NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is the defect of the Liberal mind that it cannot realise the precedence, in point of substance, of economic over political power, and, hence, of economic over political liberty. Its error is, indeed, worse than this; for, misled by the fact that political liberty, being more easily obtained than economic liberty, usually precedes the latter in point of time, Liberalism has come to regard economic power and liberty as the natural and inevitable sequel of political liberty. Has not Liberalism, proudly asks, everywhere fought for free political power and liberty as the natural and meliorist expediency, and, on the other hand, of an economic laissez-faire tempered by internationalism? The League of Nations, devised under Liberal direction to crown the political structure, will at the same time provide economic power with its maximum opportunity. It invites the international financier and the international Trust to come in and take possession; in a quite specific sense, the League of Nations promises, as it were, to keep the ring in the interests of international capitalism, with whatever certainty this may involve, and does involve, that the working classes of the nations will become the slaves, not only of their own capitalists immediately, but of the international capitalists in the future. The “Nation” appears to have discovered, now that it is too late, that this, in fact, must be the upshot of the scheme, if history and reason had been brought to the consideration of it. The verdict of history upon political liberty is, as we have seen, that political liberty by itself entails economic license; but the conclusion of reason would have been no less certain if history had been silent. Power takes the colour of its source; and since the nations composing the League are without exception capitalist in character, the character of any League subsisting between them must plainly be capitalist or nothing.

As a development of the League, the “Nation” sees the growth of “two lasting antagonisms”—one between the Workers’ International and the League itself, and the other between Anglo-America and Europe. These, however, need consideration before they can be accepted as probabilities; and, in fact, one of them needs to be re-stated in quite other terms. Regarding the possible cleavage between Anglo-America and the
Continent generally, the "Nation" appears to us to be reckoning, as usual, in logic rather than in actuality. It is true, of course, that, logically, the mere possession by the Anglo-American League of the power to blockade Europe should be a sufficient incentive to Europe to swear enmity to the League; but an effective enmity or even an "antagonism" such as the "Nation" foresees, would require something more than a common European plights, it would require a common European policy; and it is precisely the common policy that is likely to be lacking. If it has been possible hitherto for England alone to maintain heterogeneity on the Continent in the interests of her own balance of power, it will not be impossible for an Anglo-American League to keep Europe and power the discord has been introduced. England's task was rendered difficult by the comparative homogeneity of the Continental governments; they were, at any rate, all of them capitalist and all of them, therefore, amenable to mutual economic inducements and pressures; their union, in other words, was always a possibility. The co-existence on the Continent to-day of capitalist side by side with Socialist governments is, therefore, a more favourable circumstance for an external Power than any that has ever existed. For, in addition to playing off racial, religious, and cultural differences among the European nations, the League has now the opportunity of playing off Socialist and Capitalist differences. Putting the matter quite objectively, the League of Nations with its Anglo-American predominance has nothing to fear from the direction indicated by the "Nation." Europe as at present composed, is no match for an Anglo-American League.

It is otherwise, however, with the first antagonism as defined by the "Nation," which we should re-state as the antagonism between a League of Nations capitalist in origin and function, and a movement towards a League of Peoples, Socialist in impulse and Socialist in aim. Here, indeed, we arrive at the real protagonist of the League of Nations; and it may be remarked at once that the cleavage thus manifested is perpendicular rather than horizontal. Horizontal cleavages between the groups, respectively in and out of the League, there are none at all. They cannot be easily managed by the predominant League, but more and more they will tend to become relatively unimportant. The perpendicular cleavage, on the other hand, is certain to become wider with time and, hence, more and more the League of Nations to the advantage of the "Nation," both from within and from without. It is for this reason that what is now being decided in Russia is of no less interest, and no more important. 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cumstances, as regards the supply of Labour in particular, it is probable that what the employing classes do not know is scarcely worth knowing. Labour is under the disadvantage, as we all know, of being at once a commodity and a class of human citizens. As the latter, Labour has the dual demerit of representing the wants of citizens in general; it expects, that is to say, that the national victory will not, at any rate, worsen its position, and it demands, on the other hand, that its pre-war position shall be positively bettered. As a commodity, however, the situation of Labour is totally different from that of the working classes. As citizen, Labour is entitled to an equal share in all that the war has brought about; but as commodity, Labour, like any other commodity, is entitled only to what it will fetch in the market; in other words, to its market-price as determined by Supply and Demand. It is useless to attempt to shirk the fact that there is a considerable discrepancy between these two values; and, moreover, that it is a discrepancy which is growing. Between the value of Labour as citizen (measured in standard of living, and represented by purchasing power) and the value of Labour as a commodity in the commercial market (measured by Supply and Demand) there is a wide disproportion, in fact, at this moment that in all probability a "free market" for Labour would be present; at that figure, half the work class will be unemployed at its present "controlled" price or wages. The Shipbuilding and Engineering Employers, as we say, know this very well. They are fully aware that the market price of Labour as measured by Supply and Demand is considerably below the present artificial rates of wages; and they are preparing to bring wages down to their "natural" level. While the wage-system remains, we cannot see what effective resistance Labour can offer to the process. The choice before Labour, in fact, is a choice of evils. Either it must insist on maintaining wages at their present artificial level at the cost of an increasing amount of unemployment—for employers will not employ Labour unrecompensatively; or, in order to absorb the unemployed, Labour must consent to a reduction of wages below the natural market-level. Within the wage-system, no other alternative is conceivable; and the action of the Shipbuilding and Engineering Employers is designed to raise and to settle the issue.

The excuse of the employers that a reduction of wages is justified by the decline in the cost of living is manifestly false; and it will be found to be even further from the truth as the winter approaches. Already it is more than doubtful whether, in the totality, the cost of living for the working classes has decreased by so much as sixpence a week; and, at the same time, it is sufficiently clear from all the evidence that with the removal of the blockade from Germany, the cost of living in this country is certain to rise. We have, therefore, this menacing fact to face, that contemporaenously with a movement for the reduction of wages there exists a movement for the increase of the cost of living. The distressful fact arises, it is clear, from the circumstances we have just described. The cost of living is rising or is about to rise because the supply of the commodities of food and everyday needs is likely to fall short of the demand. The reduction of wages, on the other hand, is due to the converse fact that the supply of Labour is considerably in excess of the demand. The consequence of these two factors which constitute the wage system, the commodity of Labour has the misfortune to be on a falling market while all other commodities are on a rising market. Measured by its market-price against the market price of the commodities that enter into the cost of living, Labour, in other words, will very soon find itself unable to effect an exchange to keep itself alive. Doles in relief of wages will be quite as necessary as benefits in relief of unemployment. The two stances may perhaps be said to be complementary; but the fact remains that neither of them is quite as satisfactory as Labour would wish. The employers pay the cost of the war, and the Government is under the control of the banking interests whose chief concern is to secure a maximum price, not only on Government but on private war debt at a profit of more than six per cent. is the standard rate of interest now offered by the Government; and since the Government is prepared to accept all the capital now on supply and to pay for it at this figure, the six per cent. is plainly the minimum price at which commerce in general must be prepared to borrow credit. The effect of this will certainly be to discourage "enterprise" wherever the results are in the smallest doubt; for a standing first charge of six per cent. and more must lie on all the fresh capital put into a business. It may be imagined what "profiteering" will be provoked by this bankers' legislation; for everything finally must enter into selling price and be paid by the ultimate consumer. A bankers' tax of six per cent. on the capital; Government taxes for the discharge of the loan; the usual Rent and Profit—all these must be added to the Labour-cost of commodities, whose price must therewith rise beyond all hope of wages to purchase more than a diminishing fraction of them. We calculate roughly, in fact, that of our total annual national production (estimated at 2,500 millions) only about one-third will in future be purchasable by Labour. The remaining two-thirds will be at the disposal of about one-tenth of the population. Instead of using the National Debt to distribute wealth more equitably, our financial legislators have employed it to concentrate it more inequitably. Labour's share has been considerably decreased.

