NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In one of Mr. Dyson's cartoons that appeared in the "Daily Herald" last week a child, labelled 1940, is seen to be weeping at the prospect of what the present peace means to its early manhood. There can be no doubt whatever that war is contemplated not only as a possibility, but as a high probability in the peace that is just about to be signed. Hatred and distrust and fear of Germany are to be found in almost every line of the terms; and since upon a peace of hate it is impossible to build a peace of justice, the pillars of the present peace are certain to moulder and crumble away and to bring down war upon the world once more. It would be difficult to fix individual responsibility for the disastrous character of the peace. With very few if any exceptions we are all guilty of contributing our faggot, as generally now that they are right as when they were wrong. These pacifists indeed, have done nothing for Germany save to embitter, first, the war, and, now, the peace, to the infinite sorrow not only of Germany, but of the world.

It is a matter of indifference whether a man like Mr. Bottomley is or can ever be personally disinterested in his public attitude. He appears to us to be always talking, in the familiar phrase, through his pocket. The circumstance, however, that he seems to be taken not only seriously but fearfully at Westminster and elsewhere makes it advisable to examine his statements lest they should, as they possibly may, turn out to be the policy of the Government. That there is a tipster's air of prophecy about his demand that "we must make Germany pay every penny of the cost of the war if it takes us not 50 but 500 years" is evident from Mr. Bonar Law's reply; for instead of sending for a posse of keepers to silence such criminal nonsense, Mr. Bonar Law, with the utmost suavity, announced that the present indemnity of $5,000 millions was only a sum on account, and that it was to be taken "without prejudice to our total claim." Difficult as it is to believe that Mr. Bottomley is as ignorant as he seems, it is still more difficult to believe that Mr. Bonar Law is the monster his reply would indicate. For what other "policy" does his suggestion involve than the policy of rack-renting a people to infinity; and who but a party-leader could enunciate it if at the same time he realised its nature? The only tolerable explanation of the episode is Mr. Bonar Law's nervous dread of the consequences of appearing to deny Mr. Bottomley's reply; for instead of sending for a posse of keepers to silence such criminal nonsense, Mr. Bonar Law, with the utmost suavity, announced that the present indemnity of $5,000 millions was only a sum on account, and that it was to be taken "without prejudice to our total claim." Difficult as it is to believe that Mr. Bottomley is as ignorant as he seems, it is still more difficult to believe that Mr. Bonar Law is the monster his reply would indicate. For what other "policy" does his suggestion involve than the policy of rack-renting a people to infinity; and who but a party-leader could enunciate it if at the same time he realised its nature? The only tolerable explanation of the episode is Mr. Bonar Law's nervous dread of the consequences of appearing to deny Mr. Bottomley's fee-fou-fum. He dare not, we will charitably assume, tell Mr. Bottomley the truth that neither this nor any other country will obtain even $5,000 millions of dumped free goods and services from Germany, still less an indefinite amount extending over a period of generations; and he therefore contents himself with an answer designed to soothe the popular giant at the simple cost of misleading the world. Disgusting as such an explanation is, it is, at any rate, better than the gloss that otherwise must be put upon Mr. Bonar Law's conduct. The alternative is a degree of folly and baseness which has hitherto been supposed to have become extinct with the Stone Age.

That Germany or, at least, some Government in Germany, will sign the peace terms with only slight or even no modifications whatever, we have little doubt. Like Russia in the similar situation of Brest-Litovsk, Germany has no real option in the matter, for it is irrational to pretend that starvation is a possible alternative. A people must live, as an individual must live; and the reply of the cynic that there is no visible necessity is only worthy, as Mr. Shaw said, of the father of lies. But it is as well that the people of the victorious countries should not be allowed to disguise from themselves the hollowness both of their nations' pretensions to justice and of the certain consequences, if there is a
God in heaven—or even if there is not—of their present conduct. Nor will they be able to escape judgment in this world or the next on the plea of irresponsibility; for we have every assurance that the peace terms been left to the sole discretion of the statesmen assembled at Versailles, they would have been of a more moderate character than they are now likely to be. It is impossible to be believed that President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and even M. Clemenceau, would have imposed terms of perpetual slavery upon a people that had just cast off militarism and twenty-two kings along with it. Furthermore, it was confidently to be expected that President Woodrow Wilson, at any rate, would not on his own initiative have made a liar of himself by denying his “fourteen points.” But the pressure upon the Big Four at Versailles has been constant, tremendous, and, in a sense, popular; and unfortunately it has all been in the direction, save for the negligible quantity of “paci-fist” protest of immoderation, revenge and destruction. This is the fact which at the eleventh hour the German people will, no doubt, take into account. For the alternative to the present peace terms, onerous as they are, is not an improvement. It would not, even if it resulted from a Christian reaction in the victorious countries, but an intensification of their worst features. The present peace terms are, in fact, the best that Germany can hope for from the “popular” elements tempered by statesmanship; and without the latter they would be worse. Were it possible, even if we should turn to the Kaishakunren, to weep over their private as distinct from their “public” feelings, the verdict, we are certain, would be all the other way. The “democracy,” however, has allowed judgment to go by default, and in the end must bear the consequences. But can such a peace last? Has it the character of durability? The reply is obvious: it has not and it cannot. Nobody can tell in what place the inherent rottenness of the edifice will first show itself. By a colossal effort of military, naval, economic and every other form of support, it is just possible, indeed, that for a generation or two the Versailles building will appear to stand upright. But fall it will sooner or later; and on its fall the world will be once more engaged in universal murder and suicide. Public opinion, no less than Völkgeist of old, pays dearly for the favourites who slobbe in its neck and play upon its weaknesses. For the embraces of our Bottomleys the world is sacrificing the future happiness of millions of children now in their cradles.

The Coal Commission is dragging its slow length along and in the process is becoming entangled in its own folds. Whether by design or accident, the subjects of discussion are ceasing to be clear to anybody; and it must be more than doubtful whether the Report announced for June 20 can be conclusive of anything. The occasion of the Commission, its raison d’être, was, as everybody knows, the Labour unrest, that is to say, the psychological factor, in the mining industry; but more and more, during the last few weeks, the psychological and human factor has been set aside to allow of the discussion of the technical aspects. But upon technical grounds, in the first place, not only is there relatively little ground for inquiry—for the mining industry is in a technical sense no worse if no better than other industries; but, in the second place, the Commission is as ill-equipped for such an inquiry as the subject is, strictly speaking, irrelevant. The problem before the Commission is not primarily the re-organisation of the mining industry as a technique for the production of coal, but the re-organisation of the mining industry as a means of doing justice to the demands of the men engaged in it. It is true that the latter must involve technical questions to a certain extent; perhaps, in the end, to a considerable extent; but the immediate problem is the settlement of the priority of one consideration over another. Which is to come first and to be made the criterion of organisation? Is it simply technique, in the engineering sense of the word? Or is it the human welfare of the millions engaged in coal-mining? Is humanity to accommodate itself to the technique of coal-milling? or is it the human welfare of the millions engaged in coal-mining? Is humanity to accommodate itself to technique or technique to humanity? To ask the question is to answer it; but in that reply is involved the condemnation of the present order of the industry. If the new order is more appealing, if it means that the present attitude the Commission is dangerously near accommodating the demands of the men to the demands of the technical organisation. A breath of fresh air is required. We should like Mr. Smillie or some other miners’ representative to announce that the technique of the industry must be made to conform to the human factor on peril of finding itself ignored. Technique was made or must be made for man, not man for technique.

We are sure that such a word in season would have a bracing effect not only on the Commission itself, but on the national mind. Neither Mr. Smillie nor any of his colleagues appears to us to have taken the precaution of understanding the “people” to whom they are appealing. The evidence of the Dukes should have opened their eyes to the psychological fact that the English people may dearly love a duke, but they love a man who knows and speaks his determination quite as well. The applause won by the Dukes (and not, by any means, confined to the public present at their examination) was not, it is clear, a reward for superior intelligence or superior public spirit. The evidence of the Dukes, in fact, was below the level of the common intelligence, and noticeably wanting in common social generosity. One and all, however, they spoke their determination cost what it might to others, to maintain their “rights,” and if they must part with them, to sell them only upon the highest possible terms. That their rights and their terms are wrongs and surrenders against public interest concerned the public only in the smallest degree. The engaging spectacle before the public was of men prepared to do battle in the open, to get their own way. It was to this attitude of uncompromising determination that the applause both in court and out of it was, we believe, given. The lesson for Mr. Smillie, if we may formulate it, is clear. The English public has, in its own phrase, no use for appeals ad misericordiam. It desires to know what the miners want, of course; but it will be much more sympathetic when it learns what it is the miners mean to have. The people can for the sake of the argument. But, in that case, we are back at the very beginning of the Inquiry, which arose, not in consequence of the miners’ prescription of any remedy, nationalisation or other, but in consequence of their complaint that they were suffering and would suffer no longer. It is very “expert” to
prove to a man suffering from some disease that the remedy he suggests for himself is worse than the disease; and to ride away with the consciousness that some service has been thereby done for the statesman is not merely to correct a wrong diagnosis and a wrong prescription; still less, to send away a body of men unhealed; it is to diagnose truly and to prescribe a proper remedy. We are allowing, for the sake of the argument, that the policy of national and guild control has been proved to be ineffective against the complaints of the men; we are presenting the "experts" with their whole case for the negative. But the next step surely lies with them; and it consists in producing the proper expert prescription and in giving us the evidence that it will cure and not kill. After all, it is not upon the men that the responsibility either for the conduct of the industry or for their own conduct rests. Private enterprise connotes the concentration of responsibility and of initiative among the owners who exercise control. It is for the men to complain if complaint is necessary; and to make their complaints effective to command attention. But it is not their moral duty to advise how they should be remedied; and their offer of advice is, indeed, in all the circumstances, voluntary and gratuitous; and therefore, the nationalisation and guild control suggested by the men have been proved to "expert" satisfaction to be worse than useless, the turn of the experts themselves must come. The complaints of the men will accrue hereafter because they have been dismissed. On the contrary, unless a substitute is found for it, and a better substitute that really cures the diseases complained of, the men will have an additional grievance.

It was reported on Monday that the Government had offered to lease the national shipyards on the Wye and Severn to the Federation of Engineering Trade Unions; and the "Times" on Tuesday urged the Trade Unions to seize the opportunity of putting Guild Socialism into practice. The occasion, it said, "exactly fitted the purposes of the ablest and most popular school of industrial reformers," and the plan proposed "combined such advantages as concern to national ownership, while avoiding the defects of bureaucratic control." There is something to be said for the contention in the abstract; and we are not altogether in disagreement with the "New Witness" when it recommended that if the offer were a trap, the Federation should walk into it, and ask for more. Sooner or later, the ice must be broken, and though it is probable that several attempts must be made, there is certainty that the offer was not only a trap, but a trap designed ingeniously to catch its victims whether they walked in or stayed out. By walking in, they would have ensured their practical failure—that, as a matter of course; but also they would, by converting their funds into fixed capital, have ensured their failure in any future industrial struggle. On the other hand, by staying out they have brought upon themselves the reproach that they do not mean business when they demand control. Of the two forms of victimisation, however, there is no doubt that the Federation has chosen the lesser.

