NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Miners' final interview with Mr. Lloyd George has now taken place, and for the last time of asking the present Government has declined to accept the nationalisation of the mines. In these circumstances, expected as they were, there appears nothing for the Miners' Federation to do but to proceed according to plan and solemnly assemble another special Congress for the purpose of considering how to force the Government to change its mind. That the Miners themselves should change their minds, or, at least, their methods, on discovering that their first plans have not been unbrokenly successful, seems never to occur to them as a possible alternative to an attempt to force the Government. As we have observed before, everybody and everything else must be all that they should be—reasonable, willing to listen to argument, willing to be convinced, and courageous enough to avow a change of view; but the Miners' leaders and the Trade Union Congress must be the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever, always right and never in need of the smallest revision of their opinions. The case is worse even than this; for, as we happen to know, the private and personal beliefs of quite a number of the original signatories of the demand for Nationalisation have undergone a complete change. It is certain, indeed, that, if the secret thoughts of the Miners' Federation itself were canvassed, a majority would be shown in hostility to Nationalisation. Nevertheless, so "idealistic" is Labour, so different in ethic is it from all the parties and classes that have gone before, that the Miners and the employers were such that their continuance could not possibly be tolerated. And thereafter it would have been a matter for considered judgment how best to transform the system to the satisfaction of the sense of justice of all the various parties. The Miners' Federation, however, was not content with having completely proved its case for a change of system; it was not content to exercise an effective veto over the various reconstruction proposals that were put forward. Without any serious consideration of the matter, and as if the old resolutions of the Trade Union Congress were still current gospel, the Miners hastily formulated a demand for Nationalisation, trimmed it up with a few phrases taken from the Guild propaganda, and presented the whole medley of history and theory as their unalterable recipe for the future conduct of the mining industry. We recall these facts in order to guard against the repetition of the error in the case of the Dockers' Inquiry which is now taking place. Mr. Ernest Bevin, it is true, is a more sagacious person than either Mr. Smillie or Mr. Frank Hodges, and it is more than probable that under his direction the Dockers' representatives will know when they have established their case. At the same time, it cannot be doubted that some danger exists. Even in Mr. Bevin's admirable opening speech we detected signs
of a willingness to be drawn upon plans for the future government of the industry—plans, we say explicitly, which are as yet ill-digested and misunderstood. It would be a thousand pities if the effect of Mr. Bevin's speech were to be lost in such a confusion of policy as has now obliterated the effects of Mr. Smillie's speech on a similar occasion. At this moment, Dockers, thanks to Mr. Bevin, have the complete sympathy of the public. It is their duty to retain and intensify it.

The Labour Party is so idealistic that it is never in any need to reply to criticism. Criticism of idealism is, of course, a confession of error; and we ought to be thankful, therefore, that we can continue to say what we please without receiving an answer. Mr. Thomas' recent acceptance of a sliding-scale for wages has not, however, passed without other criticism than ours. For once we are not alone. In the "Daily Herald" Mr. John Turner, of the Shop Assistants' Union: makes the perfectly valid and, indeed, finally effective point, that the fixing of wages by relation to the mere cost of living would ensure, in fact, a relatively declining standard of wages. Since more and more wealth is likely to be produced as civilisation and science advance, the relative amount of wages would be perpetually undergoing reduction in comparison with a ratio of wages to total production. In other words, the share of Labour in the total production would be a constantly diminishing fraction. Mr. Thomas, however, has not seen fit to answer this criticism, nor have we been able to discover in the official organ of the National Union of Railwaymen any notice of the objection. Nevertheless, it is obviously a very serious criticism; and if Mr. Thomas is too right honourable to reply to it, we may be sure that events in due course will.

At a recent Conference Mr. Grimshaw (of whom we should like to hear more) read an interesting paper on "The Influence of the Distribution of Wealth upon Production." Usually, of course, and uniformly by the academic economists, the order is inverted, and we are called upon to consider the effect of Production upon Distribution. Indeed, it is a canon of capitalistic distribution, being as a mere matter of common sense honourable to reply to it, we may be sure that events in due course will.

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One of the advantages of an experiment such as we hope the Manchester Committee will contrive to carry through (even against our judgment that its whole design is wrong!) is that it raises as practical issues questions which would otherwise remain academic. There is no doubt whatever that the initiative of the committee has already contributed to stimulate a real discussion in the Labour movement of the practical meaning of money and credit and the financial guarantees which any future credit schemes will require. Mr. Grimshaw, like ourselves, is not of that opinion. Post hoc is not always propter hoc. Though it is true that the actual distribution depends upon what is produced (since you cannot distribute what is not in existence), the foreknowledge which the producer has of the nature of the distribution of purchasing power pre-determines the character of his production. In other words, he produces for the market as he knows it to exist. It follows, as Mr. Grimshaw points out, that actual production is very largely determined by distribution, i.e., is directed by it. "So long as there are high incomes on the one hand and next to no income on the other, there will be produced more than enough of the luxuries, and less than enough of the necessaries of life." Righly considered, we have here a partial explanation of more than one modern social problem. It is probably true, however, that in this simple fact may be found a complete explanation of several of our most pressing difficulties. Everybody realises the complexity of any attempt to deal directly with production—whether home-production or imports. How are we to differentiate between luxuries and necessaries and to regulate their manufacture or import—who, indeed, dare attempt it? The problem can be approached, however, from the distributive side with the greatest of ease. Distribute purchasing power equitably (note that we do not say equally) and the character of our production and our imports would be determined by that arrangement. If there were no "luxury" incomes there would be no "luxury" manufacture or imports. Everything manufactured or imported would be "necessary," that is to say, really serviceable to somebody.

Without modifying any of the criticisms we ourselves passed last week on the proposals of the Manchester Building Guild Committee, we may quite consistently reply that not all of them have been raised in other quarters. Mr. Foster, for instance, complains that the proposals of the Manchester Committee are "premature." As a member of the joint body charged with drawing up plans for the government of the building industry as a whole, Mr. Foster is naturally jealous of any local or sectional attempt to settle the problem before his committee has finally made up its mind. Every such act of initiative, whether it succeed or fail, is, in fact, bound in his opinion to be premature. We must point out, however, that not only is there nothing "premature" about the actions of Mr. Foster and his committee, but, on the contrary, he and they fall under the charge of deliberate, or, at any rate, of culpable, procrastination. The need for houses is urgent. Literally millions of people are being put out of work without any need to reply to criticism. Criticism of idealism is, of course, a confession of error; and we ought to be thankful, therefore, that we can continue to say what we please without receiving an answer.

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chester Corporation, will be the sole loser. The contract, in short, has no sanction, except on the side of the Corporation, since no penalty for breach in default can be imposed on the contracting Guild Committee. The objection is not frivolous, and it must be met; and we should propose to meet it on two grounds: first, on the ground that credit is credit and not security, and, second, on the ground that in the end even the guarantees offered by the ordinary contractor turn out to be unreal, in the sense that they, too, rest on credit and not upon security. Let us take the second point first. What, after all, is it that the ordinary contractor deposits with his contract as a security? His fund is no "money," "plant," or "credit"; money and his plant; and these, it is clear, are liable to forfeiture to the amount of the damage his breach of contract causes to the other party. True; but now let us ask the further question, often previously discussed in these pages: what is the value of this "money and plant" without the good-will of Labour—that is to say, apart from the unsecured assumption that Labour and society in general will enable the damaged party to realise on it? If we have allowed the original question to be not frivolous, we believe we are entitled to pay our debt to history, and our debt of charity shall not be dismissed before it is carefully considered. And it amounts to this: that "money and plant"—all the instruments, in short, of every security or guarantee—really, in the end, depend for their value, not upon themselves, but upon the "credit" of society, of which credit the belief that "Labour" will actually perform what it undertakes to do is an integral part.

To return to the first ground, the supposition that credit can possibly be consistent with security is negated by the law of contradiction. If there were real security, credit would be unnecessary. Real security does not require "belief" or "faith," individual or mutual; it carries its own sanction with it. On the other hand, it is of the very nature of credit that it amounts to this: that "money and plant"—all the instruments, in short, of every security or guarantee—really, in the end, depend for their value, not upon themselves, but upon the "credit" of society, of which credit the belief that "Labour" will actually perform what it undertakes to do is an integral part.

We do not say that this applies precisely to the Manchester Committee; but, in view of much larger fields of experiment than Manchester, it is important that the nature of credit, here outlined, should be generally realised. In the last resort it will be found that all credit, and hence all values dependent upon credit, are social in origin. There is no value in money apart from the assumption that society will continue doing its "duty"; there is no "real" value whatever in all the treasure at the banks, nor even in all the plant and capital of which most of that treasure is a token. All value depends finally upon human values; and at the bottom of every security is nothing more nor less than the "bare word" of one man to another. But if this be the case—and we are certain of it—several "revolutionary" conclusions may be said to follow. The first is that since all credit is social in origin, at least its direction should be social as well. What is it but matricide to employ a credit that is social in origin for an anti-social purpose? All the credit, in short, that is now employed in making profit for its tenants (and there can be no owners of credit), instead of in rendering services to the society that creates it, is credit wrested from its proper function. A second conclusion is this: that what credit is called a "money",
Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER I.

