NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If we were disposed to take up Mr. Lloyd George's challenge "to point to a single clause in the Treaty which is not in accordance with the stern and highest demands of justice and fair-play," our attention would be directed less to proving that Germany has any just cause of complaint than that we have. Appearances notwithstanding, the German people, as they will discover in due course, have gained rather than lost by the war; not, of course, in material possessions or in worldly power, but in all that makes social life worth living; and one of these days they will be counting the blessings the war has brought them. But we, on the other hand, the declared and triumphing victors, have added these burdens to our former load and are now, in fact, in imminent danger of becoming all that Prussia was. And, again, whereas Germany has every reason to be the first orderly nation, not only in her pride, the common people, the vast masses of our population, should surely already have begun to feel the benefit or, at any rate, to see the rosy prospect of it. As things are, however, it can truthfully be said that never was a victorious people more apprehensive of the fruits of victory than the common people of England; and never was apprehension better founded. The war that was to have created among us a brotherhood of liberty, justice, and equality has dug deeper the old gulfs between the possess-
rather than War; but how much better? For if, on
the one hand, war entails the prospect of the rapidaruarisation of the world, the government of the
world by international Trusts entails a differentiation
of classes on a scale as yet undefined, and a Wello
described with prophetic truth in his "Time-Machine." Nine-tenths of us will
be little better off than his Morlocks, while the re-
main-ing few of the international capitalist classes will be
each of them a modern Heliogabalus.

It is easy enough to foresee the point at which the
strain of international Capitalism will first make itself
felt. Obviously the more of the world's wealth that is
appropriated by the international possessing classes;
and the more exclusively they direct production away
from common necessities to the luxuries of the few—
the higher will rise the "cost of living" of the working
classes. The phenomenon of a high cost of living, par-
ticularly oppressive to the class whose whole purchasing
power is exhausted in mere living, is clearly visible at
this moment; and there is every reason to expect that
it will continue to become more palpable and onerous.

It scarcely needed Mr. Roberts' testimony to convince
us that "whatever happens there is not likely to be
any further substantial decrease in the price of food."
On the contrary, we are already assured, not only that
there is likely to be no decrease, but that an increase
in the cost of food of all the other common necessi-
ties of life is inevitable in the immediate future. The
price-level of to-day, we must accustom ourselves to
realise, is as low as it is likely to be for years to come.

If anything, in fact, it is certain to rise, and with its
rise to put a strain upon society everywhere which is
certain to produce every kind of disorder. Already,
indeed, in the more quick-witted of the nations, the
strain of the high cost of living is inducing revolt. In
France a General Strike designed, in the first instance,
to protect the workers in Russia, has been
diverted to the more immediate and domestic menace
of profiteering in necessities; the forthcoming strike
of July 21, we are told, is in protest chiefly against
high prices. In Italy, again, and particularly in the
provinces of Romagna and Emilia, the local Socialist
Leagues (no doubt in conjunction with the co-opera-
tive societies which Mr. Odon Por has described for
us) have assumed control, the "Times" Milan corre-
spondent informs us, of the whole of the food supplies
and distribution of the provinces; they have superseded
the Government authorities and are, in fact, the ad hoc
dictators of the economic administration. Prices, we
may note, have been reduced in consequence by at least
one half. In Canada, on the other hand, it is the poli-
tical authorities who have been persuaded or forced
to move in the matter. A permanent commercial tribunal
is being set up "for the purpose of regulating prices
and preventing combination." Little enough, we fear,
will such a tribunal be able to accomplish; much less
than the "direct action" of the Italian Socialists. Like
the latter, however, the action of the Canadian Govern-
ment is a witness to our proposition that the rising
price of living is the most serious menace now before
the world. As the flood rises, fed by the springs of
international Capitalism, not much peace will be left in
the world. From war abroad, every nation will he
turned to encounter war at home.

Chief among the causes, no doubt, is the decreased
production rendered inevitable by the world-war. Other
things being equal, that is to say, the Law of Supply
and Demand being assumed to continue in operation, a
decrease in production of one half was bound to result
in the doubling of prices. But prices, it is obvious,
have much more than doubled. Taking into account
the deterioration of quality as well as of quantity, it
is probable, indeed, that prices have more nearly quad-
rupled than doubled; and for this addition to the cost
of living, over and above the addition due to a shortage
of production, we must look for the cause in finance.
We have seen that the reduction, by one half, of the
amount of commodities produced is likely under the
prevailing conditions to result in a doubling of the
price; but it is no less obvious that an increase in the
amount of money available for purchasing commodi-
ties is certain to have the similar effect of raising
prices. Money is not only a token of exchange, it is
the actual commodity that renders commercial exchange
possible; and an increase in the amount of "ready
money" in the market has therefore the same effect as
a decrease in the supply of goods. There cannot be
the smallest doubt, however, that we have added enor-
mously to the amount of available token money in the
course of the war. Loans on credit may, in fact, be
said to be a means of converting future values into
present money; and the loans we ourselves have con-
tracted—other words, the amount of future money
we have made into ready money—run, as we know,
to thousands of millions sterling. The reason for
the prevailing high prices is not hard to see after this
analysis. On the one hand, there has been a decrease
in the amount of goods produced; and, on the other
hand, simultaneously with this decrease there has been
an increase in the amount of ready money or purchasing
tower. If the former circumstance has been respon-
sible and would by itself alone have been responsible
for a rise in the cost of living, the latter, by cheapening
money, has emphasised the tendency, since the latter
likewise, by itself alone, would have had the same effect
as the former.

Of the two remedies suggested by the foregoing con-
siderations, it is natural that an increase of production
should be the only one commonly recommended by
our capitalist classes. The reason is plain. Posses-
sing, as they do, nine-tenths of the money-tokens now
current, and controlling, by virtue of their legal
ownership, all the means of production, they are natur-
ally disposed (using nature here to signify the unre-
deemed impulses of humanity) to demand that their
money-tokens should be increased in value rather than
that they should be reduced in amount. It is not to be
thought that they would voluntarily reduce their claim
on production, as represented by the national debt and
other instruments of credit, while it is still possible
that by stimulating production they may be able to in-
crease the value of their claims. So long, in fact, as
the debt is not repudiated or liquidated in such a form
as really to reduce the claims of Capital, Capital may
be expected to urge the nation to increased production
if only for the sake of adding to the value of Capital.
That the claim of "their" credit is monstrously in-
human and contrary to all reason is as clear as anything
can possibly be in the sphere of finance. Even Mr.
Austen Chamberlain, chosen to be Chancellor of the
Exchequer because, we suppose, of his innocent igno-
rance of finance, cannot help stating the anomaly for
us. Private credit, he says (in other words, the private
claims of our bondholders), absolutely depends on the
maintenance of our national credit. Our national
capacity to produce—in which are included not only
public order and safety, but the skill and good-will of
Labour—is the ultimate condition and pre-requisite of
any sort of private credit whatever. Hence—well,
what is the obvious conclusion? Is it not that the
private credit which depends on national credit should
voluntarily and at its own expense support and main-
tain the national credit; in other words, pay off the
national debt and so re-establish national credit? Cer-
tainly that is the obvious conclusion, and Mr. Austen
Chamberlain, having worked his mind up to the pre-
mises, blindly misses the logical deduction. His con-
clusion, in short, is the bankers' non-sequitur, that be-
cause private credit is dependent upon public credit,
therefore public credit must be induced by payment to
support public credit.
We may well despair in our attempt to bring home to capitalists the natural nature of their offence against society. As it is the only reason for the hysteriac or the maniac or the phobic that his obsession is a disease, so it is impossible, we fear, to convince our capitalist classes by reason alone that their attitude towards "money" is, in essence, a disease of their unconscious mind; it is in the soul. The spectacle presented by our own nation at this moment is, nevertheless, eloquent enough if evidence alone were necessary. The figures just published of the distribution of income is, in fact, in some respects a diagnosis of our social ill-health. One hundred and forty-eight persons, we are told, share between them an annual income of 27,420,000 pounds; and some 60,000 persons in addition acknowledge to receiving an annual income varying in amount from 2,500 to 100,000 pounds. A single street in London, we may say, has the annual income of the whole city and people of Norwich; and a single London club dispenses an annual purchasing power equal to the purchasing power of the population of Wigan. It would take some casuistry to prove that a society whose income is so distributed is a society of reasonable men, either upon the one side or the other. The sixty-thousand odd who take from the common pool a share equivalent to the share taken by several millions of their fellows must find it hard to believe that they are of the same race and nation, and, likewise, the remaining millions must find it difficult to persuade themselves that, in comparison with the few, they are really human. The gulf between the two classes must be, as a fact it is, tremendous; and not all the sentiment of war or common suffering has spun more than a bridge of cobwebs over it. Sir Auckland Geddes may well say in one of his better moments that "we have never yet constructed anything decent in the way of society in this country." And he is wise in adding that a "change of spirit" would be the greatest work the world has ever seen.