The complaint of the "New Witness" that "the Trade Unions generally have not seen the necessity of including the salariat or working management in their respective organisations" must be balanced by the fact that, hitherto and still, the salariat in general has not seen the necessity of co-operating with the men's Unions. We agree that the error is "fatal"; but it appears to us that while a greater responsibility rests upon the educated salariat than upon the proletariat, the fatality of the consequences is likely to be fairly distributed over both ranks. Moreover, it cannot be denied that at this moment the disposition of the Trade Unions to the salariat is much more friendly than that of the salariat to the Trade Unions. The Railwaymen's Union has drawn up a schedule of pay and conditions for a Railway Guild in which, on paper at any rate, the salariat is preserved in all present technical privileges and in more than its present rates of pay. No parsimony has been displayed in dealing with the salariat, nor is there any evidence of that jealousy of authority which, we are told, characterises the ranks and file of Trade Unions. And, again, at the Coal Commission last week, a hostile witness was reminded by Mr. Smillie that a managerial salary of £1,000 a year was considered reasonable by the men in contrast with the present managerial average of five or six hundred. How have facts like these—that could be multiplied—been met by the salariat? A reply is to be found in the letter signed by "Colliery Manager" which appeared in the "Times" on Friday. "It should be impressed on the Coal Commission," wrote this representative manager, "that we are not prepared as officials to accept any scheme of nationalisation or executive dual control." And since, as we are told, the mining salariat has no alternative to these proposals, the Miners' Federation is left to face the bare negative of the salariat as well as of the owners. We can only repeat our agreement with the "New Witness" and common sense that this attitude is fatal, and particularise the consequence. It is the consequence that has been seen in Russia. The obstinate refusal of the bourgeoisie or salariat to co-operate with the proletariat has not led in Russia to a modification of the latter's demands; still less has it had the effect of diminishing their peremptory character. All it has done has been to ensure that, when the revolution came, the salariat and the proletariat should go down in one red ruin together, co-operating or death because they were not co-operative in life. "The dictatorship of the proletariat is the de-serve reply of the proletariat to the refusal of the salariat to come to their assistance; and the "Colliery Manager" who writes to the "Times" is in reality inviting Bolshevism into this country.

The general conclusions of the Report of the Inquiry now being held on the conduct of the Government Motor Depot at Slough need not trouble us very much. They will be as useful as can be anticipated by any of the odd five million persons who have had firsthand and recent experience of bureaucratic management. The conclusions, however, that it is bureaucratic management that is to blame is misleading unless it is qualified by the equation of bureaucratisation and centralisation; and in this form of the proposition, the reflection is upon centralisation in general and upon bureaucratical centralisation only as a particular instance. That the Slough Motor Depot was, in the words of Sir Henry Lawes, "a disorganised piece of centralisation" is much more to the point of the Inquiry than denunciations of bureaucracy in vacuo; for the fact of the matter is that centralisation, by whomsoever carried out, is certain sooner or later to be disastrous whether conducted under the State or under a
Trust. For the moment, it is true, private enterprise appears to be at an advantage relatively to bureaucracy. It cannot be doubted that, at the present, the present have the political object of making that advantage appear as great as possible. But the predestined end of private enterprise in the Trust—in other words, in centralisation—makes it certain that the evils of bureaucracy to-day are only the evils of private enterprise tomorrow. The bureaucracy is what private enterprise is bound by its nature to become.

Yet it is not beyond imagination to conceive a system of decentralisation. Politically, indeed, the distinction between centralisation and decentralisation has not only been clearly made, but, to a considerable extent, it is on the way to being realised in favour of decentralisation; for the age-long dispute between an Empire and a Commonwealth, now settled, in the case of the British Commonwealth at any rate, against the Imperial idea, has been at bottom nothing more than a practical discussion of the relative advantages of centralisation and decentralisation. In industry and elsewhere, in areas of human activity to which as yet much less real thought has been applied than has been applied to politics, the discussion is still proceeding. That the conclusion industrially will follow the conclusion politically is certain in the meanwhile, as we say, centralisation appears to be making ground everywhere, or, at least, not to be losing ground. For this very reason, if for no other, it is desirable to make a stand for decentralisation upon every occasion when centralisation appears to be at the expense of its power; and to insist upon what is, in the long run time will demonstrate, namely, that centralisation is death while decentralisation is life. As the witness at the Slough Inquiry, Sir Henry Lawson, stated, the organisation of a confederation of workshops each acting independently under common regulations would have improved upon the efficiency of the centralised depot by some hundreds per cent. For the alternative to central control is not, as commonly supposed, chaos or laissez faire or want of uniformity, but simply co-operation under common regulation. Let us suppose, for example, that we were agreed that the mines of the country should be nationally owned. The centralising Imperialistic idea would instantly suggest (as, in fact, it has) that their control should be centralised in their ownership, the only conceivable means (so we should be told) of securing uniformity of working. The reply, however, is to point to the possibility, exemplified in the political sphere and quite as readily applicable to the industrial sphere, of requiring local initiative and local self-government to be made in the common interest. That there might be exceptions to the “rule of the road” thus established by common consent must be allowed. But uniformity in essentials would certainly tend to prevail, and increasingly as it was the outcome of intelligent consent. Centralisation regulation in the common interest is proper and desirable; but decentralised control, subject to regulation, is no less proper and desirable.

The Liberal group (not, be it observed, the Labour group) has taken what the “Times” calls the “serious step” of moving the rejection of Mr. Austen Chamberlain’s Budget on the ground that it does not provide for a capital levy. Readers of The New Age of four or five years ago will not need to be reminded of the amount management and, no doubt, such Inquiries as the present adoption by the Liberal Party; but neither will they need to be reminded that a measure that might have been adequate to the situation of 1914 is not necessarily adequate to the situation of 1919. So much financial water, in fact, has passed under the bridge since 1914 that a mere levy on capital, however large, would utterly fail to meet the new situation; for while there is no doubt that capital holds the key to the situation, and that the problem of the moment is not capital but credit, not our assets but our debts as a nation. From this point of view it appears to us that a bolder proposal than a levy on capital is now necessary—a levy on “credit,” or, let us say, a deflation of the war-debt. That we should really have paid in goods and services the cost of the war, and yet be still in “debt” for the whole amount as measured in an inflated medium, is a situation so farcical that an instructed debate upon it could not fail to open the nation’s eyes to the trick that has been played upon its confidence. Let us suppose that, in order to deflate the debt and to squeeze out the immense amount of water it contains would meet with more opposition than a levy on capital in the ordinary sense. The largest bondholders would certainly interpose between themselves and their critics the series of defences they have carefully prepared—the small investor, the honest workman, the working-girls who have bought war-bonds with their hard-earned savings, and—their final covering troops—the widows and orphans whose all is in the “debt.” But even if we did not succeed in overcoming these obstacles we might still take the citadel would in all probability bring into practical discussion the problem which, in any event, awaits us, that of reducing finance to be the servant instead of the master of society.

Such a debate, moreover, is rendered doubly urgent by the new fact that has now come to light, to the effect that the Treasury, being unable to pay even the interest on the debt without additional borrowing, has determined to consolidate the whole series of loans and to make the vast debt of 8,000 millions irredeemable before 1977 at the earliest. As reported, the proposal now being hatched in the Bank of England parlour and the Treasury is to issue a new loan, into which all the existing loans may be converted, at the price of 80 at 4 per cent.; in other words, at the rate of over five per cent. with a premium of 1/20 on final redemption. That such a proposal can be seriously made and only “officially” repudiated is a plain proof of the straits to which our system of credit has brought us. For if it were made in connection with any private undertaking, there is not the least doubt that the shareholders concerned would at once call for the institution of a public inquiry and the resignation of all their directors. The “debt” of 8,000 million pounds, as we all know, represents the sheer waste of the nation’s assets. The goods and services for which this figure stands are all of them destroyed beyond recovery. It is, therefore, in no real sense an investment or a capital value, but, as Mr. Chamberlain correctly observed, a mere “draft on future production” rendered possible only by the fact that the private controllers of the aid goods and services were able to exchange their assets for a promissory note drawn upon the future. Furthermore, it is undeniable the fact that for the most part the book-debt thus contributed has been measured in “cheap pounds.” The purchasing power of the sovereigns lent has never in all our history been lower. In ten, in twenty, and still more in the fifty years or so of their proposed irredeemability, the sovereigns that constitute the debt will in all likehood appreciate in purchasing-power by at least fifty, if not a hundred per cent.; with the consequence that in 1977 and thereafter the nation will be repaying in real value double the amount of the nominal value it has received. Add to this the consideration that for more than fifty years the nation will be paying over 5 per cent. per annum on the whole amount of the debt; and the conclusion will appear self-evident that the proposal amounts to an endowment of the bondholders at the expense of the nation to the extent of at least the doubling of their present holdings.
Autonomy for the Teaching Profession.

By Dr. F. H. Hayward, Joint Author of "The Spiritual Foundations of Reconstruction."

I am not clear as to whose business it is to discuss the above subject. It may not be mine; few educationists, I fancy, have ever been told what their exact business is or is not. Teachers, professors, local bodies, central bodies—I do not think any of them are devoting any serious attention to this subject. A recent article in the "Times Educational Supplement" touches the fringes of it but no more. If, therefore, in the present subject my poor thinking may be better than nothing, and I proffer it in that spirit.

For some years past one has noted the steady drift of our educational arrangements towards a kind of genial chaos masquerading under the name of "liberty." Apparently, the child has nothing to learn from society; his instincts are (potentially at least) infallible, only needing to be allowed liberty to "grow" (vide Mr. E. Holmes); and this infallibility he shares with the teacher, who also, if only left alone enough by bullying officials, will achieve wonders compared with which his previous professional performances will be as nothing. Infallibility, however, stops at the teacher; the inspector and official do not possess it; the teacher can do something with the child (though what he can do is not quite clear if the child is already potentially infallible), but the inspector and examiner can do nothing useful with the teacher. Whether infallibility reappears when we advance to the lay members of the local authority is not stated; teachers seek for seats on it and also at the Board of Education, but what exactly can be the function of both local and central bodies when there are already infallible teachers working in contact with infallible children is rather obscure. However, Vive la liberté!

To me, however, the educational machine presents itself in a somewhat different light. I see it as a huge, struggling monster with paralysed motor centres and narcotised sensory centres, and with life only clearly manifest in, here and there, a solitary anarchic ganglion or member. A man may shout in the very ear of the monster for twenty years without making it do more than flick a feeble menace with its tail or distort its jaws into a twisted grin. I am still awaiting the latter amount of response to certain long overdue proposals of mine (school celebrations, wall charts, pro and con methods, etc.), but my case is nothing in comparison. The fond parents who mutely wonder why their children are taught tables or simple subtraction so badly or so variously, and the ex-admirals who wonder why Pelmanism, if a good thing, is not more widely adopted, are not asking for much. They are asking for simple rudimentary efficiency in schools, whereas I am asking for communal memories and cosmic knowledge and fearless discussion. But whether we ask for much or for little, we are not likely to get it so long as there is no governing ganglion and no central heart in the educational organism.