One of the most fundamental fallacies which has ever afflicted a just cause is the delusion so dear to the sentimental propagandist of the Labour Movement, that Labour (by which the broader-minded of such advocates mean labour both by hand and brain power) creates all wealth; that Capital and Capitalism are one and the same thing, both being of the Devil. Mention has to matter of this before,* but the subject is of such outstanding importance at this time that no apology seems necessary for a further effort to clear away a little of the misconception in which the actual relationship of Capital, Labour, and the Community has become involved, as much from the distortion and suppression of facts by the Capitalistic Hierarchy as from the more pardonable misdirection of organised Labour by persons of more zeal than discretion; a misconception which is tragic in its influence on the strategy of the Labour Movement, since it results in foreclosing strategy in a position of antagonism to the interest of the rest of Society.

Before proceeding to the further examination of the facts, it may not be without value to note the willingness with which the orthodox—i.e., Capitalistic—Press is prepared to allow this contention, or, at any rate, its implications, to go by default. Witness the uncritical agreement, heard on all sides, with the sentiment that Labour, as such, should increasingly share in the control of Industry. This sentiment is, of course, logically derived from the major premise, because it is clear that if Labour produces all wealth, then the democratic control of Labour by itself—i.e., elective and representative industrial administration—means the democratic control of the production of wealth.

It is amazing how this error has misled millions of intelligent men and women, determined to assert their human claim to consideration, whose every-day experience of life is yet amply sufficient to expose the fallacy of it. The Foreman controls the workshop and all who labour therein; does he then control production? But perhaps the Manager, who controls many foremen, is the ultimate focus of power? Ask him, and he will tell you that he is the slave of the Sales Department on the one hand and the Chairman of the Board on the other. The Chairman must clearly be seated on Olympus; but observe this demi-god when, faced with a deficit on the year’s working, he endeavours to convince a shareholders’ meeting that all is well with their undertaking, because the staff is contented and the product is unrivalled. It will avail him little that each shareholder may be a believer in democracy in industry.

Yet in the face of the determination of organised Labour to have share in the control of industry, it is seen how a broad-minded Press agrees with them. The “Times,” for instance, is all for a Guild Socialism of the glorified Whitley Council variety. The columns of almost any metropolitan newspaper in England or America are open to the description or discussion of such “communist” schemes, and will print reams of articles by their more distinguished advocates, even where they condemn their conclusions. From which the cynically minded may justifiably conclude that there is no danger to capitalism in a bushel of them. But how many such journals ever make an organ, as The New Age? Or how much publicity of the orthodox variety do the writings of, say, Mr. Thorstein Veblen receive in America?

But to resume our search for the true seat of power. It is clear that if we replace the foreman, the manager, and the chairman, each by a committee, all that we do is to affirm our belief that it is better to have half a dozen men giving orders than one man—a belief that may or may not be well founded, but, in any event, is not likely to result in the democratic control of production. The shareholders, it is true, are already a committee, and would seem at first sight to have no master; but how much latitude in making decisions have they? Now, this is the citadel of the fortress we are attacking, for power to make decisions is freedom for the individual, and a shareholder in a trust-capitalist manufacturing enterprise has no power to change the fundamental policy of the concern, which is to pay its way as a means to the end of maintaining and increasing its financial credit with the banks.

Hence we see that the last word on policy is with Finance, not with Administration, and is concerned with the control of credit by the banks; and to democratise the policy of production, we have to democratise the control of credit.

Before concentrating on this problem of the democratisation of the bank, and of the practical application of the credit-principle which it administers, the satisfactory solution of which will have incomparably greater influence on the future of the world than any other single change of which we can conceive at this time, let us consider for a moment Democracy itself as an organised system of carrying on the business of society as a whole.

Democracy is frequently and falsely defined as the rule of the majority—a definition quite sufficient to account for its unpopularity with many persons whose opinion is not unworthy of consideration. As so defined, it is a mere trap, set by knaves to catch simpletons; the rule of the majority never has existed, and, fortunately, never will exist. In such an organisation were possible, it would be the ultimate Terror, beside which the worst individual despot would seem a kindly patriarch. It is under cover of this definition, however, that unscrupulous men in every country are enabled to evade the consequences which anti-social intriguing would bring upon them, by working up a spurious, because uninformed, public opinion, which is the greatest barrier to effective and rapid progress known to the hidden hands of capitalism and politics. Real democracy is something entirely different, and is the effective expression of the policy of the majority, and, so far as that policy is concerned with economics, is the freedom of an increasing majority of individuals to make use of the facilities provided for them, in the first place, by a number of persons who will always be, as they have always been, in the minority.

Any other conception of democracy simply does not take cognisance of the facts, does not believe in human nature as it is, and, consequently, taking its stand on the Doctrine of Original Sin, requires as a first postulate of improvement a change of heart which is expected to make all men and women over again, so that a standardised world will be uniformly attractive to all of them. A standardised world requires someone to set the standard, and it is the effective expression of the policy of the world—the policy which controls the conditions under which mankind obtains board and clothing, without which the mightiest genius is more helpless than a well-fed idiot—to be dictated from the sources out of which it now proceeds.

Let no one imagine that real democracy, however, has its only opponents amongst the great capitalists, ecclesiastics, and politicians. There are just as many potential despotists amongst the cretins of the Labour
movements as among the employing class, and in a mere choice of tyrants it is quite a sound principle to keep the devil you know in preference to the devil you don’t know.

A warning in regard to this aspect of the situation is contained in the arbitrary division of society, now so popular with captains of industry, ‘‘classes’’ of Labour leaders and extremists alike, into ‘‘workers’’ and a ‘‘parasitic class,’’ the latter being supposed to be without useful function, and having no ‘‘right’’ to exist, held up to execration as battering on the virtuous industrial system, and robbing it, by so much as that class consumes, of what is its moral due. I realise the unpopularity of any defence of this class, but it is a defence which has to be undertaken, not from any special liking for the task (though Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his defence of idleness, has shown that to be quite reasonable), but because the attack on it leads nowhere useful. In the first place, when we leave the easy ground of generalities and come down to concrete detail, we find it overwhelmingly difficult to define useful work. Not only is it difficult, but it is in the highest degree misleading.

In spite of the fact that the Founder of Christianity directed his most biting invective against the in-veterate legal and juristic habit of mind of the priests and scribes ‘‘who made the Word of God of none effect by their traditions,’’ this desire to classify and pass sentence upon every variety of human effort has been the curse of the classes of the so-called Christian era. At this time there goes up in the whole world a cry for bread such as perhaps the world has not known for centuries; the mutterings of coming revolution are heard in every country; yet the victims of this deadly habit of mind, both on the side of Capitalism and Labour, are still explaining that, unless a man do ‘‘useful’’ work, neither shall he eat; regardless of the fact that both England and America are glutted with goods, that in both countries foodstuffs are allowed to rot, or are being actually destroyed, in order to keep up prices, the high priests of industry cry for more and yet more production as a condition of existence, even though that production may be, as it often is, absolutely detrimental to society in general, and the worker in particular.

On the side of Labour a great part of the force which this movement against ‘‘parasitism’’ has acquired, is due to the idea that it is only by the strenuous efforts of the orthodox worker, straining every nerve and muscle, that the world is maintained at its present standard of living; whereas it is, on the contrary, only by the most gigantic and organised sabotage on the part of the capitalist system and Labour itself, not only positive but negative—by the refusal to use modern tools and processes, as well as the misuse of them—that the standard of living is prevented from rising higher, with the expenditure of less human effort, than the most exacting would require at this time. In effect, the validity of the Labour protest rests, not on any prerogative Labour possesses of fixing the value of any individual to society, but on the purely practical question as to whether Society would be benefited if the protest against parasitism were upheld. Since it may be contended that no reasoned argument has yet been brought forward to show that the ‘‘just’’ payment of Labour is not measured by the total of what Labour produces, it is one of the objects of the following pages to show that to strain the justice ‘‘in this manner is not only to miss it, but is the sure and certain way of handing over the world afresh to the tender mercies of the high priests and the scribes. In passing, it may be observed that Labour has never been in danger from the Idle Rich—it is the hardworking rich who are the chief champions of the status quo.

(The to be continued.)
duce itself and has its own life. It may or may not be hereditary, though in the nature of things it tends to be largely hereditary. It may or may not be in the aggregate wealthier than the average of the citizens--though in the nature of things it tends to be wealthier. Its prime characteristic is that of a permanent body in the State which governs through the moral authority conferred on it by the general respect.

