NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Conferences of the Middle Ages to determine how many angels could dance on the point of a needle had their parallel last week in the Congress of twenty-five Allied nations to discover how to build houses for people who cannot afford to pay for them. A surprising amount of nonsense was talked amidst the utmost solemnity, and only now and then, as it were by the merest accident, did any of the delegates utter a word of sense. Mr. Vosse, of Holland, for example, after having, no doubt, been more than usually bored by the speeches, suddenly blurted out that what people wanted was not principles, but houses. And Mr. Rogerson, the only English delegate who allowed himself the luxury of a common-sense remark, commented on the anomaly that the Congress was meeting to discover a means of building houses while at the same moment “wealthy people were building racing-stables that cost more than workmen’s dwellings.” Such spectacles are certain to continue to give delight to the cynical so long as it is not recognised that the chief, almost the only economic problem of our day is Distribution—in particular, of course, the distribution of purchasing-power. There is comparatively nothing wrong with production considered in the abstract; nobody doubts that any modern nation could, if it liked, build houses as easily as ships or tanks. We are saying nothing novel when we assert that our own resources of skill, organisation, materials and labour are sufficient to erect a million houses in twelve months if only these were concentrated upon the task. The difficulty, in fact, is not the production of houses as a technical problem, but the production of houses as a financial problem. As Mr. Rogerson observed, given the financial distribution, the building of costly racing-stables could be effected even in these days. Similarly, given the proper financial distribution, the building of cottages could safely be left to look after itself. What is wrong, and what alone is wrong, is that the people who need houses have not the means of paying for them; with the consequence that on the one side we have an increasing potential production already vastly in excess of effective demand, and, on the other side, an increasing human need with a constantly decreasing effective demand. This is the inevitable result of the existing financial system.

It is obvious that the Miners’ Federation, under the leadership of Mr. Frank Hodges, has been out-maneuvered again. With a case almost beyond the power of the worst possible advocate to lose, the Miners’ Federation has been driven from one false position to another until at this moment it appears to have no policy in face of a very well-defined policy on the other side. The war-time State control that automatically expires on the last day of August has been experimentally discontinued in its main aspects as from June 1; and it is more or less confidently anticipated by the Government and the industry that only a minimum of control will be thereafter necessary; let us say, the setting up of a Department of Mines in a room at the Board of Trade, the organisation of a few joint committees nominally composed of officials, owners and men, and the provision of a “fund” for welfare-work. That such an arrangement will not work to the maximum advantage we may take it as assured; but what, after all, is there necessarily fatal in that objection? Few things work as smoothly as they might; our whole potential of production probably yields only about 10 per cent. return; why trouble about the difference between a coal output of 50 and a coal output of, say, 60 or 70 per cent.? At any rate, the calculation for the moment is that the Miners will accept the new control with only a fractional resistance, the amount of which will be a cheaper price to pay for a “settlement” than either nationalisation or any other re-arrangement. And what have the Miners’ Executive to set against the policy? What more advantageous and constructive programme have they to offer or to demand? As we have told our readers, Mr. Hodges has failed even so much as to inform his Executive of the existence of the only alternative Scheme of this character that has been formulated; and he does not appear to have any Scheme of his own in reserve. The consequence is, unless we are much mistaken, that the Miners’ Federation will be driven to resume its wage-demands in the bad old fashion and thus once more to set itself against the public and its own interests.
Mr. Austen Chamberlain made it perfectly plain that he would resign sooner than be a party to the imposition of a general Capital Levy; but it will be observed that though he has always professed to be in favour of a War-Wealth levy, he has never threatened to resign if that were not adopted. This fact alone, and if there had been a far greater degree of consistent whole-heartedness in the plan, would almost have ensured the defeat of the proposal; and, in short, the chief purpose of the whole discussion has been window-dressing and nothing more. In the meantime, however, the War-debt not only continues to weigh down the general consumer, chiefly the class that is politically imbecile—the middle and salaried class; but, surprising as it may seem, the inflation of credit on Government account still continues. A fortnight ago, for example, fifty millions of interest on War-debt had to be paid out by the Treasury in a single week. Only about forty millions was in hand from revenue and the remainder of ten or so millions had to be borrowed from the Bank of England in the form of an advance upon Ways and Means—or, as private people call it, an over-draft. This creation of spending-power out of nothing, this simple addition of 10 millions to the currency without the smallest addition to the commodities in existence, may be allowed, even by Sir Leo Money and his friends, to have some effect upon prices. If into a certain market were suddenly introduced a new set of buyers anxious to obtain goods and having money to pay for them, the prices formerly prevailing in that market might be expected to rise—is that so or is that not so? And similarly the creation of 10 millions of fresh credit (or spending-power) may be expected to raise prices in the general market in which we are all buyers. But that is not the worst of it, since it so happens, as we have pointed out before, that a Government over-draft ranks in banking as "Cash," and hence is regarded as a sufficient basis for an issue of Credit four or five times as great as itself. In other words, the Government over-draft of 10 millions allows the Bank of England to provide overdrafts to its other customers to the amount of 40 or 50 millions; with the final result that the purchasing-power is diluted, not by 10 millions only, but by 40 or 50 or even 60 millions. To bring the matter still nearer home, let us suppose that a one-pound treasury note on a certain morning of the week in question "worth" such and such an amount of goods. The consequence of the issue of Government credit and of the bank-credits erected on it would be that our one-pound treasury note would be "worth" less in goods than it was before the dilution had taken place. The note itself would not have undergone any visible change; it might have lain in our pocket unoffendingly and undis turbed; it would still rank at its old value for our wages or salaries. Nevertheless, as the result of an operation performed by the Treasury and the banks jointly, it would have undergone a depreciation in purchasing-power. Such a "sweating" of the value of our "money" is inevitable every time the Government borrows from the banks; it is inherent in the character of additions to what is called the "floating debt." And when it is recalled that the "floating debt," now amounts to 1,300,000 millions, it will be seen how enormous an "inflation" has taken place.

It is fortunate for Labour leaders like Mr. Gosling that they never by any chance read anything but capitalist journals, since the ignorance in which such reading leaves them allows them to support capitalism with a good conscience. It is incredible that Mr. Gosling should have no doubts about the "increased production" if he had read any competent criticism; and we must conclude, therefore, that his reading has been directed by his friend, Lord Devonport. At Southampton on Tuesday last, at a conference of the Transport Workers, Mr. Gosling attributed high prices to a "world-shortage" for which the only remedy was "more production." He was good enough to say that "the increased production in his judgment should be used to raise the standard of life for the workers, and not to make the rich richer"; at the same time, increased production was the only means of reducing prices, and we must remember that "we are to-day a poor nation." Such "guff" is intolerable even to a prosperous Labour leader addressing the least prosperous of his class. Were Lord Devonport himself to address the Transport Workers in these terms, the Labour "agitators" would be demanding his head on a charger. It would be pointed out to him in the most sarcastic tones at the disposal of the "Herald" that "world-shortage" does not explain why strawberries are "up" this year from sixpence to two-and-six; that Lord Gosling's "judgment" is not the sole determinant of the distribution of the increased production; and that the national "poverty" is scarcely confirmed by the presence of a million people at the Derby—to say nothing of a thousand and one other evidences of what is privately admitted to be our "abounding prosperity." All this and much more would be discharged at Lord Devonport were he to deliver Mr. Gosling's speech; but Mr. Gosling, it appears, is privileged to be both ignorant and reactionary; after all, is he not a Labour leader?

Mr. Hoover has been explaining in the American "Women's Home Companion" exactly how "increased production" of an undefined character may result in increased prices in respect of goods in general demand; in other words, how "increased production" may bring about a rise instead of a fall in the cost of living. It is true, of course, as a "Times" correspondent has been laboriously pointing out, that "the more clothes and goods we make and the more food we produce, the more we shall have"; but what is not true is that the more of anything we produce the cheaper will be those goods of which we produce not more but less. Mr. Hoover's statement on the question is as clear as it is authoritative. "The result of expenditure on non-essential commodities," he says, "is to divert labour and production from essentials, and thus further to increase the cost of living." Of course it is. Relative to essential commodities (food, clothes, shelter), the production of luxuries acts both as an expansion of purchasing-power and as a drain upon essential resources. Suppose the nation to have a calculated sum of plant, raw materials, labour, and existing commodities—the employment of all of these upon essential production might be supposed to produce the maximum of result at the minimum of cost. As, however, first one fraction and then another increasing fraction of these total resources were devoted or diverted to "non-essential" production, the effect could only be to reduce the essential production, at the same time that the "money" representative of production in general continued to be produced at the old amount. The effect on the "cost of living" is obvious. This should be the final answer to those who demand "increased production" without defining the character of the goods whose production is to be increased. If it is proposed to increase the production of essential commodities, we may still favour it; we cannot have too many at our disposal. But if the proposal is to increase the production of non-essentials, presumably as a means to essentials—our reply has already been made. It is a long way round—and away.

