In the course of the debate on the Profiteering Bill Sir Auckland Geddes remarked that "the introduction of the word into the language is really something of a landmark." And so it would be if, with the introduction of the word, the system itself were on the point of vanishing. There is, however, no hope that its disappearance will be brought about by the new Bill; nor is there anywhere, that we can discover, any expectation that this may happen. The cynicism which faithful old Anglo-Indians like Sir Bampfylde Fuller have been "astounded" to find behind the scenes, is now becoming more clearly manifested than in the contrast of the private and ostensibly designed. No profiteer of more than the smallest importance will be diverted from profiteering by reason of the Bill; none of the really guilty parties will be as clearly convinced as men could be that the Bill would prove to be useless for the purpose for which it was ostensibly designed. No profiteer of more than the smallest importance will be diverted from profiteering by reason of the Bill; none of the really guilty parties will be punished under it; and its effect on prices in the home to the masses if they are not to go from worse to worse. An intensified productive system, an increased production, though, no doubt, they appear to be and are made to seem indispensable to increased production, is all that is desirable or practicable; and this extenuation of the crime of the Bill is everywhere, or almost everywhere, both pleaded and allowed. The fact, however, is that the remedy against profiteering is not only discoverable, but it has been discovered. High prices, we assert, could be brought down within a few months given the will to do so. Unfortunately, however, it is the will amongst those who exercise control that is lacking; and they have little difficulty in persuading the masses that the problem is beyond the wit of man.

Profiteering with its accompanying circumstance of high prices, however, is a problem that cannot be set aside as insoluble in the faith that it is, at least, circumscribed in its effects. On the contrary, it is now increasing in intensity, and it will continue so to increase. The common remedy, everywhere being shouted from the housetops, of increased production is not only, we may confidently say, no remedy whatever, in the form that increased production is bound to take (for it is obvious that increased production will tend to reduce the price only of those commodities whose production is increased, and since, under the existing control of industry, they are certain to be either luxuries or aids to further production, they are not likely to make common necessities any cheaper, but increased production as understood by its belles, is certain to have the opposite effect of that which is promised. Is it absolutely beyond ordinary intelligence to understand that an increased production of luxuries or means to further production not only does nothing to bring down the cost of living directly, but indirectly, by increasing the sum of loan-credit and thus depreciating the purchasing value of money-wages, actually raises the cost of living to the classes that live on fixed incomes? By some process or other this elementary proposition in economics must be brought home to the masses if they are not to go from worse to worse. An intensified productive system, an increased production, though, no doubt, they appear to be and are made to seem indispensable to increased distribution, are, nevertheless, under the existing control of prices, perfectly compatible with increased prices of any commodities of a general distribution. They are more than compatible with the increased price of necessities; they are, once again under the existing control of credit, inseparable from this effect. What we are, therefore, about to witness, as a mere consequence of the adoption of the supposed remedy of increased production, is an aggravation of the very disease against which it is affirmed to be the only remedy. We shall, we have no doubt, produce more, produce and produce until the wealthy classes and the capitalists of the world are choked by production and begin to throttle each other in the contracting markets of the world; but the level of living for the working-classes (in other words, the amount of the production purchasable by a day's wages) will steadily decline as
of a war that seemed both endless and hopeless. All exaggerations apart, can it be truthfully said that of the three choices theoretically open to the Russian people, they necessarily chose the worst? Faced by an apparently certain bankruptcy, on the one hand, and by an apparently endless war, on the other—the choice of Revolution in the case of Russia was uniquely, unhistoric, and never to be repeated? Would the rest of Europe in the similar situation that may, according to Mr. Hoover, be even now ripening, of necessity and with the example of Russia before it, behave otherwise? May the event long "remain to be seen"? May the intelligence of the French and the will of the European peoples, the English people, you and we, save us from the temptation by discovering a third way out that is not Revolution! Nevertheless, the possibility that we shall fail is within our calculations; and for a crumb of comfort we can turn, if we like, to the description of "Petrograd under the Terror" by a Russian officer, communicated to the "Times" of last week. Writing, we must suppose, with the intention of making the situation as black as his veracity will allow, our Russian officer briefly summarises" the position of the workmen under Bolshevism: "He must work whether he wants to or not. He may not change his work without permission. He may not leave the town in which he lives without special permission. No holiday or day off may be taken without special leave. Workmen are always under supervision. The petty indigent Russian officer (who probably has no notion of the wage-system) might possibly be terrifying if it were not so familiar. We need not point out the parallel between the position of workmen under the Bolshevist Terror and the position of workmen under British Capitalism; we will simply remark that one dictatorship, whatever its name, is very much like another.

It has often been claimed that we are a nation of deers rather than words; but the crisis must be present in a manifest form, it seems to us, before our public men can be provoked to act common sense. Actually, there is nothing in the existing situation that calls for alarm provided that we apply to it the practical common sense of the social engineer. On the other hand, we are in the greatest possible peril if we continue merely to contemplate the situation, and, while doing nothing else, to "hope for the best." "Hoping for the best," however, appears to be all that most of our social advisers can recommend, though it may sometimes take the form of declaring it symptomatic of the best thought and best will to be, merely because we wish it to be. "Increased production," said Mr. Clynes at the Industrial League last week, "must mean not only increased commercial prosperity or increased profits, it must mean an increased standard of social life for the worker"; and speaking "for all employers," Mr. Neville Chamberlain said on the same occasion that "they did not desire to see wages lowered." What, however, is the virtue in these "musts" and "desires" if they are unaccompanied by the means of fulfilling and meeting them? There is no "must" in the natural relationship of increased production to "an increased standard of social life for the worker"; on the contrary, the natural relationship, as we have seen, is of the opposite kind. And there is nothing in the mere "desire" of the employers to prevent wages from falling, unless, of course, measures can be taken to stop these desires. It is just as sensible to hope for the best or to say that the best "must" be if we do nothing towards ensuring that the best shall be, as it would have been to hope for our victory over militarism without devising the means of carrying into effect the desire to end the war. The problem of the mal-distribution of wealth, represented by the present level of prices, is a problem in many respects of the same material character as was the problem of Prussianism; and it must be met in a simi-
larily practical spirit. Not all the musts and desires of the most earnest men among us will solve the problem save by the discovery and adoption of the right means of solving it.

... Coming to more practical measures we observe with pleasure that attention is being paid to one, at least, of the associated problems of price, namely, the discovery of cost. A pamphlet just issued by the Ministry of Reconstruction in 'The Uses of Costing' lays it down that correct scientific costing is almost as important an element in production as production itself. Costing, properly considered, is the measure of the energies of all kinds actually expended in production; and its accurate calculation, it follows, is a condition of future economy. Labour and energy are not inexhaustible; their quantity is relatively fixed; and, from the technical point of view, the purpose of costing is to discover, in the first instance, how much of both has been actually expended in a given production—enabling us, in the second instance, to devise means of economising in them. On the other hand, it must not be supposed that when we have arrived at the true cost, essential as this is to economic production, we have arrived at the same time at the just price, which is the means of economic distribution. Cost, as has been said elsewhere, is one thing, but Price is another; and the two factors, though apparently closely associated, have, in fact, no more necessary relationship than that of Production to Distribution. Cost, in other words, is a consideration for producers; but Price is a consideration for consumers, that is to say, for society at large. Cost is an affair for the Industrial Guilds, but Price is the affair of the community.

... The dissociation of these two factors that have long been regarded as merely the diverse and reverse of the same must and musts necessarily appear somewhat paradoxical to the ordinary reader; and not to the ordinary reader alone, but even to the expert but orthodox economists. It is clear that the assumption underlying many of the most impartial attempts to reduce prices is that when Price equals Cost (plus "reasonable profit") Price must needs then be perfectly satisfactory; for what other Price than the sum of necessary Cost plus the profit, which is the inducement for consumers, that is to say, for society at large. Cost of production to Distribution. Cost, in other words, is a consideration for producers; but Price is a consideration for consumers, that is to say, for society at large. Cost is an affair for the Industrial Guilds, but Price is the affair of the community.

... Little more can usefully be said on the Coal situation until we have heard, in the first place, the Government's decision upon the subject of Nationalisation; and, in the second place, the reply of the Miners' Federation. As at present in prospect, the situation appears to us to be one of deadlock, from which, as it would seem, there is no escape save by the surrender of one of the parties or by the discovery and adoption of an alternative to nationalisation equally, or, at least, practically acceptable to all the three parties—the State, the Miners and the existing owners. That the Government has at last made up its mind, and the public, having been steadily increasing in Cost (in other words, in Capital) and the purchasing power distributed is equivalent to the price of the product; in other words, that the total product is purchasable by the total purchasing power of the factors employed. Well and good. But, in fact, as we very well know, this supposition is untenable, for the simple reason that in the course of the year's work and while the product has been steadily increasing in Cost (in other words, in Price as now understood) the wages and salaries dispensed in the process have been as steadily undergoing reduction by being consumed in the cost of living; so that, at the end of the year, far from there being available for the purchase of the product at its cost price all the purchasing power dispensed in the course of its production, only a fraction of this purchasing power remains in the pockets of the workers to enable them to purchase a fraction of their total product. In a word, their wages (or means of subsistence) have been added to the cost price of the product, with the result that the cost price includes their wages which, in fact, the workers themselves, or are equivalent to their wages. The deductions to be drawn from the proposition of which the foregoing is an imperfect illustration are many and startling. The chief deduction, however, is this: that a Just Price must be less than Cost by the difference between Cost, Production.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Not all problems are solvable; and it is occasionally necessary to realise the fact and to put up with the insolubility. And it is still more apparent that not all problems, however "urgent" may be their solution, are susceptible of an immediate solution. It is very distressing, of course, that this should be the case, and particularly when the problem in question is serious and, perhaps, desperately serious. It is such a "reflection" on human and, most of all, upon our political intelligence; the fact that a problem which appears to prove that it can be solved; with the need comes the remedy, and so on—these are the platitudes on the other side. Nevertheless, when they have all been uttered and squeezed dry of comfort, the fact does sometimes remain that the problem in question is without any solution, and, least of all, without any immediate solution.