At the Guildhall on Thursday, Sir Douglas Haig urged the nation "not to forget the lessons of the war." According to him, they were two in number: first, that "only by adequate preparations for war can peace in any way be guaranteed"; and, second, that "every citizen must be trained to arms." We fancy we have heard these phrases before. Was it in the German tongue? And we have some kind of recollection that neither Germany's preparation for war nor her system of universal military service had the effect either of guaranteeing peace or of securing a German victory. Moreover, if we may be allowed to say so, Lord Jellicoe and Lord French can scarcely have the same view of the lessons of the war as Sir Douglas Haig; and we may perhaps add that no lay citizen has either. The recent publications of Lord Jellicoe and Lord French leave us in no doubt that the failure in our preparations and conduct of the war lay neither with the ruling classes than with the rank and file; and five million volunteers are in no doubt that they are right. The real lesson of the war is that our governing classes are unfit to govern.
For the Defence.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

The New Age

June 19, 1919

In the month of June, 1908, the Committee of Union and Progress, in a revolution which was almost bloodless, overthrew the powerful machine of Turkish despotism, and set up in its place free institutions and a constitutional régime. Its members loved the name of England. In the month of June, 1919, the surviving leaders of the same Committee of Union and Progress are some of them on trial for their lives, some fugitives, some exiles; their free institutions and their constitution are abolished—or, to speak in diplomatic terms, "suspended"—in a Constantinople under military occupation.

Goldsmiths and Parliament were free under the protectorate of Russia and the Triple Entente, and distinguished with that method, wrote to one of his intimates, "I am obliged to play at Constantinople a disgusting part; I must say to the Turks the contrary of what I know to be true. I feel like a snake in the grass." "We should not have trusted Russia, but we trusted England," I have heard from Turks of Kiamil Pasha's party; and curiously I am told that the German ambassador in Constantinople used almost the same words when he found out the deceiving; the Turks had been dispersed only a moment after the war broke out. And so the Turks were taken at a disadvantage. A clever trick, no doubt; but hardly one which we should feel proud to mention in a court of justice.

Yet after that, and other little incidents, which the defending counsel would, of course, recount in detail, the Young Turks, when they returned to office in January, 1913, still looked to England. They were no longer the light-hearted enthusiasts of the first months. They had been in adversity and in the shadow of death. Most of their chief men had been in prison. Some—including two ex-Ministers of State—had fought as privates in the Turkish army. They had lost a good many illusions, but not their earnestness. People may say what they like about them, but nobody who knew the leaders well could fail to be impressed by their complete sincerity.

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* "Felix Palyi: "The Turk's Last Stand."
to offer in another's territory. This request was granted, as we all supposed. It was suddenly refused months later; another scrap of paper being thus torn up.

But, surely, gentlemen, it is not the Turks who were to blame for that, nor for the increase of the troubles in Armenia subsequently. Still the pro-British party, the majority, persisted. They were for ever trying to clutch hold of England, and for ever being driven back by methods which may fairly be compared to a kick in the face. The name of England was still popular among the Turkish people. Her protection would be welcomed, which could not be said of any other Power. Surely, in her own interest, she would be friendly towards the Turks. The Turks would see to it that she was not a loser. It went on till the day we seized those Turkish warships in the English yards (after the Turkish flag had been actually hoisted upon one of them, I was told at the time) in presence of the Turkish naval crews which had been sent to man them. Those ships had been paid for by public subscription throughout Turkey. The very poor had given all their savings; Turkish women had sold the very hair off their heads in order to contribute something to a fund of which the object was to save their country from the perpetual menace of a Greek invasion, so as to avoid the Russian menace.

If we had not meant to push the Turks into the arms of Germany, we should not have seized those ships with every circumstance of gross affront, and we should certainly have paid for them. That changed the feeling of the Turkish people—to which the C.U.P., numbering two million members, was infinitely more responsive than any European so-called “democratic” government has ever been to the desires of its constituents. That gave her chance to Germany, and she took it. But surely, gentlemen, we cannot blame Turkey for that. Our later diplomatic moves were vitiated by the refusal of gross affront, and we should certainly have paid for them. That changed the feeling of the Turkish people—to which the C.U.P., numbering two million members, was infinitely more responsive than any European so-called “democratic” government has ever been to the desires of its constituents. That gave her chance to Germany, and she took it. But surely, gentlemen, we cannot blame Turkey for that. Our later diplomatic moves were vitiated by the refusal of gross affront, and we should certainly have paid for them. That changed the feeling of the Turkish people—

It is not impossible that the Coal Commission may be asked to report in favour of a Coal Consumers' Council, in the event of the nationalisation of the mines. The similar body under the Food Controller is to fade away, its rôle resumed by the coal consumers. There is probably more nonsense spoken and written about the consumer than of our old friend “the economic man.” It may be worth while, therefore, to get at the real bearings of the problem.

The first question to suggest itself is obviously, if a Coal Consumers' Council were appointed, what would be its powers? What effective check could it exercise upon price, quality and delivery? Or would it be purely advisory? And, whether executive or advisory, would it possess within itself the necessary unity and cohesion?

It is clear that the first two questions depend upon the third. If the proposed Council were divided against itself, it could not enforce its will, if it had the power, nor could it make effective representations to the Government. It would be the easiest of tasks to play one section of the consumers against the other. Having regard to the fact that the biggest consumers are the manufacturers, whilst the householders are numerically by far the largest, it is plain that there would be no community of interest. The small manufacturers might conceivably find it useful to court the domestic consumer as against the large manufacturers, but it is much more probable that all the intermediate consumers would find common ground, leaving the final or domestic consumers to fend for themselves. In like manner, territorial claims would be neutralised by other territorial demands, whether the issue be quality or quantity. A Coal Consumers' Council, faced with a refractory coal industry, would be more like a bear-garden than a council. It could never speak with one voice. The industrial consumers have nothing in common with the harassed housewife when the supply of coal is in danger.

If, however, we grant a certain fundamental unity amongst all coal consumers, we have yet to decide whether the Coal Consumers' Council is to be advisory or executive. If executive, what becomes of the miners' control? If advisory, what can it accomplish?

The answer to the second question is a smile. Faced with hard industrial facts, the advice, appeals, threats and denunciations of the Council would be water on a duck's back. The Council must have some executive power or it will quickly lapse into desuetude. Responsible men would not go on it unless its decisions were in some degree authoritative. The Government might undertake to urge its recommendations in the proper quarters. No doubt, appropriate 'minutes,' well
documented in approved official fashion, would be sent to the Mining Council. In a month or two, an equally appropriate “minute,” couched in courteous terms, would be returned, and forwarded to the Consumers’ Council, with a discreet “covering minute.” In a year or two, the question raised would either be forgotten or a decision reached. Meantime, the supply of coal would be as before, more or less, at a higher or lower price, as the Mining Council might decide. Now, from the Guild point of view, it is highly undesirable that we should constitute any kind of council pour rire. It must have a definite economic function or it is worse than useless. Judged functionally, it must be devised to ensure the strict enforcement of this principle. The Railway Commission, which is practically a judicial body, is the Court of Appeal in all disputes upon railway rates. A similar body must act in the matter of coal rates. But it must be judicial both in its methods and findings. Since the Coal Consumers’ Council would be partisan, obviously it could not undertake this particular function. Nor must there be any territorial preference. It is just as important to John Smith in Cornwall to obtain his modest ton of coal as it is to Messrs. Vickers Limited to obtain their hundred thousand tons at Sheffield or Barrow. Presuming no transit difficulties (for which the coal industry cannot be blamed), it is evident that the Cornish paterfamilias has an equal claim to consideration with the largest industrial consumers. Stated generally, every consumer, large or small, is entitled to the same consideration. Today I bought eight stamps for £1, at the Post Office. A clerk from Messrs. Vickers Limited to obtain from the Coal Consumers’ Council come in? Is there a stamp consumers’ council? The telephone users have some kind of furtive organisation, I believe. But if I have a grievance against the Post Office, I knew where to go. A consumers’ council would not help me.

Now equitable coal distribution is essentially an affair of administration. If the coal consumer is to assert himself, it must be, not through an outside body, but in the daily and hourly work of administration. Further, if price, quality, or quantity of the coal delivered is inequitable or illegal, it is essential that the Consumers’ Council, but emphatically an affair of policy, to be dealt with, not by an ad hoc body, but by the whole citizenship of the country, compelling justice.

In all this, I confess, I can see neither function nor status for the proposed Coal Consumers’ Council. It is, by hypothesis, composed of men and women whose occupations are widely divergent from the production and distribution of coal. So far as coal is concerned, they are in a very important and advisory position. If administrative, then, they cease to act as the coal consumers and, in Guild form, join the coal trade as distributive agents. It is a dilemma from which there is no escape. Either they are too remote from the actual conduct of the coal business or they lose their identity as coal consumers, and become absorbed into the industry. From the beginning, the Coal Consumers’ Council must dangle in mid-air, of no use to itself and a nuisance to everybody else. That is not to say, however, that provision should not be made for the efficient and equitable distribution of coal. How is it to be done?

