Notes of the Week

The terms of settlement of the railway strike leave it open to discussion upon which side the "victory" lies. After an expenditure of half a million pounds, the National Union of Railwaymen can, indeed, say that they have procured an extension of time for the negotiations and the formal guarantee of the present rate of wages for twelve months. Equally it is open to discussion upon which side the "victory" lies. They have procured an extension of time for the negotiations and the formal guarantee of the present rate of wages for twelve months. Equally it is open to discussion upon which side the "victory" lies.

It need not be imagined, however, that the Government has nothing to its account in the recent settlement. Mr. Cramp chooses to deny that anything of "victory" fell to the share of the Government; but not only the City thinks otherwise, but in the foreign Press, which is a much fairer mirror than our own, it is commonly assumed that the Government "won." If it be asked in what respect the Government may be said to have obtained a complete "victory," we should salute the impalpable but very real dispersion of the threatening myth of the General Strike. That, in all certainty, has entirely disappeared. From being a bogey, half believed in, it has become a discredited turnip-head which nobody but a newspaper paragraph-writer will ever again take seriously. To begin with, it most manifestly appeared that the threat of the General Strike was confined to the little group that publishes, let us say, the "Call." No respectable Trade Union leader would have anything to do with it, or could do anything but shiver when it appeared, as at one time it did, inevitable. Not only Mr. Thomas, on his own evidence, was prepared on that Sunday morning to "accept a truce" rather than risk a General Strike; but even the Fourteen representatives of the advisory Unions could not restrain a cheer when they knew the dispute had been settled without recourse to their direct action. We do not say, it will be observed, that Mr. Thomas and the Fourteen were not wise in their decision. A General Strike in fact would be a very different thing from a General Strike in the columns of the "Call" or the "Daily Herald." All we are saying is that its bluff has now been called, and that the Government can for the future ignore it; for the event has proved that the last people who would really know what to do with it are those who have hitherto talked most about it. It was, we are convinced, for the pricking of this bubble that Mr. Lloyd George (though the credit is not his) was cheered in the City. The general public was relieved to discover that the General Strike was only a generality.

Our friends of the "Call" are now saying that "if only" Labour had had more determined leaders than Mr. Thomas—and the Fourteen—and all their innumerable understrappers and advisers—the General Strike might have been both a reality, and an effective reality; it would, in fact, have "come off" in the double sense. But that is just what we presume to deny; for Mr. Lloyd George undoubtedly had as many strings to
his bow as fresh objects to aim at. Let us suppose that instead of the mice who were conducting the strike, the leaders had been the lions of the "Call," and that they had "brought out" all the Unions of the country in support of the demands of the National Union of Railwaymen—what would have been Mr. Lloyd George's reply? Either, it is clear, he would have driven a state of civil war; or, much more probably, he would have called for a General Election. And in either event the situation of the General Strike would have been perilous in the extreme. Civil war, such as Russia saw on the morrow of a General Strike, a few years ago, is incapable of being enforced to bring about joint control. The day for phrases, such as "had some," is over. The promises of increased output and lower prices, the popular phrase "had some" of Nationalisation, but the adduction of the threat would have made it almost blood-curdling. To-day, however, not only has the public in respect of the opinions it has formed of Nationalisation, and the negative. ***

The situation, nevertheless, is hopeless as it is; for on each side there is strength just sufficient to veto the proposals of the other side, but not to enforce its own. On the side of the Government there is the Duckham scheme, which under no circumstances can be carried into effect without the co-operation of the Miners. And, on the Miners' side, there is the plan of Nationalisation which is equally impracticable in the absence of the co-operation of the State. Under these circumstances, it would appear that, unless a way of escape is discovered, this paradoxical conclusion must result, that both parties, the State and the Miners, must continue to tolerate the existing system which neither of the parties have declared to be intolerable. For it must be remembered that not only has the Miners' Federation condemned the present form of control in the Mining industry, but Sir Justice Sankey, on behalf of the Government, has no less strongly condemned it. Of one party, it is clear, can profit by an impasse thus created. As long as the contending extremes contrive to cancel each other out, the middle party, that of the present control, can afford to smile; its lease of life is indefinitely extended. No wonder that mining shares are rising in the market; no wonder that mines are changing hands at advanced prices—the present form of control may count on a long life, guaranteed, as it is, by two equal and opposite enemies each of whom prefers the existing state to the state which the other would initiate. ***

Is there a way out? We profess to have one ourselves; and with the general principles underlying it our readers are by this time familiar. Moreover, we have done our best to bring it to the attention of the Miners' Federation, and particularly of the officials of the Miners' Federation. Setting that aside, however, as likely to require several trips round the world before it is acclimatised to the English Labour mind, we turn with interest to the scheme advanced by the Miners' Federation in their recent interview with Mr. Lloyd George; the scheme, that is to say, of joint control coupled with Nationalisation. What, after all, does it amount to? Does it not amount to a confession of ignorance concerning the means of establishing joint control, even when Nationalisation is presumed, as we know, in fact, it cannot be? The frank admission of Mr. Foot that "although the Union as a whole had worked for joint control, he knew of no plan for obtaining it," was not, it is clear, an admission that Mr. Hodges could make. Nevertheless, his manifest embarrassment at the questions put to him by Mr. Lloyd George, and his surprising acceptance of a permanent minority of workers' representatives on all the governing boards of the industry make it certain that, equally with Mr. Foot, Mr. Hodges has no reason and practicable plan for bringing about joint control. The absence of all sign of the industrial discussion has passed from the platform and the gallery to the study and the men of affairs. It is perfectly useless to enter a Conference with the Government in the hope that the Government will produce a plan for the satisfaction of the demands of the men for joint control. That plan has to be produced by the Miners' themselves. They affirm that they desire joint control; they must certainly will not be happy till they get it. We can no less certainly assure them that it must come from themselves, or, at least, through themselves, and that, if they have it, the situation as described above will persist, all the agitation on the platform notwithstanding. ***

In disgust with the inaction and general futility of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, various Labour leaders have recently suggested the formation of a General Labour Staff, modelled, presumably, upon the fortunes of the late Committee of Fourteen. It is probably a post-strike mushroom, and will be forgotten in a week or two; or there would be much more to say of it. In general, the composition of the present Parliamentary Committee confirms our worst suspicions of the result of the Labour Congress that appointed it. A Congress, proudly declaring a membership of over five millions, could not,
we were given to think, fail to do something proportionately beneficial for Labour; its mere numbers were a guarantee of ideas. And when we reminded its members that, without ideas, numbers were only a guarantee of reaction, we were referred to the election of the Parliamentary Committee as evidence that something was at last about to be done. Hot from contact with the representatives of over five millions of organised workers, what, however, has the Parliamentary Committee done in the greatest industrial crisis in all history? It has allowed itself to be temporarily superseded by a scratch Committee of Fourteen, scarcely one of whom was a member of the official body; and now it must listen to proposals for its permanent supercession by a Committee appointed to do the work it has failed to do. The implied criticism is drastic and not undeserved. At the same time, we hope it may be effective; for nothing can be more dangerous than to entrust to an outside Committee the direction of forces already "represented" on the constitutional Parliamentary Committee.

* * *

It is probable, however, that for some months to come even Labour questions will have to give place to the question of Prices. Our forecasts have proved to be correct, and during the past week the "Times" has been the first to announce that there is "reason to fear that prices will rise." The rise, it was only to be expected from the nature of the case, would take place in necessities first; and the "Daily News" was responsible for affirming last week that the "prices of the prime necessities of the working classes are still on the increase." The average price of many of these is at least three times their pre-war price; and the tide is even yet not at its height. In face of a movement of prices such as this, nearly twelve months after the cessation of the war, it is incumbent on the Labour Party to reconsider its present policy of raising wages and to consider, for the first time, the possible policy of reducing prices. It is clear that the policy of raising the nominal rate of wages has only the effect of raising prices; and since not only is the rise in prices sufficient to counterbalance the rise in wages, it falls on the public with even greater force than upon the wage-earners, both the wage-earners are discredited and the public is incensed against them. When the Government of a country has manifestly failed in its policy, its members are properly called upon either to change their policy or to resign. Is this rule to be imposed on our Parliamentary Government and not upon the Government of the Labour movement? The consequences of the policy still being pursued by the Labour Executive, the heads of the Trade Unions, are before us. They have arrived at an impasse in relation to their programme; and, at the same time, they have succeeded in forcing up prices to the public disadvantage. We suggest that their expectation of the Parliamentary Government should hold good of themselves; in short, that they should change their policy or resign their leadership. It is intolerable that others should be told to "get on or get out," while they themselves decline to do one or the other.

SIMILE AFTER TURGENYEV.

Torn from the life of dreams, of lone browsing
In meadows tilled by poet and seer,
They plunged him into the unknown.

As a large young bull, baled from the pasture
To the railway-truck, roughly, suddenly whirled
Whither, God knows! bewildered and affrighted
By the shrill noise and clanging clatter.

Spattered with flying sparks, and now enveloped
In clouds of smoke, now bathed in waves
Of steam.

Unknowing his fate.

C. GRANVILLE.

By Telepathy.

Mr. Lloyd George enters the Cabinet meeting bearing with him the peace settlement with the railwaymen.

Cabinet (all together) : Is it peace or war?

Mr. Ll. G. : Peace.

Cabinet : With victory or only with honour?

Mr. Ll. G. : With honour, certainly; with victory—well, we shall see.

Lord Curzon : I'm sure I shall be speaking the minds of all your Cabinet if I offer you our united cordial congratulations and thanks. The nation owes you a debt it can never repay. Mr. Prime Minister, we are proud of you.

Mr. Ll. G. : That is very kind of you, and I thank you; but there are one or two things to be said. Is Sir Eric Geddes here? And Sir Auckland! Ah, I see them! Excuse me if I failed to see you at once. Were you under the table?

The Geddes Brothers : Oh, no! We were both here.

Mr. Ll. G. : Who is that behind you? Ah, my dear friend and colleague, Mr. Churchill! I am sure you joined, if you did, in Lord Curzon's congratulations to me.

Mr. Churchill : Why, if I may ask? Have you not saved the nation by your exertions?

Mr. Ll. G. : After you and my Geddes friends here had almost ruined it by yours?

Mr. Churchill : I fail to understand you, Mr. Prime Minister.

