NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Whatever may be the immediate results of the present police agitation, its later consequences will be considerable. Dissatisfaction in the police-force is only second in significance to dissatisfaction in the Army; and when the former is found to coincide in point of time with the latter, the two chief pillars of the dominant system—whatever it may be—can fairly be said to be giving way together. The astonishing thing in the present crisis is that the governing classes, whose whole dominion is at stake, seem to be unaware of the risks they are running. As a rule, as we know, they have all the sensitiveness of self-preservation to warn them of an approaching danger. But for some months now, in fact ever since the Armistice, our governing classes, our capitalists and plutocracy, most formidable enemy the nation has ever encountered, have been struck blind to the perils into which they are walking. A Nemesis of this kind was to be expected from the fact that the capitalist "system" had just demonstrated to the popular advantage—all this became in the minds of the governing classes onIy a fresh challenge to their authority, and a challenge at home, in short, was interpreted as a mere protest against the militarisation of their civilian force. After having overcome by their own strength (for it has long ago been forgotten that the people and the workers had anything to do with it) the most formidable enemy the nation has ever encountered, our governing classes, our capitalists and plutocracy, promptly began to harden their hearts in regard to the "enemy" at home. What could they not do at home when the foreign enemy lay low, slain by their own mighty hands! Labour agitation, the demands of the workers to share in power and responsibility, the expectation of the common people that somehow or other the national victory would be turned to the popular advantage—all this became in the minds of the governing classes only a fresh challenge to their authority, and a challenge all the more ridiculous from the fact that the capitalist "system" had just demonstrated its omnipotence against Germany. The challenge at home, in short, was interpreted as a mere aftermath of the late challenge abroad; and the "Times" did not hesitate to affirm that even the police agitation was directly inspired by a recrudescence of Prussianism. German Prussianism. Germany, it cannot be concealed, is, in the common phrase, down and out; and the fresh fears of the English people are no longer of Prussianism abroad, but of Prussianism at home. It is significant that everywhere the complaint of organised Labour of every class is directed against "militarism"; and it will be observed that no less decidedly than the Triple Alliance itself the Police Union is in protest against the militarisation of their civilian force. But even this is not the most characteristic feature of the prevailing discontent. It is only its negative purpose. On the positive side what we see on all hands is a desire and a determination on the part of Labour to inaugurate an epoch of decentralisation by means of a distribution among the popular elements of both power and responsibility. It is, moreover, a demand that cannot be denied. Flushed with "their" victory, and greedy now for the consolidation of their power, our governing classes may and, no doubt, will, adopt every means for defeating this movement, while at the same time continuing their own movement towards centralisation; but we are convinced that their vanity will be vain. The current of the new age is against them. Compromises may be effected; here and there defeat may appear to befall the forces of advancing Labour; but sooner or later the new spirit will embody itself. That the Praetorian guard of the police should be almost the first in the field in defence of the new order is in every way of the utmost significance and promise. If the police, hitherto the most "loyal" of reactionary forces, are now co-operating openly with Labour, the balance of power has already plainly shifted from the old to the new dispensation. The Army itself is the next force to be considered; and who that knows the temper of our conscript army can doubt that in the end the Army, too, will be ranged on the side of the police and the people? A time of trouble is undoubtedly before us. Mr. Asquith was not merely repeating himself when he declared the outlook to be "the gravest this country has ever known." But the issues, at any rate, are clear enough to all men of intelligence; and the decision is plain to all men of goodwill. The "people" mean to share in power and responsibility. Labour is determined to have a voice in its own control and destiny. The days of economic and industrial, no less than of political autocracy, are numbered. Economic Prussianism is doomed.
In the meanwhile nothing proves the infatuate complacency of the Government more conclusively than the replies delivered in the House of Commons by the Minister of Labour and Mr. Bonar Law only last week. Sir Richard Horne, in particular, appeared to be unaware of the existence of any grievance save, perhaps, that of his own department. Not only, he said, had 80 per cent. of the men demobilised been already found employment, but the Government had every expectation that by the end of the summer the remaining 20 per cent. would find themselves fully employed. Upon what information, however, is our Minister of Labour so optimistic? Overlooking for the moment the presumption that the unemployment of a matter of 20 per cent. of ex-service men (numbering nearly half a million) is of comparatively little consequence, we are unable for ourselves to discover the grounds for Sir Richard Horne's belief that these will be absorbed into the prevailing system of industry by the end of summer, or, indeed, by any date that can be calculated at this moment. All reason is certainly against the earlier date; and nothing we can foresee promises the absorption of the unemployed within measurable time. Moreover, even upon the supposition that the ex-service men themselves may be re-absorbed into industry, it must never be forgotten that their employment will create a corresponding unemployment in the older men whose places in industry the ex-service men will presumably take. Imperatively called into industry by the national need during the war, it appears certain that they must now be elbowed out of it if Sir Richard Horne's promise to the ex-service men is to be fulfilled. And what is to become of them? It will be seen, therefore, that even upon his own most optimistic calculations our Labour Minister's solution of the problem only creates a fresh problem.

Mr. Bonar Law was even more evasive. But for the fact, indeed, that Mr. Bonar Law is reputedly a truthful person, his interview with the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress might be cited as an example of all the vices of political chicanery. Unemployment was not his theme; his purpose was, we are told, to satisfy the minds of the Labour delegation on the four matters of the Blockade, Conscientious Objectors, the Russian Expedition, and Conscription. How did he do it? We are surprised to learn that in his immediate mission of convincing the Labour delegates he appears to have succeeded to admiration. One and all, they left the presence, so we gather, fully persuaded that the Government was at any rate doing its best. The verbatim report of the proceedings, however, leaves us in no doubt that Sir Richard Horne's promise to the ex-service men is to be fulfilled. It will be seen, therefore, that even upon his own most optimistic calculations our Labour Minister's solution of the problem only creates a fresh problem.

Bonar Law made to deliver a clear reply. Speaking, as he said, "under guard," his very attitude of caution should have put the delegation "on guard." As it was, it appears that his caution infected his interviewers, with the result that not a soul among them came away with a clearer idea than he took with them.

In face of this attitude on the part of the Government, it is not to be wondered at if Mr. Straker and the industrial (not, of course, the political) leaders of the Triple Alliance should be disposed either to turn from Parliament altogether or to take legal action against it. Reaction in disgust against Parliamentary institutions as now worked is everywhere gaining ground from Russia in the East to Canada in the West; and every fresh failure of existing Parliaments to meet with candour and competence the new industrial problems rising before society only serves to intensify the reaction and to supply it with moral, if not with intellectual, justification. "Any Government," said Mr. Straker, at the Coal Commission last week, "that initiates a principle or a policy that affects the whole life of the people without that principle or policy having been before the people . . . any action would be morally right to upset that Government." The excuse, as we say, for such a doctrine is undoubtedly strong, and its increasing scepticism of constitutional means ineffective, must be employed to divert Parliament from its anti-social purpose. And the temptation to employ the organised force of the Triple Alliance must be admitted to be particularly strong.

Nevertheless, in our opinion, such an employment of industrial power for political ends would be not only of dubious value if it were to succeed, but it would not, we think, succeed. Attractive as the prospect undoubtedly is, and irresistible as we fear, it may become, we believe, after serious reflection, that neither its success nor its failure would affect the main problem, that of the economic and industrial re-organisation of the community. Every thing would be still to be done in positive reconstruction, whether this or any other Government were set up or "upset."

Much more promising from every point of view is the concentration of the industrial forces on their proper task of direct industrial reconstruction. Political institutions and the governments that run them are, after all, only that instrument of the new order of society, and forces of society; and, given a transformation of the latter, the former in due course and "constitutionally" will be moral right to upset that Government."

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Much more promising from every point of view is the concentration of the industrial forces on their proper task of direct industrial reconstruction. Political institutions and the governments that run them are, after all, only that instrument of the new order of society, and forces of society; and, given a transformation of the latter, the former in due course and "constitutionally" are bound to reflect the new distribution of economic power. To attempt to operate on the political machine in the expectation that the economic power that controls it will thereby be affected is to expect the temperature to change with mechanical manipulation of the thermometer. It is to hope that causes will be altered by dealing with the effects, and that the cart can be persuaded to draw the horse. The excuse we have made for Mr. Straker, moreover, is invalidated in his particular case by the fact that his Federation of Miners has at this moment an economic weapon of almost unlimited power in its hands and an unparalleled opportunity for employing it. Everybody is aware that the Coal Commission is now in prison to be revised, that its Report will be equivalent to an Act of Parliament. And everybody is likewise aware that in the end its decision depends on the economic power exercisable by the Miners' Federation. But according to the Federation of Miners is not an executive member. The inference is plain. If the industrial power of the Miners, backed by the Triple Alliance, is equal to the enforcement of their solution
Mr. Churchill professed to have been "staggered" when he first saw the circular reprinted by the "Daily Herald." At the same time, he indignantly denied that the General Staff of the War Office (over which Mr. Churchill proudly presides) ever initiated policy or, in fact, was not "proud" to be merely the executors of the policy of the Cabinet conveyed through the Minister for War. The inconsistency is obvious, though, once again, no Labour Member was intelligent enough to point it out. If the General Staff exercised its initiative in this instance to the "staggering" of Mr. Churchill, what becomes of his boast that the Cabinet alone is responsible? Mr. Churchill, as a politician, is entitled, of course, to have the argument both ways, to jump from one foot to the other, and to rest alternately on contradictory claims; but equally, of course, the plain man is entitled to draw his own conclusions from the performance, and to deduce from the gymnastic display that a secret policy is behind it. The secret policy, however, like the secret treaties, is not so well concealed that it is not visible to the naked eye. Mr. Erskine Childers' report in the "Daily Herald" of last Monday makes it certain that, on or not on its own initiative, the General Staff of the War Office (over which Mr. Churchill proudly presides) is at this moment engaged in practising in Ireland all the machinations of an army employed in urban and rural civil war. With the Irish, what can it be? It is not the further subject of Ireland, for subjection can no farther go in that country. Nor is there in any other part of the world than England an immediately prospective field for the exercise of the belated accomplishments of Mr. Churchill's General Staff. Ireland, in other words, is the new Alsation of the British Empire that begins at home; and over in Ireland, Mr. Churchill's Staff (with or without his knowledge, as discretion may determine) is rehearsing his intervention in those trade disputes in this country which Mr. Churchill may decide affect vital public services.

