It was a foregone conclusion that the Trade Union Congress would support the Miners in their demand for Nationalisation. Almost everything done at such Congresses is done before the Congress meets; and in the particular case of the Nationalisation of the Mines, Mr. Smillie was able to remind the Congress that it had passed the same or a similar resolution on twenty (or was it forty-two?) previous occasions. If what the Bellman said three times was true, what the Trade Union Congress has now said twenty-one times must be regarded with the respect due to divine revelation. There was, of course, no room for argument; and, in fact, neither Mr. Smillie nor any other protagonist of Nationalisation condescended to re-argue the matter or to present the case in any new light. Mr. Smillie was "anxious," as we all are, "to secure the largest possible output of coal at the lowest possible price," and he took it for granted that after the Trade Union Congress has now said twenty-one times must be regarded with the respect due to divine revelation. There was, of course, no room for argument; and, in fact, neither Mr. Smillie nor any other protagonist of Nationalisation condescended to re-argue the matter or to present the case in any new light. Mr. Smillie was "anxious," as we all are, "to secure the largest possible output of coal at the lowest possible price," and he took it for granted that after the Trade Union Congress had passed a resolution a score of times, the means suggested in it, namely, Nationalisation, would be certain to be effective. That the steed has been starving while the grass has been growing seems never to have occurred to any member of the Congress as even a proverbial possibility. That during the period of twenty years in which the Congress has been manufacturing its mind on the subject the whole outlook on Nationalisation has completely changed seems altogether to have escaped its notice. Yet the fact is, as everybody outside the registering machine of yesterday's thoughts must know, that Nationalisation as a panacea, Nationalisation even as a palliative, of Capitalism has lost its virtue, and is now an ally of the disease itself. In demanding the nationalisation of their industry the Miners are in effect insisting upon becoming more completely than ever the slaves of the Capitalist machine.

It is apparent, however, that Nationalisation is now regarded as a word of power, a sort of abracadabra; for nobody, it appears, thought it capable or in need of definition. Still more surprising, nobody appeared either to regard the "Majority Report" of the Royal Commission on Coal as requiring to be exactly described. All that was needed, apparently, was to demand that the "Majority Report" should be "adopted"; indeed, that the Government should be "compelled" to adopt it. But what, we may ask, is the "Majority Report"? As can be seen by anybody who refers to the text, the "Majority Report" of the Commission really consists of three separate Reports, each distinguished by the inclusion or exclusion of what, in the opinion of the various groups of signatories, is a "vital principle." As a whole, and without any reservation whatever, the "Majority Report" was signed by one person only, that is to say, by its real author, Sir John Sankey. After him, the Report was signed or endorsed by Sir Leo Money and Messrs. Webb and Tawney, but with certain reservations whose effect was to make of their Report a second Report. Finally, with certain other reservations (notably in regard to the question of compensation) the Miners themselves endorsed the Report, only, however, by means, to create a third Report. Now which of these three Reports is the "Majority" Report to which the Congress Resolution refers; which is it that the Miners are demanding or preparing to "compel" the Government to adopt? Is it the Report signed by Sir John Sankey alone—a Minority Report of one? Is it Sir John Sankey's Report minus the clauses objected to by Messrs. Money, Webb and Tawney—a Minority Report of three? Or is it Sir John Sankey's Report minus the clauses that offended only the Federation minus the clauses that offended only the Federation representatives—another Minority Report of three? We confess that we are in the dark concerning what the Congress or the Miners' Federation itself means, to create a third Report. For what, we may ask, is the "Majority Report" to which the Congress Resolution refers; which is it that the Miners are demanding or preparing to "compel" the Government to adopt? Is it the Report signed by Sir John Sankey alone—a Minority Report of one? Is it Sir John Sankey's Report minus the clauses objected to by Messrs. Money, Webb and Tawney—a Minority Report of three? Or is it Sir John Sankey's Report minus the clauses that offended only the Federation representatives—an other Minority Report of three? We confess that we are in the dark concerning what the Congress or the Miners' Federation itself means by a "Majority Report" that really consists of three Minority Reports. We are in the mazes of a tangled trinity. And it is useless to tell us that in effect all three Reports amount to the same thing; for in truth, the principles underlying the various groups of reservations are vital. Sir John Sankey would not have consented to the reservations of Messrs. Smillie, Hodges and Smith. Radical differences, in fact, divided the respective signatories; and to such a degree that in the practical world of legislation there cannot be said to have been a "Majority Report" at all.

Whatever meaning is attached to the "Majority Report," the procedure to be adopted for "compelling"
the Government to act upon it seems now to be clear, at any rate, en paper. Within a week or two of the re-opening of Parliament, a deputation of the Trade Union Congress is to wait upon Mr. Lloyd George with a demand for the adoption of the "Majority Report"; and, in the event of his refusal, another and a special Congress is to be assembled for the purpose of considering the action to be taken. Well and good (once more, upon paper); but has the Congress, have the Miners, considered in advance the possible consequences and the various alternatives? Have they endeavoured to put themselves into Mr. Lloyd George's place and to consider, in the light of the recent events, the possible safeguards recommended by Sir John Sankey, including, the price of colliery shares, as Mr. Straker has recorded in his quarterly Report. It stands to reason, we should have thought, that the most accomplished electioneer this country has ever seen is unaware of the psychology of the situation; or fails to realise what are the alternatives before him? Mr. Lloyd George, we are sure, knows perfectly well how the cat will jump; and he has, besides, two excellent strings to his nationalisation. On the one hand, if Labour should succeed by any means in "compelling" the Government to adopt Nationalisation, it will be upon terms which the Miners will be the first to regret. On the other hand, if Labour should accept the "constitutional" test of a General Election, Nationalisation as an isolated issue will be overwhelmingly defeated.

In making this forecast, we do not overlook the probability that, though defeated as a whole, and on the alleged issue of Nationalisation, Labour, that is to say, the Parliamentary Labour Party, may gain a few seats in the prospective General Election. From its present sixty or so of Members, the Party might, as the result of the Election, find itself increased in numbers to eighty or even to a hundred. That increase, and not Nationalisation, is, we believe, the main object, if not the sole motive, of the political wire-pullers of the Trade Union Congress. It might be imagined, from the dislike of the Trade Unions to be "led by the nose" by "intellectuals not of their own class," that they would be equally on their guard against being "led by the nose" by their own political careerists; that Mr. Smillie and Mr. Hodges, for instance, neither of whom can enter Parliament while in his present office, would object to having their industrial grievances exploited for the purpose of adding twenty or so to Mr. Henderson's stupid group of Labour M.P.'s. That possibility, however, like so many others of a no less obvious kind, appears never to have occurred to them, though it must be admitted that Mr. Henderson, for his part, was almost explicit on the point. "Turning the Government out," "trying to form a Labour Government"—these phrases clearly reveal what is in Mr. Henderson's mind and in the mind of most of the members of the Parliamentary Committee, the General Staff of the Trade Union Movement. It is not a remedy for existing industrial or popular grievances; it is not a practical scheme, Nationalisation or anything resembling it; in the vast majority of the constituencies the issue would be exactly what the Government chose to make it—the "Bolshevism" of Mr. Smillie, the "direct action" of certain Labour groups, the "pro-Germanism" of Mr. Snowden, or Nationalisation. In short, in three out of four of the constituencies, would be a minor and a negligible issue. In the second place, we are not so sure that just in proportion as Nationalisation were actually made an issue, the Miners would not lose, and lose heavily, on it. As we last week, Nationalisation ten years ago had the romance of the unknown upon it; but after five years of the nationalised industry of war, scarcely a voter (man or woman) can be under any pleasuring illusion about it. State-service, State-officialdom, State-administration—these at this moment are in the very worst of repute; and even the rank and file of the Miners themselves must hesitate to support the Nationalisation of their labour and their industry, in view of their recent and personal experiences of the character of State-control. Is it to be supposed that the most accomplished electioneer this country has ever seen is unaware of the psychology of the situation; or fails to realise what are the alternatives before him? Mr. Lloyd George, we are sure, knows perfectly well how the cat will jump; and he has, besides, two excellent strings to his nationalisation. On the one hand, if Labour should succeed by any means in "compelling" the Government to adopt Nationalisation, it will be upon terms which the Miners will be the first to regret. On the other hand, if Labour should accept the "constitutional" test of a General Election, Nationalisation as an isolated issue will be overwhelmingly defeated.