Mr. Ll. G. : So soon forgotten? Let me remind you. Did not you three advise me that what Labour needed was a drastic lesson, and did you not assure me that you were prepared to administer it?

The Geddes Brothers : We depended on Churchill. He assured us that we had only to arrange the civil supplies and he would attend to the military demonstration. We did our bit, Mr. Prime Minister. But the men refused to riot, and our colleague, Mr. Churchill, was thereby rendered ineffectual.

Mr. Ll. G. : You mean that, without his help, you could never have seen the thing through to the conclusion you had in mind? You counted upon getting the troops out?

The Geddes Brothers : Certainly we did; but Mr. Churchill failed us.

Mr. Ll. G. : You mean the men failed Mr. Churchill!

But, anyhow, that is all over. What we have to think about is the future. Have you any idea of the lesson of the strike for me as Prime Minister? I mean, of its effect on our relations here in the Cabinet?

Lord Curzon : I think, Mr. Prime Minister, with all deference, we are capable of drawing the obvious inference.

Mr. Ll. G. : To avoid misunderstanding, let me state it plainly. I am no longer in need to fear you gentlemen of the Right. You have shot your bolt. You urged the desirability of a display of force; you convinced me that Labour would succumb. You have had your bluff, and you have failed. As Lord Curzon has said, the inference is obvious. Then we can get to business.

Mr. Churchill : Before doing so, may I ask one further question? What would have happened if we had succeeded?

Mr. Ll. G. : But you have not succeeded, and the question therefore does not arise.

Mr. Churchill : But indeed it does in our minds, Mr. Prime Minister. May I answer it myself? Had we succeeded, you would have taken the credit of it, exactly as you are now taking the credit of the failure.

Mr. Ll. G. : Really, that is not a proper thing to say.

The Geddes Brothers : And we have a question to put. What is going to happen now? If wages are standardised upwards, fares and freights must be increased. That will not only aggravate the public by raising prices in general, but in a few months the men will be demanding more wages. What we tried to do was to get a spoke in the vicious circle. We have failed, but have you succeeded?

Mr. Ll. G. : I regret these questions. They are utterly irrelevant to the immediate issue. Your policy has undoubtedly failed, and I am entitled to profit by it. On the other hand, if you ask me for an alternative—well, consider the advisability of a more gradual insertion of the spoke. I'll leave the matter at that.—Now, gentlemen, what about Ireland?

R. M.
Towards National Guilds.

[Int the present series of Notes we have in mind the scheme already several times referred to for bridging over, without sacrificing, the interregnum between Capitalism and Economic Democracy.]

It has been remarked that the promises made on account of the scheme that has been discussed "are too good to be true." We can well understand that people should be incredulous of so great an improvement as we design. Incredulity, however, is a psychological and not a logical state of mind; and we could give as many examples of bad things too bad to be true, which nevertheless have become true, as of good things that never have come true. Suppose, for instance, it had been said to an English labourer of the fourteenth century who, it must be understood, was earning sixpence a labour in order to earn the cost of his living—would labour have steadily declined, until to-day it is worth more than sixpence a week, that five hundred years hence, when the skill and means of production had been multiplied at least five hundred times, the labourer of that period would require to give a whole week of labour in order to earn the cost of his living—would he not have been incredulous and excused for saying that the prospect was too bad to be true? We know, unfortunately, that it is all too true. Productivity has multiplied like a rabbit; the blessing of Jehovah has been on it. But the purchasing-value of a day's labour has steadily declined, until to-day it is worth less than a sixth of the value of a day's labour half a millennium ago. If the incredulity that would have been aroused by the correct forecast of 500 years ago had no foundation in fact, the incredulity that you now feel at the correct forecast of good that we are now making may equally have no foundation in fact. Things do not move according to our beliefs, our hopes, or our fears; they are not affected, in short, by our feelings. Things move by action, by steps taken, causes set in motion, deeds done. The present century has seen the incredible of the fourteenth century fulfilled because, in fact, the actions then performed were of such a kind as to produce the present results. And similarly, by actions performed to-day, we can effect results to-morrow, independently both of our hopes and of our fears.

It is quite a mistake to say that the possession and exercise of power are necessarily corrupting. If this were true we should be unable to find an example in all history of a man exercising great power without becoming corrupt. There are, however, many such examples; among them would be the one to disprove the universal proposition. The truth of the matter is that power corrupts those who are unfit to exercise it. The exercise of power is the acid test of a man's ability to exercise it. Give him enough ability for his job (no matter how exalted a job) and power enough for the performance of it (however much power), and he can be depended upon not to be corrupt. But give him too much power for his ability, a job too big either for his ability or power, and his corruption is only the demonstration of the misfit.

Society has never been organised for production. Production has advanced, like science, against the opposition of society. We have multiplied productivity by hundreds: that is true, and even miraculous in view of the difficulties. But we might in the same time have multiplied productivity by thousands. Much more than half of our energy, however, has been turned away from the conquest of Nature to the conquest of Man by Man, and chiefly with a view to controlling not production, but the distribution of the product. At the same time, nevertheless, this distribution, in spite of the energy devoted to it, has remained pitilessly unequal and inequitable. Production has required a certain measure of co-operation, but distribution has been left to primitive competition, with the paradoxical result that Production, upon which society has frowned, has advanced; while Distribution, to which society has devoted itself, is in a state of primitive anarchy. It is clear, however, that it is this anomaly of distribution which must now be reduced to order. Production can take care of itself; distribution must become the care of society acting as a society. We propose to leave Production to the Producers; but the product we propose to distribute by means of a socially fixed Price with equality or equity.

We have had an engineers' war—why not an engineers' peace?

The proper object of civilisation is to increase the purchasing-power of a day's work.

The proposition may be accepted that a man works best when he is working on his own initiative. Work tension, in fact, is for the majority of men highest when the workman is a volunteer, on a job that appeals to him, and is working for a gain which, while his own, is also advantageous to his fellows. Work tension is least, we can suppose, when all these motives are absent—as most of them are from Capitalism in either its private or bureaucratic form.

Why should a modern Trade Union, organised up to the nines, strike work—that is, stop producing? Why should it voluntarily abandon the factory any more than it would voluntarily assent to being "locked out"? Such a strike is a purely negative strike, and has only the virtue of a protest. It aims at getting something done by doing nothing. The proper way, however, of getting something done is to do it; and a positive strike would consist in carrying on work in the factories according to the will of the producers. If, as Mr. Charles Ferguson says, an organisation of competent workmen can say "we will not work unless you change your government," they can also say "we will work and govern as well." Our scheme presumes this attitude of mind on the part of Labour; it is merely instrumental to a positive strike.

What is a "commonwealth," what does membership of a community, a nation, imply? "Joint participation in the gains of a perpetual adventure." (Ferguson.)

It is usually assumed in Socialist polemics (and not only there) that there must needs be "great fights" between Capital and Labour. The fisticuff stage is obviously still in passage. But why should a fight be necessary after the defeat of Prussianism? The defeat of Prussianism was a symbol of the end of the fisticuff era. It marked the close of an epoch from which date all talk of "fighting" is strictly prehistoric, antediluvian. "A fight takes place on the margin of misunderstanding as to which side is the stronger." It is, in fact, a mutual misunderstanding. We have no doubt where the power lies, and a fight is merely sadistic or masochistic—it is not a fight but a fit of delirium. But power lies to-day with the masses; and Socialists have only to convince the masses that Socialism is good for them to be able to win without a fight. How to convince them? Not by argument, but by "delivering the goods." If we can persuade, let us say, the Miners' Federation, to adopt our plan (we insist that they should call it their own and take all the credit of initiating it, though we believe we could "sell it to Germany" for thousands of pounds); if, we say, any organised producing Trade Union would adopt our plan—and only the leaders would require to understand its details—the goods would be delivered right enough; and the example would be highly catching.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.
Red Flag or Red Herring?

DEAR ERNEST,—Practically all I could wish to say in answer to your last letter is contained in the letter of mine to which yours is a reply. I said in effect that the "agitator" was the criticism of a faulty thing, and that he was not the fault. From this I argued that he was (A) positionally virtuous in so far as he was a criticism applied to a thing needing criticism and (B), conditionally virtuous in so far as his criticism offered a way out. From this it followed that the "agitator" is to be attacked or defended on the plane of (B), and I elaborately and with great cunning and forethought invited you to come to a resolute and purposeful activity. You refuse to be drawn from the fleshpots of personality.

I said that the "agitator" was not a disease, he was a symptom. You admit a probable validity in this. You say: "Yours may be a sound argument that the main thing to attack is the evil which breeds agitation, but that is no reason for failing to squash the agitator if—as I believe—he is harmful to industry." Far from this being no reason, it is every reason. If the evil produces the agitator and the agitator is "harmful to industry," will it not go on producing him as long as it is in operation? A sausage-machine will go on producing sausages quite unmoved by the fact that you suppress the sausages. If you suppress the agitator you are suppressing the effect—the cause is still in operation the effect. Our common wish is to make industry faultless—we cannot do it by suppressing the EXHIBITION of the faults. In fact, only by that exhibition are we made aware of their existence. Were it not for the agitators would you have ever bothered your head about the faults? History denies it. The agitator is a danger-signal, not of something dangerous in the agitator, but of something dangerous in our industrial body politic. If you tear down the signal in a fit of furious efficiency you have not averted the danger; and that you do this is the total sum of my charge against you. It is no use your telling me you do not believe the agitator to be the sole cause of industrial unrest if you act as though he were. The one discoverable plank in your industrial platform is suppression of the agitator. That and intensive propaganda for the big corporations. Propaganda for Big Business and suppression of the other propagandist. I say propagandist advisedly. You and your sides refuse to meet the propagandists' case squarely. You bribe a policeman to knock down the propagandist. The painfully enunciated and the patiently elaborated theses of a thousand propagandists flow around you unheard, but when some poor zealots and maladroit member of the band says, "What can we workers do but man the barricades," you stir in your sleep. In fact, you wake to a resolute and purposeful activity. You are delighted that a question has at last been asked you to which you know the answer. You give it—in a sentence.