I need not discuss here what has already been argued in these columns, that distribution is the final phase in the production. The cost of the coal is the cost delivered at the door. But in practice—and particularly under the capitalist system—that does not preclude a broad administrative distinction between the getting of the coal and its distribution. The plan, therefore, that I suggest is that the coal at the pit’s mouth should pass into the charge of a department of distribution, acting under regulations agreed upon between the State and the Mining Council, with a special personnel upon which the consuming interests are represented.

I see no reason why consuming organisations should not nominate to this department certain men from the intermediate or industrial consumers, others from the Cooperative Societies and retailers, and perhaps others nominated by the municipal authorities under a territorial scheme. Once appointed, they would have definite economic functions. Their knowledge of trade or locality would prove a stronger safeguard than a dozen consumers’ councils. Assuming, as we must and ought, the good faith of the miners, this special knowledge, apart from the protection of the consumer, would be of the greatest value in the right conduct of the trade.

There remains yet another factor of the first importance. The average consumer can almost certainly get most of his grievances redressed, either by personal appeal or through his own trade organisation. But it will always remain the suspicion of profiteering. Probably it will be no more than a suspicion. How is he to know, without doubt or cavil, that he is not being outrageously profiteered? And, for that matter, how would the Coal Consumers’ Council know? There is only one way under the sun and that is that the consumer must have irrefragable evidence of the exact cost of the coal. Before a charge of profiteering can lie, the facts must be certified by an impartial and independent tribunal. This will be true of coal to-morrow, equally true of transport the day after, of iron and steel next week, and of every product as its industry moves through nationalisation to Guild organisation. The consumer is as much entitled as the producer to an exact knowledge of the cost of the commodity. That right is inherent in nationalisation; it is, of course, fundamental in Guild doctrine.

Now it so happens that this impartial and independent tribunal is ready to our hands. The accountants and actuaries are now organised into legal corporations, with rights and privileges. They are not, in fact, many removes from a Guild. Hitherto, we have regarded them as primarily commercial engaged in the examination of accounts in the interests of employers and shareholders. But it now becomes a question whether they might not become Civil Guilds, like lawyers and doctors. Hitherto the professional accountant has worked for and drawn his fees from the private employer and joint-stock company. A new task awaits him. When the coal mines are nationalised, it will be for the State to charge the Institute of Accountants and its sister societies with the duty of examining all the books and accounts of the mining industry and reporting quarterly or half-yearly upon the actual and statistical position. The accountant, in this way, becomes a servant of the community, paid by the community, and acting in the interests of the community. When he certifies to the tribunal that the cost of a ton of coal, the consumer will know, and the miner will know. The next step will rest with the Citizen, the arbiter of public policy.

S. G. H.
Economic Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER IV.

We are, therefore, faced with an apparent dilemma, a world-wide movement towards centralised control, backed by strong arguments as to the increased efficiency and consequent economic necessity of organisation of this character (and these arguments receive support from quarters as widely separated as, say, Lord Milner and Mr. Sidney Webb), and, on the other hand, a deepening distrust of such measures bred by personal experience and observation of their effect on the individual. A powerful minority of the community, determined to maintain its position relative to the majority, assures the world that there is no alternative between a pyramid of power based on toil of ever-increasing monotony, and some form of famine and disaster; while a growing and ever more dissatisfied majority strives to throw off the hypnotic influence of training and to grapple with the fallacy which it feels must exist somewhere.

Now let it be said at once that there is no evasion of this dilemma possible by the introduction of questions of personality: the system is still a bad system no matter what changes are made in personnel. The power of personality is susceptible of the same definition as any other form of power, it is the rate of doing work; and the rate at which a given personality can change an organisation depends on two things: the magnitude of the change desired, and the size of the organisation. As it is hoped to make clear the effect of a single organisation of this pyramidal character applied to the complex purpose of civilisation produces a definite type of individual of which the Prussian is one instance. Pyramidal organisation is a structure designed to concentrate power, and success in such an organisation sooner or later becomes a question of the subordination of all other considerations to its attainment and retention. For this reason the very qualities which make for personal success in central control are those which make it most unlikely that success and the attainment of a position of authority will result in any strong effort to change the operations of the organisation in any external interest, and the progress to power of an individual under such conditions must result either in a complete acceptance of the situation as he finds it, or a conscious or unconscious acquiescence quite deadly to the preservation of any originality of thought and action.

It cannot be too heavily stressed at this time that similar forms of organisation, no matter how dissimilar their name, maintain the emergence of like characteristics, quite irrespective of the ideals of the founders, and it is to the principles underlying the design of the structure, and not to its name or the personalities originally operating it, that we may look for information on its eventual performance.

In considering the objectionable features which have arisen from modern industrial and political systems in the light of this centralising tendency, it is instructive to turn for a moment to the examination of the differences which have developed in them with respect to those they have displaced, and without covering afresh the ground which has been sufficiently well traversed by the exponents of National Guilds, Syndicalism and other systems of industrial self-government, it may be well to point out that the industrial revolution of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was largely marked in principle by the separation of the workman from the ownership of his tools and the control of his business policy.

All craft was handicraft; the equipment of a tradesman was of the simplest; the selling price of the product was practically material cost plus direct labour cost; direct labour cost was indistinguishable from profit, and practically the whole of it was available for the purchase of further material, and the product of other men's industry.

So far as our knowledge goes, and the theory of industry would confirm such an assumption, there was within the craft guilds no involvement in unemployment at all comparable to that with which we are too familiar, and, at any rate, within the circle of their influence the standard of material comfort rose directly in proportion to the total production, while at the same time the craftsman maintained a pride in his work and considerable independence.

With the advent of machinery came the intervention of the financier into industry; willing to provide the able craftsman with the means to extend the exercise of his skill on payment for his services. The development from this stage, through the small workshop run on borrowed money by the enterprising man who both worked himself and directed the work of others, to the larger factory in which the function of the craftsman ceased to be exercised by the employer, who retained only the direction and management; the large limited liability company or Trust, in which the craftsman, the management, and the direction of policy, became still further separated, has been logical and rapid, and this development carries with it changes of a fundamental character.

Behind all effort lies the active or passive acquisitiveness of the human will, and this can only be obtained by the provision of an objective. By the separation of large classes into mere agents of a function, it has been possible to obtain the more or less complete cooperation of large numbers of individuals in aims of which they were completely ignorant, and of which had they been able to appreciate them in their entirety, they would have completely disapproved, while at the same time Education and Ecclesiasticism have combined to foster the idea, that so long as the orders of a superior were obeyed, no responsibility rested on the individual.

It is not, of course, suggested that commercial policy has been deliberately and uniformly dictated by unworthy motives—far from it; nor is it unlikely that had the processes of production and distribution been separated from any control over individual activity along other lines, its development might have been in the best interests of the community; but since it has been accompanied by a growing subjection of the individual to the machine of industrialism, it is quite unquestionable that the whole process of centralizing power and policy and alleged responsibility in the brains of a few men whose deliberations are not open to discussion; whose interests, largely financial, are quite clearly many respects opposed to those of the individuals they control, and whose critics can be victimised; is without a single redeeming feature, and is rendered inherently vicious by the conditions which operate during the selective process. When it is further considered that these positions of power fall to men whose very habit of mind, however kindly and broad in view it may be and often is in other directions, must quite inevitably force them to consider the individual as mere material for a policy-cannon-fodder whether of politics or industry—the gravity of the issue should be apparent.

Along with this development has gone a parallel change in the status of the individual. The apprentice, the journeyman and the master were all of one social class; the apprentice or journeyman dined at his master's table and married his own or some other master's daughter; the standard of life therefore without, of course, being identical, was comparable, and in various gradations. But with the pyramidal form of this was considerable—it involved a common standard to which everyday difficulties could be referred. A consideration of these facts, and a comparison of the conditions produced by them with those existing in our industrial districts in more recent years, has led reformers of the type of William Morris and John Ruskin to idealise
this period and to place to the debit of machinery and quantity-production all the miseries and ugliness visible in the Midlands and the manufacturing North. This attitude seems mistaken, and here again we are met by a confusion between cause and effect: there is absolutely no virtue in taking ten hours to produce by hand a necessary which a machine will produce in ten seconds, thereby releasing a human being to that extent for other aims, but it is essential that the individual should be released; that freedom for other pursuits than the mere maintenance of life should thereby be achieved.