It must not be concluded, however, that the Government is bound to adopt even this alternative, bad as this might be for the Miners' Federation. The worst that can happen to the Government and its clients is the sale or concession of Nationalisation upon terms ruinous to the Miners; but the best, and the equally possible, is the consequence of declining to nationalise and leaving the Miners to do as they please. Let us suppose the probable result of Mr. Lloyd George will meet the deputation and reiterated his expressed intention of refusing to consider nationalisation; let us further suppose that, in view of the attitude of the Trade Union Congress, Mr. Lloyd George should offer or, more cunningly, insist upon, a General Election for the popular determination of the issue. Nothing better, it would appear to seem to Labour politicians, could possibly occur than a General Election fought on the issue of the nationalisation of the mines; but nothing worse, in our judgment, could be conceived. In the first place, as everybody can foresee, the issue of the Election would be only in certain constituencies nationalisation or anything resembling it; in the vast majority of the constituencies the issue would be exactly what the Government chose to make it—the "Bolshevism" of Mr. Smillie, the "direct action" of certain Labour groups, the "pro-Germanism" of Mr. Snowden, or Nationalisation. In short, in three out of four of the constituencies, would be a minor and a negligible issue. In the second place, we are not so sure that just in proportion as Nationalisation were actually made an issue, the Miners would not lose, and lose heavily, on it. As we last week, Nationalisation ten years ago had the romance of the unknown upon it; but after five years of the nationalised industry of war, scarcely a voter (man or woman) can be under any pleasing illusion about it. State-service, State-officialdom, State-administration—these at this moment are in the very worst of repute; and even the rank and file of the Miners themselves must hesitate to support the Nationalisation of their labour and their industry, in view of their recent and personal experiences of the character of State-control. Is it to be supposed that the most accomplished electioneer this country has ever seen is unaware of the psychology of the situation; or fails to realise what are the alternatives before him? Mr. Lloyd George, we are sure, knows perfectly well how the cat will jump; and he has, besides, two excellent strings to his nationalisation. On the one hand, if Labour should succeed by any means in "compelling" the Government to adopt Nationalisation, it will be upon terms which the Miners will be the first to regret. On the other hand, if Labour should accept the "constitutional" test of a General Election, Nationalisation as an isolated issue will be overwhelmingly defeated.

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case. The facts are plainly on the surface. And the
proof to the deaseat will appear when, in the event of
a General Election returning an increased number of
Labour M.P.'s, Mr. Henderson and the rest are found
congratulating Labour on its "victory," even though
on the issue of Nationalisation Labour will have lost.

For all the effect that reason has upon Labour, we
might as well conceal our judgment upon the subject
of "Direct Action," as discussed at the recent Con-
gress. Nevertheless, we shall allow ourselves to say,
interfering intellectuals though we may be, that in our
opinion the Congress was right in following the lead
of Mr. Hodges in refusing, in advance of incalculable
circumstances, the use of "Direct Ac-
tion," in other words, a General Strike. It is true
that for no plan or scheme of reform so far to be dis-
covered on any Labour programme work the strike
even of a single Union be justified; it is likewise true,
we believe, that the "direct action" of Labour taken
in opposition to popular sentiment (however created)
would be bound to fail and ought to fail. But the
hope has not entirely left us that one of these days Labour
may find itself prepared to accept the practical plan for
the solution of the problem of Capitalism which, at
the same time that it promises relief to Labour, pro-
ffers relief to virtually every member of the commu-
nity at large. In other words, we hope that one day
Labour may find itself the active spokesman, not only
of "Labour," but of the public. Should it so come, as
it may easily so, that Capital in that day is found
enrenched in the highest citadels (let us say, of
Finance), and opposed, for the first time in its history,
by a united Labour and popular force, the obligation
upon organised Labour to "lead the people" may be
morally imperative; and in readiness for that contin-
gency we agree with Mr. Hodges and the Congress
that Labour should not now forswear the use of its
possibly most effective weapon. We are, however, a
long way (intellectually) from such a crisis. Far from
devising a plan for defeating Capitalism with the ac-
companying approval and enthusiasm of the general
public, Labour appears to be happiest when consider-
ing plans positively designed to alienate the general
public and to present popular opinion to Capitalism.

Look at Nationalisation! "Direct action" on behalf
of Nationalisation would certainly have the effect of
digging still deeper the gulf between Labour and popu-
larity.

The resolution of the Locomotive Engineers, in
which it may be remembered, we took a particular
interest, since it proposed to "instruct the Parliamentary
Committee to draft a practical and effective policy for
the democratic control of industry," was carried at
the Congress "with only one dissentent." And in the
speech supporting it, Mr. Bromley expressed the hope
that the "more vigorous" Committee, likely now to be
appointed, would proceed without delay to "translate
the principle into a definite scheme." It is something,
no doubt, to have got the resolution passed at a Trade
Union Congress; for with the mere efflux of time, as
we know, a Trade Union Congress resolution, often
enough repeated, automatically joins the permanent
programme of the Labour Movement and stands a chance of being made the subject of a deputation to a
Government Minister. But it will be less than nothing,
we fear, that will issue from the deliberations of the
present Parliamentary Committee. For where is the
evidence that the present Parliamentary Committee,
any more than its predecessor, means business?—
business, that is to say the popular and in our sense
of the word? Thirteen of the sixteen members of the
new Committee were members of the old Committee
and, on the whole, the names of the three new
members do not inspire in us the hope of any revolutionary
procedure. The new Committee, in short, may be ex-
pected to take the same interest in a "practical and
definite scheme" for making Labour politicians super-
flicues as was taken by its predecessor; that is to say,
none whatever. The proof of the pudding is in the
eating; and we offer to Mr. Bromley, of the Locomo-
tive Engineers' Union, an opportunity for trying the
dish. The Parliamentary Committee has been "in-
structed" (that is, commissioned, authorised or what you will) to "draft a practical scheme." This
should surely involve at least the consideration of
any other practical scheme on the market—our own
scheme, for instance. Will Mr. Bromley, after a de-
cided interval—say, eleven months and thirty days—in-
quire whether the Parliamentary Committee will take
any steps to draft such a scheme or to examine into
any such scheme as has been drafted? He owes it to
his excellent resolution that he should see what
measures are adopted to carry it out. For otherwise
it is likely to grow faint with age and from associa-
tion with the other hardy annuals of the Trade Union
Congress.

An unexpected or, rather, an unannounced debate
took place at the Congress on the subject of Banking,
raised by Mr. Ernest Bevin (of whom our readers have
favourably heard before and may again) in the form of
a resolution, subsequently carried unanimously,
in favour of the State control or, in other words, the
Nationalisation of the Banking system. "Not an in-
dustry existed," said Mr. Bevin, "in which production
was not regulated to the last degree by the banking
system;" and not an industry exists, we may point
the inevitable conclusion that it is not controlled and
"governed" by the financial oligarchy. Such power
as this, situated as it is, on the very apex of the pyra-
did of power, is clearly inconsistent with the "demo-
cratic control" of industry in anything but empty form.
Though all mere "administration" would fall to the
share of Labour, though Labour should obtain joint
ever single control of all the phases of production,
short of obtaining control of the finance and credit
and capital of the industry, Labour's status must re-
main approximately that of a slave-colony left to de-
velop an estate for an absentee, but still dominant,
slave-owner. All that is clear; and we are glad that
Mr. Bevin has laid the matter open before the Trade
Union Congress.

What of his remedy, the Nation-
alisation of finance? Because finance—in other words,
national credit—is "too important to be vested" in
a few hundred individuals who control our score or so
of big banks, does it follow that it is safer in the hands
of the dozen or so individuals who compose our official
State Treasury? The Nationalisation of the banking-
system, considered apart from doctrine and mere
words, would result in the transfer of the control of
Credit from the existing financial oligarchy to a
smaller and still more secret and inaccessible oligarchy,
that of the State officials of the Treasury. The cen-
tralisation and therewith the control of Credit would
in such an event become absolutely complete; and
not an individual in the whole nation would be able to
engage in any commerce beyond that of primitive bar-
ter except by the permission of the centralised autho-
rity of the State Treasury. It is wonderful to observe
what remedies may escape from the individualism,
so called. The evil of the existing sys-
tem, as Mr. Bevin clearly sees it, lies precisely in its
rapid tendency towards the centralised control of Cre-
dit; in short, towards its concentration in fewer and
fewer hands. And the only remedy he sees for this
state of things is one that must inevitably complete its
concentration in the hands of the Leviathan of the
State. But if the State cannot now control the rela-
tively dispersed power of Finance, who shall control
the State when the concentrated power of Finance is
in its hands? Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?
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.]

Our readers have been made familiar with the conception of credit based on Labour capacity; but, it seems, not yet familiar enough. The question has been asked: What is the capital with which, let us say, the miners would start their partnership in the control of their industry; and how would they raise credit on it? The reply to the first part of the question is that the capital of the miners is similar in essence to capital in general: it is ability to produce. For what else is Capital, whether in one form or another, but a means of production? There is, therefore, nothing novel in the conception of capitalising Labour save that of extending the application of the word Capital from one kind of ability to produce to another kind. If machinery can be called Capital—being, as it is, an ability or means to produce—equal to Labour can be regarded as Capital, since Labour is par excellence an ability to produce. A Labour Bank— to cut the discussion short— would have behind it the real capital value of Labour's ability to produce. Its capital, in short, would be Labour-power; and we may add that there is no better form of Capital in existence.

Now, as to Credit. What is Credit? It is an acceptable I.O.U.; in other words, a promise to pay which is believed or credited. The purpose of raising credit is to enable a man or an organisation to spend at the moment more than he has actually got. Not, it will be observed, more than he will have in the future; for the sum he owes on his credit is, in fact, an anticipation of his future possessions. All, indeed, that credit does is to enable a man or a business to obtain a present spending-power on the belief or credited assumption that sooner or later this spending-power will be repaid out of the increased production rendered possible by its means. Repeating an old illustration, let us suppose that a man has a machine (a piece of capital); and let us suppose that all he needs in order to produce a multitude of goods with it is some raw material to feed the machine and some foodstuffs to feed to such a mass of these materials would be useful, since it would enable him to produce; the "backing" of his I.O.U. on account of this loan-supply would be the "capital" of the machine—that is, his ability to produce; and, finally, his "credit" would consist of the estimate formed of his ability to repay the loan so advanced. Assuming that his ability was very small, his "credit" would be small; in other words, the amount he could borrow on his productive ability would be in proportion to the estimate formed and believed or credited of what his productive ability is worth. If his ability to produce were rated high, his "credit" or "title to borrow" would be correspondingly high.