I asked you to state a case against the agitator's case as being more useful than a case against the agitator himself. You reply with a return to the case against the agitator. I did not put my (A), (B) and (C) in opposition to yours for comparison, but to show that each of us was wrong in developing his (B) and (C) before and examination of the others' (A). Our (A) are—your, "It produces these results—the late war was one of them—by the uninterrupted action of the financial system that is its basis. There is a geometrical miscalculation in that system which has only to operate for a few more generations to put the entire world and every man in it inscrutably into the debt of the credit-mongers who control the system. That miscalculation is in the assumption that the world is run on business lines, when we give the majority in it payment in one sort of thing (cash) that is spent when used, and that gives the others in payment a sort of thing (credit) that is never "spent" but automatically increases by being used.

society. That I felt was a provocative statement that got us a little nearer to the essence of our difference. Now this is not a red herring.

When having produced a real fox I call a halt to our pursuit of the herring, it is sinful of you to shout with the air of a man who cannot be deceived by that nonsense: "No blooming red herring for me!"—and immediately scampers off again in active eruption against the red herring. You see how foolish it all is. You say the agitator is the splinter in the eye, the stick that prods a sore, the man who pulls the bung out of a boat, the man who pours kerosene on a fire. Now you must have known that these were merely statements calling for a similar type of picturesque statement from me to leave us just where we were. For instance, "The agitator is the man calling your attention to the fire—to the bunglessness of the boat; he is your 'sore' and not the 'stick,' a functional derangement of the eye and not a 'splinter' in it.

The common ground in all this is that there is a fire, a sore arm, an irritated eye, and a leaking boat. Now you will remember that in an earlier burst of hyperbole I phrased it that the agitator was perhaps a symptom posing as a cure. An examination of this gets us on to the real basis of our difference as to the agitator himself. You agree (or give an amount of agreement—how much I don't know)—to the contention that he is produced by the evil—is in fact a symptom.' That is the guiltless part of the agitator. Is it not that your real hatred of the agitator is of the agitator not as symptom but the agitator posing as "cure"? Now can we not agree that the agitator is "guiltless" as a symptom, but that posing as "cure" he is another kettle of fish?

Your attitude about him as cure I presume is frankly contemptuous.

Question: (1) Is he, as symptom, howling like a man in extremis when the trouble is only a sore finger? This can only be settled by reference to the trouble—to the disease.

(2) Is he, as cure, offering something more harmful than the disease? This for its answer demands inquiry into first the disease and then into the remedy. Do I make it clear that this attempt to get down to the elemental is no red herring, but, in fact, our mutton? You say:—

(A) Industrial War is bad for all concerned.

(B) The agitator supports it.

(C) He is the enemy of all concerned.

You then say: To state a case that the agitator supports war I say this and say that. But that is what I want you to refrain from doing until we agree about (A). Industrial war is bad, but so is all war. The Great War was—but people supporting it were not the enemy of all concerned because they supported it—but because and if they supported the wrong side. We agree that this war is bad, but we do not agree about the peace.

(A) This peace is bad for all.

(B) The agitator is against it.

(C) He is the friend of all.

That is my case. I support its basic contention that the peace is bad on the ground that it produces results more terrible if less dramatic than our war.

It produces these results—the late war was one of them—by the uninterrupted action of the financial system that is its basis. There is a geometrical miscalculation in that system which has only to operate for a few more generations to put the entire world and every man in it inscrutably into the debt of the credit-mongers who control the system. That miscalculation is in the assumption that the world is run on business lines, when we give the majority in it payment in one sort of thing (cash) that is spent when used, and that gives the others in payment a sort of thing (credit) that is never "spent" but automatically increases by being used.
We live in a sort of auction wherein cash and credit bid against each other for the product of industry. Cash disappears in paying for the moiety it secures and must be recycled again by labour. Credit does not disappear, but increases automatically by the fresh labours to produce fresh cash, which again bids for the product of that labour—employing the aforesaid increase due to those labours. Have you followed me far enough to see how impossible that situation is?

The industrial system has these two forms of purchasing power—cash and credit. Cash is the form which wage and salary takes. Credit is the form in which the rest operates. Cash operates in the purchasing of necessities. It has no power of increase. To use it is to lose it. It is used for the purpose of necessities which are perishable. Credit, in this case, purchased it is practically all gone. In cash currency there is all the purchasing power of wages and salaries. Notice that 97 per cent. of it disappears as though it never existed—in necessities—that disappear. It is doomed to purchase only things that fade away. Now consider the purchasing power that resides in credit, and is the property of an insignificant fraction of the nation.

It is a form of purchasing power that increases by being used. It is irrevocably destined to grow greater. Nothing can step in the aggregate swelling and swelling visibly. We have a purchasing power that at any moment is disappearing or that has disappeared and a parallel one that is growing, growing by fixed and immutable laws of growth. Its blind and instinctive aim is to be all purchasing power.

Now let us consider the bearing of this upon the law of Industry, which demands a market as a condition of production. This law makes it impossible for cash (us) to be regarded as an increasing market. We are suckled dry. We cannot purchase all we do produce. How can we be the market for more production? The other form of purchasing power is Industry’s obvious objective! Industry, in fact, will place itself unreservedly at the command of this purchasing power—Credit. Credit will say, “I must grow in purchasing power—by absorbing purchasing power. In me is all the accumulated purchasing power of the past; in me must be all that of the future and the present—save the modicum necessary for the classes upon whom devolves the duty of making the things to be within my power.”

To which Industry will reply: “It is my duty to obey effective demand. You are effective demand. Tell me what to do and I’ll do it.”

“Set a sufficiency of your machines and your people apart to make the necessities of my people—that is unfortunately a condition precedent to all industrial en-deavour—but beyond that, set everything humming on the good work of making luxuries for our class and necessities for Tierra del Fuegans. They are a market and will be till I have absorbed all their purchasing power, when they will become dependent upon me for a continuance of it, which I will grant them on the same generous terms as to Englishmen—that is, that all they produce in excess of what they consume in the process shall be mine.”

And so the hives of industry will hum, and so more wages will be distributed for the making of things that never come into the market in which the wages are spent. The things to be bought there are a fixed quantity, and the money to buy them, being increased, their prices go up with that increase. But for a while an illusion of wealth is produced. But not for long.

Forgive the length of all this. But it is now possible for me to paraphrase in a sentence what I could not originally say in one. Industrial war is bad for all concerned, but is justified in so far as it is a war to remove a poisonous heresy from our method of distributing the goods of industry. It is a holy war. At the back of all industrial unrest is the inevitable operation of an unnatural, an unthinkable anomaly. By it the bulk of the product is distributed upon a system which ensures that all the perishable side of production goes to the nation, and all its permanent and self-increasing side—credit—and the antithesis of the fraction of the nation. The nation is thereby to all time bond in the dealings of that fraction, and deeper in the debt the harder it works to repay it. It works produce credit-values—the credit-values become the property of this fraction, and are a fresh claim on our future productivity and an automatically increasing one. If we are bankrupt we can grow solvent by a process that makes all the wealth we produce in repayment a fresh charge on our future without even destroying the old one? We are a gigantic slave trying to buy our freedom from an hostile owner by increasing his power over us.

All our good intentions, all our spirit of good-will, all our Whitley Councils, all our vast paraphernalia of alleviation of things, are vain in the presence of the simple arithmetical inevitability of slavery involved in our credit system. It runs against the grain of God and against the grain of man. We have wandered into it, not knowing what we did. You cannot raise wages without prices raking off the increase again—you cannot raise production without the increase going back to the credit-monger. You cannot to-day; but, establish credit on the basis of labour power as well as Capital and but a simple extension of our credit-system will produce the millennium—actually and not figuratively. To-day credit is actually based on Capital (tools) and Labour (men), but credited only to Capital! Give to Labour exactly the same credit facilities operated through its own banks, and the resultant increase in purchasing power on the part of the entire population of Great Britain would give her factories all the stimulus to production needed without the eyes of our producers wandering to the ends of the earth in search of markets. Perhaps you see in all this the wrongness of your assumption that my quarrel is about the way things are operated—it is the way they are distributed that means underfed and rickety children, C3 men and multi-millionaires. But you are wrong and will be sharply rapped on the knuckles by the forces for which you are unconsciously working if you encourage me to egg Labour on to activity about Distribution; your friends prefer that Labour should spend its forces in attacks upon positions that, even if taken, leave the issue of issues still undecided.

TO MY MOTHER.
She is the sweetness of my soul,
Death has not sent his strange foreboding;
Life has not carried to the goal
His burden for the last unloading.
Yet art thou sweet, my birchen tree,
Whose silver lustre aye can cheer,
Whose gleaming eyes look on me,
And cool me with a dewy tear.

She knows the stature of my fate;
What is it, all ye wights of heaven,
Which I, alas, can never translate?
Yet shall I joy in life be given:
I see the trembling aspen here;
His nodding head promotes my pain;
I feel the coolness of the mere
Brimmed by the heavy summer’s rain.

Awake, ye naiads of the stream,
To her, in praise, your carols singing;
O could I by these banks e’er dream
Love was a constant fondness bringing!
I hear the thunder crash on high,
Some monument of Nature cleft;
The lightning burns a length of sky,
But, sweet, I am not love-bereted.

GEORGE PITTER.
A Reformer's Note-Book.

THE CLASS-WAR. There are two forms of the class-war. One is perennial, the other is transitory, and, in general, local. The first is the war between social classes and really permeates the whole of society from the lowest grade upwards. Every rank in society, save the very highest, has somebody above; and every rank in society, save the very lowest, has somebody below; with the natural consequence was a war of human emulation being what it is, that every intermediary class is contemptuous of the class below it and correspondingly admiring of the class above it. In an extreme form when the members of any class—low, middle, or high—come to a particular dislike for the classes superior to its own, the phenomenon called Jacobinism arrives. Jacobinism is inspired by envy of desires to abolish what it cannot hope to outshine.

