NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is in the nature of things that the most impudent capitalist Budget on record should command the support of the Independent Liberals and of the Independent Labour Party, since both are unwitting capitalists themselves. Mr. Hogge "congratulated" the Government on "the contempt in which it held its capitalist supporters"; and Mr. Clynes, after another paean in praise of More Production, affirmed that the Budget "in its main principles went on the right lines," only, of course, for such a fire-eater as himself, "not far enough." The "Daily Herald," however, is, we are disposed as revolution in the "Daily Herald" are quite as much to capitalists as to labour. Mr. A. J. Hobson "advised the representatives of commerce to which we may add that it is a provocation to "protest" against the reimposition of the Excess Profits Duty; and, in fact, the Duty does deserve all, and more than all, that Mr. Chamberlain himself said of it only a year ago. "It is had in its incidence, unjust in its burden, and a deterrent to enterprise and industry"; to which we may add that it is a provocation to extravagance, an instrument of inflated prices, and an inducement to wholesale lying. But it would be a mistake to conclude from all this that the capitalists in question really object to it; for it will be seen on examination that the boot pinches quite another foot than theirs. To capitalists in general the Excess Profits Duty is only another item of Cost, to be added with its margin to Price; and provided that the public, in the person of its leaders, does not object to an indefinite increase in prices, why, it may be asked, should the capitalists themselves? The alternative, moreover, is not one that business men are prepared to face. If the tax is not collected on "profits," it is dimly conceivable that a "courageous optimist" like Mr. Chamberlain might seriously begin inquiring into "Capital": and Mr. A. J. Hobson "advised the representatives of commerce not to allow the tax-collector to begin investigating the capital accounts of concerns." It is perfectly true that nothing could come of it; we believe, indeed, that it is impossible really to tax capital directly or indirectly; but a capital tax is obviously wiser to enjoy those securities you have than to fly to others of whose nature you are not quite sure. The business man's conclusion is that he had better accept the Excess Profits Duty which he knows he can pass on.

It is generally agreed, even among the advocates of the Budget, that its net effect will be to raise the cost of living. We should estimate the rise at something between ten and fifteen per cent. And the natural sequel of such a rise in the temperature will be the recrudescence of the epidemic of strikes. Already, indeed, under the mere shadow of the impending taxes, various sections of Labour have become what the Press calls "restive." Half a million men are striking or just about to strike at this moment. And in a few weeks' time, as soon, that is to say, as the process of "passing on" the taxes to the consumer really begins, it may be expected (and hoped) that the big Trade Unions will be renewing their demands. The people, however, who will relatively suffer most are the classes composing the salariat. After all, the proletariat proper have never very far to fall from prosperity into pauperism. But if the salariat, we wonder, be moved to a little thought on this account? Is there any limit to what the "lower middle classes" of this country will put up with at the hands and feet of their "betters"? We are about to see. Between now and, let us say, the end of the year, the cost of living will inevitably rise. The "working-classes" way to some
extent make up leeway by successful strikes for higher nominal wages; but what of the salariat, the teachers, government and municipal officials, the clerks, etc.? Will they be content to “economise” still further in the health, education and amenities of their families—anything rather than attention to the greatest social question of all time—who fixes prices? It may be so. Empires have died before now of the apathy, disguised as respectability, of their salariat; and it is quite conceivable that the readers of the “Spectator,” for example, would sooner die than publicly accuse Mr. Strachey of nationalising the financial system.

On the other hand, there are limits to the endurance of human nature; and we know of none to the demands of the financial system.

We expressed some doubt last week whether Mr. Frank Hodges’ remarks concerning the necessity of “reducing prices” were anything more than “prave of the.” They appeared, in fact, to have been less, and to be nothing more than Mr. Hodges talking through his hat! For, within a day or two of Mr. Hodges saying that the Trade Union movement would not be worth its salt unless it concentrated upon prices, the Miners’ Federation, in conjunction with the Parliamentary Committee of the Labour Party, was planning “an intensive political campaign on behalf of Nationalisation, and in preparation for the next General Election.” The sum of sixty thousand pounds was to be raised for the purpose. By the time this had both registered its protest to the exclusion, of Mr. R. J. Davies, the prospective Labour candidate to pick the Labour candidates out of the fire into which Labour policy has thrown most of them. The unfortunate Miners are to be enlisted as the political agents of the Labour “politicians”; and their alleged demand for “nationalisation” is to be exploited as a lever to force into Parliament a number of men who ought never to be there. In view of recent events, it appears to be a pity that we have no shady deal in hand. Had we some “business” to put before a Labour leader, requiring only his “kindness,” we should, no doubt, stand a chance of finding our petition to be heard recorded with evidence that gave it to the “Labour” Party an “own” agenda such as the one that lies before us is an Agenda that gives none; and of the constituents of Labour leaders, we naturally find Mr. Hodges and his colleagues otherwise engaged.

It is easy for Labour leaders to avoid reading these pages; and we have little doubt that they succed to perfection. But it is not impossible that the more direct clients of these “leaders” may protest more effectively; and we must depend upon our readers, in fact, to make it uncomfortable for the Hodges and Podges and Dodies to “occupy executive positions without executing any of their real functions.” It stands to reason that in the matter of prices we are not alone or singular in our dissatisfaction. It is not a whim of ours or a bee in our bonnet to assert that the only economic subject worth discussion at present is the cost of living. Everybody is aware of it; everybody knows it; it is present as a matter of daily concern with everybody, from morning to night. In urging our Trade Union and Labour and Socialist leaders to concentrate upon prices, we are not, therefore, seeking to divert their minds from the greater to the less important, or even from the more to the less popular. Our aim, in fact, is just the reverse: it is to persuade the leaders to become more “popular” and attending to more popular and more important things. We should like to know how many local Labour branches have petitioned their executives to the same effect; or—if it comes to that—how many of our own readers have used their influence to secure priority for the major question of civilisation. As far as we know, the discomfort experienced by our Labour leaders in consequence of their utter neglect of society’s deepest interests is far less than our own from attempting to consider them. The Hodges, Podges, and Dodies go from strength to strength as they more and more divide their attention among things in general. When they have ceased even to mention the fact that Prices have any concern for society, their popularity should be beyond question.

The Agenda of the forthcoming Labour Party Conference, to be held at Scarborough next month, is another illustration of the tendency of Labour to infinite sub-division. The Agenda contains twenty-four pages of resolutions, not more than one or two of which have more than a remote bearing on the question which is obviously one of life and death. A visitor from another planet to whom the Agenda was shown would certainly not conclude that the subject of paramount importance to nine in ten of the population and to ten in ten of the “Labour” Party was the cost of living in relation to the money received for a day’s work. He would conclude, in fact, that the problem of living had been more or less satisfactorily settled, and that the “Labour” Party had ample leisure and attention for a variety of things without economic significance. We naturally do not suggest that the Labour movement is “corrupt” in the sense in which leaders may be corrupt; but the inability of the movement to insist upon first things first is an excellent soil for the weeds that undoubtedly grow in it. In this respect we can only compare to the advantage of the capitalist classes the procedure of Labour and Capitalist Conferences respectively. Within twenty-four hours of the introduction of the Budget, the sitting Association of Chambers of Commerce and the British Federation of Industries had both registered their protest to the exclusion, practically, of any other business. There was no doubt possible of their concentration, whatever may be said of their motive. In the case of the forthcoming Labour Conference it is safe to say that nothing will come of it, not even an outstanding resolution. The Babel of ignorance will be reflected in the Babel of the resolutions; and the net effect will be that the “leaders” will continue to do precisely what they like. A Conference that gives too many orders gives none; and an Agenda such as the one that lies before us is an invitation to Capitalism to carry on without fear.

Mr. R. J. Davies, the prospective Labour candidate for North Salford, is reported to have advocated a complete change in our financial system; and to have borne testimony to “a growing feeling in the Labour movement that a smash must come owing to the operation of the existing financial system.” But that, as we saw last week, is not inevitable, if only for the reason that a “smash” assumes that people will not stand higher prices—when really they do and apparently will ad infinitum; and, in any event, we see no hope in a “smash” for which no preparation has been made in constructive thinking. What would the Labour Party do with a “smash” if they got it? Have they any real idea of what the “smash” Chaneyers threatened or how to avert it, or of a system that would not ultimately arrive at the same crisis? Among a number of “financial” resolutions in the Agenda to which we have referred, there is one and only one that appears to us to give the rest of the matter some serious and stands in the name of the “Richmond Division,” and runs as follows—:

“ That the Conference, recognising that the cost of living is as much dependent on the use of Credit as on the supply of commodities, recommends that the power of organised Labour be employed to secure the
democratic control of credit-issue in the interests of the whole community."

It is certain that if this resolution were not only passed but put into effect, the new age would begin. We do not wish to exaggerate, but with the passing of this resolution, we may say, it were a revolution, the revolution would have begun. For this reason we have every confidence that nothing more will be heard of it.