Mr. Otto Kahn, the American international financier to whom we "had" an interview last week, has been answered by Mr. Houston, an American publisher. Mr. Kahn's contention, it may be remembered, was that America was much too much engrossed in domestic business to become our formidable rival in international finance. Only about 1 in 150 of the population had ever invested in foreign securities; American financiers had little experi-
of the world-market; and all the American credit available could easily and more profitably be absorbed in America itself. "London" could rest in peace; her financial world-supremacy was safe. Mr. Houston, however, is of a different opinion; and we agree with him against the professional and commercial advocates of the disinterested opinion of Mr. Kahn. The problem as Mr. Houston sees it, and as we see it, is not so much a theoretical as a practical problem. If the matter rested on argument, no doubt a good deal could be said for Mr. Kahn's conclusion; but the matter does not rest upon argument, but upon fact; and the fact is that willy nilly America must dispute the financial control of the world with London exactly to the extent to which she disputes the commercial control of the world—and for the simple reason that commercial control depends upon financial control. At the present moment, America is in the position (to compare great things with small) to begin to acquire and to exercise financial power as she has already acquired and exercised commercial power. Mr. Kahn, as a professional banker, is naturally sceptical of vital forces; but when "foreign trade" has been proved by experience to be an essential of employment and wages in America; and when, again, it is learned (as it will be) that foreign trade is controlled by finance—only a brief publicity-campaign would be necessary to engage all America in foreign investment and, it follows, in foreign policy—for where your treasure is there is your policy also. In a few years at the outside America could become a rival of "London"—with consequences for which Sir Auckland Geddes may be quoted. Speaking in New York last week as the British Ambassador, he "doubted if ever before was the future for as many nations and individuals so closely shrouded in dark clouds pregnant with war." On this occasion the manner of Sir Auckland Geddes' speech is not too tragic for the matter.

Professor Soddy, however, falls into a common error when he affirms that "because finance is internationally organised, Labour must of necessity organise itself internationally." Not in the least. Quite the contrary. In the first place, it is not "Labour" alone that is menaced by international finance—but anybody not directly engaged in finance of one kind or another; an international organisation of Labour is an international organisation of the Socialist movement in this country; it is disposed to think that control lies in ownership of the means of production or in production itself; and that financial control is subordinate to rather than master of economic production. Exactly, however, as the Socialist movement will discover in the course of the century that control is resident in Credit, so, but much sooner, will America discover that the financial control exercised by "London" is not a negligible part of world-trade, but the dominant factor. Therewith America will certainly begin to acquire and to exercise financial power as she has already acquired and exercised commercial power. Lord Northcliffe's flair for exploiting the sensationalism he regards as journalism is not equivalent to a flair for foreign affairs; and, in particular, his support of French against British diplomacy during the last few months has been as short-sighted as it is only personally inspired. It is impossible for anybody with any sense of responsibility to write freely about the issues involved in, let us say, the re-establishment of Europe's relations with Russia; the open diplomacy demanded by the Labour Party is, at any rate, beyond our discretion to indulge. But it must surely be obvious to those who will take the trouble to piece together the fragments of fears we have expressed as regards contingent wars (always presuming, of course, the continuation of the present financial system) that the restoration of Russian finance (not only to Russia but to Western policy is necessary, as Mr. Lloyd George has for the moment said, "in the general interests of Europe.") Moreover, Lord Northcliffe's continued "exposure" of Bolshevism has now taken on the character of a post-mortem; the Bolshevism of his denunciation is no longer, if it ever was, the Bolshevism of fact. For better or worse, the ideas with which the second Russian Revolution was initiated have now come to an end; and their outcome is seen to be not a Marxist communist State, but a most remarkably American 'efficiency' State, the ultimate realisation of which Lord Northcliffe and his friends, fortunately for Lord Northcliffe and his critics, have also, we believe, a more European as well as a wider world-outlook than the journalists of Paris. And it is to be hoped that they will succeed in re-uniting Russia with Europe—in time.

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SILENCE SHALL COVER THEE.
Silence shall cover thee; the dark
Shall wrap thee from the curious sun;
Thy monuments of sorrow stark
And mourns thee with a summer rain

Yet but one mother have ye twain,
And in her mantle harboureth.

Long are the dreams of earth; thy grief
Is like shrill gnats in lovely eyes,
Or like one early-withered leaf
When every herb is dark with leaves.

Long are the dreams of earth; thy grief

The lute not the high trumpet sings
To thee whose only wealth is peace;
The meek linnet's sober wings;
Thy rote is of the humble fleece.

RUTH PUTER.
The Control of Policy in Industry.

Notes of a Lecture by Major C. H. Douglas.

(A Ruskin College, Oxford, June 4.)

Your Principal has been flattering enough to suggest that you might be interested to listen, for a short time to-night, to certain ideas on the subject of the industrial problems which have been made public, for the most part, through the columns of The New Age.

Before proceeding to the concrete proposals, I should like, with your permission, to go over the philosophy of them, very briefly.

In any undertaking in which men engage, to paraphrase the ever-green Sir W. S. Gilbert, there are always at least two fundamental aspects which demand recognition before success can possibly be expected to accrue to those engaged in it. These are that there must first be a clear, well defined policy, which means that every person who has any right to be heard in the matter in hand should agree to the results which he is willing to further with his support. And there must be somewhere resident in the venture some person or persons with expert knowledge as to the technical processes by which those results can be achieved with the materials (using the word in its broader sense) at the disposal of those associated together, and this person must have the confidence of the remainder.

I should like you to observe particularly that certain very important—in fact, quite fundamental—relationships proceed from these simple premises. The genesis of such an association is agreement that a certain result is desirable and a general belief that it can be attained—it is not at all necessary that all of those associated shall know how to attain the result, but it is vital that they shall be satisfied with it. We may imagine this association to be the community. Secondly, the person or persons who “know how,” who collectively we may call the producers, who will be empowered by the community to materialise the results of the agreed policy, stand fundamentally and unalterably on a basis of Service—it is their business to deliver the goods to order, not to make terms about them, because it is the basis of the whole arrangement that the general interest is best served by this relationship. (This applies, of course, to their simple function of producers, not to their comprehensive all-embracing role of individuals.) Subject to this fundamental provision that they deliver the goods to order, it is no business of the controllers of policy, the community, how the producers deliver them—that is a matter for agreement amongst the producers.

The goods having been delivered to order, it is the business of the community, to whose order they were made, to dispose of them—not the business of the producers, who would never have been able to function without the consent of society.

Now, in the present dissatisfaction with the productive system which is the outstanding feature of the present time, there is a remarkable misdirection of attack—the battle front is aligned as between employer and employed, the so-called Capitalist and Labour, whereas the real cleavage is between “producer-distributor” and consumer—employers and employed forming the producer-distributor army, and the whole community, which includes the producers, forming the opposition. The one doubts this, the other considers of the facility with which Labour obtains increases of pay, which are recovered from the public in the form of increased prices, will surely dispel the doubt. The position, therefore, is one of civil war of the gravest character—gravest because the “victory” of either side means the destruction of both elements that the general interest is best served by this relationship.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the means available to meet this situation, it is necessary to be clear on the matter of policy.
operate to satisfy this demand, which is complex in its nature, it is necessary to also combine the demand, and this combined demand of society is the policy, so far as it is economic, of society as a whole. The first part of the problem, then, consists in finding a mechanism which will increase this policy on the co-operating producers with the maximum effectiveness, which always means with the minimum of friction.

Now, if I have made my meaning clear, you will begin to see (willingly or otherwise!) that this has nothing to do with workshop control by the workers—in fact, is in one sense, the antithesis of it. It involves the assumption that the plant of civilisation belongs to the community, not to the operators, and the community can, or should, be able to appoint or dismiss anyone who in its discretion fails to use that plant to the best advantage. So far you might say this is pure State Socialism, but I think you will agree, if I make myself clear, that it is nothing like what is commonly so called. In this connection the following paragraph from The Threefold State,* by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, a book which is attracting attention—

"Modern socialism is absolutely justified in demanding that the present-day methods, under which production is carried on for individual profit, should be replaced by others, under which production will be carried on for the sake of the common consumption. But it is just the person who most thoroughly recognises the justice of this demand who will find himself unable to concur in the conclusion which modern socialism deduces: That, therefore, the means of production must be transferred from private to communal ownership. Rather he will be forced to a conclusion that is quite different, namely: That whatever is privately produced by means of individual energies and talents must find its way to the community through the right channels.

The radical difference—and I would commend it to your most serious consideration—is that State Socialism is based on the premise that, firstly, the control of policy is resident in administration, and, secondly, that it is possible to 'socially' control administration, and, thirdly, that the State should be able to supply economic pressure to the individual; whereas I suggest to you that the control of policy is resident in credit (fundamentally, in the belief in the beneficial outcome of any line of action) and its financial derivations, of which money is a chief, while administration is a technical and expert matter not susceptible of being socialised, and, lastly, that the only possible method by which the highest civilisation can be reached is to make it impossible for either the State or any other body to apply economic pressure to any individual.