This feeling, however, is comparatively rare in any class. It is only occasionally to be found in the individual of every class. Who has not heard of knights who hated baronets? And who has not met grocers who hated professional men? By association, unfortunately, this feeling—purely Jacobin in character and worldwide in its manifestation—has been inspired by what is termed "democracy," so that it is often enough said of the democrat that he hates the superior social classes from the motive of envy; and the democratic doctrine of "equality," which has really nothing to do with social classes, is assumed to correspond to the genuine doctrine of Jacobinism. The second form of the class-war is often, again, confused with both; but in reality it stands on a different plane from either. Jacobinism is a war of social classes; democracy implies a struggle among political classes; but the class-war proper, the Socialist class-war, is the war of economic classes. The distinction is of first-rate importance, for it will be seen that the economic class-war cuts across all the other class-wars. At bottom, it is the war of Wages versus Rent, Interest and Profits; and the personnel of the sections composing these various interests may well belong to any social or political class. For instance, as an advocate on behalf of wages, a Socialist may find himself at economic war with the social class to which he himself belongs. He may, indeed, he opposed in the economic sense to his own family. In so far as they are locked in economic war, he must, in fact, be opposed to them. But this is not to say that he envies their social position, or that he desires to abolish the characteristics and customs of the class. On the contrary, provided that they are willing to forgo their economic hold on Rent and Profit, he is naturally more drawn to them than to the class whose economic advocate he is. The same difficulty must often have been presented in the struggle for political democracy. Assuming that the aristocratic classes stood, as they did, for political privilege, a member of the class who showed signs of Radicalism, or even of Liberalism, was naturally regarded as a traitor to his class. It was the fate of Byron and of scores of better men in the days before the Reform Act. Were they, then, engaged in a class-war? Not at all. Byron was, and remained to his death, absurdly proud of his title. His "war," in fact, was a purely political war; and took no account, as such, of the persons on one side or the other. To-day the same kind of war is being repeated in the sphere of economics; the proof being that many people of the middle and upper classes are locked in economic war; and took no account, as such, of the persons on one side or the other. To-day the same kind of war is being repeated in the sphere of economics; the proof being that many people of the middle and upper classes are locked in economic war; and took no account, as such, of the persons on one side or the other.
The Old Master as Grotesque.
By Huntly Carter.

VII.—CEZANNE.
I may here restate a point of my hypothesis. The form of a work of art, I have suggested, is local and ephemeral. It is largely the outcome of changing conditions under which the work is born. But the content is universal and enduring. It is in fact the very thing that constrains artists to express, and therefore it is reasonable to say that all works of art are bound together by this thing. A negro carving of an early date, a Chinese statue of the eighth century, a primitive Italian or Spanish painting, a Persian ceramic, a Venetian miniature, an antique Greek, a Pisan statue—all contain and express something that is omnipresent, omnipotent, unchangeable, and eternal.

This something proceeding from many and varied forms touches human beings alike profoundly and evidently by the same means. And those who consciously realize this unity proceeding from a diversity of manifestations are aware of a religious sentiment. The experience has set them striving for reunion with a larger world than their own. This diviner thing, this empyrean fire, or whatever we like to call it, serves to bring the dwellers on the earth together by M. Leonce Rosenberg at his gallery in the Rue Boetie to prove it. Curiously enough, Cezanne signed these canvases—"Portrait de son Pere en Chasseur"—as "nature dynamism," which imposed itself upon him do not understand its deeper import, simply because they did not need to be told that the old men were fully as great—if not head and shoulders greater—than the new ones. And they will not repeat the folly of present-day amateur extremis' painters who are out for brass-bands and banquets at a guinea-a-head at the Cafe Monico, and who write themselves up in the newspapers as "nature dynamism," which imposed itself upon him.

Someday in this series of articles on the Grotesque, I have said that the dwellers on the earth are laughing men. The element that works through, actuates, and unites them has the effect of filling them with a joyful experience. All art spontaneous expression is art expression. All art represents Cezanne as an incurable fanatic who went about stabbing life with a diseased unconventionality. There is no attempt on the part of the critics to answer the question, What unique experience has Cezanne tried to express, and how far has he succeeded in expressing it? Like all worthless art critics, they avoid the question.

What we call tragedy, melodrama, satire, farce, is an early date, a Chinese statue of the eighth century, a primitive Italian or Spanish painting, a Persian ceramic, a Venetian miniature, an antique Greek, a Pisan statue—all contain and express something that is omnipresent, omnipotent, unchangeable, and eternal.

This something proceeding from many and varied forms touches human beings alike profoundly and evidently by the same means. And those who consciously realize this unity proceeding from a diversity of manifestations are aware of a religious sentiment. The experience has set them striving for reunion with a larger world than their own. This diviner thing, this empyrean fire, or whatever we like to call it, serves to bring the dwellers on the earth together by M. Leonce Rosenberg at his gallery in the Rue Boetie to prove it. Curiously enough, Cezanne signed these canvases—"Portrait de son Pere en Chasseur"—as "nature dynamism," which imposed itself upon him.

Someday in this series of articles on the Grotesque, I have said that the dwellers on the earth are laughing men. The element that works through, actuates, and unites them has the effect of filling them with a joyful experience. All art spontaneous expression is art expression. All art represents Cezanne as an incurable fanatic who went about stabbing life with a diseased unconventionality. There is no attempt on the part of the critics to answer the question, What unique experience has Cezanne tried to express, and how far has he succeeded in expressing it? Like all worthless art critics, they avoid the question. The constructive critic who seeks to answer the question would not hesitate to place Cezanne among the greatest painters, with Chardin, or van Gogh. He formulized another method now known as "nature dynamism," which imposed itself upon him.

If there were not the four very fine frescoes of "The Seasons" at Hessel's in the Rue Boetie to prove it. Curiously enough, Cezanne signed these canvases—"Portrait de son Pere en Chasseur"—as "nature dynamism," which imposed itself upon him.
New Values.

By Edward Moore.

Fundamentally a man trusts the conclusions to which he has come himself and doubts those to which he has been forced by argument. The reason is simple. In the former there is most of himself: they are in harmony with his nature. If they are not "true," at least he is—to himself. This, however, is the first condition of intellectual honesty; for except the measure he true reality cannot be measured at all. In being convinced, on the other hand, one sometimes insinuates into one's nature an element not harmonious with it; one becomes to that extent untrue. It is the simplest thing in the world. One is convinced; one introduces one's new belief among his thoughts, after having arranged for its accommodation; one even goes the length of temporarily surrendering a part of one's nature so that the unwelcome visitor may be at home; but all the time it has not actually been accepted, and an atmosphere of embarrassment and falsity reigns. Beliefs which are widely held, or are advocated by minds which we respect, subjugate us in this way. Dialectical conviction is, two times out of three, the expression of our deference to a more agile mind. It should be guarded against, however, for deference is one of the subtlest offences against intellectual sincerity.

And how much on the surface do we play the whole game! It is a matter of knowing the rules; once one has grasped the rules one can argue or play chess, and being beaten in the one means as little as being beaten in the other. To be beaten is a move, by necessity, that is, by courtesy, our last move. In short, our intellect is convinced, but we are untouch'd: that is the game to our opponent. Sometimes, however, an argument brings us at once to a realisation of our own nature, and clears away a hundred dead formulas which before obstructed our nature. We are not then convinced, we are enlightened.

Beliefs which are not consistent with our nature are detrimental to it. Many people, however, possess nothing else; their beliefs are dead, their nature intellectually unexpressed: these are the plattitudinarians. They express consistently what is not themselves, a mass of lifeless irrelevances which has no relation to life, that is, to themselves. They believe, they do not know: the definition of the plattitudinarian. But whoever speaks out of his own nature cannot utter a platitude.

If a man thinks out of himself, sooner or later he will find that his thoughts, however disconnected they may appear, produce a harmony. They have the unity, at the worst, of broken statues: there may be an arm, a leg, or even the head missing, but one can always imaginatively construct the figure in its completeness. Thinkers such as Emerson and Nietzsche and artists of all kinds possess this harmony; it is always present, and necessarily, in natures freely expressed. An elaborately constructed philosophical system, on the other hand, is rarely harmonious. Its beginning, it is true, is within the personality, the living source of harmony; but afterwards it assumes a separate existence of its own; it builds itself up, making use of what it can, bricks, dust, rubbish—anything, in fact; and nowhere is it more triumphant than where it manages to fit into its structure things which are least harmonious with itself. That is the final proof of its "validity"! The philosophical system, in short, is autocratic—it achieves its unity by organisation in the old Prussian way. But the unity which is attained in free expression, until thought merges into thought round the full circle, is voluntary, is therefore more fundamental, more natural. It is harmonious, that is, a living unity; the other is systematic, that is a mechanical unity.

This explains why intuitions are more living than systems. An intuition is a thought which has grown freely, an uncrushed thought (how rare they are!); but in a system thoughts have to be crushed, have to be put into their places—and always without enough room to live. In plain terms, thoughts have to be murdered before they can become parts of a system. And of course they are not even one's own thoughts; sometimes they are not thoughts at all; the thought in a system is merely the cement. And accordingly a system is not alive even to him who constructs it; bricks and mortar simply must be static. This is the price of an intuition, therefore, possesses a reality altogether different in nature from that of the system. The sayings of Jesus, for instance, are alive still, while the Church, that great system inaugurated by St. Paul, is dead. It is the man who has survived and the God who has died. A system is a system and nothing more, but an intuition is more than an intuition.

How coarse and blunt all ideas become in argument! It is true one comes to enjoy argument with habit, as one comes to enjoy almost any pleasure; but before being able to do so one must have forgotten the pleasures of involute thought, the freshness of thoughts being beaten in the one means as little as being beaten in the other. To be beaten is a move, by necessity, that is, by courtesy, our last move. In short, our intellect is convinced, but we are untouch'd: that is the game to our opponent. Sometimes, however, an argument brings us at once to a realisation of our own beliefs, and clears away a hundred dead formulas which before obstructed our nature. We are not then convinced, we are enlightened.

Beliefs which are not consistent with our nature are detrimental to it. Many people, however, possess nothing else; their beliefs are dead, their nature intellectually unexpressed: these are the plattitudinarians. They express consistently what is not themselves, a mass of lifeless irrelevances which has no relation to life, that is, to themselves. They believe, they do not know: the definition of the plattitudinarian. But whoever speaks out of his own nature cannot utter a platitude.

If a man thinks out of himself, sooner or later he will find that his thoughts, however disconnected they may appear, produce a harmony. They have the unity, at the worst, of broken statues: there may be an arm, a leg, or even the head missing, but one can always imaginatively construct the figure in its completeness. Thinkers such as Emerson and Nietzsche and artists of all kinds possess this harmony; it is always present, and necessarily, in natures freely expressed. An elaborately constructed philosophical system, on the other hand, is rarely harmonious. Its beginning, it is true, is within the personality, the living source of harmony; but afterwards it assumes a separate existence of its own; it builds itself up, making use of what it can, bricks, dust, rubbish—anything, in fact; and nowhere is it more triumphant than where it manages to fit into its structure things which are least harmonious with itself. That is the final proof of its "validity"! The philosophical system, in short, is autocratic—it achieves its unity by organisation in the old Prussian way. But the unity which is attained in free expression, until thought merges into thought round the full circle, is voluntary, is therefore more fundamental, more natural. It is harmonious, that is, a living unity; the other is systematic, that is a mechanical unity.