It is plain that the League of Nations will be of value only as it brings into operation new principles. Otherwise it will be an alliance mere than the threatened "ring" of British commerce demanding Protection with the voice of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It is to be feared that in the next war. Yet again, even this is not a completed "accident" of the war. And what moralist dare draw up the "economic" balance-sheet of the British Empire after its four years of military trading with the enemy? Lastly, if even the contrary of all this could be shown (as, on a universal scale it could be—"for what is the real value of the increased "values" of the British Empire)—Lord Haldane would be still far from convincing us that war is less probable, or even less imminent, to-day than it was ten years ago. Wars arise from economic causes chiefly: they are, in fact, an extension and a reflection of domestic economics. Be the moral forces not tremendous enough to deal with the causes of this visible and palpable evil at home and under our eyes; if the English aristocracy, gentry, and their friction, is in league with anarchy.

The Anti-Dumping Bill which was discussed in the House of Lords on Thursday was correctly described as "a conspiracy against the consumer." In other words, it is another of the thousand and one devices of our financial class for keeping up and increasing the prices of commodities, irrespective of the amount or quality of the service rendered. At the same time, however, the description is not exhaustive, since in another aspect the Bill can have effect. The nations composing the League and others now outside it will be at grips upon a more realistic plane than that of discussion. Economic laws, in the absence of intelligence enough to utilise them, are the devil; and a League of Nations that openly announces that it proposes not to control economic laws, but only to oil their friction, is in league with anarchy.

The Anti-Dumping Bill is the first of three-fifths of the resolutions of the International Economic Powers; and, at worst, a stumbling-block to every kind of international idealism. It is amusing, therefore, to observe with what alacrity the League has assumed the modest rôle of keeping things very much as they are. even to the extent of announcing that this is its intention. In calling a Conference for the purpose of considering international finance, the League declares that its object is "not to recast the economic system of the world," but only "to obtain suggestions for its improvement." Words, for its rather easier maintenance. It will be found, however, in due course, and by the usual evidence, that the "economic system of the world" is insusceptible of improvement short of revolution—by ideas or by violence. In zones of time, no doubt, the evolution of one system into another could be effected without anybody definitely "recasting" the one into the other; but in the time at our disposal the transformation during our sleep is impossible. Long before the slow ameliorations which the League of Nations can suggest in the present "economic system of the world" can have effect, the nations composing the League and others now outside it will be at grips upon a more realistic plane than that of discussion. Economic laws, in the absence of intelligence enough to utilise them, are the devil; and a League of Nations that openly announces that it proposes not to control economic laws, but only to oil their friction, is in league with anarchy.

to lead the world's protest upon this occasion; but a means, we may be certain, will be found. If the price of Free Trade is commercial ruin, the price of Protection is war. Perhaps between the two there is little to choose.

His well-known perspicacity has given Lord Haldane something of the prophetic strain; and when, therefore, he tells us that "it is very unlikely that we shall see war again for a long time," we may conclude that it is not so. The reasons which Lord Haldane offers for his opinion, moreover, are not such as to assist our credulity. It is not the real moral forces, tremendous to allow a prospect of ultimate success to even the most powerful nation which reverts to force of arms." We thought that "moral forces" had been somewhat robbed even of their rhetoric during the recent but apparently forgotten war; nor should we have said that there is any reason for doubting that war "pays," if not the nation that wins, at any rate the capitalist class of the victorious nation. Have not a quarter of a million of our own people added 4,000,000 millions of wealth to their stature as a mere inescapable "accident" of the war? And what moralist dare draw up the "economic" balance-sheet of the British Empire after its four years of military trading with the enemy? Lastly, if even the contrary of all this could be shown (as, on a universal scale it could be—"for what is the real value of the increased "values" of the British Empire)—Lord Haldane would be still far from convincing us that war is less probable, or even less imminent, to-day than it was ten years ago. Wars arise from economic causes chiefly: they are, in fact, an extension and a reflection of domestic economics. Be the moral forces not tremendous enough to deal with the causes of this visible and palpable evil at home and under our eyes; if the English aristocracy, gentry, and their friction, is in league with anarchy.

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And, after all, how powerful are they? War is horrible, but how much worse is it than a state of things that results in one man out of three of military age being unfit for the least physical service? If the "moral forces" are not tremendous enough to deal with the causes of this visible and palpable evil at home and under our eyes; if the English aristocracy, gentry, and their friction, is in league with anarchy.

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Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER X.

There is another and somewhat more specious objection raised to the statement that the Just Price of an article for individual consumption is less than the cost price by the ratio of consumption-credit to production-credit; and that is a statement that production only very slightly exceeds consumption.

It will be realised that this is a very specious statement, if we accept it for the moment as being true, and consider exactly what is implied. When a Blue Book or other mine of statistical and generally perverted information asserts that the imports and exports of a country are thus and such, it intends to convey the impression that the aggregate price-values, as shown on bills of lading, reach the figures given. That is to say, the “balance-of-trade” of any country, either as reflected in its exchange or by any other commercial test, is simply a matter of sales-management—you have only to make grand-pianos a necessary of life, corner grand-pianos, and presto—half-a-dozen grand-pianos will balance the import of all the wheat and wool that Australia and the Argentine can send us.

Exactly the same thing is true of values produced and consumed. The community, while producing, as one of its functions, both capital goods and ultimate products or consumption-goods, only consumes, as a collection of individuals, the latter. But individuals in the aggregate must pay both for capital production and ultimate products, whether consumed or not, under the present financial system, for the very simple reason that they are paid for, and there is no one else to pay for them. Also, as we know quite well that practically every business firm “turns over” the money employed in its business at least once, and generally several times a year, and that each complete aggregate “turn-over” means, broadly, that all costs incurred have been recovered from the public, we either have to believe that not only are the whole of the ultimate products covered by the period of turn-over, consumed in that time, but also the whole of the machinery, buildings, small tools, etc., which is, plainly ridiculous. It is, of course, obvious, after a little consideration, that what happens is that the consumption-values—i.e., prices retrieved from the consumer—contain all costs, i.e., credit issued to the consumer in the form of wages and salaries; and therefore must socially approximate to the money value of production.

Now, because “production” is, at present, the chief agency through which is circulate the purchasing power necessary for distribution, there is an immensely strong incentive to sabotage—the waste of work on the side both of the Capitalist and of Labour, and for this reason the consumption of the world is most unquestionably far higher than it ought to be. But even taking this into consideration, it must be obvious that the credit-value of production—the amount by which the work of a community during a given period of time increases the correct estimate of the capacity of that community, with its plant, culture, and labour, to deliver goods and services—is enormously in advance of the actual consumption. Every single telephone instrument installed, every improvement in transport, every new process in manufacture, only to indicate the principle by a few trivial examples, clearly increases this real credit at compound interest.

Financial credit, even now, is issued roughly against all forms of real credit. The only sane limit to the issue of credit for use as purchasing power is the limit imposed by actual consumption of goods for which it forms an effective demand, providing that the community agrees to their manufacture.

Consequently, if as the result of six months’ work, the capacity to deliver goods and services has been increased per unit of time, it would appear to be simply common sense, with the foregoing proviso, to distribute the means which make it possible to draw on this potential production, without forced export.

When the Capitalist system takes back from the public the whole of the costs incurred in production, it takes back the whole of the financial credit, and the purchasing-power covering the period of activity in respect of which that credit was distributed, whereas the real credit of that period includes the overwhelmingly important unearned increment of association during that period. To take the most elementary of examples—if we consider a factory, engaged only on one article, during the second six months of its first year of existence, it will probably increase its output very considerably beyond that possible in the first six months.

If, however, of the financial credit, or purchasing-power, which we distribute during the first six months we only take back in prices that portion represented by the ratio of actual consumption to potential production, we can, if we so desire, produce up to the limit of our capacity during the second six months in the assurance that an effective demand awaits us.

(To be continued.)

The Women’s Labour Market.

By Frances H. Low.

There is an enormous field for the service of women who have knowledge, insight and sympathy. The ignorance of the working woman (and I might truly go further and say of all classes of English women) in every thing concerning the very elements of the Domestic arts and sciences is absolutely appalling. The miracle is that with such ignorance human nature is as fine as it is; and it is an indictment against the leisureed women who are so anxious to-day to interfere in politics that this appalling ignorance of sanitation, of Household economics, of child nurture and the rest remains and flourishes, in spite of the multiplication of Welfare Centres and Creches, which, so long as the mother is forced or encouraged to go into “wage-earning,” are simply a mockery. What, then, is to be done? The various steps towards reducing the chaos and confusion of the Women’s Labour Market—source of the greatest peril to men and to the Nation—I shall now treat.

There is (a) the abolition of the Women’s Labour Exchanges. These are not only useless, but a distinct danger to the community. They are useless, because women’s work is not mobile, as much of men’s work is; and the inefficiency with which they are conducted leads inevitably to the gravest disasters. The procedure is this: a young girl, out of work, comes in, asks if there is any place for her. A clerk of 16 or thereabouts methodically and conscientiously takes her name and other details, goes to the register to find if there is any situation vacant, and probably returns to say there is nothing at the moment. She had “better come again.” One particular instance, quite normal, impressed me most painfully. The young girl in question particularly attractive, was an embroidress. Her look of deep dejection, as she turned away, emboldened me to ask her whether it was essential that she should have work. She said, “Yes.” She was entirely self-dependent, and shared a room with another girl, being responsible for the half rent. I turned to the eldest of the young ladettes, and said:

“Surely you can do something more than this! Is there no one whom this girl can interview?”
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Invited to mount upstairs and see the young lady at the head of the whole Exchange, I found her, a most affable and pleasing person, absolutely ignorant as regards the principle underlying work in the Labour market, and engaged in compiling most wonderful statistics, afterwards to be used, I suppose, by the Board of Trade. (I venture to think, by the way, that all such figures ought to be suspect, for a hundred applications may or may not mean anything at all.) I spoke to the young lady about this young girl; I said:—

"As this particular trade seems very slack, ought you not to suggest something else to her? Are you not in touch with anybody who would come to the rescue?"