None is wanting in the Irish problem of all the elements that make a problem urgent, desperately serious—and immediately insoluble. Its urgency is implicit in the condition that England and Ireland now stand in the relation of Ancient Mariner and Albatross. Years and years ago, we (that is to say, English policy) shot the albatross; and it is round our necks as a judgment at this moment; to its own and our own misery. The desperately serious character of the problem is to be found in the fact that while it remains unsolved, our relations with America, upon which not only we depend for peace, but the world depends for peace, are under constant and, perhaps, increasing embitterment. And its immediate insolubility is defined in the nature of the terms of the problem itself; in other words, in the incompatibility (or, at least, the apparent incompatibility) of the desires and wishes of the three forces concerned.

War, I think I have said before, results when a vital desire is entertained by one party which runs counter to or cannot be compromised with, the vital desire of another party. This is to say that a problem is beyond political solution when its elements consist of vital and irreconcilable desires. The Great War, for instance, was the consequence of a problem of this kind: for Germany, it is clear, entertained desires of a vital character (desires, I mean, which she would neither forgo nor modify) which ran directly counter to equally vital and equally uncompromising desires on the other side. I am not now able to state what will be the ultimate solution of the problem itself; in other words, in the incompatibility (or, at least, the apparent incompatibility) of the desires and wishes of the three forces concerned.

"I come to bring war," said Jesus, knowing full well that a vital spiritual determination of the very highest character might prove to conflict radically with determinations of a material kind. The ethical value of the desires or intentions contained in a given problem is thus seen to be, from the purely dynamic point of view, irrelevant to the actual result. Two equally good desires may conflict; or one may be better than the other; or, again, both may be equally bad. In any of these cases, and without reference to the comparative moral values of the conflicting desires, a solution by compromise is impossible if the various parties continue to regard their particular desires as vital.

It appears to be the case, for the present at any rate, that the Irish problem is a problem of this kind; in other words, it consists for the time being of both vital and irreconcilable desires and forces. That the desire of Irish Ireland for independence is ethically superior to the desire of Ulster for dominance and the desire of England for insular safety may be said to be obvious. There is a kind of moral magnificence in the demand for freedom that is altogether wanting in the demand for power and security. But, as I have just said, the ethical character of the components of the problem is in a political sense a fact; and the fact is that Ulster and England appear to be quite as unwilling to risk their power and security as Ireland is to forgo the claim of independence. The political question at issue is thus not the moral issue, but the practical issue whether, in fact, Ireland's demand for independence is reconcilable or can be modified by action on either side to become reconcilable, with the satisfaction of the demands both of Ulster and England. Where the modifications of demand should be made, by which parties, and for what classes of modifications, are the secondary questions of the moment. The primary question is whether conceivably and by any immediately available means, the three irreconcilable desires can be compromised to the acceptable satisfaction of all three parties.

Let us consider the triangle of forces once again. Ireland desires independence; absolutely complete independence; Ulster desires continued union with this country as a means to keeping the rest of Ireland in dependence or, at any rate, as a means to preserving Ulster's own insularity. Hence the attitude of the party that, England desires insular security, in other words, the safety of Great Britain against attack of any kind (military, naval, economic or what not) via Ireland. Are these desires, all of which appear to be morally legitimate (even allowing that one of them appears to be morally superior) compatible with each other; can they conceivably be made mutually compatible; are there any immediately available means for making them mutually compatible? It seems obvious, from my point of view (which is as nearly impartial as I can make it by prolonged reflection upon the subject), that not even the beginnings of a solution are possible without a prior recognition that these, in fact, are the disputing forces, and, moreover, that each of them is legitimate in the world we live in. To attribute greater present-day wickedness to one party or the other appears to me to be a misuse of ethics. Ireland is perfectly justified in desiring complete independence; Ulster (that is to say, Protestant Ulster) is perfectly justified in desiring not to risk falling under the control of Catholic Ireland; and England, it is equally clear, is perfectly justified in desiring to retain her present insular security in so far as that depends on the inability of Ireland to open the gate to a possible enemy. The question at issue, I repeat, is whether these desires are or can be made compatible; or whether each of them will be politically insoluble, which is to say that it depends purely upon force. If, on the other hand, they are conceivably compatible, the question is to discover the means.

Unfortunately, the problem is still further complicated (for the present) by the attitude of mind of two of the parties. I speak, I believe, for the preponderant opinion in England when I say that, as far as England is concerned, a solution that reconciles all the parties is earnestly desired. There can really be no doubt about it, whatever appearances may exist to the contrary. Give us security, or, rather, do not actually diminish our existing security—and English opinion is not only willing to see Ireland free, but anxious to see Ireland free. It may, of course, be only English hypocrisy, but I am aware of no other sentiment as regards Ireland than a wish to see her as independent as is good for both of us. This attitude, however (unless, once again, I am the victim of our national vice) appears to me to be, for the present, foreign both to Ireland and to Ulster, for, with exceptions of course, Irish opinion demands independence regardless of the consequences to England and Ulster, while Ulster appears equally to be insistent upon predominance regardless of England and Ireland.

If this is true, it is certain that while this attitude continues, no solution of the problem is immediately
Towards National Guilds.

In the present series of Notes we have in mind the scheme already several times referred to for bridging over, without social catastrophe, the interregnum between Capitalism and Economic Democracy. Certain preconceived ideas need to be re-examined; and among them the common Socialist idea that Labour is the sole producer of wealth and is thus entitled to the whole of the product. This notion was once upon a time true as a strategic fact; relatively, that is to say, to the lie which had formerly prevailed that Capital is the sole producer, and, hence, that Capital is entitled to the whole product, it was a truth. But it is not so now, and we must re-consider it, even at the cost of heartburnings and mortification of pride. Let us put the case that a father leaves a machine to his four sons, of such a kind that (a) it will, when operated skilfully, produce everything needed; but only one of the sons is skilful enough to operate it—is the product of the machine, when operated on by the one son, that son’s sole work, and, hence, his exclusive property? Or is it not the fact that the machine only partly belongs to him, and, hence, that only part of its product can in justice be assigned to him? The machine is a common inheritance; and it follows that whatever comes out of the machine is likewise common property. What the son who operates the machine is entitled to is clearly, therefore, only this—the cost of his labour plus an equal share with his three brothers in the product of the machine. What each of the three brothers, on the other hand, has a right to, is a quarter of the product of the machine after the cost of the labour of the fourth brother has been fully met.

Applying this illustration to the social problem—the analogy is as follows: Each of us at birth enters by right into the common inheritance of the productive machinery of society. It is an inalienable right, a right, in other words, which is normal to human society. Each of us is, therefore, entitled to a proportionate share of whatever is produced out of the said social machine by the application of labour, even though we should be unable, for any reason, to operate the machine ourselves. The actual operators, it is clear, are entitled to more than the rest of us; they are entitled to receive the cost of their labour plus a proportionate share with us in the remaining product after that cost has been defrayed; but they are not entitled to the whole of the product, nor can the whole of the product be said to be their exclusive handiwork. Applying the illustration still more nearly to our situation, it will be seen that an important consequence follows: Capital is such as is the common inheritance of society: it is the machine upon which Labour operates to produce commodities. Capital is, therefore, entitled by right to share in the proceeds of Labour applied to it; and it is entitled to share in equal portions with Labour after the cost of Labour has been fully met. Labour is thus a proper first-charge on the product, but not the only proper charge. In addition to Labour, Capital is also entitled to a share of the proceeds. When, in fact, the cost of Labour has been defrayed, the wear and tear of the machine fully recovered, the capital employed is entitled to remuneration and development, the remainder of the product is in justice divisible equitably among both Capital and Labour.

That is all very well, it will be said: but Capital and Capitalists are not necessarily the same thing. In fact, they are very different. We allow (it will be said) that Capital is entitled to the cost of its maintenance and improvement; but why are Capitalists included amongst the beneficiaries? Surely, Labour is entitled to all it produces minus only the cost of the upkeep of the social productive machine.

