mind that there are no more than two sentences in the whole book, 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 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 men purified the soul and do not 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 moral and spiritual wounds, and perhaps as 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 their bodies, they see in all the 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 recovering from the shock of the spectacle, 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 a certain 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 he hatches his, 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 imitation"; and so forth, will certainly do no one any harm or any good; and the assurance that there are angels hovering round the old friends and comrades." 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.
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. Guildsman will not replace the present system of credit, 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 Bankers. 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 investors driving a hard bargain with a nation of producers and distributors. The assumption carries us a little further: that the investors are independent, and can really 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 for a moment. The mistake is made at a point. The employer does not resist at all 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 system 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 Guild credits is a feature of the control of capital. Obviously the situation is artificial and perilous, and nobody knows it better than the banker, whose position is already well described in the writer of the "Notes".

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 system 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 Guild credits is a feature of the control of capital. Obviously the situation is artificial and perilous, and nobody knows it better than the banker, whose position is already well described in the writer of the "Notes".

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hear speak of them with feelings of affection—have been Osmanlî 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 Turkey as they have served 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 domination by rebelling, believed in them that they, too, were Christians, and began to agitate, adopt the same methods of terror to their own folk and atrocities against the Muslim population which had profited the Serbs and the Greeks.

Or in order justly to appreciate the feelings of the Muslim population towards seditions movements of their Christian neighbours, it must be remembered that every Christian报仇returned 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 natives 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 about to live in Asia in the position of a minority. They represent an ancient Asiatic race renowned in history; yet they cringe and wait 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 emperor rising from 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, jockeys, spies, 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 have been marked by the globe: It is not a pleasant thing to write, but it is true. The looting 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, victors as the Turks were victims of the cold designs of Europe—does England wish to see them utterly wiped out? To all this I shall make mention in my next. But the revolution has been 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 worse to stop them. I understand, the plan is going on at present in Constantinople, because the hounding of officials who may or may not have been to blame to some extent for the ill-treatment of Armenians worse is 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 Czernowitz. The triumph of Czernowitz over Armenia was relatively small, and 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 last massacres—of which I have heard, there have been no massacres but only 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 very likely 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
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 wealthy and in power, I think I should go to the Armenian patriarchate and invite His Beatitude and the notables of the Armenian community to meet me and the English 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 then the money should be paid by him on whom it fell. And then an agreement 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 a formal apology and a promise of amity. The Armenians would 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 agrarianism 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 ruined. Our great independent Armenian State must be set up for God's sake and in Russian territory, and let all Armenians whose desire is independence go and stop there.

BLOODSPORTS. FOR THE MASSES.

Sir,—From time immemorial the shedding of blood for sport has been regarded as one of the indispensable luxuries of the English gentelman. 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 fowl, game, 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 believe this necessary extravagance has not been altogether divorced during the last four harrowing years.

But the unparalleled danger with which we were faced made it imperative to curb not only the money 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 levied all barriers of rank and established arms between gentry and docker. During the four and a half years that the worker has stood shoulder to shoulder with his master he has 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 one of the many inestimable advantages derived from the great war—we should indeed be dreamers to imagine that the same conditions will provide them with the 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 inestimable 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. Every one who has been through that Privy Garden should 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 casually 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 may be turned into more innocuous channels, as has been successfully accomplished in the case of the rich. The clean-looking youth who handles the fair partner so gently and delicately at a hunt ball has already shaken three mercuricous instincts fox-hunting in the morning. At picnics on the moor or by the riverside, the safety of the girls who share his ten or twelve Incham 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 gentleman at the front, have become an adept in the gentlemanly art of the hunt, and established a brotherhood of arm between duke and every clime it has been considered essential to provide those who had the means to pay for it with some sort of fowl, game, 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 believe this necessary extravagance has not been altogether divorced during the last four harrowing years.

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

**FACTS ABOUT FRANCE.**

Sir,—The other day I received a note from one of your readers asking me to recommend to him a reli
gious 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 the French books on reconstruction, without finding one that went to the root of the matter. French experts who write on the subject of the reconstruc
tion of France are, as a general rule, burning with a desire to do something of a bit of good and are tricked into 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 weak and anemic through spitting up syndicates and tired out of it is wages: To-day wages are the root of all evil. Possibly the working classes are distrusted by us and 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 wages question. The very 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 munici
tion 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 spirit. They take the forms of unrest, avarice, violence, class and racial hatred. Let me briefly illustrate these signs.

Avarice. The French are at bottom very thrifty. The Frenchman is always prepared to do without. His remarks on Wordsworth are too painful for comment. I pass hurriedly on.

Violence. It is sometimes the outcome of wages 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 workers went out for about the hundredth time in four years. Another day the bank-clerks came out to look for the midinettes, leaving their tails behind them. Another day the funeral mates downed coffins because they were not allowed to wear face fungus. And rightly too. French mates are a pretty sight as it is without wearing face-muts. These strikes, such as they appear, have to be noted for the fact that the Reds seek very eagerly to charm them to account. In fact, they make hay while the saig 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 hand-

**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 portrait of the more profound human feeling to the Russian and the Serb. Labor Lotnikoff, whose sunny Bonifacio street scene was noticed by Clive Bell among the L. G. pictures at the Mansard Gallery, is almost unknown in London; but by those who visited the exhi-

bration of her work last week-end she will be remem-

bered not for the blue 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 Brit

tany, these are the scenes that inspire her best work.

**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 heart of man” not being seen as an addition, if they are worthy of it.” An important qualification.

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 be
tween the reformer and the artist that I “‘seem most at

sea.” A singular phrase.

His remarks on Wordsworth are too painful for com-

ment. 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 be in the reformer’s remedies. All that I wish to say is a cessation of hostility between them. The antagon
ism of the artist and the reformer is 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 Guildsman answers my letter,

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 arrow in the green-robed quiet, Light on the breast o’ the earth we lie, We, who at War’s resounding flat, Eyes to the hills, went forth to die.

Quenching of heart and limb and spirit, Sorrow and hunger and song foregone, 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 he 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.

SENTENCE.

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 world, 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 indulgence 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 gymnasion 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 aesthetically. 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 the blind cesspool of the will, 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 indulgence would often lead to.

All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.

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