She was unable to offer any suggestion of any kind. Even when I pointed out, in the most courteous manner, that in three weeks' time an attractive girl, without money or employment, and obviously of somewhat feeble character, might be entirely altered in her relation to society, she made no practical proposition, although obviously ready. I may say that without very much difficulty I was able to induce a dressmaker friend, within five minutes' walk of this Labour Exchange, to give her temporary work, and thus save her from the fate that might have overwhelmed her.

Here is another example of the careless, casual way in which these Women's Labour Exchanges are carried on. With all the hundred and one Committees and bodies of every sort, it would be believed that a girl is often given an address at a distance, and no steps are taken by the Labour Exchange to find out how and where she is going to lodge, or tell her of the nearest Y.W.C.A., or find out whether she has sufficient money to keep her till she is paid. It is the usual pretence and futility, and looks wonderfully well statistically. The whole of these organisations should be done away with. There should be a chain of competent, experienced women, who would endeavour to look after the girl, and at least give her the opportunity of leading a decent life from the first moment she leaves school. Of course, this would mean again a complete change in what are known as the Care Committees, the constitution of which bodies in the hands of an official at the London County Council is on wholly wrong lines, there being no effort to get the right sort of women; whilst persons of social importance, completely ignorant, of course, and regarding their work as "interesting," are eagerly welcomed. I have already pointed this out to the County Council, but I suppose as long as Sir Robert Blair remains there, nothing will be altered.

(b) A most careful investigation should be made, similar to that undertaken by the Massachusetts Labour Bureau, by women conversant with the fundamental conditions underlying labour and the special province that women's labour should assume in view of the maternity which cannot be excluded from any consideration of women's work. There is not the slightest need for girl clerks. We need not so much need data and statistics as a wide impartial inquiry as to the relations that can be safely maintained between man's and woman's labour, an inquiry which will keep in view the enormous number of men who are specially handicapped owing to the war. Although the conditions affecting them may be transitory, it is cruel as well as uneconomical to allow these men to drift into destitution, when a re-arranging and re-distribution of the supply of labour could find places for almost all of them without antagonising and imperilling the Trade Unions. There ought to be taken into consideration in this connexion (1) the direct schemes in which women's specific activities are needed; (2) those where their competition injures men and is only beneficial to employers needing cheap labour; (3) the position of the subsidised women in the labour market; (4) married women, special consideration, of course, to be given to widows and wives who have to support children; (5) girl labour; and (6) necessary restrictions, the standpoint of men's and women's labour being fundamentally different.

The problem should be not how work can be wrested from men and given to women, simply for the sensational reason of showing that women can do men's jobs, but how the struggle-for-life competition between women and men, and men and women, can be alleviated.

Again, the most careful examination of the results of "Welfare" Work should have been made by persons of insight and foresight before such an enormous sum was allotted to it, and it is clearly therefore not needed. Another army of officials, mostly women, will be created: and if it be designed to add to the number of Crèches, the opinion of doctors upon those institutions ought to be obtained—doctors who can be trusted to be unafected by fashionable people.

(c) Properly organised and carefully thought-out Schemes of Training should be designed.

All Government Schemes for training and employment could becentralised under Miss Spencer, and in the closes association with the Trade Unions and officials conversant with the situation. An essential part of these schemes should be Training Colleges for the Domestic Arts and Sciences, constituted in relationship to Home as well as to the Teaching Profession, to be organised upon the broadest possible basis, developing all-round faculty which no other craft or profession offers to women. I believe such an inquiry might yield most valuable results, which we shall neglect at our peril. Moreover, if married women and well-to-do women and subsidised women withdraw from the labour market; if girls are given training in place of being allowed to enter the labour market without it; if it is pointed out to them that in carrying out the legitimate arts and sciences related to the Home they all hope to enter later, they are, at the same time, easing conditions for men and women; if concurrently the trained women will undertake to grapple with the enormous quantity of voluntary work crying out to be done on every side; then we shall find there need be very few superfluous women. I have the misfortune to be always a little before my time, and I may be permitted, perhaps, to say here, that at least twenty years ago I pointed out the chaos and confusion which would follow if subsidised women entered into competition with bread-winning men and women. The other day at a meeting of Civil Service Clerks this very point was brought up, with reference to the wives of well-off officials. I see also that a teacher in a country school was drawing attention to the disgraceful condition to which children are subject in the County Schools. Eighteen years ago, in the pages of "Woman," I pointedly suggested to some ardent suffragettes that in the very village in which they lived, the school children piled their wet clothes one on the top of the other, remained in wet boots, because there was no place to store them in, and passed the whole day without any food except a bun, because there was no accommodation for meals and their homes were several miles away. I am told the same conditions exist to-day in scores of villages.

Finallly (d) there should be a good, sensible, practical scheme of Group Emigration. A most thorough and exhaustive survey throughout Canada has been undertaken by my sister for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and her book, "Openings for Women in Canada," ought to be taken as the text book. It will be a sound and accurate piece of work.
The Love of Matter.

Great monuments of architecture are the most powerful and sure symbols of the psychology of peoples. Anyone who will look simply and patiently, letting their forms impress themselves upon him, may read the meaning of them. And when once he can read this language he will not be mistaken: architecture is too laborious and too deeply rooted to take much from the caprice of moments or the eccentricity of personalities. Its great works be forth the general Wish, are symbols of their makers' visions of glory, forms of the heaven they would fain inhabit.

This is by the way: merely as analogy with philosophies. Of a person, a people, or a period, as the case may be, every philosophy is founded on the Wish; and while each is, outwardly, a supreme effort to grasp and present the world entire, at the heart of it is always some motive, irrepressable. An imprisoned paradise, all golden and glorious within, striving to realise itself throughout the cosmos, even to find itself already within the world or without, awaiting only its own irradiance—that is the inner psychological formula, determining the forms of every system. Plato shows one heaven beget another, within the world or without: and the mystery at the centre of modern materialism is also a secret and millennial—hope: the microcosmic moment of a golden age of cosmos.

Silently pushing thought into new forms of theory, into every dimension of science, is this irrational desire to find the whole of heaven and earth material. What is the meaning of it?

To believe that the universe and the mind alike are made of matter in extension cannot be a pretension of reason. Placed as he is, precisely midway between the two worlds of reality, man can have no reason to reject either: his inner abyss of thought and imagery, forming and reforming forever by the powers of the will, is given, immediate and undeniable; so is the outer order of sensible realities, but no more so.

Yet he does make an irrational assertion of will: he wants the extended, physical world alone to be. He wants to believe that the world of thought and emotion are merely derived from the physical; accessory and of secondary reality. He wants it for the simple reason that it is only in the sensory world of material things that he himself exists as a separate, individual fact. To preserve that fact, in heaven and everywhere, matter must become the omnipresent and universal being. So he makes materialist philosophy.

In the world of will and imagination a man does not find himself as a separate and reliable fact. He is not in that world, because he is it—and all of it. And it seems to threaten his continued individuality. To follow its spontaneous, self-generated emotions, to act by its laws of thought, seems even to risk that precious separateness, to endanger its solidity, its comfort, its enhancement of respect from all the rest. There is fear of losing self and self-importance.

This fear is quite well founded. There are indeed forces accessible within the self which may transform it completely from its former state. There is, for instance, the power of apprehending truth.

Whenever the truth comes forth out of doubt and uncertainty we feel a distinct manner of consciousness. While reality is becoming clearer through the clearing of misapprehension, a power of the mind emerges into freedom, rewards us with its rising light, and finally, when our knowledge reaches its best possible expression of reality, it gives a sense of calmness and illumination. We may suppress this power, in order to create a false statement of temporary usef

fulness, its frustration causes actual pain or depression, however this consequence may, with practice, be relegated to unconsciousness.

This power is great enough to be worshipped. Its pure exercise is beautiful enough for a man to make it lord and ruler of his thoughts and actions. But if he should do so, all previous habits and purposes may be endangered. And his very thought and conception of himself may have to go. It is exactly this which prompts the denial of the reality of spiritual powers.

Modern materialism and individualism spring from this same will to believe in a certain order of given realities: in defence of egoism they produce atomism on the one hand, individualism on the other; two equally illogical and audacious postulates. And while scientific faith in the indivisible atom is dissolving, we must annihilate belief in the independent ego.

Even in its most ideal statements, individualism is mischievous. True, Nietzsche's individualist reaches superhumanity by becoming the incarnation of certain "values." But he is credited with creating these "values" himself, and that is the fallacy. Man does not create, but find, certain powers in his own consciousness, because they are inherent in humanity. They are nowise peculiar to himself. But if he give them freedom to act, they create some value in him—of which he is probably unconscious. Indeed, the more these higher powers create value in a man, the less he knows or thinks about it.

This is why Nietzscheanism, as a propaganda, has done more harm than good. Practically, it produces only an ethical hardness or conscious self-elaboration—for which bourgeois morality is also competent. A man cannot create values. He is not God: he only ought to behave as if he were—act in accordance with the "values" given and inherent in intelligent being.