So different do the passions of an Aristocratic State become (after a sufficient tradition has confirmed them) from those of a Monarchy or Democracy that the one arrangement becomes almost unintelligible to the others. An Aristocratic State comes to stand quite apart from the other and commoner sorts of polity. It has an individual life often repugnant to them, always strange, like a marked human character with a sharply individual manner and voice. I am not here concerned with the quarrel as to which may be the best form of government, but with a recognition of one--the Aristocratic. And to this certain facts cannot be applied by which we may immediately discover its presence.

The most obvious test, the most salient, is the attitude of an Aristocratic State towards its public servants. In monarchy, as in democracy, the public servant is an object of suspicion. In the Aristocratic State he is an object of reverence.

The former think of a public servant as a man thinks of his own servant. The occupant of public office is subject to perpetual scrutiny, to a strict discipline and to the permanent imputation of the various faults which servants may develop: of corruption especially, but also of other forms of disloyalty, as of sloth and of incapacity. The public servant in an Aristocratic is, upon the contrary, the superior of those he governs, and not through any active sense of delegation (as from a monarch or a people), but in himself and through the governing class of which he is a member.

That test is universal and always rings true. It is the unerring criterion of whether a human community be its soul and essence aristocratic or no. Find me a State in which the public servant is perpetually criticised, works under a full light, is frequently punished, is removable and removed at will (and once criticised, works under a full light, is frequently punished, is removable and removed at will (and once

It is the popular instinct of each, moulded ultimately by religion, which produces in each its sort of authority, and you may note how a mind accustomed to suppose, by some mysterious instinct like that of the swarm, to an Aristocratic State an aberration. It has insisted, by a process of inheritance, upon replacing the permanent authority, and you may note how a mind accustomed to suppose, by some mysterious instinct like that of the swarm, to an Aristocratic State an aberration. It has insisted, by a process of inheritance, upon replacing the permanent power in the State. No such small formula can sufficiently contain. A monarchy may have its exact rules and definition; since someone must command, let the monarch sum up all. A democracy may have its exact rules and definition without losing its principle of life. An aristocracy may only exercise authority through the worship of those whom it governs and through its own genius for commanding and retaining a mixture of awe and affection; but this it cannot do as an isolated thing: it must be interwoven with the commonwealth and separated by no exact boundary.

In an Aristocratic State, therefore, you will have anomalies appearing throughout administration, yet these anomalies in no way dissipate the popular mind, but rather strengthen the State through their presence. Again, in an Aristocratic State, personality, or what is called "character," will play a larger part, and definable method in the choice of rulers a smaller one. This force of "character" has always its place, of course, especially in moments of crisis. It produces the leader in war, the popular tribune, and all those other chance governors which also democracies and oligarchies eagerly choose and follow. But when I say that character or personality is of greater moment in an Aristocratic State I mean that it is a more permanent feature, or rather one without which aristocracies and oligarchies must be interwoven with the commonwealth and separated by no exact boundary.

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machinery for recuperation upon any great scale, a lack of the power, ability, or resolution to transform things suddenly and at the expense of agony, even when such a transformation is essential to the continued prosperity of the State.

Thus it is that Aristocracies perish. They lose their vital principles. They are impotent to recover it. They nurse illusion to protect their decay.

Moral authority, which is the foundation and necessity of all government, can attach to an intangible idea, as it does to a crown or flag or the abstractions of a democracy, and if it is lost to one form of these it can easily be attached to another, for it is with these a sort of clothing which can be taken on and off.

But moral authority in the case of aristocracies attaches to real men in themselves, to their own way of living, their manner and kind. It is the worship of something concrete and capable therefore of destruction. You can exchange your royal house or your democratic constitution for another. But you cannot change your governing class for another. When once moral authority has passed from the governing class of an aristocracy, nothing can restore it.

But while that moral authority is still present, while the governing class is still securely in the saddle, it will naturally present for the machinery of the State some assembly imbued with the aristocratic spirit: an aristocratic assembly, a small number. And attached to that assembly will be all the functions of the State, each of them coloured with this same aristocratic spirit.

Such was necessarily the fortune of England when England became an aristocracy after the Reformation, and the House of Commons was the central organ which that aristocracy developed.

But here it may be asked, might not the organ produced under aristocratic conditions and obviously suited to those conditions also be adaptable to conditions where aristocracy was in decay or had disappeared? Is there something in the very nature of a sovereign assembly framed in this manner which clashes hopelessly with those other moods of men in association, which are called indifferentently Democratic or Monarchical? To put it briefly: it is not possible for a State not aristocratic to remain well ruled by a sovereign parliament?

No; it is impossible. The matter may be proved after the fashion in which all real conclusions are proved, first by examining it in its principles and then by examining it through experience. We can show how, from its nature, a governing system such as the House of Commons cannot survive the loss of aristocratic spirit, and we can show by concrete examples that it has in fact not survived the decay of the aristocratic spirit, but is in full decline.

Jung.

When we study Jung* we shall find that we have left the psycho-analytic shallows and are well in mid-ocean. What meets us on the surface of the waters? Let us note first of all a flexibility of mind that is not too common in the medical, or, indeed, in any other, profession. Then a delicacy of apprehension that belongs really to the poetic rather than to the scientific genius. In short, we meet the true psychologist at last, one who works with his whole soul, and not by reason only, nor by emotion only.

The two works of his which are the most important, and which contain the sum total of his published conclusions, are "Psychology of the Unconscious" and "Analytical Psychology." In the first we have a picture of the evolution of psychic processes as manifested in the real world.

* C. J. Jung, "Psychology of the Unconscious." (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. £1 1s.) "Analytical Psychology." (Bailhache, Tindall & Cox. 15s.)
in the psychological life of peoples, their religions and myths; and in the latter part of the second are conceptions the most important yet found in the field of psycho-analysis. The landmark Jung has set up are numerous, and he is to be regarded as the leader in psychological matters. He was the first psycho-analyst to maintain and show that it is not possible to accept an entirely sexual basis for neurosis. That, be it noted, is not to say that sexual problems are non-existent or that the contrary, but it is too common, as is bound to be the case during a period of transition such as ours. For there are two paths to-day—the one forward and the other backward; and many who think they are taking the first way, are really going back. There can be no doubt, for instance, that quite a number of people take an interest in psycho-analysis as a "moral" method of releasing their repressed sexuality. It need not be emphasised that such a course is worthless. But Jung’s point is that there are biological impulses in man that are not sexual, though they may appear in sexual clothing. This leads us to his conception of libido. This is in essence energy, the driving force of life; and he restores to the term the significance in which it was employed by the Romans. I must refer the reader to his books for a detailed exposition. It will be sufficient if we say here that according to our psycho-analysis, the expressions love or inspiration will be found to be identical with what Jung wishes to imply when he speaks of libido. We may also, if we like, link this up with Mr. Holt’s conception of the “Freudian Wish” which, in its turn, becomes the Theosophist’s “eternal membrane.” It is the urge to be, to grow, to create. And this impulse passes through and beyond sexuality, so that in “Psychology of the Unconscious” we find a clear demonstration of “desexualised” libido. It is probably doubtful whether this “desexualised” portion was ever sexualised at all, as we find Jung in “Analytical Psychology” saying that there is a need to admit a plurality of principles in psychology. If we regard man as a microcosm, it is clear that instinct need not necessarily be “animal,” but may come sometimes from the other end of the scale. A neurotic condition results from the repression of any impulse, whether sexual or egotistical, or of any other sort. The difficulty in discrimination lies in the fact that we moderns have so neglected the unconscious that we may now compare it faithfully with a jungle where there are but the rudiments of life.

This ushers in the third great point that Jung has made clear. The most important point that has yet been elucidated in psycho-analysis. And that is the conception that the dream symbol is an attempt to express something as yet unknown by analogy with something known. This is to be held firmly as a true guiding principle. The basis for such a statement is that Jung found, when treating patients, that after the analysis according to Freud had been worked through, the activity of the unconscious continued. There was only the old, already known analysis to be made of the dreams; and it was not only ridiculous, but injurious to keep reducing the patient to primitive elements. So the step of synthesis was attempted, and with that came the discovery of symbolism by analogy; and the other discovery that the dream is not a wish-fulfilment, except in the sense that our every activity is a "wish-fulfilment," but an intuitive perception of the dreamer’s whole psychological situation at the moment of dreaming. The robber that breaks into a girl’s bedroom is sexual instinct. But it is also something more. What, will vary with the individual. But it might be said generally that it is an afflux of libido that, neglected, causes chaos; but interpreted and followed, becomes an enhancement of the personality. The symbol is a muse for broad generalisation. The actual meaning of the symbol will, of course, depend upon the individual dreamer. To continue, demon est deus inversus, we must remember. The poor, much-abused Phallus is only a symbol for creative energy. It must be repeated here as a warning, that this is not to say that in pathological work a patient’s troubles are unimportant. The libido may be either sexual or egotistical, either Freudian or Adlerian; but we can see now that the dream may not only put the problem, but likewise the solution. And it is to the solution that Jung draws our attention.