This explains why intuitions are more living than systems. An intuition is a thought which has grown freely, an uncrushed thought (how rare they are!); but in a system thoughts have to be crushed, have to be put into their places—and always without enough room to live. In plain terms, thoughts have to be murdered before they can become parts of a system. And of course they are not even one's own thoughts; sometimes they are not thoughts at all; the thought in a system is merely the cement. And accordingly a system is not alive even to him who constructs it; bricks and mortar simply must be static. This is the price of an intuition, therefore, possesses a reality altogether different in nature from that of the system. The sayings of Jesus, for instance, are alive still, while the Church, that great system inaugurated by St. Paul, is dead. It is the man who has survived and the God who has died. A system is a system and nothing more, but an intuition is more than an intuition.

How coarse and blunt all ideas become in argument! It is true one comes to enjoy argument with habit, as one comes to enjoy almost any pleasure; but before being able to do so one must have forgotten the pleasures of involute thought, the freshness of thoughts being beaten in the one means as little as being beaten in the other. To be beaten is a move, by necessity, that is, by courtesy, our last move. In short, our intellect is convinced, but we are untouch'd: that is the game to our opponent. Sometimes, however, an argument brings us at once to a realisation of our own beliefs, and clears away a hundred dead formulas which before obstructed our nature. We are not then convinced, we are enlightened.

Beliefs which are not consistent with our nature are detrimental to it. Many people, however, possess nothing else; their beliefs are dead, their nature intellectually unexpressed: these are the plattitudinarians. They express consistently what is not themselves, a mass of lifeless irrelevances which has no relation to life, that is, to themselves. They believe, they do not know: the definition of the plattitudinarian. But whoever speaks out of his own nature cannot utter a platitude.

If a man thinks out of himself, sooner or later he will find that his thoughts, however disconnected they may appear, produce a harmony. They have the unity, at the worst, of broken statues: there may be an arm, a leg, or even the head missing, but one can always imaginatively construct the figure in its completeness. Thinkers such as Emerson and Nietzsche and artists of all kinds possess this harmony; it is always present, and necessarily, in natures freely expressed. An elaborately constructed philosophical system, on the other hand, is rarely harmonious. Its beginning, it is true, is within the personality, the living source of harmony; but afterwards it assumes a separate existence of its own; it builds itself up, making use of what it can, bricks, dust, rubbish—anything, in fact; and nowhere is it more triumphant than where it manages to fit into its structure things which are least harmonious with itself. That is the final proof of its "validity"! The philosophical system, in short, is autocratic—it achieves its unity by organisation in the old Prussian way. But the unity which is attained in free expression, until thought merges into thought round the full circle, is voluntary, is therefore more fundamental, more natural. It is harmonious, that is, a living unity; the other is systematic, that is a mechanical unity.

This explains why intuitions are more living than systems. An intuition is a thought which has grown freely, an uncrushed thought (how rare they are!); but in a system thoughts have to be crushed, have to be put into their places—and always without enough room to live. In plain terms, thoughts have to be murdered before they can become parts of a system. And of course they are not even one's own thoughts; sometimes they are not thoughts at all; the thought in a system is merely the cement. And accordingly a system is not alive even to him who constructs it; bricks and mortar simply must be static. This is the price of an intuition, therefore, possesses a reality altogether different in nature from that of the system. The sayings of Jesus, for instance, are alive still, while the Church, that great system inaugurated by St. Paul, is dead. It is the man who has survived and the God who has died. A system is a system and nothing more, but an intuition is more than an intuition.
are being neutralised by a new factor outside of both intuition and reason. This is psychology. Hitherto the reason has remained unassailable while itself assailing everything. But now it is being attacked itself, and intuition, relatively, is being rehabilitated. Psychology is discovering that intuition is not nearly so disreputable and reason not nearly so admirable as they were supposed to be. Of course, the signal virtues of reason and dialectic are not to be decried; they are so plain and they have already been stated so often that it is unnecessary to state them again. But the blameliness, the almost moral authority of the rational process—the qualities which enabled it to become the tyrant of discourse—no longer admit of objective psychology. The royal road to truth, the road of philosophy, is not now the road to dialectics, but rather that of intuition checked by psychology. The old and irrefutable argument against intuition was, How can we check its truth? Well, its truth can now be checked; it can be checked by analysing the intuition and discovering its psychological nature, whether it is expression or merely reaction, objective or merely subjective. There is an unconscious dishonesty in the intuitions, and this we can now actually detect. It is an achievement. But the dishonesty and unconscious dialectics is ubiquitous. And people will even be convinced of it, thanks to psychology, for psychology, as well as reason, can convince. Indeed, it stands at an actual advantage, for it has made reason its subject matter; it possesses the advantage over reason which reason once possessed over intuition.

A task of philosophy, or rather a task still precedent to philosophising, remains to be done; to discover the limits within which the exercise of dialectics is legitimate, to fix the point at which the tyranny of arguments does violence to the nature of the philosopher, making him, as an instrument for the perception of reality, untrustworthy. The great defect of philosophy is precisely this—one leaves out the philosophical heretics, Heraclitus, Plato, Spinoza, Nietzsche—that there have been no philosophers, but only psychology. How commonplace, flat, and ridiculous the philosophers appear compared with the facts or even the men of action! The truth is that they have been stultified by dialectics; their own nature, their own truths have been killed by the machinery of logic in which they have been caught; and what they express in the end is the conclusions to which an outside convention has forced them. In being true to dialectics they have been false to themselves; or, rather, there has been nothing of themselves left, not even man, not even "the measurer." This condition, while it is often mistaken for objectivity, is not objectivity at all; it is not even subjectivity, it is non-entity. The philosopher has become part of the subjectivity of a machine; hence the striking resemblance between his qualities and those of our servile wage slaves. Objectivity, on the other hand, is a thing positive; it is the result, not of self abnegation, but of harmony; modern psychology is very instructive on this head. That individuals are suffering from repression—and where is the philosopher who has not done so?—should set us to thinking what we can do to overcome the limitations in the light of the new psychology the most farcical thing possible. One must be one's own psychologist before one can be a philosopher for others. At what point, however, does the exercise of dialectics begin to threaten the harmony which is the condition of true objectivity? Precisely where one is compelled to submit to an argument which leads to a conclusion which, in itself, one cannot believe. When I am convinced by the argument and the conclusion, then the dialectic is not only legitimate but salutary. I have arrived at a truth by two ways and am doubly sure of it. My faculties are working in harmony, and I am perfectly objective. But where the dialectic leads me to a conclusion in which I cannot believe, then I say it has gone outside its sphere: it has broken the harmony of my nature, my eye is no longer single, I cannot see anything. I cannot be objective. This, however, is the condition to which philosophers have not only attained, but actually aspired: psychologically speaking, it is pathological.

Northern Lights.

By Leopold Spero.

IV.—CHICKLINGS AT DAWN.

The cobble-stones of the square were not by any means rising up and hitting us, as they do in the Praca de Camoes in Lisbon after a good dinner. No; they were much more courteous than that, billowing and falling in a gentle curtsy as we wandered home from the Selskap. It is one of the things accountable unto the Swede for righteousness that he is not dependent upon the English tongue for the expression of two institutions, possibly English in their inception, but now common to all Europe, which yet slavishly borrows Anglo-Saxon names for them. The Swede does not say Sport; he says Idrott. He does not say Club; he says Selskap, and this one was of the usual kind, intuitively and justly distrusted by the women-folk. Furthermore, the drinks were not good.

Sam'el explained the situation to me in determined English, storming the Tower of Babel with a gallantry that deserved a philological Iron Cross. I could see his flat, he explained; but I could not sleep in it; ay, and he, the owner, could not sleep in it either, on account of the Chicklings. I gathered that Sam'el had taken the flat rashly, without full inquiry as to the pursuits of the neighbours, and had found out too late that one was inclined towards Poultry. "Five o'clock, four o'clock in the morning," explained Sam'el, "Doodledoodle-doo! De chicklings are wailing, and I must wake too." He grasped my arm and pointed through the purple night towards the scene of this daily contretemps, took me up a flight of well-kept wooden stairs into a comfortable bachelor's home, switched on all the lights and all but wept over the comfort of it, which was not for him. It struck me that the chicklings, with still three hours of roosting before them, might reasonably object to the sudden illumination of their repose. There are at least two sides to every question; but he saw only his own, and was discontented.

Sweden is such a vast and barren slab of country, not barren of trees, but barren of that good, rich, red and black earth of Russia and Germany, and our own home fields, that her little towns are big towns, their importance outmatching the scarcity of their population. And this is such an one. In size and area not bigger than Trowbridge, it is yet a centre of trade for the Northern Lights. It is one of the things accountable unto the Swede for righteousness that he is not dependent upon the English tongue for the expression of two institutions, possibly English in their inception, but now common to all Europe, which yet slavishly borrows Anglo-Saxon names for them. The Swede does not say Sport; he says Idrott. He does not say Club; he says Selskap, and this one was of the usual kind, intuitively and justly distrusted by the women-folk. Furthermore, the drinks were not good.

Sam'el explained the situation to me in determined English, storming the Tower of Babel with a gallantry that deserved a philological Iron Cross. I could see his flat, he explained; but I could not sleep in it; ay, and he, the owner, could not sleep in it either, on account of the Chicklings. I gathered that Sam'el had taken the flat rashly, without full inquiry as to the pursuits of the neighbours, and had found out too late that one was inclined towards Poultry. "Five o'clock, four o'clock in the morning," explained Sam'el, "Doodledoodle-doo! De chicklings are wailing, and I must wake too." He grasped my arm and pointed through the purple night towards the scene of this daily contretemps, took me up a flight of well-kept wooden stairs into a comfortable bachelor's home, switched on all the lights and all but wept over the comfort of it, which was not for him. It struck me that the chicklings, with still three hours of roosting before them, might reasonably object to the sudden illumination of their repose. There are at least two sides to every question; but he saw only his own, and was discontented.