The more closely we examine the present agitation against the nationalisation of the coal-mines the more deeply persuaded we are that its chief object is to sell the Miners' Federation "a pup." All the circumstances point to this conclusion, however well, in other respects, they may appear to be disguised. To begin with, it is mere bluff on the part of the Unionist members to pretend that they intended to sell the coal-mines for the purchase-price of any industry which is to be taken over. Next it must be remembered—or, rather, it must be realised—that almost without exception the opponents of nationalisation—under which, it must be remembered, there is only one mining employer, namely, the State—every miner is legally denied the exercise of his present right to strike, save at the discretion of a Council on which he is always in a minority. Next, a subtle clause, ostensibly designed in the interests of the consumer, is really designed to pit pit against pit in the matter of output and to establish a kind of bonus system of forced super-production without bonus wages. Finally, for the moment, we must draw the attention of the Miners' Federation to the all-important question of control. This is to remain for all practical purposes in the hands of the bureaucracy in league with the chief consumers alias the present capitalists. All told, we cannot therefore conceive what else in the way of compensation the existing owners could possibly desire beyond the terms generously defined for them by Sir John Sankey and, most unfortunately, precipitately endorsed by the Miners' representatives. We ask the Miners to put themselves in the place of the Capitalist classes and to realise what they would be gaining by such a bargain: the immediate release of their capital from the mines, and the retention of their control on the industry through the State and their own nominees. The owners, we feel sure, will be sorry if their threats to oppose such a scheme should be taken at their barefaced face value. Coalition was asked of the Miners can do. Are they not committed to nationalisation, to nationalisation upon any terms whatever? They are not. On the contrary, they are at present really committed to nothing but their own official scheme, which amounts to the nucleus of a National Mining Guild. The Commission, it may be recalled, was appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the grievances of the miners and to suggest a remedy. But if the remedy suggested proves to be and, in fact, can already be seen to be, worse than the disease itself, it is absurd to pretend that the Miners are bound to accept it, and, least of all, when it is not the remedy they have put forward themselves. We suggest that the Miners' Federation should refuse the present scheme unless all its objectionable features are definitely withdrawn. Nothing worse will happen to them; nobody will be shot for declining to accept it! Failing the production of a satisfactory Government scheme, we next suggest that the Miners proceed with their own scheme, which amounts to the nucleus of a National Mining Guild, properly set up and empowered, will work. Given the attainable conditions, a Mining Guild could produce coal cheaply, sell it cheaply, pay high wages to everybody concerned and satisfy the desire for freedom and responsibility of the working classes. Its initiation is within the immediate reach of the Miners' Federation. They have only to ask to have.

Under these amiable circumstances, so characteristic of the new spirit created by the war, we beg the Miners' Federation to examine again the terms of the Chairman's Report in favour of nationalising the coal-mines. We have no hesitation whatever in saying that, as it stands, the Report is not only not welcome to the coal-owners and the capitalist classes generally, but that it surpasses what Mr. Webb would call their "wildest dreams." Such terms as they imagine they are about to receive are surely worth the stimulus of a little appearance of opposition; for it is a trick of psychology to provoke the buyer to a bad bargain by simulating a reluctance to sell. Let us look again at what the terms include. They include, it goes without saying, full and fair compensation for the property of the coal-mines, with, of course, the good-will of Labour assumed. In other words, the Miners' Federation is to pay the capital value of its own prospective labour power. Then it is to be observed that from the moment of nationalisation—under which, it must be remembered, there is only one mining employer, namely, the State—every miner is legally denied the exercise of his present right to strike, save at the discretion of a Council on which he is always in a minority. Next, a subtle clause, ostensibly designed in the interests of the consumer, is really designed to pit pit against pit in the matter of output and to establish a kind of bonus system of forced super-production without bonus wages. Finally, for the moment, we must draw the attention of the Miners' Federation to the all-important question of control. This is to remain for all practical purposes in the hands of the bureaucracy in league with the chief consumers alias the present capitalists. All told, we cannot therefore conceive what else in the way of compensation the existing owners could possibly desire beyond the terms generously defined for them by Sir John Sankey and, most unfortunately, precipitately endorsed by the Miners' representatives. We ask the Miners to put themselves in the place of the Capitalist classes and to realise what they would be gaining by such a bargain: the immediate release of their capital from the mines, and the retention of their control on the industry through the State and their own nominees. The owners, we feel sure, will be sorry if their threats to oppose such a scheme should be taken at their barefaced face value. Coalition was asked of the Miners can do. Are they not committed to nationalisation, to nationalisation upon any terms whatever? They are not. On the contrary, they are at present really committed to nothing but their own official scheme, which amounts to the nucleus of a National Mining Guild. The Commission, it may be recalled, was appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the grievances of the miners and to suggest a remedy. But if the remedy suggested proves to be and, in fact, can already be seen to be, worse than the disease itself, it is absurd to pretend that the Miners are bound to accept it, and, least of all, when it is not the remedy they have put forward themselves. We suggest that the Miners' Federation should refuse the present scheme unless all its objectionable features are definitely withdrawn. Nothing worse will happen to them; nobody will be shot for declining to accept it! Failing the production of a satisfactory Government scheme, we next suggest that the Miners proceed with their own scheme, which amounts to the nucleus of a National Mining Guild, properly set up and empowered, will work. Given the attainable conditions, a Mining Guild could produce coal cheaply, sell it cheaply, pay high wages to everybody concerned and satisfy the desire for freedom and responsibility of the working classes. Its initiation is within the immediate reach of the Miners' Federation. They have only to ask to have.

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Between the Lines.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

As I have often had occasion to remark in these columns, the Turk never sticks up for himself in the controversy against Europe. He does not know how to do so. When any advocate could make convincing, he puts himself in the wrong from a tendency to accept the point of view of his opponents—a tendency which results from a sense of material defeat or helplessness. It is natural for a warlike people to accept the condition of defeat in war; and to think that by accepting that condition they appeal most strongly to the generosity of the conqueror. There is also the feeling that it is a waste of time to seek to demolish prejudices so robust as those which Europe cherishes regarding Turkey, even though those prejudices may be based upon false information. The Turk is thus the worst possible champion of his own cause. Anyone in possession of the facts could state his case much better than he can state it. And in the case of His Highness Damad Ferid Pasha and the Turkish Delegation in Paris, there was an element of party bitterness, due to the Defence of the Realm regulations of the C.U.P.—which, whatever may be said of it, was no respecter of persons—including them to follow the Allies in piling blame upon the late Government of Turkey, in the hope to exculpate the Turkish people and the country, and so publicly stated that the war, upon Great Britain's part at any rate, was not against the Turkish people or the Sultan, but against the Committee of Union and Progress. That the Turkish delegation is justified in making the point, but anyone who did not know the Turks would have expected them to do so only by the way, and not in earnest, but satirically. Instead of that, they have thrown away their own true case, and accepted the mere "propaganda" case of the Allies; instead of taking the offensive in discussion, as they had the right to do, for the treatment Turkey had received from the Allies conducing to the war was downright infamous, they assumed a deprecating, defensive attitude and apologetic tone, and positively asked for what they got—a snub the more offensive for their bland hypocrisy. The weakness and the falsehood of the case presented by Damad Ferid Pasha may be judged from these two point, out of a dozen I could mention; that he represents the fear of Czarist Russia's designs on Constantinople which animated the Committee of Union and Progress; that he appeals to the history of Turkish rule in the past;—and why not? It compares favourably with European rule in the past—and to the condition of affairs in the Moslem world. Now the Council is anxious not to enter into unnecessary controversy or to inflict needless pain upon your Excellency—this tenderness for his Excellency's feelings is quite touching, after the awful sufferings which Allied policy has inflicted on all peoples in the Turkish Empire—and the Delegates who accompany you. It wishes well to the Turkish people—God forgive us! —and admires their excellent qualities. But it cannot admit that among those qualities are to be counted capacity to rule over alien races. —That capacity was one of the unquestioned gifts of Czarist Russia! —The experiment has been tried too long and too often for there to be the least doubt as to its result. —As a matter of fact, as the Allied Delegates are perfectly aware, the experiment has never been tried at all under conditions which by any stretch of language could be called fair. Under old conditions Turkey's Government of alien peoples was better than any European country's. It has known a deeper ground. It appeals to the history of Turkish success and of Turkish rule in any country has not been followed by a diminution of material prosperity and a fall in the level of culture. Nor is there any case to be found in which the withdrawal of Turkish rule has not been followed by a growth in material prosperity and a rise in the level of culture.

Neither among the Christians of Europe nor among the Moslems of Syria, Arabia, and Africa, has the Turk done other than destroy where he has conquered. Never has he shown himself able to develop in peace what he has won by war. Not in this direction do his talents lie. —Q. F. D.

Isn't it beautiful? The appeal to history is done with such a knowing air, when it is perfectly evident that the writers of the reply know nothing whatever of Turkish history, or they would know that under the early Sultans and in the age of Turkish conquests material prosperity increased in Turkey as it does everywhere else in the same circumstances, and that the Entente Powers—when, as the Allied Delegates are perfectly aware, Czarist Russia meant at any cost to have Constantinople and the Straits and Eastern Anatolia, and was actually if not in name at war with Turkey in that province months before Turkey came into the war. "The Allied Delegates were surprised at that. —It is admitted, directly or by implication, that Turkey had no cause of quarrel with
the conquered Christians were better off under Turkish rule than they had been before, nor was the level of culture at all lowered. It is only since the Turkish Empire has been constantly attacked, and torn by the intrigues of the Christian Powers at work on the nationalism and fanaticism of the subject Christians, that material prosperity has decreased and the level of culture lowered. It would have happened in any other country in the same conditions. The knowledge of history of these instructors of the Turks does not extend beyond the period of modern capitalism and commercialism. These are the material prosperity and the culture (ominous word) which they think so necessary for the good of Eastern peoples. The Muslims simply cannot do with them, and I say that there is no instance of a Muslim people being withdrawn from Turkish rule without diminution of happiness and a formidable growth of discontent among the vast majority. It is only since the Turkish Empire has been constantly attacked, and torn by the conquests, that material prosperity has decreased and the level of culture lowered.