The collective labour-ability (or ability to produce— in short, Capital) of a modern Labour organisation is, of course, considerable. Pooled, as it is, it amounts in the total to an equivalent of the material Capital employed. It follows, therefore, that if the material Capital is entitled to credit (that is, to borrow on account of its estimated future production), the Capital represented by labour-ability is equally entitled to credit, that is, to borrow on account of its estimated future production. Banks, we know, exist for the purpose of loaning credit on material Capital. On depositing the securities of material Capital, the depositor is entitled to "credit" to the amount of his estimated future production; the credit is immediate spending-power; it enables him to go into the market and to purchase whatever he needs, the security for its repayment being (a) his material Capital; and (b) the credited estimate of his future ability to produce. And it is by raising credit in this way that the material Capitalists carry on. Well, our suggestion is simple: it is to form Labour Banks, whose deposits will be, not material Capital, but labour-ability; and to issue credit on the capacity of Labour to produce. What is there wrong in the argument or in the proposal? Nothing whatever. In a word, the time to capitalise Labour, to establish Labour Banks, and to raise and issue credit on Labour's ability to produce, has now come.

We have always promised Labour a policy when it should have created a virtual Labour monopoly in any industry. The creation of a Labour monopoly was a condition upon which the adoption of such a policy could have been promised. When the time arrived, will Labour be so unpatriotic as to publish the scheme to the world at large until British Labour has either definitely refused to consider or definitely rejected it.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.
The Agitator Less Agitated.

DEAR ERNEST,—I have read your reply with some despair. I see that I have failed to bring you nearer to God. The weakness of abuse is that it breeds its like. We might go on with it for our lifetime—all mixed with a right proportion of mutual respect—and get no forrader. Well, having ticked each other off with about equal injustice, let us leave the profitless field of recrimination and see what matter of divergence there is beneath this dust.

You say with some justice I am a specialist in hate. I am, and I am not proud of it. I am not that for charity, nor that for vengeance. The hatred I suppose I engender is of a hateful thing. How else can I represent it but as a hateful thing—especially as the necessities of cartooning call for a simplicity of expression that makes the finer nuances of guilt impossible? In its world there are only villains, heroes, and comic men. I may mix my comic man with my hero, but I make no mistakes about my villain—he is Big Business, Finance, Capital—disembodied things like that which I embody in, I recrimination and see what matter of divergence there is beneath this dust.

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The present system is losing the good will of the people working it in manual capacities hourly. You blame the “agitators” for this. This is wrong—it is more—it is unintelligent. It is intellectual carelessness in a matter fraught with terrible possibilities. The industrial conduct of the country is worthy of more serious thinking. That you seemed to me to be treating it with what from the practical point of view of getting things done was hopelessly inadequate is my excuse for comment that exceeded the limit of correct taste.

I hope I am not guilty of a like levity. I try to the point of physical exhaustion to find a way out. The effort colours my day—I eat it and I sleep with it, and it is neither the softest of foods nor the most amiable of bedfellows. My preoccupation with it makes a barrier always between myself and ninety-nine of every hundred men I meet, and when I find your self, Ernest, elaborating a thesis in which is implied the destructive and criminal carelessness of me and my kind I am annoyed on the baser personal plane. When the parent assumption of all of them is that nothing organic is wrong with the present method I envy you with the base passions and inevitabilities of the system that bears his name and an evasion of it by abuse of the critics. I am more angry about this since I recognise that he possesses or rents the majority of the minds that—minus their present inhibitions—could correct the purely technical problem of the wrongness of distribution. But he clings to the inhibitions—he calls their critics agitators, and annoys them by his bland refusal to see that God is not always in Heaven, and all is not always well with the world. So much does he annoy them that they sometimes lose their heads and give him a chance to put them into gaol among the thieves and murderers.

No, the charge against the agitator that he produces the unrest is extravagant, and gets us nowhere. Now let us see what are the extravagances and what the real divergences in vital matters that separate us. This seems to me a profitable occupation for men who have been at business. I interpret your position—minus its share of our common hysteria—as something like this:—

The agitator, while not actually producing our industrial ills, is an influence making for the perpetuation of them either by reason of native wickedness or by the nature of his inverted idealism and faith in nostrums more dangerous than our diseases. Without him, industry tends naturally to the correction of its ills.

Those ills you think are transitory things, at present intensified by accidental circumstances—they are not the inevitable outcome of the system of production and distribution we are following. In fact, you believe them to be more the outcome of not following it with sufficient energy. Your remedy is harder work, sincere effort turned towards making the present method more productive still. This, I think, is a fair and colourless statement of your case. Further reduced, it may be stated in this simple formula:

A—Greater production is for the good of society.
B—The agitator is against it.
C—He is the enemy of society.

Now, if A be wrong, half right, or doubtful, B and C must be modified. When I found that B and C were implicit in your letter I was, over and above my natural annoyance, as one who felt himself classed among evil influences, anxious to point out to you your carelessness in rushing into the comparative purple patches of B and C without an examination into the more arid matter of the validity of A.

Let me reduce my own position to a formula as bare and uninviting:—

A—The present system of distribution of the pro-
duct of industry is an evil one—and a worse one the harder it is worked.

B.—Boyd Cable supports it, and the harder working.

C.—Boyd Cable is a bad character.

I was wrong in developing B and C without the politer preliminary of convincing Boyd Cable of A.

In this analysis it will be seen that stripped of its aggregation of offensive personalities, the issue between us is the contradictions in our two A's. This is the real field of disagreement—the other is the team work onlookers—"barracking," in fact.

But I think it was more my wish to convince him of the righteousness of my A. What I was more earnestly eager to do was to impress upon him that there is an intellectual justification for a measure of doubt regarding his unspoken premises, and that people expressing that doubt may have all his anxiety to serve—plus a colder examination than his into the methods of serving.

I was anxious to assert the personal credit of those holding my views. This is a humanly understandable desire. But it has a tactical justification in the fact that the body of doctrine to which I subscribe is persistently discredited by the abuse of the people holding it, and not by the examination of the thing held. The social danger of the smug abuse of "agitators" is that it encourages society to think that it has a ticket of exemption from all the fatigues of finding out what the "agitator" is offering it. It may be good—it may be evil. But criticism of the agitator only is futile—criticism of his case is a first condition of mental uprightness. I do not call for this last criticism for your good alone, but also the good of the "agitator."

A lack of fair dialectical dealing has made it possible for Socialism to gorge some of the windy fruits of martyrdom—with infinite injury to itself—and to the society it operates upon. Martyrdom is bad for martyrs—it engenders an unchristian inhumanity.

Now in this there is nothing to divide us. It is in the phrase—your probably employed it yourself—"coming together to thrash it out in a reasonable criticism of his case. Now, I do not think you state a case. It is not enough for you to say in effect (as it seems to us), "The great thing is to get the juggernaut going faster." Now, the worst, the wisiest agitator is at least agitated about something deserving agitation—the victim beneath.

You say the "agitator" (in so far as he is a trade unionist) is selfish—but it is only the selfish part of his claim that you (your "side" that is) will listen to. You persist in regarding the industrial situation as a quarrel about wages and the comfort of labourers' conditions. This part of our (assuming I am an "agitator") claim you will argue chiefly to prove that we are wrong in assuming that real improvement is possible unless we at the same time improve the lot of the employing class—so that can't be. I don't think you claim to be a cure, but they are not the disease—there are the system of distributing them to us. [Not the system of producing them. Labour has some sectional and technical quarrels with this of greater or less importance.] But Labour's real tragedy and mine and yours is in the process of distribution, not in the process of production. Our interests, mine and yours and every single man's, every wage earner's and salary getter's, are at war with the interests of that system.

And you do not know that war is on. You are eager to suppress, under a deluge of what I must regard as comparative irrelevance, the men who at least are waging their arms against the vulgar manner, to acquaint you with the fact. It may be a futile performance, but it has the merit of a relationship to reality. They are not the disease—they are the sympto. They may pose as a diagnosis when they are only the symptoms. They may even be a symptom claiming to be a cure, but they are not the disease. And the disease is our objective.

AN ESSEX DRINKING SONG.

If I should live a thousand years,
Which, thank the Lord, I shan't do;
Or I should own a thousand farms,
Which, praise be God, I can't do,
My fields that ran from north to south
Would keep the neighbours blinking,
For all my lands should go to hops
And all my time to drinking.

Chorus.

So here, my friends, good cheer, my friends,
In chorus let us bellow;
The sinner bids the saint repent,
The landlord thinks he'll get his rent,
And I'm a jolly good fellow.

The Gods that helped to build my house
Were not without some sense;
They planned the noble edifice,
And damned the whole expenses.
The walls may fall, the pillars fall,
The roof crash down like thunder,
But I shall live to bless the day
They built the cellars under.

Chorus.

To you, my friends, my true old friends,
In chorus let us bellow;
I know a man from Blinkeys who
Has nothing very much to do
But sing a fine ballad or two
That I once wrote for me and you
When we wanted some new songs,
And learned that it is more than true
That I'm a jolly good fellow.

