"It is not too much to say," the "Times" astonishingly informs us, "that Lord Northcliffe and Crewe House gave a philosophical and political foundation to propaganda"; and "first of all axioms," we are further told, "is that only truthful statements be made"—as, for instance, that the Germans boiled down their dead to make glycerine, or that the Bolsheviks eat cannibal soup. However Lord Northcliffe's philosophy was applied to the nation's late enemies, it is certain that the nation's well-intentioned working classes desire no luxury and champagne, spending tens of pounds in pursuit of "cheaper domestic coal" in the interests of nationalisation. But then, again, it is a strike for Bolshevism, the notion being to carry on without profits as with profits; hence their present double demand of higher wages and decreased coal prices.

Nevertheless, as we have been trying to show during the last few years, Capitalism could almost as easily afford a deficit on the sale of domestic coal; in other words, that the surplus profit on one class of coal can and should be used to subsidise the loss incurred upon another class of coal. But this, it will be seen, is a purely adventitious circumstance that, in the first place, cannot be counted upon even in the case of coal and, still less, in the case of other industries never similarly situated; and, in the second place, that is not a necessary feature of Capitalism. For Profit, as commonly understood and certainly as understood by the Miners' Federation, is not an essential of Capitalism. In view of the prominence that has been given to profiteering, and of the attention usually given to the record of the "profits" of any commercial undertaking, it may seem paradoxical to assert that profits in this sense are an almost negligible factor in the causation of high prices. Nevertheless, as we have been trying to show during the last few years, Capitalism could almost as easily carry on without profits as with profits; hence their present double demand of higher wages and decreased coal prices.

We should naturally have full sympathy with these demands if the means employed, not to enforce them, but to make their satisfaction simultaneously possible, were equal to the occasion. Unfortunately they are not. Not only do the demands, as presented, quite unnecessarily antagonise even those consumers who might conceivably benefit by them, but the theory underlying the demands is demonstrably wrong, and in practice would prove to be disastrous. What, in fact, is the theory upon which the M.F. is proceeding in its contention that the Mining industry can afford, as a whole, to sell domestic coal below cost? It is that the profits on the sale of the actual output of coal, derived mainly from exported coal, but partly from commercial coal consumed at home, are sufficient to cover a deficit on the sale of domestic coal; in other words, that the surplus profit on one class of coal can and should be used to subsidise the loss incurred upon another class of coal. But this, it will be seen, is a purely adventitious circumstance that, in the first place, cannot be counted upon even in the case of coal and, still less, in the case of other industries never similarly situated; and, in the second place, that is not a necessary feature of Capitalism. For Profit, as commonly understood and certainly as understood by the Miners' Federation, is not an essential of Capitalism.
that our financial classes would be required to do is to show no profit on output, whereupon, hoop-in! every wage-claim and price-claim must be withdrawn. In the meanwhile, the financial credit (or spending-power) of the capitalist classes might go on increasing by leaps and bounds.

It is particularly in view of the dangerous fallacy upon which the Miners' claim to reduced prices rests that we would strongly urge the inadmissibility of a strike upon them if the present settlement is accepted. It is perfectly true that, in themselves, the present demands of the Miners are both justified and public-spirited; it is, moreover, true that the immediate consequences would almost provoke a strike if only as an active protest against the indifference of the governing oligarchy to the sufferings caused by their deliberate and calculated maintenance of high prices. Lastly, it is, no doubt, true that a strike at the present moment would quite possibly precipitate a General Strike, the revolutionary consequences of which may conceivably be attracting the Government that sees no hope in any other direction than in a general smash. Tempting, nevertheless, as we admit all these circumstances to be, we must renew our hope that the Miners' Federation and the Labour movement in general will have the strength of minds to act them. For, we say once more, the idea, the really constructive, the revolutionarily constructive idea, is still lacking in the minds of the leaders and rank and file equally. An attack upon Profits as such is not the way to go about the solution of the problem either of low wages or of high prices. Much, much more than Profits is involved in the problem. Profits are a small, nay, even a negligible, factor in the general account. A thousand times more important is the factor of Credit. But what, in its present state, does the Labour movement know of Credit? It has scarcely begun to think about the subject. But the subject must be thought about before the right solution is realised. Since in any conceivable event no solution that is not based on a practical knowledge of the meaning and importance of Credit can possibly affect, except to worsen, the existing immediate situation. We emphasise this fact again and again, regardless of any other consideration than the paramount need of Labour to realise it. It is impossible to raise wages or reduce prices by anything short of obtaining control of credit; and since, as we know, there is nothing in the present Miners' demands or in any of the demands of Labour in general that so much as touches this vital factor, even the satisfaction of these demands would bring in the end no satisfaction whatever.

