# THE NEW AGE
## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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- **NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

  > The Bolshevist revolution has been brought appreciably nearer by the events of last week. We are not referring to the approach of the Russian Army to Warsaw, but to the temper and success of that section of English Labour that for reasons best known to itself has taken the Marxian dictatorship in Russia under its wing. Only a few weeks ago the views of the “Daily Herald” were everywhere regarded with the contemptuous indulgence we bestow upon crazy amateurs; and the prospect of a General Strike, at the call of the “Daily Herald,” for a political purpose, for a political purpose connected with foreign affairs, would have been dismissed as a nightmare by the vast majority of Socialists and Trade Unionists. Nevertheless, by a concatenation of events, not all of which will bear recording, the incredible, the nonsensical, the impossible has occurred. The controllers of the “Daily Herald” have succeeded in pulling the Labour movement by the leg and in leading it a considerable number of steps nearer the goal they apparently desire—a revolution in this country à la Russie. Whether or not Mr. Lansbury is, as we suspect, a chosen crackpot in the hands of abler men, the blood-lust of death appears to be paying any attention to finance, the phenomena of the Russian Revolution will be repeated among us, even in the absence of a “Soviet” dictatorship. Surely it should be apparent by now that prices are not going to fall of their own accord. Ever since the Armistice we have been predicting a rise in the level of prices and always we have been met by the contention that prices were bound to fall. It was impossible, however, that prices should begin to decline unless a revolution in our financial system had been inaugurated, and since nobody appeared to be paying any attention to finance, the continued rise in prices was inevitable. The facts are now undeniable. Not even the “Daily News” contends any longer that the cost of living is about to come down. On the contrary, we are now told that food prices during the coming winter will be “considerably higher” than they were last winter; the price of bread alone will have doubled in less than twelve months; and, in general, the cost of living will be many points above the level of the worst days of the war. If he is intent on a world-revolution, Lenin could not be better served in this country than by the financial control that produces all the material for a spontaneous combustion. Mr. Lansbury and his friends may be reckless; but they are not more reckless than the people who continue to put up prices. Between them, indeed, there is little to choose, since both of

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In his speech in the House of Commons on Wednesday Mr. Lloyd George took a leaf out of our book and turned on Bolshevism the guns of Socialist and democratic criticism. Quoting Mr. Shaw and Mr. Bertrand Russell as authorities, he declared that Bolshevism is neither democratic nor communist; and he might have added that it is the very negation of everything for which British Labour hopes. But something more is needed than to prove that Russia under the Marxists is not communist; it must be demonstrated by facts that England is, at any rate, more communist than Russia; and can become still more communist without a “Revolution.” That, however, is the rock upon which Mr. Lloyd George’s argument splits; for it is perfectly obvious that however bad the conditions induced by Bolshevism in Russia, they are not very much worse than conditions are likely to become in this country, revolution or no revolution. The rise in the cost of living which continues to take place without apparently drawing much attention to itself is a “revolution” quite as thorough-going in its effects upon the general welfare as any Russian Revolution; and precisely to the same degree to which prices are allowed to rise, the phenomena of the Russian Revolution will be repeated among us, even in the absence of a “Soviet” dictatorship. Surely it should be apparent by now that prices are not going to fall of their own accord. Ever since the Armistice we have been predicting a rise in the level of prices and always we have been met by the contention that prices were bound to fall. It was impossible, however, that prices should begin to decline unless a revolution in our financial system had been inaugurated, and since nobody appeared to be paying any attention to finance, the continued rise in prices was inevitable. The facts are now undeniable. Not even the “Daily News” contends any longer that the cost of living is about to come down. On the contrary, we are now told that food prices during the coming winter will be “considerably higher” than they were last winter; the price of bread alone will have doubled in less than twelve months; and, in general, the cost of living will be many points above the level of the worst days of the war. If he is intent on a world-revolution, Lenin could not be better served in this country than by the financial control that produces all the material for a spontaneous combustion. Mr. Lansbury and his friends may be reckless; but they are not more reckless than the people who continue to put up prices. Between them, indeed, there is little to choose, since both of
them alike are engaged in the common task of reducing the nation to misery.

The propagandist agents of the Banks are indefatigable in their efforts to obscure the issues and even to prove that the Banks are doing their best to reduce prices. It is all the fault of the spendthrift Government that issues credit, not for the purpose of production, but only for consumption. "If credit is used for new production," says the "Times," "then the credits granted will be cancelled when the commodities pass into consumption, and there will be no inflation of credit, except of a temporary and perfectly normal character, and no rise in prices. . . . Government credit, on the other hand, remains in being even after the goods it represents have been consumed." Without denying that there is a considerable difference between credits issued for new production and credits issued for new consumption, we must, nevertheless, point out that in their immediate effect upon prices, here and now, the two kinds of credit issue are identical. Credit is purchasing-power; it is, in fact, a creation of new purchasing-power; and though, to be sure, in the long run it matters whether that new purchasing-power is applied to production or to consumption, its immediate effect, in any case, is to dilute the purchasing-power to the extent of the necessity and will always be a necessity; in other words, the Banks discharge one of the most laudable objects, has the immediate effect of putting up prices. The "Times" admits that this is the case when it says that the inflation is only of a "temporary and perfectly normal character," though it contradicts itself when it adds that "no rise in prices" takes place; for how can there be even a "temporary" inflation without, at least, a "temporary" rise in prices? Price being, under the existing system, the ratio of Money to Goods, it necessarily follows that any increase in the quantity of Money that does not simultaneously and proportionately increase the quantity of Goods puts up prices; and since it is the fact, the admitted fact, that credit issued for production does not immediately deliver the Goods, its temporary effect, at any rate, must be to raise prices. We are not arguing, it will be observed, that the issue of credit for production is bad in itself or unnecessary; still less that the issue of credit for consumption is always to be defended. The issue of credit for production is a necessity and will always be a necessity; in other words, the Banks discharge one of the real functions of economic society. What we are saying is that the issue of credit by the Banks, even for the most laudable objects, has the immediate effect of raising prices and the existing system the consumer never gets back the tax that is thereby levied on him. The credit is raised at his expense, represented by the diminution of his purchasing-power; and he is never recouped for his loss. He is taxed to create capital, but he never acquires the full use-value of the capital to which he has contributed.

Along with rising prices as a Bolshevist Commissar in this country there is beginning to appear the additional Bolshevist agency of unemployment. It is an ironical comment on the demand for increased production that men should be out of work through no fault of their own and thus rendered unable to respond to the frantic demand to produce, produce, produce. In Heaven's name what do the screeching parrots of the phrase mean by it? If there is all the necessity they allege for "increased production"; if work is so abundant that every one is compelled to overdo his business, how comes it that an increasing number of workers are being thrown out of employment? It will not do to say with "General" Booth that the men are "workshy"; salvation does not come by telling lies; and even if it be allowed that some men think that our modern issue of resources should be an aid and not an addition to human labour, the 150,000 ex-Service men, for whom Lord Haig appealed last week, can scarcely be said to belong to that class. If, during the dark days of the war, some-one had said that eighteen months after victory, 150,000 of "our men" would have "no work to do and no job in prospect," and would be "appealing for work" in the very midst of a propaganda of "increased production," undoubtedly he would have been denounced as a paid German agent. The "debt of honour," not to mention our national existence, could never be forgotten so soon by a people whose tears are mingled with their admiration of the "brave lads at the front"; the British public could not be so unutterable cad as neglect of "our troops" would seem to suggest. And yet—and yet—150,000 ex-Service men are at this moment out of work and with no job in prospect for to-morrow. It is not our mission to appeal here for the nation's heroes and saviours. Nemesis will surely descend on a public so ungrateful as to forget them. It is our business to observe that, under the existing system, it cannot be otherwise. Unemployment is bound to increase; and if even all the ex-Service men were provided with work to-morrow, the number unemployed would be the same and more the day after.