The new loan of 1,500 millions which the State is about to transfer from public credit to private account should forge a golden bond of sympathy between the people of this country and the people of Germany. Bondholders, we have often observed, are remarkably free from any taint of patriotism; their country is indubitably overridden by the still more supreme duty of their people of this country and the people of Germany. Emulating the unprejudiced cosmopolitan outlook of our creditors, we may ask our fellow-victims in Germany to compare their situation with ours, defying them to find it, in any but a "scientific" sense, worse than our own. The "Berliner Tageblatt" and the "Frankfurter Zeitung," for instance, complain that the possession by the Allies of bonds on German production threatens to "usurp the supreme duty of a democratic parliament, that of controlling taxation." The Allies, they complain, by virtue of their bonds, will wield absolute power over the whole industrial life of Germany, so that the "will" of the Allies must be regarded as "the supreme lex." Assuming, however, the correctness of the financial canon that money knows no nationality, the complaints of the German people are no different from and certainly no better founded than our own. The supreme duty of our Parliament to control taxation is indubitably overridden by the still more supreme duty of Parliament to pay off our bondholders on peril of an "occupation" of the country at least as depressing as the threatened "occupation" of Germany. And that the will of our bondholders is the supreme lex will be manifested upon every occasion, when an attempt is made to carry on our industrial business without their approval and consent.

Moral considerations aside, it cannot be said that the intelligence of the Labour Party in Parliament is equal to the task the party has assumed of Parliamentary, not to mention economic, opposition. Tears may be shed for the perpetuation of what is undoubtedly the right cause, but tears alone are powerless to prevent the wrong from triumphant. Brains must be added to them. We have already recorded two occasions this week upon which opportunities were offered for an effective Labour reply; but neither of them called so loudly for an intellectual as in his defence delivered by Mr. Churchill on Thursday. Yet not an effective word was uttered. Mr. Churchill's plea that the circular issued by the War Office calling for a report on the Trade Union proclivities of the troops was "not of any political significance," will not survive a moment's inspection. The political significance of the circular is plainly a matter of opinion; and on a matter of opinion Mr. Churchill's interpretation is at least as likely to be incorrect as that of the "Daily Herald." The political significance of the circular, in fact, is exactly what anybody chooses to give it. In Mr. Churchill's attempt, however, to discriminate between industrial disputes in which his troops may legitimately be employed as strike-breakers and disputes in which "the use of troops" would be "a monstrous invasion of the liberty of the subject," there is all the material for a first-class political and every other form of debate. To say that his distinction is dangerous to the exact extent that it is vague is to say that it is a distinction made for the purposes of the Government and, in the meantime, to obscure its real meaning; for what other effect than that of giving the Government an absolute right of interpretation can be intended in the distinction between "an ordinary trade dispute" and a trade dispute involving a "right to refuse their labour"? In dealing with the former, Mr. Churchill said, the use of troops would never be contemplated. The workers "had a right to refuse their labour"; and the law guaranteed them all the privileges of that right so long as their refusal of their labour was conducted with order. But as to the latter—a strike in a vital public service—no matter, presumably, whether the control of it were public or private—the use of troops and of all the forces of the Crown was not only justified, but obligatory on the Government. The question arises, however—though none of the Labour Members was alert enough to ask it—Who is to determine when a dispute affects a "vital public service"? The war has demonstrated that in any emergency every industry that can be called an industry at all is or can be regarded as "vital." We have only to think of the number of "key" industries claimed and admitted as such during the war to realise that the distinction between an "ordinary trade dispute" and a dispute affecting a "vital public service" is a distinction whose difference depends on the character of the Government of the day. And when the executive character of the Government of the day is embodied in the personality of Mr. Churchill, it is safe to assume that no "ordinary trade dispute" in which the use of troops is monstrous will ever arise.
Our Own People.

By Marmaduke Pickthall

The fate of the Turkish Empire still hangs in the balance, and with it the fate of the British Empire in the East. Is it possible that our rulers fail to realise the gravity of the situation? It amounts to this: If England, the conqueror of Turkey, gives the word for short-sighted as to agree to sacrifice Turkey to the Turkish Empire. But will they fight alone? I do not think so. In the present state of feeling throughout India, due to the Rowlatt Bills and other causes, among which the Turkish question and our insulting war-time propaganda must be counted, it seems more likely that their rising will be the signal for a general mutiny. By our behaviour towards Turkey and Persia since the year 1906, we have hammered Asia nearly solid in dislike of us. We should, no doubt, be able to reconquer India with the help of our Allies. But could we count on a peace that help would be necessary, with a similar disaster, and Italy with another war in Tripoli? We should need an army not in India only, but in Egypt and also in Syria, for the King of the Hejaz has grievances against the Peace Conference, and especially against ourselves, which can hardly be ready almost reconciled him to his suzerain. It is one thing to accept an English settlement of Turkish problems upon racial lines, but to consent to see the Muslim realm distributed among the Christian Powers is another, and a very different thing. Everywhere among the Muslims it is being said that the promises made by high personages in England to high personages in the East during the war—promises designed to minimise the bad effect of the official propaganda—are being broken. Why are the Greeks allowed to land at Smyrna? Why are the Italians allowed to occupy Konia? Is it not because England has decided to give portions of the Turkish State to Greece and Italy, the Powers most detested and despised throughout the Muslim world? Then what becomes of the official announcement made by Mr. Lloyd George to the effect that the rich countries of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are “the homeland of the Turkish race,” would be secured to Turkey? What becomes of the personal assurances given privately upon their word of honour, by more than one high personage in England, that the treatment of Mr. Czernin’s long-forbidden fourteen points? Is there no obligation of honour, as there would seem to be none of justice, recognised by England in regard to Asiatics?

There is immediate danger not only of a general mutiny in India, but of a large portion of the world “going Bolshevik” unless we stand forth as benefactors of the Muslim Empire. There is no time to be lost. It must be done at once.

In Turkey beats the heart of Muslim India, Muslim Egypt, of every land where we bear rule over Mohammedans. Or have we forgotten what we were told not to do? In the present day. Independent Turkey was regarded by our older, better educated and more thoughtful statesmen as just as necessary to the structure of the British Empire in the East as the safety-valve is to a steam-engine. Does it help us: the British Government was found so ignorant and so short-sighted as to agree to sacrifice Turkey to the will of Czarist Russia, a Power which would have been amused to see the British Empire blawn to bits. And now that we are rid of Czarist Russia by the act of God, we still adhere to Czarist policy, apparently to please such Powers as Greece and Italy, which are the greatest enemies of Islam remaining. It can never be in England’s interests that our rulers should seek to provoke a conflict with the whole Islamic world—a conflict which all British Oriental policy until the last thirteen years was designed to prevent. As for France, apart from the consideration that the security of the United States, which is threatened like our own with grave disturbance, she can but be the loser by partition of the Turkish State. What is the possession of a part of Syria to her, compared with the loss of her cultural influence and commercial opportunities in the whole of Turkey, where her language and the French idea has been till now supreme?

Think what we have done. Our strength, as well as the chief cause of our importance, if our rulers would but see it, is in Asia. By deliberately angering Asia, at the call of some Christian fanatics in order to curry favour with a Power of Europe, we cut off half our body, so to speak. No longer able to move alone, we were forced to lean upon our neighbours. We became to all intents and purposes a third-class Power, obliged to cling to other European Powers, to lick their spittle and to bribe them, when we could have had the support of our own folk for love, if we had chosen. The British Empire could have stood alone against the world, if the rulers of that Empire had been just to Asia, had relied on Asia as Disraeli bade them, had not betrayed the trust of Asia in the Turk, as England has done. It could stand alone against the world to-day if England would consent to save the Turkish Empire. They talk of India’s part in the war. What India did was nothing to what India could and would have done if we had not compelled the Turks to fight against us.

If the citizenship of the British Empire is to be a privilege worth fighting for and dying for, the feelings of all British subjects, no matter what their race and creed or colour, must have a prior claim to the consideration of the British Government to those of anyone outside that Empire. Those are our own people; these are foreigners. Yet the sentiments of a solid block of more than 80,000,000 British subjects have been utterly disregarded by the British Government for years. Not only that, a policy the most obnoxious to their feelings which could possibly be imagined, has been pursued with the object of propitiating foreign Powers. Repressive measures have been taken to prevent those British subjects even from expressing the objection which they naturally felt at being thus ignored. They were told they had no right to think in that way, that they must think in this particular way or not at all. Many Englishmen of note had knowledge of their bitter feelings, but not one stood up for them. Neither in the Houses of Lords nor the House of Commons was there any discussion of Mr. Czernin’s subjects which affected them. The policy of England, in so far as it affected them, was changed in secret among men whose very names are till this day unknown. It is time those names were known, the details published, that we, the English race, may know precisely whom we have to thank for the destruction of the British Empire in the East.