Any attempt either to socialise administration or to govern by economic coercion quite inevitably leads to centralised organisation and centralised credit, resulting in all the well-known phenomena of inefficiency inseparable from the attempted subordination of the human ego to the necessities of a non-human system. The difference, in recognition of the difference between beneficial ownership and administrative ownership. The Managing Director of the White Star Line was in beneficial ownership of the "Titanic," he controlled the credit of it; but his attempt to interfere in its administration destroyed the "Titanic."

We can, then, for the moment leave the question of administration where it stands, the more so if you will consider that, however certain enthusiasts may endeavour to persuade you to the contrary, it is a well-recognised fact that it is impossible, in this country at any rate, to promote a strike of any magnitude on any basis but that of distribution—i.e., wages or prices—which only shows the general good sense of the British public.

It is not suggested that administration is faultless, but by deferring the consideration of it—for it is essentially a technical matter—we are free to concentrate on the primary requisite the transfer of the control of the policy of production into the hands of those for whom the whole productive process exists—the individuals who collectively form the public.

As has been stated, the control of policy is resident in credit—a word which is quite sufficient, I have no doubt, to excite your worst forebodings, but I assure you that in itself the matter is very simple. A credit instrument is something which will enable you to get what you want, and if you are stranded without food on an island over-run with rabbits, a shot-cartridge is in all probability the most effective credit instrument with which to deal with the situation, but in more highly organised communities, the instrument in most general use, and which typifies the rest, is what we call money. It differs from a cartridge chiefly in disappearing less noisily.

It is absolutely vital to realise that the essential part of money is the belief that through its agency you can satisfy your demands. Once this is agreed you will see that the control of the issue of money em-bodies this belief is equivalent to the control of the policy of society. The belief, if well founded, is real credit, and its vehicle, financial credit, convertible into money.

There exists in civilised society in all countries to-day an institution whose business it is to issue money. This institution is called a bank. The banking business is in many respects the exact opposite of the Social Reform business—it is immensely powerful, talks very little, acts quickly, knows what it wants, chooses its employes wisely in its own interests.

When a bank allows a manufacturer an overdraft for the purpose of carrying out a contract or a production programme, it performs an absolutely vital function, without which production would stop. If you doubt this, consider for a moment the result of a rise in the bank rate of interest on loans and you will see that the power to choke off producers by taxing them at will is essentially similar to that exercised by governments on consumers by orthodox taxation, with the vital difference that in the first case a purely sectional interest is operating uncontrolled by society, whereas in the second case, the power undoubtedly exists, though ineffective because misunderstood, to control it in the general interest.

Now, the vital thing done by a bank in its financing aspect, is to mobilise effective demand. The effective demand is that of the public, based on the money of the public, and the willingness of producers to respond to economic orders; but the paramount policy which directs the mobilisation is anti-public, because it aims at depriving, with the greatest possible rapidity, the public of the means to make its demands effective; through the agency of prices.

I would particularly ask you to note that there is no suggestion that bankers, as human beings, are in the main, actuated by any such anti-social policy—the system is such that they simply cannot help the result.

In order, therefore, to acquire public control of economic policy, we have to control the whole mechanism of effective demand—the rate at which its vehicle, financial credit, is issued, the conditions on which it is issued, and take such measures as will ensure that the public, from whom it arises, are penalised by withdrawal of the vehicle to the minimum possible extent. It must be obvious that the real limit of the rate at which something representing purchasing-power could be issued to the public is equal to the maximum rate at which goods can be produced, whereas the "taking back" through prices of this purchasing-power should be the equivalent of the fraction of this potential production which is delivered.

Let us imagine that wages, salaries and dividends, added together, were issued, via the productive industries at a rate representing the maximum possible pro-
duction of ultimate products, and actual consumption was only one quarter of potential production. Then, clearly, the community would only have exercised one quarter of its potential demand. But the whole of the costs of production—the issues of purchasing-power through the agitated way of wages, salaries, and dividends—would have to be allocated to the actual production as at present, and if we charge the public with the whole of production their total effective demand is taken from them. But if we apply to the ascertained cost of production a fractional multiplier-power to the ratio of actual consumption to potential production, then we take back in prices that portion of the total purchasing-power which represents the actual energy draft on the productive resources of the community, and the price to the actual consumer, would be, in the case above-mentioned, 75 per cent. less than commercial cost.

If I have made myself clear you will see that credit-issue and price-making are the positive and negative aspects of the same thing, and we can only control the economic situation by controlling both of them—not one at a time, but both together, and, in order to do this, it is necessary to transfer the basis of the credit-system entirely away from currency, on which it now rests, to useful productive capacity. The issue of credit instruments will then not result in an expansion of money for the same or a diminishing amount of goods, which is inflation, but in an expansion of goods for the same or a diminishing amount of money, which is deflation.

I may perhaps be permitted to end on a greater note. The present mal-administration of credit results in increasingly embittered struggles for markets. Unless it is remedied, war is inevitable—and the next great war will destroy this civilisation.

The opening articles of this series have produced a letter from Mrs. Dora F. Kerr containing various questions that I will take in the sequence in which they were put. First, then, says Mrs. Kerr, I appear to suggest that one should take two instinct principles as bases of all activity, those of individual-life preservation and of race preservation. I thought, as a matter of fact, that this was just what I had not done. What I actually did was to say metaphorically that the sexual and self-preservational instincts were like the two halves of a building that never met. However, Mrs. Kerr continues, "this ultra simplification of instinct as dual is misleading in regard to the developments of the life and brain-activity of all vertebrates and even of less complex lives. All animals feeding, all young things claiming food from parents, all wild animals hunting others, are hungering or following up a memory of hunger-urge." "Surely the bee is not quite the creature of circumstance that is postulated in 'Specific Response,' Jan. 15; its knowledge of blue flowers evidently surpasses that of most of us, and is attributable to 'inherited experience,' as instinct has been called." Well, there are several confusions here that need resolution. If we wanted a "simplification of instinct," we should go to the foundation of our house, which is just the instinct to be, which is libido. And from this spring the two sides of the house, to be by preserving oneself and by preserving one's species, in this function of mental sense, not only the bee, but everything and everyone else, is a most decided "creature of circumstance."; the particular circumstance being that mode, tone, or colouring of libido that objectifies itself as bee, man, or whatnot. I do not see how I can put this any more plainly than was done in the article to which Mrs. Kerr refers. Where she has made her misunderstanding is in the assumption that instinct is inherited experience. The dubiousness of this assumption has been fully demonstrated by Jung; and the example he chooses for this purpose ("British Journal of Psychology," Vol. X, Pt. I) is the Yucca moth, which once in its life-time lays its egg in a flower of the Yucca plant in most complex fashion, thereby also fertilising the plant, which in its turn ensures the development of the young insects. From this he draws the conclusion that instinct is a "teleological impulse towards a highly complicated action"; and the action is life, to be and to perpetuate itself. But that is not necessarily true, any more than the term thing as a repetition of inherited experience. It implies that the highly complicated action is a potentiality and function of the teleological impulse. It may help Mrs. Kerr if I suggest that consciousness is not necessarily of one universally standardised sameness, but may vary in degree and mode according to that manifestation of libido of which it is an aspect. There is no question of inheritance in Mrs. Kerr's sense to be considered at all.

Let us go on and try to find my correspondent's main point. She produces examples that human consciousness cat-playing to Elizabethans writing drama—always with the assumption that consciousness is identical in each case—and says, "I ask therefore should we not, in enumerating basic instincts, add to (1) the underlying instinct of which the 'purpose' is eating or avoiding being eaten, and (2) the instinct which impels a cat finding a mate and impels to succouring children and comrades, a third (3) the play-instinct, which is creative (as Froebel told us), and the origin of all art?... and this has marvellous alliances with both the food-and-shelter-seeking instincts and the sexual instincts." Well, when a cat plays with something, its behaviour is the same as when it plays with a mouse; and when it plays with somebody, who can say more than that its manifestations of like and dislike towards an individual are indubitably expressions of self-preservation instinct? At any rate, whatever else the cat may or may not be doing, I do not see that it is creating anything, unless anyone would like to say that it is creating an atmosphere necessary for its preservation and perpetuation. I would remind Mrs. Kerr here that Mr. Orage in his book on consciousness has already drawn the distinction between the animal and human consciousness; that animal consciousness is surface and that human consciousness is "that surface folded over in such a manner that each part reflects the other." So it cannot be considered as proven that animal play necessitates any further postulation of instinct other than sexual and self-preservation, the urge to be, to grow, to divide.