It will be observed that Lord Haig's appeal is "not for money," but "for work." On the face of it, nothing could well be more grotesque than an appeal for work contemporaneously with an appeal to men to work; but we have sufficiently discussed that point. A more vital significance attaches to the underly assumption, common to all schools of "thought," Socialist and religious, as well as capitalist and rationalist, that "work" is the proper and necessary "condition precedent" of "income" and of citizenship. In its current issue the "New Statesman" is proudly explicit on this point. Correcting a correspondent who doubts whether Society belongs only to those who "do work," the "New Statesman," in that preconcursal voice which Mrs. Webb has made into a style, replied sententiously that the "control of Society" is the inherent privilege of "all those who perform useful social service," and presumably of those only. "Citizenship," it said, "should be based on service." Apart from the absurdity of basing citizenship upon "service" that can be denied by unemployment, as in the case of the 150,000 ex-Service men who are now "appealing for work," the assumption is absolutely false in every possible respect; and a society that builds upon it is doomed to reaction and downfall. It is unnecessary to inquire who is to define "useful social service"; it is enough to observe that citizenship based upon "work" must necessarily aim at "making work" if only in order to qualify its members for citizenship. In other words, the whole aim of science, which is to "save work," is contradicted by the obligation of citizenship to "make work." The results are before us. Science has not been prevented from "saving work"; thanks to discovery and invention, the necessary and desirable work of the world can be performed with a decreasing amount of human labour. Thanks, however, to the pestilent postulate of the nigger-drivers of Society—that only work entitles a man to citizenship and life—the economy in work effected by science only intensifies the competition for work among those who are condemned to appealing for work by their own labour. They have to "appeal for work." This appeal must continue and become more poignant and widespread with the advance of science and the development of Capital; and the only means of ending it is either to sabotage science or to dispense the false proposition on which the idea of Society rests.

While the direction of production remains in the hands of Finané...
the vast majority are, of course, in the Centre and West, where, that is to say, not the need of them is greater, but the money to pay for them is more abundant. This illustrates the vastly greater and more important phenomenon of our "production" as a whole, the tendency of which is to flow in the direction of greatest financial demand, altogether irrespective of need. Under the existing system, in fact, it cannot flow otherwise. Water could as easily flow uphill as Production into areas of financial stringency. The masses of the nation may be in need, they may want greater, but the money to pay for them is more abundant. This illustrates the vastly greater and more masses of the nation may be in need, they may want.

West, where, that is to say, not the exports consisted chiefly of "wholly or partly manufactured goods," and that the imports were chiefly "raw materials"; in other words, that we exported finished and consumable commodities (ultimate products) and imported only materials for the manufacture of more goods for export (intermediate products). It does not need a wet towel round the head to deduce the effect of this distribution on the cost of living at home. These finished consumable exports are the things we need; there are not enough to go home to go round; the domestic price is too high for us to pay; we have to compete with the whole world for them. On the other hand, our imports, of raw material, are not immediately consumable; they are only means to an end; they provide us with "work," but if the consumable goods resulting from "work" upon them are exported, their value to us is "work" and not "goods." We are familiar, of course, with the cleft that exports pay for imports: our answer is that there is no fair exchange in swopping goods for the means of work. It is not work that we want, but goods; and under a reasonable system of Distribution of Income (with or without work) it would be possible to have them—and leave enough for export as well.

Recent writers in this journal have pointed out that the ultimate economic cause of war is inequitable distribution at home. A nation's foreign policy, it is urged, is only an extension of its social or home policy. Given, for instance, that a domestic social system of production and distribution necessitates an increasing importation of raw materials and an increasing exportation of finished products—and every industrialised nation sooner or later arrives at this state—and an increasing competition periodically taking the form of war is inevitable. That is perfectly true, and too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact. It becomes therefore necessary, if war is to be entirely prevented "for ever," as Labour says, that this economic cause and root of war should be removed. At the same time, since Man is not wholly, but only primarily, economic, it does not follow that, even if the economic cause of war were removed, war would be impossible. There remains a residue of desire, after the economic need has been satisfied, which, unless it be sublimated in a higher satisfaction than war can provide, would impel nations to war long after the economic necessity ceased to exist. It is precisely to this higher psychological factor in the origins of war that it is desirable to turn attention, not, of course, because the economic factor appears immediately likely to disappear, but because an additional reason for dealing with the economic factor may be discovered when a fresh object for world-peace is put before men's minds.

Why should the world, meaning all of us, seek peace? The answer is that world-peace is the absolute condition of individual happiness, and will become more and more demonstrably so as the world becomes more and more demonstrably one. The assertion that Mankind is One Man; and this again needs to be supplemented by the assertion that Mankind is One Man; and this again must be particularised in the assertion that every man
is that man. It may be said that there is something mystical in this; but the truth is, as has often been said elsewhere, that Mysticism is common sense; and it is in this sense that the assertion is made and can be verified—that every man is at one and the same time individual and universal, both of Man and Mankind. Modern communication, by land, sea, and air, are only a symbol or an imperfect tracing of what the psychologist and even the physiologist knows in more detail than religion has hitherto stated the fact, namely, that beneath the individual consciousness and at the back of our individual organs and functions lie collective, racial and perhaps even deeper levels of consciousness, in which each of us lives and moves and has his being. It is true that our little bubble of self-consciousness, floating on this ocean of world-consciousness, is unaware for the most part of the common life to which it belongs; it does not self-consciously realise that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth within it. But recent investigation has shown that there is not a race, not a nation, not an individual in the world that has not contributory share; and we cannot contribute to the very stuff of which our individual minds are made. The unity of Mankind, nay, of the whole of creation, which physiology has affirmed, psychology now confirms. It is no longer religion but science that announces the interrelation and interdependence of all forms of life, past, present and future. And since the unity in consciousness of all life is common, the individual is fulfilled only as he self-consciously shares in it. "All are responsible," says Dostoyevsky, "for all to all."