It is only since the Turkish Empire has been constantly attacked, and torn by the intrigues of the Christian Powers at work on the culture (ominous word) which they think so necessary for the good of Eastern peoples. The Muslims simply cannot do with them, and I say that there is no instance of a Muslim people being withdrawn from Turkish rule without diminution of happiness and a formidable growth of discontent among the vast majority. It is only since the Turkish Empire has been constantly attacked, and torn by the destructions, that material prosperity has decreased and the level of culture lowered.

The answer to that is very simple: he has had no peace for something like two hundred years. It is only comparatively recently that the exploitation of its territory has become the ideal of every Government. We have had it for, perhaps, a century. The Turks accepted it eleven years ago. They were trying to restore the irrigation works of Mesopotamia (a work for which there was no local demand whatever) with English paid assistance when we attacked them.

The reply quoted to make Feral Pasha's plea that Turkey should be spared out of consideration for the feelings of the Muslims world. The plea was made without much conviction, as merely something which might weigh with the Allies. Ferid Pasha did not know as much as I do of the state of feeling in the Muslim world, or he would not have mentioned it at all; it is too serious a matter to be subjected to the joking cynicism of the Conference. I shall not quote the terms of the reply, which are a studied insult to the Muslims of the world, no less to their intelligence than to their religious sentiments, except this final sentence: 'To thinking Muslims throughout the world the modern history of the Government enthroned at Constantinople can be no source of pleasure or of pride.' No, truly; but it has been a source of passionate sympathy towards Turkey, and the odium which attaches with that of politics, or else a more complete decentralisation of initiative to those who ever known will be substituted for external authority. The issue transcends in importance all others: the development of the human race will be radically different as it is decided one way or another, but as far as it is possible to judge, the general advantage of the individual will lie with the retention of a measure of co-ordination in all mechanical organisation combined with the evolution of progressively decentralised initiative, largely by the displacement of the power of centralised finance. The implication is that the very idea of a Turk will become more definite as time goes on, to external authority as to its right to adjudicate on the absolute value expressed in terms of commodities of various forms of activity. Even now, the practical difficulty of estimating the relative material reward and individual effort is becoming almost imperceptible, even in the cases where an honest effort is made to arrive at some solution. The various movements for the grant of a minimum living wage, the demand for the recognition of the "right to work" (i.e., to draw pay) are all symptoms of the breakdown of the financial "law" of supply and demand in its application to economic problems.

Still another significant feature of the inadequacy of the economic structure is the increase of voluntary unpaid effort and the large amount of energy devoted to games. There is absolutely no concrete difference between work and play unless it be in favour of the former—no one would contend that it is inherently more interesting or pleasurable to endeavour to place a small ball in an inadequate hole with inappropriate instruments than to assist in the construction of a Quebec Bridge, or the harnessing of Niagara. But for one object men will travel long distances at their own expense, while for the other they require payment and considerable time to reach the goal. If that is so, then God help England!

Economic Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER VII.

In the preceding endeavour to marshal into some sort of coherent pattern the facts of the general economic and social situation as it exists at present has been to any extent successful, it may be said that the real antagonism which is at the root of the upheaval with which we are faced is one which appears under different forms in every aspect of human life. It is the age-long struggle between freedom and authority, between external compulsion and internal initiative, in which all the command of resources, information, religious dogma, educational system, political opportunity and even, apparently, economic necessity, is ranged on the side of authority; and ultimate authority is now exercised through finance. This antagonism does, however, appear at the present time to have reached a stage in which a definite victory for one side or the other is impending. It is not merely that the proposition seems perfectly certain that either a pyramidal organisation, having at its apex supreme power, and at its base complete subjection, will crystallise out of the centralising process which is evident in the realms of finance and industry equally with that of politics, or else a more complete decentralisation of initiative to those who ever known will be substituted for external authority. The issue transcends in importance all others: the development of the human race will be radically different as it is decided one way or another, but as far as it is possible to judge, the general advantage of the individual will lie with the retention of a measure of co-ordination in all mechanical organisation combined with the evolution of progressively decentralised initiative, largely by the displacement of the power of centralised finance. The implication is that the very idea of a Turk will become more definite as time goes on, to external authority as to its right to adjudicate on the absolute value expressed in terms of commodities of various forms of activity. Even now, the practical difficulty of estimating the relative material reward and individual effort is becoming almost imperceptible, even in the cases where an honest effort is made to arrive at some solution. The various movements for the grant of a minimum living wage, the demand for the recognition of the "right to work" (i.e., to draw pay) are all symptoms of the breakdown of the financial "law" of supply and demand in its application to economic problems.

Now, it may be emphasised here at once, that there is absolutely no future for inefficiency as a cult; the whole promise of a brighter probably a very bright, future for the world lies in doing the best possible things in the best possible way. In industrial affairs the principle of the maximum efficiency of effort per unit of time is so patently unassailable that its enunciation would hardly be necessary, but that the proposition carries with it a very different conception of efficiency than the narrow "business" meaning commonly attached to the word, and in consequence it is the fashion amongst the less progressive elements of society to attack any demand for improved conditions as simply an attempt to substitute sloth and incapacity for energy and capacity. While, therefore, the readjust
ment of system and, above all, a complete reconsideration of objective is necessary, it is probable that the basis of system economic with political and financial systems, auxiliary rather than definitive, and it is certain that a revision of economic policy, to be stable, must result in higher economic efficiency; even though the very aim of that higher efficiency is to reduce economic problems to a very subordinate position. And the higher psychological efficiency of voluntary effort is clearly a step to this end.

We have just seen that merely increased production under existing conditions will not achieve any economic stability because there are at least two quite irreconcilable claims, raising the same question as the opening proposed. There is, on the one hand, the adjustment of manufacturing of all sorts to the opportunity of sale (not by any means always profitable sale); and this is a purely artificial and yet all-powerful consideration under present financial systems, and constitutes the effective demand.

And there is, on the other hand, the growing real demand, first for food, clothing and shelter and then for participation in the wider life which modern progress has made possible, such demand being quite irrespective of the way in which it was created. The reconciliation of these two interests means the defeat of the will-to-power by the will-to-freedom, and in this reconciliation is involved a modification of economic distribution.

Now, if there is any sanity left in the world at all, it should be obvious that the real demand is the proper objective of production, and that it must be met from the bottom upwards, that is to say, there must be first a production of necessaries sufficient to meet universal requirements; and, secondly, an economic system must be devised to ensure their practically automatic and universal distribution; this having been achieved it may be followed to whatever extent may prove desirable by the manufacture of articles having a more limited range of usefulness. All financial questions are quite beside the point; if finance cannot meet this simple proposition then finance fails, and will be replaced. It has been estimated that two hours per week of the time of every fit adult between the ages of 18 and 45 would provide for a uniformly high standard of physical welfare under existing conditions, and without endorsing the exact figures it is perfectly certain that distribution and not manufacture is the real economic problem and is at present quite intolerably unsatisfactory. There is no need to assume that the whole machinery of business as we know it must be scrapped; in fact, the machinery of business, as machinery, is highly efficient; but it must undoubtedly be adapted so that selfish desire for domination can make it possible for any interest to hold up distribution on purely artificial grounds. Since the analysis of existing conditions which we have undertaken shows that any centralised administrative organisation is certain to be captured by some interest antagonistic to the individual, it seems evident that it is in the direction of decentralisation of control that we must look for such alteration in the social structure as would be self-protective against capture for interested purposes.

As we have already seen, alongside the concentration of political and industrial power a powerful decentralising force is already beginning to show itself in various forms. In considering the manifestation of this force it will be observed that at the moment it is seeking expression through peripheral forms, but for the present operating with old sources of energy, chiefly negative in character, such as the strike. To be effective, however, against positive centralisation positive decentralisation will have to come—decentralised economic power is necessary. The more important of the two forms is the shop steward or rank-and-file movement in industry, and the workmen's councils in politics, both purely decentralising in tendency, quite apart from any special policy for the furtherance of which they may be used. The apprehension with which the movements are regarded by the reactionary capitalist is based far more on a recognition of the difficulties such a scheme of organisation offers to successful corruption and capture than to any regard for the specific items in the policy it may have for the moment; whilst the possibility has been previously parried with ease when presented through delegated Trade Union leaders, whose position of authority have been perforce achieved by exactly the methods best understood by those with whom they have to deal.

The Shop Steward movement is the most definite industrial recognition from the Labour side, of the necessity for decentralisation, some examination of the general scheme is of interest. The actual details of the organisation vary from place to place, trade to trade, and even day to day; but the essence of the idea consists in the adoption of a decentralised unit of production such as the "shop" or department, and the substitution of actual workers in considerable numbers, for the paid Trade Union official as the nucleoli of both industrial and political power (although the political power is not exercised through Parliamentary channels).

The shop steward is generally "industrial" rather than "craft" in interest; that is to say, he represents a body of men who produce an article rather than a section who perform one class of operation for widely different ends; but there is nothing inherent antagonistic as between the two conceptions of function, Industrial Unionism being largely a militant device. He is quite limited in his sphere of action, but initiates general discussion on the basis of first-hand information, and forms a link between the decentralised industrial unit and other units which may be concerned. The practical effect of the arrangement is that the spokesmen are never out of touch with those for whom they speak, since the normal occupation and remuneration of representatives is similar to that of those they represent; and should any cleavage occur, a change of representative can be easily secured. The official concerned has, in theory, no executive authority whatever, nor can he take any action not supported by his co-workers, i.e., the direction of policy is from the bottom upwards instead of from the top downwards, of which the individual shop stewards are banded together in a shop stewards' committee, which has again only just as much authority as the individual workers care to delegate to it.