Sweden is such a vast and barren slab of country, not barren of trees, but barren of that good, rich, red and black earth of Russia and Germany, and our own home fields, that her little towns are big towns, their importance outmatching the scarcity of their population. And this is such an one. In size and area not bigger than Trowbridge, it is yet a centre of trade for thousands of square miles of country, the seat of the Provincial Government, and the headquarters of two regiments. In and around the large cobbled square there are many buildings which one would not find in Sweden outside a city of fair importance. They have put millions of kronor into the building and equipment of one of the several banks, and the meretricious medley of marble and granite and brass-work extracts, as is intended, the ultimate ore from the pocket of the wondering peasant.

In sleepy wooden offices and stores pushed away on the first floor of modest three-storey stucco godowns, they will turn over such fortunes as support expensive families, providing the young men with yachts and the
young women with trips to Paris and London and Berlin, there to harvest the local culture and bring it back in sleeves for the envy of the stay-at-homes. But, since not all are equally adventurous, what a round it is from week to week and year to year, a short summer of sailing and picnics on the lake, the long winter of skiing and sleighing and pretty faces covered up in furs, and coffee parties in flats with their great tiled stoves and double window panes. What vast processional meals three or four times a day, and punch-drinking later on in the Stadshotell, where the smart and saw the waitresses with breath quick and deftly, with an eye that alights ever and anon upon the married men as well as the bachelors if only for a moment their women folk are not watching. You would say these waitresses are the most intelligent and the most self-sustained of their sex in the town, but the plump bourgeois ladies look right through them, hardly even giving orders at table to them, do not even acknowledge their existence. One thinks there must be something behind this, especially when scuffles at pantry doors and the interchange of lingering handshakes and giggling conversation between the men at large and the Ladies of the Serviette, give you a sudden hint that you are not in the full confidence of the place.

And then there is the little tobacco shop, which is kept by Millan Larsson, who has a smile and a word for all as if each was to her the most important visitor of the moment. Her eyes are still bright and blue, her cheeks pink and white, her fingers trim and neat; her brown hair has yet a gleam of gold in it. She seems to have none but grass Benedicks for customers, and once they enter her shop, even the staidest and severest of the married men skip like rams. You would say that Millan was a prime favourite ten or fifteen years ago, and that not one of these pillars of commerce, these bank directors, wholesale merchants, professors and civil servants had been proof against the twinkle in those eyes of hers. You can see it now, by the way in which one who goes into the shop while another is there will start and look very doggish and sly, as if to say, “What, you here? I thought something would be going on.” To conceive any woman—and Millan must be well known to all the ladies of the place—entering that shop except in anxious search of an errant husband (and this has never happened) is an impossibility. The place is a temple of Nicotine, with one handshakes and giggling conversation between the men at large and the Ladies of the Serviette, give you a sudden hint that you are not in the full confidence of the place.

Indeed, we have grown rash enough in these later days to be indifferent even to actual offers of friendship made by those who have backed the wrong horse and are anxious to get into the new stable. The Swede cannot understand this. He admits that he was pro-German because he thought the German was going to win. The German did not win. The Entente won. And now the Entente appears to be declining with that bloody, unanswerable and priceless boon, the conciliatory approval of the leading light of the Scandinavian constellation. Nay, more; we are showing friendship to Norway, which lives, as everybody knows, solely upon dried fish and ibsen drama, and ever since 1905 has been without visible means of support. No wonder that we are regarded as an uncultured, uncouth, barbarian race.
By William Atheling.

A person of fixed and meticulous habits, it is easy enough for me to listen to a singer or player and to write down any little impressions; it is, on the contrary, very annoying to lose the stage for the sake of scribbling one's comments, and I cannot pretend to record the Russian ballet as closely as I might a recital. My main point is that for the present one gets one's best value, simply as music, and regardless of "extras," at the Empire. To criticise the orchestra of the ballet as one criticises concertos, one would have to go every night, and specify that on Tuesday Mr. Boult conducted in such and such fashion, and that on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, etc., such and such things were done. An orchestra is not a cinema-film, and it does not run off its effects with equal uniformity. Let me record that I have heard Boult conduct the orchestrated and exquisite Chopin for the rather faded ballet "The Sylphides," in altogether delightful fashion. It was perhaps the best musical music I have heard this season.

The Rossini which has been illustrated by "La Boutique Fantasque," has found a true complement in the decadent art of Derain and Massine. I do not use the term decadent as disparagement. Common usage leads one to employ this term for a certain sort of sophisticated or over-sophisticated work. Rossini needs some such completion. Note that the Chopin does not need anything; one would, and indeed does, delight in the orchestra independent of the dance.

"La Boutique Fantasque" is altogether so delightful that one does not, and could hardly, separate its components. The music fits; it performs all the needful functions of ballet music. I think my colleagues (Messrs. Hope and Dias) will support me if I say that the miming is excellent, and that the costumes and staging give one more of the spirit and "message" (or whatever they call it) of modern (very modern) art than all the dozen shows of greenery-yallery that a contemporary artist is unable to assimilate "dirty" and "tragedy," to use the Derain, where from the opening one felt that one does hear the music. In the "Igor" there is a surge of sound, dominating one, and dominating the stage-scenery. And a fair test of the real art of the ballet, as the "Boutique" the music is there; one knows it is the music permits one to be aware of a vague blurr of sound, dominating one, and dominating the stage-scenery. Every foot-beat but marks the integral rhythm. The music has come out of savage emotion, it is one of the most intense of all the ballets, not built on a pure Russo-Russian basis. It is full of an intellectuality which a folk-creation like the "Igor" does not need. The music is worth hearing . . .

Musically the "big thing" of the Russian Ballet is the "Igor." This Borodine is stupendous, the surge and thud of the music, complete without any stage, is the most intense of all the ballets, not built on a pure Russo-Russian basis. It is full of an intellectuality which a folk-creation like the "Igor" does not need. The Rossini and the Derain has design. The Rossini which has been illustrated by "La Boutique Fantasque," has found a true complement in the decadent art of Derain and Massine. I do not use the term decadent as disparagement. Common usage leads one to employ this term for a certain sort of sophisticated or over-sophisticated work. Rossini needs some such completion. Note that the Chopin does not need anything; one would, and indeed does, delight in the orchestra independent of the dance.

"La Boutique Fantasque" is altogether so delightful that one does not, and could hardly, separate its components. The music fits; it performs all the needful functions of ballet music. I think my colleagues (Messrs. Hope and Dias) will support me if I say that the miming is excellent, and that the costumes and staging give one more of the spirit and "message" (or whatever they call it) of modern (very modern) art than all the dozen shows of greenery-yallery that a contemporary art-critic is called upon to see in a year.

The spirit of the music moves this flood of physical rhythm; the "Igor" has a force, where "Carnaval"! or "The Sylphides" has but a delicacy, and where "The Three-Cornered Hat" has but a cleverness. The "Igor" grows in an integrity, it is welded, where the Derain, where from the opening one felt that one does hear the music. In the "Igor" there is a surge of sound, dominating one, and dominating the stage-scenery. And a fair test of the real art of the ballet, as the "Boutique" the music is there; one knows it is the music permits one to be aware of a vague blurr of sound, dominating one, and dominating the stage-scenery. Every foot-beat but marks the integral rhythm. The music has come out of savage emotion, it is one of the most intense of all the ballets, not built on a pure Russo-Russian basis. It is full of an intellectuality which a folk-creation like the "Igor" does not need. The music is worth hearing . . .


"La Boutique Fantasque" is altogether so delightful that one does not, and could hardly, separate its components. The music fits; it performs all the needful functions of ballet music. I think my colleagues (Messrs. Hope and Dias) will support me if I say that the miming is excellent, and that the costumes and staging give one more of the spirit and "message" (or whatever they call it) of modern (very modern) art than all the dozen shows of greenery-yallery that a contemporary art-critic is called upon to see in a year.


The spirit of the music moves this flood of physical rhythm; the "Igor" has a force, where "Carnaval"! or "The Sylphides" has but a delicacy, and where "The Three-Cornered Hat" has but a cleverness. The "Igor" grows in an integrity, it is welded, where the Derain, where from the opening one felt that one does hear the music. In the "Igor" there is a surge of sound, dominating one, and dominating the stage-scenery. And a fair test of the real art of the ballet, as the "Boutique" the music is there; one knows it is the music permits one to be aware of a vague blurr of sound, dominating one, and dominating the stage-scenery. Every foot-beat but marks the integral rhythm. The music has come out of savage emotion, it is one of the most intense of all the ballets, not built on a pure Russo-Russian basis. It is full of an intellectuality which a folk-creation like the "Igor" does not need. The music is worth hearing . . .


The spirit of the music moves this flood of physical rhythm; the "Igor" has a force, where "Carnaval"! or "The Sylphides" has but a delicacy, and where "The Three-Cornered Hat" has but a cleverness. The "Igor" grows in an integrity, it is welded, where the Derain, where from the opening one felt that one does hear the music. In the "Igor" there is a surge of sound, dominating one, and dominating the stage-scenery. And a fair test of the real art of the ballet, as the "Boutique" the music is there; one knows it is the music permits one to be aware of a vague blurr of sound, dominating one, and dominating the stage-scenery. Every foot-beat but marks the integral rhythm. The music has come out of savage emotion, it is one of the most intense of all the ballets, not built on a pure Russo-Russian basis. It is full of an intellectuality which a folk-creation like the "Igor" does not need. The music is worth hearing . . .

stands the meaning of reality, and is using it in the most formal-minded manner to mean "what is recognised by science," which is the only way in which I can give any meaning to his phrase, "as reality now stands," as he uses it. If this is so, I fear it is a standpoint from which it is quite impossible to take the further step which I advocated in my article as necessary, but difficult.

I am, however, not quite sure that this suggestion covers his use of the word in the first paragraph of his letter to which I will now turn. He says that I cannot find an underlying reality in Jung's "Psychology of the Unconscious" because Jung is still in process of bringing it to birth. But for this assurance I should have had no doubt that Jung had declared that the reality underlying everything was Human libido. Human libido, mark you, for that is the kernel of the whole matter, as I have clearly said on a former occasion. My accusation is that the psycho-analysts are degrading the Unconscious " because Jung is still in process of making the bottom top. In fact, it is doing exactly what, I think, Dr. Jung characterises as wrong, in the passage which your correspondent quotes, when he writes, "By analytical reduction to something universally known" [which is certainly applicable to human libido] "we destroy the value of the symbol." (This seems to show that Dr. Jung is in course of amending his description " because I thought it)

P.S.—I avoided "description" because I thought it must be used in some usual sense, for by no stretch of imagination can I make its ordinary sense applicable to the psycho-analytic treatment of dreams and myths, which pretends to be a laying bare of their innermost origin.