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Drunken with its easy victory, the "Daily Herald" has been saying that France is now "the mad dog of Europe." Truly enough, nations can go mad; but it is the world that makes them; and exactly as formerly over-wrought individuals were treated with violence as if they were criminals, to-day the tendency of the world's under-warders (of which the "Daily Herald" is one) is to treat nations suffering from an agony of fear as if they were wholly and solely responsible. The state of France, we believe, is one of exaggerated fear; but it is also a fear that is not altogether imaginary. It is a profound nationalism in Russia which has hitherto been half-suffocated and kept asleep. Who knows whether Bolshevism was not necessary to Russia's awakening? In this view, it is possible to regard Bolshevism as, indeed, a world-mission—in the case of Russia to stir it into national life; in the case of other nations, already awake nationally, into some new and, as we have suggested, delayed phase of life. It is the reaction to Bolshevism that are more important, we believe, than Bolshevism itself; for there can be little doubt, outside the minds of victims of social pathology (our Left-wing Socialists and Communists), that Bolshevism is a desperate disease, whose only virtue is to attack a disease still greater than itself, the disease we know as Capitalism. The immediate Continental neighbours present the spectacle of a vast mass of ill-will and hatred, rapidly forming a bloc with the intention of overwhelming France; and she sees between herself and extinction only the thin faint hope of a strong Poland. It is absolutely necessary to an understanding of the situation to realise this predominant fact in the present psychology of France. Let it be derived as affirmed, let it be the reaction of a France conscious of having over-reached herself in the hour of victory, the fact is that France is the subject or victim of the nightmare that Bolshevism and Germany are in league against her national existence.

* * *

Unfortunately there is no clear evidence, and there can be none for the present, to demonstrate this belief to be groundless. Nobody yet knows, unless by a divination without proof, what Bolshevism portends or what Germany will resolve when she is able to make a resolution at all. Lenin may know his own mind, but Lenin is not Russia; and Germany may continue to be as hostile to Bolshevism as she appears to be now. But nobody knows; we are all in the dark; and it is quite conceivable that one of these days France and America may prove to have been right in their fears. Even that, however, would not prove their present policy to be right. Fear is never a wise counsellor; and, in our view, while to fear may be proper, the proper policy is to act so as to reduce both the fear and its presumed cause, that is to say, with deliberation and discrimination. It is possible, for instance, that Russian Bolshevism may continue to regard itself as a world-mission of revolution and it can; and Germany, moreover, has had time to spread itself. Very well, if such is its nature, what is the best method of meeting that psychological menace? Recourse to arms is obviously useless, since such a mission thrives on that kind of opposition. The way to meet it is to inoculate the threatened West against Bolshevism by anticipating it in the world, and, in other words, by establishing a measure of Communism voluntarily. War always indicates an arrears of reform; and Bolshevism, we can be absolutely certain, would have no fears for Western Europe if its premissory hopes had already been realised. Is it feared in France that Germany may join Russia in a bloc to destroy France? England, in that case, has as much to fear as France—why should France fear more than England? England does not fear a Russo-German bloc as much as France for the reason that nobody in England really believes that such a bloc is probable. Again, even if it were, it is not yet inevitable; policy could still prevent it, and the policy would be to invite Germany, not to oppose Bolshevism or Russia, but to join with the world in a world-polity. We believe that the day is gone by for national rivalries for mere national existence. Neither France as France, Germany as Germany, Russia as Russia, nor England as England has more or less right to exist, except as functions of Mankind in which they each have an equal though not identical right.
A Practical Scheme
FOR THE
Establishment of Economic and
Industrial Democracy.

FOREWORD.
The Scheme here set out is designed as a practical means of effecting, by easy but comparatively rapid, stages, the transition of Society from the present state of chaos to economic democracy.

Certain assumptions, it will be found, underlie the Scheme; but they are of such a nature as to be beyond serious question. Among them are the following:

That large-scale production, provided that its objective is satisfactory, and its burden and results are equitably distributed, is, on the whole, a good thing.

That the technique of production is best left in the hands of trained producers, while only the equitable distribution of the product is the direct concern of Society as a whole.

That work is of value only as it contributes to social and individual well-being; otherwise, it is waste.

That personal liberty is compatible only with voluntary and non-penal association.

The practical implications of the Scheme will be found, we believe, to answer to the demands of many, if not all, of the contemporary schools of social reform, in so far as these can be simultaneously realised.

The Individualist can make no objection to a plan which extends and safeguards personal liberty.

The Communist equally finds recognition for his claim of common rights, privileges, and responsibilities. The validity of the Socialist claim is allowed in the conception of the common inheritance (or National Credit), which is the practical equivalent of "the socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange."

The Distributivism of Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton, equally with that of Mr. Bernard Shaw, is contained in the provision that ultimately makes of every citizen an inalienable shareholder in the common enterprise of Society. The ideals of National Guildsmen, as well as of Syndicalists, are fulfilled in a practical Scheme which enables associations of producers to obtain and exercise control over their industry, without risking the creation, on the one hand, of a Bureaucracy, or, on the other hand, of anti-social Trusts. Currency-reformers, Inventors, and even Politicians, will also find their ideals converted into practice.

The Scheme sets out to give the fullest possible share in progress by means of production, distribution, and exchange.

Moreover, these results are brought about under the Scheme with the minimum transitional disturbance of existing social arrangements yet with immediate social relief. No attack is made upon property as such, or upon the rights of property. No confiscation is involved, nor any violent supercession of existing industrial control. No sudden or difficult transformation on the part of the State is pre-supposed. Nor are men expected, as a condition of the practicability of the Scheme, to be better off than they are. The Scheme, in short, presupposes only what is.

Nevertheless, from the moment that the Scheme is adopted, considerable changes are effected, and fundamental reconstruction is induced. Prices would fall to a level unknown in this country for five hundred years, and that without loss to producers; and real wages (in other words, the purchasing power of wages) would correspondingly rise. Production would be enormously stimulated by the diffusion of spending-power; yet, at the same time, extravagant consumption would be checked by the operation of the ratio of Price and Cost. Invention would obviously be encouraged by a common and palpable interest in labour saving; and, in general, the whole of Industry would at once begin to respond to the spirit of a real co-operative commonwealth.

What democracy has effected in politics, that, and much more, would be effected by real democracy in economics.

It is outside the sphere of this present foreword to do more than touch on the International aspect of the Scheme. It is certain, however, that its adoption would profoundly modify the commercial relations of all Nations as to remove the principal cause of war between them.

As here drafted, the Scheme, it will be seen, applies to the Mining Industry in particular. Mutatis mutandis, it can easily be adapted to any other Industry.

DRAFT SCHEME.

I.

(1) For the purpose of efficient operation each geological mining area shall be considered as autonomous administratively.

(2) In each of these areas a branch of a Bank, to be formed by the M.F.G.B., shall be established, hereinafter referred to as the Producers' Bank. The Government shall recognise this Bank as an integral part of the mining industry regarded as a producer of wealth, and representing its credit. It shall ensure its affiliation with the Clearing House.

(3) The shareholders of the Bank shall consist of all persons engaged in the Mining Industry, ex-officio, whose accounts are kept by the Bank. Each shareholder shall be entitled to one vote at a shareholders' meeting.

(4) The Bank shall accept no dividend.

(5) The capital already invested in the Mining properties and plant shall be entitled to a fixed return of, say, 6 per cent., and, together with all fresh capital, shall continue to carry with it all the ordinary privileges of capital administration other than Price-fixing.

(6) The Boards of Directors shall make all payments of wages and salaries direct to the Producers' Bank in bulk.

(7) In the case of a reduction in cost of working, one half of such reduction shall be dealt with in the National Credit Account, one quarter to be credited to the Colliery owners, and one quarter to the Producers' Bank.