It is, of course, obvious that the permanent success of any arrangement of this character depends on a common recognition of the interest involved. But there is nothing inherent by the organisation, of certain principles as "confirming standards of reference." In other words, it would be impossible to administer a complicated manufacturing concern on any such principles unless the general body of employees had a general appreciation of the fundamental necessities of the business, inclusive of direction and technical design.

There is no doubt whatever that the idea provides the possibility of self-government without external pressure to an almost unlimited extent, and its similarity in principle to the workmen's councils, now appearing as a new feature in the political aspect, is obvious, and rests on an appreciation of this point of view. It is most difficult in these matters to separate the results of reactionary opposition and attack (to which all experiments dangerous to vested interests are subject) from results due to the actual antagonism produced by them, and since it is quite unquestionable that every resource of autocracy, finance, bureaucracy and Trust capitalism is concentrated in imposable opposition to the fundamental principle of decentralisation, where any initiative in forming a scheme by which the exact practical effect of particular efforts to embody such a theory is hidden for the moment by the fog of war.
Where, of course, it is clear that there is a confusion of
function is that the shop steward claims control not
only of the conditions of production, but eventually of
the terms of distribution. This confusion is quite in-
evitable at present, but is not necessarily permanent,
and is obviously undesirable. It is based on the fallacy
that labour, as such, produces all wealth, whereas the
simple fact is that production is 95 per cent. a matter of
tools and process, which tools and process form the
cultural inheritance of the community not as
workers, but as a community, and as such the com-
munity is most clearly the proper though far from being
the legal, administrator of it.

A Guildsman’s Interpretation
of History.

By Arthur J. Penty.

XIII.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION (continued).

The particular form of government which Rousseau
thought would automatically promote the public wel-
fare was one based upon the sovereignty of the people.
He says:

One essential and inevitable defect which will render
a monarchical government inferior to a republican one is
that in the latter the public voice hardly ever raises to the highest posts any but enlightened and
capable men, and that whenever such men as those who
succeed in monarchies are most frequently only
petty mischief-makers, petty knaves, petty intriguers,
whose petty talents, which enable them to obtain high
posts in courts, only serve to show the public their in-
imitatability as soon as they have attained them. The
people are much less mistaken about their choice than the
prince is; and a man of real merit is almost as rare in a
royal ministry as a fool at the head of a republican
government. Therefore, when some fortunate chance
one of these born rulers takes the helm of affairs in a
monarchy almost wreaked by such a fine set of ministers,
it is quite astonishing what resources lie finds, and his
accession to power forms an epoch in
the history of the country.

Rousseau himself realised this difficulty when he con-
sidered the problem of the legislator. He was of the
opinion that neither the sovereign people nor the execu-
tive were wise enough to frame good laws. The suc-
cessful accomplishment of such a task required a Sup-
man. Of the legislator or lawgiver he says:—

Wise men who want to speak to the vulgar in their
own language instead of in a popular way will not be
understood. Now, there are a thousand kinds of ideas
which it is impossible to translate into the common
language of the people. Views very general and objects very
remote are alike beyond its reach; and each individual approv-
ing of no other plan of government than that which pro-
motes his own interests, does not readily perceive the
benefits which he is to derive from the continual depli-
vations which good laws impose. In order that a newly
formed nation might approve sound maxims of politics
and observe the fundamental rules of State policy, it
would be necessary that the effect should become the
cause; that the social spirit, which should be the work
of the institution, should preside over the institution
itself, and that men should be, prior to the laws, what
they ought to become by means of them. Since, then,
the legislator cannot employ either force or reasoning;
he must needs have recourse to an authority of the
order, which can compel without violence and compel
without convincing.

It is this which in all ages has constrained the
founders of nations to resort to the intervention of
heaven, and to give the gods the credit for their own
wisdom, in order that the nations, subjected to the laws
of the State as to those of nature, and recog-
nising the same power in the formation of man
and in that of the State, might obey willingly
and bear submissively the yoke of the public
welfare. The legislator puts into the mouths of the
immortals that sublime reason which soars beyond the
reach of common men, in order that he may win over
by divine authority those whom human prudence could
not move. But it does not belong to every man to make
the gods his oracles; nor, when he claims himself his interpreter. The great soul of the
legislator is the real miracle which must give proof of
his mission. The choice of the moment for the
establishment of a government is one of the surest marks
for distinguishing the work of the legislator from that
of the tyrant.

Apart from the exceptional problem which the law-
giver presents, Rousseau quite rightly realised that in
general there are certain external circumstances which
favour the rise to power of the wise as there are certain
others which tend to obstruct them. He saw that the
wise stood the best chance of success in the world, where
men were well known to each other, and where a
favour the rise to power of the wise as there are certain
wise stood the best chance of success in the world, where
men were well known to each other, and where a
certain measure of economic equality obtained. Hence his
advocacy of small States and of small property. But
men were well known to each other, and where a
certain measure of economic equality obtained. Hence his
advocacy of small States and of small property. But

He believed in government by the wise. “It is,” he says, “the best
and most natural order of things that the wise should
govern the multitude, when we are sure they will govern
and never be exercised except by virtue of station and
the laws; while as to wealth, no citizen should be
rich enough to be able to buy another, and none poor
enough to be forced to sell himself. . . . It is precisely
because the force of circumstances is ever tending to
destroy equality that the force of legislation should
always tend to maintain it.” Rousseau’s attitude towards
property was not that of the Collectivist.

It will make the position clearer to say that the ideal of
Rousseau was that of the City States of Greece,
which existed independently of each other while they
were federated for the purpose of defence. He saw that
this meant putting the clock back; but this did not deter him.
He realised, as all men do whose reasoning
faculties have not been atrophied by the idea of Pro-
gress, that any fundamental change in the social sys-
tem involves in some degree a return to primitive
condition. All Socialist ideas imply reversion, but the
fact that Socialists are afraid to admit it has led them
into the maze of intellectual confusion in which they
find themselves. But Rousseau lived in an age when men were not afraid of words, and so boldly advocated a return to the conditions of primitive society. In an earlier work he had demanded the renunciation of cultivated life which he asserted led to a distinction of the talents and a disparagement of the virtues, in favour of a return to nature which was to be made in starting point a better form of society. His description of the life of primitive society was so vivid and full of detail while it gave such a feeling of reality to the existence of a golden age in the past that Voltaire said "it made one desire to walk on all fours." Though Rousseau's description was a work of pure fiction—the of primitive man he knew nothing—it came to be believed in as gospel truth, because it served its purpose of contrasting a simple, unsophisticated mode of existence with the artificiality and corruption of France, and gave emphasis to his denunciations of property, privileges and tyranny. In the "Social Contract" his enthusiasm for primitive man appears to have abated somewhat. Perhaps, after all, there was something to be said for civilisation. It was not to be regarded merely as a disease. If many natural advantages are lost, equal advantages are gained. Morality replace appetite and instincts; moreover, there are certain advantages in co-operation. Hence though it is necessary to return to the past he considers that it will not be necessary to return to any state of society prior to the civilisation of early man.

It was because Rousseau was mistaken as to the historical nature of the problem which confronted society that he was led to regard the Greek States as models. Remembering that these States were entirely underwritten by unregulated currency, Rousseau, to have been consistent, should have demanded the abolition of currency. That he did not is to be explained by the circumstance that he was apparently as ignorant of the fact that unregulated currency had destroyed the civilisation of Greece and Rome as of the further fact that the solution of this problem was found by the Medes-Val Guilds. Had he known these facts the course of history would have been different. Instead of seeking a solution that was primarily political he would have sought one that was primarily economic. He would have supported the peasants in their demand for the re-establishment of the Just Price, and would have considered ways and means of restoring the Guilds to maintain it. He would, moreover, have seen that within the Guilds the people were sovereign in the Middle Ages, while their sovereignty was not upon slavery, as was the case with the sovereign peoples of Greece. On this issue Rousseau was not honest with himself. Though he condemns slavery he glosses over the fact that the States which he exalted as models were based upon slavery. "Slavery," he says, "is one of the unfortunate inconveniences of civilised society."

The technical cause of the confusion in which Rousseau found himself is to be found in the revived interest in Roman Law which had established the tradition of thinking about economic problems entirely in terms of property. My chapter on Greece and Rome I drew attention to the mutual dependence of Roman Law and an unregulated currency, pointing out that Roman Law came into being not for the purpose of securing justice, but to cement the dissolution of a society which had been rendered politically unstable through the growth of capitalism—itself the consequence of unregulated currency. Disparaging of the effort to secure justice the Roman jurists addressed themselves to the more immediately urgent task of maintaining order by following the line of least resistance. Not understanding how to regulate currency even if it had been practicable in Rome, they sought to give protection and security to private property as the easiest way of avoiding continual strife among neighbours. The consequence of this was that when after the Reform movement thinkers went to Roman Law for guidance in their speculations as to how to render government stable, the tradition became established of thinking about social and political questions primarily in terms of property instead of in currency. The result of this has been that down to this day social theory is presented statically rather than dynamically. Not understanding why Rousseau's theory was an exception to this rule. It did not deal with the sequential steps which would have to be taken towards the realisation of his ideal society, but presented a new society already grown full. This limitation of Rousseau's theory became all the more apparent as the Revolution developed. Not only were his constructive ideas bear no particular relationship to the problems which had to be met, but they were a positive obstruction in the path of their solution, by filling the minds of the revolutionaries with a priori ideas which obscured the real issues. The Revolution rapidly became a collision between theorists fired with a new ideal and the political, social and economic laws of which they had no comprehension. Not comprehending them they sought in vain to direct the course of events until, exasperated by failure, they came to commit crimes of which they had no comprehension.