How, then, are we to deal with this dilemma? It cannot seriously be contended that the advancement gained as a result of the application of material science to the requirements of society should be abandoned, and that men should abjure the use of anything more complicated than a hammer and chisel or a spinning wheel. But while progress in the replacement of manual effort by machinery seems both natural and beneficial, it is equally clear that the spiritual and intellectual revolt against the conditions which have grown up alongside this material progress is fundamental and widespread, and will not be satisfied by any mere betterment movement. The whole policy of Governments and industrialists alike in respect of this conflict of interest has been one of grudging compromise, partly as the result of the natural tendency of humanity to "laissez faire" methods and partly no doubt from a settled conviction that nothing but compromise was possible; that the existing order is based on natural law, and is not amenable to any radical modification, and that all critics are either cranks and dreamers, or else are solely actuated by a desire for the sweets of office. It is most important to recognise that there are two distinct problems involved in this dilemma: one technical, the other psychological, and it is just because the psychological aspect of industry has been confused with and subordinated to the technical aspect that we are confronted with so grave a situation at this time. There is little reason to doubt that we are rapidly attaining command of the means for the solution of any reasonable requirement of a purely technical nature, and it may be well therefore to consider briefly the usual methods which the modern industrial system has developed to deal with the organisation of large numbers of individuals to the end that their collective effort may result in commercial success.

Very broadly the main differences lie between what may be defined as the military and the functional systems of control, or some combination of the two, and these involve an interesting difference of conception. As we have seen, the development of industrial activity has been very largely a practical application of the economic proposition in regard to the division of labour; the "military" organisation conceives a large business or a Government Department as an aggregation of human units to carry out on a large scale that which one immensely able and versatile man could do on a small scale; and, broadly considered, the perfect organisation of this character would be derived by dissecting the various attributes of the perfect one-man business making each of them a Department, and staffing them with men who in the aggregate represented nothing but an expansion of that attribute. Fortunately the perfect organisation of this character has yet to appear, but the effect of the endeavour to achieve it has quite definitely left its mark on civilisation -- a confusion between cause and effect; there is no virtue in taking ten hours to produce by hand a necessary which a machine will produce in ten seconds, thereby releasing a human being to that extent for other aims, but it is essential that the individual should be released; that freedom for other pursuits than the mere maintenance of life should thereby be achieved.

Homage to Sextus Propertius.

By Ezra Pound.

I.

Stades of Callimachus, Coan ghosts of Philetas,
It is in your grove I would walk—
I who come first from the clear font,
Bringing the Grecian orgies into Italy,
and the dance into Italy.

Who hath taught you so subtle a measure,
in what hall have you heard it?

What foot beat out your time-bar,
what water has mellowed your whiskles?

Out-weariers of Apollo will, as we know, continue their Martian generalities.

We have kept our erasers in order.
A new-fangled chariot follows the flower-bung horses;
A young Muse, with young loves clustered about her,
ascends with me into the ether, . . .

And there is no high road to the Muses.

Annalists will continue to record Roman reputations,
Celebrities from the Trans-Caucasus will belaud Roman celebrities
And expound the distentions of empire.

But for something to read in normal circumstances?
For a few pages brought down from the forked hill unsullied?
I ask a wreath which will not crush my head.
And there is no hurry about it;
I shall have, doubtless, a boom after my funeral,
Seeing that long standing increases all things,
regardless of quality.

And who would have known the towers pulled down by a deal-wood horse,
Or of Achilles withstaying waters by Simois,
Or of Hector spattering wheel-rims,
Or of Polydamas, by Scamander, or Helenus and Diophubus?

Their door-yards would scarcely know them, or Paris;
Small talk, O Ilion, and O Troad,
twice taken by Oetean gods,
If Homer had not stated your case!

And I also among the later nephews of this city shall have my dog's day
With no stone upon my contemptible sepulchre,
My vote coming from the temple of Phoebus in Lycia,
at Patara.

And in the mean time my songs will travel,
And the devirginated young ladies will enjoy them
when they have got over the strangeness;
For Orpheus tamed the wild beasts—
and held up the Thrician river;
And Citharaon shook up the rocks by Thebes
and danced them into a bulwark at his pleasure;
And you, O Polyphemus?—did harsh Galatea almost
Tune to your dripping horses, because of a tune, under Aetna?
We must look into the matter. Bacchus and Apollo in favour of it,
There will be a crowd of young women doing homage to my palaver.

Though my house is not propped up by Taenarian columns
From Laconia (associated with Neptune and Cerberus),
Though it is not stretched upon gilded beams;
My orchards do not lie level and wide
as the forests of Phaeacia,
the luxurious and Ionian,
Nor are my caverns stuffed stiff with a Marcian vintage—
(my cellar does not date from Numa Pompilius,

(To be continued.)
Nor the companions of the Muses will keep their collective nose in my books, and weary with historical data, they will turn to my dance tune.

Happy who are mentioned in my pamphlets; the songs shall be a fine tomb-stone over their beauty.

But against this?

Neither expensive pyramids scraping the stars in their route, nor hours modelled upon that of Jove in East Elis, nor the monumental effigies of Mausolus, a complete elusion of death. Flame burns, rain sinks into the cracks. And they all go to rack ruin beneath the thud of the years.

Stands Genius a deathless adornment, a name not to be worn out with the years.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I begin to wonder whether the Art Theatre will justify its existence; at its recent production of Chekhov's "The Sea-Gull" at the Haymarket Theatre, I saw many faces that have become familiar at the Stage Society and Pioneer Players' productions. If there is only a small public of a thousand people who are sufficiently interested in experimental drama to pay for it, it is quite certain that the general level of English drama will not be raised by the efforts of any society that appeals primarily to that small public. For that public is, as I have said before, a liberately singular public; it will tolerate only what is "caviare to the general," with the consequence that the whole vast business of providing the general public with drama is left in its present hands. It matters nothing to this coterie public whether Chekhov, for example, is produced by the State Society, or the Pioneers, or the Art Theatre; Chekhov it will have, chiefly because an ordinary English audience could be guaranteed to find his work intolerable. "The Sea-Gull," for instance, certainly creates a mood; but it is a mood that every psychologist knows should not be encouraged, a "grey" mood of boredom and negation that inspires only insane questioning. It is a mood that leads inevitably to suicide, for suicide is a denial of reality to its first due of acceptance.

Madame Donnet gave the play an appropriate setting: "all is silver-grey, placid, and perfect with my art—the worse," said Browning's Andrea del Sarto, a neurasthenic of the Renaissance. The very perfection with which Madame Donnet staged the play (and it is also to the credit of the Art Theatre that the play was adequately rehearsed and played) only made me echo del Sarto's judgment. The better a bad thing is done, the worse is its effect; and Madame Donnet provided a thoroughly depressing performance. Unlike her production of "The Beaux' Stratagem," she was consistent in her method in the production of "The Sea-Gull"; and her people were as natural as—the village idiot. Exactly what the Art Theatre has to do with "naturalism" is one of those problems to which there is no answer that can be compressed into one article; one would think that "Holy Russia" (that imaginary land) lent itself to more artistic portrayal than the atheistic Russia of Chekhov. What I think is quite certain is that the taste of the general public is definitely set for a time, at least, towards spectacular romance; and this low-toned study in grey had, therefore, the effect of an anachronism.

Chekhov is at least impartial (that deadly sin of the dramatist!) in his distribution of disillusionment. The famous author is no more satisfied than is the unpublished author; the girl who goes away and becomes a bad actress is not less unhappy than the girl who stays at home and marries the schoolmaster. Life is a game of cross-purposes with these people; even the old dogey by which slow degrees in an invalid chair that provided one bit of amusing "business" faces there regretting the fact that he has "never lived, never had any experiences." Unhappily constituted, they know what they want, and it is always what they have not got. If they love, they love only to be denied; and not the least of the tedium of the play is due to this procession of unhappy lovers, Paulina following Dorn, Treplieff following Nina, Nina following Trigorin, Masha following Treplieff, Medvedienko following Masha. Arkadina provides the only exception, the only example of energetic conquest, when she refuses to release Trigorin; but we, who see the subsequent scene where Trigorin first kisses Nina, are aware that her triumph is only apparent, is an illusion like the rest of life in this play.