Some people seem to think that Asia is not worth considering at such a moment; they speak as if her peoples had no virtues, no capacity, no courage, and no public spirit. The only qualities in which they are deficient are those in which Europe is ashamed to own. They have done. Our strength, as well as her empire, is in Asia. As our rulers have once by justice or by kindness won the respect or love of that Power or nation which is our best friend, so it may be trusted to the British Empire in the East.

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some act of courtesy or kindness from an unexpected quarter, their fidelity to those who treat them as men should be treated. For everything you get from Europe you will have to pay in cash sooner or later. But you can have the enthusiastic and unsanctified loyalty of Asia for an act of mercy and of justice.

If the world is shocked by strife more hideous than any we have seen till now in years to come, it will be the fault of England's rulers at this moment. The Muslim world is only asking us to be ourselves and not the ghost of Czarism. Their horror at the England of the present is because of an affectionate remembrance they still cherish for the England of the past. They are more loyal than we are to those ideals, which stood for England until thirteen years ago. If we force them now into rebellion, when we have the power to win them back, then, having proved ourselves unworthy of imperial sway, we shall deserve and we shall surely meet the fate of Czarism. If I had the ear of the British Government, I would say: "Stand forth and by a generous gesture, in the most public manner, save the Turk. Then research, a laborious effort of thought and logic very foreign to our normal methods.

It thus comes about that modification in the creed of the orthodox is both difficult and conducive to exasperation; since because the form is commonly mistaken for the substance it is not clearly seen why a statement which has embodied a sound principle, may in course of time become a dangerous hindrance to progress.

Of such a character are many of our habits of thought and speech to-day. Because from the commercial policy of the nineteenth century has quite clearly sprung great advance in the domain of science and the mastery of material nature, the commercialist, quite honestly in many cases, would have us turn the factory into a counting house and drain the sea to make a factory. On the other hand the Social Reformer, obsessed as he is with the poverty and degradation which shouldver the doors of the rich, is apt to turn his eyes back to the days antecedent to the Industrial Revolution note, or assume, that the conditions he deplores did not exist then, at any rate, in so desperate a degree; and condemn all business as abominable.

At various well-defined epochs in the history of civilisation there has occurred such a clash of apparently irreconcilable ideas as has at this time most definitely come upon us. Now, as then, from every quarter come the unmistakable signs of crumbling institutions and discredited formulæ, while the widespread nature of the general unrest, together with the immense range of pretext alleged for it, is a clear indication that a general re-arrangement is imminent.

As a result of the conditions produced by the European War, the play of forces, usually only visible to expert observers, has become apparent to many who previously regarded none of these things. The very efforts made to conceal the existence of springs of action other than those publicly admitted, has riveted the attention of an awakened proletariat as no amount of positive propaganda would have done. A more or less conscious effort to refer the results of the working of the social and political system to the Bar of individual re-arrangement of the whole, quite definitely resulted in a verdict for the prosecution; and there is little doubt that sentence will be pronounced and enforced.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the remedies proposed, it may be well to emphasise the more salient features of the individual, and in which genes it is of the first consequence to make very sure of the code against which the alleged offences have been committed. And here we are driven right back to first principles—to an attempt to define the purposes, conscious or unconscious, which govern humanity in its ceaseless struggle with environment.

To cover the whole of the ground is, of course, impossible. The infinite combinations into which the drive of evolution can assemble the will, emotions and desires, are probably outside the scope of any form of words not too symbolical for everyday use.

But of the many attempts which have been made it is quite possible that the definition embodied in the majestic words of the American Declaration of Independence, "the inalienable right of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is still unexcelled, although the promise of its birth is yet far from complete justification; and if words mean anything at all, these words are an assertion of the supremacy of the individual considered collectively, over any external interest. Now, what does this mean? First of all, it does not mean anarchy, nor does it mean exactly what is commonly called individualism, which generally resolves itself into a claim to force the individuality of others to subordinate itself to the will-to-power of the self-styled individualist. And most emphatically it does not mean collectivism in any of the forms made familiar to us by the Fabians and others.

It is suggested that the primary requisite is to obtain in the re-adjustment of the economic and political structure such control of initiative that by its exercise every individual can avail himself of the benefits of science and mechanism; that by their aid he is placed in such a position of advantage, that in common with his fellows he can choose, with increasing freedom and complete independence, whether he will or will not assist in any project which may be placed before him.

The basis of independence of this character is must definitely economic; it is simply hypocrisy, conscious or unconscious, to discuss freedom of any description which does not secure to the individual, that in return for effort exercised as a right, not as a concession, an average economic equivalent of the effort made shall be forthcoming.

We seem clear only by a recognition of this necessity can the foundations of society be so laid that no superstructure built upon them can fail, as the superstructure of capitalist society is most unquestionably failing, because the pediments which should sustain it are honeycombed with decay.

Systems were made for men, and not men for systems, and the interest of man, which is self-development, is above all systems, whether theological, political or economic.

CHAPTER II.

Accepting this statement as a basis of constructive effort, it seems clear that all forms, whether of government, industry or society must exist contingently to the furtherance of the principles contained in it. If a

Economic Democracy.

By Major G. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER I.

There has been a very strong tendency, fortunately not now so strong as it was, to regard fidelity to one set of opinions as being something of which to be proud, and consistency in the superficial sense as a test of character.

The Scottish political constituent who always voted for a Liberal because he was too Conservative to change, has his counterpart in every sphere of human activity, and most particularly so in what of economics, where the tracing back to first principles of the dogmas used for everyday purposes requires, in addition to some little aptitude and research, a laborious effort of
State system can be shown to be inimical to them—it must go; if social customs hamper their continuous expansion—they must be modified; if unbridled industrialism checks their growth, then industrialism must be reined in. That is to say, we must build up from the individual, not down from the State.

It is necessary to be very clear in thus defining the scope of our inquiry since the exaltation of the State into an authority from which there is no appeal, the exploitation of a public opinion which at the present time is frequently manufactured for interested purposes, and other attempts to shift the centres of the main issues; these are all features of one of the policies which it is our purpose to analyse. If, therefore, any condition can be shown to be oppressive to the individual, no appeal to its desirability in the interests of external organisation can be considered in extenuation; and while co-operation is the note of the coming age, our premises require that it must be the co-operation of reasoned assent, not regimentation in the interests of any system, however superficially attractive.

There is no doubt whatever that a mangled and misapplied Darwinism has been one of the most potent factors in the social development of the past sixty years; from the date of the publication of "The Origin of Species" the theory of the "survival of the fittest" has always been put forward as an omnibus answer to any individual hardship; and although such books as Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Science of Power" have pretty well exposed the reasons why the individual, efficient and in his own interest and consequently well fitted to survive, may and will possess characteristics which completely unfit him for positions of power in the community, we may begin our inquiry by noticing that one of the most serious causes of the prevalent dissatisfaction and disquietude is the obvious survival, success and rise to positions of great power, of individuals to whom the term "fittest" could only be applied in the very narrowest sense. And in admitting the justice of the criticism, it is not of course necessary to question the soundness of Darwin's theory. Such an admission is simply evidence that the particular environment in which the "fittest" are admittedly surviving and succeeding is unsatisfactory; that in consequence those best fitted for it are not representative of the ideal existent in the mind of the critic, and that environment cannot be left to the unaided law of Darwinian evolution, in view of its effect on other than material issues.

To what extent the rapid development of systematic organisation is connected with the statement of the law of biological evolution would be an interesting speculation; but the second great factor in the changes which have been taking place during the final years of the epoch just closing is undoubtedly the marshalling of effort in conformity with well defined principles, the enunciation of which has largely proceeded from Germany, although their source may very possibly be extra-national; and while these principles have been accepted and developed in varying degree by the governing classes of all countries, the dubious honour of applying them with rigid logic and a stern disregard of by-products, belongs, without question, to the land of their birth. They may be summarised as a claim for the complete subjection of the individual to an objective which is externally imposed on him; which it is not necessary or even desirable that he should understand in full; and the forging of a social, industrial and political organisation which will concentrate control of policy while making effective revolt completely impossible is having its originators in possession of supreme power.

This demand to subordinate individuality to the need of some external organisation, the exaltation of the State into an authority from which there is no appeal (as if the State had a concrete existence apart from those which operate its functions), the exploita-
ductive character has created an almost unlimited outlet for manufactures of nearly every kind, it is not forgotten that before the war the competition for markets was of the fiercest character and that the whole world was apparently overproducing; in spite of the patent contradiction offered by the existence of an ever-rising cost of living has brought home to large numbers of the salaried classes problems which had previously affected only the wage-earner. It is realised that "labour-saving" machinery has only enabled the worker to do more work; and that the ever-increasing complexity of production, paralleled by the rising price of the necessaries of life, is a sieve through which out and for ever out all ideas, scruples and principles which would hamper the individual in the scramble for an increasingly precarious existence.