These are the bare bones of what has come to be called analytical psychology, a synthetic treatment that promises results of the greatest value. As a result of following this he has given us yet another conception, that of the collective unconscious. The unconscious is never at rest. Energy must work. The libido is in a perpetual flux. Well, as a patient’s personal troubles are unravelled and brought up from the unconscious into consciousness, so in the unconscious, in the dreams, now appear symbols to which no personal claims can be made. They do not form part of any one individual’s make-up. They are a common, universal property. Jung speaks of these as the archetypes of human experience. Their real existence is in myths, where they are to be found in their pristine purity. We may, if we please, say that the myths are the teachings of the ancient Rishis, and there is proof that they came from India, by Egypt, into Greece, and so to Europe; and the complete mythology are to be found in Hindu literature. But, even so, all we are justified in going on to say from that is the Rishis were in touch with the “collective unconscious.” Because, although there is a known tradition of mythology that has moved as indicated, yet there are similar myths to be found in America, whose course we cannot now trace. What, then, is the collective unconscious? That it is collective can be abundantly shown. Shall we say with Jung that it is the world of psychological reality? Or shall we call it the psychological aspect of the world? This is only to make phrases, and I think the most profitable thing to be done is to leave the matter to the reader’s individual speculation. He will find innumerable signposts, some true and some false. “The Wicked will turn it to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness.”

This is an exceedingly inadequate article on Jung, but I think I have given the most important points that he has demonstrated. As can be seen from these, our conception of psycho-analysis must be widened a thousandfold from our starting-point. The dream, we may conjecture, is the faculty of intuition that comprehends the whole of a thing instantaneously. And with the sacrifice of the personality it becomes the doorway to that “something not ourselves” of which Matthew Arnold wrote. The neurotic is not necessarily an inferior being. Any man who does not get to know his unconscious and attend to the right functioning of the libido may become “neurotic.” If the libido is not employed it accumulates, it takes the form of phallic obsessions. Well, for such as wish for a system there remain Patanjali and the Bhagavad-Gita, the search for the Plotinian paradigms of “this world.” That is why psycho-analysis is of such great significance to us. Not only sexuality, but the whole life of the psyche, is to-day misunderstood and repressed. The religions of Europe are dead; that is, as channels for the libido they are no longer adequate. We have outgrown knickerbockers and have no trousers. Well, for a system there remain Patanjali and the Bhagavad-Gita, the search for the Plotinian paradigms of “this world.” And that is the way Europe must go, is going, and will tread with some terrible experiences of which the present upheavals are only a shower before the storm. For the right functioning of the human libido demands acknowledgment and outlet. And if
a transmutation of them is not effected the symbols of the unconscious appear in the primitive form. Deus inversus est demon, and the robber will come as a robber. The Rakshasa will be no slave of the lamp of meditation, but an avenging blast of wrath. The psyche clamours for attention:

My emotion far within
Weeps incessantly for my sin.

The psyche clothes us and vitalises us, and if we turn from it the consequences come as madness and spiritual death. But if we sacrifice the personality and make ourselves an habitation for the genius, then truly is there a transmutation, and the next step in psychic evolution is taken in our stride.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

SIR FRANK BENSON's production at the St. Martin's Theatre of Masefield's "Pompey the Great" was worth seeing, because it gave the final validity of fact to the critical contention that the play was not worth seeing. The New Age has, at various times, said what it thought of Mr. Masefield as a poet, and, if I remember rightly, that opinion was unfavourable. He turned to drama, I think, at a time when it was asserted by some poets and novelists that it was easier to write plays than novels or poems—a contention that Shaw once over-refuted in the conversation between Macbeth and Macduff, and re-writing it in the prose-novel style of Mr. Arnold Bennett. "Pompey the Great" is certainly one of those plays that are easier to write than novels; it neither expresses nor interprets the life of Pompey nor the times in which he lived. It does not produce even the illusion of antiquity; the military discipline and words of command are those that may be heard in any English line regiment of to-day; the whole technique and equipment of the ship in the third act is that of a "windjammer" in the 'nineties, with obviously English sailors singing obviously English chantees. That Roman soldiers should obey the command: "Company. By the right. Quick march," is as remarkable as that Cyprian sailors, 48 B.C., should come up on "the poop" because "they didn't sign on to be rammed," or that Pompey should "make eight bells," and talk about not having "a clean bill" of health, because there was plague in Cyprus from whence they had come, or that he should hoist his "consular colours," colours which are "bent on" in the most approved modern style. To see these men "man the halliards," "dip the streamer," and finally report: "All gone, the cable," and to the command: "Sheet home. Hoist away," begin to haul to the chanty of "Hanging Johnny," is to get a vision of life no more ancient than that of Clark Russell. In everything that pertains to setting, except costume, furniture, and proper names, Mr. Masefield has done nothing to represent or interpret the times of Pompey the Great. The play is simply a dressed-up debate on Republicanism v. Imperialism.

The impossibility of opposing the chief antagonists, Caesar and Pompey, robs the debate of interest. The play becomes, in effect, a monologue of Pompey, on the ideal of Republican Rome. No matter where he begins, whom he is talking to, what he is talking about, there he ends; he improves every occasion by preaching a gospel that, in the second scene of the second act, he renounces for no very clear reason. He has the politician's astuteness in disguising a change of policy by presenting it as a continuation and extension of his policy; and after "crushing democracy for forty years," as Lucullus does, and his new policy that "the crowd must have more power" by declaring: "I have crushed rebellions. I mean now to crush their cause. There must be a change. A great change." After opposing all his life the various attempts at personal rule, he declares: "I see now that it [the new spirit of Rome] is only crying out for a tyrant to sweep the old life away." Pompey the Republican became Pompey Imperator, and apparently intended to make a democratic Empire of Rome.

It is possible that so feeble a man as Mommens shows Pompey to have been may have had such dreams, but they are not dramatically important, and the casual language in which they are sketched reveals neither their significance nor the dignity of the man.

Throughout the play, Pompey talks intolerably of himself, revealing his superiority to Caesar in strategy no less than his superiority in civic virtue and idealism. In the first scene of the second act (at Durazzo), he declares: "The play is simply a High Church curate, and he receives Caesar's ambassador with the studied indifference of an undersecretary evading a question. What Mr. Masefield's Pompey is, only Mr. Masefield as a politician knows, and I expect that he has forgotten; but I can find nothing even in Mr. Masefield's text to suggest that Pompey was an exponent of the Oxford manner, a manner that does not usually survive the undergraduate period. Arthur Bourchier and the late H. B. Irving were at Oxford with Sir Frank Benson; and surely if they could shake off these affectations and become actors, Sir Frank could do so too. It is simply preposterous to offer us this lolloping, strolling, intoning person as "the old Bensonians." The play certainly gained nothing in performance.

It is one of the marvels of theatrical history that Sir Frank Benson, while himself preserving the offensiveness of the Oxford manner, should have produced such actors of genius as "the old Bensonians." The presumption is that they benefited by his teaching, not by his example; his delivery retains the intonations of a High Church curate, and he receives Caesar's ambassador with the studied indifference of an undersecretary evading a question. What Mr. Masefield's Pompey is, only Mr. Masefield as a politician knows, and I expect that he has forgotten; but I can find nothing even in Mr. Masefield's text to suggest that Pompey was an exponent of the Oxford manner, a manner that does not usually survive the undergraduate period. Arthur Bourchier and the late H. B. Irving were at Oxford with Sir Frank Benson; and surely if they could shake off these affectations and become actors, Sir Frank could do so too. It is simply preposterous to offer us this lolloping, strolling, intoning person as "the old Bensonians." The play certainly gained nothing in performance.
was the last of that school, and Mr. Martin Harvey and Sir Frank Benson have returned to a London that has learned better since the great days of the Lyceum under Irving. I remember a company that Sir Frank Benson once brought to London; it included Ainley, Leon Quartermaine, Oscar Asche, Lyall Sweete, H. R. Hignett, and Lillian Braithwaite. The first three of these may well be commended to the notice of Sir Frank—the master has much to learn of his pupils.

There are no such marvels in this company. Mr. S. A. Cookson, Mr. Matthew Boulton, Mr. Frank J. Randell, may be mentioned for efficient work that did not produce its full effect because it was not properly supported. Of the rest, it is best to “make a scene” which the offensive indolence of Pompey’s manner dissipated. A study of a ship boy did not give Mr. Andrew Leigh a chance to show what he could do until Pompey gave him the figs; but in that moment of heart-break I heard an actor. But there is one person in particular who needs drastic rehearsal. The programme tells me that Mr. Harold V. Neilson “presents” the play, and I presume that the Mr. Harold V. Neilson who plays Cotta, the Centurion, is the same. But to recite a whole page of two pages describing a battle with right foot forward, right arm outstretched, made one auditor wish that Mr. Neilson had “presented” himself in more presentable style. It is rude to point, even at Pompey; and dramatic narration can use more gestures than one.