When we come to the question of playwrights, we must convict Mrs. Kerr of more confusion, and point out that here we have left the animal, and are dealing with a phenomenon of human consciousness. And in the particular matter of artistic production we have left the sphere of instinct, and are at the other end of the unconscious scale, which is intuition, the roof of our metaphorical house. There should be no necessity to exemplify this. It is true enough that intuition and instinct have "marvellous alliances" with one another—in man; and the principle underlying this is to be found in the dark saying, "Demon est deus inversus." But an Interplay between the two does not necessarily imply an identity of the two, except in the very last synthesis, when, of course, the two as two are non-existent. It is true also that the activity of some "artists" is pure egocentricity, but that, again, is neither here nor there in this connection. So I cannot see why or where we should introduce any more instincts into psychology. On the contrary, so far as theory is concerned, it is, in a sense, advisable to reduce the two instincts we began with, to one, the urge of libido to life, objectivity. It is not really too big a strain on the word instinct, "teleological impulse."
Mrs. Kerr goes on to other matters, "I also ask why Byron, Blake, and the Shakespeare group are suggested as our first teachers or pioneers in psycho-analysis. " Because, in the case of this country, they were the most suitable poets to suggest. A poet is more in touch with the unconscious than anyone else, and is the scientist's forerunner. " Byron showed up social hypocrisies, subconscious." Yes, and he wrote "Don Juan," and "Manfred," and "Heaven and Earth," and was the greatest force in our last group of poets. Blake drew pictures of noble and ignoble in social life." I am sure I am very sorry, but I was always under the impression that he wrote "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," some myths, some lyrics, some epigrams, and in general worked by the unconscious. I am positive I have a book containing these things and his name on the title page. "Shakespeare but scantly answered his own question, 'Tell me where is Fancy bred?' Tennyson in his line, 'Things seen are mightier than things heard,' gave more help to the student of psychology, and so does even the proverb: 'Beauty is in the eye of the gazer.'" Well, well!

Mrs. Kerr's last question is a really interesting one. "In his article," she says, "on 'The Freudian and the Adlerian,' Dr. Alcock discusses the classification of character kinds into two types; and goes on to quote with more approval a division of types into three—harmony or goodness, motion or action, and inertia or dulness. Does he consider this triad classification more useful to the practical psychologist than the triad recognised in training schools: Feeling, Knowing, and Willing?" From a practical point of view I do not see that the second triad is of much use without the first. When any individual develops neurosis, whatever else it may mean, it certainly means that he is out of joint, not harmonised. Of his will, knowledge, and feeling, either one, or two, or all three, instead of being in a state of rhythm, are in a state either of motion or inertia. "Now harmony prevails, having overpowered motion and inertia. Now motion, having overpowered harmony and inertia; and now inertia, having overpowered harmony and motion." This gives an energetic turn to the picture as presented by the training schools, that to the psycho-analyst, makes all the difference between a live sheep and dead mutton.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Smith and Jones.

II.

SMITH: Since I saw you, Jones, a further objection to your idea of bringing down prices below cost has occurred to me. I admit its possibility; I admit its value in stimulating production; and I can even conceive the Government's being at last convinced that they won't overtake them. Many more safeguards before it finally carries you to Utopia. For example, you say that Robinson's wages would be doubled. Jones: Far more than doubled, I should say.

S.: But suppose he has not the same nominal wages? At present, wages are being forced higher and higher in order to overtake prices; well, I'll agree with you that it doesn't look as if they ever will overtake them. But if prices suddenly came down with a run, wouldn't wages naturally follow them down, and still faster—in which case Robinson would be no better off than before? For one thing, the incentive for the Unions to keep them at their present level would have gone; for another . . . (pauses).

J.: . . . or to their friends— they have a slight tendency to fall below the level at which a man can exist; though perhaps you wouldn't have finished your sentence quite in those words. Well, why would your friends wish to cut wages (if they could) at present? To bring down costs. And why should they want to bring down costs? Either to bring down prices and undersell the man over the way, or to increase their profits by selling at the same price as before. Now, under the new system the "incentive" to increase profits in this way would have gone; because it couldn't be done. A decrease in costs, whether by lowering Robinson's wages or not, would be immediately reflected in a decrease of price, by which Robinson would benefit. Further, you couldn't lower prices at will in order to cut out another man; for a fall in prices caused by the lowering of the total costs in an industry would be applied to the whole of the industry and would affect the man over the way as much as yourself—remember that price-fixing is to be the State's affair, not yours. So you would find that to reduce Robinson's wages would do you no good at all, even at a board-meeting; for your shareholders would hardly admire an abatement of working expenses for its own sake, unless it were accompanied by a larger dividend.

S.: But mightn't it be? For prices wouldn't necessarily be lowered by the amount of Robinson's wages, and the difference when spread over the industry might represent a small fraction of those wages. I can conceive Robinson's purchasing power being effectively lessened in certain contingencies.

J.: That of course is true, and one remedy would be the same as at present—action by the Union to ensure that real wages were not lowered. But the question would be more or less a matter of exact calculation, on the basis of the periodical audits; and you would find that most disputes of that sort could be settled over the table, especially as the owners would gain no personal advantage by standing out.

S.: But not all settlements would be so easy. Real wages can be indirectly as well as directly lowered. Suppose there were, in a particular industry, a considerable increase in the total costs of production, due to large borrowings on credit, whether to float new businesses or to extend old ones. We agreed that such loans, by cheapening the value of money, would increase the costs, quite apart from the interest to be paid on them, which would also be included. Now, though, as you said, its teeth are drawn by omitting it from the table, especially as the owners would gain no personal advantage by standing out.

J.: Admirably reasoned, Smith, and I congratulate you on the speed with which you have learned the language of the new economics. And I gladly admit what you say. In fact, I go further; for the chief danger, in my opinion, is the hold that your friend the banker might still continue to have over industry—which doesn't merely lie in the increase of costs. Do you remember my original objection to paying for your machinery as well as for my boots? That objection will be partly met by our reduction of price, which now at any rate excludes the machinery . . .

S. (interrupting): And I suppose you will be kind enough to leave the machinery to me now, instead of claiming it for the public?

J.: Well, my point is that it wouldn't be yours any more than ours, wherever the rights of the matter may lie. You put it up on credit—that is, you borrow money for it, whether from the bank or your shareholders, to whom you pay interest or dividends. See how really near the plant from them, if you come to think of it. You look round on your machines and think you own them all: but, on the one hand, if Robinson and the rest
refused to work on them, they would be of no more value than old iron, and, on the other, if the stream of credit dried up, you would probably find it difficult even to keep them in repair, to say nothing of extending them. And as your actual capital is only a fraction of the amount you really use, which is represented by your credit, you are in a way holding your capital in trust for its real masters, the people who issue credit to you; and they lay a dead hand on all your improvements.

S.: You admitted last time that credit is vital to my business, and yet now you do nothing but abuse it. What's the matter with you?

J.: This—that as you must have credit; in other words, as you must hold your capital in trust for somebody, the best way is to hold it in trust—not for a set of people who make use of it, and of you, for their own profit—but for the community, and especially for that part of the community which helps to keep it going: I mean the people to whom you pay wages and salaries for turning the machines and managing them.

S.: Well, I don't see how I'm to do that—unless they set you up a rival bank!

J.: Why shouldn't they?—ADRIAN COLLINS.

**Drama.**

By John Francis Hope.

I had intended to write about Miss Sydney Fairbrother's performance in “The Young Person In Pink” —but what can I say of such perfect low-comedy acting except that it is perfect? The play is excessively feminine: there are only two men in it (and one of those is an actor-manager!), and I find more than two women on the stage at the same time very tiresome. They develop what I call the “harem” style and tone—^—and evermore they bibble-babble of every matter, and make it nice”—and all that a man can remember of such a show are the performances of those who have sufficient character not to be mere women. Miss Mary Brough as “The Woman with Balloons” and Miss Fairbrother as “The Clergyman’s Widow” remain in the memory as fine examples of low-comedy acting—the rest is lingerie and prudery.

I turn to Mr. Lennox Robinson’s comedy* and want to see it acted. It was produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in 1916, and London is entitled to it now. It is called a comedy, but is strictly a farce; it is a perfectly serious treatment of a ridiculous subject, and its mechanical perfection of structure, its logical use of cumulative effect, produces the extreme effect of farce. Unlike most farces, it is conceived and executed in the “naturalist” tradition; the ball is set rolling in the simplest manner. The white-headed boy, his mother’s darling, returns from Dublin, having failed for the third time to pass his qualifying examination as a doctor. His brother’s patience is exhausted, and he turns on the mother in his wrath. “From the day he was born, hasn’t everything been given to him? Look at the whips of money laid by on his education. He was too grand and too clever to be sent to the National School like the rest of us—poor Mr. Lacy didn’t know enough to teach him; oh no! he had to go into the city every day, to learn all about the Christian Brothers. Look at Kate there, worn and grey before her time, an old maid. Wouldn’t she have married ten years ago to Jer Connor only we hadn’t a penny to give with her, it all being kept for the laddo, to send him to college. Trinity College, nothing less would be fitting, of course. And what’s there to show for it all? Nothing at all. He doesn’t even pass his examinations. What’s keeping Jane from marrying Donough, only Denis? What’s keeping Baby at home, and she mad to be learning up in Dublin, only Denis? What’s keeping us straitened and pinched and saving, only Denis, Denis, Denis? But the old horse learns its lesson in the end, and I’ve learnt mine. Not another red halfpenny will be get from me. You can tell him that.