One Mogg, a low-lived fellow, By some mean knavery secured the freehold, Leaving it to his son;
And though all means have been attempted By Ferrett, my trusty lawyer, He will not yield, the stubborn brute; And owing to the sham humanitarianism Which blights the present century I cannot exercise my undoubted privileges to remove him.

So that you copice desecrates the view, A dagger at the heart of Fletton Towers. It spoils my peace;
My son, my clever boy, must get it;
Then I shall rest in peace beside eleven forefathers.

JAMES JORDAN.
I don't want no better world than this, Spite of what parsons say.
Beer's good, and tobacco, and there's good things to eat: Ducks, geese, turkeys, chickens, and wild game;
Between bacon and ham I never could choose, Coz I never got tired of either.
What's better than leaning over a pigsty, Scratching the fattest
And counting the days to Christmas?
It makes you feel holier inside than any church.
There's courting, hunting, ferreting, skating,
Shooting pheasants, teal, pigeons, and rocks
After the wild-fowl across the marsh in winter,
And sweetest, mebbe, of all, a bit of poaching.
I wouldn't swap with nobody—
Not with our long-nosed Earl
What daren't bend for fear of breaking,
Nor parson who mayn't squat at a woman for fear of his skinny wife,
Nor whey-faced Woolerton, nor that old Ferrett
What cannot bite nor sup like honest mortal,
But lives on pap for fear of belly-ache:
They might as well be dead!
Only one thing I've missed:
A bit of land; I could have done with fifty acres well;
Then I should have wanted nothing.
But land's harder to come by in Fletton than a virgin:
You can't have everything.

MRS. OSMOND LORNE.
My dearest husband, my Osmond,
Vicar of Fletton, beloved of the parishioners,
Friend of the Earl who asks us regularly
To dinner at the Towers, lacks one thing only:
He is not strong enough against the wicked.
Although I urge him to evict that dreadful man,
He still refuses to bring lawful pressure.
For twenty years outside our door
The woman has lived with him,
Insulting me when I approached her
To suggest their legalising the union
And close this terrible scandal;
The things she said upset me so
That for eight months I have not known peace;
And when I pass her door with jellies
I see her horrid face
Jeering at me because I have no children.
But no, that is not Christian!
I must not own it even to myself;
My anger is on moral grounds alone!
The very cottage harbouring the creature
Goes with the glebe
And is sublet by Peake, our old churchwarden.
Osmond refuses to give him orders
To evict the wretch who poisons all my life.
I have reasoned with Osmond until I am desperate.
And I cannot use compulsion, as some wives do.
For reasons I must not enter into here.
Although, of course, he is entirely faithful,
I've noticed him lately looking at the plumper housemaid:
She shall go to-morrow!

Excerpt from The New Age, October 16, 1919.
And German foremen with whips to keep us going
If we simply felt we didn't list.
So I left my sweetheart—my little Minnie Harker—
What's so pure I hardly dare kiss her... The war wasn't all it was said to be,
The ground not properly drained,
Tiny fields with onions growing in every gateway.
The folks was measly and undersized
And couldn't talk plain English;
Otherwise it was much the same as here,
And now we're back!
Only—what did we go for?
Our captain at Wipers
Said us heroes should have land...
I can't even get an allotment,
'Coz Billy Bean has father's
(On account of a few old thistles and a trifle of back
real
Why can't the Earl give a field
To make a few more plots?
Here's fourteen of us as went to fight for his land:
I guess the Germans would have took it
If we hadn't pushed at Wipers.
The Agent pokes his nose up in the air
And says the County Council in good time
May do something.
Now, I ask you!
They're all the biggest farmers!
Will they give up their land to the likes of us?
They'd sooner dig trenches around their farms
And die in 'em.
If I'd a known as Billy Bean would do such a trick,
I wouldn't a gone.

"GENTLEMAN " PINION.
Our Agent is a gentleman, thank goodness!
But things were sadly wrong;
I own it freely now, on looking back.
How could they help it at the ruling prices,
And a position like mine to maintain?
Only creatures like Mogg
Who stoop to any dishonourable trick,
Or the awful Bowser,
With his raucous voice and leather neck,
Who bullies everyone and beats down the trades-people
To the last halfpenny,
Could hope to prosper.
I can't stoop to their level,
Unworthy of a gentleman farmer and a "Pinion";
But the war saved me,
And I am better off than ever.
I own there was one moment when things looked awk-
ward,
But they decided (as they were bound to)
That farmers couldn't possibly be taken
Like labourers to fight!
I lent my motor to the military
At barely what it cost,
And sold my hay and straw without a murmur.
The Agent, who is marrying my cousin,
He didn't seem upset about the old church
For you can't build without bricks,
And if the Government don't soon provide 'em
I shall give up bricklaying
And take more allotments.
Don't I manage three now, in my spare time?
My mother used to say that I should be a farmer,
And why not?
My three plots is a sight to see,
While the others has more thistle-nobs than potato-tops.
The Council should cut Mogg's Grange up for holdings;
It belonged to the village in the olden days.
The war being over,
...and with barbed wire defeat the "family"
Who tramp and gallop, careless of the ruin,
To catch a stinking fox.
What makes 'em maddest,
I keep the chapel up, that father built,
When it falls vacant
That tiles fall off the roof.
On Sunday mornings,
Led by old Winterbourne, the tenor,
They march around the village, singing hymns:
Old-fashioned tunes that make the heart rejoice.
Yet is there always drawbacks somewhere?
That parish field, the richest hereabout,
With its yellow grain
What business have Parish Councils to own land?
Allotments are the root of evil,
Taking labourers from their work.
Now, if I had that twenty acres,
'Twould just round off the Grange.
A year ago the Parish Council
Couldn't get their rents
Whilest the trades-people were the only crop in sight,
And they were nearly in a mind to sell,
When Billy Bean rushed in and took three plots.
Why don't he stick to bricks and mortar?
I wish he'd tumble off a roof—
Not to kill himself,
But just enough to learn him better,
And keep him off the land
What belongs by rights to me.

BILLY BEAN.
It's no use shooting for more houses,
Nor pigstytes neither;
For you can't build without bricks,
Blamed if I didn't find an old buy
'Twould just round off the Grange.
Now, if I had that twenty acres,
To make a few more plots?
Here's fourteen of us as went to fight for his land:
I guess the Germans would have took it
If we hadn't pushed at Wipers.
The Agent pokes his nose up in the air
And says the County Council in good time
May do something.
Now, I ask you!
They're all the biggest farmers!
Will they give up their land to the likes of us?
They'd sooner dig trenches around their farms
And die in 'em.
If I'd a known as Billy Bean would do such a trick,
I wouldn't a gone.

"GENTLEMAN " PINION.
Our Agent is a gentleman, thank goodness!
But things were sadly wrong;
I own it freely now, on looking back.
How could they help it at the ruling prices,
And a position like mine to maintain?
Only creatures like Mogg
Who stoop to any dishonourable trick,
Or the awful Bowser,
With his raucous voice and leather neck,
Who bullies everyone and beats down the trades-people
To the last halfpenny,
Could hope to prosper.
I can't stoop to their level,
Unworthy of a gentleman farmer and a "Pinion";
But the war saved me,
And I am better off than ever.
I own there was one moment when things looked awk-
ward,
But they decided (as they were bound to)
That farmers couldn't possibly be taken
Like labourers to fight!
I lent my motor to the military
At barely what it cost,
And sold my hay and straw without a murmur.
The Agent, who is marrying my cousin,
He didn't seem upset about the old church
For you can't build without bricks,
And if the Government don't soon provide 'em
I shall give up bricklaying
And take more allotments.
Don't I manage three now, in my spare time?
My mother used to say that I should be a farmer,
And why not?
My three plots is a sight to see,
While the others has more thistle-nobs than potato-tops.
The Council should cut Mogg's Grange up for holdings;
It belonged to the village in the olden days.
The war being over,
...and with barbed wire defeat the "family"
Who tramp and gallop, careless of the ruin,
To catch a stinking fox.
What makes 'em maddest,
I keep the chapel up, that father built,
When it falls vacant
That tiles fall off the roof.
On Sunday mornings,
Led by old Winterbourne, the tenor,
They march around the village, singing hymns:
Old-fashioned tunes that make the heart rejoice.
Yet is there always drawbacks somewhere?
That parish field, the richest hereabout,
With its yellow grain
What business have Parish Councils to own land?
Allotments are the root of evil,
Taking labourers from their work.
Now, if I had that twenty acres,
'Twould just round off the Grange.
A year ago the Parish Council
Couldn't get their rents
Whilest the trades-people were the only crop in sight,
And they were nearly in a mind to sell,
When Billy Bean rushed in and took three plots.
Why don't he stick to bricks and mortar?
I wish he'd tumble off a roof—
Not to kill himself,
But just enough to learn him better,
And keep him off the land
What belongs by rights to me.

BILLY BEAN.
It's no use shooting for more houses,
Nor pigstyes neither;
For you can't build without bricks,
Blamed if I didn't find an old buy
'Twould just round off the Grange.
Now, if I had that twenty acres,
To make a few more plots?
Here's fourteen of us as went to fight for his land:
I guess the Germans would have took it
If we hadn't pushed at Wipers.
The Agent pokes his nose up in the air
And says the County Council in good time
May do something.
Now, I ask you!
They're all the biggest farmers!
Will they give up their land to the likes of us?
They'd sooner dig trenches around their farms
And die in 'em.
If I'd a known as Billy Bean would do such a trick,
I wouldn't a gone.