Art and Luxury.

By B. H. Dias.

“Art” which means for many people “painting” or “painting and sculpture” flourishes as a luxury-trade, in comparison with literature, or poetry, “the consolation of the poor,” which merely “exists.” Music flourishes in large cities where it provides a circus for the display of osprey plumage, etc.

This is no new thesis, and whatever virtue these notes on art may have had, they have always aimed at sorting out the art which is discovery, invention, clarification, analysis of perception, expression; from the “art” which is adjunct to the various luxury trades.

It is, possibly, to the advantage, and certainly to the disadvantage, of the painter and painting, that “art” should be capable of this ambiguous blending and borderland; but there is always this difference between the ignominy of bad literature, the ignominy of bad art and that of bad literature, that, whatever crapularity may be displayed by the writing pandar, he does not produce an article which can be bought by the general public to be stored and made a matter of profit.

The rewards for “incidental lyrics” in musical comedy, for bad novels, etc., are monetarily considerable, but the temptation before the writer is different in kind from the temptation of the maker of pretty objects. A painter creates objects of cash-value in a way wherein a poet or musical composer cannot. The slight exceptions made by rare sale of original MSS. and first editions do not invalidate this statement.

If the painter has not more chances of selling his soul twice over from Saturday to Monday, he has, at any rate, more chances of being paid cash on the nail for such transactions.

It is the dignity of the poet or of the composer that his product is immaterial. What he makes can go direct to the poor, to any poor man with wit to understand it. Whether it be the young Masefield treasuring his copy of “Paradise Lost” in a shabby American boarding-house, or the Arab in an unfinishing desert carrying his song, or the Drain Feisul has promised Colonel Lawrence to collect for the benefit of the Occidental student, or the Irish peasant, reputedly revelling in the beauties of exuberant language, we do not lack proofs for the democracy of the art of fine speech, as contrasted with the luxury of the painter’s wares.

In the case of poetry it is the thing itself, not an olograph or a photo-reproduction which goes to the man on the veld, to the Ceylon planter, to the errand boy in a Manchester slum. Given the love of the thing, given an inclination to care for the best, poverty is no bar, remoteness is no bar, to possession.

On the other hand, a nights’ notice on pictures is confined to the people who live in a few great cities or who can afford visits to great galleries and current exhibits. All of which creates a modus of appreciation and appraisement for painting very different from the usual modus of appreciation of literature.

There are any number of minor quibbles; one may point out that reproductions of pictures figure in fashion papers, that “art” is seduced into them as an extra spice, as a subtle flattery to the luxury-instinct, that fashion crib from new painters; superficially one may point a parallel in the poems printed in fancy type in “The Sphere,” poetry dragged in to flatter the readers of that sheet that their taste is a taste for literature.

But one does not get round the fact that Mr. Schwartzbaum, Mr. McPherson, Mr. Blood, Mr. Biebenstein cannot buy up the original MSS. and “make a good thing of it” in any way even approaching the way in which even the best painting may be made a matter of commerce.

The writer may be “tempted,” but he is tempted to reach a large audience, the painter is tempted to appeal to the taste of a few luxury lovers, or a few dealers. The pull is different; one may say, is tempted to appeal to the no-taste of the multitude; the painter to what may be the remains of a somewhat decaying but refined taste of a few opulent “lovers.”

The declivities lead on the one hand toward the demagogue, and, on the other, to the maker of soufflés. These distichs are prompted partly by a show of pictures at a dealer’s. Last year I found two fine Canalettes; this year, I find almost without exception, a set of oils, having no artistic merits of any sort, but which offer, perhaps, as great a margin of profit to the dealer as did the master-work which he sold last season.

I do not believe that authors have quite this sort of thing to struggle against. True, Mr. Dent can undersell living authors by his cheap reprints of work on which he does not have to pay royalties; but the Temple Classics and “Everyman” are a public benefit, and nearly all of his volumes tend to breed a finer taste in the reader.

My second irritation with the luxury-sense comes from a matter, perhaps, at first sight, outside the proper scope of these notes, but it is so interwoven with the much-praised “sense of beauty,” that I cannot keep from it; more especially as the “Ed. ‘Observer’” states that he “cannot publish further correspondence on this subject.” I refer to the Plumage Trade. Mr. Hamel Smith has had the insolence to defend this infamy. I can do no better than quote from several of the letters to “The Observer.”

First, Mr. H. J. Massingham: So it is my “lively imagination” which borrows untruthful facts about this vile traffic from others. Would Mr. Smith like to know where I get my facts from—not only the U.S. Government and the exact and carefully corroborated evidence of naturalists who witnessed the atrocities committed on the birds, not only from the evidence of the House of Lords Committee in 1908, etc., but from the catalogue of the feather merchants themselves. Here is an extract from one of them:—

75,000 egret skins, December, 1912; 77,000 ditto, June, 1913; 7,395 bird of paradise skins (exchanged, according to Mr. Walter Goodfellow, P.Z.S., M.B.O.U., with the natives for rum and opium), May, 1911; 10,700 crowned pigeons, February, 1908; 5,140 ditto, February, 1913; 5,130 ditto, June, 1911; 24,800 humming birds, February, 1911; 18,000 sooty terns, February, 1908; 5,321 white terns, February, 1913; 162,750 Smyrnan
DEAR MR. LUDOVICI,—

With the leave of the Editor I address this open letter to you so that I may say what I wish to say more easily, more directly, and with more friendliness. I begin with a personal point. You imply that I am the “Times” Literary Supplement. I am not even the Editor of it; apart from what I write myself, I have no right to address; and my contention is that Croce does not see art as the result of address. In fact, the question whether or no art is a means of address is fundamental. When I say it is, I may be right or wrong, but I am not saying something unnecessary because undisputed. The other remark which you find platitudinous—that it is emphasis which turns building into architecture—is part of the same argument; and it was meant to be part of that argument, not to be profound.

About Rubens and his Venus you misunderstand me entirely. You think I am objecting to Rubens’ taste in women, and you tell me what Homer thought about Venus, and what I think about Venus. I am “obsessed by the ideal long-legged and slightly puritanical Aphrodite of the Decadent Greeks and shudder at the sight of Rubens’ more healthy type.”

Anyone reading all this would suppose that I had said so somewhere in my book: but it is all the buzzing of a bee in your own bonnet. I have said nothing about what kind of Venus I like; nor, if I look at a picture or statue of Venus, does it occur to me to ask whether it is the kind of Venus I like. I should no more condemn a Venus by Rubens because she was fat than I should condemn a Graeco-Roman Venus because she had long legs. My complaint against Rubens is that often his Flemish Cooks behave so that his Three Graces are three cooks trying to be genteel. At least, so I explain that incongruity in his art of which we are all often aware.

Finally, you complain that I do not state my “art credo,” but my essays are literally essays. I believe that aesthetic is still in its infancy, far more backward than other branches of philosophy. Croce himself says that the doctrine of aesthetic freedom only began with Vico, who died in 1744; and we still find it very difficult to think in terms of that doctrine. You, for instance, seem not to be thinking in terms of it when you talk of the Puritanical Aphrodite of the decadent Greeks and of Rubens’ more healthy type. Types are irrelevant aesthetically; for each work of art, like the angels of St. Thomas, is a species to be counted in London alone by thousands?—Yours, etc.,

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

22, Westmoreland Road, Barnes, S.W.13.

An Open Reply.

February, 1913; 1,253 greater bird of paradise skins, February, 1913; 1,215 white crane wing quills, February, 1913; 19,125 osprey (“mullet hawk”) wing quills, February, 1913; 10,000 bustard quills, February, 1913; 6,000 conch quills, February, 1913; 40,000 ditto (one firm only), June, 1913; 1,203 greater bird of paradise skins, October, 1913.

Here is a handful of species out of hundreds and hundreds savagely massacred in the breeding season by these advocates of preservation. A naturalist bears his testimony that in all the vast districts desolated by them they go for every bird that flies, whether great or small, of dull or brilliant plumage.

Secondly, Mr. Willoughby Dewar, from whom The New Age heard the same subject a few weeks ago:

Sir,—Mr. Smith asks that persons concerned in the plumage trade should be heard. I agree with him. The evidence of Mr. A. H. Meyer, for nine years a plume collector in South America, is valuable. Mr. Meyer has made the following statements on oath:

1. That “picked up” plumes are of small value owing to poor conditions. That egrets, etc., have their plumes only in the mating season, and that it is the custom to shoot them while the young are in the nests.

2. That wounded birds are often left to die of starvation with their young when the plumes have been pulled from them.

3. That wounded birds are tied up and used as decoys until they die from their wounds or are eaten by ants. He has seen the red ants eating their eyes.