But one cannot abolish the consequences of years of action by simple fiat, one cannot abuse “the pride of the family” without bringing down the family; and Mr. Robinson’s play develops the unsuspected consequences of George’s decision. He will pay Denis’ fare to Canada, and no more; but Jones (that as the family tells the neighbours that Denis is going to a first-class job in Canada. But Denis happens to be engaged to Delia Dully, and her father comes to insist that he shall marry Delia before he goes—or be sued for breach of promise. As Denis would have no case, and has nothing but debts, the damages would have to be paid by the family—apart from the damaging publicity given to their internal affairs. Having lied to Dully about Denis’ grand position, they try to retrieve their error by telling him the truth; he will not believe; and the main plot develops by their efforts to make him forgo the action. First they try to make Denis marry the girl—but Denis reacts to the changed situation. “Haven’t I agreed to everything you’ve planned for me all my life through? To-night I agreed to go to Canada because it’s your wish: I agreed to break with Delia. Now you want me to take Delia off to Canada, without a position, without a place to go to, with a few pounds in my pocket that wouldn’t keep us for a month. Put the idea out of your head; I’ll not do it. There’s things I’ll submit to myself, but I won’t ask Delia to share them.” Nothing remains but to get Dully to forgo his action; and the aunt, a former sweetheart of his, is given the job, with instructions that there are to be no “compromises or settlements, no surrender.”

She does her best to butter Dully, but he is as hard as a frosted-bitten potato—besides, he reckons to make a thousand pounds from the case. She offers him fifty and a peck of wisdom about litigation with poor people—but he shrugs it off. When he sees that she is ready for a deal he counter-offers; if she will give him a hundred pounds down, and marry him before Shrove, he will withdraw his action. She hesitates, is lost, signs the cheque, signs a promise to marry him, and swears him to secrecy. George returns and offers him two hundred pounds; Dully accepts—yet swears him to secrecy. Mrs. Geoghegan hands him a letter, secretly, containing more banknotes—and at the end of the second act Dully has three hundred and twenty pounds and a promise of marriage to a woman of some substance.

And then Denis will not go to Canada at all. He gets a job to drive a steam-roller in the village, marries Delia, and takes lodgings in some stuffy little place in the village. The dénouement is complete: everybody has been put in the wrong by the first independent action that Denis apparently has performed in his life. But by marrying Delia he has made himself the servant of two families; there are two families whose pride has to be maintained, and Dully himself offers him the £320 not to disgrace the lot of them by driving the steam-roller and living in lodgings in a little house. But Denis wants to be free—although he had signed away his freedom not an hour before. His wife closes with one of the offers, to make him manager of a new co-operative shop, assures him that she “will look after the shop, he’ll never be asked to do a hand’s turn in it!”; she collects the £320 from the first independent action by simple fiat, with the exception that Dully makes Aunt Ellen marry him, nobody achieves his purpose. George had intended to reform Denis by making him work—and he has married a wife who will not let him work; George had intended to give some of the other members of his family, and himself, a chance to realise their desires with the money that had formerly been spent on Denis

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* "The White-Headed Boy." By Lennox Robinson. (The Talbot Press. 3s. 6d. net.)
— and at one swoop two hundred and twenty pounds has gone to Denis as a dowry. Denis had, for a flash, wanted to do what he liked with his own life—and his wife pushed him back into dependence on his worshippers. Baby cannot go to Dublin, Jane cannot marry Donough, Peter—who was to have had the managership—commentary on his characters and (their activities, commentary preserves, for me at least, the illusion that in his (the drama) there is hardly a made phrase in it, directions (Enter So-and-SO, L.). he keeps up a comic intention is realised by the relations established between the speakers. It is an actor-proof play, so perfectly made that it will, in the slang of the stage, play itself; and its effect on an audience must be immediate and hilarious. A very pleasing feature of the play in its printed form is Mr. Robinson’s device for making it readable; instead of writing ordinary stage directions (Exit Kate, L.), he keeps up a flow of commentary on his characters and their activities, plays chorus to them, in fact. When the mother asks: Kate to bring the toasting-fork, for example, he does not write: “Exit Kate, L.” but “(Kate’s off to the kitchen now. Aren’t I after telling you she’s a great help to her mother?)” This cursive style of commentary preserves, for me at least, the illusion of looking at life that the drama requires; it retains the sense of the theatre in the study, and I think it would be of considerable help to the actors in studying their parts. I hope to see “The White-Headed Boy” played in London very soon.

Readers and Writers.

My first act on resuming these notes after an interval of over five years is to recur to a topic which I raised in The New Age on Sept. 3, 1914. “I wonder,” I wrote on that date, “what effect the war will have on the position of the German language and literature in England. Any change that does take place must be a rise in status...” Well, it is certain that there are now more Englishmen capable of ordering their lunch in German than when I made that conjecture; and German literature is not doing so badly, either. Thus the “Times Literary Supplement” for the last months past has unfortunately devoted more attention to German books than it was ever known to do in the brave days of old. Not only that, but the volumes dealt with (except the military works) are reviewed with ability. A recent criticism, for example, of “Casanova’s Heimfahrt,” one of Schnitzler’s later tales, was especially well done.

I will leave others to attempt an explanation of these phenomena. Similar phenomena may be observed elsewhere too. Without the aid of optical instruments. My naked eye, for instance, has managed to detect a work entitled “Theodor Fontane: A Critical Study,” by Kenneth Hayens, M.A., Lecturer in German Language and Literature, University College, Dundee. This is a detailed study of a German novelist—we, mark you, who are still waiting for an adequate manual of the mere rudiments of modern German literature. It is like a beginner on the piano being taken straight from the compositions of Ezra Read to the Scherzos of Chopin.

However, this is not the fault of Mr. Hayens, and his work will be judged as if no such gaps existed. It is evident that he has thoroughly absorbed the spirit of German criticism. That is to say, he is an expert at applying gauge and foot-rule to literary products, and computing their density, specific gravity, atomic weight, and what not. As a result we get such flashes of insight as these:—“Asterisks as a divisional mark are very rarely employed...” The use of asterisks to divide the conventional limits of a group does not find favour here...” (pp. 50-51). “Subdivision of chapters by means of asterisks occurs in the three novels. Asterisks are not employed to mark a new atmosphere in the same scene or the entrance of a new character creating a new situation...” (p. 93). “Asterisks are used in both novels to sub-divide chapters. ...” (p. 143). “Asterisk divisions are employed in both novels. ...” (p. 228). “Asterisks are employed for the subdivision of chapters. ...” (p. 243).

Here we have the typographical school of criticism imparting its profound lessons. This is how Mr. Hayens marches round the novels of Fontane and blows his trumpets, like the Israelites before Jericho, except that in this case nothing happens. For Mr. Hayens demolishes no walls, nor does he build them up. When he ventures outside the bounds of printers’ pie, he stumbles along through a network of tentative, hesitant sentences which contain more qualifications than their writer. I have said that Mr. Hayens has thoroughly absorbed the spirit of German criticism, but this is rather unjust. The critic himself makes it clear which for several years has been slowly evaporating, and the failure of Mr. Hayens to sum up essential matters in a concise formula compares unfavourably with the ability of such a critic as Albert Soergel, whose ten pages on Fontane in his “Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit” convey more information than the whole of this book. Nothing about asterisks there!

Fontane spent a long time in England, and his English impressions are worth reading. In 1915 a selection of them was reissued by the Berlin firm of Fischer as a shilling volume entitled “The English Character. To-day as Yesterday,” and superscribed with the following twaddle: “Since our enemy’s name is England and nothing is more urgent for us than to know our opponent, it was a stroke of luck that we were able to turn up the ‘Summer in London,’ by Theodor Fontane, who seventy years ago, in spite of all admiration, expressed his foreboding of the twilight of the gods which would come upon the world-empires.” (This is the nearest I can get to Fischer’s business manager’s prose style.) “Since the Hayens have placed Fontane’s works in an illuminating perspective it appears to me that a new situation. ...” (“Asterisks are used in both novels to sub-divide chapters...” (p. 243).

It is estimated that France lost nearly four hundred writers in the war. Of these the most prominent were Charles Péguy, Ernest Pêcheri, G. Apollinaire, Gauthier-Ferrière, Robert d’Humieres, and Charles Muller, who was part-author of those admirable parodies entitled “A Manière de...” It is improbable that any of these 400 men would have lost less than this. But the death of Richard Dehmel on February 8 of this year was a loss to more than Germany. When he died, one or two English papers did homage to him in respectable, all-too-respectable notices. Dehmel was certainly a great poet. The only other Germans since Heine who can be ranked with him are Liliencron, now dead for several years, R. M. Rilke and Stefan George, who are still alive. Much of Dehmel’s work was the tortuous product of sexual obsession, and although it would be doubly unfair to call him the D. H. Lawrence of Germany, the comparison will serve as a sign-post. There is, at least, a cragginess of language that the two have in common which, in the case of Dehmel, sometimes attains immensity. Yet he could also achieve the delicate lyricism of his famous “Helle Nacht,” a translation from Verlaine. This exquisite piece, which has run throughout the anthologies and emerged unimpaired from the ordeal, shows that the German language can
be effectively employed for other purposes than text-books on thermo-dynamics. Yes, Dehmel was a great poet, and the first reading of such a book as the "Transformations of Venus" must have been a literary experience to hundreds of young men.