It is not our office to call for a Labour Conference for the discussion of a new and radical economic policy; we have done all we can in formulating such a policy and in laying it before our readers and the Labour movement. Nor is it our business to deplore circumstances immediately and prospectively before us, the apparent waste of time would be the most fruitful of all the efforts that Labour could possibly make. On consideration, therefore, we suggest this course to the Trade Union Congress now assembled at Portsmouth. The Miners' dispute, it is clear, is only the stormy petrel, indicative of the approach of the worst of weathers. Let the Trade Union Congress treat it as such, and prepare to meet the inevitable storm.

As part, we presume, of Lord Northcliffe's philosophical propaganda against Labour, the "Times" published last week a long communication from Mr. William Hardy, designed to show by means of statistics that wages have advanced during the last four or five centuries step by step with prices. Even if the proof had been as complete as the confidence of the author, the optimistic conclusion would have need of modification in the light of the fact that productivity has advanced at a far greater rate than wages, and hence that a wage-rate equal to the cost of living to-day is no real advance on a wage-rate equal to the cost of living four or five hundred years ago. But, as it happens in philosophy and propaganda, the essential factor of the purchasing power of money is entirely left out of reckoning in Mr. Hardy's letter; and we are thus left to conclude, if his readers are foolish enough to do so, that an average wage of 10 shillings a day at this moment is no real advance on the purchasing power of the customary wage of 2 pence a day that was paid to skilled workmen in the early part of the fifteenth century. Observe, however, what 3 pence a day would do a few centuries ago. We have the accounts of the "auditors and clerks"—the salaried classes, no less!—of the Bishop of Ely during 1435, when he was staying with retinue in the region of
Holborn not a stone's throw from where The New Age is now published. Their total expenses, themselves and their horses, "we bread, ale, candles, etc.," for 3½ whole weeks that year, amounted to 21 shillings, or an average, so it is calculated by another correspondent of the "Times," of 3 pence per day man and horse. The rent of the houses they occupied was 13½ pd. per annum. Without on this occasion entering into a currency discussion, the question to be asked is why the penny should have lost instead of gained in value as a result of the increase in productivity during the centuries that have elapsed since countries." It will be no waste of time for our readers years ago. On a conservative estimate, if about for the set purpose of reducing the home ought to board a family for a year. That it to-day is a fact and not a dream, it is impossible, on any superficial or even on account of gain or loss, in other words, that no real inflation of purchasing power can ever take place under their perfect system that in no way relates goods to purchasing power. But if the production of goods has always kept pace with the manufacture of money, the value of money to-day should be in the same ratio to the value of money in 1435 as production to-day is to the production of 500 years ago. On a conservative estimate, if 3 pence in 1435 could board a man and horse for a day, 3 pence to-day may only board a family for a year. Labour does not as much hinder the productivity of the currency as is equal to the apparent miracle), but to the inflation of purchasing power by the financial classes.