Thirdly:—

Sir,—Can Mr. Hamel Smith deny that every “osprey,” pair of wings, or bird of paradise tail in a hat or a shop window means a bird dead instead of alive? Or that such spoils of the dead are to be counted in London alone by thousands?—Yours, etc.,

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.
Views and Reviews.

"G. K. C." ON DIVORCE.*

There is a passage in Emerson's "English Traits" that always comes to my mind when I read "G. K. C." on any of the vital questions. I confess to a considerable admiration for "G. K. C."; he always states a case (instead of merely airing a grievance, as so many publicists do) with a wealth of example and analogy that, however profligate, has the merit of revealing the broad outlines of the subject. He is anti-Kantian, so far as he refuses to consider the "thing-in-itself," and insists on considering it in relation to a general scheme of life; but he is Kantian in asking acceptance of certain categorical imperative. But it is impossible to forget, in connection with this subject particularly, that he is an advocate, not a judge; he is both a Catholic and a married man, and the relevant passage of Emerson is as follows: "It is with religion as with marriage. A youth marries in haste; afterwards, when his mind is opened to the reason of the conduct of life, he is asked what he thinks of the institution of marriage, and of the right relations of the sexes. 'I should have much to say,' he might reply, 'if the question were open, but I have a wife and children, and all question is closed to me.'" It may be effrontery, I hope, that this question has a personal as well as a speculative interest for "G. K. C."; combined with his religion, that personal interest, although it does not prohibit inquiry, does certainly compel him to arrive at a foregone conclusion. He draws out of such a discussion no more than he puts into it—what is the Catholic conception of life.

The question has only a general, speculative interest for me; but I can agree with "G. K. C." at the beginning; it is impossible to discuss divorce without defining marriage. "I shall begin by asking what marriage is," says "G. K. C."; "and the mere question will probably reveal that the act itself, good or bad, wise or foolish, is of a certain kind; that it is not an inquiry, or an experiment, or an accident: it may probably be a clew to us that it is a promise. It can be more fully defined by saying it is a vow," says "G. K. C."; and then proceeds to develop the argument that a vow is particularly binding on a man because it is an expression of voluntary loyalty; and that society should not absolve him from his vow because of incidental or even fundamental difficulties in the performance of it; and further, that when a vow is absolute and granted, the man should not be free to pledge (or perjure) himself again. Much marriage, little divorce, no re-marriage, summarises not unfairly, I think, "G. K. C.'s" main proposals.

But this Catholic view of marriage, it is obvious, is only partially in agreement with the facts. It is true that Church marriages, both Anglican and Catholic, are of the nature of vows, and that the terms of the vow are explicitly stated. But surely the first question arises, even here, whether the vow is an individual or a dual pledge, whether it is binding on the one part, to take one example, in the absence of specific performance of the terms on the other part. How can a man "love and cherish" a wife who will not be loved and cherished, who develops, let us say, nervous prostration, who develops, who develops, who develops? Is it not "the society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity," surely the parties to the vow have absolved themselves from it, and the society that registered the vow should take cognisance of the assignment from it.

But apart from the fact that the vow seems to me to be dual and conditional (instead of absolute and individual), there is the further question of fitness to take the vow. I believe that it is a fact that both monks and nuns go through a probation before they are allowed to take the vows of their order, and not under their vocation is proved are they permitted to pledge themselves. But if this procedure is considered necessary before the person is considered fit to take the vow of "poverty, chastity, and obedience," it is certainly equally necessary before two persons are permitted to take a dual and conditional vow of partnership in whatever property, progeny, and mutual devotion. The argument that marriage is a vow seems to me to be all in favour of making it at least as difficult to take as the monastic vow: probably more difficult, as the relation itself is the more complex one of partnership as compared with submission to authority. The monastic vow is taken in full consciousness of its obligations; the marriage vow, I think, is not often taken with such clear consciousness in this country, at least, nor is there any such guarantee of fitness to take the vow as is imposed by the monastic order.

But legal marriage before a Registrar (and, after all, both marriage and divorce are legal, not religious, questions) has not the same significance. It is true that each party vows to take the other, but only to the "lawful wedded wife [or husband]," and no terms are defined. But there is the curious difference between the positions of the lawful wedded wife and the lawful wedded husband; once the marriage is consummated, the wife is under no legal obligations to the husband. As the judge put it in his summing-up in the Malcolm case: "A husband has no property in the body of his wife. He cannot imprison her, he cannot chastise her. If she refuses to live with him, he cannot, nor can the court, compel her to do so. She is mistress of her own physical destiny." That is the law on the subject, from which "G. K. C." would permit no escape, or would make it very difficult to escape. That is the legal fact of marriage in this country, against which "G. K. C." pits his romantic theory of peasant proprietorship in marriage. It is probably true that no one would desire release from a genuine sacramental marriage: "those whom God hath joined, no man can..." But the performance of the sacrament of marriage is no guarantee that sacramental marriage has been effected, and the only question left for discussion is whether it is wiser to permit release, or to forbid it, from an obviously one-sided contract such as the marriage contract. Why should we regard as sacramental marriages which obviously are not sacramental, why should we regard Mrs. Portland Place or the Duke of Barnet Fair as devotees when, quite obviously, they are nothing of the kind?

"G. K. C.'s" answer is: "Because of the family. This is an institution older than the State, stronger than the State, and the only effective means of resistance to the tyranny of the State." He develops this argument in most attractive fashion, drawing his examples from France, Italy, Serbia, Ireland, wherever there is a peasantry and a family to afford an example. But the "family" argument has no relevance to what Mr. H. G. Wells, in his "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," called, "the neo-Malthusian hitches of the suburbs." The simple fact is that many people marry with deliberate intention of not founding a family; it is arguable that they should not be permitted to marry, although it would be impossible, under present conditions, to prevent them; but it is simply irrelevant to their case to quote the necessity of maintaining the institution of the family as a reason for denying divorce to those who, anyhow, will not maintain or perpetuate the family.

It is clear that we have in this country not only two

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* "The Superstition of Divorce." By G. K. Chesterton. (Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.)
conceptions, but two systems, of marriage, one legal, the other extra-legal; and the most obvious solution of the problem is not the denial of divorce to those who want it (which is simply the imposition on one party of the will of the other), but a choice of marriage. Let sacramental marriage be subject to all the disabilities that now afflict both systems of marriage, but carry also the right to divorce; make it obligatory on the official to define, in both cases, the nature of the ceremony and the obligations respectively entailed, and people will devote rather more thought to the subject than is now the case. While sacramental marriage is legal marriage, and legal marriage is legal marriage, the difference between them is only pretended, or, at best, is ideal; the difference would be real if the two forms of marriage had different sanctions, entailed different responsibilities, had different consequences. The argument that "hard cases make bad law" has less weight than usual on this question; for it is precisely the "hard cases" made by the "standard contract" of marriage that have, by legal classification, invested marriage to its present anomalous state. There is no reason except tyranny, that I can see, for pretending that all marriages are sacramental marriages, and should be treated as such. I agree with "G. K. C." that a vow is a terrible thing, a voluntary dedication of oneself to a definite purpose; but until the Churches refuse their sacraments until they are assured that the parties not only understand but are willing to contract the special obligations implied, there is no case for imposing the sacramental idea (after marriage) on those who did not hold it when they entered into marriage.

A. E. R.

Review.

His Secretary. By Bernard Gilbert. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s. net.)

The temporary Ministries had their humours, we know, and Mr. Bernard Gilbert asks us to believe that they had their romances. It would be easier to believe it if Mr. Gilbert had more sense of style and character; the casual, happy-go-lucky, slangy prose that was cultivated during the war period is not a adequate expression of the emotional matter of this story. The novice usually reveals himself by a lyrical rhythm of love; but sometimes, as in Mr. Gilbert's case, he reveals himself by an obvious evasion of his literary responsibilities, and tells us that "His Secretary" was "dark, passionate, long-repressed," but leaves us to imagine the expression of her passion. Passionate people make scenes, they make literature, for passion adds the musical quality and significance to speech; but Mr. Gilbert catches his people only in their ordinarily presentable moments, and the real source of inspiration is resolutely kept "off." These people lose their hearts, but not their heads; they are very modern in their freedom from moral restraint, modern also in the furtiveness of their freedom, most modern in their incapacity for adequate expression. They make too much and too little of their passions; too much, because they suppose that their past is hard to excise (although they conceal them easily), too little, because their irresistible passions give way easily to the pressure of business or social advancement. They seem to have isolated the sex instinct, and cut its vital connections; so that, even when the departmental chief has installed his secretary at an event, line and head office, it's the appointed times for sex. Passion does not inform them, it occupies their undivided attention at certain stated times; there is no suggestion of that vital stimulus, that efflorescence of unsuspected powers, that long-repressed passion usually reveals in its release. They do not even write poetry to one another; and we are not sure that Mr. Gilbert is not sub-consciously criticising them when he sends them to the Zoo for an outing. "I think I like the sea-lioness best, said the hero, 'because she's won,'" replied her lover. "Let's go and have tea." There is matter enough in this story for half-a-dozen novels, but not enough point or style for one smoking-room yarn, to say nothing of a first essay in fiction. Mr. Gilbert will have to learn to write prose if he wishes to make credible and interesting what he knows to be true.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NIETZSCHE CONTROVERSY.