"Das Literarische Echo" for April 15 quotes some recent reminiscences of Dehmel and Strindberg by Carl Ludwig Schmidt. About the year 1892 Dehmel and his circle were in the toils of naturalism, while Strindberg was more than dipping into mysticism. This divergence in literary tendencies was responsible for a recent exchange of sagacities. One of them was: "The Black Sucking-Pig" must have been a literary experience to hundreds of young men.

Dehmel left the meeting in a huff, and about an hour later Strindberg, who had grown very silent, also went. He returned towards nightfall. (Some of the patrons of "The Black Sucking-Pig" were in the toils of naturalism, while Strindberg had grown very silent, also went. He returned towards nightfall."

On one occasion, Strindberg completely lost his temper, . . . he railed upon the whole of naturalism with a voice of thunder and the gestures of a Jupiter, and bellowed at Dehmel (whom he always called 'The Wild Man'): 'That's just it. . . . You are police-court reporters of street events, detectors of everyday life,' etc. (In his excitement, Strindberg appears to have broken quite important rules of German syntax.)

In a recent article on J. S. Machar's "Jail" I have already dealt with what seems to me the most remarkable war-product of Czech literature. The Czechs have been fortunate, not only in gaining their independence, but in keeping the ranks of their most able writers nearly intact. Thus, the foundation of the Czechoslovak Republic has been witnessed by Bezruč, Sova, Brezina (now, I believe, granted a pension by the Government, and living in Slovakia), Karel Toman (appointed Keeper of the Parliamentary Records), and Machar himself, who is Inspector-General of the Czechoslovak Army. And the list might be extended. But the war-time conditions in the late Austrian Empire shortened the lives of Czech writers—De Cecco Karásek and Otakar Theer. Dr. Karásek died at Vienna on July 2nd, 1916, at the age of forty-eight, and his end was hastened, so I am credibly informed, by the rigours of Austrian life at that period. He was a literary critic who treated even semi-academic subjects with the fervour of an artist. His learning in Slavonic matters was enormous, and the results of his wide reading have been partially left on record in various publications. He wrote not only in Czech, but in Serbian and German as well, and one of his most admirable works is a German "History of Slavonic Literatures" which covers a unique ground. It is now ten years since I first came across this book, but the stimulating influence of the fresh perspectives it opens is as strong as ever. The curiously un-German style (German words grouped against a faintly discernible background of Slavonic cadence and idiom) is, in itself, full of artless charm. When I came to meet Dr. Karásek's personal acquaintance, I discovered the same captivating simplicity in the man himself. These associations make it difficult for me to confine myself here to the unadorned phraseology of a literary record. But if I write a memoir of this man who was my friend and teacher, it must be elsewhere.

Otakar Theer, who died at a hospital in Prague on December 20, 1917, under similar circumstances, I also knew personally. There is a brief note upon his work and a translation of one of his poems in "Readers and Writers" for February 5, 1914. Theer was only thirty-eight when he died, and his evolution as a poet was probably still incomplete. Even in his last volume of poems, "Defiance," published in 1916 (it is, by the way, an astonishingly sumptuous volume), there is much that is experimental. His workmanship was deliberate and conscientious—as I know from his letters to me—and he published only a few volumes at lengthy intervals. His poetry was strongly, often tragically subjective. Rhythmically he was an innovator, but amid the sombre ruggedness of his irregular strophes he inserted a few poems which are wisps of sheer melody set in an exquisite form.

His last work was "Faethon," a drama in the Greek manner, and a collection of his literary remains has recently been issued in a memorial volume. The following poem from "Defiance" is typical of Theer, and seems therefore appropriate to this brief notice of his work:

Spake my heart unto my will:
Why rackest thou me, that I ne'er am still?
Why snappest my growth, and my leafage wrest?
Why marrest the song in each topmost nest?

I desire to clutch dizzy sweet breath of spring,
I desire unto summer my branches to fling,
I desire to front a sun-lit lily, rustle, flower,
I desire a sun-gold, a star-silver dower.

Spake my will unto my heart:
It bides thee well, pampered thing that thou art!
Yearlong from bliss to bliss didst thou stray;
But for me, thou wouldst know nor sorrow nor sway.

Are we horn for struggle, or born for dream?
Are we water and vapour, or hill-top and gleam?

I am mistress, thou'rt slave, hand am I, thing art thou,
At my bidding, as taper in tempest to bow.

I am unwilling to extend this series of obituary notices, and my only excuse (valid enough though, I think) is the long period which has elapsed since I last wrote in my present capacity. However, I will select and abridge. (I assume that it is hardly necessary to refer in detail to Emile Faguet, Remy de Gourmont, and Stuart Merrill, who died in the course of 1915 and 1916.) The death of Ivan Franko, at the age of sixty, on May 28, 1916, was a serious loss to Ukrainian literature. His versatility and productiveness as a novelist, dramatist, poet, translator, and scholar recall the achievements of Vrchlicky in Czech literature. The significance of the two was, indeed, analogous. Both extended the capacities and resources of their native languages, and thus prepared the way for the new generation who succeeded them.

Franko was a Galician, and the record of his relations with the Poles is not exactly one of the most glorious chapters in Polish history, imprisonment and boycott being the main features of the affair. The value of Franko's tales from Galicia is more ethnographical than artistic, and in the same way his poetry is, from a non-Ukrainian point of view, liberal rather than great in spirit. But the man himself was great—the next greatest Ukrainian after Shevchenko.

Finally, I must refer to Lucian Rydel, whose death last year deprived the Poles of a prominent contemporary poet. During the war the advance of the Russians in Galicia caused him to take refuge at Prague. Upon the liberation of Cracow he returned home, but died soon after, still under fifty. His inspiration was derived largely from popular songs, and his drama, "The Enchanted Circle," depends for its effectiveness upon this popular tone. To a large extent, the same is true of his poems. On the other hand, he wrote decorative sonnets bearing probably more than a chance resemblance to Hérédia, while Verlaine may have had something to do with such a poem as the following:—
I cannot recall that this grandmother has ever mentioned her family. She once mentioned working in a mill after some crisis or other. If the family stole horses I am certain that no legal machinery would have extracted "any change out of her." At the age of 90 she and her mother, who must have been by that time 98 (exactitude is no matter when one reaches these legendary numbers), lived in Montana, not together, but each alone in her cabin with a good two miles of veldt between them. From her presumably I derived my respect for the human being as an individual, and my dislike of herding, and of the encroachment of one personality upon another in the sty of the family.

I can remember no phrase of hers save that once in a discussion of conduct, she said: "Harve was like that." The statement ended the matter. The Italian "Cosi son io," is a priceless heritage from the renaissance, but it is egocentric and possibly inferior to my grandmother's recognition of the demarcation and rights of personality.

Thadeus taught school; was expert in penmanship; "took up," as I believe from copy of a manual found in our trunkroom (Anglice, boxroom), phrenology; also spiritualism, had some credit for a healing touch, and performed, I believe, in company with his brother Albert, a tour of spiritual or magnetic healing and demonstration; all of which goes to show that while Henry James was having his so modulated breakfasts in Half Moon Street, and irritating Gustave Flaubert, and, on the whole, acquiring just the right tone, the picturesque novel was still being lived in the less tonal parts of his fatherland.

And if medieval culture was sporadic and unorganised, I have also the "India inks" of the juridical horse-thieves to show that at least one artist had in the wilderness attained no inconceivable proficiency. Whether this form of portraiture was due to lack of ivory for miniature, I do not know, but the technique is that of the excellent miniature school; the heads are unsigned. One date; whether of one artist on tour, or whether this ink was a recognised and widely used medium. Further to the east there existed a painter, who, if my memory of one portrait serves me, must have been as good as, say, Raeburn, and who painted rather in the olivette tones of Wm. Page.

Thadeus ascended into lumbering; he had, that is, a store from which he ministered to the material needs of Scandinavians employed by him to thin out virgin forests of Wisconsin. Companies of this sort paid all or part of their wages in token coinage good only in the company's "store." Thadeus entered these regions before cultural pressure was very great; aborigines still strolled through the settlement at Chippewa Falls; my father had one for a nurse. Thadeus appears to have amassed and disamassed considerable sums of money at one period or another. He undoubtedly fostered the advance of civilisation, had his name in large brass letters on the front of a locomotive; was probably president of the Wisconsin railway or some such corporation, owning enough track to insure free passes over all other then existing American railroads.

"Logging," I take it, requires about beaver's intelligence; and like most other "rough life" and menial occupations, presents no interest that retains any higher intelligence over a fortnight; it, like other labour, is performed by servile classes, or by men who have not the brains to do anything else without intolerable mental fatigue, a mental fatigue more torturing than that of the body. Trees are felled, large logs dragged to the water's edge, tangle or "jams" often with ice as a complication, require a certain technique in their disentanglement, are or were brought by large rafts floated down stream to saw-rails or shipping points. The lumberman was reputed to perform marvels of legedeped, standing upright upon the single floating
job. He owned in latter 'eighties a few silver mines in "The Rockies" which were "jumped," and fell into a litigation which was finally decided in his favour too late for the decision to be of any use whatsoever. He owned still a farm, but had to hire the hands of milk-cows exercised maleficient influence upon both the farm and the milk-route. He retained even then a spring of the purest water known to man, christened "laughing water" after Hiawatha's beloved.