However atomistic theories of matter may be exploded by experience, new ones can still be made not to transgress the known facts and the relations between the two worlds of reality, man can have no reason to reject either: his inner abyss of thought and imagery. Materialist philosophies of the world and universe are inherent in humanity. They are nowise peculiar to himself. But if he give them freedom to act, they create some value in him—of which he is probably unconscious. Indeed, the more these higher powers create value in a man, the less he knows or thinks about it.

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A Reader's Notes.

The Proletarian Revolution. By N. Lenin. (B.S.P., 21a, Maiden Lane, W.C.2. 2s. net.)

This essay is Lenin's reply to Kautsky's "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." The controversy is likely to prove classical, and every student of the history of Socialism should secure a copy of both opening statements. We have not seen the end of it. Lenin claims to have foreseen Kautsky's opposition to the Russian Proletarian Revolution. It was in-herent, he says, in the principles of the Second International (or, as we may say, Mr. Henderson's International)—which combined "lip-loyalty to Marxism with actual submission to Opportunism." One does not travel very far in the pamphlet without realising what a Marxolater Lenin is—and how logically he follows the Marxian doctrine. You may think it absurd—so much earnestness about anything in these days—but it is impressive. Lenin is as convinced, as passionate and as logical as Tolstoy. Is it to conceal his own doubts that Lenin clings to the Malthusiasts; "Imperialism is Capitalism in that stage of development in which monopolies and financial capital have attained a preponderating force and expediency."

It is Marx's Judas. Kautsky must have some difficulty in getting over this definition: it describes without defining. The simple truth about Imperialism is that it is Capitalism looking for raw materials and markets: and its origin is to be found in the failure of Capitalism to distribute the goods at home. There is no Imperialism in Russia to-day, because Russia has nothing to export. Lenin certainly establishes his Marxian purity by the citation of the following passage: "There lies a partition of the world, and the biggest capitalist countries have impiously distributed the goods at home."

Lenin has learned the fact, but not the means to its cure. Would he have demanded all the Marxian apparatus had he realised, as Marx never did, that whoever controls the banks is also in control of the Stock Exchange and the bankers." Lenin is warm again when he writes that "bourgeois parliaments never decide the most important questions . . . these are decided by the Stock Exchange and the banks." Observe that next to Government buildings the banks are our most imposing architectural police. Soon the banks will be more imposing still.

If bourgeois dictatorship be compared with proletarian dictatorship, the latter, says Lenin, "is a million times more democratic." "There can be no equality between the exploiters and the exploited." "Never, except in the sentimental Utopia of the sentimental Mr. Kautsky, will the exploiters submit to the decision of the exploited majority without making use of their advantages in a last desperate battle, or in a series of battles." It would be as well for our Mr. Lansbury to realise this truth—for truth it is. The "demands" of the Labour Party, harmless as they appear to-day, because they are comparatively feeble, will inevitably involve Society in civil war if they are pushed to their logical conclusion. The whole conception of the nature of progress à la Marx requires a violent "revolution" as one of the conditions of the transition: we may say, indeed, that Marx said Marxians would doubt the reality of a revolution which had not been brought about by force. The Labour Party is, of course, not Marxian as Lenin is; it has not the character: but historically it is Marxian in spite of its reformism; and, sooner or later, in the mere course of events, the Labour Party will be driven either to attempt to establish a "proletarian dictatorship" or—to retrace its steps.

Note again: "As against financial capital all the previous methods of economic and political struggles of the proletariat are inadequate." Lenin says it: I praise dixit. Will our old colleagues observe it? The besom is ruthlessly applied; all the previous methods are obsolete—political power, workshop control, strikes, etc., etc. Lenin is still Marxian enough to think that Marx foresaw this situation and prescribed "revolution." Marx did, indeed, prescribe revolution, but he never saw this situation! Marx did not understand Credit. "The interests of the proletariat and of the proletarian class war will stand above everything else." But this may be contradictory, M. Lenin! Suppose it be the case that the interests of the proletariat are precisely, not those of the class-war? Here, once again, we see the disciple of Marx—who cannot think outside the mind of his master.

What admits of no doubt is that "the revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat is violence in respect of the bourgeoisie." It is nonsense, Lenin says, to talk of "democracy" in relation to a society divided into classes. Democracy excludes classes. The establishment of a proletarian dictatorship is not therefore the disestablishment of democracy—since democracy does not exist: it is simply the substitution of the proletariat for the bourgeoisie as the dominant class. "The State," said Engels, "is nothing but a machine for the suppression of one class by another—and this, in a democratic republic no less than in a monarchy."

Kautsky makes the point that "minorities are protected" under bourgeois democracy. We have heard this in England! Lenin's reply is that "bourgeois minorities" are certainly protected, but not the "minorities" of the working-classes. This is worth noting: "The more democracy [the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie] is developed, the more do the bourgeois parliaments fall under the control of the Stock Exchange and the bankers." Lenin has decided the fact, but not the means to its cure. Would he have demanded all the Marxian apparatus had he realised, as Marx never did, that whoever controls the Credit controls Society? Lenin is warm again when he writes that "bourgeois parliaments never decide the most important questions . . . these are decided by the Stock Exchange and the banks." Observe that next to Government buildings the banks are our most imposing architectural police. Soon the banks will be more imposing still.

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Kautsky undoubtedly believes that a rapprochement between the Mensheviks and the Bolsheviks would have been possible—but for the irreconcilability of the Bolsheviks. Then why, asks Lenin, did not the Mensheviks think so? The answer is pat, but it is not convincing: more especially since we know that nobody in Russia knows the formula for a real reconciliation of the two schools—the social control of Credit!

While "the disfrockment of the bourgeoisie" is not a necessary element of the dictatorship of the proletariat, it is as well, Lenin thinks, that it took place in Russia, since it will "accelerate and deepen the split between the real revolutionary workers of Europe and the . . . Hendersons, MacDonals and all the old leaders and old traitors of Socialism." That is noble; but it is not psychological. The "old traitors" have merely been "old fools." They thought, poor things, that their demands and methods were compatible with peaceful progress; and when they discovered that they meant violence, they ran home. We ought not to blame their retreat, but only their advance. Observe, however, what the authentic revolutionary says: "If you, exploiters, should attempt to offer resistance to our proletarian revolution, we shall ruthlessly suppress you; we shall deprive you of your rights and, even more, we shall not give you any bread. . . ." Lenin is not necessarily against war: "it depends on what class is carrying on the war, and what is the politics of which the war is a continuation."

Nor is he ashamed of the Russian Revolution: "Bolshevism has helped in a practical manner to further proletarian revolution in Europe and America in such a way as no party has ever succeeded in doing anywhere before . . . they realise more and more that Bolshevism has shown the right way to escape from the horrors of war and imperialism, and is suitable as a model of tactics for all."

Lenin refers to the "really new phenomena" of the post-war period, such as that the peasants demand for their bread, not money, but goods. . . . The breakdown of Credit, the reversion to barter . . . it is not the Mensheviks think so? The answer is pat, but the true scientific outlook is indicated in Einstein's article on his theory in the "Times." He deprecates the war which separated him from fellow-scientists of other countries. The science of to-day is a world-wide co-operative effort, each country working and complementing the work of the others. For true science war is a disturbing interruption. From aspects political, social, commercial, and scientific, then, we get no definite answer.

There remains, however, one other activity, less obvious, in which the war, with its emotional stresses, its heroism, may have worked with positive and with lasting effect. Has the world consciousness been stimulated by the war? This must be admittedly a difficult question to gauge, but to some extent Art may be used as the test of the quality of a civilisation; and does reflect, even though in pale fashion, the mental activity of an age. Even the art of the Polynesian or of the West African shows that at one time in these countries there was a great leap forward which differentiated them widely from the Australian Bushman; such arts denote the first consciousness of organised societies. Whistler says "Art happens"—that is, that it is sporadic, uncontrollable: this may be true of the great genius. But setting aside the greater masters, the quality and number of the "petits maîtres" and the level of popular appreciation do give a sort of barometrical reading of the mental pressure of a race. So that the Art of the minor poets, secondary artists and musicians may be used as evidence upon which the war can be judged. Absurd as it may seem, the production of a certain flood of artistic works of minor, though of permanent, interest, may be accepted as compensation for the toil, the agony, and the sacrifices of war; not because these works are in themselves of sufficient worth, but because they indicate a stimulation of human consciousness as a whole, for which even a great price were worthy.

This question we cannot answer to-day.

An appeal to history may also leave us in some doubt; for this war has been so different from other wars. There does, however, seem to be a connection between Art and War. The great movements of Europe, the Byzantine, the Romanesque, the Renaissance, the modern French, do follow periods of unrest and of fighting; but not immediately. There is an interlude, a period of reconstruction, of nation-building.

Towards the end of this period the necessity for the constructive spirit has passed, but, with psychological inertia, the spirit remains active. This spirit then co-exists with the wealth in the opportunity for leisure.
which the spirit has created. The result is Art. It is probable that the great artistic periods owe their genesis to such conditions. Not the war produces this "hygiène de l’humanité," but the constructive impulse together with the leisure.