J. DESMOND GLEESON.
CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM.—It is impossible to separate the question of constitutional reform from the question of reform in general. There is no such thing as an abstract ideal system, though there is such a thing as a practically ideal system. The latter would be found if we could end every day a little more incorporated in a governing constitution. The previous question, however, is always: what is Society meant to do, what is it aiming at, or, perhaps, what must it do in view of the circumstances? For there is no doubt that according to circumstances a Society must be constituted on organised lines or it will fail. What are the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed? The answer, obviously, depends upon a very large view of world-politics. On the assumption that we desire as a nation to survive and to prosper in the world as it is, it is incumbent on us to realise our situation in respect of our fellow-nations. What is their attitude? What are their intentions? What are their powers? Until we have settled in a general sense our world-policy or world-standing, the question of our constitution must needs be obscured by obscurity; for, unless we know what we must or may do, we cannot determine whether anything is the result of the situation we occupy, or desire to occupy, in the world. It is notorious, in this connection, that the Prussian system was not so much the creator as the instrument of German foreign policy. Somewhere or other, in the depths of the inner consciousness of a Prussian governing class, there arose a desire to win for Germany a particular position in the world; and, in consequence, a particular constitution was created for the purpose of winning it. And it only failed because the German intelligentsia, instead of realising their actual position in the world, proceeded on the assumption that what they would or could be accomplished, regardless of circumstances. In plainer words, anybody with intelligence enough could have prophesied the failure of Germany, not by reason of her want of will or by any defect of constitutional adaptation, but simply on account of her situation in the world. This amounts to repeating what has already been said, namely, that a lasting constitution is as much imposed by circumstances as evolved from a national will. With this example before us, the question of constitutional reform in our own country is seen to be on the one hand, logical, and, in a practical sense, to be dependent upon it. Only on this assumption is it easy to explain the doubts that have beset the constitutional reformer during the last quarter of a century. For it is plain that within that period the equilibrium of the world has been undergoing constant change with the result that, at any given moment, nobody can be sure what kind of a constitution we should need the day after to-morrow. Solvitur ambulando has been the only policy possible; and expediency has been imposed on statesmen and reformers alike. Next, however, to the external circumstances, the internal circumstances must be taken into account. For obvious as it is that the world out of doors has been changing, it is no less obvious that the equilibrium of classes at home has been equally undergoing change. We have been uncertain what classes would be uppermost from decade to decade, and, again, of their relation one to another, with this further consequence that the nature of the ideal constitution has been once more obscure. Of the two sets of shaping circumstances, however, the latter is most nearly under our hands. We cannot easily or rapidly change our world-situation, for that is largely given; but we can rapidly and easily stabilise our own society. And this in itself would enable us much more readily than is now possible to see our constitutional problem clearly. The conclusion for us is that foreign policy must for the time being wait on social policy.

Once establish at home the class-relations we mean to be permanent, and the problem of our relations to the world becomes comparatively clear. In short, the first step to constitutional reform is social reform.

DRAMA. What is wrong with the theatre to-day? It is not the actors, for the craft was never better practised. It is not the plays, for excellent plays are being written, even if not so many are as well produced. It is not the public, for the public is as intelligent to-day as ever, and much more numerous so. All that is really wrong with the theatre is that its direction has fallen into the wrong hands. It has fallen into the hands of profiteering entrepreneurs, whose interest is to utilise the theatre for the pleasure of the audience, but the returns on the capital invested. It is sometimes argued that what is profitable must be useful or desirable in an equal degree; but this is anything but the truth, as anybody can demonstrate for himself. On scores of commodities, shoddy, counterfeit, ill-made and almost useless, huge profits are made. In fact, the whole object of modern commerce is to supply the minimum of utility at the maximum of profit. The case is the same with the theatre as with housing, clothing, food, and all the rest of our necessary or desirable articles. We need a theatre; and we must have it; just as we want houses and clothes; and it is precisely our need that is exploited by the theatrical managers as our other needs are exploited by the rest of their tribe. The remedy is also the same. Just as we advocate the control of industry, so every theatre ought to be in the hands of the workers themselves, and the produce of the theatre must be used for the theatre, to the advantage of the worker in the theatre, and not to be expropriated. It may be concluded that the reform of the drama is possible by the transfer of its control from the present commercial men to the dramatic workers themselves; in other words, to the actors and playwrights who are actually engaged in the function of drama. The Elizabethan stage flourished, not on account of its acting and its direction, but because it was controlled by actors and authors. A Dramatic Guild would restore and improve upon all the glories of the Elizabethan stage. But how is this to be brought about? The Actors' Trade Union is obviously the first step in the process; and the announcement by Mr. Norman McKinnel that the Union proposes to acquire a theatre and to produce its own plays is as certainly the second step. But the operations of the Trade Union must not cease at this point. The actors must not be content to follow the example of the Co-operative movement and to pick up the crumbs that are falling from the commercial table. Their ambition should be, not simply to live alongside of the commercial theatre, but to destroy it and to take its place entirely. To this end, a long policy is necessary; and both actors and playwrights must be prepared to make sacrifices. Neither must expect to make a dazzling fortune out of some happy hit, but all concerned must be satisfied with a modest assured income not greatly different from that of the other professional classes. At present, of course, it is the plums that attract; and though only about one in fifty of either actors or playwrights succeed in gathering a plum, the gambling chance of a windfall keeps the whole system alive. The plum-ideal must go, and in its place must be set before the profession the prospect of reasonable reward with reasonable security. It is to be hoped that the Union will take over the Tabard, and among many for its use. One experiment on a large scale may be allowed for the sake of the example its success would create; but, in the main, the Union would be well advised to reduce costs of production to a minimum, and to establish theatres—small, cheap, and cheaply run—everywhere. When the drama can find as many homes as the film, and can be produced almost as cheaply, the theatre will undoubtedly recover its supremacy over the cinema. Of every ten people who now go to the cinema, at least six would go to a theatre if the latter were as accessible—in every sense of the word.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

Stew made his Julius Caesar analyse himself into "part God, part woman, part beast—nothing of man in me at all"; and the phrase inevitably recurs when we come across anything which, in the good old English phrase, is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring. Mr. Lion himself and Mr. Malcolm Meedy, the innkeeper with the monitory "innards"; and when Mr. Bach restrains a tendency to caricature, particularly in his walk, everybody will be able to see what a fine low comedian has at last been given to us.

But the play! "Oh, Lor!" as Ahab Meedy says. I must leave the psychologist to explain the fact that actors, when they turn author, seem to lose all sense of the theatre. Two actors went to the creation of "Jack O'Jingles," Mr. Lion himself and Mr. Malcolm Cherry; they are both very able actors of the second class, but as authors they rank as the merest imitative class, but as authors they rank as the merest imitative

actors, when they turn author, seem to lose all sense of the romantic hero. Clothes make the

"Comedy" nearly twenty years ago), and there are one or two names that are becoming well known, Mr. Milton Rosmer, for example, who acts better than he did when he first came from Manchester, but still has the trick of making his voice too soft (particularly when using sibilants) to be distinctly heard. There is another name, too, that of Mr. Reginald Bach, that has haunted my memory of programmes for some years without being identified with anybody on the stage; it was present, for instance, in Ahab Meedy, the butler, who subordinated his character to the part that neither was memorable. But in "Jack O'Jingles" Mr. Reginald Bach has a part; I shall date his first appearance as from his creation of Ahab Meedy, the butler, who with the monitory "innards"; and when Mr. Bach restrains a tendency to caricature, particularly in his walk, everybody will be able to see what a fine low comedian has at last been given to us.

The plot is simple enough. The gentlemen of Devon were tired of King James, and were arranging a little political demonstration, and that messenger was, their political demonstration, and that messenger was, to them. To whom should he deliver the message but the very man who had sworn to kill him at sight of being villainous, and incidentally of setting the whole play in motion.

That discharge, at the suggestion of the villain, is retained by Colonel Dyke; the Captain is ordered to ride to somewhere with dispatches, and there will be no one to receive the message from William of Orange. "But stay! My sister blinketh gratefully, protesteth her devotion is my price." There is Miss Lilian Braithwaite looking so beautiful and so loyal in a blue velvet riding-habit that King James himself would have told her anything, even what his brother really thought and said of him. So Rupert Dale entrusts his sister with the task of meeting the messenger; no one knows whom he will be, or what he will look like, but he will say: "The time be ripe to pluck the fruit," to which the lady will reply: "The fruit be ripe for plucking," and hand him the pistol. In the barrel of the pistol is concealed a list of the names of the local adherents to the Orange cause; and that list must go astray, according to all the conventions of costume plays. That is easily arranged; the silly serving-wench comes back so quietly with the stirrup-cup that she startles the Captain into violent reproof. Her excessive grief a little later attracts the attention of the villain, and he wonders why Captain Dale should have been so angry with a serving-wench for overbearing: "The time be ripe to pluck the fruit." He works the phrase into his conversation with the heroine, receives the counter-sign and the pistol; and with her almost immediate discovery of her error the play is well begun. Jack O'Jingles rides after the villain on the Colonel's best horse (procured for him by the "woman's wit" of the heroine), and as he is a poet, throughout the rest of the play he is condemned to do all the absurd things that romantic heroes do.