Capital, however, does not exist in vacuo. If, as we are saying, the social machine is the common inheritance of the community, it is the community that owns it; or, at any rate, it has the right to dispose of it. Hence, every individual born into society is born a Capitalist, by virtue of his right to a share in the common inheritance. He is a shareholder from birth; and entitled all his life to a dividend on the proceeds of the machine of which he is an inalienable shareholder. That certain classes have, in fact, appropriated slices of the common inheritance and collected all the dividends arising from those slices is, no doubt, true; but this, again, is an error of distribution; it does not alter the fact that everybody is entitled to a social dividend in consequence of his mere membership of society. Therefore, it would seem just and proper to do is not to abolish dividends as such; but to distribute them properly and justly. Without repudiating the whole conception of a commonwealth, we cannot deny that any individual should have a share only on the ground whether he works or not—all we are entitled to do is to see that Labour receives the cost of its Labour and thereafter shares equally in the remainder of the product. The rest of the product is the share of the rest of the community, that is to say, of the Capitalists.

We have no doubt whatever that, if it were clearly articulable, the objection to the confiscation of Capital would be found to rest on this perfectly just proposition: that each of us is an inalienable Capitalist in the social enterprise, and has an inalienable right to a dividend on our share of the social capital. Long before this, if the case were otherwise, the morale of the Capitalist classes would have fallen all to pieces; for nothing could have prevented their decadence if nothing in their case had been just. As it now appears, however, they have all the while had an element of justice on their side; and it is, we believe, that element of justice that has been their strength. It is true, of course, that in addition to their just claim to a share in the proceeds of Labour applied to common Capital, they have put forward and maintained claims to an unjust share; but, in so far as they have fought for their share of the social machine, whether they works or not—all we are entitled to do is to see that Labour receives the cost of its Labour and thereafter shares equally in the remainder of the product. The rest of the product is the share of the rest of the community, that is to say, of the Capitalists.

In a sense, they have been the guardians of the common inheritance; guardians, it is true, who have misappropriated the dividends to their own use—but guardians, nevertheless. It follows—or we believe it does—that, in future, Socialists must recognise the claim of more Capitalists than ever before! Our complaint must be, not that there are so many Capitalists, or drawers of dividends—but that there are so few. We must socialise the social inheritance; and ensure to everybody his proportionate and due share in the product of the social machine—whether he works or not!

This is possibly startling doctrine to be found in these pages; but as we approach more nearly the practical solution of the problem of National Guilds, many rules of the old will have to be modified. Practice differs from theory in this respect: that it is applied theory. And it would be contrary to sense if the application were identical with the theory itself: it is a translation of thought into action. Moreover, we do not see that confiscation in any event is possible. Capitalists have lost their revisionist element, and the special Capitalists of the moment; but, as we have seen,
it collects in their support the antagonism of every social inhabitant. By pushing confiscation, we ensure for ourselves the opposition of individual Capitalists; but worse than that, we present them with the assistance of the common Capitalists of society. Surely there is a better way of approach to justice than creating antagonism to everybody! The better way is the distribution of dividends to everybody, instead of to the few alone.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Lenin and the Taylor System.

By Vance Palmer.

When Lenin praised the Taylor system of shop-management in "Pravda" over a year ago he showed clearly that he had no ideas of his own about production. That is to say, he showed that he was chiefly a political revolutionary, after all. There is no great change in transferring the ownership of great masses of machinery from some private company to a Soviet or to a State. That is a political matter and does not necessarily imply any fundamental industrial revolution. When the Russian Revolution has proved better is precisely in the field of production, and it has demonstrated that in the matter of the relationship of the artisan to his tools of trade modern capitalism and modern communism have similar points of view.

Some allowance must be made for the fact that the Soviet Republics are under the pressure of foreign attack. They have to organise the production, at high speed, of arms and munitions of war, and to achieve success in that at all is praiseworthy enough. In the first months of the revolution Lenin and the other Commissaries must have despaired when they found the workmen leaving off sweating at the lathes to argue over irrelevant matters, and Taylor's ideas of payment by results must have seemed a happy solution for the time being. But there is a real significance about this attraction of Taylor's ideas for Lenin. It is worth analysing a little. Why should the communist and the capitalist talk with a single tongue when they leave off discussing political organisations and enter the workshop?

There can be no gainsaying the fact that Taylor's theories are the last word in capitalist production. He has actually proved that his system is the best possible instrument for extracting labour power from the human being. Human beings he considers an unfortunate necessity, the object of his system of production. They are wayward, individual, and refractory, but they have certain mobile and prehensile qualities that are denied to machines. His system of scientific management consists in eliminating the humanity from the lower kinds of workmen, translating their energy into forms of horse-power, and by the incentive of high wages setting them going full speed ahead at tasks just on the limit of their proved capacities.

Let us be perfectly fair. There is no cant about Taylor, and he has merely systematised modern ideas of production and pushed them to their logical conclusion.

"An employee should bear in mind," he says, "that each shop exists first, last, and all the time for the purpose of paying dividends to the stock holders." The employee does not always bear that in mind. He could learn economics from Taylor as well as the scientific use of his muscles.

When Taylor was foreman in the Bethlehem Steel Works he worked out a system by which gangs of men were enabled to load 48 tons of pig-iron into trucks instead of their previous daily task of 12½ tons. It was a notable achievement. In the matter of handling pig-iron he believed that it would be possible to train an intelligent gorilla to be a more efficient worker than any man could be. There were no gorillas available, however, so he selected a Dutchman of sluggish mentality as a substitute. By training him in certain movements, giving him periodical rests, and holding out the reward of extra pay to the extent of seventy cents a day, he succeeded in getting him to do four times as much work as previously. The other men were trained in turn, and the ones who could not stand the pace had to go.

This ideal gang of Taylor's remained faithful to the Bethlehem Steel Works for a long time and excited the envy of other employers. They must have been a choice collection.

"One of the very first requirements for a man who is fit to handle pig-iron as a regular occupation," he says cheerfully, "is that he shall be so stupid and so phlegmatic that he more nearly resembles in his mental make-up the ox than any other type."

Leaving the ox or the gorilla struggling in the yard, we pass into the machine-shop. Taylor's ideal of management was that all possible brainwork should be removed from the shop and centred in the planning or laying-out department, leaving for the foremen and gang-bosses work strictly executive in its nature. The machinist should not be called upon to exercise any intelligence. Processes should be simplified for him, his pace regulated by a speed-boss, his tools attended to by a repair-boss, and his work supervised by a gang-boss. Was there one overseer, a non-producer, to six producers? The difference between the potential labour-power of a man and his ordinary output was so enormous that you could have an overseer standing over each man and still increase production.

That may be true enough, and it certainly is the logical development of the capitalist idea of production. The low labour cost is attained, for the time being, by high wages and the multiplication of foremen trained to extract the last foot-pound of energy from the workmen. First, all intelligence and personal judgment is eliminated from the lower forms of labour and lodged with the scientific supervisor; then the same process is repeated with the work of the artisan. Even the gang-bosses themselves are not to have directing, but merely executive, power, and the controlling-room in the centre of the works becomes the one place where the brain or the individuality is allowed free play.

What has attracted Lenin and his associates to this idea? I suppose it is because they have had no theory of their own in regard to production. The Marxist revolutionist has always been preoccupied with questions of ownership rather than those of direct control, and work has seemed to him a business of producing the necessaries of life in the quickest and most scientific way. This being so, it is inevitable that, when the question of ownership is decided in his favour, he should graduate towards apostles of efficiency like Taylor.

High production is necessary in Russia just now for purposes of war. In ten years' time it may be just as necessary to satisfy some conception of leisure. Leisure for what? To read Marx and to listen to anatomical lectures in the universities? That seems to be the ideal of some revolutionaries. We may see a two-hour day imposed as a condition of national culture, for it has been demonstrated that enough that machinery has made it possible for men to produce enough to satisfy their wants in that time. And if work is the curse of Adam, why spend longer upon it than necessary?

The ideal is false, of course. If it survives, the new society will be very much like the old except for the elimination of private profit. Very few men want unlimited leisure, though to some who have never had any experience of it leisure is still a dream of perfect happiness. During the last year, though, the ordinary life of the worker has been different on that score. Mr. Churchill must be astonished at the number of men who prefer to stick at petty civilian crafts rather
than accept his gaudily coloured invitations to see the world at the Government's expense. Revolution that does not aim at substituting a different ideal of production from that of Taylor must remain mainly political in its character, whether power is lodged in the Soviet or the Constituent Assembly. The value of the Guild proposals lies in the fact that they are fundamentally concerned with questions of production, both in regard to the quality of the product and the control exercised by the individual artisan over his work. It is absurd to expect a man who has been degraded to the level of a machine, even for two hours out of the twenty-four, to make any good use of his leisure. Work is the man's business of life, after all, and a society will be judged in the future by its attitude towards it. The choice is between the standards of Taylor and—well, any craftsman.

In Germany.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

III.