This war has, however, been different from other wars. Those olden struggles were either kingly, fought upon questions remote from the people, and carried on by professional or foreign mercenaries, or they were national uprisings for freedom in which the spirit of the people leapt unanimous, stirring no doubt in the minds of the combatants. This war has been nor the one nor the other. The peoples have been deeply implicated; yet possibly of the fighters not one-tenth upon either side had a true knowledge of the reasons for the war, nor of how the war came about: many were forced to fight unwillingly. The overwhelming nature of this "war fate," the emotional quality of the perplexity, and the very contrast between the increasing professional altruism of the world and the nihilistic unpassed carnage and destruction, have had an intense effect upon the mentally active world. Every man with an awakened intelligence found himself plunged into experiences physical and spiritual which were and which will remain irreducible; his house on the sand was washed away, he found himself facing the indifference of infinity without a roof; "Mr. Britling" is true for thousands. This sense of sudden exposure was felt most poignantly by the creative imaginations. Already they had possessed especial sensitiveness, the problem of the war let in them deep wounds when it had, maybe, but scratched the more obtuse. Is a Renaissance from such a reason that which the Futurists predicted, and if such an awakening should be in process would it be a sufficient payment for the war?

It may be yet full early to answer this question. We have had the Memorial Exhibition, a selection of the War Museum pictures, and the Autumn Salon, the first since the war, has been held. It is noticeable in these that the war has effected nothing with the older, more conventional artists; there is no more intensity of design, no more poignancy in their colouring; with them Art has become a craft; if ever it were a passion, the passion has burnt out. But with the younger English artists there is a marked change. A note of seriousness, of intensity, has been struck, especially in the exhibitions of the War Museum pictures. Here one sees the work of Epstein of the brothers Spencer, Nash Roberts, Wyndham Lewis, Meninsky, Henry Lamb, Colin Gill, and one must recognise in them a certain intentness, an energy of conception, which has been increased since 1914. This spirit has not yet appeared in France, and it will be interesting to await the Exhibition of the Independents to see if it is forthcoming. The French were very positively fighting a war of defence, their backs were hard against the wall, and it may be that such a fight will not stimulate an Art. The Autumn Salon, though it does not perhaps adequately represent the younger French Art of to-day, has nothing to show for the war.

But even if Art is thus stimulated, is it a sufficient payment? Emphatically no. The artistic impulse which at present is acting is simply the result of a jog which the war has given to each individual artist. Essentially the Art remains an Art of individualism. As the war recedes into the distances of Time this stimulation may wear out, but even if it persists it cannot alter its character of individualism. Hence it is almost valueless.

The re-appearance of Miss Marie Lörh has caused the dramatic critics to burst into full song. Perhaps the title of the play, "Birds of a Feather," suggested what was expected of them; certainly, the advertise-ment columns of the "Times" showed Miss Lörh’s appreciation of the advertisement. Two-thirds of a column of quotation of dramatic critics’ (all of it favourable) should be a notable advertisement; and I confess that I was misled by it. One man declared: "The depth of feeling she brings to each part is really astounding": another spoke of "the exercise of her finished art" (and I did not know that her art had even begun); another declared: "Miss Marie Lörh’s rendering of the part was a master-piece of technique": and so on through two-thirds of a column. This is language which, I think, should be rarely used; only the greatest really deserve it—and Miss Marie Lörh is neither a Duse nor a Bernhardt, a Genevieve Ward nor a Mona Limerick. Perhaps I re-act to such advertisements wrongly: I ought to know our dramatic criticism by now; but I admit that my first feeling on reading these notices was that perhaps I was mistaken in my judgment of Miss Lörh, perhaps this time it really was acting. Surely there must be something in her to prompt such praise, even if it becomes hyperbolical in expression; and as I hate to be unjust to anybody, I went to see if I could discover what it was.

I sat through two acts of the play; I saw, as "A. B. W.,” I said should I see, that she looked pretty, and dressed smartly, but all "charm" of her acting remained hidden from me. She can certainly walk into or round a room without blundering into the furniture; she seems at ease on the stage (Matthew Arnold said that Socrates was terribly at ease in Socratei); and generally she conducts herself with the sang-froid of a West-End hostess. She knows the use of everything in a drawing-room, is really skillful in balancing her tea-cup or the arm of her chair; and apart from her absurd emphasis of the personal pronoun "I" (which she always delivers on the top-note of declamation), she talks like any other woman who has been drilled into indifference to expression. That a lady must not talk like an actress is an intelligible maxim for the drawing-room; but on the stage, an actress surely should not talk like a lady suffering from an over-dose of the Oxford manner, or, if she does, ought not to be regarded as an actress. I suppose that Irene Vanbrugh knows as much about drawing-room manners as Miss Marie Lörh; but she does not forget that a lady on the stage has dramatic value, and a personality to be expressed.

That an actor can never divorce himself from his personality is, of course, a simple fact; but he must so manipulate his personality as to produce the impression that not the actor, but the character, stands before us. The manipulation of the voice, the variation of pitch, tempo, and intensity, is, of course, the principal means of suggesting character; but the carriage of the body, the very walk, is hardly second in importance. Even the Oxford man has his moods, a variety of inflection and usually of meaningless gesture that reveals a subtle difference of indifference; but whatever the character, nothing can be done with it on the stage unless the actor first imagines it. As Tree used to say: "It is not enough to dress fat, and to look fat; you must feel fat." It is as clear as daylight that Miss Marie Lörh has never thought anything but Miss Marie Lörh; and if Miss Marie Lörh were intrinsically an interesting or charming person (as is, let us say, Miss Mary Jerrold), her
Epistles to the Provincials.

VII.

The other evening I was taken by a lady of my acquaintance to The Heretic's Club. "To know the intellectual life of London," she said, "you must know the second best, for the second best is always a caricature, and a caricature is always illuminating. I am myself an uncritical creature; I swallow my beloved authors whole until I encounter their imitators; then, in spite of myself, I see their faults. The second best have their raison d'être. Your evening will not be wasted; you will see the faults of intellectual London walking before your eyes. And that will be very useful, for a provincial like yourself is much more ready to see at first the virtues of intellect in London than its faults." I thanked her, and inquired why it was she went there. "Oh, for zoological reasons," she replied, "and it amuses me in particular to observe the younger people. These are divided chiefly into two groups, one from Cambridge, the other from Oxford. I cannot decide which is the more interesting. "The Cambridge youths are in the extreme in everything; if they are Socialists they are also Bolshevists; if they are artistic they insist on being decadently artistic; if they are witty, they are unfurlingly witty, and live to make epigrams, which is a good thing, for their epigrams are themselves short-lived. The Oxford men, on the other hand, are the sworn enemies of this coterie; they are a band of clean living democrats who, in order to show that they are not decadent, drink as much beer and go to as many music-halls as possible, and who most successfully demonstrate their revolt from aestheticism by never, even by mistake, uttering a remark that is witty. Whenever I look at them I feel sure that Wilde, that bad man, is dead and buried, and I call down a blessing on our greatest university."

Have you noticed that people who associate in a club become like one another? Perhaps you have not, for in the provinces men are less gregarious than they are in London. The club which I frequented at home was, I remember, a society for standing on one's dignity and we treated one another with mutual disdain. In The Heretic's Club, you find instead a society in which the members treat one another, or, at least, a few, with deference, and copy off one another as assiduously as a bad class at school. Heaven forbid that I should sneer at this habit; it is an excellent thing when there is something to copy off, only copying, on the other hand, when there is not. In The Heretic's Club (and I should say, in almost any London club), people say the same things and almost in the same tone; even their walks, to apply a saying of Nietzsche, is heretical. The women themselves—these natural anarchists—have here the same mannerisms, and their voices are alike.

"Why is it," I asked my companion over the coffee, "that the voices of people in remote country places, and especially in islands, are the most pleasant? Before I came with you this evening, I suspected that the voices of cultivated women in London were the most unmusical in the world; now I am in no doubt about it." "In the islands," she replied, "the people speak little; the faculty of speech, unfortunately, is one which deteriorates with practice; for silence, as you know, is golden. When people speak in the same tone the effect is certainly bad; but they are compelled to do it in order to be understood, for one understands as much from the tone as from the words. So in London it is unavoidable." I agreed. The feminine pitch here is set high; there is no relief, no richness of inflection, the effect is as unnatural as a 'good journalistic style.' Perhaps I am wrong; perhaps the feminine voice here is not so mechanical as to be absolutely desexualised. But what I find distasteful and almost
monstrous in it—remember that I have had experience of the provinces—is a certain hard confidence, an complete and alarming absence of modesty, either intellectual or natural. The hardness of the women's voices here is bound to be bad for the nerves; and for socialists — I do not know which; and to these you among educated women in London are brought on by voices here is bound to be bad for the nerves; and I of the provinces — is a certain hard confidence, the necessity of listening to themselves talking. The members of The Heretic's Club are Socialists with a dash of pacifism, or pacifists with a dash of socialism—I do not know which; and to these you must add a sprinkling of "artistic" people, who, however, need not trouble you. In other words, it is in terms of London what any Labour club is in the provinces. This general resemblance makes the difference all the more interesting; and I think it would be edifying to devote a little attention to them. In any Socialist group in the provinces—excepting, perhaps, the Fabians—there is a mingling of all classes with a preponderance of workmen. In The Heretic's Club, on the other hand, all the classes rule almost unequally. What inspires Socialists in the provinces is the idealism and the desire for power of the working class. Here it is the desirability of ideals of society. To the London Socialist the organisations of the working class are a necessary means for engineering a form of society which seems to him the best. To the provincial Socialist, either a proletarian or else identified with the proletariat, it is the army which will carry him to power. He is not any less disinterested, of course, than the Socialist here; he believes that in his class there are great powers which await only the propitious hour for their expression. His temper, in other words, is unconsciously aristocratic, just as the temper of the Socialist here is consciously democratic. I remember reading about ten years ago in a Socialist monthly run entirely by provincial working-men in their spare time a series of articles in which the teaching of Nietzsche was recommended as a plan of action to the leaders of the Labour movement. The Syndicalist movement, again, which in one form or another is strong in the provinces, is a movement clearly aristocratic.