In the second act, for example, he discards his disguise and appears as Ahab Meedy, the butler, and brings with him a pistol (procured for him by the "woman's wit" of the heroine), and as he is a poet, throughout the rest of the play he is condemned to do all the absurd things that romantic heroes do.

The plot is simple enough. The gentlemen of Devon were tired of King James, and were arranging a little diversion in favour of William of Orange. They awaited a messenger from William before beginning their political demonstration, and that messenger was, of course, no part of the plot. Jack O'Jingles was made to do the job for the Baronet of Dyke's Dragoons, as well as the headquarters of the Orange conspirators) to explain to the heroine how grossly she had misjudged him. He explains at such length that her brother, back from riding to somewhere with dispatches, catches him, challenges him to fight, and, although waiting still for his discharge, calls upon his comrades of Dyke's Dragoons to help him to apprehend Lord Repton, the traitor proscribed by King James. Repton still delays his exit because he has to work off an old stage trick; he thrusts a gun through the window, escapes with dispatches, and when he returns, the villain has concealed the silver pistol, plays dice with the villain with a very tame pretence of drunkenness, and changes the pistol by the clumsiest of stratagems; fights the duel with the infuriate Captain, is seriously wounded, but recovers sufficiently in five minutes to say: "But stay! My sister blinketh gratefully, protesteth her devotion is my price." There is Miss Lilian Braithwaite looking so beautiful and so loyal in a blue velvet riding-habit that King James himself would have told her anything, even what his brother really thought and said of him. So Rupert Dale entrusts his sister with the task of meeting the messenger; no one knows whom he will be, or what he will look like, but he will say: "The time be ripe to pluck the fruit," to which the lady will reply: "The fruit be ripe for plucking," and hand him the pistol. In the barrel of the pistol is concealed a list of the names of the local adherents to the Orange cause; and that list must go astray, according to all the conventions of costume plays. That is easily arranged; the silly serving-wench comes back so quietly with the stirrup-cup that she startles the Captain into violent reproof. Her excessive grief a little later attracts the attention of the villain, and he wonders why Captain Dale should have been so angry with a serving-wench for overbearing: "The time be ripe to pluck the fruit." He works the phrase into his conversation with the heroine, receives the counter-sign and the pistol; and with her almost immediate discovery of her error the play is well begun. Jack O'Jingles rides after the villain on the Colonel's best horse (procured for him by the "woman's wit" of the heroine), and as he is a poet, throughout the rest of the play he is condemned to do all the absurd things that romantic heroes do.

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Booth used to do in the House of Commons; and when the old playgoer is ready for it the rescue arrives. William has landed, James has fled, Dyke's Dragoons change sides in an instant, the villain is led away in custody, the lover and his lady embrace—and we all go home to bed to dream of how much better Waller and Fred Terry did this sort of thing.

**New Values.**

By Edward Moore.

Psycho-analysis has taught us—let us be moderate and say it will teach us in twenty years—that unlimited authority injures man not only politically, but spiritually and even physically. Yesterday, it is true, we felt that, but to-morrow we shall know it. What shall we do then?

Since the Renaissance the impulse to self-development, in other words, to disobedience, has received expression in literature and in life; it has had the approval of the greatest spirits; nevertheless, there has lingered around it a tinge of misgiving and even of guilt. The latest psychology tells us that disobedience is not only an impulse, but a duty; man can only save himself spiritually by breaking away from traditional authority and traditional opinion. In other words, morality which yesterday was against disobedience is now certainly for it. But this amounts to a complete transvaluation of values, and a transvaluation which goes beyond the utmost dreams of Nietzsche; a transvaluation founded not on taste, but actually on knowledge! The task attempted by Nietzsche, which appeared to his contemporaries impossible of accomplishment, is now becoming, though unconsciously, a vocation of knowledge itself. The Devil and the Lord have changed places, and Satan is now one of the deities. In another century misgiving and guilt will be associated not with development, but with conformity.

Do people realise what has happened to the virtues in the last fifty years? They have ceased to be interesting. We cannot speak now with fervour and distinction about them as men could in the days of Socrates, of Cicero, and even of Voltaire. A revolution has taken place in our attitude to them, and to write of them now in the vein of Johnson or of Burke, for instance, would be nothing else than an anachronism. What has caused this revolution? Far-fetched as it may sound, it is perhaps the knowledge which has come to light about the history of the virtues. We are now interested only in the private or the individual; we regard a dull, respectable person, who, although you would not believe it, has had wild, sanguinary adventures in his time.

When a virtue thinks more of itself than of the end for which it exists it ceases to be a virtue. It is then dead and may safely be called an absolute value. Politeness, for example, which thinks more of politeness than of people is not polite. About the worship of the good it is the same. When we think of our virtues as ends in themselves we have lost them. The concepts of the Middle Ages were founded on God, those of the Renaissance on Man. At last we are beginning to find our conceptions on Life. God, Man, Life—an apparent descent, but an actual approach to reality. The science of the Middle Ages was theology that of the Renaissance, anatomy; our science is psychology. A literature and an art founded upon theology and upon anatomy have flourished and still flourish; the literature and the art of psychology have still to come to birth.

Belief in God endures, belief in Man embalmed, belief in Life quickens. If this be true we should now be on the threshold of the greatest productive period in history, greater even than the Renaissance. It is possible.

To cry that all introspection is unhealthy is to suffer oneself to react too obviously against modernity. Introspection is to be judged by the same test as other things: Does it create or does it disintegrate? In other words, does it lead to action or to incapacity for action? Both kinds—yes, even the former—are to be found in literature; the first in the novels of Stendhal, the latter in those of Dostoyevsky. The heroes of Stendhal consult their souls so as to decide what is to be done; nothing of their self-analysis is turned back against themselves; everything "goes into" the action. The characters of Dostoyevsky, on the other hand, look within to find that no decision is possible, and the longer they look the more helpless they become. Introspection can be equally a source of great strength and of great weakness. In any case, it is now inevitable. Wanted, an aesthetic and ethical education of introspection.

The man without personality enjoys anything, whether it is good for him or not. The man with personality enjoys only what is good for him. No man is safe who has not personality, however far he may be from danger. This is true especially in art and literature.

A man sure of himself can read any kind of book safely: books to which his instincts object he reads with the fringe of his mind; nothing could be more distant. This part of him even enjoys them; nevertheless, at the centre the personality sits in judgment. One should be able to condemn a book which one has enjoyed.

Good and bad? The man who has not attained balance does not even know what is good or bad. We recognise this when, after having lost our balance, we find it again.

So long as you are dependent on anyone you cannot know him. Become indifferent to problems and people and they will appear to you in their true form. Only then can you love them.

One does not ask the slave about slavery: he is too inapt to do so. The free man alone knows what slavery is, or anything else.

Too great sympathy destroys the freedom of the soul. Not to care too much what happens to other people or to oneself: that is the beginning of freedom.

To be indifferent to others if at the same time one is indifferent to everything else in time and space, in cluding oneself, is not a moral fault, but perhaps the last of the virtues.

Emancipation means no more than this, but it is a great deal: to respect institutions, theories, religions, and morals, not because they are good, but because they are as ends in themselves we have lost them. The free man alone knows what slavery is, or anything else.

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would be a cry. All expression is division, diffusion, analysis. The talk about the deceased, the recollection of other deaths, the anticipation of what will happen to those who are left, are a language of symbols, just as poems like “In Memoriam” are a language of symbols. In both cases things associated with grief rather than expressive of it are sought, and the content of grief is forced into them. The sorrow thus diffuses itself; relief is found; and the intolerable, single pain in the unconscious ebbs out by innumerable channels.

The high price which is set upon universality in a work of art is, of course, partly explained on the most obvious grounds; the universal is greater than the particular. But why aesthetic universality should give such immediate and incontestable artistic pleasure is a different question. The truth is that feelings of any kind whatsoever seek to generalise themselves. The phenomenon is not artistic merely; deep emotions always strive to attach themselves to symbols; that is, they find the greatest number of correspondences they can, the unity of desire disperses itself through these, universalises itself, and thus finds relief. This explains the deep pleasure we find in the universality of art; it is a form of expression not only for the artist, but for us.

Every passion strives to discharge itself, said Nietzsche. But it can only do so by means of the technique of universalising; thus, every attempt of every passion is to become universal. The reason why this is achieved only in art and in thought is simple. Action is by its nature a local thing: when one acts one is bounded by the effects of other actions. Only in art and in thought can man escape into the infinite, into freedom, and there send his voice echoing from space to space, to sphere in a never-ending reverberation. Man reveals his essential nature not in action, but in expression. In the beginning and in the end there is the Word, that which tells what man is—that is, what he would be. Action is the outline drawn by his limitations.

When the eyes are closed a face shows only what has happened, not what is happening; the present and the future appear, as it were, to be wiped off; and only the indelible lines which have been wrought upon the soul by passion, by grief, by meanness, are made clear in a confession simple, passive, cynical. When the eyes are open this confession is not half true. The reason is simple; the eyes are the only features upon which Time does not make—any deadening, static oppression; and the remainder of the face is little more than a death mask of the past, they are the changing eyes open this confession is not half true. The reason is simple; the eyes are the only features upon which Time does not make—any deadening, static oppression; and the remainder of the face is little more than a death mask of the past, they are the changing mirrors of the present and of the future. They have, moreover, the transforming power of all dynamic things, and can make faces the most deeply lined, mobile, glowing, dynamic.