We see, then, that there is cause for dissatisfaction with not only the production of the material but also with political systems, but that they result in an environment which is hostile to moral progress and intellectual expansion; and it will be noticed in this enumeration of social evils, which is only so wide as is necessary to suggest principle, that emphasis is laid on what may be called abstract defects and miscarriages of justice, as well as on the material misery and distress which accompany them. The reason for this is that the twin evil (common more or less to all existing organised Society) of servility is poverty, as has been clearly recognised by all shades of opinion amongst the exponents of Revolutionary Socialism. Poverty is in itself a transient phenomenon, but servility (not necessarily, of course, of manner), is a definite component of a system having centralised control of policy as its apex, and while the development of self-respect is universally recognised to be an antecedent condition to any real improvement in environment, it is not so generally understood that a world-wide system is thereby challenged. In referring the existent systems to the standard we have agreed to accept, however, it seems clear that the stimulation of independence of thought and action is a primary requirement and to the extent to which these qualities are repressed, social and economic conditions stand condemned as undesirable.

Now it may be emphasised that a centralised or pyramid form of control may be, and is in certain conditions, the ideal organisation for the achievement of specific and material end. The only effective force by which any objective can be attained, the collective power available is clearly greater than can be provided by any other form of association. For this reason the advantage accruing from the use of it for the attainment of one concrete objective, such as, let us say, the coherent design of a National railway or electric supply system (just so long as these objects are protected from use as instruments of personal and economic power) is quite incontrovertible; but every particle of available evidence goes to show that it is totally unsuitable as a system of administration for the purposes of governing the conditions under which whole peoples live their lives; that it is in opposition to every real interest of the individual when so used, and for this reason it is vital to devise methods by which technical co-ordination can be combined with individual freedom.

To crystallise the matter into a phrase; in respect of any undertaking, centralisation is the way to do it, but is neither the correct method of deciding what to do nor the question of who is to do it.

In School.

VI.—MARKS.

When discussing the question of giving help to boys in their English compositions I should have mentioned another tendency towards a policy of non-interference, namely, a conscious or unconscious desire on the part of the master for the whole form to have the same chance.

After most of the boys have settled down in earnest to pen and paper one sees, perhaps, that A and B have not begun. Would they not profit by a few hints? Very likely; but how is one to tell whether the inspiration will not come spontaneously to them in the next minute or two as it has done to the others? (A question which it is impossible accurately to determine.) Ought they not to learn how to acquire inspiration themselves? Besides, it would interrupt the others, or, as Mr. Richmond would say, break down the fabric of association structures which they are in the act of building up. Moreover, this is the only time during the week when there is an opportunity to call each boy up separately and "go through" his last week's composition with him. The whole question, in fact, bristles with practical difficulties.

No; they must take their chance with the others; in any case, it isn't fair to offer help to some and not to all. Not fair? Yes; I know the reason is indefensible. The teacher is there to help lame dogs over stiles—though it must not be forgotten that sometimes by the very refusal of help the lameness itself is miraculously cured. The consideration of fairness may sound ridiculous to the layman, but he must remember that at most schools marks are given for boys' work, and in many schools there are prizes which depend on marks. It may be a loafsome institution, but there it is. And since the teacher cannot ignore it altogether the system is apt, if he is not careful, to influence his teaching in all sorts of unfortunate directions.

Personally, I always make it a practice to instil into my form a healthy contempt for the whole system of marks. I have found it surprisingly easy to effect this, despite a quite incredible spirit of "mark-grubbing" that prevails amongst the boys in the lower forms of the school. Schoolmasters to whom I have recommended this practice refuse to believe that boys of 12 and 13 can respond to a higher stimulus than that of marks. This is only because of the false ideals with which they credit the child mind, or, rather, in accordance with their innate belief that the child is as devoid of ideals as he is of real intelligence. Our educationists are not content to base their methods of teaching on the doctrine of original sin alone, but extend it to include original stupidity, original idleness,* and original egoism—this latter in defiance of Aristotle's principle ἀνθρώπος φύεις παρακολούθων ὑπόσ. But the evil influence of marks on the spirit of fellowship is too obvious to need discussion.

As a simple exercise in ethics and reasoning I once told my form to make a parallel list of the "Advantages and Disadvantages of Marks." The results were, on the whole, excellent; but I must content myself with quoting the shortest list.

Advantages:

It encourages the boys to work because there is a competition.

* Some will say that children of nature love pastime and dislike learning, because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome, which is an opinion not as true as some men seem; for, if ever the nature of man be given at any time more than other to receive goodness, it is in innocence of young years, before that experience of evil has taken root in Ascham's "Schoolmaster."
Disadvantages:

1. It wastes the time of the form-master, and he has to keep to subjects which he can mark.

2. It makes the boys work for the sake of marks, and not for the sake of the knowledge they acquire.

3. It encourages the smaller boys to cheat.

The words which I have italicised touch on a most important practical point—the effect of the system of marks on the school curriculum. This effect is far greater than the average layman imagines, and since it cuts right across the lines of education is worth inquiring into further.

The system of marks, in fact, affects the curriculum in just the same way as the rigid Examination system whose mischievous consequences are admirably stated by Professor J. R. Seely in the following passage:

"There are some subjects upon which it is hardly possible to give a man's real knowledge by any sort of questions that can be devised. There are other subjects upon which it is much more easy to do so. And, unfortunately, the suitableness of a subject for the purposes of examination is not at all in proportion to the importance of the subject in education. Whatever theory of University education you adopt—whether you hold that it should aim at a complete training of the faculties, or that it should prepare you for a certain trade, or that it should fit you for the higher classical languages simply because it is found possible to examine on it; and lads are taught to be ashamed of falling short of perfect knowledge in the genders of Latin nouns, which involve no principle at all, and in which the greatest questions which can occupy the human mind, and attach unbounded importance to some of the least...

... The whole mind of a large section of the University is occupied by the grammar of the classical languages, simply because it is found possible to examine on it. The imparting of knowledge begins to be regarded as less important than the testing or gauging of knowledge. The subjects in which attainments can be accurately tested come to take precedence of subjects in which they cannot.*

These latter, however important they may be, are gradually cease to be valued or taught or learned, while the former come into repute and acquire an importance of the subject in education. Whatever marks have to be 'got in'..."
Shakespeare acted are flocking to the Lyric, and are rigidly excluded from the Common Entrance Examination into Public Schools. (I am writing from experience of Preparatory Schools only. Such little knowledge that I have of the elementary schools leads me to suppose that the teaching therein is of a more enlightened nature.)

T. R. COXON.

**Drama.**

By John Francis Hope.

It has often been said that no actress can play Juliet until she is seventy, and then she does not look the part. Juliet is admittedly a difficult part to play, although Miss Doris Keane, in her production at the Lyric, does not seem to be aware of the fact. Much depends on the Romeo, of course, and the Romeo of Mr. Basil Sydney could not be expected to evoke any tragic passion. Mr. Sydney's talent is confined to the suppression of feeling, to the denial of the dramatic; he is, above all, a static actor, he can imitate a block of wood with remarkable fidelity, but put him in motion and he becomes awkward. He does not walk the stage, he lurches. He has the undergraduate manner, with its deliberate disregard of style, and a voice that he will not permit to express anything but matter of fact. I have seen him in Restoration comedy, where he reduced even Congreve's prose to banality; in this production he reduces Romeo's lyrical rush of words to sentimental maxims, or the most trite punning without any sense of the enjoyment that punsters obtain from playing with words. He states a fact when he says, for example: "He jests at scars who never felt a wound," and he states it as though it were a simple fact of observation instead of being a cry of the heart of passion. He answers Juliet's questions, even in the balcony scene, as though she were asking for information, instead of wishing chiefly to hear the sound of his voice. This Romeo "never felt a wound," and, unfortunately, he does not "jest at scars"; with the consequence that he prozes his way through poetic love-making to an accompaniment of titters.

With such a Romeo, no Juliet could be perfect; and Miss Doris Keane has serious disqualifications for the part. She distinguishes poetry from prose only by its scansion, instead of by its intensity of feeling; and instead of full-throated passion, with its lyrical rapture and subtly sensual appeal, she chirps the action unnecessarily; Mr. Basil Sydney seems to be incapable of economy in staging, and seems to require the whole stage for most of his set scenes. But it must be admitted that some parts are worth looking at, the Terrace in Capulet's Garden and the Street scene in which Mercutio is killed remain vividly in the memory with their sun-drenched splendour. The crowd, too, is very well managed: the quarrel arises in the first scene with most convincing rapidity of temper, and if the fencing were a little more expert the brawl would be perfect. But I should like to see Romeo and Juliet acted, as well as finding pleasure in the accessories of their tragedy.

**THE DEBTOR.**

When I am dead, then shall Remorse most vile
From eating of mine heart ychased be,
And Covetise shall have mine eye the while,
Where she in former time lurked loweringly,
And cruel Care and starveling Penury,
That pressed upon me, shall be satisfied,
Paid with my wealth and pleasure with life as fret,
And all my thoughts and singing words beside;
And then cold Fate, seeing me of them untied,
Remember shall her bond, and like a stone
Shall cause my hapless body male
Till I become poor dust and gleaming bone:
Alas! she leaveth me of so small worth,
Naught is to do but lay me in the earth.

RUTH PITTER.
Readers and Writers.