Sir,—Your correspondent under the above heading (January 29) has discovered "the point" (more correctly "his"). It amounts to this: two people who agree in rejecting some form of nonsense advocated by someone else have ergo a "common philosophy." In that case your correspondent and I may have a common philosophy, provided we both reject cannibalism. "My point was simply to expose the absurdity of imagining that Nietzsche encouraged the German war policy. "Yes," an objector might say, "but didn't Nietzsche say, 'A good war justifies any cause'?" Quite so! Then inversely no cause justifies a bad war.

From a Nietzschean point of view the late war was not a "good war"; it was the stupidest, the most senseless and idiotic war ever recorded among the monumental follies of humanity. A war no cause could justify, for it was a war in which the two finest races in Europe engaged for the mutual extermination of their best stock, to leave Europe anemic and bled white of all that was noble and healthy, in order that she might fall, halfless and leaderless, to be exploited at his leisure by the international Jew. GEORGE PITT RIVERS.

... * * *

"CANDIDUS"; AN OLD TRANSLATION.

Sir,—"Apropos of 'R. H. C.'s" remarks on the translation of "Candide," I once had the good fortune to buy a marvellous eighteenth century English translation of that classic work at a Geneva bookstall for the sum of 10 centimes. It was published at Edinburgh—I forget the year. The name of the translator was not given, but from evidence of style I had no doubt but that it was the work of Lawrence Sterne. That Sterne translated "Candide" seems to be suggested by a passage in the introduction to (I think, if I remember correctly) "Tristram Shandy," where he speaks of leaving "Candidus and Miss Cunegonda" to take up that work; and anybody who has read the translation which I have in memory would recognise it in that "Miss Cunegonda." A modern publisher could not do better than reprint that eighteenth century translation if he can get hold of it. But I have never seen or heard of any other copy than the one which I for years possessed; and that, alas! has long been lost to me, owing to the loss of memory of one to whom I rashly lent it. It read like Voltaire.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

... * * *

CROCE'S "ÄSTHETIC.

Sir,—It seems that both Mr. Clutton-Brock in his "Essays" and Mr. Ludovici in his review have missed the essential point in Croce's "Ästhetic." Mr. Clutton-Brock says that Croce's "Ästhetic" "ignores, or seems to ignore, the fact that art is not merely, as he calls it, expression, but it is also a means of address..." Croce does not ignore this view; he criticises it. He says (pp. 183-184 of Mr. Ainslie's translation), "Expression does not equal means, but it has not end; it has intuitions of things, but does not will them, and is thus indivisible into means and end." Again (p. 182), "We cannot will or not will our aesthetic vision; we can, however, will or not will to externalise it, or better, to preserve and communicate, or not, to others, the externalisation produced." So that communication or address is an act of will, and, as such, outside the
Old England—III.

By Bernard Gilbert.

GEORGE BARKS.

If the master gets a motor, I must learn her ways;
But I hope he won't:
Give me Spider (our blood mare) in the still-wheeled gig,
And you can have your engines!
'Praps, though, 'twould stop missus from driving my horses:
She ruins their mouths and breaks their hearts,
Always clicking and flicking the whip however they try;
And lands them home in a white lather.
Women and parsons, parsons and women,
God keep the reins out of their hands!
Missus fusses too much with her garden—
Pergolas, begonias, and the devil knows what!
'Twould drive me crazy if I hadn't got this harness-room.
There's no moon to-night, and what 'a've I lit the stove
The new household will be able to slip across.
Missus nearly caught us last Sunday:
The open stove-door shone a light through the window,
And she walked in without knocking;
But I heard the cinders crunch.
(That I strew outside on purpose),
And popped Mary behind the cupboard door,
Closing the stove with my foot.
Missus had better look after her own:
I know who's oiled the lock of Mary's bedroom door!
I must go now and give Spider a bran-mash.

ARTHUR MOGG.

I saw a rabbit in a net one day
When Poaching Billy didn't hear me,
And I know just how it felt!
It's easy for Owen to say a man can do what he likes,
But father's been so good to me, and his heart would
break if I chuckled it;
He means me to carry on the Grange and the Tabernacle
And the fight with the Earl;
But I hate all our money-grubbing neighbours!
Morning to night, year in, year out, nothing else in their minds;
I wonder it isn't written in letters of gold over the
chapel door.
They worship money, and have no thought for anything
higher:
Good reason why!
Anyone who tries it is soon ruined,
Like Joe Gilliat, Georgy Bell, Abimelech Skinner, and
Thomson South,
Or Aaron Tharp, my only friend—
Smashed flat and flung to rot.
Only Aaron didn't mind!
His soul was in music and came through his fingers.
Fletton Village is so near Hell that you can't tell the
difference!
If I was like the young Viscount, 'twould be all right;
He comes of age next week, on the same day as I do,
And takes to it like a duck to water.
Without a thought in his empty head but vanity and possession.
I wish Angelina had been a boy;
She could wear father's breeches to a "T"!
His soul was in music and came through his fingers.
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He comes of age next week, on the same day as I do,
And takes to it like a duck to water.
Without a thought in his empty head but vanity and possession.
I wish Angelina had been a boy;
She could wear father's breeches to a "T"!
If I was only a farm-labourer I should be happy,
And would make sonnets, whenever I felt moved, to her
worship,
That bright star in her radiant beauty, set on a pinnacle,
And would make sonnets, whenever I felt moved, to her
worship,
That bright star in her radiant beauty, set on a pinnacle,
Unapproachable by those of meaner clay:
The Lady Betty!
I might have spoken to her at the bazaar,
Only my breath went when she smiled so graciously across her stall!
There is something fairy-like, some spiritual essence
That inspires me to higher flights:
I wish sonnets weren't so difficult,
And you didn't get tangled up about the seventh line.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

They want to turn me out of my beautiful house
Because I'm not as rich as some;
But if it's a little bit in want of repair
That only makes it homelier.
My father was doctor in Fletton for fifty years;  
Clever as the best, and wanted everywhere;  
And if he drank like a fish, he worked like a horse.  
I can't say I copy him at the work:  
It ain't worth while;  
I can get a living by odd ways, using my brains;  
And never, never will I sell my old home with its shady 

Dr. Berry sorely wants it, and so does the Honourable 
Eustace;  
They're always at me; but I scorn their bids.  
Poisoned by his sins what floated down.  
What "dip" each other near the bridge, in their clothes,  
Clever as the best, and wanted everywhere;  
Only disturbed by  
And never, never will I sell my old home with its shady 

Providence in its wisdom removed him  
For guiding Mr. Creasey's hand  
Where I couldn't hear the Gospel,  
It almost broke my heart.  
But when he took me down the Dales,  
That vision never leaves me,  
Sufficient for my needs,  
And my tenor swells clear over all the rest,  
And sometimes better.  

MRS. BELLAMY.  
I shall praise and bless my Creator all my days  
For guiding Mr. Creasey's hand  
To let me have this cottage,  
So I can get regular to the Baptist Chapel  
To hear the Word.  
If it wasn't for my religion I should never have come through;  
But he has sustained me with his hand.  
I didn't so much mind Jeremiah beating me when he was drunk.  
(Which was nigh always),  
But when he took me down the Dales,  
Where I couldn't hear the Gospel,  
It almost broke my heart.  
Providence in its wisdom removed him  
(He fell into the river one night, coming home),  
And now I am happy at the feet of Jesus.  
I earn a few shillings cleaning the chapel,  
Sufficient for my needs;  
And find a penny for the collection.  
When Mr. Creasey's father baptized me in the river  
I was afraid of the water, and all my breath went;  
But, as he put me under, the Spirit descended  
And I saw Heaven open!  
That vision never leaves me.  
And I wouldn't change with the Earl in all his glory.  
What will it avail him when he cries for a drop of water?  
In the course of nature I shall soon pass on  
To join the throng above, in adoration,  
When my sorrows will be forgotten:  
All my hunger, all my tears;  
All my troubles vanish like a mist;  
And I shall be repaid a thousandfold.  
The Lady Betty left a jelly yesterday,  
And asked if I didn't hate filling the dirty lamps:  
If she only knew!  
Serving in the Temple is my delight;  
Perhaps I shall do the same up there!  