(8) From the setting to work of the Producers' Bank all subsequent expenditure on capital account shall be financed jointly by the Colliery owners and the Producers' Bank, in the ratio which the two dividends bear to the total wages and salaries. The benefits of such financing done by the Producers' Bank shall accrue to the depositors.

II.

(1) The Government shall require from the Colliery owners a quarterly (half-yearly or yearly) statement properly kept and audited of the cost of production, including all dividends and bonuses.

(2) On the basis of this ascertained Cost, the Government shall by statute cause the Price of domestic coal to be regulated at a percentage of the ascertained Cost.

(3) This Price (of domestic coal) shall bear the same ratio to Cost as the total National Consumption of all descriptions of commodities does to the total National Production of Credit, i.e.,

\[
\frac{\text{Cost}}{\text{Price}} = \frac{\text{Production}}{\text{Consumption}}.
\]

Price per ton = Cost per ton × Cost value of Total Consumption

Money value of Total Production.

[Total National Consumption includes Capital depreciation and Exports. Total National Production includes Capital appreciation and Imports.]

(4) Industrial coal shall be debited to users at Cost plus an agreed percentage.

(5) The Price of coal for export shall be fixed from day to day in relation to the world-market and in the general interest.

(6) The Government shall reimburse to the Colliery owners the difference between their total Cost incurred and their total Price received, by means of Treasury Notes, such notes being debited, as now, to the National Credit Account.
Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

The Bloomsbury Press is a new venture in publishing, and this play* is its first publication; and although I have on previous occasions fallen foul of Mr. Hermon Ould and Mr. Horace Shipp (who constitute the Bloomsbury Press), the fact must not prevent me from offering a welcome to them in another capacity. I do not like them either as authors, or actors, or reformers of the theatre; in those capacities they have never inspired me to write one good article, and I am not aware that the common people have received them any more gladly than I did. But publishing is another matter, and the publication of "Wat Tyler" is the most considerable thing that these young men have yet done. Shaw used to argue that there could be no new drama without a new philosophy; the idea was, I think, phrased too intellectually, for drama does not originate in philosophy, but in emotion. But if we allow for the intellectual bias of the comedian (after all, every man, generation are the forgotten tricks of the generation before last, said Shaw, and "there is no new thing under the sun." Southey also wrote about Wat Tyler, and Mr. Halcott Glover's play cannot, therefore, claim novelty in the absolute sense of the word. But that his play does mark a reaction against the prevailing assumptions of modern drama, I have no doubt; in the first place, it escapes from the drawing room into the open air, from the upper to the lower classes, from psychology to action. It is significant of a search, at least, for a new source of inspiration; and just as the musicians went back to folk-song in the hope of recovering or inventing a native idiom, so Mr. Glover reverts to an historical subject in his attempt to express a deeper sympathy than the drawing-room allows, and to revive a technique that has not been successfully used since Shakespeare. The mob is still a factor in national life; it behaved traditionally when it attacked reputed Germans and pacifists during the war; it is also one of the most interesting and dramatic persons on the stage, in the hands of a modern producer; and that Mr. Glover should privilege mob on the stage is, of what is, I suppose, his first play (for his name is unknown to me), marks him as at least an enterprising beginner.

But what is more pleasing than its enterprise is its ability; it is not merely the best first play I have ever read, it is one of the best modern plays that I have read. The thing acts itself even in the study; its characters are definitely marked, its dialogue (with one or two exceptions, such as: "Strike me blind, you're a fair terror"; which is obviously modern slang) is convincing, and it has an obvious conflict of character and ideals in the persons of Wat Tyler and John Ball. It is a play about which one can moralise and philosophise; the conflict between the English and the Christian character is well realised in Wat Tyler and John Ball. Tyler, as he said, "made this rising for a simple end," the repeal of the Poll Tax and the Statute of Labour; he thought, nay, he was certain, that he had only to sweep away those who stood about the king, "to bring the king into our midst, and with our hands remake the kingdom," and the thing was done. Poverty would be abolished, free men and women, and Merrie England would be restored. But John Ball's dream of "one people, one aim, one brotherhood," is "a far seeking"; "there is no end to what you would set going," he says. But Ball's rhapsodising has its effect, and "if I have the backing, I am for paradise—or for hell." But he is only touched, he is not inspired, by Ball's visions; and the split comes after Ball has denounced the excesses of the mob in London. He banishes Ball, believing that "it is these uncommon men who bring wreckage to common enterprises"; and, as everyone knows, he suffered death as he stood unarmed before the king. He, "a people's man, out and out," rejected the spiritual revolution that Ball projected, and failed to accomplish his proximate purpose. The people were defrauded in both cases.

But this, of course, gives no idea of the dramatic structure of the play. Being a mob-play there is, of course, a considerable amount of speech-making—but it is speech-making with as definite a dramatic purpose and quality as that in "Julius Caesar." The whole play is deliberately kept on the level of the people; with the exception of the Commissioner in the first act, the Burgesses and fugitives in the third act, we are not confronted with anything belonging to the opposition. It is a people's tragedy—Mr. Glover even denies himself the stage effect of the closing scene at Smithfield. But there is plenty of life and movement in the play, from the opening scene outside the inn, with Wat Tyler and his men, to the scenes on London Bridge in the third act. The beginning of the second act, with John Ball in his cell, carrying on a long, violent, and rhapsodical dialogue with a pedlar while supposed to be asleep, is not convincing; it would be better to present him as awoke and slightly deranged—as, indeed, he is—recovering his sanity at the sight of the real bread and wine. I am by no means sure, too, that the acting of John Ball's rhymes in the second act is worth doing; it does not carry on the action, as does the play in "Hamlet," it delays the play for the purposes of propaganda—and John Ball's rhymes are worth very little to a modern audience. Certainly, it helps to maintain the expression of the spirit of the time—but it seems to me to be one of those devices that are more convincing in the study than on the stage. The rhymes lack the elevation, the spiritual significance, of the rhapsodies of John Ball.

But these are, I think, very disputable criticisms that do not alter the fact that the play calls for production. Like "Julius Caesar" again, it is a play without a love interest; there are women in it certainly, but they are women of easy virtue and unsophisticated affection, according to our standpoint concerning them. They add necessary detail to a picture of the English character that is still fundamentally true, that English character that Emerson, too, observed in our people and their history. "The Englishman is a practical soul, business and earning his day's wages. But if you offer to lay hand on his day's wages, on his cow, on his right in common, or his shop, he will fight to the Judgment. Magna-charta, jury-trial, habeas-corpus, star-chamber, ship-money, Popery, Plymouth colony, American Revolution, are all questions involving a yeoman's right to his dinner, and, except as touching that, would not have lashed the British nation to rage and revolt.

* "Wat Tyler: A Play in Three Acts." By Halcott Glover. (The Bloomsbury Press. 2s. 6d.)
refusing to believe that democracy implies self-government in the simple religious sense: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that taketh a city by violence; they are roused to its against abuses, and when they think at all, see in "the dictatorship of the proletariat" the means to universal brotherhood. Mr. Glover's play is certainly "relevant to these times," as the publishers declare; but its warning is no less obvious than its sympathies, and the ability with which they are expressed makes this a powerfully moving play.