That the "inflation of money" is deliberately brought about for the set purpose of reducing the home consumption of goods by raising prices is practically admitted by Mr. Oswald Falk, a well-known financier. Writing in the "Times" last week on the question of exports and their increase, he remarked that "the surplus of production over local consumption . . . might be increased by further inflation . . . but the insistence by Labour in the lending countries upon a higher rate of living is the most powerful factor which limits the surplus of goods available for export to borrowing countries." It will be no waste of time for our readers to examine this extraordinary sentence again and again. Its significance in economic point of view is practically inexhaustible; and we are under a load of gratitude to Mr. Falk for having provided us with it. Merely to skim the surface of Mr. Falk's profundities, let us observe, in the first place, that the surplus of our home production over our home consumption might be increased by further inflation. By "inflating" the currency, prices could be raised; as a consequence of raising prices, "local," that is to say, home consumption, could be reduced; and by reducing home consumption, and providing that production continued at the same level, the surplus for export could be increased. Next observe that this exported surplus is not for immediate goods in return. In any case we could not be "consumed," since ex hypothesi the "local" market has been exhausted of its spending-power. The exported surplus is "borrowed" by other countries; we "lend" them it, and the debt, in the form of bonds, or what not, is the property, not of the consumers and producers in this country, but of the financiers who have been to the trouble of inflating our currency for the purpose of obtaining control of the surplus of goods for export. The last point we need observe is that Labour, by its insistent demands for a higher standard of living—in other words, for more "local" consumption—threatens to spoil the game our financiers are playing. Insisting on consuming more themselves, they reduce the surplus available for lending abroad, and thus risk ruining the "export trade" on which, as everybody knows, the greatness of "England" depends. Our only regret is that Labour is perfectly innocent of any such intention. But now that Mr. Falk has put it into Labour's head, perhaps the idea may begin to be understood.

World Affairs.

It is easy to lose one's way in the tangle of problems comprehensively indicated under the name of Islam; and with the kaleidoscopic development of the years, ever fresh situations and appearing to necessitate ever fresh views, it is hardly to be wondered at that not only world-opinion, even where it is conscious, but responsible statesmen and publicists are driven in bewilderment to follow a policy of expediency. With Arab "revolts" in progress in Mesopotamia and Syria, with renewed rumours of approaching pan-Turanian, pan-Islam, and pan-Arab federations, each and all of them with an ultimate vision of the domination of Southern Asia, and perhaps of the world, by the Brown race; and with such manifest cross-purposes in Europe in regard to these movements that simultaneously the Soviet Government and the Vatican can be reported as attempting to establish friendly relations with them, while the rest of Europe is more or less at war with them—it is impossible, on any superficial or even upon any of the current views of world-policy, to arrive at a correct judgment. Nevertheless it is the plain task of Europe to form such a judgment and to begin to act upon it, before it is too late. Difficult enough it is in all conscience, and calling for such a spiritual effort as was seldom had to be made by the conscious mind of the human race (for such we take Europe to be); but the Great War, in which so much precious blood was shed, calls for an effort of spirit corresponding to the outpouring of blood; for if blood is not paid for in spirit, it will be paid for in more blood.

Material science, it is clear, would present to the mind a similar welter of conflicting claims as that presented by world-affairs if it were not for the fact, realised by the true scientists, though usually forgotten or never learned by the popular popularists, that the intelligent aim of science is the discovery of the intelligenc of Nature. Coleridge long ago defined the "highest perfection of natural philosophy" as "the perfect spiritualisation of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect"; and it is in that service, apart from its mere utility-values, that true science can be said to labour: to reveal the mind of God in the mind of Man. A similar conception, it is apparent, must be applied to the political science of the world: it is not to be overwhelmed by the babel of claims and counter-claims; and, for ourselves, we find it in the view that the world is one mind in process of realising itself through the instrumentality of races, nations and individuals. Nothing less than such a psychological view of the world can possibly enable us to form correct judgements, since, in its absence, no other criterion of value can ever be adopted than that of self-preservation or self-extension by means of force. What, for example, is the criterion of right and wrong in the relations between Islam and the world, between the various races and the world, between any fragment and the whole of the world? Unless there is and can consciously be conceived a non-arbitrary common world-responsibility, resting equally according to their respective genius, situation, and history, upon every race and nation, nothing remains but to abandon every issue to mere force. That then would be right that succeeded in establishing itself; and every effort to survive and to dominate would become justified. It is clear that the doctrine of the Balance of Power, now enlarged to cover the world, is only the logical intermediary between the struggle of nations and the final "triumph" of a single World-Empire, operating through the "League of Nations"; and the basis of the structure now in danger of being attempted is clearly only force; whose consumption must be marked by the emergence after centuries of struggle of a single World-Empire. But is it necessary to spoil the game? The ideal only appears the "will-to-power" of individuals, and even
occasionally to nations with their heads turned, it is neither a human ideal nor one that will bear contemplation? For not only is Europe immediately conscious with the unconscious East, its threshold, as it were, and therefore the first determinant of conscious response to unconscious impulses from the East, but, by virtue of an assembly of qualities derived from situation, race, history and culture, Europe is also responsible for the balance between the Far East and the Far West, between, that is to say, the sub-conscious and the over-conscious of the world. Without Europe it would be safe to say that the world as a developing mind would cease to develop and would fall back into the embryonic state of a psychological nebula. And without the conscious exercise of Europe's world-function, that of regulating the pace and order of world-development, the same general decadence or reaction is inevitable.