ENOC WINTERBOURNE.  
Once I was wicked and sung in pubs;  
It brought me more drinks than I care to remember;  
But since my conversion  
The Almighty has seen fit to use my gifts for his service,  
And in the Primitive Methodist Tabernacle,  
We dedicate ourselves to prayer and praise:  
Especially the latter!  
My heart swells in my throat  
When the spirit moves me to strike up one of the old 
tunes:  
"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear.  
How that roll and rings and turns the c-ruers,  
With what Miss Mogg calls fugue and counterpoint and 
canon!  
No new-fangled jiggety tunes  

Like they mince in church without opening their 
mouths  
Because it wouldn't be genteel;  
But a real old-fashioned four-cornered rouser;  
And don't we make her bell when we march round the 
village,  
Me—all unworthy—at the head,  
To gather the faithful for service.  
Though Jos' Swinton will drag,  
I beat with my fist to keep him up;  
For time is everything.  
When Rogers with his bass,  
Gwinny Mogg the alto, and Miss Lupton the treble  
Lead the others in their parts,  
And my tenor swells clear over all the rest,  
'Tis Heaven opening!  
If I could bring Will Ruston to see the error of his ways,  
I wouldn't want nothing more, never.  

TOMMY STOWER.  
It's grand to have religion!  
Look at me, the youngest of eighteen:  
Father was only a day-labourer at one-and-ninepence,  
But I begun with swapping rabbits,  
And took to hay and corn.  
Being a Wesleyan, like so many of the warmest farmers, 
One thing worked with another under Providence!  
That's the best of Wesleyans!  
They're well-to-do and hang together.  
The Church are bankrupt and not worth a kick,  
While Primitives are mostly labourers.  
What if jealous folks call me sharp?  
That's only 'coz they're flats!  
You have to be sharp or you can't rise.  
Aaron Tharp's father left him a beautiful home  
And a business second to none;  
Now he's a bankrupt wandering fiddler,  
While I live in his house with the bow-windows  
He had first chance, too, at Sarah Rowett,  
But he let her go, and I snapped her.  
It's a good thing Tharp's gone;  
He was always slandering me,  
Saying I did him out of his home:  
Luckily he didn't belong to chapel, or church,  
Nor yet the Golden Cross;  
So nobody took no notice of his talk.  
I shall marry my little Franky to Woolerton's girl!  
They'll have a good share of land between them,  
And will be able to get up among the gentry.  
Providence looks after its own, just as well as the Evil 
One;  
And sometimes better.  

SUSAN KING.  
Few knows as much about Fletton as me,  
For you can't diddle one that goes everywhere—  
Even to the Dower House.  
A woman that's handy is always welcome:  
I can sew, darn, knit, peg hearth-rugs, make quilts,  
mend chairs and sofas,  
And a hundred odd jobs that keep the pot boiling.  
It's not so much the money, or the food,  
As the things given you to take away that count.  
Although I hear the news from house to house,  
I don't tell all I know by a long way.  
That Mrs. Woolerton, with her sealskin jacket and her  

fancy airs, ain't no better than she ought,  
And let Doctor Berry rave against women as he may,  
It wasn't the death of a relation that took his housekeeper back to London.  
Many's the Christmas-box comes my way,  
Both for what I tell and what I don't.  
Gwinny Mogg is going to stay with a school-friend in  
London,  
But old Mogg little guesses who that "friend" is:  
I saw her last night, where our back lane is shady,  
Kissing the young Viscount as fierce as a weasel;  
They're all alike, them Moggis!  
I can put two and two together right enough;  
But when she comes back, innocent as a peach,  
I sha'n't let on;  
I don't want turning out of my cottage!  
It will keep all right for a rainy day, will that tit-bit.  
My Mary, what's the very spit of me at fifteen, is getting a  
likely lass;  

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Nothing's usefuller for a girl in service,
Well-ordered, smooth, regular and altogether delightful;
And I've learnt her now to look sideways and hold off
She's just gone for housemaid at the Pinions,
Nothing to worry you!
That my health, beaten down by London, is fast
With your own milk, butter, fruit, poultry, vegetables,
Game from your gun, pigs fattening in the sty,
And the corn ripening all around!
Nothing to worry you!
Why anyone lives in a city I can't imagine!
There's young Edgerley, the "amateur farmer,"
Losing his father's fortune as fast as it was made;
But he's a fool and would fail anywhere!
The air's so bracing in this delightful village
The days pass like a dream;
You can't tame animals by soft words!
The only thing that makes me hesitate is Emily:
She ought to try them on his pedigree stallion, a
A rough diamond of Nature's best!
Losing me a hundred and sixteen pounds:
She's just ordered a motor-van,
And her housekeeper beginning to look sideways:
We shall be here when them Hideses is forgotten.

MR. LONGTHORNE.
The air's so bracing in this delightful village
That my health, beaten down by London, is fast
recovering;
And I am determined to sell my business and take a
farm.
It's the finest life!
The days pass like a dream;
All ordered, smooth, regular and altogether delightful;
You need only send me an inspector to summon
him!

JACKSON CHALLANDS.
What a good thing to have an Earl like ours!
When the bull got father in a corner, Will Sneath rushed
off to the agent,
Offering three-pounds-five an acre for the farm.
He might have saved his breath, the dirty Radical!
The Hon. Eustace sent for me,
And said I couldn't have it on the same terms as father:
(Twenty-two and sixpence, with rates according.)
It shows how a good tenant is valued
When they refuse a thousand a year extra rather than
lose him!
Why should I vote Radical and go to chapel?
I can't find anything as'll suit me better,
And wouldn't swap our old home for all Australia!
Don't I know enough backwoods?
And though Bannister Hides may braunge about his
potato-growing,
What suited father suits me; and old-fashioned things
last longest.
We shall be here when them Hideses is forgotten.
Should I be likely to vote for the scarecrow as stands
for the Liberals,
What knows nothing of land,
And says our labourers should have ten bob a day?
As for Church!
When I'm married or buried, I want it done properly,
Not messed about by Billy Bean or Wilson Rowett or
any of them local preachers.

THE NEW AGE  FEBRUARY 2, 1920

She's just gone for housemaid at the Pinions,
Nothing's usefuller for a girl in service,
If the master has plenty of money.

And I am determined to sell my business and take a
farm.
The air's so bracing in this delightful village
That my health, beaten down by London, is fast
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As for Church!
When I'm married or buried, I want it done properly,
Not messed about by Billy Bean or Wilson Rowett or
any of them local preachers.

The Earl likes his sport, but don't be pay for it?
The bit of harm done by game is allowed for in the rent,
And nobody loves hunting better than me.
The war's made farming almost profitable,
And labour's our only trouble:
They're getting discontented and unreasonable,
Mostly on account of Moller Holmes and young Butler
Atkin
What ought to be treated the same as pockas.
Directly the war's over the boot'll be on the other leg,
And we shall have our own back,
With them on their knees for half-a-crown a day.
Meanwhile the less changes the better:
It unsettles you!

ESAU BURROWS.
Out in the States I was as good as anyone,
With a business and three farms,
And never thought to see Fletton again,
Until young South ran across me,
When I gave him a job for his father's sake.
He lent me a copy of the old "Chronicle,"
And there I saw some poetry by Tharp's lad.
A grand old man was Tharp!
I've only cried twice in my life--
The first when Isabel and the baby died--
And why them verses fetched a tear I cannot guess;
They reminded me somehow of fathers,
And brought everything back again:
The river, the thatched roofs, the trees in the market-
place,
Old Fatterson, the churchwarden,
And the corner where I played at marbles with Johnnie
Ruston.
Folks can be too smart!
Getting money ain't everything,
But here they're just the same as ever:
You know where you have 'em!
They speak their minds and keep their promises;
And there's a lot in that!
Young Stower asked me why I sold up and came back
to this cottage,
But I couldn't rightly say.
Stower's a smart lad and will go far;
He caught what Tharp's boy threw away, when he took
to fiddling
A lot of good that done him!
Yet I don't rightly cotton to Stower;
He belongs across the water, where they don't mind
what you do so long as you get on.
I'll stroll down to the Golden Cross
And chat with Harvey about the times when we went
to Dame Hubbard's school together.

HENRY WOOLERTON.
Emmanuel Broomfield tried to get my Jane
When he'd loud swagger and braunging ways,
But women know solid worth; and he went on to the
workhouse.
Losing me a hundred and sixteen pounds:
The brainless, swindling noodle!
Jane had a narrow squeak;
At one time I feared he would get her;
But he was known to be paying to three different women
for a child each,
And his housekeeper beginning to look sideways:
He might have married and had bairns much cheaper.
A wonderful woman is Jane!
She may be a little severe sometimes,
And sometimes rather too exacting;
She forgets I'm not like that beefy brute of a Broomfield!
She's just ordered a motor-ven.
And its price kept me awake all last night.
She's terrible foresighted is Jane!
The chapel would do ill without her, and I often wonder
she doesn't get into the pulpit.
Only one thing she fears--
That's the Co-operative Society:
If a branch opened here, it would be awkward,
Because of their wicked scheme of giving profits to
customers,
Invented by conservatives to ruin honest Liberals;
Yet I believe that Jane would best them.
(To be continued.)

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