Readers and Writers.

Now that I am back at my old stand, not, I hope, to leave it again till death do us part, I cannot forbear to remark on our shrunken state. Years ago, in the unfestaying days before the war, The New Age has been on occasion as large as 48 pages; I think I recall an issue containing a Feminist Symposium that extended to over 48 pages. From a normal issue of 32 pages, The New Age has shrunk by stages to 24, to 20, to 10, and now we are compelled to run a further twelve in a earthy body and to publish a 12-page issue. Who knows whether before the turning-point or the end comes we may not be reduced to 8 pages, and even to 4—for I am assured that the supreme management of this journal will fight to the last, that is to say, to the publication of Notes of the Week alone, if that be necessary. It will be seen, I hope, that in each successive shrinkage of bulk we have endeavoured to preserve the unity of spirit of the whole undertaking, and in such a manner that if happier circumstances should arise we can more easily expand than we have been forced to contract. Unlike Gilbert's mate who incarnated the cook and the captain bold and the bosun tight and the midshipman and the crew of the "Nancy Brid," we have swallowed a considerable part of our personnel alive and are ready to produce them again whole and well on demand. It is only, let us hope, for the time being that they have disappeared, since without their bright presence we are, indeed, but a somewhat forlorn company. I make no complaint that my appeal of six months ago met with an insufficient response to enable us to carry on as we had hoped. Sharp-edged as my words may have been, my heart, as the "Mahabharata" says, is really as soft as new-churned butter; and I am fully aware of the enormous difficulties our readers must experience in continuing steadfast themselves, let alone in discovering new readers. The light of culture is growing dim, faith in its saving reality is hard to sustain, and I am not at all confident that the whole world is not about to be plunged into a worse than pre-medieval darkness. Against a world-movement upon this scale of grandeur, only the very strongest will be able to battle successfully; in such a darkness only those who shine by their own light will continue to be visible to their own self-consciousness. We are entering a period that will now real from borrowed culture as the wind winnows chaff from wheat. To return to our notions, the shrinkage of The New Age is at once an index and a portent: it shows how strong the wind already is, and the direction in which it is still blowing. Spring is far off.

After six months' absence I naturally find an accumulation of arrears of work—or, rather, let me say, of pleasure, since it is an unaffected pleasure to comment upon literary events of any sort or kind. A stack of books sits at my elbow; piles of magazines surround me on shelves; ready to harvest in my drawers; and I have a notebook bulging with observations made during my enforced leisure. Order of procedure in dealing with this delectable mass of material must be largely fancy; and I do not pretend that it is otherwise. All I can promise is that in due course, whatever that may mean, everything shall be attended to, and I shall bring myself up to date.

First things first. Let me record an event almost without precedent in the history of re-publications from The New Age, the entry into a second edition of "Mind and Manners" after the complete exhaustion of a first edition of a thousand, or it may be two thousand, copies. "National Guilds," of course, long ago passed its first edition, and is now, I believe, in its third or fourth. Major Douglas' "Economic Democracy," I understand, is just about to enter its second edition. But "Mind and Manners" is, to the best of my knowledge, the first of our non-political re-publications to go out of print while still in demand. This volume bears the name of the author, Acton Reed, which should remind our older readers of another series published in The New Age over that name, the series entitled "A Modern Document." Miss Acton Reed has had some short stories and sketches published in "Everyman" and elsewhere, and I believe that a play by the same hand awaits publication or production.

The recent reference in "Notes of the Week" to the foreclosure of the banks upon publishing business is, I believe, quite correct; and the outlook for culture is correspondingly darkened. There is not the least doubt about the consequences of the restriction of credit for the purposes of publishing; they will infallibly be the more or less complete cessation of publication of all but the more grossly popular or officially approved works. Well-known authors with an assured immediate sale from their former prestige will be able to command publication; officially approved authors whose tendencies accord with the wishes of the financial control and censorship will likewise find the path to publication comparatively easy; but new and original and, above all, critical works of every kind will find themselves banned before birth; they will not be allowed to see the light of day. No Pope has ever been able to exercise the censorship over free intelligence that can now be exercised by credit-control. At his worst a Pope has usually been able only to place upon the Index works already published; but the new censorship slaughters the innocents in the cradle, nay, it is a neo-Malthusian that has devised an effective contraceptive. With our knowledge of the ways of writers—particularly of those we must need—and of their shyness in speaking up for a demand that scarcely exists, the present practical certainty that they will never be published must act as a deadly poison on inspiration. It is as if the Glacial Epoch were beginning to resume its march southwards. Within the last few months alone I have heard of at least a dozen works that have been refused publication. Some of them, under different circumstances, The New Age would gladly have published serially. Others were better suited to an immediate publication in book-form. One and all they have cost their authors months of work and now they must be freely entitled to have them forth in the market and have them read. Ezra Pound, as Continental Editor of the "Dial," certainly lends a little confirmation to an admittedly long shot—for it is not exactly to-morrow that I see America as the centre of culture! During his recent travels in Italy and France Mr. Pound has been collecting contributors to the "Dial," and the list he sends me of pro-
mises and acceptances is enough to ensure for the "Dial" the position in world-literature of the moribund "Mercure de France," not to mention the position of the own "London Mercury" has utterly failed to occupy. Julian Benda, Marcel Proust, Croce, Unamuno, Paul Morand, Louis Aragon, are only a few of the number. It is clear that we must watch the American "Dial."  

R. H. C.

Les Futuristes Sont Passés.  

By Edward Moore.

Futurism, it appears, is not yet dead. Signor Marinetti in a book* published since the war celebrates what seems to be not so much its continued existence as its triumph. And in elaborating his theory of Futurism he explains with unexpected clearness what it is that has enabled it to survive the war. The reason for its survival is that the spiritual struggle for existence in the world, in this age of the world's tragedy, is the strongest and the worst that could be conceived. Futurism has survived because it is nakedly materialistic. A short examination of Signor Marinetti's statements should convince the Futurists themselves that this is the case.

Signor Marinetti intends "to replace the psychology of man, by the lyrical obsession with matter." This intention is in its arbitrary nature characteristic of him: he begins with a faux pas in psychology, follows it with a non sequitur in logic, and attempts no justification whatsoever either by reason or by faith. Nor where logical reasons are wanting one has to discover psychological ones. The question therefore is this: Why should Signor Marinetti assume, for it is not true, that the "psychology of man" is "long since exhausted" and that it should be replaced "by the lyrical obsession with matter"? Why should he be so bellicose and exact mechanicalities we know, who come after the spiritual infancy of humanity, that the latter is infinitely less significant than the former? And why should he make this bizarre mistake just at the moment when psychology has discovered a new world? There can be only one reason. It is that he has not yet been civilised, has not yet acquired a psychology. Corporeally, materialistically, "mechanically" an adult European of the twentieth century, he belongs spiritually to the childhood of the world, to that time when humanity had not invented concepts and was unable to impose order upon chaos. Consequently, what he admires in the life of our time is what a quick-witted savage would admire. "Listen to engines," he says—and we recall immediately Mr. Wells West African negro who worshipped as a god the dynamos which he tended, "listen to engines and reproduce their conversations." His credulity, too, is as astonishing as that of a savage. He actually appears to believe that all art were as if it had never been; it is to him a thing that energy, speed, mechanics—in short, the characteristic material aspects of life in our time—simply exist. He will re-act to them, but he will not utter one syllable of criticism. In spite of the tremendous surface energy of his work, he is in reality not in creative in his attitude to his subject-matter, but merely receptive. All his assertiveness is directed towards the destruction of assertion. This is not attempting to establish new values; he is not trying to set his mark upon reality: he is essaying what is fortunately, at this time of day, an impossible task—the abolition of values altogether. His unconscious desire, could we analyse it, would be found to be nothing more than the aspiration to become a wheel in the machinery of modern existence. It is not realised. As it is he is nothing but a fly on a wheel.