However "fanciful" these considerations may at first sight appear to be, there can be no doubt that the present difficulties of Europe are mainly due to two things: first, the stirring up of the East, both Near and Far; and, second, the absence of any clear and conscious conception of Europe's proper attitude towards the awakening of the East. The Great War, as was fitting from such an event, has had the effect of arousing in the East desires and impulses of the most formidable dimensions. The "unconscious" of the world has been stirred by the Great War; with tremendous forces that before were asleep are now awake and demanding "recognition" from the world's consciousness. As the organ of that consciousness, Europe is called upon to deal with the situation; and to determine the degree to which the "unconscious" must be admitted and the best means of admitting it without loss of the world's sanity. No "authority" outside that of the European mind is capable of giving an answer to the questions addressed to the world by the unconscious. That there are individual minds in all races and nations that are "universal," and capable of taking a world-view of world-affairs, we can the more readily admit since, in due course, we hope to enlist them in our present common cause. But racially and nationally, not even the most enlightened members of Eastern races would deny that the unconscious "is irrational, instinctive, impulsive, rather of the nature of a need than of an articulate and specific want. What is more, such self-articulation as it can achieve almost never expresses the real object of its search: and its irrationality, furthermore, is intensified as the refusal to "entertain" an answer to the questions addressed to the world by the unconscious.

Innumerable illustrations of this "psychological law" might be cited; but our concern is with the most general case of all—namely, that of the world. For this purpose it is clearly necessary to define the world in psychological terms and to specify the areas of its unconscious and conscious respectively. But is there any doubt about the existing and natural division? Westward the course of consciousness takes its way: and it is probable that nobody would be found to deny that the unconscious is the characteristic of the "progressive" West. Westwards, or in the direction of increasing consciousness, the tide of impulse appears to flow; and it is of the utmost importance that the fact should be recognised. It will be seen that in this classification Europe is charged with the responsibility of the greatest spiritual or psychological role that any race or civilisation can be called upon to bear; for not only is Europe immediately conscious with the unconscious East, its threshold, as it were, and therefore the first determinant of conscious response to unconscious impulses from the East, but, by virtue of an assembly of qualities derived from situation, race, history and culture, Europe is also responsible for the balance between the Far East and the Far West, between, that is to say, the sub-conscious and the over-conscious of the world.
Who is Christ?

By Edward Moore.

There appeared in the "New Statesman" the other week an unsigned article entitled "Every Man is Christ." It was not theology, nor was it even modern thought; but it contained, nevertheless, a collection of significant fallacies. Now errors are interesting only psychologically, for only psychologically do they lead us to a reality—the state of mind which made them necessary. As it happens, the state of mind of the drunkard, the thief and the madman are transformed. . . .