To come to the point; I suggest that, in view of the paralysis above described, educationists should make up their minds, provisionally at least, on the question whether the present accepted teacher is worthy of the name; whether he possesses a great measure of independence, and therewith responsible for the efficiency of education, or whether the present chaos of responsibility should be brought to an end in some less drastic way than this.

At present the Jorkins and Spenlaw policy pervades everything. The Board of Education throws responsibility on the Local Education Authority. The latter shares this confusedly between its lay and its professional members, and the result is, equally confusedly, between two groups, officials and teachers. To add a new element to the intolerable confusion, we find both co-opted and elected teacher-members occupying lay positions in the machine, and the tendency to election seems to be increasing, and with it, of course, the timidity and even cowardice of officials. The general result is paralysis both on the motor (executive) and the sensory (advisory or exploratory) side. It is practically impossible to get rid of an inefficient teacher, particularly a head teacher, though every inspector in England could name twenty whose influence on children is desolating. It is practically impossible to insist on a single good school method being employed in school. And it is not even the official's business to study platonically what good methods are; he will not be praised for such studies, but, at best, for simple busineslike tact, such as any good manager at Selfridge's or Whiteley's may possess.

Yet there remains plenty of arbitrary power in the system. A school mistress—secondary or primary—may be an intolerable tyrant on her own domain, and a schoolmaster may alloy his equal tyranny by nothing better than laziness. Tyranny of another kind may be exemplified when a teacher or an official whom all his colleagues know to be intolerable or incompetent receives praise or preferment. And, of course, there is a brighter side to the question. Just as the general slackness allows of much individual tyranny, it also allows of much fine work where there is the will to do it. There are some teachers whose achievements merit knighthoods or peerages.

It must be obvious to anyone that if it is right to make officials out of good teachers (paying them extra money so that they may teach no longer!) it is not equally right to fill lay administrative bodies with another series of ex-teachers. There is surely confusion and inconsistency here. If our officials cease to be humane and living educationists through ceasing to be teachers the remedy is not to emb ennass them by flanking attacks, but to preserve their continuity with the teachers they oversee. For my own part I do not believe that any bona fide educationist will ever permanently desert class-room problems to become an officer either of a local authority or of a teachers' union, any more than a great surgeon will desert surgery in order to keep accounts or make speeches. If the nation is so mad as to try to bribe him to this desertion (as it bribes teachers) the nation will experience the bane of bad surgery as it gets of bad education. Be that as it may. I regard it as palpably wrong that education should be managed by a double set of deserters, and I see no evidence that the activities of the one set help to eke out the deficiencies of the other. If our officials are incompetent let us go to the root of their incompetence instead of paralysing them further.

Some years ago, before I had heard of Syndicalism or of Guild Socialism, I sketched a plan of educational administration which was designed to combine a strong executive authority with much rotation of offices among teachers and officials. The lay element in administration, while possessing full power of veto, would act mainly as preventer of abuses (every profession needs vigilant criticism from outside). My plan would at least have broken down the fatal separation between teachers and officials, and would have destroyed the present accumulation of old men and women at the head of every school and every bureaucratic department.

Well, something of the kind is needed to-day, but the growth of the guilds idea compels one to ask whether professional autonomy, involving both the above elements of strong executive authority and much rotation of office, may not, under certain conditions, be
the simplest and best device. I am convinced that it would be better than the present process of executive, investigatory and creative functions.

The chief condition would be, I think, the retention of large reserve powers by the Board of Education. Suppose twenty parents in Newcastle or Bucks were dissatisfied with the way in which the local teachers were educating their children, they would have the right of appeal to the Board of Education, and the Board would be free to inspect or examine not only the children, but the teachers. I can conceive of an enlightened Board holding a very interesting passage-at-arms with an unenlightened body of teachers administering the education of our country. I can conceive of the local schoolmasters and the teacher-chosen officials (I myself would, no doubt, be among the teachers' first preferences) being asked about their methods of teaching or supervising this or that, and why Jack and Jill (aged twelve) had such an inferior knowledge of multiplication of money. With the proviso, then, that any reasonably large body of parents—or even children, perhaps—had a right of appeal against the professional methods of teachers, I see certain advantages in throwing responsibility on the profession, instead of, as at present, allowing responsibility to rest nowhere.

One other function I should also assign to the Board of Education. It should be a publishing body with respect to constructive educational work. The present system, or, rather, chaos, is infinitely silly. Suppose a teacher or an official at Birmingham or Norwich or London has in hand a valuable piece of constructive work based on his own experiences of the needs of his town, he must go, not to his Local Education Authority, not to his Local Teachers' Association, not to his Local University, not to the Board of Education, but to a profit-seeking publisher to make his proposals known. And then, perhaps, the one town where he is not allowed to have his book in every school library is the one town whose needs he was primarily considering! I suggest that the Board of Education should have much fuller publishing rights and duties than it has at present. It should lead public opinion more than it does.

The present system of local educational control should bifurcate in two directions. A few municipal watchdogs should be appointed to see that the local guilds of educationists (= teachers and their chosen officials) did not develop professional vices on a large collective scale. But in addition to local activity taking another and a much more valuable form than this. We must think of linking the parent to the school. Four times a year at least parents should meet the school staff in full and free consultation, and the staff should realise that the parents had the above-mentioned right of appeal. The ridiculous airs of some head teachers must link on the parent.

Investigatory and creative functions.

Of course, any reasonably large body of parents—or even children, perhaps—have had an opportunity of doing—distinctive work teaching or supervising this or that, and why Jack and Jill and why Jack and Jill (aged twelve) had such an inferior knowledge of multiplication of money. And the Board of Education agreed to do- distinctive work teaching or supervising this or that, and why Jack and Jill (aged twelve) had such an inferior knowledge of multiplication of money.

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The present system of local educational control should bifurcate in two directions. A few municipal watchdogs should be appointed to see that the local guilds of educationists (= teachers and their chosen officials) did not develop professional vices on a large collective scale. But in addition to local activity taking another and a much more valuable form than this. We must think of linking the parent to the school. Four times a year at least parents should meet the school staff in full and free consultation, and the staff should realise that the parents had the above-mentioned right of appeal. The ridiculous airs of some head teachers must link on the parent.

Investigatory and creative functions.

Of course, any reasonably large body of parents—or even children, perhaps—have had an opportunity of doing—distinctive work teaching or supervising this or that, and why Jack and Jill (aged twelve) had such an inferior knowledge of multiplication of money. And the Board of Education agreed to do- distinctive work teaching or supervising this or that, and why Jack and Jill (aged twelve) had such an inferior knowledge of multiplication of money.

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united, now became divided into innumerable sects, no man knowing what to believe and what was and what was not heresy. Cranmer who, during the reign of Henry VIII, condemned people to the flames for denying transubstantiation, was now ready to condemn them for the reverse. But as in opinions and religions that were tolerated, the one thing the people were not allowed to believe in was the Catholic religion in which they had been brought up. And this for a very obvious reason. If the plunderers were to keep possession of their stolen property, England must be divided between a few they had now by sales and三十 thousand men flocked to her accession the people had risen against the new Church. But this was no easy matter, for there was too much in all the stories of the Reformation. It was necessary to keep up this cry if the plunderers were to be confirmed in their possessions.

With the accession of Mary the policy was reversed. An attempt was made to return to the status quo ante. Mary was a devout Catholic, she sought the restoration of the Roman religion and the suppression of the Protestant sects to which the leading reformers and plunderers belonged. Altogether, two hundred and seventy monasteries were put to the torch during her reign. Some of these may have been martyrs to their opinions, but the majority were the scoundrels who had plundered the monasteries and who had sought by treachery to destroy the Queen herself, and whose designs had been frustrated because of them in time and because the nobility and gentry and twenty or thirty thousand men flock to her standard in Norfolk when Somerset's successor, the Duke of Northumberland, sought to put Lady Jane Grey on the throne in order to get the Crown into his own family, and to prevent a return to the Roman religion which the plunderers so dreaded.

In restoring the Catholic faith and in acting against these scoundrels, there can be little doubt that Mary's actions were popular. Only three years before her accession the people had risen against the new Church and its authors in all parts of the kingdom, and the insurrection had only been put down by Somerset with the aid of German troops. Was it not natural, therefore, that a Queen who sought to restore the old worship and acted against such a gang of ruffians should be popular? It had been Mary's intention to take the stolen property away from the plunderers and to restore it to the Church. But this was no easy matter, for there was scarcely a man of any note who had not in some degree partaken of the spoils. Moreover, the lapse of time had created a vested interest in the new order. Though the spoils of the Church had been originally divided between a few they had now by sales and bequests become divided and sub-divided among thousands, while a new economic life had come to organise itself around the new order. Cardinal Pole, the Pope's envoy, came at last to the conclusion that to demand the restitution of the stolen property under conditions which involved the compulsory surrender of the whole or a part of its possessions by almost every family of consequence in the kingdom, was impracticable. And so, deciding to make the best of a bad job, the Papacy decided to leave the plunderers in the undisputed possession of their property, and to confine their demands to a restoration of the Catholic faith and worship. On these terms the Houses of Parliament agreed to recognise the Papal supremacy and allowed Pole to pronounce the reconciliation of England and the Church of Rome.

Though Mary assented to this compromise because no alternative, except Civil War, was open to her, she was resolved to keep none of the plunderers. She gave up the tenth and first fruits, that is to say, the tenth part of the annual worth of each Church benefice and the first year's income of each, which hitherto had gone to the Papacy, the Church and monastic lands, in fact, everything which Henry had confiscated and which were in her possession. Her intention was to apply the revenues as nearly as possible to their former purposes, and she did, in fact, make a start with the restoration of institutions which her predecessors had suppressed or whose existence she considered as pernicious. She did it against the remonstrances of her Council and of Parliament which feared that her generous example would awaken in the people a hatred of themselves and the desire for vengeance. Not to be undone, the plunderers entered into a conspiracy against her. Before she had been on the throne many months a rebellion was raised. The rebels were defeated and the leaders executed, as was the case in the second rebellion which followed shortly afterwards. Mary's experience seems indeed to prove that it would have been better for her to have risked Civil War against the plunderers at the very start than to have allowed them to keep their spoil whilst giving hers up; since from the emnity which she incurred by surrendering the property her father had confiscated arose those troubles which harassed her during the remainder of her short reign, and which were to some extent responsible for her early death. Those who desire more details of this period of history could not do better than read Cobbett's "History of the Protestant Reformation," to which I have frequently referred. No Englishman's education can be considered complete who has not read it. It throws flood of light not only on the past but on the problems of the present.