It was by valuing that man brought order out of chaos. The necessary instrument for this task was language, language in its perfect language, that is to say, complete with its laws, its syntax, its grammar. In a language of mere signs and purely inarticulate. Now, what are the commandments that Signor Marinetti lays down? First, no syntax. As it is he is nothing but a fly on a wheel.


admire, as Signor Marinetti admires, "the acceleration of life, which has to-day nearly always a rapid rhythm"; "the new and the unforeseen"; "the illimitable multiplication and development of human aspirations"; "the passion, art and idealism of sports, with the conception and love of the 'record.'" Every desire that is on the surface, every passion which has not sufficient subtlety to conceal itself in order to become strong—everything which it does not take two glances to understand, arouses in Signor Marinetti a violent ecstasy. And he approves the modern cry, "Tell me all, quick, quick, in two words!"—a cry which can only be gratified when there is not much to tell.

And in two words, to apply the method of Futurism to Futurism, what is wrong with Signor Marinetti is that he is incapable of reflection. He can only look; he cannot think, he cannot judge. It is sufficient for him that energy, speed, mechanics—in short, the characteristic material aspects of life in our time—simply exist. He will re-act to them, but he will not utter one syllable of criticism. In spite of the tremendous surface energy of his work, he is in reality not in creative in his attitude to his subject-matter, but merely receptive. All his assertiveness is directed towards the destruction of assertion. This is not attempting to establish new values; he is not trying to set his mark upon reality: he is essaying what is fortunately, at this time of day, an impossible task—the abolition of values altogether. His unconscious desire, could we analyse it, would be found to be nothing more than the aspiration to become a wheel in the machinery of modern existence. It is not realised. As it is he is nothing but a fly on a wheel.

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The Three Conventions—Material, Moral, Metaphysical.

By Denis Saurat.

The Metaphysician: Matter was constituted as a language by the First Convention, the Convention of the Universes which all help us in its expression. Morality was established as a mode of expression by the Convention of men. The next task is the creation of the Convention of ideas: the foundation of a Metaphysical Convention. As yet there are only individual minds. There is no metaphysical world; no body of ideas true for all minds, as there is, more or less, a body of moral laws true for all men, and a body of material laws true for all things. There must be established and made conscious between minds a relationship upon which they can depend. The Convention has created physical laws, moral laws, but not yet metaphysical laws. Therefore, most men have no metaphysical ideas; just as they would have no moral ideas and no physical world had they to create them.

The Poet: The task of philosophers is to find out desirable metaphysical laws, as they formerly discovered suitable moral ones, and as, in the beginning, beings found and founded material laws. When that is accomplished, little by little metaphysical laws will be accepted by all.

The Psychologist: The task of the Metaphysical Convention will be to organise the distribution of suffering and the struggle against evil; to help all creative minds; to awaken and develop in each being its metaphysical desires; to prepare the language of ideas, chiefly through the Arts. The failures and imperfections of the two existing Conventions, material and moral, arise from the fact that they are not upheld and enlightened by a Metaphysical Convention. These three are, in fact, only three different degrees of consciousness of the same facts.

The Metaphysician: Therefore, there has been so far no metaphysics, because of the two great conventional errors; the error of the Material Convention—the reality of matter as separate from desire, the ultimate value of material law; the error of the Moral Convention—the reality of the Absolute, the ultimate value of the moral law. Those two errors are fundamentally one—a belief in the reality of the Absolute. Each was necessary for the establishment of the corresponding Convention. In its convention each was a truth. Without them the preliminary conventions could not have been founded, and being could not have progressed to metaphysical consciousness. Philosophy, in so far as it has only as yet realised the two old orders, material and moral, can only reveal the ultimate absurdity of both, their intimate self-contradiction, and thus can, do no positive work. In doing this, it is merely preparing the advent of metaphysics.

The Poet: The conventions of the sacred books, which are essentially the consciousness of the Moral Convention in the freshness of its foundation, have so far been the basis of all philosophy. Philosophers have only tried to understand and to organise the world, the Convention, half revealed in them.

The Psychologist: To master physical desires the Moral Convention had to separate matter and spirit. It made of matter the enemy; and thus gave it an independent reality. Thus the Moral Convention consolidated the error of the Material Convention.

The Poet: The philosophers have only been commentators on the sacred books. They write like commentators; they have no style.

The Psychologist: The need for a Metaphysical Convention is exemplified most clearly in the lack of all control over creative individual power. Man creates naturally a number of ideas, images and forms, unknown to or rejected by the masses. Some together a few adherents.
Physiology. The people who talk about "gross, materialem that introduced the idea of matter as essentially evil," and "matter and energy may have the same mysterious brut., Materialism," are simply ignorant, and they are toxicated with spirits of that nature as others origin: the very smallest acquaintance with physics messages from spirits to be real, there is no sign of characteristics of 'Spiritualism' is the thoroughly logical phenomenon-and if anyone resents this state- always being quoted, phantasms of the living or of the spirits of another kind. . . . as 