After reading my notes on "A. E.'s" "Candle of Vision," a reader was kind enough to send me several of the works of a popular "mystic," the Rev. Holden Edmund Sampson—among them being The Bhagavad Gita. I interpreted a week-night sermon with the works of St. Thomas Aquinas; and to say of without attempting to gain an intelligent grasp of its conclusive reason against his own "interpretation" of "the "Gita" with a work of this kind is more than possible. We know enough by means of psycho-analysis to establish the bona fides of even the most dogmatic of ignoramuses. But that Mr. Sampson has done anything more than to give to a common sentimentalist certain apparently practical doctrines of the "Gita" and the Bible, I take it upon myself to deny with my glove.

Some over-indulgent friend has prefaced the work with an adulatory "foreword" in which we are told that Mr. Sampson's book contains "the most illuminating interpretation that has yet been given in the English language of the Bhagavad Gita." This is not only untrue, it is grotesquely untrue. Apart from the work of such scholars as Max Müller and Deussen; apart from the "interpretations" of the "Gita" made by various members of the Theosophical Society to which, by the way, I suspect that Mr. Sampson is heavily indebted; apart, again, from the Indian commentaries which are accessible in English, the "most illuminating interpretation yet given in the English language" is the "Lectures on the Bhagavad Gita" delivered and afterwards published in English by an Indian barrister, the late Mr. Subba Row. This man was a great genius; there is no doubt about it; and his meaning, as nothing else does. And the "truths" which Mr. Subba Row elicited from the "Bhagavad Gita" were of just this character; they had all the simplicity and appearance of naïveté of the proverb and the idiom, with the cutting quality of a brilliant discovery. They were at once old truisms and new truths. To compare Mr. Sampson's "interpretation" of the "Gita" with a work of this kind is to compare a week-night sermon with the works of St. Thomas Aquinas; and to say of Mr. Sampson's work that it is, etc., etc., is to . . . . I leave the reader to make the proper additions.

The astonishing, or, at least, the disappointing thing is that Mr. Sampson has, from somewhere or another, picked up and inserted in his own preface the true and conclusive reason against his own "interpretation" of the "Bhagavad Gita." "Let not the reader," he says, "try to understand the Gita . . . . he should study it without attempting to grasp an intelligent grasp of its meaning . . . . when little by little it will find its way from his soul to the mind." Substituting "the subconscious" for the soul, and "the conscious" for the mind, Mr. Sampson's advice is sound. Not only the "Bhagavad Gita" should be read by the intuition rather than with the logical intelligence; but the difference between the so-called esoteric and exoteric doctrinal literature is to be found in the fact that the former can be understood only intuitively. Any attempt to "gain an intelligent (or logical) grasp of" a book which is bound ex hypothesi to result, if in anything at all, in an exoteric or literal meaning, at the expense of the esoteric meaning. In the old metaphors of the mystical schools, it results in chaff instead of in wheat. Undeterred by his own warning, however, Mr. Sampson freely sets his "interpretation" of "the "Gita" and inserted in his own preface the true and conclusive reason against his own "interpretation" of the "Bhagavad Gita," and, still more, the "Mahabharata," in which the "Gita" appears as an episode, must have experienced the temptation to "interpret" the whole story as an allegory. The allegory is an attractive animal to the elementary mind. But most of us have succeeded in restraining ourselves from making the attempt to "grasp" the meaning of the story in this way. We have been content, in fact, to read with our intuition in the hope (not unjustified) that one day all the hidden meaning of the "Gita" will be grasped would emerge into consciousness in the finished form of unanalyzable idioms of commonsense, apparently without effort and certainly without attracting attention to ourselves. In short, we have taken Mr. Sampson's advice without following his example. Mr. Sampson's "interpretation," on the other hand, I can only attribute to his doubt of the absolute correctness of his own advice.

It will possibly sound nonsense to affirm that the greatest books are only to be grasped by the total understanding which is called intuition; but as an aid to the realisation of the truth, we may fall back upon the final proofs of idiom and experience. Idiom, as I have often said, is the fruit of wisdom on the tree of language; and experience, of course, is both the root and the beginning of idiom. What more familiar to us is than that which expresses the idea and the experience of reading a book "between the lines"; for what, in fact, is not there in the perception of our merely logical understanding? And what, again, is more familiar than the experience of "having been done good" by reading a great, particularly a great mystical or poetic work, like the "Bible" or Milton; still more, by reading such works as the "Mahabharata." Idiom and experience do not deceive us. The "subconscious" of every book is vastly greater than its conscious element; as, indeed, the "subconscious" of each of us is many times richer in content than our conscious minds. Reading between the lines, resulting often and usually in a total betterment of our sensibility, is in reality intuitional reading: the subconscious of the book is put into relation with the subconscious of the reader. Deep communicates with deep. No "interpretation" of an allegorical kind need result from it. We may be unable indeed to put into words any of the ideas we have gathered. Patience, Mr. Sampson, the truths thus grasped will one by one find their way to the conscious mind and one day, perhaps, to our lips.

R. H. C.
Music.

By William Atheling.

POST-MORTEM.

To make an interim summary of the season to date, I should have to repeat what I have said of Rosing and the Kennedy-Frasers last year; to add that Tinayre and Stroesco give me unusual pleasure and that I never voluntarily miss hearing their work; that Lamond is a master pianist; that Jehanne Chambard is, to a point, interesting. Perhaps one's most difficult problem is the treatment of music which is not outrageous enough to merit condemnation nor yet quite good enough to stir interest. The finer shades and varieties of this mediocrity are more bitter to the critic than either the execrable or the excellent.

MLLE. YVONNE ARNAUD with A. Mangeot and G. Pitsch opened the weeping camembert of Schubert's Trio in B flat (AEolian, March 28). Mangeot had a tolerably pleasant middle tone; Mdlle. Arnaud showed moderation and kept the piano in register with the other instruments; the music was played as most of Schubert deserves to be played, namely, with that air of the "better" restaurantr or "usual" theatre orchestra, more or less brisk and more or less tearfully sentimental. This impossibility is impossible to deny a certain amount of proficiency to the performers, and with food or under some propitious emotional circumstances the music might have assisted in keeping one stationary. I am not in a position to report the remainder of the afternoon's playing.

HELEN EGERTON, assisted by Alice Dessauer and A. Williams (Wigmore, March 31), attempted the difficult feat of presenting Beethoven Trios for violin, 'cello and piano; also piano and violin sonata, with a null violin. Music written for three instruments cannot advantageously be rendered with two, especially if the leading instrument be left blank. The 'cello tone was pleasing where heard, but it was usually (as the composer intended) kept under the violin; as for the piano, when it remained subservient it was insufficiently audible in the back on the main floor; when the pianist got excited and "took hold" of the piece one was more agreeably entertained; one even felt that the pianist might be worth hearing in conditions more favoured.

WINIFRED BARNES (AEolian, April 3) deserves special commendation both for the quality of the music selected and for the modesty and self-effacement of its arrangement. There are very few performers, female or male, who, having engaged a couple of "draws" to assist them, would so carefully put the "draws" at the beginning of the afternoon's work and leave their own songs, nearly all of them, for a single concluding group. On April 3. The Allied String Quartet showed from attack in the Franck, the first Violin was a bit shrill, with knife-edge coming through at the beginning; there was a general pressure against the music, keeping up the feel of advance. The quartet displays just that difference of art from pastry-cooking, which we did not have in the second trio; just the difference as it were between sculpture and cake-icing. The 'cello is probably the basis of the Allied Quartet's stability. The Franck, at any rate, is not sentimental as the Schubert trio, and the playing improved with the progress of the piece. To Ventures, at his charming best in accommodating Slawin, who, despite the atrocious condition of his throat, gave a perfect example of singing in Caccini's "Amarilli": exquisite in his balance and weighting; in the millimetric time measure of syllables, and in the tension, and varying textures, and in the flow of phrases:

Dubitar non ti vede
Aprimi il petto a vedrai scritto, etc.,

Here he managed to overcome the opening roughness of his voice, though it hampered him in the songs following, which were quite beautiful, but unsatisfactory to anyone who remembered his singing them when in voice. For encore he chose a modern Italian "Primavera" with which his voice had not interfered.

Miss Barnes deserves a literary rather than a musical study. She should be assured of popular success; there is a curious ecclesiastical tinture mixed with a Coleseum timbre and puzzling vowel quality, any of which would have engaged Henry James for a fortnight. The same colours appear in some of the members of the Beecham opera company; apart from this there is abundant evidence of training, consider à the technical equipment, and let me repeat, excellent taste in the choice of programmes.

STROESCO (AEolian, April 8) scored his chief triumph in the opening Gluck "Iphigenie en Tauride," giving it with rare robustness and richness. Di Veroli was charming in the piano interlude. Stroesco showed greatly his sensitiveness to the verbal meaning and made an excellent final cadenza. All through he was stronger in the lower notes than he has been before. The programme, however, declined. The Schumann in English was not very acceptable. The whole lieder school is wrong, and it needs only a slightly unfavourable condition to rob in the fact. The whole genre is wonderful. This does not prevent there being a certain number of acceptable lieder, but the more one examines them the less satisfactory they appear. The Victor-an bellad is the natural result of trying to bring the lieder into English, and a very lamentable result it is, too. Stroesco was rather unreined in the finale of "Nuit de Mai."

"L'art ne joue pas," and never was this truth more apparent than in the settings of Stevenson's baby songs. Stroesco did exactly what the composer and poet had intended, but the stuff is not good enough. The settings obviously intend to appeal to silly people, in large numbers. Hahn does some trick programme music, but won't even be popular. To be popular a song must not only appeal to the silliness of the populace but it must be do-able without skill or effort. Not that these songs needed Stroesco to sing them, any young female professional would have done, but they are not easy enough for the average amateur.