Had Mary lived it is not improbable that having defeated two rebellions and disposed of the leading conspirators her example might have been followed to some extent by the nobility and gentry. But she reigned only five years, and Elizabeth, who succeeded her, speedily undid her good work and took the plunder back again. According to the Pope's ruling, who had refused to sanction the divorce of Henry, Elizabeth was illegitimate, and this he maintained after she had succeeded to the throne, by replying to the usual notification to foreign powers that "she had succeeded to the throne by hereditary right and the consent of the nation" that "he did not understand the hereditary right of a person not born in lawful wedlock." The answer was honest, but it was not politic, for it placed both Elizabeth and the English people in a difficult position. Elizabeth on her part had to choose between ruling as a Protestant monarch or not ruling at all; while the English people were placed in the dilemma of either supporting her in espousing the cause of Protestantism or of consenting to England becoming a province of France. For it so happened that Mary Queen of Scots, who according to the Pope's ruling was the lawful heir to the throne, was married to the Dauphin of France. On these circumstances the whole history of England turns. The English people were now irrevocably committed to Protestantism, landlordism and capitalism, if they were to preserve their national independence. Elizabeth on her part had no doubts in her mind. She was determined to rule, and in order that she might rule, she was determined that England should become in fact, everything which Henry had confiscated and which were in her possession.
a Protestant country. To attain this end she stuck at nothing. In spite of all that had happened, the English people were still mainly Catholic in their sympathies, and rivers of blood had to flow before they could be changed. "The Protestant religion," says Cobbett, "was established by gibbets, racks, and ripping knives. A series of popish plagues, which by degrees put down the Catholic worship and re-introduced the Protestant form as it existed under Edward VI. Catholics were compelled to attend Protestant worship under enormous penalties, and when this failed an Act was passed compelling all persons to take the oath of supremacy, acknowledging the Pope's supreme power of the Pope supreme in spiritual matters on pain of death. Thus were thousands of people condemned to death for no other crime than adhering to the religion of their fathers, the religion, in fact, in which Elizabeth herself had professed to believe until she became queen and had turned against it, not from conscientious motives, but because the Pope had declared her illegitimate. "Elizabeth," says Cobbett, "put, in one way or another, more persons to death in one year, for not becoming Catholic, than to the religion which she had sworn to be hers, and to be the only true one, than Mary put to death in the whole of her reign. . . . Yet the former is called or has been called 'good Queen Bess,' and the latter 'bloody Queen Mary.'"

Elizabeth's successor, James I, continued her policy of persecuting the Catholics. Before he came to the throne he had promised to mitigate the penal laws which made their lives a burden; but when he came to it he actually made them more severe than ever, while there came with him from Scotland a horde of rapacious minions who preyed upon the Catholic population, filling their pockets by extracting from them the maximum in fines which the Statutes allowed. The consequence of this was the Gunpowder Plot which was organised by a group of Catholics "to blow the Scotch beggars hack to their native mountains," as Guy Fawkes replied when asked why he had collected so many barrels of gunpowder. James was opposed to vigorous measures against the Catholics because of this plot; but his minions prevailed over him, whose love of plunder gave fresh fury and energy to the anti-Catholic crusade.

Mention has been made of the fact that the Duke of Somerset encouraged the sectarian who flocked to England from the continent to preach their doctrines in order to make the breach with Rome final and irrevocable. These sectarians were the men of the same mentality as the heretics of the Middle Ages, that is, men who were temperamentally incapable of seeing truth as a whole, but would fasten themselves upon one aspect of it which they insisted upon in a spirit of narrow fanaticism to the neglect and denial of all other aspects of truth. At all times men of this type are a danger to society, and in the Middle Ages they were kept well in hand. But after the Reformation, when the Bible was translated, and copies of it multiplied by the thousand by the printing press, recently invented, these men got their chance. They challenged the Catholic tradition upon which the Roman Church had based its authority with the authority of the Bible upon which without note or comment they took their stand. And as everyone now began to interpret it in his own way it led to the growth of innumerable sects who poisoned the minds of nearly the whole community. "Hence all sort of monstrous crimes. At Dover a woman cut off the head of her child, alleging that, like Abraham, she had had a particular command from God. A woman was executed at York for crucifying her mother; she had, at the same time, sacrificed a calf and a cock. These are only amongst the horrors of that 'thorough godly Reformation.'" We read of killings in the Bible; and if every man is to be his own in-

\[\text{Cobbett's "History of the Protestant Reformation," p. 244.}\]

An interpreter of that book, who is to say that he acts contrary to his own interpretation?" This is what making truth subjective came to in the sphere of religion. Only the affirmation that truth is objective can make the common sense of men prevail.

Out of the medley of conflicting beliefs and opinions there gradually emerged the Puritan Movement which became such a formidable power in the reign of Charles I. Its members were not bound together by a community of beliefs but by a community of disbeliefs. They were united in their hatred of all ritual and ceremonies and in a longing for liberty of conscience for all who subscribe instead of the "Protestant creed," but not such as thought otherwise. This new religious development is in one sense perhaps to be ascribed to the separation of religion from the practical affairs of life which made it a personal rather than a social consideration. The Catholic and Mediaeval idea had been that of salvation by faith and good works, but with the rise of Protestantism there came the idea of salvation by faith alone. This change originally introduced in the interests of the commercial class who desired to be at liberty to determine their own standards of morality in respect to their trade and business interests came to mean the meaning of the idea of salvation by faith. From being considered as a means to an end—the end being good works, faith came to be regarded as the end in itself. And with this change religious faith lost its social significance. Instead of implying the acceptance of certain moral, objective and revealed truths which experience had proved to be necessary for the proper ordering of society it came to imply the acceptance of certain peculiar views as to the personal nature of God. Religion became a matter of keeping on the right side of God whom the Puritans interpreted as a narrow-minded and jealous disposed person much inferior to the average human. Hence, the endless religious discussions to decide the best method of propitiating the Deity which naturally came about when religion lost its original aim of seeking the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon earth and concerned itself with the less dignified aim of saving the individual soul from eternal damnation.

Charles I, who came to the throne on the death of his father in 1625, came into violent collision with this new power. Many were hanged as a result of his attempts to curb their power. Realising the troubles which arise from absenteeism he requested the landowners to live on their estates instead of spending their time in London. He appointed a Commission "to inquire touching Depopulations and conversions of Lands to Pasture"—an evil which was destroying rural life and pressing hard upon the poorer inhabitants. Charles was determined to put a stop to this scandal and imposed heavy fines upon delinquents. Sir Anthony Roper was fined no less than £30,000 for committing Depopulations. Further, Charles so arranged matters that the weight of taxation fell entirely upon the trading and wealthy class. And for this he was not forgiven. Parliament resolved to check him. Government was impossible without supplies, and they refused to vote him any. Charles answered them by seeking to impose taxation without their consent. Here was...
a clear issue about which they could fight with some prospect of securing popular support. They raised the cry of arbitrary government. That this arbitrary power was exercised in the interests of the people against the stronghold of capitalism has seriously attempted to put a boundary to the predations of landlordism. In The "Defence of Aristocracy," Mr. Ludovici has exalted Charles as a national hero who led a forlorn hope against the stronghold of capitalism and landlordism under which England still groans. Though he glosses over the weaker side of Charles' character, he certainly makes a very strong case out for him which leaves little doubt in one's mind that Charles did try to govern England in the interests of the people rather than in that of the landlords and capitalists; and, moreover, that it was because he made this valiant attempt that he eventually came to grief. So much we are willing to grant. But Mr. Ludovici goes further, and seeks to make of his example a case for the revival of aristocracy, forgetting, apparently, 'that the evil influences against which Charles fought in vain were the creation of another aristocrat, Henry VIII, and that while it can be shown that individual aristocrats have placed the public interest before their own, it is not true of any aristocracy considered as a class—in modern times, at any rate.

With the reasons which have led Mr. Ludovici and others to advocate a revival of aristocracy I have every sympathy. Like him, I realise the practical difficulty of initiating steps for the public good, apart from a recognition of the principle of authority. From one point of view the problem confronting modern society is that of the re-establishment of authority. But I contend that this difficulty is not to be met by any attempted revival of aristocracy, because the authority of which we stand in need is not primarily the authority of persons, but of ideas or things as Mr. de Maeterkum terms them. The authority of the aristocrat presupposes the existence of certain common standards of thought and action throughout the community; and if these are non-existent as is the case to-day, it is vain to seek a remedy in the authority of persons. The thing to do is to seek the re-creation of intellectual unity of a common culture by bringing ideas and values into a true relationship with each other. In proportion as this end can be attained authority will reappear in society, for ideas tend to become authoritative as they are accepted. When this is secured the difficulties which make Mr. Ludovici yearn for a revival of aristocracy will have disappeared. Democracy and authority will no longer present themselves as mutually exclusive principles, but as complements.

As I indicated, in discussing the apparent inconsequent nature of superconscious manifestations it seems impossible to lay down any definite rules by which a form can be transported to a superconscious state; but I believe that if a teacher were to note down any subtilities of human nature that happen to come into his mind, or that he may encounter in his reading, and let them loose on his form at favourable opportunities, he would find it a most profitable practice. Since Truth is an absolute, and therefore admits of no degrees or modifications, the most trivial thoughts will serve the purpose. As an instance of what I mean, I remember a form hailing with enthusiasm the following passage by Mr. J. D. Beresford from "W. E. Ford":—

"I have criminally shirked the payment of a debt I honestly longed to settle, because I could not summon resolution to do the thing at the moment. And, in the same way, I have deliberately walked past the door of a shop to which I had come in order to buy something I perhaps urgently required. At the last moment it seemed to me that to-morrow would do better for my purchase."

Every boy was astonished (and subsequently delighted) to find that this feeling was shared by every other boy in the form. A very personal and found subtlety, but the obvious question—Why do we have this weakness?—was intelligently answered, and led at once to more fundamental issues such as—Is there such a thing as a false conscience? If there is, how can it be distinguished from the true one?—ethical questions which are not directly propped, instead of arising naturally, as it were, would have evoked no response at all, but only the strongest resistance.

One of the most vivid superconscious manifestations in form that I remember arose out of the trivial question—Why, after hearing a word, or phrase, for the first time do we always seem to encounter it again in a few days? I have kept no record of the answers, but, as far as I remember, every boy recognised that such a word had probably knocked at the door of the mind many times before, but always in vain, owing to limitations of knowledge. They all confessed to the psychological "thrill" afforded by its subsequent welcome and recognition as a friend. I was so pleased with the intelligence displayed by the form on this occasion that the following day I asked them to write down what they could on "The Consciousness of Acquiring Knowledge." For the most part the results were very disappointing. R. B. Lamb (aged 12) began in rather a promising vein:—

"Sometimes you feel a thrill when you suddenly come across a piece of knowledge which recalls some incident of which you were wholly ignorant, and this chance finding of the knowledge recalls in detail perhaps something you thought was gibberish, but now it is as clear as the moon after a snowfall."

There followed a convincing but laborious instance, which seemed to destroy all further inspiration.

One boy, however, C. Bull (aged 13), succeeded not only in recapturing part of the superconscious energy released on the previous day, but expanded very considerably the ideas expressed by the form. His effort is worth quoting in full.

The acquisition of a fact does not make much impression in the past of your mind is, as it were, open to your reason, but just sinks in deep or otherwise, according to the amount of interest you take in it.

"Perhaps you do not quite understand this fact, and something is required to enlighten you on the subject. One day the subject is mentioned, and you acquire another fact which you can understand. This fact
gets into your brain and rests on firm ground, and if it is an important fact it will hold out a helping hand to the one lying down in the pool of the brain among all the other odds and ends waiting to be put together, or waiting for somebody, some schoolmaster, kinder, or in their eyes, who will put into this brain something which will explain how important they are. It will hold out a hand and pull the other up, causing a commotion as the others fall back on each side, till it is eventually laid on safely on firm ground. All other facts on this subject flock round and form a compact mass perfectly understood, though with a few holes here and there to be filled up.