"GENTLEMAN " PINION.
Our Agent is a gentleman, thank goodness!
But things were sadly wrong;
I own it freely now, on looking back.
How could they help it at the ruling prices,
And a position like mine to maintain?
Only creatures like Mogg
Who stoop to any dishonourable trick,
Or the awful Bowser,
With his raucous voice and leather neck,
Who bullies everyone and beats down the trades-people
To the last halfpenny,
Could hope to prosper.
I can't stoop to their level,
Unworthy of a gentleman farmer and a "Pinion";
But the war saved me,
And I am better off than ever.
I own there was one moment when things looked awk-
ward,
But they decided (as they were bound to)
That farmers couldn't possibly be taken
Like labourers to fight!
I lent my motor to the military
At barely what it cost,
And sold my hay and straw without a murmur.
The Agent, who is marrying my cousin,
Has promised me the farm adjoining this,
When it falls vacant,
At a very low rental.
There's no life like the farmer's—
Is there?

THOMAS MOGG.

These tenant farmers are a sneaking crew,
Crawling on their faces before the Agent
And shouting for the Tory candidate,
Ready to lick anybody's boots.
—Thomas Mogg—

("WELSH on my mother's side)
To meet the banded powers of tyranny
Who plot and strive to rob me of my land.
They have all tried their hardest,

From Ferrett, that thieving lawyer, to the parson,
Offering me another farm in exchange
Outside their "holy" ground,
Or the next tenancy of their richest holding;
As if I should!
Failing that, the sneaks have done their worst
With lawsuits, threats, tempting away my labour,
Over-running me with game, and such-like tricks.
I've bested them all,
October 16, 1919

The pubs a-go all night, wi' lights and noise,
Men and girls, music and fighting.
Where's all the old farmers gone?
Jack Barnes, Jabe Toynbee, Andrew, Henry Martin, and
the others?
We've Mogg, the Welsh thief,
And young Pinion,
What calls himself a gentleman farmer,
Having his dinner at supper-time
And a fool for a wife.
I could farm better with one hand!

SARAH MAKINS.
Things went well till peace come;
I was rich on the separation 'lowance,
With what I earned atop of that;
Now Joe's come back without the littlest wound.
To get a pension on.
He used to work from light till dark
(Master said the best man in Fletton,
Though he never paid him extra),
Now nobody wants him regular
Because he won't stick.
And grumbles against them what never went to fight.
While I have to work my fingers to the bone,
Like I did before the war!
It don't go down so well now.
Walker Harrod got himself killed, and his missis is all
Though he never paid him extra.

HENRIETTA STENNETT.
I shall never forget the day the vicar stayed behind,
After I'd dismissed the school-children,
And put his hand on my ankle,
As I sat above him on the platform.
(You can't wear much in the hot weather.)
But fancy him!
Respected by all, and over sixty!

MINNIE HARKER.
When I'm running the razor round his neck I'd like to
nick it,
Only that wouldn't lower the rent;
Nobody ever gets the better of the Earl,
Because he owns the land.
This very shop is leasehold,
And soon falls in to be renewed—at more than double
The evening being dusk,
I lost my footpath through the grounds,
To trim his hair,
I lost my footpath through the grounds,
The evening being dusk,
And, walking quiet over grass,
Saw through the window of a summerhouse
The Lady Becky—
The Agent's wife—
In the arms of Oliver Waddy!
Fancy! A private!
But they're not like our lads—those Australians—
She was as tight in his arms as she could be,
And didn't get out scot-free if I know Waddy;
Not that she'd want to, by all accounts.
These little bits of information
Are valuable—if used properly—
But that's the difficulty:
I don't know who to approach.

LAWYER FERRETT.
There's nothing so wonderful in the world as a spider
Sitting quietly away from the web, in a corner;
You can't see him, but wait until something touches the
cord!
Folks think because my name is Ferrett
That I run about to suck blood.

That's nonsense; I don't have to!
Any lawyer in the country can get rich
If he's not a perfect fool;
He's like a grown man amongst children:
Sometimes I hardly like to take their money.

EMMA BURTONSHAW.
I came to Fletton because London was killing me;
But I'd rather return
Than my soul should perish amongst barbarians,
It isn't so much the infant "mistress"
Whose classroom I daren't go into after hours
For fear of seeing what I couldn't pretend not to;
For towns are immoral too;
And on the whole I prefer it open.
All the men are certainly lustful brutes,
Excepting the saintly vicar with his silver hair;
But—it's their cruelty that horrifies me;
I suppose because I'd never dreamt of it;
They torture dumb animals all day long,
And every farrow, is it the old Inquisition.
Yesterday at the blacksmith's
Two men held a horse with the cruel "twitch"
Twisted round the nostrils
So that it trembled with agony:
They were "firing" it,
To get an extra river for the farmer;
And though the smell of burning flesh made me go into
a field and be sick until teatime,
No one seemed to think anything about it.
I suppose Longfellow would have written an ode to the
blacksmith,
And Tennyson one to the farmer.
There's a loutish fellow called Bones,
And what goes on at his place, as told me by the children
(Who enjoy it),
Only a Russian novelist would describe.
If I were only a Charlotte Corday or a militant,
I'd cut his throat with a very sharp knife
To draw attention to the horror
That covers this pleasant countryside.
They all believe that foxes like being hunted,
That fish enjoy hooks in their throats, horses being
sparred, diced, tied up, and flogged; and that birds
and beasts are naturally meant to be maimed,
wrinkled, torn, shot to pieces, left in holes to die
of wounds or poison, or perish slowly in traps.
I apologise to the Inquisition;
It had a moral purpose (of a kind);
It didn't torture anybody to get up an appetite or relieve
its liver,
Or bring in a profit;
No, so far as I know, did it plead in justification that
the victims didn't really mind.

ANGELINA MOGG.
Just 'coz father's fought the Earl all his life
He means to will the Grange to Arthur
(My only brother)
And leave me and sister Gwin without a penny,
So there shan't be a mortgage,
With risk of foreclosure.
But he's mistook, is he, father,
I consulted that nice old Mr. Ferrett,
Who gave me a hint in confidence,
And last Sunday night.
When father was dealing hell at the chapel,
I opened the tin box under his bed and burnt up the
deeds,
So that when, according to Mr. Ferrett,
The farm is taken for discharged soldiers,
Father won't be able to stop it;
Only he'll get compensation
And in the next farm there'll be no such occasion
To cut me out of his will.
If he does, I'll burn it over his head;
I'm a Mogg and won't be put on.

MOLLER HOLMES.
Oliver Waddy's persuading fellows to go to Australia
to get land;
But who's going to Australia when the best land's at
home?
We're going to have it, too;
The Boshles is coming,
And all them that works on the lands is to own it,
As is only just and right
Why should one man keep all the land in Fletton,
And them guzzling tenants,
Like Key and Challand and Overton and Griggs,
Farm hundreds of acres which they don't half till,
At a third the rent we would gladly pay?
They never do any work except ride to market and wear
out pub, seats.
Us what labour will take the land and sneak off to
Australia.
We've a meeting of the new Union to-night in a quiet
place.
To decide whether shall strike in harvest
Or burn the stacks afterwards.

DOCTOR BERRY.
A village doctor is something like God Almighty
In that he reads all hearts,
And guesses that the Almighty has the heartache.
Fletton's like a nest of ants,
Full of intrigue, passion, avarice, and lust;
Disease threading the pattern with its crimson strand;
Foul water everywhere; no sanitation;
And centres of infection like Minnie Harker
And getting more land;
And all them that works on the land is to own it,
With even the proverbial rebel in the shape
Of the ownership of a Great Estate.

JACOB HARVEY.
When father come out of the Dales
To manage the "Golden Cross"
I was but a baby;
It was a long rambling thatched house,
And I took it over when a barrel fell on father's head
As he slept in the cellar.
I'm one of the oldest inhabitants
And can remember everything:
The Great Fire, when burning thatch flew like hail;
The storm what knocked ten yards off the steeple;
The breaking of the bank;
Hare Petchell's suicide;
Granny Watson having a new tooth at eighty-three;
And everything of note for nigh a century.
Things ain't what they was in Fletton;
The teetotals rules us now:
Look at the withered creatures!
No wonder their wives are always creeping out
To prayer meetings on dark nights.

NEWTON AMBROSE.
If you were interested in what went on around you,
Not vulgarly curious, of course,
But taking notice of local affairs and the well-being of
your neighbours,
And especially relations
(For blood's thicker than water,
And always more inclined to boil over);
And supposing you were postmaster,
So all the telegrams went through your hands,
And the cards and letters with their tell-tale postmarks,
So that you knew the truth amongst a pack of lies;
And s'pose you went to the "Golden Cross" at night
To sit warm whilst folks talked big,
Able at any second to knock them flat,
And all the time you not only couldn't open your mouth,

PIGGY SMITHSON.
There's nothing like pigs.
I begun on an old sow
(If don't mean she was my mother;
That wouldn't be in the way of nature);
But I had eight pounds sent from an uncle in America,
On my eighth birthday.
She served me well,
Litter after litter, a grand old girl!
And I've never looked back since then.
Mrs. Burtonshaw, Miss Burtonshaw,
Whose every member ainsayt, as well as her name,
She meant almost as much to me as the old sow.
This morning I walked miles across the stubble;
It was alive with pigs and
And what if one dies every day?
There's three born by night.
Folks in towns think as one pig's exactly like another;
As if you could mistake 'em!
I know their grunts
And how they knot their tails.
It's thousands look like one another;
They have to carry their names on bits of paper
Not to forget who they are;
But two herds of pigs
Will thread through one another quite easy.
For each of my sixty-four years
I have a thousand pounds:
All from one old sow!

THE HEIR.
Everyone goes round on tiptoe,
Looking at me as if I was stuffed,
Because I'm heir to all this flummery of tenants, game-
keepers, butlers, footmen, family-tree, old lineage,
obstainess-obliges, and bar-sinister.
What everybody in England longs for, fights over, plots
about;
Offer their immortal souls and much more precious
youth and health for:
The ownership of a Great Estate.
A real Kingdom—
With even the proverbial rebel in the shape of Mogg,
And all the historic business of the Feudal System,
Handed straight on from Charles the First
Without the slightest deviation.
I have less use for it
Than anyone who breathes.
I'm for California myself,
Where a little nest-egg
Of sixty thousand pounds from a great aunt
Has already been transferred.
On Wednesday night
I shall vanish quietly from the scene,
Leaving the whole managery to Fitz;
'Twill suit him like a glove;
He always was a snob.
California for me!
I've booked a double berth;
And now I'm going up to London
To meet Gwinnie Mogg at the Registry Office.