The ability to regard possibilities rather than facts which had served him in foreseeing a wilderness irrigated, still assisted him, he continued to see 'millions in it.'" Powdered alum caused no precipitation of sediment in the water of Chippewa spring; no other liquid would, or for all I know will yet stand this rigorous catechism.

The pulpable results were a few cases of the by-products, ginger-ale and cherry-phosphate, supplied free from the factory, but with cartage charges (1,800 miles) which inflicted any economy. There lay also in our cellars two cases of the fat two-quart bottles of water; it was uninteresting, it tasted only like water.

Thadeus remained, I believe, an excellent conversationalist to the end. At his death the State legislature passed commemorative and complimentary resolutions.

Habit, Prejudice, and Knowledge.

By Jan Gordon.

The perception of beauty in an object, as we have seen, lies in the recognition of two properties, the purpose of the object and the possession of certain abstract relationships, colour, form, and so on, which have the power of awakening pleasure or distaste.

We are hindered in the immediate recognition of these qualities by the operation of desirability (too often confused with beauty itself) and the power of the brain in dictating to the eye what shall be perceived. Is desirability, however, the only other factor in the recognition of beauty? Do we then freely make our choice, or do we not rather often borrow judgments from other people and impose them upon our own tastes? Obviously the latter is often the case. Desirability itself is not solely under the control of the life purpose, it is controlled by the opinions of other people.

Let us imagine a white male baby stolen by Chinamen, and, unknowing himself to be of European parentage, brought up in a Chinese village till the age of twenty. Naturally he would acquire the habits and outlook of the Chinaman. Certain racial traits would remain, purely physiological tendencies would persist, certain parts of his brain would be starved, others perhaps be over-stimulated; but apparently in habits, customs, thoughts and preferences he would be Chinese. If he had a taste for the arts he would like Chinese painting, literature or music, as the case may be. He would deplore the shape of his face, the colour of his skin and hair. He would be shy of trying to invite, for his ugliness, amorous glances from the Chinese maidens.

At the age of twenty, rescued and brought back to Europe, his European parentage recognised, he would for a long while retain his Chinese outlook. Probably he would never quite eradicate the instincts which his early training had implanted; his process towards the Europeanising of himself, in spite of the aid which his physiological structure must lend him, would be difficult. In moments of impulse he would
tend to revert to Oriental standards of judgment. To such a man, accustomed to painting in the flat, the beauty of a Rembrandt, or of a Velasquez, would for a long while be beyond the widest variations. As soon as we recognise a new purpose in any object, then we realise that it must necessitate a new form in which to achieve that purpose; the permutations of the senses are illimitable. But habit is limited. Habit demands that things should always be as we have hitherto experienced them. "What farmer's son don't know, farmer's son won't eat." Every advance in civilisation, as Wilde points out, has been made in opposition to habit. Habit has stoned the prophets and crucified the Christ. Education, which we profess to admire, is the beginning of the barrier drawn by the habits of thought; civilisation but a widening of the habits of behaviour. Habit is prejudice, the judgment before the evidence. Verdicts due to habit, though in reality almost the most universal verdicts given, are of no value whatever.

When we look back over the centuries of man's existence we see the full value of the workings of habit. We see things then deemed ugly which to-day are considered beautiful; other things which to-day are thought commonplace then held for sublime. The twanging of three strings was the music of the gods; the mountains and the wild parts of Nature which we treasure and are shunned; the experts pastoral landscape which to-day seems almost dull was the jewel of Nature. The great ruins of the past were pulled down to be the foundations of new temples or of mere dwelling-houses; ornaments of iron appraised more exquisite than those of gold. All through the ages habits of mind and of circumstances are interwoven in the arts of the peoples. In ancient Egypt, because a king endeavoured to introduce into art that realism which to-day is so passionately defended, his dynasty was overthrown. The habit of an age had to be weakened before Beethoven's last works could be appreciated; habit stormed, raged, cursed, and waved umbrellas before the pictures of the impressionists at the famous salon which many years ago returned. "I've had that picture of yours hanging up on my wall all this time. I hated it at first, but now I like it very much now. Would you please let me have another, only one more difficult." In this illustration is an example of the prejudicial judgment reversing its decision because of a sufficient acquaintance. The lady was quite sincere is attested by the fact that she was paying hard cash to support her opinion; the expense of the first picture was a tribute to artistic snobbery, but the purchase of the second was a genuine tribute to the power of the artist.

One day a lady called upon a painter of my acquaintance. She said: "I do not like your work, sir, but I believe it is the thing to have one of your pictures. Would you kindly choose me out a good one." The painter, being somewhat amused and very much in need, chose her a good example of his work, which she paid for and took away with her. But she did not return. "I've had that picture of yours hanging up on my wall all this time. I hated it at first, but I like it very much now. Would you please let me have another, only one more difficult." In this illustration is an example of the prejudicial judgment reversing its decision because of a sufficient acquaintance. That the lady was quite sincere is attested by the fact that she was paying hard cash to support her opinion; the expense of the first picture was a tribute to artistic snobbery, but the purchase of the second was a genuine tribute to the power of the artist.

It is said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing; this proverb is exemplified by the people who in art galleries dismiss beauty in favour of significance, expression and the other shibboleths. But knowledge is only dangerous when it tempts us to form pedantic decisions and causes us to adopt an attitude of mental arrogance towards the subject known knowledge, however minute, which leads us towards broad-mindedness and sympathy is by no means dangerous: it is beneficial so long as it is not used for presumption. But knowledge, even if great, does not permit us to judge from itself. The sense of beauty arises from a perception; it has its being in the sensation of pleasure aroused. No matter how profound our knowledge may become aware of the beauty of the frog until we have cleared our mind of the habit which sees the frog as a grotesque humanity (a habit impressed upon us by the story-books of our childhood). To penetrate the secret of the subtleties which the frog may reveal, somebody must point out to us—or we may discover for ourselves if we have a sufficient mental activity—the quality of its proportions, the beauty of its curves and the peculiar virtues of its activities. With this knowledge balancing our semi-conscious prejudices we may then determine for ourselves, with some show of justice, what the frog has to us of beauty. If we have, willy-nilly, our habits in the one scale, there must be in the other either a conscious desire to understand, a will to enjoy, or a knowledge of general principles which will balance those habits of mind. Justice cannot swing true with the one scale empty.

We must then be aware of what we are to seek, that beauty in one form is not necessarily beauty in another. We should be humble rather than arrogant before any new problem of beauty which is presented to us, and should approach it not in an authoritative mood, but in a receptive. We should be conscious that, if others see a beauty which we do not recognise, there may be in us a lack of some kind. There is, however, a danger in a too vivid consciousness of this. We should be ready to learn, not over-ready to judge, but our final judgments must be our own. To h guard lip-worship to the decisions of others—a verbal agreement when there is no real response in us—is hypocrisy of only too common a nature.
be, the mere knowing does not permit us to judge. There is doubtless many a horse-dealer with a perfect knowledge of the equine qualities necessary to perfection who has never felt the thrill which arises from a recognition of the animal’s beauty; and many an art-dealer who, give you chapter and verse concerning the most recondite schools of European painting estimates the beauty of a picture in direct ratio to the profits which accrue from it. Knowledge only puts us into a position to appreciate because it stiles prejudice; the final judgment, as I have said before, must come from a personal and unique recognition; from a sensual reaction which, once recognised, is irresistible. Often a little knowledge is as useful as much; complete innocence both of knowledge and of prejudice is as valuable as either, possibly more honest. Tolstoi says that the peasant is the finest judge of art, and the truth which lies in this not wholly accurate statement is due to the innocence and lack of prejudice in artistic matters which the peasant possesses. The power of prejudice makes the artist himself often a bad art critic. There is a necessity concentrate upon that form of beauty which is most near to his desires. He must concentrate fiercely and exclusively on the narrow problem: the more genial he is the less interest he will probably take in questions which do not immediately touch him or his art. He thus judges pictures for what of them he contains. Those which contain nothing of his nature he rejects; to him they are Chinamen—oblique eyes, squat nosed, puff lipped, hideous; throw them out; they are not art, and so forth. If you are sure you have no prejudice, if you can come to art with a mind unbiased, read no farther; you have achieved more than can be taught; you spoil an inestimable innocence. Knowledge only heightens our pleasure in enabling us to recognise the most complex and subtle issues involved in a work. It makes of the sense of the conscious, whereby we attain to the pleasurable, an action of the consciousness which is in itself an added pleasure. There are persons, as Stevenson points out in his essay on the art of writing, who object to understanding the mechanism by which they enjoy; by becoming conscious they feel themselves in danger of losing the pleasures which they already enjoy; they fear to be like the dog in Æsop which drops the bone to grasp the reflection. It is fear due to misplaced sentiment and romance. They do not realise that no revelation can do anything but deepen the mystery: To understand is but a subtly a poet weaves his vowels, and with what craft he is an architect of sounds, does not invalidate, but rather deepens, the magic of his verse; it increases our sense of his wizardry. To understand that a painter does not merely copy Nature, but imposes Nature upon a design wrought from his own brain; to learn how this design is constructed and to perceive its qualities and effects; to see how he awakens a response with his deliberately ordered schemes, does not invalidate his beauty. It but intensifies the mystery which surrounds the human consciousness; it makes us aware of magic unsuspected. Science has not robbed the world of its romance. The sun as we know it to-day is ten times more marvellous than Apollo or Horus. Knowledge which has put out the candles of the sky has lighted mysteries a thousand times more gigantic in their place. The fear that we may lose what we have in striving towards a more complete knowledge is a fear due to lack of imagination. The true use of knowledge is to deepen our sense of the marvellous; there is always a danger that knowledge may lead to pedantry. If we enter, instead of the place of emotional reaction, if we make knowledge the master and not the slave, if we fall again into a habit, and with new won knowledge come again to beauty with a manner of authority, then knowledge becomes a curse. Pedantry is the rejection of the sense of the marvellous: it is imagination’s death.