"This is the ledge upon which all the completed, or nearly completed, subjects rest, and from it all expansions take place."

Let me say at once that I do not offer this as a specimen of average attainment of expression on the part of my pupils. It is, in fact, far more articulate than any other production on a psychological theme that I have ever received from them. At the same time, I think it would be wrong to assume that the mere written inarticulateness of the rest of the form was an indication that they had failed to appreciate the subject or derive distinct mental benefit therefrom. If I am not drawing an unfair or extravagant analogy, is it not possible that deep satisfaction is enjoyed from merely hearing a Beethoven symphony without being able subsequently to recall it to memory? It will be recognised that the only evidence I can offer of the success of the methods I have tried to adopt must be in the form of written productions. I can only hope that these productions will be regarded in their due proportion and value, as indications in most cases of a much wider mental range than their mere literary content would suggest.

The passage quoted above was written over a year ago, and I estimate to-day at all accurately the extent of its originality of thought, based as it was on a general discussion of the subject in form. I do remember, however, that the treatment of the subject was entirely original. It may be noticed how the writer has allowed his metaphor to run away with him to the point of unconscious insincerity, particularly in the words "causing a commotion as the others fall back on each side." Better for him he had discarded it sooner and started a fresh one, even at the expense of confusion of metaphors, the prejudice against which always strikes me. (Who gave it to them was, is, and probably always will be, a mystery to all children of five years or under.) There must be some other reason for grown-ups to be in creation.

The pursuit of verbal expression is really a secondary consideration. What should be most carefully watched and tended is the effort to make my meaning clear. I think it would be correct to say of this one particular effort that what it loses in value as evidence, on account of its not being entirely original, it gains in merit. Now all the productions I intend to quote in subsequent articles were written in form without any exterior help at all. On account of this they will prove, in one sense, the more trustworthy evidence, but for the same reason their actual merit is not necessarily a fair indication of the writer's powers. If this statement sounds paradoxical I must resort to mixed metaphors to make my meaning clear.

There is such a thing as unlocking a child's mind. The nearest shadow of a hint may be enough to release a flood of thought. Here are two instances that occurred in school. Six months ago the form wrote an exercise in English "Thoughts on Grown-ups." These were some of the thoughts of the youngest boy, Segrave, who was not quite eleven.

"I always imagine Grown-ups as a kind of foreign people who have quite a different kind of nature to one. I always think of them as a whole, being very haughty. I used to think they could never be wicked. I used to be told I had been very naughty, and I thought, as I never heard anyone correcting them, that they were always very good. I imagined they were very sensible and knew all about everything."

Not long afterwards, owing to an attack of influenza, the form below my own, which I also take in English, was reduced to one boy, Russell, and, by way of keeping him employed one morning, while I was engaged with a conglomeration of other depleted forms, I suggested that he should write down his thoughts on Grown-ups. He seemed most perturbed at the idea and gave vent to a respectful but firm non possum. I tried to reassure him, explained that the fourth form (my own) had recently written quite creditably on the subject, but he seemed utterly uninspired. I then said, "Why, there are lots of things to say about grown-ups. Segrave pointed out, for instance, that they were like a kind of foreign people." At these words, Russell's face became suddenly illumined, and I left him to his inspiration, of which this was the result:

"To children about five years old there is a race of tyrants called Grown-ups. These grown-ups are surely not put in this world for the sole purpose of using their authority. (Who gave it to them was, is, and probably always will be, a mystery to all children of five years or under.) There must be some other reason for grown-ups to be in creation.

The pursuit of an idea is too long for quotation, and I must admit that the inspiration evaporated to a considerable extent, though the essay closed on a strong and optimistic note.

"But you are young and do not know that you will some time become grown-ups and be able to have your revenge on your own children." The author, by the way, was ten years old, a few months younger than Segrave.

Now, despite the obvious sincerity and self-analytical power of Segrave's "Thoughts," as a purely literary production, they do not compare very favourably with Russell's. Yet I know well from experience that the latter's would have been utterly worthless had it not been for the fortuitous hint that served as a mental opener.

It is not, however, always from the literary aspect that the teacher should judge these youthful productions, though the inclination to do so is very strong. What should be most carefully watched and tended is the boy's power of thought. The actual form of its verbal expression is really a secondary consideration. Segrave, for instance, has a diction marred by inarticulation, will often sacrifice clearness of thought to supposed elegance, and his thoughts on Grown-ups, crudely expressed though they were, represented a very considerable mental effort for one of his age and temperament. He was obviously out to dig up the truth, and I think that so far as he went he was entirely successful.

Russell, on the other hand, is a hard-thinking boy, with an abnormally clear insight into human nature and considerable power of verbal expression. He encountered, as it were, a ball to his liking, and had no difficulty in sending it to the boundary; but after that his energy diminished, and he made no further effort of value to himself.

The claim I should like to make here, though I would not press it in view of the paucity of evidence, is that, while Russell (quite irrespectively of any teaching) displayed a spark of actual genius (spontaneous and effortless), Segrave, who has been longer under my care, as the result of certain methods of teaching, showed signs of genius in the making, or, at least, exhibited the faculty of bringing genius under control.

His parenthesis, not mine.

Experience has shown me more than once that boys find it particularly difficult to make a truthful revelation of the child-mind after the style, say, of Kenneth Graham or Richard Middleton. The object is too close for them to bring it into proper focus. (I do not suggest that it is not excellent practice for them to make the efforts.)
My second instance arose from the united protest of the form on being told one morning to write on the "Psychological" Atmosphere of Rooms.” The polysyllabic nature of the title doubtless frightened the sensible person it has been addressed to. (I ought, of course, to have made it simpler.) As I felt sure that they would find it an interesting subject to write on I tried to reassure them. Did they mean to say that they never felt a distinction between entering, say, their classroom and the dining-room? (Apparently not.) But that was absurd. (Murmurs of discontent.) I was suddenly inspired.

"Keep still and think of this. [An impressive pause.] What about your parents' bedroom?"

Sudden uplift of faces and indrawing of breath—then I went three pens into three inkpots. Others followed soon after, and the results were distinctly successful. Wilkinson (aged 13) wrote the following—

This account for the reader to make what he likes of this effort, but I would suggest that what actual genius it contains lies, significantly, in the first sentence—the result of direct inspiration—as in the case of Ruskin's thoughts. What follows is, like Segrave's prohings, hardly more than potential genius. But I do not think it would be safe to draw any definite conclusion affecting the practice of giving direct inspiration in form from this somewhat slender evidence.

The Old Master as Grotesque.

By Huntly Carter.

IV. BOTTICELLI

The noble grotesque artist is a generic figure evolved by life at its healthiest and intensest. In his harmonious aim he expresses the refinements of this current. So the noble grotesque artist expresses, I take it, the real striving of the eternal force of which he is the representative. When we examine the work of Botticelli it is not hard for some of us to believe that his author was a chosen representative of the said livingness. It makes no difference that he is despised by the new men on account of his unique merits, and decided in direct proportion to the wonder of his achievements. I know there are modest ultra-moderns who maintain that his "Spring" is a bad picture. Yet, to the sensible person it has a mystery that places it beyond the criticism of picture-making. It is the mystery of the divine spiral—or, as the Chinese painters understood it, the "life-movement of the Spiral through the Rhythm of Things."

Careful looks at this precious picture and observe the air of luxuriant pregnancy imparted to the subject. Observe the eternal harmony of the delicious decorative bewitching, which makes of it a tapestry of fecundity woven throughout with the joy of universal spring-like renewal. As I remember it I would be inclined to reward this joy-note with an individuality as strong as any I have remarked in the pictures by the old masters. Most decidedly it is as distinct as Carlo Crevilli's golden sonnet to the "Virgin and Child," or that gorgeous hymn to the Nativity "The Madonna and Child, with the Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," by a leader of the early Portuguese School, or Hubert van Eyck's fascinating poem to the Resurrection, "The Holy Women at the Sepulchre," or Fra Filippo Lippi's jewelled "Adoration of the Magi." The difference in expression of the precreative idea, from that given to it by the new men, is very remarkable. In both cases there is the intention to seize the universal in the particular, but in one case only, Botticelli's, it is successfully attained.

He appears himself to have been possessed by that great fertile spirit which generates and sets life in motion and to have merged it in the local in a network of associations linking human beings beautifully to the poetic fruitfulness of the earth. In so doing he continues one of the earliest and best traditions of painting, namely, that of expressing the gracious relation of man to the world about him. He discovers another in the wholesome bond of union between natural forms of life and joy.

And yet another in a sense of the true and only romance—reality. Reality is the greatest romance. The new man's view of the universal creative spirit is pseudo-scientific, tinged with Pagan tendencies which are neither universal nor creative. This accounts for the creative idea being re-coloured by violent daubs of sexual mania, and smothered by erotic symbolism whose meaning is clear even to uninformed eyes. How many persons, I wonder, need to be told that Matisse's nudes, particularly the sculptured ones, are merely savage females intensely inviting sexual congress, or that "The Joy of Life," admirably an accomplished treatment of movement expressed in simple, whirling outlines, is simply a composition of a Bushman's conception of Arcadian life. Mr. Jacob Epstein's representation of sexual desire and function place the creative idea on a higher level of symbolic refinement. I must confess that both Botticelli's and Epstein's interpretations interest me. In the one I find a Primitive comparatively free from restraining scientific thought, in the other a would-be Primitive directed by it. I think the new men are very powerfully influenced by scientific thought. It has produced in them a habit of scientific research unfavourable to art-production and art-perception. No wonder that Botticelli's achievements are regarded by them as amusing jests. Such an attitude is a confession of the limitations or dishonesty of those who affect it. For my own part, I will continue to insist that content which submits to no final analysis at the hands of science is the precious thing; that form shall not be exalted where alone content ought to be; and that content shall be trusted to sanction many an old master's claim to greatness.

I have hinted that in spiritual content Botticelli derives from the elect of the early Buddhist-inspired...
Chinese painters, though achieving unity and continuity by the demands of the pictorial form of his time. His best work practically exhibits the primitive vision. A half-glance at it is sufficient to detect the "fine gay strain of the Chinese wanderer." There is undoubtedly a spirit of the Cimabue's hand in carrying a fluid mask of decorative laughter over an entire world of monsters, just as the Italian Commedia dell' Arte did over contemporary life. But it should be remembered that whereas the Commedia mask pitched its creators to the floor, Botticelli's rich fancies are still courting the shipwreck of misrepresentation. Let me hope these lines will bring them safely into harbour.