If we accept Treplieff's speech in the first act as a statement of Chekhov's idea of a reformed theatre, we must admit that he has fallen into the error he condemns, without any of the excuses or justifications of the more popular authors. "When the curtain rises on that little three-walled room," says Treplieff, "when those mighty geniuses, those high-priests of art, show us people in the act of eating, drinking, loving, looking, and wearing their coats, and attempt to extract a moral from their insipid talk; when playwrights give us under a thousand different guises the same, same old stuff, then I must needs run from it, as Maupassan ran from the Eiffel Tower that was about to crush him by its vulgarity." Chekhov shows us people drinking, but it is vicious drinking, justified by the argument that "women drink oftener than you imagine, but most of them do it in secret, and not openly, as I do." That is extracting a moral clearly enough. Chekhov shows us people loving, but loving unhappily and unsuccessfully; shows us people walking, chiefly for the purpose of getting away from one another, and wearing coats, in the case of Shamraeff particularly, that are as hideous to look at as they must be uncomfortable to wear. The theatre under a new form that Treplieff demands to represent life, "not as it is, but as it ought to be; as it appears in dreams"; and he gives us a long monologue describing a dead world as it will be in twice ten thousand years. There only can the "psychological" Russian "understand all, all, all," and declare that "each life lives again in me."

But the new form of art fails to secure even the attention of the audience; and the play, as I have said, repeats in a less engaging manner and with less dramatic and literary power the despised drama of the popular stage. The play was at least perfectly acted; it produced the characteristic Russian effect of self-pity. I was sorry that I had seen the play, and such actors wasting their powers in a dreary study of boredom. Miss Helen Haye visibly drooped towards the end; even her vivacity was unequal to the strain of trying to enliven these lumpish people. Mr. Joseph Dodd had no chance to be anything but matter-of-fact; his fine talent for sinister suggestion found no scope in the part of Eugene Dorn. Mr. Tom Nesbitt, as Treplieff, produced just the right effect; we were relieved when he finished his speech; and the doctor tactfully described the sound of the shot as that of an exploding flask of ether. Miss Margery Bryce would have been perfect as Nina if she had not gabbled her words in her hysterical scene; but I expect that she wanted to get it over as much as the audience. The play was produced in action the effect that it produces in reading, which is actors' triumph; I, for one, never wanted to see it again, and I marvel again that the Art Theatre should have turned to this source for its inspiration. Petrograd may fall, but we do not want to capture Moscow.
Readers and Writers.

In a recent issue of the "Anglo-Italian Review," edited by Mr. Edward Hutton, Mr. Gordon Craig writes on the subject of the Italian Theatre. These South English people who do not know Italy, and who think Mr. Gordon Craig is, as he has every opportunity of becoming, a valuable witness. The theatre in Italy is in the best sense a popular sport. In a country of the same size as our own, there are fewer than 1,300 theatres, all of which, I gather, are open every evening and all the year round. The "intimacy" which so diffused a taste for drama creates among artists and the general public is perfect; and the most vivid proof of it is to be found in the casual observation of Mr. Craig that "an Italian audience is not nervous or self-conscious." Intimacy, it is clear, excludes this feeling; and it is only necessary to attend an English theatre to be aware of the difference where intimacy is not established. Sensitive people—that is to say, people susceptible of art impressions at all—must suffer a mild agony during the moments of waiting before the curtain goes up in an English theatre. Everybody is more or less hysterical with apprehension or anticipation. They look about them to catch an eye they know, or they are nervous lest someone should see and miss them. They are at once anxious to avoid being noticed and yet anxious to be noticed. And when the curtain goes up, what a hush falls upon the audience; and how embarrassing it must be to the players. If the latter are as susceptible of atmosphere as they ought to be, they catch the infection of the audience and are in their turn liable to a mild attack of hysteria. Stage-fright, of course, is only the name for a severe form of the disease. In Italy, on the contrary, actors and audience take each other for granted. The audience sits down to a play much as we should sit down to a dinner in a familiar restaurant; and the actors proceed about their business with the sang-froid of the old waiter. It is intimacy, indeed; and Mr. Gordon Craig adds the last touch of realism when he says that a Madame Duse can ride in a tram in Italy without calling attention to herself. What centuries separate us from a natural art of this kind!

* * *

In the April issue of the quarterly "Quest" (2s. 6d.) will be found a carefully documented catena of Nietzsche's views on Christianity. The author, Mr. Edward Lewis, has not set himself to make a comment, critical or otherwise, of Nietzsche's attitude to Christianity; but he has performed the useful and laborious service of bringing together under their proper heads all the references to Christianity contained in the works of Nietzsche. I do not propose to draw conclusions from the evidence here collected; all I need say is that the facts are now within everybody's reach. In the same issue Mr. F. I. Winter continues his attempt to make a series of parallels between Psycho-analysis and the Yoga aphorisms and philosophy of Patanjali. There are some interesting speculations in the article; but I am doubtful, myself, whether we have sufficiently developed the ideas of Psycho-analysis to make a fruitful parallel possible between them and the ideas contained in Patanjali. Psycho-analysis, as the name indeed indicates, is as yet more concerned with analysis than with synthesis; and "Yoga," whose dominant idea is re-union or synthesis, appears to me to be rather a complement than an analogue of Psycho-analysis in the broad sense. Let us take, for example, the idea of Yoga as a means to the re-union of the individual with the world-soul. "Thou art That; Thou shalt become That." Ac-}

According to Jung, this attempt at re-union may be nothing more than a megalomaniac regressive introversion, representing on a grander scale the infantile period of Psycho-analysis. It is separation from the mother (actual and metaphorical) that, in Jung's view, creates the basis of consciousness; and any attempt, therefore, to become re-united with the "mother" is necessarily, from this point of view, an act of regression. It is obvious from this dissonance of doctrine that Yoga and Psycho-analysis have not as yet discovered any profound common ground; in fact, in some respects they appear to be opposed. The conclusion I arrive at is that Psycho-analysis must continue its studies in synthesis before itself and Yoga become mutually helpful.

* * *

I count myself among the increasing number of enthusiastic students of psycho-analysis. I believe that it is the hopeful science of the dawning era. No new era, in fact, appears to me to be so familiar with it; and such a work as Dr. Ernest Jones' "Psycho-Analy- sis" (Ballière, Tindall and Co., 25s.) appears to me to be the book most worth buying at the present time. It is in the editorial article contained in the current issue of the "Quest," however, that I find the best justification for my enthusiasm, for there we read: "I count myself among the increasing number of people susceptible of art impressions at all—must suffer a mile agony during the moments of waiting before the curtain goes up in an English theatre. Everybody is more or less hysterical with apprehension or anticipation. They look about them to catch an eye they know, or they are nervous lest someone should see and miss them. They are at once anxious to avoid being noticed and yet anxious to be noticed. And when the curtain goes up, what a hush falls upon the audience; and how embarrassing it must be to the players. If the latter are as susceptible of atmosphere as they ought to be, they catch the infection of the audience and are in their turn liable to a mild attack of hysteria. Stage-fright, of course, is only the name for a severe form of the disease. In Italy, on the contrary, actors and audience take each other for granted. The audience sits down to a play much as we should sit down to a dinner in a familiar restaurant; and the actors proceed about their business with the sang-froid of the old waiter. It is intimacy, indeed; and Mr. Gordon Craig adds the last touch of realism when he says that a Madame Duse can ride in a tram in Italy without calling attention to herself. What centuries separate us from a natural art of this kind!

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It if had been worth their trouble I would have drawn my readers' attention some weeks ago to the issue of the new monthly magazine, "English" (3s. Theobald's Road, W.C., 6d.). But neither the first nor the second issue appears to me to be very valuable. The editors are, no doubt, very earnest in their desire to spread the knowledge of English among the English-speaking peoples; and their aim is altogether praiseworthy. The one thing they lack is the practical devotion to the subject of our language as myself can only with difficulty be induced to read a few pages of grammatical and stylistic criticism every month; and for the general reader the question at issue is assumed. As a curiosity of text, however, the magazine is interesting; and if it does no good, it cannot do harm.

R. H. C.
Music.
By William Atheling.

VARIÀ, DOLMETSC H.
The Philharmonic String Quartet, as now composed: F. Holding, T. Peatfield, R. Jeremy, C. Sharpe (April 9, Wigmore), is worthy of considerable commendation. They played the Borodine D major with fine robustness; and they are to be thanked for their introduction of Stravinsky's "Three Pieces for String Quartet" (ms.), which they have now done three times. The first of these is excellent; the second "curious," emotional, "Russian"; both these being music definitely of the first grade and proving Stravinsky a composer of the first order. The third piece is "wholly mad." It might, it would seem, stop at various places where it does not, and this feeling is hardly compatible with a conviction that its structure is very good. It is a justifiable piece of stunting, but not important as the two first pieces are important.