In simple men of action we can observe what man has attained; in thinkers and poets we apprehend what he is in process of becoming. The eyes of the latter are open.

How much poetry and how much religion is dangerous to man and wars against his highest development! How much of them he must cast behind him if he is to attain to anything great and free! For instance, the poetry of passion in which identification with the object is glorified as the greatest happiness. The study of psychology leaves us no longer with any doubt about this: it is a case of regression, an attempt to be re-absorbed into the primitive forms of life which preceded the human. The Greeks are still our teachers in life, and modern poetry and passion have simply not learnt the “not too much.” The religious desire for absorption is another example of this atavism always waiting to betray us, and always clothing itself in the most seductive forms; the wish to lose ourselves in God is the wish to return to unconsciousness—the arch-danger to mankind, therefore. What the new psychology demonstrates unmistakably is that human advance must be in the direction of the development of personal identity, and not, therefore, but in differentiation. But what will happen to friendship, you say, when each individual has become unique and distinct? Friendship will precisely begin then; for the present we must be content with herd instinct.

“Not too much” said the Greeks; but also, we should now say, “not too little.” Psychology is modern science, and it has taught us that the “too little” is a far more dangerous evil than the “too much.”

In School.

XIX.—CONCLUSION.

I have now set out all the methods I am conscious of having used in my endeavours to find short cuts to genius, and it only remains for me to make a few general remarks on them by way of concluding these notes.

I do not suggest that these methods form by any means an adequate or comprehensive scheme for the teaching of English composition, but, despite their limitations, they raised the literary standard of my form to a height which I should not have thought attainable before I began to practise them. Nor do I suggest that the scope of improvement can be traced entirely to these methods. There were probably others unconsciously adopted by me which I have not been able to bring to the surface in the course of this analysis. Moreover, there are highly important psychological causes affecting the literary ability of a form which do not fall within the province of methods of teaching at all. The personality of the teacher, the relation between the teacher and his form, the corporate mind of the form itself—all these considerations and many others play their parts and influence the methods themselves for good or ill, each in its own way. But to discuss adequately the means by which the spirit of fellowship in a form can best be promoted would necessitate an entry into questions far beyond the scope of this inquiry.

I am loth to obtrude my own personality upon the reader, and would not do so were it not that an inadequate opinion of the value of my methods might easily be formed, owing to a universal psychological phenomenon which, for want of a better term, I will call the conservatisimo complex.

There is always a psychological resistance to being told how to do anything by a new method, even if one is consciously anxious to learn. This innate conservatism is supported by a host of reactionary feelings, all of which tend to hinder the carrying out of the methods. Hamlet’s procrastination, though influenced by other more subtle motives and complexes, affords a striking example of this particular phenomenon. The reactionary self, taking shelter behind the universal inferiority complex, will often offer the wildest excuses: “If I only had his personality I could make his dodges work, but as I haven’t I had better stick to the old methods.”

If the reader gasps at my effrontery in accusing his unconscious of crediting me with an inspiring personality he shows ignorance of the workings of the unconscious. I am unmoved and decline to withdraw the charge. Any opinion that may be formed of my personality as a writer on education is quite immaterial, but an opinion formed of me in the capacity of a personal teacher of boys unfortunately has to be taken into consideration, since it affects the value set upon my methods, which on reflection will, I think, be found as impersonal as any methods of teaching can be. To do them justice, therefore, it behoves me to state here and now, without wishing to be ostentatiously humble, that my own personality had no mate-
rational effect on the literary capacity of the form, and can be entirely neglected as an inspiring influence. I do not suggest that I could benefit considerably by inspiration emanating from the teacher. All methods of teaching would. The simple fact, however, in my case is that persistent ill-health, involving almost incessant mental fatigue in school, rendered it impossible for me to achieve anything by personal effort to achieve anything by any personal inspiration, and accordingly compelled me to resort to impersonal methods. And it is to these methods that I believe such success as the form has achieved is almost entirely due.

Since, however, it is my duty to leave nothing undisclosed, I dare perhaps to add that I always made it a practice to be absolutely candid with the form, and this may have caused them to be rather more open-minded and sincere in their written productions than is generally the case with boys of their age. Though they showed no sign of either affection or dislike for me I could not fail to notice continued indications of trust, and the knowledge that nothing they wrote would ever cause them to be held up to ridicule either before their form-master or companions no doubt did something to bring out qualities of reticence so harmful to the literary mentality of the British schoolboy.

To turn to the boys themselves, after the form had acquired a corporate feeling a pride in their work grew as a matter of course in every boy invariably every one of his best "for the honour of the form," so that punishment became a thing unknown; all which tended to give the methods a fair chance in practice. A fair chance, but no more, for the methods would have worked, and did in fact work for a time before a corporate mind was acquired. But though I found it not a very difficult task to instil this corporate feeling into the form, even to the extent of causing many of them to take a definite pride in their achievements, I never succeeded in getting them to enjoy their work, the natural schoolboy hostility to which remained almost unaffected up to the end.

This fact alone is a fairly clear indication that such success as my methods achieved was due neither to any personal inspiration on my part nor, what is still more important, to any love of learning on the part of the form. Several readers of these articles have remarked to me, with how much sincerity I know not, that I seemed to have a collection of literary geniuses in my form. This suggestion, in case it is believed by others, I discard for two reasons. First, because I do not agree that any of the form's productions were of sufficient merit to entitle their authors to such praise; and, secondly, because, until the methods began to take effect, except in three cases no indication of literary ability was in the least apparent. It may perhaps sound ungrateful of me to state that the material I had to work on was for the most part of some-what inferior quality. Yet such was the decided opinion of my colleagues who taught the form in other subjects. While it would not be doing my methods justice were I to gloss over the fact that my pupils were of less than average scholastic ability, I am averse from laying great stress on it, because the meaning attached to the term "ability" by the average schoolmaster is distinctly limited—limited, in fact, by the grotesque limitations of the examination system. As an instance of what I mean, I remember once remarking to one of my colleagues, apropos of some youthful production I had just received from my form, that So-and-so was a remarkably clever boy. "Clever!" he replied, "why, he's the biggest ass in the school; doesn't even know an ablative absolute when he sees one."

An industrious boy who is blessed with a good memory and a reasonable capacity (if only of a mechanical nature) to apply elementary knowledge is bound to succeed at school, though he may be devoid of personal initiative, artistic feeling, creative impulse, and even normal intelligence; whereas a boy possessed of these latter qualities, even if he works hard, is equally bound to fail (in school) so long as he has no mind for figures—a confession often made by adults—are so much time practically wasted. This is merely an illustration of a general rule: it would be manifestly unfair to compare the accomplishments of mathematics with the unconscious teaching of English composition; for the latter, being a form of self-expression, lends itself more readily, perhaps, than any subject to unconscious methods of teaching. But in the average form of, say, twenty children there will...
always be found two or three who excel the others in English. These are the children who are blessed with "literary instincts," and who will succeed in that subject under conscious tuition despite its inherent disadvantages. To the large majority the English lessons will prove a waste of time.

Now since the collective mind forms so large a part (perhaps the largest part) of each individual, unconscious teaching must be directed mainly (whether of set purpose or not) to the collective mind. Hence it seems only reasonable to suppose that such teaching will have a collective effect on the form. And it is in this collective effect that I think my methods have been mostly successful.

It may have been observed that I have assumed all along that my methods did prove successful, but this claim I make not on the grounds of any merit which may exist in the youthful efforts I have quoted, but solely on account of relative improvement the extent of which could not be indicated here without the transcription of many tedious pages of early efforts whose demerits must of necessity be left to the reader's imagination.

Statistically, the value of my methods can be expressed during the five years in which my methods were used 19 boys spent two or more terms in the form learning English with me for six hours a week. Of these 19, three had a natural facility for writing, and while their literary improvement was considerable, it is difficult to say how much of it was due to my methods, which in their cases operated more in a restraining or negative manner. In one sense they would doubtless have shown signs of improvement under any system of teaching. On the other hand, as I indicated in the chapter on Pretentiousness, the defects of their qualities would probably have become more accentuated in the absence of this restraining influence. Despite their apparent natural advantages, they were eventually by no means the best writers in the form.

The other 16 may be roughly divided into three groups, as follows:

(a)—Seven boys seemed to show signs of real literary promise. Their efforts were, I think, seldom without merit both in substance and expression.

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infractions of immediate response to such methods as I have tried to describe. It may occasionally take longer than a year before any sign of improvement becomes visible, but in my own case, although I know that it will be many years before the seed I have sown comes to maturity, I feel that I have already been rewarded by the sight of many green shoots. Last of all I would like to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to Mr. Kenneth Richmond, whose writings were largely the inspiration of my methods, and without whose personal help and encouragement this attempted explanation of them would never have been made.

T. R. COXON.

Views and Reviews.

CATHOLICISM.—II.

In my last article I found the bathroom so delectable a place that I could not leave it; but "G. K. C.'s" reply to me in "The New Witness" covered much more ground than that, although it was, like his verbal juggle like that. According to that, everything is responsible for its own contrary, and a dead man has provoked his own murder by being alive. Because I contradict 'A. E. R.' he immediately becomes my father; and as he, by his own contradiction, has already made Mr. Maynard his father, it follows that Mr. Maynard is my grandfather, which I feel sure cannot really be the case.