Berlin, June 25.—To-day at table my lords were in the very lowest spirits. There has come from Weimar an unexpected news that peace has been signed. Up to the last the Berliners had regarded the proposed terms as quite unacceptable and were sure they would be refused. On the walls of public buildings, never under the third Empire, newspapers are printed appeals in huge letters: "Close your ranks against a Peace of Conquest"; "Wilson's 14 Points or Nothing"; "We must keep our Colonies"; "We demand a Peace of Justice and of Right." Intoxication by romantic formula or by big words has lasted too long for calm common sense to return so soon after defeat. Berlin and the East were in favour of refusing the conditions of peace; but the West and the South, more directly threatened, were for accepting them. Berlin, however, has not seen the last word she used to have in such matters. The grief here at the signing of peace is undoubtedly sincere and deep; and the faces of my fellow-guests round the table showed this only too clearly. Our hostess, who is the president of one of the great Feminist Leagues, and who has just returned from a meeting, tells us that "unhappily the working women quite approve the signing of the Peace; they say that if it were not signed we should have the Spartacists and their machine-guns back again. This is absurd to a dish of beans and lentils just put on the table—'we have lately been distributing a quarter of a pound of American bacon every month. Our people had quite forgotten that there existed anything so nice in the world. They had forgotten what it was to have a relish for food. But the experience of fat bacon and the pleasant feeling of satisfaction it gave them have reawakened their appetite for such delights. Starving people cannot resist such temptations. I risked quoting a German saying, 'Die Soldaten schmeckt auch bei ihnen', and found it was a failure. In a Berlin which used to be very fond of them, little jokes no longer go down.

Berlin, June 26.—To-day at the University I heard a professor of political economy talking about the sinking of the German fleet at Scapa Flow. A manufacturer of some standing had been holding forth on his unpleasant and difficult relations with his men. The professor had listened patiently, and he then showed his acquaintance the paragraph of news. "You see, my dear fellow," he said, "that we are still capable of being concerned about honour and not just with wages and suchlike only; for even our sailors, to whom we owe a shameful revolution, have to-day done a really fine thing."

I came back with this same manufacturer and asked him about his troubles with his men. He did not believe that the principal cause of strikes was a material one. "These men," said he, "are politically disoriented and morally broken up. Our trade has all the orders it wants. We are indeed besieged by customers, but we cannot deliver the goods because the men are short of labour. The only cause of strikes is the complete disappearance of competition between manufacturers. The glut of orders has stopped the hunt for customers, so that the factory owners can now combine to defend themselves against the demands of the workers. But these everlasting conferences with the strike committees are very wearying." I expressed the opinion that since the signing of peace was certain to be followed by the raising of the blockade, the worst was probably over. To this he replied: "You look on these things from the outside only. If you were in business you would look as black to you as to the rest of us."

There has been a lot of talk in Germany about abolishing, as far as possible, the privileged position of the students' corps. With their notorious "mensurs," their duels and other customs of the same stamp, all of which were formerly only too fully approved of in high places, these associations were holies of the narrowest nationalism and schools of these virtues so prized in the German universities on "Schneidigkeit" and the fighting spirit. The corps student and the officer of the reserve had, of course, every chance going of a career and even of a good marriage. At the beginning of the revolution every one looked forward to being divorced from the Gimpern, in order to be the more ready to set up again. The typical manifestations of the spirit of the German universities. As far as I have been able to judge, however, nothing of the sort has occurred. The students carry on just as before, with their caps and their coloured swords; and one sees on the cheeks of these young men fresh scars, destined, no doubt, to bear witness in the eyes of women to the courage and good breeding of those who carry them. This very day I came across a party of students deep in a morning drinking bout unter den Linden! The old Germany dies hard.

Berlin, June 27.—I asked my nephew, who has been on active service, to have dinner with me in town. But I found it easier to promise dinner than to get it. The big restaurants here do you very badly, because they are the most carefully watched for contraband. They risk being reported for some trifle by one of their waiters to his workmen's council. It follows that the little cafés, whose existence is pretty precarious anyway, are now the only ones where you can come by even in these. We had a try at one place in the city, but drew a blank because we had no meat coupons. Luckily, I remembered that an old school-fellow had a chemist's shop not far off, and so I called on him to renew our acquaintance, with the hope, however, at the back of my mind that he might help us to find a decent dinner. My old friend, when I told him the fix I was in, said with a grin, "You come along with me, I'll put you right. Without someone to sponsor you you'd never get fed." We followed him and were introduced into a small third-class café where at last we got what we wanted.

My nephew was full of stories of his experiences as a soldier. He was a fine young man who had had several wounds, one pretty bad. An N.C.O. in a Silesian artillery regiment, he is perhaps the super-Bonche of the family. "You see, uncle," he said to me when I met him, "I know you have always thought we should be defeated. But we haven't really been; they simply starved us out. He does not want to know anything about the revolution. Everything is fine as ever, like all his regiment, he remains entirely hostile. "When we first heard of the Kaiser's flight to Holland we all took it for one of the Entente lies." The formal abdication nevertheless made a profound impression, though the men on the front took it as a sort of victory. In the revolution the first revolutionary flag they saw was over a
garage in a rest camp. Very different from those at the front, the men at the base had behaved disgracefully. Not only had they run away, but they had first shamelessly looted the army depots, selling their booty to the peasants. Then things had gone from bad to worse, till at last they had had to give in to the truth. But they did not join the revolution, not by any means. Half a dozen sailors, who tried to win them over to the Red Flag, had been kicked out, more or less damaged. It was in this mind that the regiment came back to the Rhine.

But here the authorities threatened to hold up everybody who refused to declare himself in favour of the new régime. Thereupon the officer commanding gave the order for the election of a soldiers' council. They chose a lieutenant, a sergeant, and a private. Things then went on as before. With these people the very revolution itself had to be ordered from above.

Berlin, June 28.—My friend the chemist asked us to supper. The table was laid on the balcony. While there, in the very heart of the city, I heard the bleating of a goat. In reply to my surprised inquiry, I was told that every family with young children was driven to keeping one of these animals. I thought I heard a duck quack. "That's a machine gun," I was told; "we are so used to them we no longer take any notice of them." Although the goose on the table had cost 150 marks, my friend showed me the way home. In the Bendestrasse we came up against a wire barrier and were stopped by the guard, two soldiers of the Imperial Militia. They told us that in this street lived that energetic Minister of War, Noske. We had chosen to defend himself this way against possible attack. Noske is the patron saint of all timid bourgeois; they worship him for maintaining order. Has not "Simplicissimus" shown us praying morning and evening to this new sort of god? Pater Noske qui es in caelo? —Translated by P. T. K.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

"TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY" is being played at the Apollo to crowded houses and much applause; and the celerity with which the curtain is worked enables the actors to take an extraordinary number of calls. Some of them deserve their applause; Mr. Arthur Bourchier, for example, is not an actor of whom I am particularly fond, but he has made Stillbottle, the Sheriff's officer, a very fruity figure of farce in this play. Miss Marie Illington is a very Bourbon in her rendering of blue-blooded blood; she forgets nothing, and learns nothing, is still the same old grande dame with a presence, but without the vivifying touch of personality. That is what she ought to be in "Tilly of Bloomsbury," elephantinely elegant; and as the elephant is a very long-lived animal, we must expect to become familiar with its tricks in the course of a generation or so. Mr. Allan Ayresworth and Mr. Fred Lewis contribute useful studies of very shadowy people, and Mr. Lawrence Hanray is quite as ridiculous as many an uncured curate. It is to be hoped that he can find his way to Heaven more easily than he could move from the drawing to the smoking room.

But the play is so dreadfully reminiscent of "Caste" that George d'Alroy's exclamation: "Caste! Caste! Curse Caste!" comes readily to mind. It is true that values are slightly altered; Robertson wanted us to believe that Eccles was a labour agitator because he was lazy and a drunkard, his chief purpose being to lust the honest industry of ballet-dancing as the most suitable introduction to the aristocracy. But times have changed; the younger generation is less exclusive, and, instead of limiting itself to the theatre, ranges the whole world of female labour in search of a mate. Tilly was a dress-designer, or something similar; and Richard Mainwaring followed her in the street, got on the same "bus" without saying a word. The man sheltered her with his umbrella and comforted her with an embrace, and promptly took the young man's place when he decamped. Tilly was apparently cuddly-some, and that ought to be a recommendation to almost all grades of society.

I wonder if Tennyson ever realised what he was doing when he wrote: "Kind hearts are more than coronets." The order is now reversed; of course, there are more coronets than kind hearts since honours became easy. But Tennyson gave to the social revolution a phrase of power when he took his census and counted his value. For so icy is more easily reformed from the top than the root; it is easier to marry beneath than above one's class, and such a phrase is a justification, or, at least, makes the descent easier. The sentiment, perhaps, was well expressed in the New Testament, and Tolstoy made it a practical test of moral worth. The rich will do everything for the poor, he said, everything except get off their backs. The rich will even marry the poor, once they are assured that the poor have kind hearts; the traditional dairymaid whose face was her fortune is now out of date. Beauty has yielded place to goodness as the supreme test of value, and perhaps we shall come down to truth as this democratizing tendency develops. Richard Mainwaring, like George d'Alroy, quotes the line as his justification, nay, as an article of his creed; for, like Shaw's Dubedat, this young man has a creed, but, as befits the difference of character, a creed of a different character. Dubedat, being an artist, believed in beauty; Richard Mainwaring, being nothing in particular, believed in goodness, and his creed consisted of two bald statements, as one might say: "I believe that the first Monday in August is Bank Holiday." The important thing to Tilly was that he believed that kind hearts were more than coronets, and said it in such a way that she could not doubt that she had a kind heart.