Thus spiritually Botticelli may be said to have begun with the Chinese, and who knows, perhaps, long after this. I would like to make the attempt, if I had time, to recover his descent from God. But I have time only for the recovery of the Aaron's rod of descent which the Lord made to blossom. This traditional rod which brought forth Botticelli and blossomed other blossoms, and yielded almonds, as the Scriptures would say, began with Cimabue. It is the crown whose great ideas, as Ruskin calls them, but few materialised traces remain. Then came in direct succession, and adorned with rich qualities as with votive offerings, Masolino, Masaccio, Botticelli and Filippino Lippi. A remarkable undulating railway down the rod marked as anyone can see by referring to a Winchester Chart, where Masaccio projected his re-vitalising qualities. So to the right, many great naturalists concerned with the problems of the science of painting, perspective and movement, took every one of them a blossom midway down the rod of his own. Foremost among them was the saintly Fra Angelico. To the left, many great idealists did likewise. Prominent in this good company were Donatello, Masolino, Castagno, Piero, Michaelangelo and the amazingly fruitful Bellini. These, in turn, brought forth rods and blossoms until their parts of Italy looked like a celestial railway map with all the stations carefully dotted in. There are two things to be remarked about Botticelli's traditional descent. The first is he came straight as an arrow from Cimabue the complete essentialist, and is, in fact, one of the eight Primitives of this great Italian tradition. And qualities that were dowered in richest measure upon these painters united him to those that preceded and succeeded him, thus establishing a continuity of spiritual exaltation. I doubt whether there is another painter so sensitive to objects in unearthly states of the mind alive with the shyest to the gayest forms of spiritual laughter. It forms, indeed, a rare procession of men provoked into creativeness by a union of natural surroundings and intense religious faith amounting in expression to ecstasy. The flow of the spirit is unchanged throughout, but the forms expressing it change. And I have no doubt there are hard and fast essentialists who would, to-day, be devoutly shocked by Botticelli's wide departure from Cimabue's perfect model of essentialism in form. So let them be. It is a minor point. A stronger point of objection for detractors might be found in the fact that Botticelli almost puts a full stop to the line of descent. He is followed by Filippino Lippo, who does not bear our name, and thus, though my nephew and I have had no occasion to meet for some fifteen years, I must leave him such money, as I have, and all this not unappreciated furniture.

And that is why, my child, because of my wish to leave you all I have, I have been forced to suggest the only alternative, that you should consent to bear my name with me for the few years I have to live—and then, as a young and beautiful widow of means, and bearing an old French name which may still be worth a little consideration, you can take your seat position in a world in which you, and not I, were born to be happy....

"There it is, Dikran, or as much of it as I can remember. And do you need a setting for it? Oh, yes, you do, for you are a little lost. Imagine, then, sitting by a window of a large house in the Rue Colbert, a young girl with a tattered copy of Madame Bovary. She could not, and I, my dear, by the time he had finished, she was all the old darling said, and gaped, and cried, and said, 'I know here, quite certainly, that I have only a very few years to live. Do not look sad, child,' he said, almost impatiently. 'It is not that I am complaining, but that I wish you to understand otherwise, my thoughts. Into an old life you have come like a ray of the sunshine which is even now making light of your little puzzled frown; and I have a debt of gratitude to pay to you, my child, which I wish to pay at the expense even of your young peace of mind this morning. Although this new world has passed out of my grasp, and will soon pass out of my understanding, I know that it is the proper setting for you, the only subtle and beautiful thing that I have found in it—and my greatest wish is to leave you in a position worthy of your beauty and intelligence. It is not that I am afraid for you, for you are no trivial chit of a girl—but merely that I wish to leave you both happy and independent. And, as it is, I can do nothing, nothing at all! For it has been a fixed rule of our family that we may not leave our fortune and property to anyone who does not bear our name, and thus, though my nephew and I have had no occasion to meet for some fifteen years, I must leave him such money as I have, and all this not unappreciated furniture.... And that is why, my child, because of my wish to leave you all I have, I have been forced to suggest the only alternative, that you should consent to bear my name with me for the few years I have to live—and then, as a young and beautiful widow of means, and bearing an old French name which may still be worth a little consideration, you can take your seat position in a world in which you, and not I, were born to be happy...."

"By Dikran Kouyoumdjian. (Concluded.)"
cruel young mind—how young and how cruel, Dikran! You see, as he spoke, he opened out the world which he so despised to me, but which was how beastly and how beautiful, how beastly and how beautiful; he showed me both sides, because he himself was both beastly and beautiful . . . and I gloried in it all! At my knowledge and the power it gave me over life. After a while the old man didn’t seem to matter—there he was, talking away! I knew about him, and just how beastly and beautiful he was. For he was beautiful in his sincerity; I knew that he wished for my good, that to leave me well-provided was the only condition he made with death—but I knew, too, that there was a beastly little imp somewhere in him, as I thought, which turned his finest thoughts into so much bluff, which told him through the locked and bolted doors of his honour that he wanted me for my own sake, and just for that, because I was young and because he loved me—and, stripped of all his honour and guardianship, because he loved me just as Solomon loved Lilith, and as you love me now. . . .

"There it was, then, the whole damnable world, and me only t8 in the middle of it! And there and there, my dear old man, more rigid and more adorable than ever—for, cruel as I was in seeing through him, I loved him and knew about him, by just how beastly and beautiful he was. For he was beautiful in his sincerity; I knew that he wished for my good, that to leave me well-provided was the only condition he made with death—but I knew, too, that there was a beastly little imp somewhere in him, as I thought, which turned his finest thoughts into so much bluff, which told him through the locked and bolted doors of his honour that he wanted me for my own sake, and just for that, because I was young and because he loved me—and, stripped of all his honour and guardianship, because he loved me just as Solomon loved Lilith, and as you love me now. . . .

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which were once the embattlements from which the Huguenot seigneur of the day defied the old Medici; and the slim, white-haired old woman who charmingly met me at the door, the chatelaine of only one castle; but with the dignity of an empire in her kind, calm elegance and her delight in friendship, and to watch them in their gentle, courteous intimacy was a lesson on the perfect management of such things. When we are old and white-haired, will you come and stay at my place, Dikran, and will you pretend that you have forgotten that you ever liked me for anything else than my mind? Just like those old people in the Breton chateau, who a thousand years ago may have been lovers or may have only loved one another. . . . Who knows, and does it matter?

The idea of this visit, on my guardian's part, to the solitary chateau from whose highest windows one could just see the sea curling round the Breton coast, was of course excellent. He wanted me to be out of harm's way and entirely his own, and was there any better way of achieving that than by putting me in a lonely chateau with only my hostess as an alternative to himself? But, poor old dear, it didn't fall out like that; for we had only been there two days when the alternative presented himself, in the person of the young man of the house, my hostess's son, the young lord of Tumbledown Castle. . . . He went and spoiled it all for the image of my dreams, that poor young man couldn't have been right, for he had happened to come into the room or the particular extent of his income.

"That was Raoul. And His mother hadn't expected him, my guardian didn't want him, and I didn't mind him—he there was, all the way from England on a sudden desire to see his mother, the only woman whom Raoul had ever a decent thought about, I suppose. (His name wasn't really Raoul, you know, but it is a sort of convention that all young Frenchmen with the title of Vicomte and with languid eyes and fragile natures are called Raoul.) For he wasn't by any means a nice young man, except facially—but how was I to know that!—and, besides! the man could sit a horse as gallantly as any young prince who ever went crusading, and I strained my eyes in prolonging the little thrill I had when, the morning after he came, I saw him from a window riding out of the gates and down into the valley, very much the young lord of the manor, on the huge white stallion which, with such a master, defied a commonplace interferences of old men. I didn't want old men in my life. I wanted young men, and sunshine, and fun. So I had overwhelmingly wanted to.

"It was time to dress for dinner, so I left Raoul and went straight to my room. A minute later came a knock on the door, and as I turned shyly from the mirror, it opened, and Raoul stood there, rather shy, smiling. I wasn't old enough to know the proper way of dealing with young men in one's bedroom, even if I had overpoweringly wanted to. . . ."

"I had an impulse, he said, but he still stood in the doorway; a little question somewhere about him. I didn't answer it; just watched him, rather interested in his methods.

"Because," he went on, 'I used to sleep in this room once, and remember it as a dreary little place, to be; he didn't rebuke or look sulky, he was just the same, except, perhaps, for a little irony to Raoul, whom he refused to take seriously as a young man of the world. And that is where the old man made his mistake with me—for I, too, didn't take Raoul seriously. I was not and I certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far. If I had been allowed to deal with the matter in my own way without let or hindrance, it would only have been very pleasant thing, that would it? It certainly no more; even if I had been knave than fool, a charming companion, and a very personable young man, as far as being just ' personable' counts, and only so far.
and I wanted to see what it looked like with you in it."

Poor silly fool, I thought, but rather loved him.

I have found since then, though, that his fatuous speech was quite the proper one to make, for the established way of entering a woman's room is by expressing an interest in the furniture, thus making the lady self-conscious and not so sure about her dignity; seductions are successful through women fearing to look fools if they refuse to be seduced.

"But this time, as he spoke, he closed the door behind him and came into the room, towards me. 'This isn't playing fair, Raoul,' I only said. 'You will get me into a row.'"

"Fair!" he said, lifting his eyebrows, the gallant ass. "My sweet, do you think anything real is fair in this world? And don't you trust me? That isn't fair of you, you know—haven't I made love to you for two weeks, haven't I loved you for two weeks, haven't I loved you all my life—and now?' And with that he had me in his arms, not for the first time, mind you, but this time they were solid; and, over his bluster as he held me, I saw the door open, and the Marquis stood there, outraged. Raoul didn't seem to know, still held me, and, for a paralysed moment, couldn't move, just stared at the old man standing very stiffly in the doorway, a hand outstretched on the door-knob—hell seemed to have opened for him through that door, and he could move as little as I. At last I jumped away from Raoul with a sort of cry, and he turned quickly round to the door. He didn't go pale, or look a fool; he must have made a study of such a contretemps; nothing was said, the old man waiting in the doorway, with words terribly smothered; he moved aside a little from the door as though to let a dog slink through. But Raoul wasn't going to slink; he was rather pink, negligent, resigned; and as, without the least hurry, he bent over my fingers and his eyes smiled gently at me, I found myself admiring him, really, really admiring him for the first time. Women are like that....

All this, of course, had happened in less than a minute; from point of time my guardian came into my room and Raoul left it—but in point of fact a great deal happened. For, as Raoul left me and walked across the room to the door, and through it without taking the least notice of the old man, and as I heard his even steps receding down the parquet corridor, my first paralysed fear simmered in me and boiled up into a fierce, vixen anger. I simply trembled now with anger at the old man; I was a fool, trembling with fear of him. What right had he to be standing there, ordering about my life and my young men? What right had he to be closing the door, as he was doing now? What right, what right? The words were throbbing inside me, just those words, fixed unrestrainedly on the old man, who had made a step towards me, and stopped again....

"'Child!' the pain in that one word, the lack of anger in it, an utter, absolute pain accusing me, did not soothe.—Accuse me? By what right?

'That scene was dreadful, Dikran. I can't tell you what we said, what I said, for I did most of the scene-making. He just forbade me to talk again alone with Raoul or to go out with him; said he would take me away to-morrow if it weren't that explanations would then be necessary to our hostess, who was in feeble health, and might be killed by such a disgrace as this, and, in her house la Vicente, he himself would arrange that I did not see him for longer time than could be helped. That's all he said, but my white heat took little notice of his commands. I said I don't know what—but it must all have been terrible, for it ended up with him saying he, Dikran, how could I have done it? I pointed at the door and asked him how he could think he had more right in my room than Raoul, for though he was my guardian our relations had been changed by a certain proposal, which, perhaps, he remembered. ... A look at me, in which was the first and last contempt that's ever been given me, and the door closed on the wonderful old man.