Stroesco should reserve himself for the real thing, for Gluck and the old Italians; for such settings as gave us the Chants Hindous Delage, or for the chef d'œuvre of operas and of the modern French school. In this programme the Gluck was memorable, and it alone repaid one's attendance.

JOSEPH COLEMAN (AEolian, April 10) showed some firmness, but is one, I ask you, gentlemen, is one to sit through a whole concerto by Wieniawski?

ANATHEMA.

There is no copy of Henry Lawes' three volumes of "Ayres and Dialogues" at the little second-hand music shop in Great Turnstile, but the kindly proprietor is good enough to look up old sale catalogues. The last set went for £49. Dolmetsch arrangement of some of this old music is out of print. Only in a nation utterly unsubstantial of its past treasures and inspired by a rancorous hatred of good music could this state of affairs be conceivable. I have bought Waller's poems for a shilling. Yet Lawes' position in English music is proportionally much more important than Waller's position among English poets.

This condition of things is more eloquent of the debasement and utter contemptibility of British music publishers and the slovenly ignorance of British so-called musicians than the laws of libel permit me to attempt to express in these columns. This whim "nest of singing birds" is apparently on its last roost.
The Old Master as Grotesque.

By Hunley Carter.

V. -BLAKE-

I suppose that proper respect for certain marks conferred upon the old masters, by moderns—fame, fertility, despisenedness, misinterpretation—will permit me to place Blake among the ancients. And the examination of other marks—eternal vitality, spontaneous vision, extravagant imagination, immediate inspiration, exuberant spirit or playfulness and flaming expression—will permit me to place him with the noble grotesquely vital. It is secret that he came to the business of art long before he was born. I may perhaps point out that the business of art for all great men is to evoke healthy laughter. Let those who like maintain that art's business is with sackcloth and ashes. I deny it. Tragedy expresses the horrible in excess, and I come to art for something different. I might add there are as many forms of laughter as there are great men to express them, as Professor Dowden has observed. When this fact is grasped, I think my selection of laughter-makers becomes intelligible, and I may reason nothing to the Blake case, as the whole has been treated over-seriously. Sometimes wonder why biographers and critics of significant artists will not condescend to begin simply and at the source of the said business—where, indeed, such artists are born—and indulge the world with an appropriate taste of the true laughter of art, instead of fleeing from it in terror, or apologising for it, as Professor C. J. Holmes does in the case of Hokusai. Actually, I do not believe it is possible to find in any book on art or the artist a true account of the way art laughs, or how the artist entering Reality plays. It draws back the curtain on Appearance. It is not for me to say that these articles are the first clear statement on the point, but I am permitted to say that they suggest a fruitful line of inquiry, and when it is entered upon I think the fact will be found that biographers and critics neglect the laughter business of art simply because they have chosen their vacation wrong. God made them for funeral mutes. Then my wonder will cease.

If I required support for my contention that Blake was a part of an eternally vital substance which projects itself into human forms, I could find it in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's study of Blake. I am not going to say it is the finest interpretation of the poet-painter, but I will say it is a remarkably fine interpretation of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. And I find myself looking gratefully towards Blake for being the cause of this much an erroneous and extremely illuminating piece of work. I quite fail to get Blake from the book, but I get Mr. Chesterton himself in alternating flashes of real insight and big gaps, as in a museum arrangement where the tail of a mermaid is followed by a herring-bone and the gaping spectator is left to guess the universal affinity between the two. Here, for instance, is a genuine flaw. Blake's life would have begun before he was born. "It would have begun with a great deal about the giant Albion, about the many disagreements between the spirit and the spirit of that gentleman that parted the golden pillars that covered the earth at its beginning and the lions that walked in their golden innocence before God. It would have been full of symbolic wild beasts and naked women, of monstrous clouds and colossal temples; and it would all have been highly incomprehensible, but none of it would have been irrelevant. All the biggest events of Blake's life would have happened before he was born." Thus Mr. Chesterton the biographer holds up a candle to the psychic Mr. Chesterton. I profoundly tell him that Blake was adventuring in a wonderland long before he was born. I do not, however, agree it was the kind of wonderland Mr. Chesterton has drawn so beautifully. Not one that Elements—New Forest fairies and psychic elves—would approve, but one that would bring joy into an enormous vision of Reality, give security to abundant spiritual wealth, and honour to the fantastic imagination of an Olympian. If I am wrong in my reading of Mr. Chesterton's passage, he has only himself to blame. For, elsewhere, he remarks that Blake was a "sober native of that unnatural plane." (Eldland.) Or, as he does in the impression that Blake's pre-natal wonderland, as seen by Mr. Chesterton, was one got up by Mr. Chesterton from aesthetic and psychic hints which he himself had furnished. He says, for instance, "the inner truth of Blake could hardly be better put than this: that he was a good artist whose idea of greatness was to be a great engraver." Further, "even fore-shortening and perspective he avoided as if there were something grotesque about them—as, indeed, there is. A person whose ideals and methods, I answered, this description would not inhabit the aforementioned pre-natal wonderland. Indeed, he would be entitled by his methods to figure as a born fool. These extracts apart, Mr. Chesterton's accomplished piece of characteristic paradox is extremely valuable inasmuch as it starts by putting Blake in one eternal kingdom which he never except for moments to show human beings what magnificent creatures his idealism could make of them, if unfortunately someone before him had not hopelessly misused them. In order, however, to enter this kingdom and to examine the characteristics of the artist upon which Blake is engaged, we must apply elsewhere. So, consider the following ideals. "I knew that this world is a world of imagination and vision." "To the eye of the man of imagination, Nature is Imagination itself." "Shall painting be confined to the sordid drudgery of fascinating representations of merely mortal and perishing substances, and not be as poetry and music are, elevated into its own proper sphere of invention and visionary conception? No, it shall not be! Painting, as well as poetry and music, exists and exults in immortal thoughts." "I should be sorry if I had any earthly fame, for whatever natural glory a man has is so much detracted from his spiritual glory."

In this way Blake strips away the hard shell of the material world, locates himself in a spiritual kingdom of imagination, affirms the Holy Ghost in himself, and declares that "Nature," meaning the natural world, is simply for a visit, a kind of mere judgment on. Let the artist be given that wisdom which led Blake to maintain that "the soul shall not enter into Heaven—let him be ever so holy," the admiration for exaggeration found in Blake's superb designs and in his words, "the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," the association of symptomatic and intelligence, the separation of moral considerations from representation expressed in Blake's words, "Here (i.e., in Heaven) they are no longer talking of what is good and evil, of what is right or wrong, and puzzling themselves in Satan's labyrinth, but are conversing with eternal realities as they exist in human imagination"—given these things and many others contained in Mr. T. Sturge Moore's brilliant study of parallels between Flaubert and Blake, "Art and Life," and he will use this vision of Blake in the perspective he avoided as if there were something grotesque about them. He came to the business of art long before he was born. He took snapshots out of a frame filled with eternal realities as they exist in human imagination—confused by his designs as some persons might expect, namely, one by one. It will suffice for any purpose if I offer the above example, which to the aesthetic meaning of the rest. (Little) "Job confessing his presumption to (mighty) God," might easily be "mole-like man declaring his servile stupidity to visionary Blake."
Recent Verse.

Cathal O’Byrne. The Grey Feet of the Wind. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

Matthew Arnold long ago wrote of the Celtic magic, and nobody will dispute its existence in the lovely passages he quoted in his celebrated essay. But the tradition of magic, when it is not accompanied by power, degenerates into legerdemain and nobody will dispute its existence in the lovely rhythmic movements, the old once magical names, in poetic imagination; and they have the tradition. What most of them lack, however, is power. In consequence imagines he has learned the art of mesmerism, and who the expectation that something must surely come our way. But the stones with his footsteps ring, as always. O’Byrne’s opening:

The Grey Feet of the Wind sweep o’er the bending grasses,
Down the bright meadows in the breezy noon,
Leaving behind them when each light foot passes
The track of their Silver Shoon.

It is just rhythm and words and nothing more. Here is a still more over-capitalised venture:—

Till White Spears flash in the East, and the Red Wind of Dawn,
Fanned into flame the Passion Fires, the Fires of Life and Death.

It is all very terrible; but we are still not afraid. In “A Silent Month,” Mr. Byrne essays one of the characteristic rhythms of the school. Let us say at once that the rhythm is splendid if only all the rest of the qualities of poetry were added to it; but in itself and bare of almost every other quality, it is vibration in a vacuum. I have made my heart as the stones in the street for his tread,

I have made my love as the shadow that falls from his dear gold head,

But the stones with his footsteps ring, and the shadows keep following.

And just as the quiet shadow goes ever beside or before
So must I go silent and lonely and loveless for ever and ever more.

The meaning will not bear examination. In fact, such a verse should be read with the feet. “The Mother of Shaun” is a pathetic little ballad admirably adapted as an encore for a music-hall comedian. You know the kind of thing recited by a red-nosed knockabout after his usual turn, and given, no doubt, to show that the said comedian is, after all, a man, and has his feelings. “The Mother of Shaun” may be commended to him. Sooner or later, at this pace of degeneration, we were bound to hit the Irish road, and here it is:—

And the white road to Ireland
Is the right road for me.