But she manifested one difference from Esther Eccles. Esther had no taint in her blood; she was undiluted working class, and her manners had the simplicity of all good manners. But Tilly's father, although, like Eccles, of no occupation, had some pretensions to gentility; he was a brilliant scholar who, apparently, had learned nothing except that he was a very unreliable person. When Tilly was introduced to the Mainwaring family, she "swanked," as she said; and called upon the family to maintain the illusion when the visit was returned. The father and the sister would pass muster anywhere; but the mother and the brother had mannerisms of speech that could, with difficulty, be disguised as eccentricities. The chief difficulty was to provide the butler of whom Tilly had "swanked," and the broker's man played the part at short notice. The comedy had all the elements of farce, and was rightly played by the actors as farce. The deception failed; Grandma Banks toddled in to declare (after one of the lodgers had tried to murder another in the drawing room) that Grandma Banks had been a plumber. Lady Mainwaring's father or grandfather had been a cotton operative, who had somehow become possessed of half a million; but Grandpa Banks had done nothing to make it possible for his people to forget his occupation—he had been just a plumber, and nothing else. Tilly, by hiding it in the back of her heart, confessed it with a most outrageous vehemence; and the Mainwarings, who left immediately, had no illusions regarding the social status of Tilly. She was certainly not another Esther Eccles, and even George d'Alroy would hardly hold it impossible to tolerate her snobishness. But Richard came
back to recite his creed, and marry her in spite of his mother; and the values, it is clear, have become luxury at the expense of necessities. It is obvious that Tilly, when she becomes Mrs. Mainwaring, Banks was a plumber, will ape Lady Mainwaring at every stage of her progress from Russell Square to Belgrave Square. Richard, trying to escape from the responsibilities of his position by marrying beneath him, has assumed the greater responsibility of living above his position. He thought his grandfather's title too recent to bother about, but Tilly will make him bother about a still more recent title. He was caught climbing down the Jacob's ladder of precedence, and the direction is now reversed, the eternal feminine leading him ever upward and on to where the newest titles are conferred upon the most unlikely people. Love in a cottage, is the dream of a tired aristocrat; and Richard will have many opportunities of indulging his imaginative faculties while trying to satisfy the insatiable vanity of a "swanker."

In School.

Before I began systematically to apply psychological principles in teaching of written English, it was my practice occasionally to make the form write compositions in blank verse. These efforts never reached a very high level, and were for the most part devoid of poetic feeling. I gave an example of the worst in an earlier chapter; it dealt with bikes and bathing seasons; and the general level of mediocrity can perhaps be estimated from that one and the following, which is one of the best productions I received. It was written by Chawner (aged 12) soon after my methods were beginning to take effect.

THE QUARREL OF THE MONTHS.

SCENE: A forest glade. Opening on left. (Enter May, June, and July. May wears coronet of daisies; young, fair, clothed in white. June wears green; also young and fair. July, tall, dark, about 30, wears yellow. Others' ages, 18.)

MAY: How now, July! You say that you are Queen? Why should you be so, more than anyone?

JUNE: You're not so pretty as I am. Get you gone!

JUPITER: Why fight about it; which of you is best
Wisely to rule the Months that they may give Their gifts to men in their own proper course?
SPEAK, MAY, and say thy reasons for reigning.

MAY: When buttercups and daisies sprinkle for the fairy nymph To play upon, on summer's eve till morn.

JUNE: But you give too much heat at times, while I,
When Sister May doth not give rain enough,
Pour showers down upon this hard-baked earth.

That does more good than heat and needs more work;
For I must charge my water-pots, while you
Go to your spouse, the Sun, and ask him to
Pour heat upon the earth.

JUPITER: Wrangle not now;
I have appointed April to be Queen,
For she is best of all; so fare ye well.
(Exeunt severally, JUPITER muttering and frowning.)

Edlmann (aged 14) was less fluent, but at times rather more poetical:

APRIL: As I depart I leave a trail Of buttercups and daffodils, with white Of daisies sprinkled for the fairy nymph To play upon, on summer's eve till morn.

These efforts are not worth comment; I only quote them to show that the form could at one time put together blank verse of sorts. The interesting thing is that as the prose writing of the form began to improve in sincerity of thought and expression the quality of their blank verse steadily deteriorated until at the beginning of this year they were practically unable to write it at all. Two years ago every boy in the form was capable of turning out from ten to twenty more or less metrically accurate lines in prose, but on the last occasion on which I gave the form blank verse to write, although they had an almost unlimited choice of subject, with one exception not a single boy produced more than half-a-dozen lines and few of them could be said to scan. The two best prose writers in the form failed to produce a single line, and (what may be significant) the boy who proved the exception has never been able to write coherently in any form.

After spending much thought over the matter I came to the conclusion that the reason for this remarkable deterioration was as follows. The form had become so accustomed to write with absolute sincerity, to reject automatically any thought they did not actually feel, that the hampering technique of blank verse rendered them practically mute. Epithets that occurred to the superconscious as insincere; while the best thoughts of the superconsciousness that came up to the surface had to be rejected because they did not fit into the metrical scheme. Whether this explanation is the correct one or not I cannot say: it is the best I can offer, but of course there may have been other contributory causes.

It is said that prose is the language of the conscious; poetry of the unconscious. I do not believe that either statement is psychologically true: it would be more correct to say that genius is the expression of the unconscious; talent of the conscious, and that both prose and poetry may be the product of either genius or talent. However, as I cannot claim to write with authority on either psychology or literature it would be unprofitable for me to discuss abstract theories on either. All I know for certain is that my methods had some effect on the self-critical sense of the pupils which rendered them practically unable to write blank verse at all; a result which may be interesting, but is certainly unfortunate.

Five months after the productions quoted above were written, as an instance of elaborated simile I dictated to the form Alexander Smith's well-known lines—

The bridegroom says
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
Every boy seemed to enjoy the simple beauty of this passage, and I took the opportunity of getting them to write one or two similar fantasies of nature either in prose or blank verse, as they thought fit. The deterioration in blank verse had already begun, and most
of them, probably wisely, chose prose as their medium, in which the two following efforts by Tyrwhitt (aged 12) were about the best.

The little white fluffy clouds are like fair maidens who run away from the bright youth Breeze, who chases them all over the sky and tries to catch them so that he may kiss them. Then the maidens' father Sun comes out and forwards the very forward youth who dares to chase his daughters, even if it was in fun.

The dew on a bright Spring morning is just as though the stately Night had left her sleeping garment lying over the lawn to dry in the sun during the day.

Here is a curious one which sounds as if it ought to have a mystical meaning, but from what I know of the author, who was guilty of the above-mentioned blank verse about bathing seasons, I should say it had not.

A star on a stary night is like a boy among many brothers. They are playing hide-and-seek. They keep looking out of their hiding-places to look and see if the seeker is coming, but the seeker never comes.

Wilkinson (aged 12) wrote these two efforts in blank verse —

**THE MOON AND CLOUDS.**

The moon is sailing through the endless sky, like a phantom ship upon the sea.

The cloud roll by like awe-inspiring billows

That swell up in their immensity

The phantom ship, which, seeming not to mind,

Sails guilty out, unscathed, the other side.

**THE LIFE OF A SLAVE.**

The dawn is breaking over the distant hills;

The birds start twitting in the budding trees;

The leaf, a slave, breaks forth in joy from bondage,

In which through winter he has been enslaved.

He revels in the healthy morning air,

And sings and dances in the freshening breeze.

Then comes a drought: the blossoms fade and wither,

In which the winter he has been enslaved.

Fades like the blossoms, falling to the ground,

And, dying, shrivels to a skeleton.

It is difficult to refrain from commenting on these last lines. The technique is surely almost unexceptionable: he must have remembered everything I told the form about the desirability of occasional "double endings," and so forth. And yet —! Does it not give the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

The birds start twittering in the budding trees;

The leaf, a slave, breaks forth in joy from bondage,

In which through winter he has been enslaved.

He revels in the healthy morning air,

And sings and dances in the freshening breeze.

Then comes a drought: the blossoms fade and wither,

In which the winter he has been enslaved.

Fades like the blossoms, falling to the ground,

And, dying, shrivels to a skeleton.

It is difficult to refrain from commenting on these last lines. The technique is surely almost unexceptionable: he must have remembered everything I told the form about the desirability of occasional "double endings," and so forth. And yet —! Does it not give the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?

In any case, whatever merit it may be said to have as the impression of having been written from the head rather than from the heart: of talent rather than genius?
The half or so of a book reprinted from this journal is Mr. Ezra Pound's "Quia Pauper Amavi" (published by "The Egoist, Ltd.," at 6s. net). It will contain, among other sections, "Langue d'Oc" and "Homage to Propertius," parts of which latter are still appearing in these pages. The poems of "Homage to Propertius" do (or Augustin Rome, we are told—and I accept—what "Cathay" did for China of Rihaku's time. That is to say, if I may venture to paraphrase the claim, Propertius is transformed from a Latin classic into a man, as Rihaku was transformed into a man from a Chinese mystery. My quarrel with the Chicago Professor of Latin has been no sequel, I am sorry to say; but such an appearance of Mr. Pound's poems in book-form may possibly stir up the valley again. It was a pretty quarrel such as taste and culture should have kept alive for their entertainment for many months.