Democracy is surely a duller creed than aristocracy, for I have never been present at anything more depressing than a gathering of London Socialists. There is no reality in it; the people for whom they speak they do not know; with mild fanaticism they labour for a mere theory of society without being acquainted with mankind. And, alas, they cannot avoid it; for in London one class is far more distant from another than in the provinces; they exist to one another, indeed, as hardly more than concepts. To the Socialist here the working class is an abstraction almost as inhuman as the "economic man." And there, no doubt, is the root of the aversion which the proletarian has against the intellectual.

But if this ground for aversion did not exist—the provincial Socialist would find a sufficient number of others by visiting The Heretic's Club. The chief of these is vanity. The quality of the provincial Socialist is pride, that of the London Socialist is vanity, both arising from natural causes. In the provinces Socialism is a problem of power, in London it is a problem of knowledge. There the battle-ground is the factory and the means force; here the venue is the debating club and the weapons knowledge and logic. In London the Socialist, by his superior command of facts and of theories, by his adroitness, if not in debate at least in the manipulation of debating points, feels himself above the ruck of his opponents and imagines himself a master for a chosen aristocracy, a little indulgent to the mere capitalist (who does not know!). Vanity of vanities! The only quality which can save the middle-class Socialist in London from this weakness is imagination—a very rare quality. Meanwhile, the London Socialist bodies must be left in the darkness of vanity, and must wear for some time longer their air of secret societies doing their best to become public.

But you have said nothing about The Heretic's Club, you will say. Well, perhaps I have. At any rate, if I have, it is simply because it is typical, and typical of that admirable but disappointing thing, the second best. Ah, I have forgotten; I had intended to say something about the second best. I will tell you who they are in my next letter.

HENRIETTA.

A Practical Book.

When I wrote on war-shock the other day, the only literary references I made were to writings by Dr. Nicoll and Dr. Jones. This was not an arbitrary, but an extensive selection from a large field, made for the purposes of symmetry and compactness. There is, however, a book by Dr. Eder that we must consider, entitled "War-Shock." Dr. Eder was in charge of the psycho-neurological department of Malta Hospital during the war, and his book is an account of the first hundred cases of war neurosis that he came under his notice. Eighty of these he claims as cured, fourteen as improved, and six as unchanged; three out of these six he did not treat, but just diagnosed. Seventy of his eighty cures he treated with hypnotic suggestion. His book is essentially a practical book, and we should pray that the army will use it as a handbook of psychiatry, when the occasion again arises. There will be no excuse not to do this; and if it is done, we may hope to see our war-shocked cured quickly and certainly, instead of being allowed to slide into chronic psychological ill-health, as has often happened in this war. For as in other medical matters so in war neurosis, the sooner treatment is applied the more beneficial and enduring are its results. Sits, we may recall, healed Rama's wounds immediately after their infliction. But to-day it is not unusual to find a case that has had no psychological treatment for perhaps three or four years, with the result that it is drifting perilously near the borderline of insanity; and then a "cure" becomes a very questionable matter. This must not be allowed to happen again. We must be on the watch for war-shock next time.

Dr. Eder is like Dr. Hurst in that he treated nearly all his cases by hypnosis and suggestion. He is unlike Dr. Hurst because he made a preliminary psychological examination and diagnosis of his patients from their work experiences and dreams. He did not work blindly, but with psycho-analytic knowledge. He notes, for instance, that it was the lack of neuropathic antecedents among most of his cases that nullified the usual objections to hypnotic treatment in civilian practice. And, of course, his preliminary psycho-analytic examination of patients lent so much the more value to the suggestions with which he treated them. And again, if only cases are taken early enough, there is no doubt that with a vast number—those without any pre-war neurotic history—hypnotic removal of hysterical symptoms is all that is needed. For with the loss of an hysterical symptom, the feeling of inferiority occasioned by that symptom disappears. And when the feeling of inferiority is gone, there is no necessity for that over-compensation that, in such a case, determines a neurotic state of mind. And then, if there should be no other gadfly in the patient's psyche, he can be considered a cure from the medical point of view. This is not so to-day, for reasons that we shall note later; but during the war it was by hypnotic methods that Dr. Eder cured seventy out of his hundred cases; and many of them went back to the front-line, which

* "War-Shock." By Dr. M. D. Eder. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s.)
was Gallipoli. This is a sufficient justification for the treatment during war-time of the war-shocked by hypnosis. The essentials to success are that the patient should be taken in hand as soon as possible after his shock, and that a preliminary psychological inves-
tigation should determine the nature of the suggestions to be made. This is what Dr. Eder was able to do, and his results justify what I have said, that his book should be the standard one for the war-time treatment of war neu-
roses.

But psychological medicine was an exceedingly tiny seedling in this country before the war—it cannot be called an excessively large plant even now—with the result that war neuroses came as a surprise. There was no true treatment for them, and the country is in conse-
quence now full of pensioners in various stages of neuro-
ticism. To-day there is no war, and, what is worse, the country is at a standstill. This is bad for the neurotic, for there is no fixed, objective duty like a war, that he can buckle down to again. In point of fact, he cannot even be sure of finding the most ordinary job of work. For if he is rash enough to mention the word "shell-
shock," it means that the majority of people will refuse him employment outright. And if he is given training in a trade, he is apt to have difficulties with the Unions. That is one side of the question. The other side is that the type of case met with now is changed from the war-time case. Hysterical symptoms are not so common. What we find now is rather an anxiety state, that condition known as psychasthenia. We may remark in parentheses that in an appreciable number of hysterical cases, even if the symptoms have been "cured" by hypnosis, yet, determined by the black outlook in civilian life, is very apt to develop. And again, there was only one Dr. Eder to take cases during the war, and a host of unfortunates had not the luck to meet him. Dr. Eder advises emphatically that patients should not be discharged from the army until fit. When a patient comes into hospital now, he may give some such history as this: Sergeant-Major, 16 years’ active service; blown up in July, 1916; various military hospitals (this means massage and rest, as a rule), until his discharge in March, 1918; after this he tried to work at engineering, but broke down at the end of 1918, and did nothing till his admission to hospital again in December, 1919, with perpetual headaches, melancholia and confusion, a stammer and general muscular tremor. This is a case quoted at random, but, except in Selective Service, it sounds too good to be one of a sort for which suggestion is about as much use as water on a duck’s back. Almost invariably to-day the initial shock will be found to date back three to four years, with a subsequent history of various periods of “treatment” by rest, electricity, massage, baths, and other contraptions; or the patient may even have been discharged the army and left to his own de-
vices for a year or so. For the present-day patient there is no question of “curing him with a few weeks’ suggestion.” It is rather a question of months, perhaps of years. So far from putting in hand the patients in present war-shock cases a Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut (Dr. Eder’s phrase), it is frequently the last rope one can fling to a man. The percentage, too, of post-war neuroses is very much larger than it was in Dr. Eder’s time; and there are only too many cases very much on the border-line of the physical-emotional type, to-day militates against the patient—his own disinte-
gration, a scarcity of doctors qualified to treat him, labour conditions, the blank and idiotic incomprehen-
sion of him by the populace at large, his own people in particular. As in my case, determine by the end of the day, almost the only people who at present understand neurotics are neurotics. Under such circumstances we need rather heavier artillery than suggestion; though this can still be applied to a minority of our cases, with a fruitful outcome. But for the rest I know of nothing short of psycho-analysis with which to assist them. So it is the duty of doctors who wish to treat these cases to open their ears and eyes and concentrate themselves on psychology. The notion that asylums and neurological hospitals are to be taken as “soft jobs” by the lazy must be expunged. In point of fact, they offer more work than any hospital for organic diseases. And another point is that the grandiloquent claiming of “cures” should, for the present, be abandoned. Personally, at any rate, I never venture to claim any, but estimate a man by his fitness or not for work, whether at his pre-war, or a different, occupation. And even that is very little use, when he cannot get the work.

This has nothing, however, to do with Dr. Eder’s book. With his hundred cases he has shown beyond question that the best treatment for simple war-shock is hypnotic suggestion based upon a preparatory psycho-analytic examination. What we must now add is that the value of such treatment declines rapidly the longer the delay between its application and the initial shock; until a stage is found when it is no longer of any value, and the patient is so entangled in circum-
stance that we must resort to psycho-analysis. And if this is not done, then it is only good fortune that will keep the patient on the right side of sanity. For the hysteric of yesterday becomes the neurotic of to-day. And the neurotic of to-day is liable to become the lunatic of to-morrow. Events do not stop because man does not deal with them. It is to be hoped and prayed earnestly that Dr. Eder’s book will be given the atten-
tion it deserves, and come into its own for future use.