The anonymous writer is not only interesting, it affects significant fallacies. Now errors are interesting only naturally, this: "I am Christ," said Nietzsche, "an actual, perfect virtue (and not merely a kind of impulse towards virtue!), you are its victim! But your neighbour praises your virtue precisely on that account!" From these unexpected roots, then, springs the sentimental virtues. I said before that the sentimental do not know what the virtues are for. The truth is that they could not hear to define them, for in doing so they would be defining their own sins. The apparently irrational praise of death and of suffering—for occasionally is now expected to have not been concerned here with the symbolic meaning of Christ: with the fact that spiritually we die and are reborn, and that the crucifixion, the descent into the tomb and the resurrection in a higher form—what the psychologists call sublimation—are realities within us. I have been concerned with the question raised by the "New Statesman": In what respect is Christ every man? The writer in the "New Statesman" answered it falsely, because his attitude was not active but passive, and because, therefore, he saw the truth partially. To know truth completely one must act it. The reason for this is simple. In action one knows the truth day by day, for one's acts are a sort of test of it; in passivity one knows the truth only in such aspects and at such times as fate decides. One's acquaintance with it, in fact, is casual. The writer in the "New Statesman" and the sentimentalists generally have a casual acquaintance with Christ. Or, in Christ, whom by this time has gathered so much sentimental round it that it is misleading, they have a casual acquaintance with man. But they are wrong in thinking that every man is born to suffer and to be sacrificed. These are mere symptoms. No, every man is born to save the world. That is what we are all here for, and not to die picturesquely or to sing paeans over the dying.

all this. On the one hand Christ is made so remote, so exalted, that we cannot claim to be Him; on the other, He is made so terrible that we dare not be Him. As Christ? He dies for us, while we are not free! It appears we are not Christ this time either! We are not to die after all.

There is obviously something very questionable about
Drama,
By John Francis Hope

The Birmingham Repertory Theatre has already performed one miracle; it brought the Lyric, Hammer-smith, within the circle of the West End theatres, and for months drew crowds to see "great men in huge hats sticking to principles," as a correspondent of the "Cambridge Magazine" put it. A success of that nature is usually damning; an audience expects what it has been led to expect, and usually will not permit those whom it has once favoured to offer it anything else. The repertory theatre produced the genre play; the genre play should be produced by the repertory theatre; so runs the reasoning of people who have to look in a directory to find anything. But it is a sign of vitality, at least, when one attempts to break new ground, or, like Thoreau, refuses to do again what has once been done perfectly. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre is apparently in no mood to repeat its "Abraham Lincoln"; on the contrary, it has opened its season at Birmingham with "a comedy of old Persia," by a new author, Mr. L. P. Brown, and it intends to produce Vanbrugh's "The Confederacy," Besier's "Don," Schnitzler's "Playing With Love," and Shakespeare's "Henry IV," to say nothing of various Spanish plays. If it can enlarge its tradition of "natural" acting to include the picturesque, the romantic, the comedy of manners, and the full-bloated characterisations of Shakespeare it will do as great a service to the art of acting as it apparently intends to do to the art of drama. We not only need a repertory of plays, but a repertory of styles; and the grand manner and the high comedic style are as well worth preserving as the "natural" manner.

Mr. L. P. Brown's comedy, "The Potter's Shop," has a sort of philosophical moral. Browning's Ogniben had seen four-and-twenty leaders of revolts; Mr. Brown's Imam had seen at least that number of reformers. He sent them forth as sheep among wolves, each of them determined in his own vocation to inaugurate the triumph of right. Nijam-ul-Ahmad was to be Governor of Balhi, and to do justice in an office not conspicuous for that quality; Plato's Philosopher-King could have had no better intention. Abd-al-Saad intended to preach the true religion of Islam, to sweep away the corrupt commentaries of the Mullahs, and give the people the faith pure and undefiled. Arraq Assar chose, perhaps, the most difficult task of all, for he intended to be an honest merchant in a land where, I believe, not even weights and measures are standardised. The Imam might have chuckled (although he did not) at the thought of these children of the cloister reforming the world by a mere expression of the cloistered virtues; but he only warned them that this is a censorious world where the man of good intentions is sometimes misunderstood. Attachment to the fruits of action is the spiritual crime that carries its own penalty; and these men suffered from that "last infirmity of noble minds," the desire to become famous by doing good, instead of simply being good by doing nothing, as is the Eastern custom. They fail, of course. The Governor learns diplomacy, the merchant learns the gentle art of barter, and really becomes as able an Army contractor as St. George was reputed to be. Only the Arab preacher retains the first freshness of his faith; but if the common people receive him gladly, the Mullahs do not. His very success as a preacher becomes embarrassing to his friend, the Governor, who is obliged to check his zeal for the Holy Law by reminding him of the political necessity of Law and Order. His skill as a physician becomes embarrassing to himself, for he is landed in an intrigue with the betrothed of his other friend, the merchant. When all of them, through the machinations of the merchant, are dragged into a double-dealing political conspiracy which is discovered, and "the refuse of the city is cast upon the face of the desert," as their sentence runs, the wheel has come full circle. They are dragged into a double-dealing political conspiracy which is discovered, and "the refuse of the city is cast upon the face of the desert," as their sentence runs, the wheel has come full circle.