'Dinner that night passed off quite well considering the unsettled climate. Dikran couldn't contribute much, but my guardian and Raoul talked smoothly away about anything that came, while Madame, our hostess, smiled sweetly at us all, on brooding me in particular. ... Quite early I made for bed; the old man and I hadn't exchanged a word all the evening and his 'good-night' was a little bow, and mine cold. As I passed Raoul he cleverly put a small piece of paper into my hand. Upstairs in my room, that piece of paper said that he would be going away in a day or two, and would I ride with him to-morrow morning before breakfast, at 7 o'clock? Of course I would.

'Ve come on, let's give him a run,' I said, a little excitedly.

"'Oh, no! I am not a baby to be chased about by my own guests or other people's grandfathers.'"

'Affected idiot, I thought, and we rode on in silence. So really silly it all was, my dear; for if it hadn't been for my anger, the natural reaction, in a way, of the muffled life I had led here, I had much sooner been riding with the old man than with the young one. But that feeling didn't last long—no one gave it a chance to last. For at last, after what seemed an age, his horse drew beside mine, and I heard his voice distinctly through the salt air. 'Dikran, what is it?' I asked. 'I could barely force my little voice through the wind.' That old man,' Raoul said, indignantly; 'it seems to me that he wanted to be in my room.' Yes, there was a figure on horseback, perhaps half-a-mile behind us, but rapidly gaining on our slow canter. I had forgotten my anger, but now and again it thrust itself viciously on me.

'Come on, let's give him a run,' I said, a little excitedly.

"'And with that he was gone. I had ridden away from the gloomy, silent chateau, a little frightened by our own bravado; for that is all I had led her, as I had much sooner been riding with the old man than with the young one. But that feeling didn't last long—no one gave it a chance to last. For at last, after what seemed an age, his horse drew beside mine, and I heard his voice distinctly through the salt air.' Yes, there was a figure on horseback, perhaps half-a-mile behind us, but rapidly gaining on our slow canter. I had forgotten my anger, but now and again it thrust itself viciously on me.

'Come on, let's give him a run,' I said, a little excitedly.

"'I must have galloped 200 yards or so when he was beside me again. I took no notice; we rode on, almost knee to knee. And then I saw his hand stretch out,
clutch my rein, and pull; I saw red, I saw nothing, or just his old, lined face bending over—and, my dear, I swung my riding-whip as hard as I could across it. The hand left my rein, but my horse had already been pulled up. I don’t remember what happened. I started at him as unbelievingly as he stared at me. I seemed to see a wheel across his face, where my whip had struck him—had I done that? And then he smiled. Dikran, that dear old man smiled after that horrible insult, so sweetly and sadly.

"That, then, is the end, my child," he said, very gently; and then he left me, and for a long time I watched him, as he rode slowly away, frightfully ashamed..."

"It was done, irretrievably; such things can’t be forgiven, except in words; and as far as words went, he, of course, forgave me. A few hours later I saw him in the hall; he was going to pass me, but, suddenly, I flung my arms about him, begging him... very pitiful, dreadful thing I was. He was splendid. He said very softly into my ear that, of course, he forgave me, but that he was too old to have a proper control over his memory, and so couldn’t forget, and that he was too old to be hurt any more, and so this would be the very last time, for he didn’t think it would be wise for me to live with him any more. ‘Sandra, my child, you must not think me too unkind for sending you away, but I think it is the best plan. You have lived with an old man long enough; it was a mistake. You must forgive me, child. I was wrong to keep you so long. I thought, perhaps, it might have been different...’ He was inexorable about that, and it wasn’t my place to, I couldn’t, beg him to keep me. I, who had hurt him so much!"

"He must have made some excuse to our hostess, for the next day we saw her in Paris. (Raoul? Oh, I never noticed him any more.) And two days later I was with a stodgy uncle in Portman Square, hating London, but hating myself more. I have been miserable many times, but never so shamefacedly as then, during the ashamed..."

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"That, then, is the end, my child," he said, very gently; and then he left me, and for a long time I watched him, as he rode slowly away, frightfully ashamed..."

"It was done, irretrievably; such things can’t be forgiven, except in words; and as far as words went, he, of course, forgave me. A few hours later I saw him in the hall; he was going to pass me, but, suddenly, I flung my arms about him, begging him... very pitiful, dreadful thing I was. He was splendid. He said very softly into my ear that, of course, he forgave me, but that he was too old to have a proper control over his memory, and so couldn’t forget, and that he was too old to be hurt any more, and so this would be the very last time, for he didn’t think it would be wise for me to live with him any more. ‘Sandra, my child, you must not think me too unkind for sending you away, but I think it is the best plan. You have lived with an old man long enough; it was a mistake. You must forgive me, child. I was wrong to keep you so long. I thought, perhaps, it might have been different...’ He was inexorable about that, and it wasn’t my place to, I couldn’t, beg him to keep me. I, who had hurt him so much!"

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tion seems somewhat excessive. It is a firm elegiac; the third movement opens without significance and settles later into its beauty. The finale is "for the Taiganne." The third movement opens cautiously, but soon sinks, or at any rate vanishes, with the composer's insensitive "bam-bam" at the piano performing notes as uninspired as those written for the violin. The piece does not whet the appetite for rehearsing, and the programmatic rasa of false hopes by terming it "comparatively short."

TINAYRE showed suave certitude in "Jerusalem Mirabilis," though there are various points in note-length that one would like to take up in detail with Weckerlin or whoever reconstructed the XIth century version, whether or not this be the only possible way of interpreting the original melody. Tinayre was at his finest in the bravura and passion of "Le Pauvre Laboureur," said to be of the XVIth century, a finer re-Marsaillaise, with a detaché or impersonal, dispassionate passion, a stasis inciting to no action, yet with deepest feeling in its melody.

"Le pauvre labourer\nL'a deux petits enfants,\nIls menent la charrette,\nN'ont pas encore quinze ans! . . . .\n
And the magnificent finale:—\nIl n'est ni roi ni prince,\nNi déchu ni seigneur,\nQui n'vive de li peine\nDu pauvre labourer.

The poignancy and the simplicity of poetic statement are matched with the formulation of the music and when I compare this with the utter tosh of sentimentality in four out of five of the lyrics set by Brahms I can but wonder again at the vogue of XIXth century favourites. I have been forced to look anew at Brahms during the past few weeks, and I can only suppose people have accepted them because they have bravura, temperament, and a foreign tongue and taken no account of verbal meanings. But they are really much worse than I had ever suspected . . . . with exceptions which can be very fine.

"The Labourer song dated to XVIth century reminds us, or might remind us, that democracy did not begin with the French Revolution; and that earlier authors had thought of the labour problem, for this song is not a song by a labourer, but by an observing and in-dignant poet of no mean attainment. Even Spain was not always a land of inquisitions, and there was democracy south of the Pyrenees, before the suppression of the Cortes in the days of Charles V.

Ashton was at his best in accompanying the "Jerusalem" and the "Labourer"; he is not really in sympathy with much of the modern French school. The Quartette were charmingly assisted by V. Borlee's flute in the Chas. Bordes. This "Suite Basque" opens with fine low resonance, no waste of notes, excellent economies, gay, but not unusual; the third "Paysage" is grave and exquisite, and for this movement alone the piece has merit much more frequent performance than it receives. In the fourth movement the folk-dance hurdy-gurdy is applied with consummate good workmanship. The first artist to take up any neglected folk element has, historically, nearly always scored a success. At any rate, Bordes has given us a quintet with three excellent movements and one which is not detrimental. There are not too many such, especially since 1807.

I return again to the apparent insensitiveness of the modern audience to the word-value of songs. Since Lawes and Waller collaborated, the technique of English settings has been appalling. German, with its capacity for taking extremely heavy musical accent on thick and heavy syllables, has furnished the "lieder" and the liedere emotionally effective . . . . at least people "adored" them, and I don't know that anybody has taken the trouble to make a critical examination of their construction. A few of those poems, folk songs, poems of Heine, served as a cover for the rest. The modern French ran a counter movement, but were reputed to suffer etiolation. We want more discontent with our lyrics, and a stricter examination of claims.

**Liberty Without Function.**

Your intellectual organ of Liberalism—"The Nation"—remarked of Mr. Bertrand Russell's book, "Principles of Social Reconstruction," that it was "a brilliant statement of the Liberal Philosophy." Faced with economic facts, which Liberals ignore, Mr. Russell in his latest book has tried to reconcile the old Liberal doctrine of Liberty with the new conception of life found in Socialism, Anarchism, and Sovietism. He has failed; but in the process he has succeeded in doing one or two things that needed doing. In his first chapter, for instance, is to be found the clearest and most concise précis of Marx's doctrine yet written. His success lies, not only in the clarity of the exposition, but in his refusal to read into Marx what Marx never intended. During the past twenty or more years, I have watched the Marxian doctrine gradually expanding, until today the original text is smothered in exegesis and far-fetched inferences. The second best thing accomplished is the clear contrast drawn between Socialism and Anarchism. Bakunin is cited as the Arch Anarchist. In this I think Mr. Russell does less than justice to Proudhon; but we can be grateful for his timely recognition of Kropotkin, whose work has recently been thrust into the background. It is not surprising that Mr. Russell should write of Anarchism with sympathy and understanding because of his constant concern for individual liberty. He declares his belief in "Guild Socialism"; in reality, he is an Anarchist, who sees in the Guilds a first step to Anarchism.

Having discussed Syndicalism, which "stands essentially for the point of view of the producer as opposed to that of the consumer," Mr. Russell concludes that it is not likely to achieve wide popularity in Great Britain; "its spirit is too revolutionary and anarchic for our temperament;" he describes "Guild Socialism" as a modified form of Syndicalism—at least I think he means that, his words being: "It is in the modified form of Guild Socialism that the ideas derived from the C.G.T. and I.W.W. are tending to bear fruit." There is, of course, some truth in this. That is one reason why we decided to be called Guild Socialists. We realised that the whole scheme demanded a name committing us neither to Socialism nor Syndicalism. I should have thought that Mr. Russell, with his logical mind, would have recognised this and kept to the appropriate title. Intellectual aristocrats should avoid the intellectual bar sinister. The name is not without importance, but the substance is the thing.

What is the "Guild Socialism" that finds favour with Mr. Russell? Broadly, he accepts, without scrutiny, the Consumer State fallacy and, in consequence, lands in a sea of trouble and confusion. Distribution is an affair of State. "Guild Socialists aim at autonomy in industry, with consequent curtailment, but not abolition, of the power of the State." It does not occur to him that you cannot "curtail" the powers of the State by the process of transferring economic power from Capitalism to the National Guilds. "Relations between the different groups of producers will be settled by the Guild Congress, matters concerning the community as the inhabitants of a certain area will continue to be decided by Parliament while all other affairs between Parliament and the Guild Congress will be decided by a body . . . . "Roads to Freedom," by Bertrand Russell. (London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.)
composed of representatives of both in equal numbers." Again, it does not occur to Mr. Russell that no problem is solved by this mechanical arrangement. How if this body, composed of two equal parts, finds itself equally divided? Is the life of the community to stand still?