Joseph Holbrooke was charming in piano prelude to his songs, but Betty Sharpe has the most horrible voice and manner I have been called to hear, and I trust the ordeal will not occur a second time. Words were wholly obscured, and as they were not printed on the programme I still ignore of their supposed subject-matter. When a few of them ultimately emerged I judged the content to be in the "If-doughty-deeds-my lady, etc., etc.," manner. We suppose Holbrooke is well to the fore among the younger British composers; he can scarcely be a musician or he would not permit, or at any rate abet, Miss Sharpe to sing his compositions. The second of his songs was most painful; the third, grave-yard groaning. Holbrooke is a possible pianist. The Quartet, aided by Wm. Murdoch, next assaulted the Dvorak, A maj., Op. 81, and rendered the popular, bawling, prancing, and slightly bumptious exhilaration of the piece quite effectively. How often have we been cheered for entrée or the Punch Romaine by this familiar and not unacceptable gaiety. The rocky rattle of its pianistics gets the plain man right on the solar plexus (as a well-advertised correspondent of this paper has recently said all art should do). There is no desiccating intellectual; no narrow appeal to the intelligentsia; the music is a little incomplete without food. It was "well played" with good juicy fiddling, a bounding finale; in short, a real challenge to the encroachments of jazz.

Manlio di Veroli (Eolían, April 11), backed by the gratitude which a considerable audience acknowledges for his fine accompanying of our best singers, ventured a full programme of his own compositions, ably aided by Stroesco, Z. Rosowsky, and Oscar Lansbury, each well chosen for the particular numbers assigned them. Unfortunately Sig. Di Veroli has not yet made up his mind whether he wishes to be a "younger" Italian, a "younger" French, or a "younger" British composer, and this indecision, together with an apparent lack of study of the best and closet-wrought periods, has not fostered a unified or developed even a personal style. "Le Gemme" in the Italian, manner after M ascagni, Pucini, and co. (largely and co.), and "Evei" manner of contemporary Paris, were the most serious works and would not come amiss in some of our passable recitals. The final English lyrics were a hash of 27 familiar ingredients. The first is full of Eng. ballad bordoms.

The only excuse for the songs is the hypothesis that the composer wrote them at the age of 15, but if one must make a composite of "I want no tum-ty where thou tum love, I want no tum to make me blest, If within thy tender, etc., love, thou, etc," and the Sheltering Palm song from the once popular operaetta "Floradora," one should conceal the fact from the public.

Di Veroli presented gay, veiled archaism in his piano Menuet Rustique. The "Song of Freedom" would do for the Queen's Hall; Lansbury has a good bass voice, combination good for official proclamation manner of the opera heralds in any mid-nineteenth century production. All the old familiar lines. In "L'Après-midi," the tone intervals are too great. Stroesco was a little rough, but the fault is also in the music. Di Veroli, if he intends to progress, should make a close study of a "close" period. His sound retention was good in "Alba Romana," and he had made a slightly new variation on Debussy. The "Diamante" is the best of the "Gemme." This series and the "Everi" might be retained by the composer. There is lack of skill in the tone intervals of "Chanson." He should scrap the rest of the songs.

Arnold Dolmetsch (6, Queen's Sq., April 16 and 30). It is a good thing that Mr. Dolmetsch was not at the Di Veroli concert; for he would have stood up and cursed audibly, and with some justification during various parts of the programme. It would, on the contrary, be an excellent thing if Di Veroli and other junior composers would attend Mr. Dolmetsch's rare performances and read his instructive writings. There is no use in Mr. Dolmetsch's trying to interest even his small circle in ancient dances. These belong to archaeology, are interesting to the special student of the period (perhaps), but one does not want to see them repeated. At least there is a considerable audience which would be much happier if the playing of Lawes, and Laneare, and the pieces for viols were punctuated by homage to Terpsichore.

I can only reiterate what has, I think, been affirmed before in these pages. Dolmetsch has plunged deeply into this past era, he has thrown a deal of light on the manner in which the old music should be played. There is exquisite precision in the playing of his domestic orchestra; no player now in London can afford to miss the stimulus to the auditory imagination which comes from hearing the pure tones of the old viols well played; or which at any rate should and would come if the hearer's ear-drums were not made of leather or dripped.

The value of the old instruments, harpsichords, spinets, clavichords, viols de gamba, is more in that they induce the player and hearer really to listen to the quality of sound produced than in that they render the old music with veracity. This latter advantage is, however, far from negligible. Not one of the old stand opposite counterpoint who has heard it only with the glare of modern instruments or the plugging of the piano. Neither is there any means so effective for developing a pianist's sense of sound-quality as practice on the clavichord.

Chopin presumably excels all piano-composers of the nineteenth century because his memory embraced the sound of the earlier keyboard instruments. A person learning piano-playing on the piano is simply ignorant of a great many kinds of sound, some of which can be rendered on the piano by a person whose mind and imagination contain them.

The advantage for ensemble playing is that the harpsichord and spinet "go with" the strings, whereas the piano does not, but is practically always an interruption. For the fortieth time we repeat that the curse of modern piano-playing is the general ignorance of the hearer's audition. Sensitiveness to sound-quality is no less important than sensitiveness to true pitch. We should be just as intolerant of people who make horrible noises "on the note" as of people who cannot sing in tune, . . . at least we should be as intolerant of people who so annoy us. In a choir or oratorio, the bad noise is swallowed in the general resonance or counteracted by other noises. (This applies to sound-quality. It is not an academic objection to what were once called "dissonances.")

Dolmetsch is to be thanked for making his firm
stand for sound-quality. In the first programme we commend especially the Capetario, and in the second the Lute song, "Puisque Robin j'ay nom," the Couperin "Musette," and the Clerambault. If, if, ah if!!! some of our more frequent singers and players would only go to Mr. Dolmetsch for advice when choosing their programmes!!!!

Economic and Political Action.

The principal object of this book is to point out a correlation between Syndicalism and those tendencies in recent philosophical thought which the author calls Realism. The metaphysical view which the book suggests would no doubt take a particular view of the nature of this correlation; but for Mr. Scott's purpose all that is required is to demonstrate that Realism if it were true would formally justify Syndicalism. Since Mr. Scott obviously thinks that only by proving Realism could Syndicalism be defended, and since he plainly regards Realism as false, his book may fairly be treated as a criticism of some characteristic elements in present-day working-class thought.

A term so ambiguous as Realism may be used much as an author pleases; the sense in which Mr. Scott takes it is at least tolerably clear. The essence of the realistic attitude is to take the real to be fundamentally and ultimately just what it is given as; and to maintain consequently that the synthetic constructive process which is the general character of the activity of thought, though it may and does have a validity of its own, nevertheless takes us away continuously and irresponsibly from contact with the intimate nature of things. To appreciate this nature you must go beyond thought and commit yourself either to that feeling of the flow of things which has been called intuition, or to those final products of analysis, sense-data and instincts, which are the irreducible contents of the object and the self. Whether we tread one road following in the footsteps of M. Bergson, or stumble along the other in a vain endeavour to keep the agile Mr. Bertrand Russell in sight, the same dangers continue to threaten us. We are only on different branches of the same wrong path. Until we retrace our steps we have no hope of being able to find our way to the truth which is the whole. To reach the real requires not less thought but more; time and thought must be tended and harnessed; for him there will be no more wandering in bypath meadows; the road lies before him long and straight and very dusty. But it is the only route to the Delectable Land.

One of the advantages of dealing with an Idealist philosopher is that if you tell him his view is as old as the hills, he purses with satisfaction; should you complain that it is a tradition in your family, a legend, he is only the more strengthened in his own position is a familiar controversial method both in education and the family and private property, in favour of the natural man. He fails to take a wide enough view of these institutions and appreciate the functions they perform in overcoming the strength of the passions and in the discipline of the desires. This narrowness of his outlook is Mr. Russell's main characteristic, and it is patently due to his conviction that reality lies behind thought and not in front of it. As the Syndicalist tendency links itself to M. Bergson because it is impulsive; so it finds Mr. Russell congenial because it is narrow.

Mr. Scott ought to be told that with his criticism of Syndicalism most reflecting supporters of the claims of Labour will be found to agree, even if they do not accept the philosophical position to which he attaches it. But I am bound to express surprise that his attitude to Socialists should be so indiscriminating. The Syndicalist movement seems for him to include all those who advise Labour to seek for control through the Trade Unions, and beg them as such to keep clear of politics. To criticise a general tendency of this sort by reference to the position of the extreme Left and suggest that all others would be just as foolish if only they could think clearly enough to understand their own position is a familiar controversial method both in politics and in Idealist philosophy and Russell would, no doubt, give excellent reasons in favour of it. To me, however, it seems monstrous. But I know of no way of meeting it except by attempting to drag to the surface some of the political and social assumptions which Mr. Scott makes so calmly. They seem to me almost uniformly false, and to be the real points at issue between Socialists and that very influential type of political thinking to which Mr. Scott gives admirable expression. It is not too much to say that these assumptions tend to a brilliant book a thoroughly bad
political flavour. A man who writes a patently sincere and direct criticism of one element in the modern social movement must expect to be treated seriously, and if he requires it, savagely, even by people whom he includes only by implication.