The idea is excellent for purposes of satirical comedy, and its structural development is workmanlike. But the dialogue suffers under the handicap of being written in the second person singular, and a periphrastic form of expression. With the exception of Mr. Frank Snell, who played Assar the Merchant, the actors had not sufficiently rid themselves of the natural tradition of acting to characterise a conventional mode of speech. Language of this kind really needs a more oratorical form of delivery, a deliberate pause and cadence as well as a more urgent stressing of the literal meaning of the words. It is a style that the Birmingham Repertory Company needs to learn; it made demands on their powers of interpretation that, it must be confessed, they did not adequately meet on the first night. They spoke their lines with something of the amazed bewilderment of the Jews listening to Jesus; they seemed to be trying to convince us that "never men spake as these men," and instead of arabesques confidently offered us specimens of the "no flummery" style beloved of Englishmen. But these men were not plain, blunt men, they were orators with a perfectly clear perception of the fact that "words, like Nature, half reveal and half conceal the soul within."

With one exception, the scenery was more than adequate, it was interpretative of the play; the exception was "The Garden of a Thousand Trees," which needed much more shadow to be convincing. A full moon shining through a thousand trees would produce the merest shimmer of light, and there is scope for a quiet ghostly effect in this scene. When the actors realise that they must fit the scenery, and not behave with the Englishman's usual indifference to his surroundings, they will get nearer to the spirit of Mr. Brown's play than they did on September 4. Speaking generally, they did not behave as though they lived in Balkh; it was a fault in Socrates that he was terribly at ease on Sion; it is a fault in them that they are terribly ill at ease in Persia. Yet one has reason to hope that some of them will, with a few more performances, settle down to a more characteristic interpretation. Mr. Stuart Vinden's Amir, Mr. Oliver Johnston's Abd-al-Saad, Miss Margaret Chatwin's Zilla, Mr. Frank Snell's Assar, are performances that only need a development of details to establish a style that will enable the others to understand what it is they have to play to and with.

TO A PROUD PHANTOM.

Then I am but to hear you as you pass
Tip-toe upon the silver snow?

I am not to spring into my little door
To see you where you go?

I am but to creep, long afterward,
Into the diamond moon-rays all alone,
And finding tiny footsteps—half-imprinted,
See then where you have gone?

And I am not to follow in the pathway
Under the dark ash and beechen tree.
Nor move aside the frozen spindle-bough
Half-hiding me?