but not enough. When spirit in the body, manifesting through the poets, artists, musicians, and mys- tics, seems to me to have access to a deeper life than entities out of the body speaking through mediums. Allen Upward, with a vigour justified by his own amazing spiritual insight, declares: 'Heaven makes its revelations to mankind through true prophets. It does not make them through rascals at five shillings a revelations.' Dr. Bernard Hollandersays: 'But, granting the messages from spirits to be real, there is no sign of elevation of character, there is nothing lofty or holy in their communications; indeed, there is not one mes- sage of importance to us, not one which would throw light on any of the great problems which affect hu- manity so deeply, not one which would betray any greater nearness to God.' George Russell, from whom I have previously quoted, specifically hands the subject over to the investigators into morbid psychology: 'The phenomenon are so subject to mass-suggestion in most cases that I see no reason why I should study them with more seriousness than I should study the utterances of a drunken man.' Dr. Hollander also declares that "people become in- toxicated with spirits of that nature as others do with spirits of another kind. . . . as a mental specialist, I confess that I have seen victims of both, and that the one addicted to material spirits is the easier to treat." I agree heartily with these judgments of value. They have nothing in common with the phenomena that are always being quoted, phantasms of the living or of the dead, telepathy, telekinesis, mesmerism, hypnotism, etc. These phenomena are still mysterious, but no more so than any other physio- logical phenomenon—and if anyone resents this state- ment, I advise him to read Dr. Haldane on "The New Physiology." The people who talk about "gross, brut., Materialism," are simply ignorant, and they are certainly not Christians; for Christianity taught that "the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." It was Manicheanism that introduced the idea of matter as "essentially evil," and I have some sympathy with Diodetian who burned its "abominable books." Sir William Barrett, in this symposium suggests that "matter and energy may have the same mysterious origin;" the very smallest acquaintance with physics prevents one from regarding matter as dead, or gross, or brutal, and all the other terms of abuse. Physiology teaches us that "all living things containing atomic com- tained composition, the atoms and molecules entering into which are never the same from moment to moment, according to the physical and chemical interpretation." So-called mental and psychic phenomena are no more mysterious than physiological phenomena; indeed, it is in our analysis that we run the risk of "confounding the persons, and dividing the substance" against which the Athanasian Creed warms us. We need not, therefore, grant the assumption that psychic phenomena are more wonderful or more myster- ious than physiological phenomena; they present nothing more marvellous than the "interconnected normals and their organisation with reference to one another and to other organic normals" of which Dr. Haldane writes. But even if they were more marvel- ous, the Spiritualists have no monopoly of "psychic phenomena": the literature of mesmerism and hypno- tism is full of much more interesting, and sometimes useful (as in the case of diagnosis and prescription by hypnotised patients), examples of sub- or super-normal powers. Morbid psychology, too, presents its cases: a good instance being that of the "hallucinosis in Jung’s "Analytical Psychology." Moreover, to people who are not Spiritualists the psychic phenomena may occur; phantasms of the living and of the dead, telepathy, prophecy, inspiration, all these things may happen without the recourse to the suggestion of the seance-room, or the acceptance of the spiritualist theory.

The argument that Spiritualism affords proof of sur- vival does not receive much support from this sym- posium. Professor Bergson declares that "immortality cannot be proved experimentally. All experience is limited in duration, and when religion speaks of immortality it implies revelation. But it will be some- thing, it will be a great deal, if we can establish in the region of experience the possibility and even the probability of survival for a period." Against this à priori amiability towards the Spiritualistic theory may be set an equally à priori but less amiable objection to it raised by Dr. Harry Campbell: 'The definite proof of the existence of departed spirits capable of revealing themselves to living humans would constitute a dis- covery beside which all other discoveries of man would pale, ascribing as it would unmistakable evidence of the survival of the personality after the disruption of the body. Seeing, then, that tremendous issues are involved in the problem of Spiritualism, it is only reasonable to believe that if departed spirits, capable of revealing themselves to us, do actually hover about this planet of ours, the fact would not long since have been established beyond all cavil." The Spiritualistic theory re- quires us to believe that survival is as natural a fact as death—and death is not a subject open to discussion, it is only reasonable to suppose that survival, if it were a fact, would also not be a subject open to discussion. The theory of survival is obviously an attempt to explain away death—and, so far, it has not succeeded. For Sir William Barrett, as he says, apparently a believer in survival, says "This knowledge of God, not of the methods of His working but the consciousness of His presence, is what is meant by religion. From this point of view it is obvious that Spiritualism is not and cannot be a religion, which rests essentially upon the existence of the soul of which we call faith." In this sense, also, Spiritualism cannot even afford us knowledge of the supernatural, as it is often claimed to do. In its true meaning supernatural knowledge is incomunicable from without; it is the outcome of the soul’s appreciation of the things we call faith. Furthermore, as regards the future life, it is, in my opinion, a mischievous error to infer that spirit communications teach us the necessary and inherent immortality of the soul.
They show us, it is true, that life can exist in the unseen, but entrance on a life after death does not necessarily mean immortality, i.e., an endless persistence of being, with enlarged faculties and ennobled lives." According to Sir William Barrett, Spiritualism at best can only postpone the consideration of death; spiritually, it does not matter whether we die at once, or by degrees, if, our latter end is extinction. Spiritualism, then, begins with an unproved and apparently unprovable assumption of a duality of soul and body. This is not a Christian, but a Manichean, teaching, and it was condemned as heretical centuries ago. Scientifically, it has no meaning; it explains nothing in physiology or psychology; as Dr. Harry Campbell says: "There is abundant evidence that brain and mind are indissolubly associated, and we seem driven to the conclusion that dissolution of the one implies dissolution of the other. I can find no evidence in favour of the conclusion that the brain is the mere material instrument by which a spirit, capable of existing independently of it, can be brought into relation with the material world. We have, therefore, an assumption that is not proved, that is heretical, and is scientifically useless, as a basis for the assertion that the soul survives the dissolution of the body. This assertion is supposed to be proved by phenomena produced by people the majority of whom are admittedly cheats, and the spiritual value of the residue is declared by such people as Mr. G. S. Mead, George Russell, Allen Upward, Evelyn Underhill, Sir William Barrett, and others in this symposium, to be very small if not entirely non-existent. Striking at the very root of the assumption that the immortality of the soul can be proved experimentally is Professor Bergson's philosophical objection that it cannot, and Sir William Barrett's assertion that spiritualistic phenomena have not proved it, and cannot prove it. It is a theory that solves no difficulties, that, on the contrary, raises what seem to be insuperable difficulties in the understanding of life; it is a practice that renders people liable to all the perils of mass-suggestion (the phantom Russians who went through England and France in September, 1914, afford a recent historical example of what mass-suggestion can do), and the fact stated by Mr. Joseph McCabe in this symposium, that "in 1920, Lord Northcliffe, for whatever reason, decided to spend £20,000 and use his press for running it [Spiritualism]," warns us not to expect anything of value to arise from the induced hysteria that is called "the psychic revival." A. E. R.

Review.

Animal Heroes. Monarch: The Big Bear of Tallac. By Ernest Thompson Seton. (Constable and Company, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net. and 8s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Thompson Seton has a high and well-earned reputation as a writer of animal stories which live; to naturalists he is known as an open-air observer whose careful studies, the fruit of a sympathetic and almost intuitive understanding of wild nature, have added much to our knowledge of the fauna of North America. "Animal Heroes" is a welcome reprint. "Monarch" is the life-story of a Grizzly Bear, a "composite animal," compounded of different bears seen or heard of, and discussed around camp fires. The result is a graphic picture of these semi-wild creatures, an vivid surmise of its mental outlook, its subsequent freedom and wild life and eventual captivity. In exploring the mentality of such a "stand-offish" creature as a Grizzly one may well allow the author liberties which "exclude the story from the catalogue of pure science." But the skilful blend of story and fact make an historical novel of bear life which would be hard to equal. Maybe Mr. Seton's animals have rather more than is natural of those special virtues which we regard as our own and only passports to immortality; maybe we detect in them a degree of self-consciousness from which Nature has mercifully barred them. With his rare gift of picturesque phrasing Mr. Seton creates a pleasant atmosphere of romance around his animals, and our sympathies are with them and our criticism dulled. This skill of awakening the hunting instinct latent in us—or its artificial development that we call sport—when his heroes turn for their last great fight for life.

Heroes are not normal, and these animal heroes are admittedly of unusual achievement. As we have indicated, Mr. Seton, as a keen Nature worshipper, is not entirely guiltless of raising animal mentality to a plane higher than our scientists permit. But let it not be thought that we compare him for one moment with those transparent fakers whose melodramatic nonsense too often passes for natural history in our popular magazines.