Another song of exile opens thus:—

Though I’m far and very far away from Ireland,

And closes thus:—

Far away, and very far from Ireland. It was inevitable. Mr. Byrne, however, has moments of better humour and less sentimentality. The Man Who Went the Roundhouse is almost intolerable twice; and “Grainne” is an attempt at the beautiful, even if it only achieves the expensive. A stanza on p. 22 represents Mr. Byrne at his best; and this, it will be seen, is too full of stuff-to be poetic.

A sweet silver sighing stirred the naked trees
That leaped to listen there in Cushendall,
Sharp and grief-laden was the wet sea-breeze
Like slender arrows whistling in their fall.

Love sobbed its love out in a dirge of pain,
And as about the strings the bow was curled
A woe that held the weight of all the world,
Of love that had been split in golden rain.

G. O. Warren. Trackless Regions. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

The mood of ennui or disappointment is not one of which poetry can be made; and the sooner our writers learn to distinguish mere melancholy from the meditation of the Muses the better. Mrs. Fiske Warren appears to be altogether taken up with deploying the present and regretting the omissions of the past. Her verses are a vain regret, and remind the reader of Tosti and Pinsuti rather than of any real emotion. There is a good deal of half-veiled allegory, too, which adds to the unintelligibility without contributing to the atmosphere. Here are a few examples:—

All ye alive with dark desire,
Who eat the bread of loneliness,
Know ye right well your house to keep,
To light which fire,
Which grain to bless?

The reply is in the negative.

There is a path within a wood
Where grow the trees of wild desire
Whose blossoms are a spreading flame,
Whose fruit the very heart of fire.

Read in their context, such lines are symptomatic—but of what, we shall silently guess.

She reached for sunset fires,
And lived with stars and the sea,
The mountains for her temple,
The storm for priest had she.

Here and there we come upon a phrase that is not altogether banal, though usually no more than pretty. All starred with dreams, abloom with silent desires. And she is coming, treading on the dew.

Swift-fingered in the dark
She gropes to find the threads that weave the Spring.

Or ever comes very nearly to dignity:—

O Death! one hour upon thy sickle lean,

Nor ever bind those silent sheaves again.

It will scarcely be believed that between these two passable if not admirable lines, no fewer than six lines of paddling have been inserted. Why? Why is it not remembered that a poet must move from inspiration to inspiration with giant’s strides and leave nothing but foot-prints? Here, again, is a fragment that might have been begun by Rossetti, but was obviously over-finished by a superfluous fourth line:

Why did I hear the words she spoke to me,
Or take the blade she put into my hands—
Thin as a turning wave, and grey and cold—
Like storm-pale water on dark sands.

In another poem the last line may have had a place; but it is a distraction from the image of the turning wave. Taste is deficient in this image:

Now poppies in deserted fields
Are like red wounds in dying men.

What have poppies done to deserve the comparison? It is the poet’s office to keep beautiful things beautiful, even if he cannot make beautiful things. The effect of the writer’s melancholy, however, is to be seen in this
as in many other poems. What is not already melancholy has got to submit to the association at all costs. Thus ennui has its revenge.

**Stephie Maguire.**

**Views and Reviews.**

**LOOK, AND LIVE!**

The revival of interest in religion during the period of war has had one good effect; it has conduced some of those who have studied it that religion, as the word is commonly used, is inadequate to the conditions of modern life. There is a general admission by the most human of these observers that the so-called Christian virtues of unselfishness, generosity, charity, and humility are commonly, but not invariably, practised among common men; but there is a no less general admission made by a much larger number of observers that there is not only a manifest decline in what is called Christian worship, but also a failure to recognise the connection between the virtues and the dogmas and sacraments. Rome tells us that paganism (this is either an incurable habit of Christianity, or the dispensing with the very concept of the supernatural that is made is that they are knowable and conceivable. Therefore, miracles, which, because it is an order, cannot be conceived of as supernatural, must go.

Mr. Holmes, like Matthew Arnold nearly forty years ago, asks for a Christianity without miracles. He argues, very reasonably, that it is precisely the concept of super-naturalism, which is necessary to any belief in miracles, that is practically incapable of definition to the modern mind. It is admitted that there are many things that we do not know, but the assumption that is made is that they are knowable and will manifest like properties of order and sequence to what is already identified as Nature. Either we do or do not understand, either we can or cannot conceive, the nature of our experiences and the mode of their operation; but whatever the order of experience may be whether it is so-called spiritual, or physical, or material experience, it is presumed to be capable of passing from the knowable to the known, to belong still to the knowable to the known, to belong still to those we call natural, and to those we call supernatural. The reason why we have these antitheses, says Mr. Holmes, because the order of the universe is not religion, but science. The formulation of dogma and institution of sacraments both alike bear witness to the development of a tendency to proceed from the general to the particular, until, in these days, to say anything is the will of God is to say nothing about it, to say no more, as Dr. Haldane puts it, than if we were to ask a physicist that when a mountain-climber is in difficulty, the ‘entelechy’ decrees that the mountain-climber is capable of passing through the rocks, is it a faith as strongly held as ever was the faith in the supernatural order, it is a faith in the actual or pro-jective intelligibility of the universe, and it is, therefore, a faith that dispenses with the very concept of the supernatural order from which the belief in miracles arises. Official Christianity, so long as it clings to miracles, is on the horns of a dilemma; it has to assert the supernatural order, which, because it is an order, cannot be conceived of as supernatural, must go.

But having admitted so much, Mr. Holmes misses, I think, the real point. For it is obvious that the attitude of mind and the method of approach are fundamentally different the spirit of inquiry and the spirit of worship cannot satisfactorily co-exist, must end at last in the repudiation of the results reached by one or other of these activities. The whole question turns, it seems to me, on the good order whether or not we should mun worship what they can conceivably know. In the same sense that they know everything else? The empirical method of science is directed to the discovery of normals, of constants; and the abnormal, the inconstant, is, to the same mind, not to be worshipped but corrected, rendered similar to the rest of experience. It is the decline of worship that is deplored, the absence of the spirit of worship that is observed; and it is a fair inference that worship has failed to yield experiences of sufficient value to mankind, that it no longer helps them to live and does definitely deny one of the most powerful impulses of the human race, the impulse to discovery. The empirical method of science has revealed a new heaven and a new earth; and the God of the Universe is not to be worshipped but understood.

From this point of view, Mr. Holmes' re-statement of Christianity falls far short of the mark. Having repudiated the dualism of popular thought which is reflected in the antitheses of Nature and Super-Nature, having argued that, in using such antinomies as 'good and evil, pleasure and pain, light and darkness, true and false, right and wrong, swift and slow... we are apt to assume that the terms indicate alternative and mutually exclusive states rather than antithetical processes,' it is feeble to fall into the dualism of the Self and the Not-Self, and to speak of self-transcendence as the very essence of Christianity. For it is obvious that the Not-Self is a part of Self by reason of its very recognition by the Self; anybody with a little leisure can play with any pair of terms of this kind, but without adding very much to human knowledge. These antitheses, says Mr. Holmes, exclude the idea of gradation; but they also exclude the idea of the organism, with its complex series of antinomies maintained by us without any mysterious power.

It is probable that no re-presentation of Christianity is possible. Jesus, as Mr. Holmes would agree, gave us what Matthew Arnold called 'a method, a secret, and a temper,' and also a few general conceptions, such as the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. These sufficed to render the universe intelligible up to a certain point; but pater-familiarity has revealed the fact that there are other relations between ourselves and reality than can be adequately described by this conception. The formulation of dogma and institution of sacraments both alike bear witness to the development of a tendency to proceed from the general to the particular, until, in these days, to say anything is the will of God is to say nothing about it, to say no more, as Dr. Haldane puts it, than if we were to ask a physicist that when a mountain-climber is in difficulty, the 'entelechy' decrees that the mountain-climber is capable of passing through the rocks, is it a faith as strongly held as ever was the faith in the supernatural order, it is a faith in the actual or pro-jective intelligibility of the universe, and it is, therefore, a faith that dispenses with the very concept of the supernatural order from which the belief in miracles arises. Official Christianity, so long as it clings to miracles, is on the horns of a dilemma; it has to assert the supernatural order, which, because it is an order, cannot be conceived of as supernatural, must go.

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* "The Secret of the Cross: A Plea for the Re-Presentation of Christianity." By Edmond Holmes. (Constable. 2s. net.)

**Review.**

"Reported Missing": A Tale of the War. By J. H. Rosny, Ahé. (Allen and Unwin. 6s. net.)

This translation from the French has no particular merit to commend it to English readers. It tells of the adventures of three aviators who bombed Essen, and were brought down but not captured. The conscious heroism of the three aviators is rather trying, more particularly as it has no literary value; and the whole story seems to be an unnecessary amplification of an incident. The author indoctrinates the reader so soundly with contempt for the Germans that the hair-
breadth escapes fail to thrill; inevitably, the Frenchmen outwit the Germans, and the demonstration is made as tedious as the declaration. The contrast of spirit between the French and English aviators is perhaps the most noticeable feature of this book, and I do not doubt whether the French really have a future in the air, if this book properly represents their spirit.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your "Notes of the Week," in your last issue, you criticise the proposal to impose a levy on capital to pay off the war debt. But it seems to me that you do not really appreciate the true effect of the levy. To make the point clear, I will take round figures which are sufficiently near the mark to enable the argument to be understood. The aggregate wealth of this country in private hands is to-day, let us say, £110,000,000. Now suppose capital to levy £16,000,000. It is of the essence of this proposal that it will be paid mostly in kind—i.e., by the transference of the title-deeds of wealth. It is true that a small part of it may be actually paid in money, but it will be found on close examination that this really comes to the same thing in the end. I shall assume, therefore, for the sake of simplicity, that £5,000,000 is paid in war loan and consols and £3,000,000 in the title-deeds of other forms of wealth. The £5,000,000 war loan and consols, when received by the State, will simply be torn up. The other £3,000,000 received by the State will be held by the State, which will, with the annual profits on it, meet the interest as it becomes due on the £5,000,000 undischarged portion of the debt. The taxes imposed in future will therefore only be required for current expenditure and for meeting the interest, if any, on the net foreign indebtedness. After the levy the private wealth of the country will amount in the aggregate to £100,000,000. Of this £17,000,000 will be what is still held privately of the £110,000,000 total industrial wealth, and £13,000,000 the part of the national debt held internally. The toll upon production taken by the wealthy classes will, therefore, now amount to the profit and interest on £40,000,000 only instead of on £616,000,000.