* * *

Apropos, no doubt, of some recent dogmatisms of mine on the subject of humour, Mr. Hugh Lunn challenges me to &quot;define humour.&quot; "An analysis of the different ways in which humour is misused,&quot; he says, "would be more valuable" than my "mere assertion" that "humour is a species of playing to the gallery, etc." I do not intend to be humorous when I ask, in reply, Would it? Would an analysis, necessarily objective in character and equally necessarily resulting in a classification by species and genus, really illuminate the subject as my easy epigram seemingly did not? I doubt it. I can imagine a scholar without humour could alone produce such a work; but I doubt whether, when such a work was compiled, it could possibly do more than inform the reader; illuminate him never. Psycho-analysis comes to my assistance and even to the support of my cast-off phrase concerning playing to the gallery. As defined by psycho-analysis, humour is a kind of play of the unconscious; it is the outcome of that part of the total mind that is not concentrated on the work in hand. And what, if you please, is "playing to the gallery" but a diversion of aim from that of perfect performance to some other end? Of course there is something more to be said of humour than this. All humour is not equally a lapse of taste. The question is really one of time and place and subject. What I endeavoured to say in the offending notes—and these, if I remember, were addressed to some one by Mr. George Moore—was that humour is more often out of place than in it, and that the higher the subject the less the mind can afford to waste its substance in riotous humour.

* * *

The "New World" (2s. 6d. net) is a new monthly magazine designed mainly to create or cement an "intellectual entente" between the Allies—and we say, in order to be accurate, the late Allies. Mr. Gosse appears to be one of the busiest hyphens in the business, and the inevitable Maeterlinck is another of them. I have a great respect for the son of the "Father" Gosse; and I once entertained for a whole week an equal respect for M. Maeterlinck. But it must be said, at the risk of weakening the intellectual entente, that these writers of the nineteenth century are not the cement that is needed to create or cement an entente in the twentieth century. We naturally do not blame Mr. Gosse or M. Maeterlinck, or any intellectuals of their generation for bringing about the war or for failing to avoid it, or even for leaving us in need at the moment of an intellectual entente among the late or our present Allies. All we can say is that they have shot their bolt; what cement they ever had has all been used; they can add nothing more to the solidarity of the crazy structure. The "New World" is for new men, and chiefly for young men. I should like to see the magazine written exclusively by the coming men of the various countries, and not, as now, by writers who have come and gone. R. H. C.

Recent Verse.

MAX PLOWMAN. A Lap Full of Seed. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Plowman essays a Preface in the good old fashion, the fashion of personal explanation and of defiant apology. "I am not concerned to know," he says, "whether there is any poetry in this book. . . . I wrote these pieces because I had something to say. . . . I never wrote a single one of them because I wanted to make poetry." Lost, however, that the reader might turn away, having come to this volume in search of poetry if of anything, Mr. Plowman hastens to add that the result of having something to say may be poetry, and, indeed, must be poetry; for "truth is always beauty," and "impassioned truth is always poetry." We hesitate on the threshold of the truth and poetry we are about to behold to remark that Mr. Plowman's verse must be better than his theory to delight us. The equation "truth equals beauty" is different from the statement "truth is beauty," and must be said, at the risk of being untrue, that the former is not the same as the latter, and that the expression truth and beauty are alike because they are reports of the same reality; in other words, are statements about a common thing. Mr. Max Plowman, however, has taken too literally Keats' imaginative logic; and has concluded that because beauty and truth refer alike to the same essential reality, therefore they are indistinguishable: a true statement is beautiful, and an impassioned statement of truth is poetry. We cannot hope to convince where the Nicean Creed has already failed; but it may be remedied for other minds than Mr. Plowman's, that truth is not beauty, neither is beauty truth; nor is the search for one carried on in the same spirit as the search for the other. Truth is reality intellectually perceived; beauty is reality aesthetically (or contemplatively) perceived; as power is reality actively, and love is reality wholly, perceived. Their reports agree in that the reality they refer to is the same, while the mode, style, spirit or what not of their reports are all different. Thus, beauty is not only not truth; but it excludes the method of truth; as, on the other hand, truth excludes the method of beauty. Science is truth or really intellectually perceived; poetry and art are beauty or reality aesthetically perceived. The way of truth is the statement of fact; the way of beauty is the revelation and contemplation of fact. That Mr. Plowman is a thinker rather than an artist by profession is clear from his concluding promise to write of the gulf between individual and national conscience, and how it is to be bridged by the wisdom that grows with the increase of individual liberty. It is a sociological thesis, and we shall be interested in it as sociologists, but bored to death by it as lovers of beauty. However, let us enter the kingdom where truth and beauty are identical. Here is Mr. Plowman's opening stanza:

Take Heaven away, O God, and bury deep Out of my sight Hell with its brood of fear; When then giveth Earth shall I say, "Heaven is dear, Into its blissful heavens would I creep." Take Heaven away; for lo! I need Thee near, And should I stretch my eyes they cannot peep Into so fierce a light they seem asleep. Lying across death's untraversed mere.

The thought is familiar, but by no means vulgar. We have met it before in the pages of Blake. But who would say that it is beautiful? Moreover, when presented with the spectacle of the Body of a dead Nun, who presumably are all created to God to take Earth away, Mr. Plowman softens the rigour of his
memorable if not a beautiful poem; but its author
verse in praise and wonder of her. The fact appears
descant upon Blake's original that is not mere
stanza. "The Holy Land" is still
almost
Blake and then read Mr. Plowman;--
"Eve
main, it is a commentary that adds nothing to the
Freeman's work; but at present he has not found
consequence of this hesitation is that none
Freeman's poems is really satisfactory. They are
only in the last two of
the poems is there any consistent decision; and seeing
them in the regular form we then wish Mr. Freeman
would choose the Chinese. The opening poem of the
volume is not to be taken harshly; there are several
better.
Come over, come over the deepening river,
Come over again the dark torrent of years,
Come over, come back where the green leaves quiver,
And the lilac still blooms and the grey sky clears.
Nothing is there to distinguish it from the verses
you and we might write in an unguarded moment.
Overleaf is a touch of the brouge.
Now the grass covers it and I am old.
Remembering but for her hair and that long grass. . . .
"The Five," on p. 9, is one of the better poems;
and "The Swing" is best of all, being most nearly--
what's the word?--Sinosem, shall we say? Sinosems?
Sinoetry?
* Stephen Maguire.

Three Days in Sofia.
By Jaroslav Urban.
Translated from the Czech by P. Silver.
1917.
The streets are bright with an abundance of flags
merely flapping in the wind, the windows are alive
with thousands of spectators—below in the street, full
of colours and brilliance, children in festive garb are
waiting, and behind them the eager and jostling crowd
thrust back on to the pavements by a cordon of troops.
From time to time the car of a general or a detach-
ment of police passes by.

Behind the city volleys of cannon roar forth at brief
intervals, announcing that the train with Kaiser Wil-
helm is entering Sofia. The impatient crowd was
thrilled as by an electric shock. At the gate of honour
on the outskirts of the town ("Bulgaria's capital in
gratitude to her noble guest") the mayor Radev is pre-
paring bread and salt. A throng of country-folk
in national costume has besieged the cathedral of the
Holy King. The officers of the guards of honour are
given their final orders. . . .

At last! In a coach full of flowers, by the side of his
beloved Coburg and with an endless escort, arrives the
great guest—the Kaiser. The windows grow gay with
thousands of snowy-white greetings, the children wave
flags and throw flowers into the
car of the Kaisar, and "Hurray!" and "Hoch!" in an outburst of delight—you cannot
hear the words for the din. . . .

As you move away, your mind is stirred by strange
feelings. You know that this is all a farce, that you
must have a permit to be in the streets, that every
householder must answer for his tenants with his head,
that all houses have been searched, that hundreds of
people are interned, that about every fourth man you
see is from Berlin or Vienna and has a secret and
special mission of his own—you know that it is a farce,
a pre-arranged, compulsory and worthless farce, but—
Did you see the man who stood next to you? Oh, yes,
a pleasant man, an intelligent man, fond of talking
about Slavonic affairs, fond of the Czechs. . . .
You wonder that he shouted his "Choch!" with such
ardour? He, who is free, of military age and not a
soldier?

This spectacle cost sixty thousand sterling. (And
at the front, hundreds of thousands of ill-clad, bare-
footed and hungry men are perishing.) Little pedes-
tering vendors force upon you the special issues of the
newspapers with the portrait and biography of Wil-
helm, Emperor of the Germans. And then you realise
something: Sofia is not Bulgarian today. Every-
moment you meet somebody who is speaking German—
an agent of the secret police, an officer who studied
at Leipzig for six months, a student on his way to lec-

* Slavonic mispronunciation of "Hoch."
tures, or even a street-girl. That most frequently.

For business is business. And the Germans pay well—darnably well!

1918.

Dies irae... Streets and people are filled with a sense of suffocation. Shops, cafés, taverns, banks—everything is closed. Crowds are surging through the city, but nobody speaks. Knots of people standing at the street-corners spell out the manifestos in a whisper—the abdication of Ferdinand and the declaration of Boris.

From the front, a few kilometres from Sofia they are bringing in wounded, groaning "insurgents." Cart upon cart, an endless row... For three years they fought for the Germans, they were willing to die at home—and now they have been slaughtered by the German artillery "for the defence of their king."

1919.