WHAT IS PROGRESS?

Among pre-war customs, the “silly season” discussion was one of the most respectable; and I suspect that when Dean Inge delivered the Romanes lecture on May 27, he chose his subject, “The Idea of Progress,” with an eye to its extension to the newspaper columns. I have nothing but a newspaper report of the lecture; but that report contains enough provocative matter to last even our largest newspapers with material for discussion for years. When anyone speaks of “The Idea of anything,” we may be sure that he is posing as a philosopher—philosophy being an excuse for ignoring or contradicting facts. Indeed, Dean Inge really seems to have lectured on “The Very Idea of Progress!” with most supercilious denial of the existence of the parvenu. He told us that “there had been no physical progress in our species for many thousands of years”; he complained that “the optimists had not made it clear what they meant by progress,” and instead of devoting himself to a definition of the term, made a number of assertions about dead and gone human beings which do not err on the side of accuracy.

What does Dean Inge mean by “more physical progress”? Apparently he means the development of new organs, or an increase in the size, strength, and beauty of old ones. “The Cro-Magnon race, which lived perhaps twenty thousand years ago, was at least equal to any modern people in size and strength; and wide, he supposed, handsomer and better formed than we were.” But anybody who would accept such statements in support of the contention that “there had been no physical progress in our species for many thousands of years” would be as muddle-headed as Dean Inge himself.

In the first place, there is no reason to suppose that “physical progress” will reveal itself in the organism to the uninstructed eye, or that it will express itself in the terms of size, strength, or contour. A big man is not necessarily more highly developed than a small one, or a handsome man than a not so handsome man. But the fact remains that we know very little about the Cro-Magnon race; we have a few skulls and bones of that race, from which we may infer the size and strength of the individuals. But we know nothing of the internal organs of the Cro-Magnon race, nothing of its nervous system, nothing of its susceptibility to disease. Dean Inge certainly tells us that “they had as large brains as ours,” and leaves us to infer that they were intellectually equal to us and him. But the slightest knowledge of the localisation of brain function will prompt us to look for physical progress not in the gross volume of the brain but in its distribution. A brain in which the frontal lobes predominate is a higher type of brain—although its gross weight and size may be less than that of a brain in which the lateral and posterior lobes predominate. Without going beyond the lobes of the brain, actual physical progress can be demonstrated by a mere inspection and measurement of a series of skulls.

But the proof of physical progress is first to be sought not in the organism but in the environment of it. It is obvious enough that the environment in which we live calls for far more adaptability of the organism than did the environment of the Cro-Magnon race. Indeed, it was precisely because the Cro-Magnon did not adapt himself to changes that he died out. Physical progress may quite as reasonably be sought in the adaptability of the organism as in the development of new organs; and, in the absence of research into comparative adaptability, it may be inferred from the relative complexity of the environment. Merely to live in London, for example, is a feat beyond the powers of the Cro-Magnon or the classical Greeks; while only supernatural beings can earn their living in it. With the Cro-Magnon, the power of custom was enormously greater than the
ability to make improvement in his condition; while, with us, the situation is for all practical purposes reversed. We are capable of making revolutionary changes in our environment by what is often a small change of method of procedure. And really one does get tired of this conventional enthusiasm for the Athenian Greeks. "He would be a bold man who should claim that we were intellectually equal to the Athenians or superior to the Romans." The fact is, of course, that we have a larger number of men of first-class intellect than Athens even in her glory dreamed of; but Dean Inge's opportunities of observation are unnaturally limited by his occupation. There are manifest differences between Athenian and modern civilisation, chief of which is the quite obvious one that dreamed of; but Dean Inge's opportunities of observation now as then. Marconi, for instance, is certainly the intellectual superior of Pericles, but he does not meddle with the governing of men. With us, the superior intelligences turn more and more to science; and politics, religion, literature, become more democratic day by day.

But the very nervous instability of which Dean Inge so often complains is the very condition of that physical progress that Dean Inge now denies. Genius and idiocy, as Havelock Ellis, among others, showed years ago, arise from the same conditions; the constant increase in insanity also is, in this respect, a portent of most remarkable physical progress. For every man who goes mad as a consequence of the extraordinary complexity and strain of modern conditions of life there are I know not how many hundreds (for I am writing without any means of reference to figures) who remain sane; and one only remains sane by developing a more adaptable condition of the nervous system. When we remember, as Dr. Hollander is, that of Barrie—the Buddhist and Nay-sayer—of Cannan, who goes mad as a consequence of the extraordinary complexity and strain of modern conditions of life there are I know not how many hundreds (for I am writing without any means of reference to figures) who remain sane; and one only remains sane by developing a more adaptable condition of the nervous system. When we remember, as Dr. Whitehead remarked in his "Introduction to Mathematics," that the ancient Greeks would regard as more wonderful than our mechanical inventions the fact that children of ten can do long addition sums (which in their time required intellectual abilities of the highest order), we get an indication of where we must look for "physical progress." It is not immediately to the development of new organs (although brain research may reveal them as it perfects its means, and extends its range, of enquiry), but to the development of new qualities, perhaps even new organs that we must look for "physical progress"—and to the fact that activities which were once limited to a few picked intelligences are now the common exercise of many.

Dean Inge complained that "optimists had not made it clear what they meant by progress, and they might suspect that the vagueness of the idea was one of its attractions." But he, the Pessimist (a curious philosophy for a Christian) has not defined it, if I may accept the newspaper report as being accurate in this respect; he has not even indicated a likely field of enquiry, or a method of procedure. And really one only remains sane by developing a more adaptable condition of the nervous system. When we remember, as Dr. Whitehead remarked in his "Introduction to Mathematics," that the ancient Greeks would regard as more wonderful than our mechanical inventions the fact that children of ten can do long addition sums (which in their time required intellectual abilities of the highest order), we get an indication of where we must look for "physical progress." It is not immediately to the development of new organs (although brain research may reveal them as it perfects its means, and extends its range, of enquiry), but to the development of new qualities, perhaps even new organs that we must look for "physical progress"—and to the fact that activities which were once limited to a few picked intelligences are now the common exercise of many.

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Marion can do her worst but I shall tell him what I think—
Unless he's very careful. . . .

FRED OVERTON.

Moller Holmes and that lot are full of talk about their Union raising wages;
They asked me to join, and said I should be Chairman!
I can earn all I want in less time than any of them
By taking on jobs at piece-work and getting a gang together,
Lifting a field of potatoes or cleaning out dykes.
Tom Bavin and me did the river last summer from Fletton to Hordle
And I got a nest egg of eighty-six quid put by for
Whom hadn't the sense to be carefuler. . . .

Tom Bavin and me did the river last summer from Fletton to Hordle
And I got a nest egg of eighty-six quid put by for
Whom hadn't the sense to be carefuler. . . .

Who hadn't the sense to be carefuller. . . .

The news is so disquieting that I must get hold of Mr. Bennington;
If that fellow Cutts is Standing for Labour it will
Be very awkward.
We were almost certain of winning otherwise,
And the Tories would have had a sad shock
After holding the seat for nearly forty years.

(The War improved our chances immensely
By knocking that silly Land Campaign on the head.)
I've neglected my business this last twelve months.
Addressing meetings or holding the chair for Mr. "B."
It's true that most of my customers come in the evening,
And he hurried off without starting the second verse:
After calling the off-houses:
(I had tea and was introduced to the Vicar's sister—Mrs. Honeycomb-Catt—yesterday)

Won't Annie Hicks and Maud Overton and Vi Challands be jealous!
LUKE FLETCHER.

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(The War improved our chances immensely
By knocking that silly Land Campaign on the head.)
I've neglected my business this last twelve months.
Addressing meetings or holding the chair for Mr. "B."
It's true that most of my customers come in the evening,
And all the same I've worked very hard for the Cause.
If Mr. "B." doesn't get in I shall never be a "J.P."
(Like Solomon Dane)
Because the Family have their knife in
Me
And so long as they're in power, will never give way.

For decisions in an authoritative voice after whispered
 threatenings to right and left;
Where respectful supporters fling you:
A great position in the County!

All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.