"I have no part in this answer," Falstaff; "these words are not mine." I stated a fact of lineal succession, not a theory of responsibility. Catholicism was the parent of the Reformation, and, therefore, that Catholicism is the grandchild of Catholicism. The Reformation did not create Capitalism (that existed long before the Catholic Church); it transferred the revenues and property of the Church to the Crown, and capitalised Monarchy at the expense of theocracy. That is so simple and clear a statement of the historical fact that it did not seem to me open even to misconstruction; but "G. K. C."

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T. R. COXON.
doctrines. He, like the Modernists, thought that the Catholic Church was, and ought to be, what it professed to be, a religious body organised for the propagation of religious doctrines and the communication of spiritual power in a form to be a manufactory of persons to commit what the Church itself called "sins"; the Church first manufactured the sins, then it permitted its members to contract out of the condemnation of the sin for a sum of money. Luther's own people told him in the counsels already had their sins pardoned; the Papacy, as ever, was doing its best to make the Catholic Church unnecessary. Why should a man go to his priest for pardon when he could buy pardon from the Pope? Luther's first protest was to the effect that the Papacy had capitalised the forgiveness of sins, and the Reformation he demanded was the repudiation of Capitalism in religion.

The analogy between the action of the unreformed Papacy and modern Capitalism is much more exact than the analogy between Protestantism and Capitalism. For the right of private judgment, which was the main doctrine of Protestantism, is psychologically related to the economic practice of "private enterprise." The Capitalism of it corresponds to that of the small holder, the small employer, the man who invests his own savings in his own business, and, having put his eggs in one basket, takes extraordinary care not to kick that basket. But modern Capitalism is based on a monopoly of savings; the insurance societies and the banks have their working agreements, and the savings of the people are diverted to this, that, or the other purpose at the will of a few directors of finance. Keeping to the analogy, the central bank of the Papacy was impoverishing its branches by encouraging a direct flow of gold to Rome; it was creating a practical monopoly of pardon, was selling its production, by adding the mystery of love to sex, seems to be a perversion of a vital force. It is true that the romanticist says the finer things about women, produces the more ideal characters; but if his work is not true, if he is only telling us what he would like to be true, his work is neither a preparation nor a substitute for life. It obscures instead of enlightening our understanding of life; and instead of rating the sex instinct at its proper value as one of the mysteries of life, romanticism exalts sex to the supreme mystery. There is a touch of magic in Stevenson's conception of Love's entrance into life; it is like a child of two children walking hand in hand into a dark room; but as the same man in the same book tells us that "marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses," the wisdom of entering into love in this state of blissful ignorance may well be questioned. The confessional literature of men like Rousseau and Tolstoy (a pure romanticist and a not so pure one) show that the romantic convention does not correspond with the facts of life as they knew them; and it is at least possible that a good deal of the admitted disappointment of married life is due to disillusionment. As Shaw put it in "John Bull's Other Island": "You nag and squabble at home because your wife isn't an angel, and she despises you because you're not an hero." Indeed, the romantic convention seems to foster an illegitimate admiration of the human race, without adequately preparing us for the Christian forgiveness of the fact that we are "human, all-too-human," and have divinity only by promise.

The realistic treatment, provided that it is not limited to morbid or teratical specimens of humanity, offers a fuller interest than that provided by fine writing, an interest in character rather than in characters that are real only in non-existent setting. It sets the idealist the harder task of constructing his ideals from the facts, instead of from a carefully selected abstraction from facts. The young girl in this novel dreams of fairy princes, certainly, but not only of fairy princes; she has a clearer consciousness of the real nature of the stimulus to her imagination than is usually admitted, and a more forth-right acceptance of its implications. Adolescence is a more difficult state to depict, with its phantasmasia of new and old mental images in conflict, with its opposition of emotional impulses, its general unsettlement and disturbance of soul; and all this Mrs. Hobson conveys with wonderful fidelity. But she does not confine herself to depicting the introspective moods of her heroine; she sends her on a tour with

Reviews.

The Revolt of Youth. By Coralie Hobson. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

Mrs. Hobson's study of the adolescence of a girl is so truthfully done that it raises in an acute form the question of the literary propriety of the realistic treatment of love. A purely literary criticism would remark that the romantic element made it easier to produce literature, for the romantic convention is the necessary discipline of the "sublimation" of the sex instinct. But as the purpose of the sex instinct is not to produce literature, but to reproduce humanity, the romantic convention, by adding the mystery of love to sex, seems to be a perversion of a vital force. It is true that the romanticist says the finer things about women, produces the more ideal characters; but if his work is not true, if he is only telling us what he would like to be true, his work is neither a preparation nor a substitute for life. It obscures instead of enlightening our understanding of life; and instead of rating the sex instinct at its proper value as one of the mysteries of life, romanticism exalts sex to the supreme mystery. There is a touch of magic in Stevenson's conception of Love's entrance into life; it is like a child of two children walking hand in hand into a dark room; but as the same man in the same book tells us that "marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses," the wisdom of entering into love in this state of blissful ignorance may well be questioned. The confessional literature of men like Rousseau and Tolstoy (a pure romanticist and a not so pure one) show that the romantic convention does not correspond with the facts of life as they knew them; and it is at least possible that a good deal of the admitted disappointment of married life is due to disillusionment. As Shaw put it in "John Bull's Other Island": "You nag and squabble at home because your wife isn't an angel, and she despises you because you're not an hero." Indeed, the romantic convention seems to foster an illegitimate admiration of the human race, without adequately preparing us for the Christian forgiveness of the fact that we are "human, all-too-human," and have divinity only by promise.

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a repertory company (characteristically, the heroine fails to play Ophelia), and the tour certainly teaches her more about than of art. The heroine touches the Suffragette movement at one point, and through her brother becomes acquainted with some artists in Camden Town who seem to know as little of prosperity as of convention. Mrs. Hobson is quite clearly writing of what she knows, and the merit of the book is not its style but its sincerity.

The Art of Rodin. Introduction by Louis Weinberg. (Boni and Liveright, New York.)

Sixty-five photographs and an enthusiastic and intelligent introduction form a good little handbook for lovers of Rodin’s work, and present, in the best possible form, the question as to what is Rodin’s goodness, power or charm as an image-maker. What is his distinction, after all; his real character and quality? We believe this is well indicated by Mr. Weinberg when he says:—

“Rodin could not express the luminosity which he felt in nature . . . without so modifying his technique as to create his later style. He began deliberately to modulate the surfaces as he modelled them in such a manner as to suggest the play of light without sacrificing what is proper to sculpture, the pleasure of mass and volume.”

“Pleasure” of mass and volume is a little vague; what was sacrificed was the reality of material; which is the fundamental necessity of sculpture. In this respect even any work of Mr. Eric Gill is far superior. Rodin would actually reproduce the same modelling in marble or bronze, so little did material signify for him, except sometimes for colour; and whereas all the supreme works of sculpture seem to express the daemons of basalt, granite, marble, or metal, as much as their makers’ genius, Rodin’s are always the conceptions of a brilliant clay modeller translated into more enduring matter. The results are sparkling and wonderful, they are eloquence, painting or music if you will, but they are not sculpture. Imagination has produced a shape, but has not become incarnate in matter. This is a magician of salons and studios, not a craftsman grown great at his work. At the exhibitions of Mestrovic’s works it was astonishing to see the great Serbian expression almost a different individuality in different materials: only such a glorified leader Miss Jane Judd, while at the same time crediting incarnate in matter. This is a great virtuoso, and cannot soon be forgotten.

The Eyes of Understanding. By C. R. Milton. (Melrose. 6s. net.)

The intricate details of Indian official life do not seem to have lifted the creative imagination of Mr. Milton; and his views on the government of India would probably carry more weight if set forth in pamphlet form. One does not convert fact into fiction (nor even steer clear of the law of libel, if that is the object) by calling a well-known society the Neo-Gnostics, and its leader Miss Jane Judd, while at the same time crediting it with real political activities, concerning which the Government took action. Meantime through the story is a rather lukewarm lady of title who, without previous experience, is made superintendent of a school at Ajur; and her very tepid love-affairs produce most of the human interest. The book is not unreadable, but it will gratify curiosity concerning the details of official life in India, it will arouse interest. But if Mr. Milton really wants to alarm us concerning the incompetence of the government and administration of India, he would better achieve his purpose by avoiding the form of fiction, and honing his arguments on attested facts. Lady Mary Villiers-Browne does not add either authority or emphasis to them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

“PRODUCTION AND PRICES.”

Sir,—The capricious gentleman who rides off under the cover of the name of “printer’s devil” has mangled “Production and Prices” with his usual impartiality. In column 1, page 322, the italicised sentence reading: “the cost of this problem,” etc., should, of course, read: “the core of this problem”; and in the next column: “If prices are arranged so that they bear the same relation to cost that consumption does to depreciation,” should read: “bear the same relation to cost that consumption does to production.”

C. H. DOUGLAS.

“CONSCIENCE AND LIBERTY.”

Sir,—The problem of conscience and the modern State is more important than “A. E. R.” allows to appear. It is more important because it is almost impossible to consider the problem of conscience without studying the problem of liberty, and confusion as to the true nature of liberty has been, according to Lord Acton, the greatest of all causes of bloodshed and crime, with the single exception of religion. The problem is more complex because “A. E. R.” states at their strongest neither the arguments of his opponents nor his own.