Anna Pavlova and her Ballet.

By Valerie Cooper.

It is generally recognised by this time that the ballet has two main tendencies, the classical and the co-called realist. A “classical” ballet, as a rule, is an entirely arbitrary succession of dances, arranged not so much to express an inner idea as to show the dexterity of the performers and the cleverness of the composition. A comparatively small number of highly conventionalised attitudes—as distinct from movements—make up the bulk of the classical ballet-dancer’s vocabulary. These attitudes, together with the undynamic focussing of the attention on points rather than lines of interest, and even the usual type of dress—all so unlike anything which generally encounter—tend to lift the ballet out of actuality and put it on a plane of dogmatism and arti-
ficiality. If this process is sufficiently complete the result may be charming—Diaghilev’s “Sylphides,” for instance. But artificiality can only lead, after all, round the circle of artificiality and the realists, thinking it had been going round this circle long enough, at-
tempted to guide it back towards life and so to make, in their sphere, that difficult synthesis of convention and actuality the result of which, in happy circumstances, is a real and living art.

In doing this they demanded an entire transforma-
tion of our attitude towards the ballet. We were no lo-
ger to look only for a series of “turns,” but for the presentation of an organic conception by means of a complete fusion of mimic gesture, music and move-
ment. There is plenty of room for stars to shine in the realist ballet, but only in so far as they shine not for their own but the ballet’s sake.

The first three programmes of “Anna Pavlova and her company” take one’s mind back to a Diaghilev ballet of last year. One frequently grumbled about their lack of unity, their scenery, costumes, and even performance, but, all the same, one went night after night to the Coliseum or the Alhambra with scarcely-
waning enthusiasm. Only in comparison with the
present performances at Drury Lane does one realise that their least successful productions made, at any rate, a conscious effort towards this unity while the best came near a triumphant achievement of it.

At Drury Lane one has exactly the opposite impression; construction, partners and corps de ballet seem to exist in order to present not ballets but Pavlova. And Pavlova, whatever she may have been in former years, is now only at rare moments a great dancer. She remains an extremely skilful and talented prima ballerina.

Of the six ballets already given, Snowflakes and Chopiniana (a feeble imitation of "Sylphides") were the least pretentious and the most satisfactory. The scenery certainly left much to be desired—chiefly in the way of elimination—for it had that kind of slushy naturalism so offensive to modern eyes. In each case white-clad performers carried out a number of charming steps and groupings with much aplomb and fair accuracy, and the only really disturbing element was the "stunting" of Pavlova herself. One felt that each of her acrobatic feats demanded immediate applause—at any rate they got it.

There was comparatively little general action in "Amarilla" and the two other romantic ballets, "Thaïs" and "The Walpurgis Night," so one could not ignore their setting. The general impression left by all three was that the producers had little sense for colour and less for form. When the corps de ballet was on the stage the effect produced was always that of a heterogeneous mass of hues scattered over it without any visible purpose. The lack of simplicity of design both in the scenery and the individual costumes was perhaps more responsible for the muddled appearance than bad grouping, though even there one failed to trace the master-hand.

The object of both "Thaïs" and "The Walpurgis Night" appeared to be the steeping of the audience in a bath of mild sensuality and, to do it justice, the audience seemed to like the process. Vera Karalli's lovely and well-trained body suited her voluptuous parts and she took a good deal of trouble with her dancing. In fact one felt that her mind was occupied more with the auditorium than with the stage. It was her first appearance, and, in comparison, the corps de ballet seemed thoroughly natural. Perhaps they do not find the supplying of sense-baths very exciting. However that may be, one noticed that any pose which required a mental effort was quickly relaxed—particularly the Assyrian ones with their straight lines and sharp angles, so foreign to the instincts of a ballet dancer. But the audience seemed quite pleased, and, after all, it is the audience that really matters. It is natural that people who have worked hard all day at business or pleasure should not want to work esthetically in the evening—they would rather remain passive and have their senses gently stimulated from without. One can recommend Drury Lane as an excellent place to seek such stimulation.

As to the divertissements, they vary in style though not much in merit. The Brahms Greek dance looked at first like a welcome relief to eyes tired of the meaningless jumble of lines and colours in the ballets, but pink tights and ballet shoes combined with Greek tunics were rather hard to swallow. Pseudo-eurhythmics, entirely without inner rhythm, was impossible. This lack of rhythm seems to run all through the company. So long as no decisive movement is demanded the general woolliness of effect is not acutely distressing, but one wonders they like to advertise it so bluntly as in the "Glinka Mazourka," where the performers never once stamped all together on the beat.

This is not true of Mme. Pavlova, whose movements have an easy precision that is a delight to watch. In the "Swan" she even gives a kind of inevitability to the expression, by purely "classic" means, not only of the form, but the phrasing and dynamics of the music—a very wonderful and beautiful performance. But, having shown us what she can do, she seems content to use her talents for such things as the "Pavlova Gavotte," which, according to a daily paper, was "the thrill of America." It is notorious that popularity with English and American audiences has tarnished many fair artistic reputations and to their number it seems as though we must now regretfully add that of Anna Pavlova.

Views and Reviews.

THE CASE FOR NATIONALISATION.

It is a commonplace (the Catholics particularly have emphasised it again and again) that progress ends in schism; and "G. K. C.," in an immortal jest, declared that Socialism was advancing in all directions. But the corollary of this fact, or, more correctly, this tendency, is that union ends (and perhaps begins) in reaction; it is certainly true, and manifest at the present time, that the only people who present a united front are the "profliteers." Labour splits almost as fast as it organises; while Capital combines in larger and larger aggregations, and covers the earth with a network of organisation for private profit. That there is no reason either for, or in, the schisms of Labour every one of its well-wishers must believe; and what is really needed at the present time is a social theory that will relate the various interests and ideas in a new synthesis with the motive of production for use. For this reason, "The Case for Nationalisation" is not to be dismissed as old-fashioned, as superseded by the Guilds, or functional democracy, or anything else.

Nationalisation is a process, and is not necessarily identified with any particular scheme; it is not merely compatible with, but is implied by National Guilds in the formula, "The State to own, and the Trade Unions to manage."

For just as the Fabian essayists declared that Socialism was the socialisation of rent, so we may say that nationalisation is primarily the socialisation of capital. That it may be achieved in a variety of ways, by purchase of monopolies or competitive service with them, the evidence given in this book shows; Mr. Emil Davies never did stint his evidence. It is even within the bounds of possibility to bring about nationalisation without capital, as the Labour Government of Australia did when it founded the Commonwealth Bank, which, in six years, has attracted to itself one-fourth of the banking business of the country. The development of the Commonwealth Bank, which, in six years, has attracted to itself one-fourth of the banking business of the country, is a case in point. But the evidence given in this book shows; Mr. Emil Davies never did stint his evidence. It is even within the bounds of possibility to bring about nationalisation without capital, as the Labour Government of Australia did when it founded the Commonwealth Bank, which, in six years, has attracted to itself one-fourth of the banking business of the country.

"The Case for Nationalisation" by A. Emil Davies, L.C.C. (Allen and Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.).
money. Without a National Bank, both State and municipal enterprise are at the mercy of their enemies; with it, we have the beginning of an alternative system of industry, in the hands of the workers.

The need for some degree of nationalisation forces itself upon the consideration of almost everybody who enters into public service. Sir Eric Geddes, for example, was not notoriously a socialist when he was manager of the North-Eastern Railway; but as Minister of Transport, responsible for the railways of the country, he is driven to adopt the solution of one of his problems that was put forward by organised Labour at the time of the Armistice. The suggestion then put forward that the State factories should be retained by the workers, and converted to productive work, was ignored; and one consequence is that the private builders of railway wagons can neither guarantee a date of delivery nor quote a reasonable price, although the railway companies want another 5,900 wagons. On December 10 last, Sir Eric Geddes declared that a "12-ton ordinary wagon to-day was being quoted for delivery at an uncertain date, at from £350 to £400. That was £100 to £150 over the present railway shop cost of building. Even Woolwich Arsenal, which had never built wagons before, was able to build at £297."

But the experience of the war has convinced us that, in spite of enormous waste, there was still more enormous saving effected by the most bureaucratic form of State enterprise. There is no doubt that, when the Ministry of Munitions was formed, the eighteen-pounder shell cost 22s. 6d., and that the bureaucrats reduced the price to 12s.; there is no doubt that the Lewis gun originally cost £165, and was reduced to £35, and so on. There is nothing new in the information that mass production of standardised goods make possible the greatest economies in production; what was demonstrated once again was the fact that even the bureaucracy could beat the commercial oligarchy at the business of public supply. The State demonstrated quite clearly that it could nationalise industry, and make a better job of it than the men who were not successful, for private profit; and Mr. Emil Davies will not permit our memories of the experiment to fail.