The story of the Slum Cat is the best in the "Animal Heroes" series. This outcast, born in a dockyard rubbish heap, is captured by the negro assistant of an American-Cockney dog-thief, a gentleman who, like our own parasites of the toy-dog craze, lived mainly on the "Lost and Found" columns of the daily Press. The young Slum Cat, without a flabby ambition of his own, decided that the Slum Cat could be foisted on the Knickerbocker High Society Cat and Pet Show as a pure-bred "Something-or-other Cat."

"I won't do, ye know, Sammy, to henter 'er as a trap cat, ye know, 'be equal to his 'elp, 'tis but it kin be arranged to suit the Knickerbockers. Nothink like a good noime, ye know. Ye see now it had orter be 'Royal' somethink or other—nothink with the Knickerbockerlike as 'Royal' anythink. Now 'Royal Dick' or 'Royal Sam'—ow's that? But 'owld on: them's Tom names. Oi, say, Sammy, what's the noime of that island where ye wuz born?"

"Analostan Island, sah, was my native vicinity, sah."

"Oi say, now, that's good, ye know. 'Royal Analostan,' by Jove! The onliest pedigreed 'Royal Analostan' in the 'ole slum, ye know. Ain't that foine?"

Hailed by Society as a direct descendant of the cats of the Pharaohs, the Slum Cat is eventually shrined in a Fifth Avenue mansion, where her slum habits, acquired in a grinding struggle for existence, are treated as peculiarities expected in a five-star hotel. As we have shown, the hunting instinct latent in us—or its artificial development that we call sport—when his heroes turn for their last great fight for life. The escapes and journeys of the Slum Cat, the conquest of her country home, the probable view-point of a cat in a closed basket, its impressions of changing noises and smells, being excellently sketched by Mr. Seton. The slums call the "Royal Cat" irresistibly, every rich odor of garbage playing on the chords of memory which surely dwell in a cat's nose. The escape and the complex journey back by road, river, and railway line to the old rubbish-yard are again well imagined. But to make this picturesque feat possible, Mr. Seton calls in the aid of a sixth sense, invests his hero cat with a marvellous faculty which, in our opinion, mars the story. It is a large theory supported by small, inadequate facts, to credit an animal with this wonderful "sense of direction." Though the criticism may seem out of place when applied to an amusing story, yet it may be permitted when one bears in mind the thousands of people who, on the authority of such a naturalist as Mr. Seton, will regard a limited vision of animal capacity. A beast of prey—and the civilisation of our domestic cat is obviously hard to skin-deep—needs exquisite faculties of smell or sight, or both, to guide it on the homeward track after a long chase. Smell-memory alone will not enable a cat to meet life's requirements; there is no need for more. Even when the Slum Cat drops from a bridge into the cold waters of a broad river this extraordinary sense guides it infallibly to the home shore!

Both volumes are, of course, attractively illustrated.
Pastiche.

PLAINT OF A LEAN MAN.

My wife says she can't understand why I go to see "Joybells." (Nowadays it's the fashion to "take on" re the state of the drama, and my wife's in the fashion.) She wonders what I can see in it.

The theatre of the soul, or ideas, or of something or other according to her is so very superior . . . . I wonder!

My wife says she can't understand what I see in O. Henry. She brings Strindberg's "Legends" to bed—burns the light till two-thirty; there's no switch by the bedside—I have to get out when she's finished, and the oilcloth's so cold, though my wife says she's sure it's more healthy.

By-the-by, Henry's shop-girls are seemingly warm little creatures, and the chorus in "Joybells" looks so—though it may be the greasepaint.

I go to the office each day by the eight-forty-seven, and mostly return by the six-twenty-two from Victoria, unless my wife's got an At Home or a lecture or something.

She expects me to bring her away, so I put in an hour watching Miss Myra Bliss watch her step, or I go to see "Joybells."

After all I'm a man, or at least so I "kidded" myself once. Though I've not studied Ibsen, I thought G. K. C. was a corker, and I read the Decameron one year from cover to cover; but they do not wear well . . . . or I don't. There is something wrong somewhere.

Though I don't seem to get at the cause of the trouble exactly.

Binks says it's the war's aftermath, says I ought to play poker.

I'm in a good job with a pension to come. We've a nice house; our maid is above all reproach—I almost wish she wasn't!

Looking back I can honestly say that I've never been foolish or sown my wild oats like a good many men I could mention. I'm fond of my wife . . . in a way. I sit on four committees, and although I don't go to church often the vicar dines with us.

I remember the poor—so I claim to be quite a good Christian (but my wife thinks such sentiments quite vieux jeu and demodes: yet she gets quite upset and complains when I go to see "Joybells").

There are times when I feel quite inflamed in the wits—I could smash things—when the office chair hurts, and I want to dictate filthy letters, and at home the soup comes up half-cold, or there's curry for dinner, and my wife's Pome will sit on my knee, or is sick, or wants combing.

Then I gird at the world and the flesh and my lifelong companion, I clutch "London Opinion" and feel for a time quite unhygienic, and I almost set out for the eight-twenty-seven and "Joybells."

It's not pleasant to feel that one's self-control is so uncertain.

Looking back, I feel sure it was only my liver—something.

H. R. BARBOR.

THE FOOL AND GOD.

The Jester laughed at the valley's edge:—

For scorn of the ways of men,
As over the quick of the hazel-hedge
The dawn climbed up again;
"Oh, the world is sweet and truant Joy
Down to the valley goes,
And up thro' the dawn the mist is drawn
In a sheen of pearl and rose!"

The Jester laughed at the valley's brim
For scorn of their weary creeds;
And the scent of the woods crept up to him
As he sang: "A jester reads
The simple script of a dewy page
In the dawn of a virgin day,
And 'the light of the sun and my heart are one!'
Is all that a Fool can say!"

"Oh, the Gods of men have heavy eyes,
And weary feet of clay;
And little men know of Paradise,
And their feet are all astray:
But a Fool, with only his heart as guide,
Down to the valley goes,
Gossamer-shod to find his God
In a dawn of pearl and rose!"

L. M. PRIEST.

ONE SOLDIER.

To GEORGE WRIGHT.

Heap the earth upon this head.
Nature, like a wistful child,
Clings unto the clay she fed,
Shatters it—unreconciled
Moans the ashes of her dead.
Heap the earth upon this head.

Chanter of the lonely tombs,
Lift him to thy harmony—
Moulded in the million wombs
That breed the soul's nobility! . . .
Such the men that perished?
Heap the earth upon this head.

Our masters brood and preach and plot,
And mourn in monuments, not tears,
The man the centuries forgot
Who builded up the mighty years!
Faded are the fights they led.
Piteous the blood they shed.
Heap the earth upon this head.

Heap, heap the earth upon this head.
Brother he was to you, to me—
Lived, lusted, joyed, and wept . . .
They spent
Their verbal earnings, and he went
And fought for human liberty,
And died. And politics were free.
Raise, raise memorials to our Dead! . . .
But heap the earth upon this head.
Oh! heap the earth upon this head.

BERTRAM HIGGINS.

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