Above the premises of the "Slavonic Club" the German flag waved derisively for two years. To-day it is replaced by the French. In the building of the Serbian Legation, a high official, a worthless tool of the Germans, but the war through—to-day the Serbians are free masters of their headquarters at Sofia. And the Turkish Legation is occupied by General Chretien.

A miracle! All the alluring inscriptions of hotels, shops, and places of amusement à la Berlin—Zeppelin, Mackensen—have vanished. Vanished the German uniforms, the German conversation, the German pictures in the shop-fronts, vanished even the "Deutsche Balkan-Zeitung." Like a stone dropped into the water.

The streets are full of Allied troops. Huge motorcars and transport lorries, companies on the march, officers and troops of all colours—with amazement you watch this motley show. In the kiosks you get the "Matin" and "Times" instead of the "Neue Freie Presse." Coloured placards announce the appearance of No. 1 of the review "Franco-Bulgare." At the National Theatre they are performing "Candida"—the stage-manager is an officer of the English staff. In the park where the "Deutschmeister" used to play with success, a concert is given by an Italian band three times a week. The German military bookseller's is replaced by a French one. The retail market is flooded with Italian and French goods. And at the cinema performances are given for French officers and men—German war films, as far as there are any left in stock...

Alliance Française, Bulgar-Italian Club, Bulgar-Czech Club, Bulgar-Polish Club, Bulgar-Croatian Club, Slavonic concert, Slavonic calendar—how all has changed! Perhaps only the eternal political claque and breeding-ground of Bulgarian political misery in front of the Café Panach has remained the same—all else is different. But there is one thing you cannot get used to—everyone speaks French. Officers (fewer of these), shopkeepers, students, and finally even the street-girls. By what miracle was this motley, ebullient mixture poured from one vessel to another? So easily, without force, without resistance, and so quickly.

And it seems to you that Sofia is not Bulgarian to-day, either. Has it ever been? Let us consider attentively the whole four decades of Bulgarian State independence—we are left with one impression: Sofia never has been Bulgarian! Neither politically, nor socially. Always equally accommodating, shallow, alien, sensation-loving and venial, it has ever stumbled from gain to gain, from loss to loss, to this misfortune of the nation, of whose aspirations and wishes it has never been the expression.

And herein lies the core of the unhappy Bulgarian nation's tragedy. In Sofia, the capital of the country which can, without shame, change overnight the inscriptions: "Hier spricht man Deutsch" to "On parle français."
Views and Reviews.

INDUSTRIAL IMPERIALISM.

If the propaganda of National Guilds had done no more than this (and it has done much more), it has at least made us chary of all schemes of reconstruction which find no place of authority for organised Labour. To the scheme outlined in this book,* the author asserts that the only alternative is the policy of the League of Nations; but neither Nationalism in industry, which Mr. Colvin preaches, nor Internationalism in industry, which the League of Nations represents, offers to Labour an equal share in control and direction of policy. It is capitalism in industry, not nationalism nor internationalism, that is on its trial; Bolshevism is a term of abuse, but Communism (which Bolshevism really is) is an economic system which embodies an alternative principle to capitalism, although whether that alternative is practical or not is a matter of opinion.

The assumption that Communism, which inspires, however vaguely, the main ideals of the Labour movement everywhere, is a negligible factor vitiates this, as well as other, schemes of reconstruction. It is true that Communism is in no immediate danger of being successfully established; but there it remains as grist in the wheels of the capitalist machine, throwing it out of gear at any odd time and in unlikely as well as likely places. There is no need to deny that Communism, if it could be successfully established, could not guarantee us security; but it is none the less true that no scheme which ignores it can guarantee us security.

Let us see what Mr. Colvin's scheme offers to Labour. This policy of security before opulence requires the formation of a national party. The nucleus of it is already in being; and those who remember when the abandonment or (shall we say?) modification of Free Trade principles began will be interested to learn that in 1915, the National Union of Manufacturers was founded with the general idea of securing a national policy more favourable to the manufacturing interests.

Just as in the roaring 'forties, Cobden put forward Free Trade as a manufacturer's policy, so, in 1915, the policy of Imperial Preference was revived as being 'more favourable to the manufacturing interest.' "About the same time," Mr. Colvin continues, "the British Empire Producers' Association began, in a substantial guarantee of national security. The common interest, if it exists, begins at the beginning; Labour, as one of the most important factors in our industries and our political life, for the interests of its members coincide with the security of the nation." In addition to these combinations of genuine patriots, "the British Empire Producers' Association began, in 1915, as a protest against the attempt by the German interests in Mincing Lane, to bind the British market to German beet sugar after the war. Associations of producers of sugar in all parts of the Empire met in London in the early spring of 1916, and bound themselves together in the defence of their industry. As one industry alone could not hope to influence national policy, cooperation with other industries naturally suggested itself, and now the British Empire Producers' Association is a federation of many industries in England and in the Dominions, all bound together by the general interest and all, I may add, demanding a preferential tariff. The first object of its policy is "to make the Empire self-supporting in all essential industries" (I suppose that the Empire will be enlarged to include any new industry that becomes "essential"), and "the Organisation [also] advocates the federation of producing and manufacturing associations throughout the Empire in this Organisation." But the assumption that "differences concern a division of the means of life; the common interest is the means of life itself." But the assumption that "differences concern a division of the means of life" vitiates the whole of the argument; it is "a share in the control of production," as much as a fairer share in the distribution of the product, that Labour is demanding. The common interest, if it exists, begins at the beginning; Labour, as one of the most important factors in production, is demanding a proportionate share in the direction and control of industry. Unless Industrial Imperialism, which Mr. Colvin is advocating, can satisfy that demand, it cannot begin to guarantee our national security.

But after Mr. Colvin has shown that the second necessity of this concordat is an understanding between agriculture and the other great industries, that shipping must be included as being "more favourable to the manufacturing interest." "About the same time," Mr. Colvin continues, "the Federation of British Industries was formed by a group of about a hundred of the great manufacturers, chiefly those concerned in the making of munitions. . . . When the Federation has the courage of its opinions it will become the greatest force for good in our industrial system and our political life, for the interests of its members coincide with the security of the nation." In addition to these combinations of genuine patriots, "the British Empire Producers' Association began, in 1915, as a protest against the attempt by the German interests in Mincing Lane, to bind the British market to German beet sugar after the war. Associations of producers of sugar in all parts of the Empire met in London in the early spring of 1916, and bound themselves together in the defence of their industry. As one industry alone could not hope to influence national policy, cooperation with other industries naturally suggested itself, and now the British Empire Producers' Association is a federation of many industries in England and in the Dominions, all bound together by the general interest and all, I may add, demanding a preferential tariff. The first object of its policy is "to make the Empire self-supporting in all essential industries" (I suppose that the Empire will be enlarged to include any new industry that becomes "essential"), and "the Organisation [also] advocates the federation of producing and manufacturing associations throughout the Empire in this Organisation." Mr. Colvin regards this organisation as one of "the symptoms of a national movement that is both old and new, a movement of the industries of the British Empire to direct the Imperial policy. Such a direction, if it might be obtained, offers the best guarantee of a government faithful to the national interest. For the chief interest of a nation is its industries. The security of our industries implies the security of all concerned in those industries and the security of the nation. But if that end is to be reached, our industries must be organised upon national lines, and Parliament must no longer consist of the servants of its political parties, but the representatives of our industries." In other words, it must be a Syndicalist Parliament, or "Syndicatist" as the writer of "Notes of the Week" named it. Instead of saying, as we used to say: "Behind politics lies economics"; we shall be able to say "On behalf of economics lies politics, and lies abundantly."

But these things cannot be accomplished without some effort; "such an end can only be achieved," says Mr. Colvin, "if our industries organise themselves, masters and men together, as industries, and combine upon a common platform of industrial policy. The first necessity of such a concordat is that the masters and men should recognise their common interest in the security of their industry. This common interest, although generally ignored, is, when it is challenged, seen to be of far greater moment than the differences which divide them. Differences concern a division of the means of life; the common interest is the means of life itself." But the assumption that "differences concern a division of the means of life" vitiates the whole of the argument; it is "a share in the control of production," as much as a fairer share in the distribution of the product, that Labour is demanding. The common interest, if it exists, begins at the beginning; Labour, as one of the most important factors in production, is demanding a proportionate share in the direction and control of industry. Unless Industrial Imperialism, which Mr. Colvin is advocating, can satisfy that demand, it cannot begin to guarantee our national security.

* "The Safety of the Nation—Showing How Our Security Rests Upon Our Industries," By Ian D. Colvin. (Murray. 6s. net.)
Reviews.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. By V. E. Ibanez. (Constable. 6s. net.)