Mr. Russell is only at the beginning of his difficulties. He sets out to describe "GUILD Socialism" without one word upon the Guildsman's analysis of the wage-system. "Abolition of the wages system," he says, "is one of the watchwords common to Anarchists and advanced Socialists. But in its most natural sense it is a watchword to which only the Anarchists have a right." On so vital a point, it would have been wise to have defined the "wages system." Had he done this, the rest of his extremely interesting argument on the attitude of the Anarchists towards the "commoner commodities" would have become intelligible. As it is, the omission vitiates his conclusion, not only in regard to free distribution, but also upon the relation of the idler to the Guild organisation. Since the idler is, to Mr. Russell, a symbol of individual liberty, it is clear that before the Guilds distribute gratis the products of their labour to the idler, they must know precisely to what principle they are committed. But with economic anarchy comes economic freedom through their labour monopoly, and since, further, that freedom is the child of wage-abolition, we are confronted with a logical lapse, which Mr. Russell must bridge, before we can appreciate his argument. It is a question in my mind whether he has considered the commodities he mentions—the matter of the wage-system—with its important inference, and deliberately ignored it, or whether he has accepted without question the earlier conception of the wage-system. In either alternative, the critic has a genuine grievance.

In regard to free distribution of the common necessities, I have more than an open mind; it is, I believe, both desirable and inevitable. But distribution is an economic process, and therefore a Guild function. If the Guilds distributed free, say, bread, milk, meat and possibly the morning news, with Guild announcements in lieu of ugly advertisements, it would probably be done on grounds of convenience and common sense. In the interests of individual liberty, however, Mr. Russell reserves to the State the control of distribution. If he tries it on the Guilds, I can promise him a rough ride. It is not the assertion, but the negation, of a society under existing conditions. In a society where everyone whose activity has never found a proper outlet will be allowed to choose his own sphere of work the idler because he is idle, let the Liberals shriek "idlers in a rationally-organised community. Mr. Russell is never tired of explaining, that Turks and Armenian children."

Mr. Russell is more than usually angry with everyone concerned in the downfall of the rotten Turkish Empire; and, having exhausted most possibilities of invective against England, France, America, Italy, and Russia, he looked around him, seeking new pastime-ground. "Egad!" says he, "all these years I've been writing stuff about the East, and never said a word about those dismembered Armenians!"

For long Mr. Pickthall has cherished a theory, which he is never tired of explaining, that Turks and Armenians were living together quite comfortably, until European intrigue and especially Czarist intrigue stepped in and bribed a few wild and woolly Armenian revolutionaries to upset the cordial relations between these two pacific peoples. The last part is truer than the first; for it is obvious that, so far as the Armenians are concerned, it is not the latest pattern in bombs up their sleeves, that has been accomplishing the "curtailment" of the power of the State. That is how Mr. Pickthall has dealt with the State and the wage-system in the light of Guild doctrine, when he has considered social and economic organisation in the light of the functional principle, I do not doubt that we shall receive the intellectual guidance to which we are entitled from a man who is a distinguished thinker and a stylist. In the meantime, this book will add neither to his reputation nor the enlightenment of his readers.

S. G. H.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MR. PICKTHALL AND ARMENIA.

SIR,—Something or other has suddenly made Mr. Pickthall more than usually angry with everyone concerned in the downfall of the rotten Turkish Empire; and, having exhausted most possibilities of invective against England, France, America, Italy, and Russia, he looked around him, seeking new pastime-ground. "Egad!" says he, "all these years I've been writing stuff about the East, and never said a word about those dismembered Armenians!"

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S. G. H.
bit of casual murdering here and there, but that did not disturb the Westerner’s idea that there was at last peace in Anatolia, that Armenia was at last long contented. But that Westerner was not there to see for the matter of that, neither was I, nor was Mr. Pickthall; but I have an Armenian grandmother, and he has only Turkish sympathies; my evidence wins on points, I think), and so could not know that Armenia had become sullen and indifferent, and was quickly becoming the servile thing that the hypnotist calls the ‘other Christians’ of Pickthall’s diatribe) long since become. Armenia, after centuries of fighting and losing battle, lay quiet and dulled, and began to lose that national essence which had kept her a nation for so long, her self-respect—until, in the last century, by wildly pricking Kurdish sympathies; my evidence wins on points, I think), and disturb the Westerner’s idea that there was at last peace after centuries of fighting and losing battle, lay quiet Hayastan, of thirty million souls, is and dulled, and began to lose that national essence bit of casual murdering here and there, but that did not

In 1919, when the once fertile plain of Hayastan, of thirty million souls, is a desert in which a remnant of a hundred thousand is praying to God for peace, for Peace.

But, says Mr. Pickthall righteously, how could the Armenians be so disloyal when they were rising to posts of the greatest eminence in the Empire? Even in a cesspool a flower sometimes rises to the surface; and it must be admitted that the Armenian’s is no mean intelligence, and that even by a facile interjection, to which he had been debased by the money-grubbing facilities of England and America, he has, as Ruskin would say, “A degree of eminence in the abyss.”

There runs through Mr. Pickthall’s diatribe an undercurrent of indignation at Armenia’s attacking Turkey in the back. But where else was Armenia to attack her? Discretion being the better part of insulation, of course she attacked the colossus in the back, and the colossus, turning round, rent her severely, with a punishment which brought her villages into the dust and her men into an agony of fear—of fear, for men do not meet butcherism with fortitude.

Mr. Pickthall knows the sort of Armenian that I am, and cannot well bring his usual accusation of sloppy sentimentality against me. He knows I am not of the spirit of a Bryce or Baxter, to hold up a crucifix and avow that Armenia has been martyred thereon. He knows that if there is any blackguardism of Armenians to be done, I can do it much more thoroughly than he can. Time over again I have said that Armenia’s punishment has not been entirely undeserved (from the Turkish point of view), that she has asked for trouble and cannot well bring his usual accusation of sloppy sentimentality against me, He knows I

Three sons of one mother built a fortress,
Built a fortress three hundred merchants;
First of them was mighty King Yavushak,
Second was the Voyvoeda Uglyeshna,
And the third was Goiko, their young brother;
Built the fortress Skadar on Boyana.

During three whole years they built the fortress, But could not lay even the foundations Much less raise the strong walls of the fortress; What by day it was raised by night it

Nightly was demolished by the Vila.*

When began the fourth year of the building Then called out the Vila from the mountain: “Do not toil thus, mighty King Yavushak,
Do not toil thus, do not waste thy treasure, Thou canst not lay even the foundations

Much less build the strong walls of the fortress, Until thou hast found two names like-sounding, Until thou hast found Stoyan and Stoya

And these two a brother and a sister; Wall them up within the tower’s foundations, So will thy foundations stand securely,

Thou shalt build the strong walls of thy fortress.”

King Vukashin heard the words of Vila,
And he summoned Desimir, his servant:
“Desimir, dear friend, heed well my bidding; Thou hast been till now my faithful servant, Do my son, my well-lov’d son heretofore,
Go, and harness horses to the waggon,

Take with thee twelve great chests of my treasure, Through the wide white world, O son, then travel, And upon them canst thou build thy fortress.”

Thou shalt seek therein two names like-sounding, Thou shalt seek, my son, Stoyan and Stoya,

And this two a brother and a sister; Kidnap them, or buy them with my treasure, Bring them back to Skadar on Boyana, We must wall them up in the foundations, So will our foundations stand securely,

And upon them we shall build the fortress.”

Desimir the servant hears his master, Harnesses the horses to the waggon, Takes twelve great chests laden with the treasure, Through the wide white world the servant travels, And he seeks there two names like-sounding, But he does not find Stoyan and Stoya.

Then he turns him back again to Skadar, Turns him back to Skadar on Boyana, Tarnes the king the houses and the waggon, Gives him back the twelve chests filled with treasure.

“Take, O king, thy horses and the waggon, Take, O king, twelve chests filled with treasure, For I have not found two names like-sounding, For I have not found Stoyan and Stoya,

King Yavushak listens to his servant, Then he hails his overseer Rada, Rada hails three hundred master-builders.

Builds Yavushak Skadar on Boyana, Builds the king, pulls down again the Vila, For she will not that they lay foundations, Still less will she that they raise the fortress. And the Vila called out from the mountain:

“Dost thou hear me, mighty King Yavushak? Do not toil thus, do not waste thy treasure, Thou canst not, O king, lay foundations, Still less raise the strong walls of thy fortress. Yet are you three brothers of one mother, Each of you a faithful wife powerful;

Which wife comes to-morrow to Boyana

Carrying their breakfast to the builders, Wall that one into the tower’s foundations, So will thy foundations stand securely,

And thereon canst thou raise thy fortress.”

King Yavushak hears the words of Vila, Summones then before him his two broth-

* The “Vila” is the Serbian mountain nymph.
"Hearken to me, O my two dear brothers, Thus hath the slender bride young Golko: Three sons are we, three sons of one mother, Each of us a faithful wife possesses, Which wife comes to-morrow to the river Carrying their breakfast to the builders, From our faithful wives to keep it secret, And to leave to Fate the sole decision That from their three wives they'll keep it secret.

She meets there her below her beloved, young Golko, And the hero's heart is filled with sorrow, Filled with sorrow for his true beloved, And the slender bride perceives his weeping, What doth all my lord and well-beloved To the young wife come her Golko's brothers, And they take her with them to the fortress. There they call aloud to Master Rada, Rada hails three hundred master-builders, But the slender bride is laughing softly, For she thinks that they are only jesting. When they place her in the tower's foundations Swiftly work three hundred master-builders, Throwing beams and throwing stones around her Till up to her knees she is imprisoned. Still the slender bride is laughing softly, As she supplicates her husband's brothers: "Do not this to me where God is honour'd, Do not bury me, so young and blooming. Thus she pleads, but vain is all her pleading, For the brothers do not heed or listen. And for one whole year the child was suckled. When the slender bride her doom seems clearly, She implores the overseer Rada: "In God's name, O brother, Master Rada, Let there be for my two breasts an opening, Frees them for her babe from out the cradle, To the young wife come her brother Rada, For my little babe from out the cradle— I would suckle him, my little weakling. Brotherly doth Rada hear her pleading And he leaves for her two breasts an opening, Frees them for her babe from out the cradle, So that she may suckle him, the weakling. Once again she calls aloud to Rada: "In God's name, O brother, Master Rada, For my eyes, too, let there be an opening, That I see the white court of the castle. When they bring my babe from out the cradle, When they carry him across the courtyard. And again doth Rada heed her pleading, For her eyes he also leaves an opening, That she sees the white court of the castle When they bring her babe from out the cradle, She was immured there in the fortress, And they brought her babe from out his cradle, For a week thus at her breasts she fed him. When the week was past the mother's voice failed, But the food flowed always through the opening, And for one whole year the child was suckled. As it then was, so it stays for ever, And the food to-day flows through the opening, 'Tis at once a marvel and a healing. For those wives whose milk fails at the nursing.