The essential fact to be borne in mind is that the war debt represents a great increase in the misdistribution of wealth. This will not only not touch the poor and will fall lightly on those with small wealth, but will alter this by lifting off the backs of the people the millstone of debt. It will not bring about a complete redistribution, but it will be a long step in the right direction.

F. W. PETTICK LAWRENCE.

[We have not denied, of course, that a levy on capital might be a step in the right direction. Such a step was urgent and would have been adequate when we first advocated it in 1916. To-day, however, much more of a step is necessary than the mere writing down of our capital; we need a complete reconstruction of the whole of our commercial business, and this is to be accomplished, not by dealing with our capital merely, but by dealing with credit.—Ed. N.A.]

"IN SCHOOL." 

SIR,—Mr. Coxon's articles on psychological education are extraordinarily interesting, both to those who are teaching and to those who have children to be taught. It would be a matter of great interest to know if he, or any other master of his acquaintance, is applying the same principles of psychology as has been done only with history and the writing of English. The cognate subject, geography, which should be taught either by the same person or in close consultation with him, lends itself to the instruction of mountains and rivers determine the divisions of the nations, their migrations, location of their cities, flow of their commerce. A small child can without enthusiasm select likely sites for cities on the sand and clay models they have constructed of the country being studied and are thrilled at finding their guesses are correct. Questions based on the likely sites of places owing to the facts already imparted as to their latitude, altitude, and exposure to north, south, east, or west are also valuable as developing quite early the child's natural powers of observing the weather and making correct deductions from it and similar phenomena.

The guess, when made definitely in response to an appeal to the child's reasoning powers, is invaluable in stimulating his interest and aspiration to do better the next time. But when strictly taboo, "Do you know, or are you only guessing?" was a terrifying question.

In mathematical teaching I have found that the results were most accurately and quickly obtained when the whole class were always made to write down an approximate solution, and their reason for anticipating it, before proceeding to detailed working. Much mathematical teaching entirely fails of its object, to develop the reasoning powers, by reason of its use of mechanical methods, and of its application to quantities beyond the power of the child's imagination to grasp.

I have found 1,000 to be the highest number a child from seven to twelve could really grasp, and have found the approximations amazingly correct, and the solutions, whether algebraic or arithmetical, never inaccurate if kept within this limited. The child later on can tackle any abstract number if its reasoning powers have been thoroughly exercised upon the comprehensible quantity, but it must be its reasoning—i.e., the ability to think things out and of mere mechanical manipulation, 1,000 should represent the highest possible result of all or any process it has to perform.

M. NAPIER.

CO-OPERATION OR COMBINATION.

SIR,—Mr. Verdad points out in his Notes published in your issue of February 27 that "a political league founded upon a system of national economic competition would be bound to result in one of two things—either a piece of humbug or in a secret economic alliance for the division of the earth among the chief parties of the league." Quite so. But to the question, how else is a league to be founded? the answer evidently will be that it should be founded on a system of national economic co-operation. Now, what is meant by economic co-operation? Co-operation is certainly not combination. The distinction, though big enough to be felt when pointed out, is often passed over without being understood. Co-operation, when taken to mean that one commercial nation may and may be against a third. But this is mere combination. It is no co-operation. Co-operation is helping each other. The idea of harming any is foreign to the gospel of co-operation. The parties may be two, three, or any number. But when it is said that they co-operate, it can only mean that they are joining for mutual service in a bond of interdependence without prejudice to any. Understood in this light, the economic co-operation of nations must mean that international commerce must not be to the disadvantage of any of the nations concerned in that commerce, and free trade is not freedom to harm others in one's efforts to prosper. Otherwise it will not be what it is desired the League of Nations should be, viz., the substitution of "Reason and Justice for Force and Intrigue as the governing principle of international relations." For instance, it is not enough for a nation to say, We mean no harm to any of our commercially connected nations; they are not able to sell as cheaply as we can; they are not able to hold their lands; we sell, we take up lands and cultivate, and help them and ourselves. Then what is the harm? The answer is, There is a great deal of it. But it is a responsible being. Social man differs from the savage in that every unit or division in society has a responsibility for the interests of other units and divisions. This principle is to be applied in practical instances to work out. But that economic co-operation understood in this sense is the only stable basis for a League of Nations, if that League should endure for long and ensure peace and good-will on earth, is what every consistent thinker must maintain and proclaim.

Travancore.

N. SUBRAMANIA AIYAR.

June 5, 1919 THE NEW AGE
Pastiche.

NATURE'S CHILDREN.

[A friend's foreword informs us that "Mr. Long is not a man of books," but a man of the open air. . . . Overleaf, however, we learn that most of the poems have appeared in divers magazines—a singular triumph for a man of nature.—"Recent Verse," NEW AGE, September 22, 1918.]

Potboys, scavengers, and porters, Chambermaids and hawkers' daughters, Working bards, have no misgiving— That is how they make their living: Casting wicked, envious curses On our honest, pleasing verses; Cutting up our noble passions Into prosodiac rations; Pouncing on our pretty feet With their chronometric beat. Thus they villify our morals, And invent artistic quarrels, 'Cause we say we have no learning (They interpret no discerning), But are Nature's very own Children (somewhat overgrown), Singing of the roads and flowers, Dicky birds and April showers, As we see them day by day. Ah! these cruel critics say, "Such and such a line repeats The very metaphor of Keats; This is cribbed from Burns and Gray; See their learning—fade away." Fools, what boots it? Does it follow That a man's head must be hollow 'Cause he's never been to college? Must one have a Milton's knowledge Just to quote a line of Greek? Must one grind away a week At academic rules and laws To know caesura from a pause? Must champagne be drunk from glasses, Or are all but pedants asses? Can't one be a real, live poet, Natural, and never know it? Nature's children, wild and free, Do not mind their ribaldy; 'Tis their métier to prateWho themselves cannot create; To scoff and laugh, and jeer and jibe At the genuine, struggling scribe. Have no fear; posterity Will adjust your poetry On its merits; and in spite Of the rubbish that you write—Little faults like cribs and lies, That spiteful critics emphasise—Your glorious names will never fade, For genius is born, not made.

C. S. D.

BALLADE OF GOOD ADVICE TO ROGUES.

Do you play the pardoner, do you throw A dice that's loaded, or darkly pore To make flash money, you'll burn, I trove, As sure as a damned conspirator; On foggy nigths by the tavern door Do you feel for a purse, or a throat to slit? What are you filling your wallet for? Wine and the women take all of it.

Is it hale or flute or theaddle-bow You ply for money, or do you score From gaping burghers with eyes too slow To follow the feint of the conjuror? Do you mine a tale out of Bible lore? With a two-aced pack do you make your bit? It'll all go too as it went before— Wine and the women take all of it.

What's ill-gotten will bring you woe, 'Twil find you merry and leave you sore; Then turn your hand to a steadfast plowe, Burn your books on the threshing floor: Thus at ease in your bed you'll snore. But if from labour you up and quit, You're a fool more damned than you were before— Wine and the women take all of it.

The gaudy raiment that once you wore, Your robes of satin, your hosen knit, It'll go again as it went before— Wine and the women take all of it.

WILFRID THORLEY (after François Villon).

EAST END PHILOSOPHY.

At Putney, Greenwich, and Blackheath The sky is blue, the grass is green, And trees with birds in them are seen, And flowers growing underneath. On Hampstead Heath red grasses grow, And lots of little children come To gather them and take them home, So I have heard—and we would go, But it's too far to walk from us, And it would cost a lot by 'bus.

To Hampton Court on holidays Young Willie takes a paper boat; His auntie holds him by the coat For fear she'll lose him in the maze; And there's a park at Battersea Where I have heard my cousins say They go upon a Saturday To picnic underneath a tree— But what's the use of that to us Who have no pennies for the 'bus?

But we have got a river view Of ships and crates and casks and things You do not see at Seven Kings, Yet all the way from there to Kew, At Easter or at Whitsuntide, You cannot make the 'buses stop, Conductor says, "No room on top," And then he says, "Full up inside"— It matters not a scrap to us Who have no pennies for the 'bus.

RONDEAU.

Death, I cry out on your harsh ire That late my lovely Lady slew, And still unsated doth pursue Me with a grief of heart most dire. Now sick in mind and limb I tire; What evil hath she done to you, Death?

Twain, in our hearts there burnt one fire; And she being dead, I have no clue To life unless it wear the hue Of the cold statues in the choir; Death!

WILFRID THORLEY (after François Villon).

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