Rousseau misread the revolutionaries by focussing attention upon the wrong aspect of the economic problem. He talked about property and ignored currency. I make bold to say that the centre of gravity of the economic problem is not in property, but in currency; for currency is the vital thing, the thing of movement. It is the active principle in capitalism, while property is the passive. It is true that profits which are made by the manipulation of currency sooner or later assume the form of property. All the same, the root mischief is not to be found in property but in unregulated currency. To solve the problem of currency by the institution of Just Prices under the system of Guilds, to regulate exchanges, and adjust the balance between demand and supply, is to bring order into the economic problem at its vital active centre. Having solved the problem at its centre, it will be a comparatively easy matter to deal with the property which lies at the circumference. Property-owners would be able to offer no more effective resistance to change than hitherto landlordism has been able to offer to the growth of capitalism. By such means the reconstruction of society would proceed upon orderly lines. All that it would be necessary for them to do would be to demonstrate movement to exert a steady and constant pressure over a decade or so, and society would be transformed without any more as a riot, much less a revolution. But to begin with property is to get things out of their natural order, for it is to proceed from the circumference to the centre which is contrary to the law of growth. It is to precipitate economic confusion by dragging society up by its roots; and this defeats the ends of revolution by strengthening the hands of the profiteer, for the profiteer thrives on economic confusion. Of what use is it to seek to effect a redistribution of wealth before the profiteer has been got under control? So long as men are at liberty to manipulate exchanges, they will manage to get the wealth of the community into their hands. This is no idle theory. All through the French Revolution, as, indeed, according to reports, in the Russian Revolution of to-day, speculation was a life, paper money depreciated, while a class of nouveaux riches came into existence and the Assemblies were powerless against them. Marat might call for "the accursed brood of capitalists, stock-jobbers and monopolists to be destroyed." But it was easier said than done. For these men were a formation which was absolutely indispensable to the life of the community. They organised distribution, and it was because the leaders of the Revolution entirely failed to see the primacy of distribution that they let the profiteers in. Under the pressure of circumstances the Jacobins de-
creed a maximum price for provisions. But its effect was only to cause continual dearness. Though the Jacobins could terrorise the Convention they could not control the revolutionary profiteers. For the control of currency and exchange, which would have been a comparatively simple proposition at the start, was altogether impracticable when the country was in the throes of revolution. If instead of beginning with the destruction of Feudalism the revolutionaries had begun with the regulation of currency and exchange, the chaos of the Revolution would have been avoided, and Feudalism would have fallen later as dead leaves fall from a tree. The solution of the social problem, as of every other problem in this universe, resolves itself finally into one of order. Take issues in their natural order and everything will straighten itself out beautifully, all the minor details or secondary parts will fall into their proper places. But approach these same issues in a wrong order and confusion results. No subsequent adjustments can remedy the initial error. This principle is universally true. It is as true of writing a book, of designing a building as of conducting a revolution. The secret of success in each case will be found finally to rest upon the perception of the order in which the various issues should be taken.

In School.

X.—"LISTS."
The best direct method I have discovered for the production of good subject-matter from the child's mind is to make the form write down periodically a series or list of detached thoughts on some given subject—no matter how trivial. The aim of each boy is to rouse up something subtle, something as far from the obvious as possible. And since the ultimate effects of this extremely simple method are most important I will give several instances from various "lists" that have been compiled by my form during the last few terms.

1. Things symbolical of Happiness.
   Boys swimming in a river.
   Cornfields on a sunny day.
   A threshing-machine at work.
   Rabbits playing in the twilight.
   The sun shining through stained-glass windows.

2. Things symbolical of Misery.
   A wet asphalt road.
   A London mews on a rainy day.
   Crops beaten flat by heavy rain.
   A donkey standing under a tree on a wet day.
   The blackened and dripping walls of a house after a fire.
   A little child being half pulled, half lifted along by its tail nurse.

3. Cool things to think of on a hot day. (Suggested by Henley's "Bullethead Made in the Hot Weather.")
   A stately dining-room hung with ancestral pictures.
   The notes [i.e., keys] of a fairly new piano.
   Clean sheets as white as snow.
   Exercize-book paper.

4. Pleasing sensations of touch.
   Holding a new tennis-ball or a billiard-ball.
   Running your fingers along a comb.—Stilo.
   When you run your hands through corn, oats, maize, or any kind of grain.
   Passing your hand over a dead pheasant.—Trvwhitt.
   The feeling of security which is given if you are carrying something light in your hand, especially in the dark.
   The feeling of comfort when you touch velvet, not when it is smooth, but when you get your fingers on the top of the little hairs.

When you touch moss. A feeling of peace.—C. Bull.

5. Observations at the Dentist's.

When you are in the waiting-room you will notice there are lots of books and papers you could look at; you will pick up one, but find no interest in it.

The waiting-room looks very dull, but the dentist's room is very bright.

When the dentist comes into a room from behind a curtain he always seems to be longing to pull out a tooth, or hurt you in some way.

The chair is a mixture of extreme comfort and unmerciful brutality—like Circe (86).

When you get up into the chair and he gets behind and presses down the lever, and it feels as if you are going up and up and you feel very drowsy.

After he has finishing drilling your teeth you are so relieved that you assume a sudden liking for the drill and inquire into its workings and say what a very useful thing it must be.

These are some of the best examples I can extract from a large stock of material, and I must confess that, as observations, they do not strike me as being particularly subtle or brilliant. They might easily have been so very much better. But they must not be regarded as ends in themselves, though it is profitable for the form to treat them as such at the time. They are simply exercises in the power of accurate observation, in the act of digging down below the obvious conscious surface to a more valuable and interesting stratum of truth and personal feeling. And as mental exercises I have found them extremely valuable and stimulating to the form. The observer comes to realise that there is a lower stratum, and that it is worth exploring in his compositions.

Children are often told at school to "avoid the commonplace" when writing. But how can they avoid the commonplace if they know of no other track to pursue? Let them once become familiar with the fascinating workings of the deeper strata and they will forsake the more obvious out of sheer interest in the less. They will be able to reject the first lazy epiphget that shows itself on the conscious surface, and search for a better one automatically: I have noticed obvious traces of the effects of these Lists appearing in subsequent compositions, often many weeks afterwards. A fairly clear example occurs in the first sentence of Wilkinson's essay on "Rooms" quoted in a previous chapter:

On entering your parents' bedroom a cold and tidy smell reaches you; everything seems haughty, superior, and mysterious.

These epithets would never have been evoked but for a list of "Subtle Smells" compiled in the preceding term. The same list was also probably responsible for the following passage by Radcliffe out of a humorous sketch from which I will quote at greater length next week.

The new home of the Brown family had the odour of chess-boards, old pianos, and musty papers. The hall
The form is given a specific time (say, twenty minutes) in which to compile the required list. Then if there is any desire to continue at the expiration of the time another five minutes is allowed. Then if there are to stop writing, and each boy reads out his list in turn, while the other members of the form say what marks they think each item deserves. Thoughts that are off the point, or too obvious, are rejected; others receive one or two marks. The voting is generally surprisingly unanimous—just a murmur of "too obvious," or "not without signs of evil"—as the case may be. But if there is a marked difference of opinion the master decides. No one who has any knowledge of the schoolboy's mind will need to be told that the voting is scrupulously fair. It also seems to promote a healthy spirit of generosity. The least sign of genius is always welcomed with a chorus of sympathetic approval, and the unhealthy features of individualism fostered by the marking system disappear altogether in the collective mind of a form which soon begins to assert itself.

The salutary effect of this method of awarding marks is so great that even where the practice of marking does not obtain it would be a pity not to make use of it in this connection. (Note that it is not the marking itself that is beneficial, but the interest in each other's work, and in the work as a whole, evoked by the boys' awarding of the marks.) No particular interest is taken in the number of marks received by the individual boy; the papers are collected at the end of the lesson, and probably not one boy knows how many marks another receives.

To get still further down to details; what actually happens in form is this. The first boy begins to read out his list, not without signs of embarrassment. (The exaggerated Ego, which has, incidentally, censored his best efforts, battens on the artificial spirit of abnormally reticent common to the English schoolboy.) But before many items have been discussed cries from all round are heard. "Please, sir, may I put down one more?" At first I used to yield to these entreaties, but experience soon showed that to do so was unpractical. There is a limited amount of time, and it is important that the reading of the lists should be finished. The custom now is for them to say aloud what fresh thoughts occur during the reading, and it is hardly necessary to add that these spoken thoughts are, for the most part, of a much higher quality than the earlier written ones. (For example, I find that much of the subllest of the Sensations of Touch quoted above, "When you pull a long hair out of your mouth...") one might say, remains unmarked at the end of Rodcliffe's list, and must have been written as an afterthought.

It will be found profitable on some later occasion to point out this improvement to the form, and ask them to explain the cause. To do so at the time would break the spell of collective superconsciousness aroused by the defeat of the exaggerated Ego and the growth of a feeling of the automatically-owned thoughts and ideas are really common property. Before the lesson ends the form will be alert and eager, thrusting out tentacles in all directions, some at least of which it is fairly certain will find a permanent foothold.