The sales of the American edition of this work have reached a quarter of a million—a fact which is almost a criticism. It is a story of the war, with plenty of German atrocities to make it palatable to the rather rank taste of a cinema-trained public, and I, on the whole, a very skilful appeal to racial animosity in the name of patriotism. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse only supply a title which is not quite such a cliché as "the dogs of war"; a somewhat visionary. Russian conjectures that the war was a fulfillment of the first part of the prophecy of Revelations, the four horsemen, Conquest (or Plague), War, Famine, and Death, preceding the appearance of the Beast. For the rest, it follows the fortunes of an Argentine family of French origin, and incidentally illuminates the vision of heroic France and diabolic Germany with all the glamour of propaganda. The subject has been made familiar in a number of German translations. It is a story of the war, with plenty of technical dialogue, assuring the public, on the one hand, that "the incidents recorded are all founded on fact, and many of them on personal experiences," and begs his comrades, on the other hand, "not to be too critical... but to remember that this book was written while the war was still with us, and that a large amount had therefore to be omitted." Instead of trying to combine entertainment with instruction (Lieut. Bennett's "Navy talk" is singularly jejune), it would have been better to write either a technical description of the structure and working of the submarine, or a series of studies from the log of submarines, or a frank work of fiction about the submarine service. As it is, this series of studies is not complete enough in detail for a textbook, not general enough for a history, and not interesting enough in treatment to rank as literature. It is, at best, a mixture of technical and descriptive journalism in a state of imperfect combination.

Under the Periscope. By Lieut. Mark Bennett, R.N.R. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

The attempt to give the guise of fiction to matters of fact is not often successful, and Lieut. Bennett hovers uncertainly between technical detail and descriptive dialogue, assuring the public, on the one hand, that "the incidents recorded are all founded on fact, and many of them on personal experiences," and begs his comrades, on the other hand, "not to be too critical... but to remember that this book was written while the war was still with us, and that a large amount had therefore to be omitted." Instead of trying to combine entertainment with instruction (Lieut. Bennett's "Navy talk" is singularly jejune), it would have been better to write either a technical description of the structure and working of the submarine, or a series of studies from the log of submarines, or a frank work of fiction about the submarine service. As it is, this series of studies is not complete enough in detail for a textbook, not general enough for a history, and not interesting enough in treatment to rank as literature. It is, at best, a mixture of technical and descriptive journalism in a state of imperfect combination.

The Hidden Valley. By Muriel Hine. (The Bodley Head. 7s. net.)

It is a sad fact (the psycho-analysts have revealed it) that we all, and women especially, need to learn to love. Unfortunately, there are no accredited professors of the art; no Chair is endowed for its study, and many of them on personal experiences," and begs his comrades, on the other hand, "not to be too critical... but to remember that this book was written while the war was still with us, and that a large amount had therefore to be omitted." Instead of trying to combine entertainment with instruction (Lieut. Bennett's "Navy talk" is singularly jejune), it would have been better to write either a technical description of the structure and working of the submarine, or a series of studies from the log of submarines, or a frank work of fiction about the submarine service. As it is, this series of studies is not complete enough in detail for a textbook, not general enough for a history, and not interesting enough in treatment to rank as literature. It is, at best, a mixture of technical and descriptive journalism in a state of imperfect combination.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.

Sir,—Without commenting on any other portions of "M.B.Oxon's" article in The New Age of August 14, I should like to draw attention to the paragraph in which he says, "The disease is a disorder of the conscious and subconscious 'thinking'... . how this is re-ordered is of comparatively little importance... the main point is to prove to the patient that his logic... is wrong." Now the whole essence of a properly conducted analysis is to prove nothing whatever to the patient, but to induce his unconscious to make its own proofs and demonstrations. As M.B.Oxon will find from a study of Jung, the doctor is a midwife, and in no sense a mental orthopedist. And it is a matter of immeasurable importance how "the disease is re-ordered." If the patient "re-orders" it, he is cured; if the doctor does it, the patient simply goes about with a doctor on his back instead of a neurosis.

This, then, being so, the applications of "dirty" and "tragedy" are not too obvious on the surface of "M.B.Oxon's" article.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

THE GENERAL WILL.

Sir,—I did not misunderstand Mr. de Maetzu. It was not my careless reading but my careless writing that was at fault. I subscribe without reserve to Mr. de Maetzu's dictum, "Men cannot unite immediately among one another; they unite in things, in common values, in the pursuit of common ends." That was what I meant when I said, "Mr. de Maetzu says there is no such thing as a general will, but only different groups of individual wills," a phrase which unfortunately is open to a subjective as well as an objective interpretation. The objective interpretation was in my mind when I wrote it, though I did not make very unconvinced in love that was passionate, and pure, and self-con-
Pastiche.

The Regional.

VIII.

"Vidna va bien... il est très préoccupé par la situation sociale. Il faut avant qu'il y a de quoi!"

"Once in a lifetime, once, only once," if I may quote (possibly misquote) Browning as well as quote (possibly violate) the privacy of correspondents bearing my personal address, a man may try — without rhetoric, without hankering after grandiose utterance — to straighten out his ideas on history, the rise of nations, the developments and atrophies of civilisation, and all these and other things soiled by the clichés of politicians, Fourth of July orators, Orleanists, Claudelists, etc. (including social and religious instructors).

The word "proletariat" has excited as many audiences as the "blessed word Mesopotamia," and the audiences have had no more definite concept of a proletariat than the old lady had of the flora and fauna of the land lying between the rivers.

It is the curse of our contemporary "mentality" that its general concepts have so little anchor in particular and known objects; that, for example, in a legislative body (read House of Commons) trying to make laws about coal, there is only one man who knows how coal lies in the rock.

It is the price paid for the multiple convenience of modern complexity; but the complexity is often paid at a ridiculous, needless rate.

As the product of manuscripts knows, an unfamiliar word always tends to be confounded with and replaced by the familiar. Asparagus becomes in rural speech "sparrow grass." Ideas suffer a like battering into the mould of current cliché. Not only "in the hands of" (read: under the typewriter keys of) deliberate cheats, liars, persons of ill-will, persons careless of the subject which they treat with the sole hope of personal aggrandizement (read: cash, the glitter of "getting an article into"), but also in the mouths of people of good-will, people hurried, people tired, in fact of all people who have not just that superabundance of energy which is needed to acquire style or a sense of style in others, ideas suffer this steady attrition.

I am not trying to give birth to Nietzsche's "Ring of Recurrence" nor to Machiavelli's circle (poverty — labour — strength — riches — idleness — corruption — discord — war — devastation — poverty — etc.); both these concepts have been perfectly well born already, and there is no use my trying to cast them through any further and supernerogatory parturition.

Centralisation, liberty, concentration, dispersal, are not the four terms of a proposition expressed over colon, double colon, and colon (a : b : : c : d).

The bulk of our civilisation is very probably due to the Roman Empire, but from the death of Septimus Severus (A.D. 211) there were to emperors, and only one died comfortably in his bed, after a reign of two years. Any historical concept and any sociological deduction from history must assemble a great number of such violently contrasted facts, if it is to be valid. It must not be a simple paradox, or a simple opposition of two terms.

IX.

History is not "a dream from which I am trying to awake," but I can write this negative only as a confession, only as an admission that I have perhaps less imagination, perhaps more callousness, certainly less subjective altruism than the protagonist in James Joyce's first novel.

Out of the wavel I get perhaps only an increasing hatred of violence, an increasing contempt for destruction. I would not, in the present state of my sensibility, I would not destroy even the Albert Memorial. I would hide it. I would transport it to a lonely dip in the moors, I would fence it about with a paling twice its height, but I would leave it whole, or in re-assemblable pieces, as a monument to Victorian taste.

A religion is damned, it confesses its own ultimate impotence, the day it burns its first heretic.

The city of Beziers was burned because Simon de Montfort attacked with a small force of knights and a great troop of "rihaps," tinkers, and religious pilgrims. The tinkers broke in the walls and took possession of the rich houses and plunder; the knights drove out the tinkers in order to get the booty for themselves; the tinkers then burned the place. The violence of the Church ultimately profited the centralisation of the French monarchy.

Richelieu destroyed Beaucarne. Montmorency was taken at the altar. Montségur outlasted the treachery of the surrendered Albigeois and was destroyed, I have been told, by order of Louis XIV.

If this statement is accurate, the gratitude for the gilded chaise-percée should be diminished, seeing that a Cantabrian sun-temple with a Roman superstructure is worth a great deal of gilt furniture.

Snippets of this kind build up our concept of wrong, of right, of history.

I put down these pellets in this manner, not merely as a confession of how I catch myself thinking, but because other people think no better, because the burnt-in detail is tied by no more visible cords to the next detail, and is found no more demonstrably into the underlying conviction-plus-passion.

The ruin of Rocafixanda may conceivably have strengthened the central power of France. I do not know. The private citizen who took down the cloister of La Daurade to put up a tobacco factory in the nineteenth and enlightened century is just as damned as any fanatical monarch. Anyone who wishes to reconstruct Gide's encounter with Mandetta is at liberty to look at the collection of carved pillar-heads in the Toulouse Museum. And the palace of the anti-Popes is only now in process of being rescued from the hundred years it has passed as a barracks. One or two frescoes lasted of under the plaster; one of them suggests the composition of Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda."

And every one of these vandalisms, and ten thousand other examples as vivid, hay as open to the inspection of the last destroyers in 1914 as they do in 1910.

Spain lost its democracy, the cortes their liberties, in the time of Charles V. Liberties as easily acquired have been as easily lost — always for a bribe or a fanaticism. The American people have sold theirs for a mess of soda-water and walnut sundaes; each race as it likes, and always in the name of salvation. There is an undoubted recurrence of comparable phenomena, and precedent begins with fratricide (vide Woodward on "The Coroner," where he says an inquest was, in this case, improbable).