But, of course, the process of nationalisation is by no means limited to the idea of the State as direct employer—although, even so, it could, if it liked, guarantee better and more stable conditions than any system of private employment. Mr. Davies recognises that "under private control there are three conflicting interests—the capitalists, as proprietors; the workers; and the community (as consumer)." Nationalisation will result in the disappearance of the proprietary interest by merging it with that of the consumers. The possibility of conflict is not eliminated, but the issue is simplified by reduction to two of the possible parties to the conflict, and by the substitution of the ideal of public service for the ideal of private profit. The substitution of fixed interest for unlimited dividend (in the case of State purchase) will have a stabilising effect both on the physical and mental condition of the country; and even if Labour were as rapacious as capitalist journalism misrepresents it to the workers, the result was not so obvious. But Mr. Emil Davies goes even further to meet that section of Labour opinion which rejects Nationalisation as "State Capitalism"; he advocates Nationalisation with joint control of producers and consumers. The first synthesis of State Socialism and Syndicalism made by the theory of National Guilds did certainly take over completely the Syndicalist organisation and control of industry; and Mr. Emil Davies is not satisfied that "an industry should be managed solely by representatives of the workers in that industry without the consumers, as such, being represented on the boards of management."

But however Labour determines its own status in industry, it cannot dispense with nationalisation of the means of production without, as producer, cutting its own throat as consumer—and the varied forms of nationalisation of which Mr. Davies gives instances assure us that the principle of nationalisation can be adapted to any system of industry with beneficial results.

A. E. R.

**Reviews.**

**Self-Health as a Habit.** By Enstace Miles. (Dent. 5s. net.)

It is a valid objection to most systems that they exalt the part above the whole, and fanatically proclaim the one thing discovered as the one thing needful. That reproach of "crankiness" does not lie against Mr. Miles; it is true that he regards health as the one thing needful, but health, as he regards it, is perhaps a simple state; but like most simple states, it is based upon a most complex series of phenomena. It is good to "think pink," in the American phrase, but it is also necessary to eat greens—and eating greens is not the only way to health. On the contrary, both vegetarians and fruitarians are among those who apply to Mr. Miles for advice and treatment; haphazard vegetarianism and fruit-eating have dangers as considerable as meat-eating. Mr. Miles is not so much the advocate of a panacea as of a régime, not so much of a régime as of a series of disciplines adapted to the individual. Whatever we may think of his sociology (and he confines his criticism to Labour, not to Capital), his physiology and psychology are quite plainly based on the Communist axiom: "From each according to his needs, to each according to his means;" and it is a quite arguable point that only a healthy man can be a Communist. Of what we may call the disciplines for the maintenance of health, the mental exercises, the deep breathing, the ablutions, the massaging, the water-sipping, and so on, we need not speak; they are dealt with simply, and in detail, in Mr. Miles' book. The simple wisdom of the rule to avoid the ingestion of poisons, and to secure the perfect excretion of such poisons as may be ignorantly ingested or physiologically produced, is obvious—but it requires something like genius to act on the obvious. Alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee (coffee, which the homoeopaths tell us, seems to be an antidote to many drugs), these commonplace things of our civilised life delay metabolism, at the very least; and that delay not merely arrests, but, in many cases, perverts the vital activity. If we may judge by our general habits, we are all in the conspiracy against life, that life which Jesus declared that He came to give us, and to give us "more abundantly," and that Nietzsche, in his curious rôle of the Anti-Christ, regarded as the only worthy object of human striving. One cannot "live dangerously," or "abundantly" with a delayed metabolism; this side, we play for safety, we avoid risks, we tolerate ugliness, we stultify our dignity (and our dignity usually stands on our fellow-man), we are full of a fretful, instead of a divine, discontent.
Worst of all, we worry, exhausting the nervous energy that should be used to find the way out of our difficulties in running round and round them, like a squirrel in a cage. The indictment of our habits has been made from many angles, even the "orthodox" medical profession does not agree with all of its beliefs, though they provide with its chief source of income); but it is Mr. Miles' crowning merit that, without fanaticism, with due regard for the individual in every instance, he has adapted the best from every system in his eclectic but worst of all, we worry, exhausting the nervous energy squirrel in a cage. The indictment of our

records of cures of "incurable" cases of such diseases as epilepsy, Bright's disease, arthritis, and many others, is much to his credit; but it is even more to his credit that his pupils and followers should remain immune from disease (one of them remaining free from malaria in a malarial area, without inoculations or the classic quinine), and should be able to do what they want to do when they want to do it.

That is where Mr. Miles' methods differ from those of any other person known to us. It is comparatively easy to keep healthy on the usual basis of sufficient good food, exercise, fresh air, and sleep; but such people find a sedentary life, even for twenty-four hours, intolerable. Mr. Miles contends that a healthy man ought to be able to sit for a day, or longer, or walk for a day, with equal ease, that he ought not to be the slave of habits, either of diet, or exercise, or anything else. The person who cannot sit still is obviously as far from the Kingdom as the person who cannot do anything else; but beyond that, he has lost control of himself, and is, in the most literal sense of the phrase, "out of his mind." And this state of perfect freedom to do what one wants when one wants to do it, even to eat (within certain individual limits) what one wants to eat not only for the sake of health but of good fellowship, is not a mere ideal, a possibility, but a fact. The Lord Buddha ought not to have been poisoned by the fish that he ate rather than offend the hospitality of a poor fisherman—the fact showed an imperfectly trained organism. If the ideal is Jesus (and it seems impossible to find a better one), we must remember that there is no record of His saying "I don't like fish"; or, "I can't eat fat"; or, "Wine fuddles My brain." Anything that cuts off a man from friendly intercourse with his fellows is, at once, un-Christian and unhealthy; and the fact that Mr. Miles is poisoned by a little meat-extract only suffices to show that he is not perfect in every detail. Luckily, we do not regulate each other with draughts of meat-extract.

The success of Mr. Miles is due primarily and chiefly to his scientific habit. He takes nothing on trust, not even dicta such as: "Moderation in all things." Perhaps the only dictum to which he would give unqualified assent is: "What is one man's meat is another man's poison": and he declares that he knows "cases in which caraway seeds, tomatoes, fresh fruits, stewed fruits, brown bread, white bread, eggs, and so on, act (respectively) as poisons." He tests everything by experiment, even physical exercises, adapts everything to the individual, and relies on the most precise scientific means of diagnosis for his knowledge of what the individual needs. That the Eustace Miles Restaurant has paid a ten per cent. dividend on its ordinary shares (one of the chief means to self-health) has passed into common practice.

Free Trade, By Rt. Hon. J. M. Robertson. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)

Free Trade in this country, Mr. Robertson comes to the arguments, most of them self-contradictory, which were used by Tariff Reformers in their last campaign. He has little difficulty in showing that you cannot limit your imports without at the same time lessening your exports; that it is not the foreigner but the consumer who pays; that—but the catalogue would be tiresome, for the other fallacies confuted are too numerous to be even mentioned. The difference between the advocates of Protection and those of Free Trade is this: that the former concentrate upon a particular aspect of international trade and show that, a tariff being imposed, a particular benefit will accrue; while the latter see that the subject as a whole, Free Traders see the problem of international trading; the Protectionists see only such aspects as they wish to see.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE ARMENIANS.

Sir,—Mr. Kouyoumdjian admits so much that is denied by the Armenian propagandists that I can quite understand his objecting to an impartial inquiry into events in Cilicia and elsewhere. He has little difficulty in showing that you cannot impose, a particular benefit will accrue; while the latter see that the subject as a whole, Free Traders see the problem of international trading; the Protectionists see only such aspects as they wish to see.

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Pastiche.

THE SQUIRREL.

Caged in the Vicious Circle's pound,
Poor Twicer turns it round and round.
The door is open, open wide,
Yet still good Twicer stops inside.
And with a cheerful purring sound
He turns it round and round and round.

"Officious highbrows offer schemes—
Idle, unprofitable dreams.
What's real is my padded cage,
My office and my decent wage.
Just simmer must the labour pot,
Of course not cold, but never hot,
What though the State more serve be,
They'll always find a job for me.

Let strikes and fights or slav'ry come,
I'll keep my honorarium."

So year by year is Twicer found
Turning his Circle round and round.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

"THE CODFISH."

He was not much to look at, certainly. A tall, thin, gawky, hop-pole sort of creature, with hands two sizes too large even for him, and harsh, gaunt features perpetually twisted into an apologetically shy grin. He shambled in his gait, and his check suit would have drowned the band, had there been one where I first met him, in an internment camp "somewhere in Germany."

They called him "The Codfish" in his barrack because of his eyes—men who did not know him; he was difficult to know even after a couple of years' acquaintance.

"...? But what?
The point of the story . . . ?
Its point is this—there is none—none, at least, that I could ever discover. 'Tis a pointless tale, like his life—Alexander Todd, my sometime fellow-captive, Berlitz School teacher, rover and pauper—Scotus Viatur—the Wandering Scot.

PERTINAX.

OVERTURE.

The wet leaves toss amid the washed airs,
(O lightly, mortal breath, this is not thee)
Silvered by sudden brightness of stars.

Low
Breathe again,
Far away.
Heaven remem'beth the rain,
The chaste airs blow,
And pray.

There is abroad
Some sprite of April eyne,
Per thew his road
The wet herbs shine.
Pastoral
Is the dusky tress:
And the brow is all
Of gentleness.

Here are all tears
And yet no weeping,
The fruits of the years,
And yet no time:
All in eternity
Here is sweet poesy,
Breathing, but sleeping
Unwaked of rime.
O gallant Rose,
The even is around thee,
O rain and snows,
Hold ye your hand;
Here have your clemency,
And blow not destitutiously,
Since the Rose halloweth
The charmed land.

In the gray morn the day doth kiss the night;
Here life doth kiss dark death.

Farewell! farewell!
RUTH PITTER.

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