T. R. Coxon.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Something over a year ago, when we used to discuss the awful condition of the London theatres, I noticed in this column a letter by three young playwrights, Messrs. Hermon Ould, Horace Shipp, and Harold Scott. They had written to our contemporary, the "Nation," to declare that "the necessary rescue from 'Stage and Stage Philistinism' will be effected only by a higher idealism and greater consecration to art... that the future theatre must aim at giving the fullest opportunity for expression to those whose sincerity raises them above the usual stage enterprise in artistic profiteering." It was also declared that "the primary need of such a theatre will be endowment. These three young men have now combined in what is called The Curtain Group (suggested motto: 'Behind the arras I'll convey myself. Polonius,') and at the Ealing Repertory Theatre, on Friday, June 27, gave what was, I believe, their first production. It was a triple bill, consisting of "The Garret," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, "The Two Sons," by Jack Edwards, and "Christmas Eve," by Hermon Ould. Perhaps Sir Alfred Butt and Mr. or Mr. Louis will now see the error of their ways; certainly, many members of the audience seemed to be uneasy, and (who knows?) they may have been repenting their "Stage and Stage Philistinism"—on the other hand, they may not.

For this 'higher idealism and greater consecration to art' certainly requires a longer apprenticeship not only to the practice of the technique but to the study of the traditions of the theatre than the authors have apparently served; and there is also an influx of the spirit, called "inspiration," without which no movement can be made. The garret has been to many the temple of inspiration, although Gissing managed to work in a cell; but perhaps Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson has never lived in a garret? If he has, he found no inspiration there. It is true that Isaac Oxley (what a name!) declares that if it is "hell," but hell has inspired some very good work; indeed, the Puritan would declare that it has inspired all the works of the theatre. But Mr. Gibson is impervious to the spirit of hell; his Isaac Oxley has left the hill-country to work in the town—and there is no work in the town. He is starving, he says, and the phrase is at least familiar, in the midst of plenty, to those who do not understand why he should not return from looking for work until nearly three in the morning—and without "swag." Anyhow, he does return; and there is his beloved from the hill-country awaiting him by the fire (how obtained, we are not told); giving him sixpence to buy some coffee, she declares her intention of staying with him and finding work. Whatever else it may be, it is not a play; it is not even an experiment in a new form, nor does it handle new material. It is our old friend, the "dialogue," written without any attempt to produce an effect on the audience—unless Mr. Gibson deliberately aimed at boredom. It is impossible to discover the "higher idealism" in this dialogue; and if Mr. Gibson has been called to a "greater consecration to art," it is not the art of the theatre. All that can be said of "The Garret" is that it would not be produced in the commercial theatre.

Mr. Jack Edwards has at least a leaning towards melodrama; and Mr. Ion Swinley's delivery made some of the passages sound like human speech. The elder of "The Two Sons" was almost a man; the younger, although played by Mr. Ernest Milton, did not begin to be alive. Mr. Edwards has taken a fairly common theme; a father, whose religion had made "hell" for everybody about him (said "hell" neither described nor illustrated) dies of pneumonia (off). The younger son (on) mournfully watches the sunset, while the servant attempts to console him with the obvious reflection that
the father was not worth grieving about. The elder son was looking for the will, and ejecutating uncomplimentary remarks about the deceased; the sound of a stick tapping apparently along the passage terrifies the younger son into the belief that his father's spirit is haunting him—and he blurs out the confession that he murdered his father for his brother's sake. The elder brother demands assurances that the younger brother is innocent of the will, obtains them; and is just apparently choking the life out of his brother when the owner of the stick appears. It is the husband of the servant, come to spend the night with the corpse. Younger brother picks up revolver and cartridges, and runs off; elder brother follows him, servant's husband follows elder brother. Empty stage, sound of a shot, curtain.

That the conclusion is unconventional may be admitted; all incompetence is unconventional, and it is incompetent to produce a farcical effect when aiming at a tragic effect. The sight of the three principals running after each other is funny, and the revolver shot (off) does not produce the tragic effect, for there is no one to feel it or to express it. Besides, Mr. Edwards has not led up to his conclusion; although any old playgoer would find among the father's effects that it would be used later in the play, there was nothing in the situation to indicate who would use it, or why. Apparently, Mr. Edwards wants us to believe that the younger son shot himself because his love for his brother had been scorned; well, we believe it, but what of it? Mr. Edwards has done nothing to reveal that love, to make it real to the audience; and the impulsive suicide is an evasion of the original theme, which was apparently the effect produced on the two sons by the death of the father, and, incidentally, a revelation of the real character of the father.

"Christmas Eve" provides Mr. Hermon Ould and others with an excuse for singing folk-songs and dancing folk-dances; it has nothing to do with the art of the theatre. "Widdicombe Fair," "The Wrangle-Tagggle Gypsies," etc., are none the better for being sung 'n an imitation pothouse by imitation yokels; and as the very essence of folk art is that the folk shall perform it, Mr. Hermon Ould's artistic conscience has misled him in this attempt to make a spectacle of folk-song and dance.

The general conclusion is that the "higher idealism and greater consecration to art" professed by The Curtain Group results in a production that would be a disgrace to any set of club professionals. Indeed, the manifesto read by the treasurer during one of the interminable intervals suggests that it is not the commercial theatre that The Curtain Group intends to exploit, but that almost undiscovered country of working men's clubs from which emerged several notable music-hall artists of the last generation. The Curtain Group intends to appeal, we were told, to the Trade Unions, the Brotherhoods, and similar democratic organisations, for its public; and slovenly production of incompetent work may perhaps convince that public of the "higher idealism" of The Curtain Group. But even the working man is used to the work of the Moody-Manners, the Carl Rosa, and latterly the Beecham Opera companies; and might draw unfavouring comparisons when confronted with "Christmas Eve." The simple fact is that there is only one art of drama, and The Curtain Group has not learned it; the rest is the usual advertisement of self-satisfied but incompetent people. "Sincerity" is not the only, nor the most important, quality of the dramatist; but even if it were, The Curtain Group has not discovered it.

Listen, Children. By R. A. V. G.

Lonely travellers on a noisy path, listen to my secret, which is burdening my soul. Be my confessors, ye unchaste knights with private mys-tery! I have looked deep under my curtains and have been stricken with terror, for my eyes have met the anxious look of a God in pains of birth.

Who are you, stranger, in my innermost? I questioned with terror.

The sleepy eyes of a child in me whispered the answer.

Open my eyes more widely and you shall see me. Untie my tongue and you shall hear me, you, stranger, at my出门.

What! cried my poor Self, am I a field of a strange seed? And a house of an unsuspected guest? Have I not fled from among men into solitude to cure me by the restful feeling of my Unity, and you are now peopling me from inside? Woe to me who am born in this indiscrret world where one cannot be a second without a company.

You are not born to be born, but to give birth to me, the ghastly answer came.

I rushed back to the noisy path again and tried to forget the secret guest in me. For years and years I went from one hated noise into another, fearing the intervals of solitude and praising the rude inhospitality to secret guests. O ye heights of Himalaya! O ye depths of Pacific! Your solitude allured me again and again after the ugly noise of tongues and stomachs of the human ant-crowds.

And there I am again in solitude. Ridiculous solitude! Now less alone than ever. The seed has covered the whole field. The guest has taken all the rooms from the host unawares, and the host is beggarly, crouching at the threshold. The secret child has grown up and my death is at hand.

Blessed are those who never discover God, for they are like moles that always remain under earth unmolested by the burning sun!

A PRAYER TO THE STARS.

Cursed stars, who have intoxicated me with your flirting beauty, repay now a lifelong admiration with the little help I ask from you. Deliver me from this unknown child in me. Make me a dry bone in the hot sand, so that every companion would shrink back from me, and no serpent would dare to coil at night around me.

O no, no! I must not curse you. Probably you are as revengeful as men. My eyes have made you so small. Reason enough for revenge.

Dancing stars, the clock of my little pilgrimage, persuade the strange child to go into a somewhat more solid house. I am a fluid statue; to-morrow I like my aloofness, my Self.

Let me enjoy my fatherless and motherless and childless aloofness somewhere. Somewhere? Perhaps there is an island star in the Milky Way. But no—there are too, too many. It is a bed of families. Cannot you transfer me to the uttermost part of the Universe, on a little star, too little to see its neighbourhood, and too little to be seen by neighbours, by no eye and no telescope? There let me enjoy my aloofness for a day or two. Before my watery statue, a telescope? There let me enjoy my aloofness for a day or two. Before my watery statue, not a man would dare to coil at night around me.

I prayed to the stars, and my prayer was answered.

So I prayed to the stars, and my prayer was supported by every atom of my flesh, by every cell of my blood, by every nerve of my sinews.

An enigmatic answer came in flame alluding to death. Shall I then pray to death to deliver me? Ah, but death has no sting for me, no power over me! A haunting belief I bear in my brain, that I am older than death.

Older than death! Is there any such a gnawing
nightmare as this belief? Immortality! Nothing ever meets the death as sweet to me as the consuming belief in immortality. I cannot free myself from it, my sweet brother Buddha. Can you deliver me from it, grandmotherly stars, whose tiring longevity I am the last insect in the solar system to envy?

You say you cannot? Well, I have made my protests, I have made my prayers, and now I bow before Fate, and am going to have a talk with the new-born child.

Blessed are those who have no sense of immortality. Before for they have drunk the half of their cup of wine death touches the cup from their pale lips and offers it to the lips newly evoked from mud.