Lord Acton, who devoted the whole of his life to preparing to write a great History of Liberty, and who was the greatest historical writer of his time, produced, declared that “liberty is not a means to a higher political end. It is itself the highest political end.” And by liberty he meant “the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom, and opinion.” I would not claim that even Lord Acton was completely right in his view of liberty. But it is foolish to discuss the subject without studying his work.

The problem—of the conscientious objector—writes “A. E. R.” has usually been solved by exempting the conscientious objectors from military service. It is difficult to see how exemption “solves” the problem. It would not solve the problem of the Mormons to let them do just what they wanted. The real problem of conscientious objectors is solved by exemption. But the real problem is to find a solution which will be consistent with a rational theory of liberty or any rational political philosophy. Whether exemption is such a solution or not I am not at present concerned to inquire. But it is idle to say that a problem is solved without showing how.

“A. E. R.” further simplifies his difficult subject by writing of “the” conscientious objector. He does not exist. There are conscientious objectors, but the abstraction “the conscientious objector” has no reality. There are so many differing reasons for their objections that, outside religious bodies whose belief is opposed to military service, it might be difficult to find any two whose reasons for objecting were exactly the same.

“A. E. R.”’s indictment of conscientious objectors might be made much stronger, and arguments in defence of the objector might also be strengthened. And unless we can have arguments at their strongest we are not likely to discover the truth. “The conscientious objector,” writes “A. E. R.,” “not only claimed the right to dissociate himself from the general activity, but actively to oppose it.” But the argument might be carried still further. It might be said (accepting for a moment the phrase “the conscientious objector”) that in so far as he opposed England fighting against Germany he virtually fought for the Germans; that he was
really in sober fact a pro-German, even if unconscious of the fact; and that his conduct, if universally imitated, would have been disastrous to Europe, in which case conscientious objectors would have disappeared, because the German method with objectors was to shoot them.

It may be pointed out that the case for the conscientious objector might also be strengthened. "A. E. R." bases the community's right to our obedience on a quotation in which he does not seem to have given the exact words: "any of you who does not like us, we will obey the State's right to obedience. If food shortage had led to appeals to Paul, much less to Peter. To Christ and Christ alone this devout Christian clings!"

Voluntary pain, of course, shocks psycho-analysis appears not to do much for it, but has chosen it. Theodore Maynard.

**CATOLICISM**

Sir,—"A. E. R." remarks that if "A. E. R." were to be asked what the Church of England is, he would choose Paralysism. He not only would choose it, but has chosen it.

**PSYCHOANALYSIS.**

Sir,—I fear I must rather burden your columns since the short answer I gave to Surgeon Alcock appears not to have cleared the air. I was at the time on a holiday, and an "energy complex" (shall we say?) must have prompted me to save both you and myself.

Now for the midwife question. The "A. E. R." may, of course, be quite right in his term for "one who draws the reality of a matter into consciousness"; but the point is whether or not the matter in question is always reality. I think it is rather seen out of this. Not very long ago, for example, the "matter" always being drawn out by Freud was sex, but it is now admitted, I gather, that while sex is not an infrequent cause, it is by no means the first. I wonder what its terms are in other words, he was not in those days always acting as a midwife as above defined, and the question is fair whether the present practitioners are not similarly liable to error.

The question is of little importance, perhaps, in therapy, but it is all-important when mythology is involved, for in this prejacent I expect from the subsequent test of results. In these days outraged gods no longer step down into the arena and straighten things out dramatically. The majority of people have no views on mythology beyond that it is more or less amusing nonsense, and for them one explanation is as good as another. So there is nothing to refute (or to confirm) a psycho-analytic diagnosis of a myth as there is when a man in this subject.

And now as to "dirty" and "tragedy." I am afraid your correspondente will have to rewrite his last paragraph before I can answer it; for "description" does not appear to be a man for psycho-analysis appears not to do so, at any rate as expounded by Dr. Jung in his recent book, "Psychology of the Unconscious."

**TRANSLATION.**

Sir,—Has Mr. Selver heard of an amusing mistranslation of the title of H. G. Wells' novel "Mr. Britling Sees It Through"? I wonder whether the German version of this prepositional idiom of ours?

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THE REGIONAL.

X.

Satis constat, the French have the better of us in farce-novels; the rest of their cheap fiction is as bad as the English. In the farce-novel, the freedom of speech favours the writer, for there is no limit to the outrage either of subject or of metaphor. Because of which, or in conjunction with which, arises the second and real advantage—namely, that in France intelligent men appear to write bad novels with the intention of amusing intelligent readers. I do not deny that you will find writers like Pierre Mille fiddling along in the daily Press with a merely Chestertonian fizzle, but you do find intelligent men writing scurrilous novels. The muffs and the French Chestertonians generally take to serious literature (Caudel and the hundreds of Caudels manceuvres), whereas in England these inept attempt to write "literary" novels in poisonous hope of a sale.

Neither country is to be envied the present state of its letters. A man may be elected to the French Academy for producing work the mere illustrations to which would bring apoplectic deliverance from this vale of woe to 30 per cent. of the male and female members of the British Academic Committee; and, for all that, the present composition of the French 40 does not breed deference in the critical mind.

Does any recognised American magazine writer turn out worse copy than Jean Lorrain? (Vide "Ellen" and the short stories that pad out the volume.) Would any Englishman with pretensions to literature; would, let us say, Newbolt reprint anything so vacuous as the later essays of Andre Gide? Would any English critic (save possibly James Douglas)—let us reformulate: would any English critic on a moderately respectable (as the word is currently used) publication, would (to be definite) even Mr. J. C. Squire be capable of: "L'auteur s'y reflete vraiment et des louanges. I1 est certain qu'il faut lire ce livre sous tous les seduisants aspects de la jeunesse, et l'on ne saurait ainsi lui adresser que des compliments et des louanges. Il est certain qu'il faut lire ce livre pour ses qualités si brillantes comme pour ses défauts si amusants")?

I have heard it said that this note on James Joyce’s "Portrait of the Artist" is not due to stupidity but to bad luck; but I question if even the " New Statesman " would treat a work of Ch. Louis Philippe quite as if it were the first novel by some new French Ethel M. Dell. The " New Witness " might do so; " Everyman " might do so; but neither the " Quarterly " nor the " Edinburgh " would commit an error of these dimensions. En revanche, I doubt if we have an English daily alert as the " Intransigent " to the events of international literature. By which queries I should like to dispel the literary internationalism by a mere copying of the French.

The normal British author has not absorbed Flaubert; it is doubtful if he has read Stendhal; he is ignorant of the fact that has been, until recently, a contemporary of De Gourmont. On the other hand, the normal French writer has not read ten lines of Henry James; and it is highly improbable that he would understand them if he did—even with the aid of a dictionary and of a fluent translator.

Despite which, we are permitted to hope for a "better understanding" through literature: Catulle Mendes, Hugo, and Tennyson all shedding abundant light upon national characteristics.

REFLECTION.

O England, my foster-mother; Albion, kindest of dry nurses, but, thank God, wiser than my natul mountains promise to be; O nest, reputed of singing birds, you are fortunately without a kultur (apart from matters of dress, sporting costumes, etc.), for even a Hun would be justified in resisting a culture based on Milton, Shakespeare, worth, and your laureates.

THE WAR, AN EPIC?

The war, an epic? Yes, how many passed Through Odysseys that make old Homer tame! How many myriad martyred souls were cast Into Infernos Dante could not name! And those who have returned, seared, tempest-tossed, Find more than paradise is more than lost.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

VAGABONDAGE.

Dusty of shoes and dented of hat,
Beggars, we knock on this door and that;
Beggars whose bodies are weary and old,
We whimper for shelter, shut out in the cold:
Kind folk, peep through your windows and see
The rags of our sorrowful beggary!

An ancient madness has driven us forth
To East and West and South and North—
Though gold upon our palms has lain thick,
Of men and of cities our hearts have grown sick,
Of narrow skies and of dust and of din—
Lift up the latch and let us come in!

Draw back the bolts and the stout stiff bars
For vagabonds homeless beneath the stars!
We fain would find a welcome to sit
Where the glow-worm’s friendly lantern is lit.

To the fellowship of fur and of wing
Our sorrowful ditty we sing:

We hear not a word that is spoken
Under the greenwood tree—
No sound of that jovial laughter,
That feasting and revelry!

The great roots jest together
Deep in the muddy earth,
But never a lonely mortal
Is partner to that mirth.

For the secretive hills are jealous
Lest man should overhear,
And they guard their hoary fables
From every human ear.

Though crickets sing in the twilight
And larks ascend in the morn,
No whisper of their songs’ meaning
Ever comes to the women-born.

For this we have given up kinsfolk
And household and household fire,
To find in the silver house of the snail
The end of our desire.

But though men were scornful and bitter
And pitiless of face,
O small folk, are you more ready
To give us a resting-place?

Beggars with bellies drawn tightly in,
We seek our nightly shelter to win;
Yet no beast lifts a kindly eye
To welcome such vagabonds passing by.
If you’ll give us a crust of your fairy bread
And a petal of dew, we’ll be comforted—
But no living thing will answer the door
Though we tramp and trudge the wide world o’er!

THE WAR, AN EPIC?

THE NEW AGE.

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P. SILVER.

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