To begin with, Mr. Scott simply does not understand what Labour means when it rejects the wage-system as such. For this, I am willing to admit, Socialists are largely to blame. Passing over as irrelevant those who did not criticise wagery at all, we may remember the Marxist tradition. Various reasons, most of which were intelligible enough, induced Marx and his followers to deplore and disown the notion that their case against the wage-system was such. For this, I am willing to admit, Socialists are not less intelligible enough, induced Marx and his followers to deplore and disown the notion that their case against the wage-system was a moral one. To me, for example, enough of the tradition clings to this day to produce in me on mentioning moral arguments the same feeling of impurity that my ancestors doubtless experienced on whistling on a Sunday or going to a theatre, even after they had become enlightened. Nevertheless, Guildsmen at least have repeated with damnable iteration that the wage-system, which is the obvious mark of our times, implies a social order which is an intolerable offence to the moral consciousness; that it infects every human heart; that even of us who are outside its direct menace cannot do our work in peace because of its evil savour. To explain that the wage-system should be "moralised" leaves us unmoved: apart from the mistake in social theory which the indiscriminate application of the idea involves, we regard wage-slavery as being no more and no less capable of being altered by this interesting process than chattel-slavery was. We admit that even the wage-system may require to be tolerated because its fundamental immoralities are conceivably all soluble in a solution on which we can have even those good things we do possess. But we have examined at equal length the reasons in favour of this possibility, and found them wanting. When Mr. Scott defends them, I, at least, will be happy to dispute with him. But, in the meantime, and without further argument we declare that we are not prepared to endure it longer quietly.

To accuse us, therefore, of shining against the integrity of the State when we go about to abolish the wage-system strikes us first of all as a bad joke. It is, however, the chief count in Mr. Scott's indictment, and as such it should be discussed. Though integrity is by no means the only mark of a great society, it is one of them and by reference to it no doubt societies may be estimated. In a society based on the wage-system, however, no decent integrity can be achieved. The divided community which almost lost us the war is and about to frustrate our hopes of peace is precisely what we wish to destroy utterly. Mr. Scott charges us all (he specifically mentions Mr. Cole) with trying to keep our workers' class-sense alive. To this, of course, we plead guilty. When Mr. Scott sees why we intend it, he will have come a long way towards discovering another of his own assumptions. Unions bent on wresting industry from the grasp of Capital are not merely a necessary means to the destruction of the wage-system; they are the ancestors of new forms of economic life. Only in the Trade Union which know its own business and sets before itself a clear vision of its end can men do that constructive thinking which Mr. Scott rightly admires, and fit themselves to establish a new economic society. Moreover, the fate of the Union which is not "class-conscious" is not doubtful. Even now the Servile State is upon us, and without a constant conflict it cannot be avoided. To a conflict, therefore, we must go. If Mr. Scott continues to pursue a perfectly abstract integrity at the expense of everything else in the common life, his fate will come upon him. The Servile State will know how to deal with him. He has too active a mind. M. W. Roberson.

(To be concluded.)

Views and Reviews.

ON VIVISECTION.

The controversy that has arisen over Sir Frederick Banbury's Bill for the protection of dogs from vivisection has taken the usual form; expert vivisectionist and expert anti-vivisectionist hint at each other's mental and moral deficiencies in a manner that is certainly amusing but is not very illuminating. There seems, to the outsider, no common ground between the debaters, and no possibility, therefore, of their reaching an agreed conclusion. But the matter has become a question of public policy, and it behoves the layman to make up his mind concerning it; and it is with the hope of discovering what I think about the matter that I am writing this article.

The issue, as it is presented to us by the anti-vivisectionist, is the issue between cruelty and kindness. Mr. Bernard Shaw, for example, said in the "Nation" of May 24: "The anti-vivisectionist sees too plainly that a man who argues that science is above or below the moral law against cruelty will also argue that it is above or below the moral law against lying, and that when science is at stake in a public controversy he will no more dare to tell us the truth about a dog than Viscount French, when the morale of our troops at Le Cateau was at stake, dared to tell us the truth about a dog than Viscount French, when the morale of our troops at Le Cateau was at stake, dared to tell us the truth about a dog than General Smith-Dorrien." When we remember how Mr. Bernard Shaw has, on other occasions and in other connexions, protested against what he alleged to be the Englishman's habit of imputing moral inferiority to his opponents, we can only regard this utterance as a tribute to the influence of English character upon Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw himself has to attribute moral inferiority to his opponents; if they begin with cruelty, they will continue with lying—and really I see no reason why, on this line of reasoning, they should not be charged also with forgery, adultery, and all the crimes of the calendar. This is a wicked world, and Mr. Shaw's opponents are of all men the most wicked. Let us grant it, and see if we can discover what it has to do with the matter in question.

First of all the major charge of cruelty is rebutted by the vivisectionist. Cruelty is the infliction of pain without any object other than the gratification of the impulse to inflict pain; as the object of the vivisectionist is to test, by specific experiments, the validity of various theories, he cannot be accused of cruelty even if any pain is inflicted. His object is not the gratification of a cruel impulse, but the determination of a specific question of structure or of physiological re-action to stimuli. The fact that nerve-impulses are not specific, to take one example, was demonstrated by the physiological experiment of nerve-crossing; in one case, the nerve that inhibits the heart was cut through and made to grow into the nerve that dilates the pupil of the eye. Even if pain were inflicted during the experiment, it could not, with any regard for the significance of words, be called cruelty; the object was not to make the animal suffer, but to determine whether nerve-impulses had or had not a specific character, or whether their different effects were due to the structural differences of the organs stimulated by those impulses.

But it is denied that the subjects of such experiments suffer any pain. The animals are anaesthetised, and even if we assume that their sensibility to pain is equal to that of human beings, they suffer no more than a patient suffers during a surgical operation.
Nietzsche put the matter clearly, and, I think, not too strongly, when he said: "The curve of man's receptivity for pain seems, in fact, to undergo an uncommonly rapid and almost sudden lowering, as soon as the upper ten-thousand or ten-million of over-civilisation are left behind, and I, for my part, do not doubt that, compared with one single painful night of one single, hysterical, dainty woman of culture, the sufferings of all animals so far questioned, knife in hand, with a view to scientific answers, simply fall out of consideration." At the worst, the animal suffers no more than the human being undergoing an operation; at the best, it suffers much less, and it is a curious fact that the anti-vivisectionist always appeals to our feelings and not to the observed behaviour of the animals—the sympathetic emotion of the human being is so much keener than is the animal's receptivity to pain.

But this appeal to our emotions is not legitimate; the same people, in other connections, will tell us that we ought not to indulge our emotions (particularly the emotion of self-pity, which they believe man has), but to be guided by reason. It is reasonable to argue that physiology, like every other science, must make research by experiment; Mr. Shaw, in this controversy, argues that the experiments should be made on human beings, and not on animals; physiological experimentation is not confined to surgery; inoculations usually outnumber surgical experiments in a proportion of about twenty to one. But when the experiment of inoculating the Army against typhoid was made, Mr. Shaw was not the least vigorous protestor. He has at times put forward the argument that animal affairs must be directed by the experimental method of "trial and error," he denounces every trial as an error, and would at the same time deny to the physicist the right of research either on men or animals.

There is nothing to be gained by a policy of negations; in spite of Shakespeare, we do not know what consideration. At the worst, the animal suffers no more than the human being undergoing an operation; at the best, it suffers much less, and it is a curious fact that the anti-vivisectionist always appeals to our feelings and not to the observed behaviour of the animals—the sympathetic emotion of the human being is so much keener than is the animal's receptivity to pain.

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whole mentality is evasive as well as corrupt, as is that of irresponsible people. Purpose, even natural purpose, appals them; they are sensationalists, pure and simple, and Grace, the heroine of this story, cannot resist the touch of a man. The author drags her through three intrigues, interrupted by a marriage (we are even permitted to assist in the purchase of the trousseau), three intrigues, interrupted by a marriage (we are even permitted to assist in the purchase of the trousseau), and leaves her at last in the arms of her original seducer. There is an episode, ghastly in its consequences, relating to abortion; indeed, the story is well-named, for these are people on whom a blight has fallen. They lack the heroic dimensions of traditional romance, the coarse humour, of great sensualists; they have not even the grace to be witty, but are merely cynical.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"IN SCHOOL."