THE STRANGE CHILD'S STRANGEST TALK.

O ye thirsty ones, do you know what it means, the burning thirst of a searcher after God? You do not. When a desert is parching your throat you live still in hope of finding an oasis soon. But to a searcher of Him it often happens that the whole Universe from one end to another appears a desolate desert, greenless and waterless. When all the mighty suns and their numberless cradles in which I am the smallest of you. Children, I am the least servant. Prophets, I am the last comer. Elephants, I am your mover. Mountains, I am the smith of your crystals. Volcanoes, I am your law. Microbes, I am your driver. History, I am your key. Those who speak of me as immanent and those who call me transcendent, both are right. For I am immanent, and yet I am transcendent. To the illuminated it is no confusion if I say: I am the host of the world and yet I am the strangest guest in it.

Those who shout that I am invented by men and those who preach that I have invented men, both are right, for I invented men in order that they should invent me.

Does not a shepherd feed his sheep with the view that the sheep should help his own growth? Does not a farmer grow cabbage to provide the way for my coming. I am walking in the garden of the world in my prophets. They are seen and known, but I am only guessed and announced.

Those who deride me and those who affirm me both are right. For I am not yet come, I am still sending my heralds to prepare the way for my coming. I am walking in the garden of the world in my prophets. They are seen and known, but I am only guessed and announced.

To the illuminated it is no confusion if I say: I am the host of the world and yet I am the strangest guest in it.

Those who shout that I am invented by men and those who preach that I have invented men, both are right, for I invented men in order that they should invent me.

And when I am grown a strong youth in you, I will send you to announce me to myriads of barren frames, in which I am struggling for life, and to myriads of narrow cradles in which I am pressed like a leaf in a herbarium, yea, to announce the birth of a young God.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

By Edward Moore.

People are not perhaps so eclectic as they seem when they couple together, as they do habitually, the names of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw. For the truth is that, with all their differences—and it would be difficult to magnify them—these writers are profoundly alike. The unique attraction which they exert upon each other, the instant comprehension that has sprung from each other's positions, even when these are violently opposed, and the almost insallable knack they possess of acting as foils, of shining each at the expense and to the glory of the other, point to a plain truth: they both belong to the same family. Now, Mr. Chesterton claims to be an average man. Well, so is Mr. Shaw. The real difference between them is that Mr. Chesterton is the average man romantic, while Mr. Shaw is the average man rationalistic. The romantic temperament is, of course, by far the more common, and Mr. Chesterton represents perhaps ninety-nine hundreds of average men. Mr. Shaw, the remaining hundredth. And this is the reason why the former is a figure of so much significance compared with the latter; which makes him a national force and leaves Mr. Shaw the leader, at the most, of a clique. Because Mr. Shaw is not a popular writer, people have rashly concluded that he must be a great one. It is hardly so. The great writer is understood by the few and revered by the many. But Mr. Shaw is esteemed equally by both; the former understand him only too well, the latter do not understand him at all. Those who take him seriously, his followers, are apart from the many, it is true, but not above them. This, however, is the very definition of a sect.

If it is doubted that Mr. Shaw is an average man, just consider for a moment one or two of his opinions. He has said, for example, to take a trivial but illuminating instance, that blank verse could be very well turned out by machinery. This, of course, is so absurd in its misunderstanding of blank verse, that not even ignorance could improve upon it. But, nevertheless, is it not exactly what any average man thinks who uses his reason merely and has no imagination to use? Consider, again, Mr. Shaw's views upon marriage, or war, or society. Are not the views which every average man rationalistic takes seriously, with a triumphant conviction that they are manifestly true? And Mr. Shaw's disdainful attitude to the accepted fact only confirms one's suspicions. Nothing can be more impudent than rationalism's faith to the man whose logic is without arrière pensée everything that is irrational must needs appear absurd. And Mr. Shaw's métier is to show everything accepted that it is absurd! In doing so he goes indeed beyond the mediocre, but it is in having a faith in logic more arrogant, more naive, than theirs; in being, in short, more mediocre than the mediocre. Mediocrity is in him become passionate, evangelical, prophetic, and in its name he condemns society.

What is the ideal which would naturally appeal to such a mind? It is the ideal of health, or, rather, of health culture, the bourgeois ideal par excellence. Mr. Shaw's works are the defamation of health, the worship of health for health's sake. The very Life Force is a sort of agency for turning out healthy babies, and education in the Shavian sense is the attempt to develop the efficient body thus procured in an efficient brain. The great man, as Mr. Shaw depicts him, is the healthy man, the man with "no nonsense"—therefore he who is a good rationalist to boot: his Caesar is an example. Him he depicts as sane to an insane degree; but in all complete men there is perhaps a little insanity—it is even necessary to their sanity! The ideal of health deprives all Mr. Shaw's other ideals: his ideals of society, of humanity, of marriage, of reli-
And Mr. Shaw's treatment of Love is typical. There is something left out of all his concepts and characters, and that thing is instinct. His women have not love, but only eugenics. If any of his characters are hurt they do not run away, the contrary; they stay with the pain, and explain at length that their feelings are altogether the opposite of what you imagined! They do not feel; they argue about their feelings. In short, instead of instinct they have reason; it is this which gives to Mr. Shaw's dramas their unique character of paradox and even their wit. His wit is in two cases: one, the notion simply logic pushed to its ultimate, its unexpected conclusion. When people in a comical act as we are sure they would not act, in conformity with a set of principles about which at the time we are completely in the dark, they divert us by the apparent absurdity of everything they do, they act wittily. Let it be acknowledged that Mr. Shaw's wit, however secured, is wit. One is, nevertheless, entitled to say that it is the naive wit of an irreverent child who has neither instinct nor imagination, and who scores by making amusing and insinuating remarks about matters in which instinct and imagination are everything. Mr. Shaw's Caesar, for instance, is amusing precisely because he is not imaginatively grasped, because he is so unexpectedly unlike and so infinitely less than the original. Time after time, Mr. Shaw is witty because he is without imagination.

His utter lack of imagination explains much that appears incomprehensible in Mr. Shaw: we often forget that the solution of the most subtle riddle is simple. It explains, for instance, how he could write "Mrs. Warren's Profession," that most sanitary work, and leave out the least trace of salacity while introducing the most gross circumstances. It explains why his ideals are so undesirable. He contemplates his State Socialism with satisfaction simply because he has not the power to envisage it as it would be in fact. As an observer, as an analyst, he is admirable; he sees the defects of society with unique clearness. But his ideal is the creation purely of his logic; and after he has created his Utopia he cannot see "the frightful difficulty of getting people to live in it." If Mr. Shaw is a revolutionist he is perfectly innocent in his revolt; he does not ever dream that men will feel the lack of the family and of Freedom! Who would have thought that in the bosom of the most cynical writer of our time there would be such abysmal innocence? The naïveté here is unqualified; and it entitles one to treat Mr. Shaw's cynicism with cynicism.

Nietzsche said of Wagner that, without being an artist, he made himself into one; and he added: "Well, Mr. Shaw has gone further; by argument and nothing else he has convinced people that he is an artist—even when they know that he is not! Why Mr. Shaw, with gifts so suited to anything rather than art, should have persevered in becoming an artist it is impossible to say. Perhaps it is his involuntary homage to art, perhaps it is his recognition that, however admirable reason may be, there is something greater than it. Therefore, he will scale heaven even if he knows he will be uncomfortable there. And if in the end he cannot rise to it, he will bring it down to him. If he cannot become an artist he must have some other way to suit his case. If Shaw cannot go to the mountain, then the mountain will come to Shaw. Hence, his continual justification of himself, his constant refutation of accepted art. The Will to Power, in short!

In one field at least Mr. Shaw is admirable; it is in the treatment of practical questions. There his eye is incredibly keen in detecting the absurd in all that is irrational and absurd. His limitation is that there, too, he judges everything by the rationalistic standard. Yet it cannot be denied that his glorifying rationalism has served his generation well; there are in this age so many beliefs that are below the level of the rational!
The historical method pursued by Mr. Desmond leads inevitably to cynicism (I say nothing of the boredom of his readers who are compelled to read this book, which are horribly like real ones). There is a general consensus of opinion that the God of the people is not a grateful God; Cromwell, looking back over an inspired political life, thought that he would have done better to tend sheep, the less pious Danton thought that it would be better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with the governing of men. History abounds with similar examples; while the poetical Psalmist declared: "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help": and Browning's "The Patriot" brings the poetical witness to the fickleness of the people nearly up to date. Historically considered, a leader of the people is doomed either to a wasted life or a horrible death, sometimes to both; and the Creegan of "Democracy" is actually reported to have been crucified by the people.

But to those who expect neither art nor history from a novelist, who accept gratefully whatever is offered to them in print, the book will certainly be interesting. Much of it, for example, the argumentative passages, would be better printed as a series of political essays, but all the well-known figures are here, the Socialist "Duchess," the anti-Feminist metaphysician of the Socialist movement, numerous Labour men, the Conservative ex-Prime Minister with the delightful manners, Socialists of all kinds, even the Craft-Socialists, whom Mr. Desmond befouls with a filthy scandal. The reader is able to take tea in many places, in the ducal mansion, in the Hampstead flat of a female "social student" amid a crowd of weird people, in various coffee shops during strikes, wherever there is to be had, there Mr. Desmond serves it to an appropriate clatter of talk. The various forms of publicity, public meetings, Labour conferences, even the editorial offices of a London daily paper, are all exploited by Mr. Desmond; he even introduces us to one of those attempts at arbitration between masters and men when the Big Stick is shaken as the only peace-offering. If democracy, like wisdom, is justified of all her children, Mr. Desmond seems to have omitted nothing and no one who might conceivably fit into the picture; but the total effect is that of a medley without unity of spirit or direction. There is much inflammatory oratory, as much, if not more, of that ponderous common-sense speech-making that the political Labour Labourer has so much of experience—but although the conflict of direct action and political action is compromised by the pessimistic acceptance of both, the goal of neither is revealed. The struggle is a mere struggle for power; but although it might be right, it is not intelligence, and democracy without its Utopia is a headless giant. Perhaps Mr. Desmond will provide that in another volume.
Reviews.