Sir,—It is difficult to give a concise answer to Mr. Napier's inquiry whether I have applied to other subjects the same principles on which I have tried to teach the writing of English. So far as the principles are applicable I have to the best of my ability consistently applied them to the teaching of history, geography, and mathematics, the only other subjects of which I have had reasonable teaching experience.

It would take me longer to explain here the reasons why these principles are so much more suitable to the teaching of English composition than to other subjects, but I have stated them at some length in a later article on "Observation," which I hope will appear in about a fortnight.

This present series of articles is meant to be confined to the teaching of English composition, but where parallel examples from other subjects occur I have not regarded them as irrelevant, in view of the importance of cohesion in education.

Mr. Napier's experience of the result of approximate guesses is more interesting. I only wish that I could say truthfully that I have encountered the same success with this method in teaching. My failure is probably due to the fact that the questions for which I have asked for approximations have often been too fixed and have not been beyond the pupils' grasp. Mr. Napier says, "I have found 1,000 to be the highest number a child from seven to twelve could really grasp," but it is not made clear whether "1,000" implies an abstract number or a concrete quantity, the two concepts of which, psychologists maintain, differ very considerably in clarity. Again, the average of eleven or twelve is supposed to have mastered vulgar fractions, yet I think a child of that age must have a clearer concept of 5,000 than he has of 13/25.

I have stated them at some length in a later article on "Observation," which I hope will appear in about a fortnight.

"WILL TO POWER."

Sir,—Referring to the current series of articles by Major C. H. Douglas, may I enter a brief protest against the continued misuse, in dignified controversy, of the phrase "will to power"? This is to take a formula for one aspect of the divine in man, and a phrase which should be consecrated to that particular usage.

"SUPER NATURAL."

Sir,—A certain theological professor of some distinction, when in America, was beset by reporters on the quest of "copy." "What is the latest?" they asked.

"The latest about what?" "Oh, about Jonah and the whale, and all that sort of thing." "Tell your paper," said the child of learning, "that there is nothing new about Jonah."

It may seem a futile thing to do to open a discussion on the supernatural merely because "A. E. R." in your number of October 9th, 90, has grasped the "will to power" before he can form anything like a definite concept of the symbol " —not that I think a definite concept of the latter is at all necessary.

I remember once suggesting to my mathematical class, apropos of graphic representations of elementary algebraic formulae, that it might be helpful for them to think of algebraic terms and expressions of the second degree as areas, and of the third degree as solids. The suggestion was obviously appreciated, and seemed to sink in, but not long afterwards came the question, "A walks at the rate of 6 miles an hour; how far does he walk in 8 hours?"

The point out what appears to me to be a vulgar fraction do's r.

Last summer I was asked to help a youth at Eton, aged 17, whose mathematical disabilities caused him to be in imminent danger of superannuation. I found that he could apply with occasional and fortuitous success certain fairly advanced principles which he recently learned, but knew practically no elementary rules—could not, for instance, factorise (ab + ac). He had no conception of mathematical principles whatsoever, and was quite unable to reason coherently. The sensation of teaching him was something entirely new to me, and I can only compare it to the exhilarating feeling of blowing up a toy balloon. One could almost see his mind expanding as he grasped the sudden realisation of some fundamental concept of ratio, or decimal fractions, or percentage. And having once grasped a principle he seemed to find no difficulty in applying it. I took him for less than six hours a week, and he had no difficulty in obtaining his necessary remove at the beginning of the next half.

I am tempted to write at some length on "schoolmasters of my acquaintance," about whom Mr. Napier asks. I must refrain, however, as this letter is already far too long, but I do know of one master who at the request of several headmasters has taken a school text-book by which comparative and regional geography is taught on the deductive principles suggested by Mr. Napier. It has been in the press for some months, delayed by the Peace Conference, but will be published by Rivingtons in the autumn. The author is C. M. Robinson, F.R.G.S.

F. R. G. S.

T. R. Coxon.

"OFFICIAL CHRISTIANITY."

Sir,—"Official Christianity," he says, "so long as it clings to miracles, is on the horns of a dilemma; it has to assert a supernatural order, which is unintelligible and inconceivable, but which be knows, by the mere definition by negatives, intelligible and conceivable. Therefore, miracles, depending on the conception of a supernatural order, which, because it is an order, cannot be conceived of as supernatural, will take to be a formula for one aspect of the divine in man, and a phrase which should be consecrated to that particular usage.

N. T.
Pastiche.

THE PIPE OF GLASS.

Ariseth out of the heavenly age of day
That sweetly thinketh on his faring hence,
With far and delicate play
Like to the sand-small bud's magnificence,
Lightly afield the airy note that stays thee.
Dost thou smile, or art thou fain to weep?
Deep round thy way the woven herb delays thee,
That sweetly thinketh on his faring hence,
Like to the sand-small bud's magnificence,
Dost thou smile, or art thou fain to weep?
White on thy feet the early dew doth sleep:
Though it grow late
Linger to thy lovely fate,
That shall fright not nor amaze thee.
The pipe of glass is the blown voice
Of that which paradise holds dearest,
Whistling clear with wistful joys:
Still to the spirit lieth nearest,
Whether on him the hind uncouth
Soundeth with untutored mouth,
Or exalted Gabriel make
Triumph with ambrosial breath
That the wingèd children break
From the fowling-nets of death,
Caught aloft in the lap of the wind,
Leaping up with a laughter of light,
Faring to find
The fire that is their starry mind;
Thus shall they come
Through a season of swift flight
Music-borne unto their home.

Thou hearest; 'tis the hind doth blow
Deep in the evening, but the song
Riseth like the dawn on snow,
Quick but pensive and remote.
If thus Piers how Gabriel?
For Piers pipeth passing well:
All among the shadows long
Hearken thou the fairy note!
Like unto a white-armed dance,
Fair with flower-slender feet
Of the sprites of the rocks of France,
Set above the Ocean fleet
On a salty top of land.
Resteth now thy cheek on hand,
Thou canst see that hoary place
(Above the sea, above the sand),
And enrapt thy downward face:
Piers play and music swell,
If thus Piers how Gabriel?
For thy life is half forgot:
Piers in thy grassy grot
Pipe afar, nor break the spell.
(The Music Sounds.)

Yet in the mead one standeth with quiet sighs
Whom late I spoke with, and is wholly reft
From the broad glittering kingdom of the eyes,
And on thy shore of roundelay is left.
(The Music Sounds.)

Here is bright dole
And here are tears like unto gems,
Like water on the velvet vole.
For the whole
Of our garb hath golden hems:
Though the web be dyed with earth
It is decked with mirth,
Woven all the winding stems,
Woven with thy merry soul.
The soul's saint love from the hot heart estranged
Is wrapped about thee. Dim the even grows,
And the warm look upon the heaven is changed,
Fainter but not less steadfastly he shows.
The lay is ended; turn thou then again.
Nay, we have plucked the leaf and left the rose.
Remaineth Gabriel now Piers makes end.
The pipe of glass forth shineth, bright and plain,
And on the night is borne as he doth wend,
Slender and glistering, of his music proud,
While the vale hideth in a brooding cloud.
I told thee of thy fate: thy fate is come.
Thus far Piers led thee, to his pearly shore;
There is the strait of ocean, there the home
Of Gabriel, and thou art thine no more,
But the bondservant of the pipe of glass,
Ravished unto him from the bereavèd grass.

Not without pomp thou goest, for the vale
Lendeth her lawny shroud unto thy wearing,
And the mead diamonds of fairy's mail,
That their child honour them with noble bearing,
They mourn for thee, but thou art well content,
Turn'st from the land and lookest ocean ward,
While all the torches of thy mustering guard
Waver in highways of the firmament.
(The Music Sounds.)

AT DUSK.

RUTH PITTER.

At dusk,
O river,
You fill me with strange fear,
On your banks there shiver
Strange leaves on strange trees,
From your depth strange faces
Seem to loom and leer,
And in hidden places
There are mysteries.
There are sounds of sobbing
Like a girl in grief,
And my heart goes throbbing
As alongside me
Like a bad man chasing
Comes a wind-blown leaf,
Ever faster pacing
And yet stealthily.
But good-bye, river,
For this is my turning
Where the gas-lamps quiver
And the red coals glow.
By the old road-mender
With his brazier burning,
My fears surrender
To the things I know.

L. NUGENT.

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