The New Decameron: Prologue and First Day. By Various Authors. (Blackwell. 6s. net.)

The title is misleading; there never will be a "new" Decameron, but the device serves to bring together in one volume a series of short stories in prose and verse. "Turpin's Temperamental Tour" begins with a break-down of the machinery of the yacht, and to beguile the tedious period of waiting the tourists tell stories. Here men "hit the trail," "slide the freight," "cache the loot," "punch" cows or "rustle" them, and generally pursue their respective avocations. The Woman-Doctor's Tale, by W. F. Harvey, is quite a good story of the horrible, without any psychical research to explain it. The Detective's Friend's Tale, by M. Nightingale, re-introduces our old friend, the amateur detective, who discovers the real criminal while he is on the scent. The Sheriffs Son. The Sherif's Son. The Sheriffs Son. By William MacLeod Raine. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

The wild and woolly West has not yet lost its fascination; and those who like stories in which most conversations begin with the command "Reach for the roof," will find entertainment in the numerous "punch" cows or "rustle" them, and generally behave like cinema heroes; incidentally, law and order is introduced to a set of more or less honest ruffians in the Big Creek country. The sheriff's son was born in troublous times and had a constitution naturally feeble; but the exigencies of the time compelled him to be as tough as the other men were afraid, and he became quite a "puffy" fighter. More wonderful still, the chief "rustler's" niece became a psychologist under the influence of love, and addressed him eulogistically by earning it. The author saith she said so; it is strange!

Jinny the Carrier. By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Zangwill's "first novel this century" was written to please a lady who demanded a "bland" novel, "one to be read when in bed with a sore throat"; and here is the emollient pastiche. It is full of good things, each more soothing than the rest; the story goes on for ever and ever, and begins where Mr. Zangwill ends. In Essex, in the 'fifties, they had no time to make haste; they just went on, like the reluctant convert to the teaching of "they Christy Dolphins," hoping that "she wouldn't go on gooin' forward." But we think that Mr. Zangwill really wrote the story to please himself; all his skill in romantic farce is employed here, and a facetious spirit informs the whole. These people are funny to us, because we cannot resist the temptation to make them appear funny; the correspondence between Jinny and her lover, for example, is the play of a literary man. Jinny had the advantage of a Universal Spelling-Book, but Will, with no other source of literary information than the Bible, was really must less. "William Flynn to the Damsel of Blackwater Hall greeting. This epistle doth proclaim in the name of the generations of Frog Farm that Methuselah shall not come to pass here henceforward, inasmuch as behold here am I to purchase whatever is verily to be desired from Chipstone, be it candles or oil or spice or any manner of thing whatsoever, nor shall you carry forth aught henceforth, for lo! we will make no further covenant with you or aught that is yours. Peace be with you, as thank God it leaves me at present." And

the postscript: "Let not your horn be exalted nor speak with a stiff neck, for surely this is not the way to give grace in the eyes of the discerning." This is the perfection of farce, of a literary man's mockery of style; and Mr. Zangwill never swerves from his peculiar method of skill. He trembles once or twice on the verge of imaginative creation, but he is playing for safety, for the dexterous manipulation of his materials to the production of a foregone conclusion; and he keeps at the circumference of reality instead of plunging to its centre. Even the flood, with its devastating effects, washes through his story without undermining the structure of his farce; and he announces the flood with a pun. Jinny's dog appeared in church dripping, but the worshippers were not surprised; "only that Saturday night it had rained 'cats and dogs'; one dripping dog was therefore no alarming phenomenon." That is Mr. Zangwill's mood, and it is useless to protest against it; he never identifies himself with his characters, he only lends them his wit knowing that they will make themselves look as absurd as he would look in a smock-frock. His people are life-like, almost like puppets, but they are not alive. The glamour of the footlights is over them all; Jinny starves during her bad period as romantically as any heroine of melodrama, even the horse endures short rations without any apparent harm. So the author issues his story away with an elaborate ingenuity of invention and observation (occasionally Mr. Zangwill is too modern, when he declares that a certain lady "had no more temperament than a tinned sardine"); his story is in Essex, but Essex is not in his story.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"THE ETHIOPIAN SAGA." Sir,—Having read the "Ethiopian Saga" with great interest and enjoyment, I am glad to see your contributor, "R. H. C.'s" answer to Sir Harry Johnston's strictures, which did not at the time appear to me to be deserved. On two points which "R. H. C." has left unnoticed I may perhaps be permitted to touch. "Spald" may be—indeed I think it is—an impossible name for a Bantu African; but Sepelole or Sepelelo, for which it seems to me a quite conceivable misconception, is not. Again, the English of the Authorized version, being the attempt of a simpler age than our own to convey some of the most ancient sagas in the world, is by no means an unsuitable medium for conveying the legends of a primitive people. The late Bishop Colenso, when translating direct from the Hebrew, remarked on the ease and aptness with which the books of Samuel went into Zulu, and the Elizabethan English which so felicitously represents the one is also the best adapted for the other.

But I should like to join issue with "R. H. C." when he says "the Saga is the last as well as the first of its kind. None other like it will be written, for the simple reason that its psychology and circumstances have passed away for ever." If this means that no new legends of the kind can now grow up in the locality which produced this one, it is no doubt true; but there are elsewhere vast African populations still in the saga age. Even the Zulus still possess vast masses of tradition at least as living to them as the ballads collected by Scott were to the Borderers a hundred years since. They can still be collected and recorded before it is too late. The "South African Folk-Lore Journal" contains a fully-fledged myth of quite recent growth—the incident is alleged to have happened on the day of Isandhlwana and was recorded less than five years later. The Washambala of East Africa have a glorious saga of their hero Mbeqa, who came out of Ntagia, wronged and disowned by his brothers, cleared the land of wild beasts (especially especially astrons pig), and became its first chief. Fortunately, this has been written down in Swahili by Abdallah bin Hemel Litjemi and printed by the Universities Mission. And, peace from R. H. C.," I hope it is not too late for some Mosuto to write us the Saga of Mohlomi, the chief who loved peace and knowledge better than dominion.

A. WERNER.

University Reader in Swahili.

JULY 10, 1919
from the said stage and stock to the lower rungs of the "Intelligentsia." 10

Decidedly localism is not the same in all countries; it has its local and its ubiquitous qualities. If the French are less likely to monopolize a compartment in the train, they are equally stupid about disposing their luggage (baggage) on the racks. If no conceivable Frenchman could have displayed the cheek of our last British specimen, there is the constant propensity of the Latin to perform natural functions in such a way as to make all walks in proximity to city walls or pulsing malodorous. The erudite Cabanès has spent a lifetime in trying to dissuade them. The sweet savours of spring are still in Jeopardy here from this cause, as in Hesse-Darmstadt, from the interlocking sequence of beergardens each empesting the breeze well into the radius of the next stench.

Full salvation is not for any one country; and a religion preaching the hatred both of meanness and of stupidity has not yet been revealed to mankind.

FELICITY SEEN FROM FAR.

Now wanly looks that Sun which in his noon
For ever fixed in highest heaven must stand,
And fields that shall be paradise are strewn
With chilly dews and mists on every hand;
None stirs to warm the hearth, and here the kine,
Yet undelivered of the morning's wealth,
By the dank hedgerow silent seem to pine,
And the foul fox, full gorged, stalks home with stealth:
And, night but half-forgotten, and alone,
As one to toil my spirit abroad is gone.

Or like a lamb, new when the windy tops
Of all the trees bemoan the tardy year,
When threshold leaves are blown among the copse,
And only the careful herd thinks primavere;
So is my soul sore doubtful of her power,
And sees not (silly wight) that all the rare
Rattle tenderness of April hour by hour
Blows beneficent more on the air:
But when she feels the sharp breath of the east,
Full piteous plainings wake her breast.

Long hath my ship rid safe in harboured sea,
Her anchor deep in ignorance: now fate
Bows upon shore: she must (or grounded be)
Peest staggering out before the deep abate;
Driven from the safe arms of the deep green lands;
But if she pass dread nights and toiling days,
And spend all store, God wot she 'scapes the sands;
Softly, fondly tears the sun on glistening face;
Mist in the orient mend his power apace.

Yea, yea: assuredly thou'rt like them all,
Mine heart: the herd at dawn, the woeful lamb,
The labouring ship: yet count thy joys not small,
Art thou not glad to leave that whence thou camest?
If thou buy thee fine weeds for greater state,
In doing off the old, thou must awake
Stead naked and be starved for lack of heat;
But in thy new array shalt have the smile
(Which maketh all the impatient season vernal)
Of thine hard-chosen Love that is eternal.

*Intelligentsia—term welcomed, I do not know why,
By various people; chiefly adopted by a species of cerebral rastaquouer who wants the artist's privileges without doing the artist's work.

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