Then I will crouch inside my little house,
Built where the moon-feet gliding go.
And I will not come out to find the footsteps
Even long afterward, upon the silver snow.
Readers and Writers.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan was never distinguished by taste, but in his "Swinburne as I Knew Him" (Lane: 5s. net) he has expressed himself. Fortunately it is not of much importance in the case of Swinburne, who was an even greater snob than poet; he may be said to have incurred Mr. Coulson Kernahan; but nothing produces a more depressing effect upon taste and culture than the sight of a little man patronising and excusing a big. On the very threshold of Mr. Kernahan's reminiscences of Swinburne, or, rather, of the dregs of his reminiscences, for he had already, while Swinburne was still warm in his grave, recorded most of what he knew or had heard of him—we discover Mr. Kernahan's real object in writing about Swinburne: it is to prove what a personage in society Mr. Kernahan is too—quite the equal, believe me, of Swinburne, "the son of Admiral Swinburne and Lady Jane Ashburnham." "Two friends," always "welcome to our home," four little places, you know, down in the West of England] are "Sir John and the Hon. Lady Henniker Heaton," who, we gather, had letters from Swinburne which they kindly placed at the disposal of Mr. Kernahan, their remaining link with letters. Footnotes to several of these letters keep us informed of Mr. Kernahan's other noteworthy friends. In his first letter to the Heatons Swinburne refers to "Peregrine" and Mr. Kernahan's note informs us that "the person here mentioned is my young friend Peregrine, eldest son of Sir John and Lady Henniker Heaton, and heir to the baronetcy." An "adorable person" mentioned by Swinburne in another letter turns out to be "another young friend of mine." No wonder that with such an acquaintance Mr. Kernahan feels himself more than equal to Swinburne and properly contemptuous of Watts Dunton who was educated at some private school of no traditions. He shared Swinburne's feelings, in fact, about canaille involved in them. Occasionally Mr. Willis seems too little more than a nobody, asked Stevenson, while still little more than a nobody, asked Henry James to "put him in" his "Literary Portraits," an impertinent request, of course, that was refused! And Swinburne himself, in his trade of poet—"Oh, these poets!" Mr. Kernahan comments—was not, it seems, above begging advertisement of himself in the weekly papers. Mr. Kernahan has a suitable memory, also, for trifles of such a kind. Exactitude is a tribute to equals in social rank; for "these poets" it is sufficient to "tell the story for what it is worth as it was told to me by an old and intimate friend of Swinburne and Watts Dunton," untitled and unsigned, and to quote letters "from memory" and "as I remember them." What matter "the failings and imperfections of the great," even if they be imperfectly remembered? They amuse the still greater with whom Mr. Kernahan is on terms of intimacy. Altogether, the book reaches the high-water mark of James' contribution to literary gossip. We now know exactly how "these poets" are regarded in the drawing-rooms.

"Children dear, was it yesterday" that I referred to Mr. George Willis' "Philosophy of Speech" (Allen and Unwin: 7s. 6d. net) as a delightful book about words? It is a book to live with for a holiday month padding and bathing in the origins of speech. The most astonishing discoveries are made, and the ease with which Mr. Willis arrives at his illuminating conclusions fairly take one's breath away. Consider, for instance, the little word "is." Say it over and let it sizzle on the tongue. Does it suggest anything, any familiar sound? The Greek "sisein" is "to sizzle" from "zein," to boil; zeal is "boiling"; zymology is the science of fermentation or bubbling, a quiet kind of sizzling; zoology is the science of life, another kind of fermentation; the German "sein" is the hissing of water. "Is" is the Latin "esse." Put all these together and you have the whole series of sublimations of an original onomatopoeic word that identified "life" with the sizzling of boiling water. That is merely one example of hundreds contained in Mr. Willis' volume; and whether or not the history is in every case sound, I can testify that in all of them the psychological interest is well worth the guessing at truth that may be involved in them. Occasionally Mr. Willis seems too good to be true—though he may not be for all that. What unimaginable luck, for instance, to discover that "luck" is the click of a tossed coin, that "busi" is "buzzy," the sound of a hive of bees; that "elementum" is modelled on abecedarian and is a compound of the letters "i, m, n"; and that "love" is derived from labium, the lip. It is difficult to believe that such words have such picturesque origins; and yet Mr. Willis' theory appears to hold water, and it is certainly confirmed by the latest investigations of psycho-analysis. "Speech," says Mr. Willis in a profound sentence, "is a similitude of thought, and thought is a similitude of reality." If that be true, as it appears to me to be, the origin of words in facts follows as a matter of course; and we need have no quibbles about accepting etymologies of astonishing psychology. I have indicated, however, only a fraction of the contents of this volume. Mr. Willis is an explorer and a discoverer in all directions. His remarks on the "Nu Spelling" should be final.

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Mr. Stephen Gwynn's "Irish Books and Irish People" (Talbot Press or Fisher Unwin: 5s. net) contains an essay, well worth reading, on "Irish Humour." Mr. Gwynn is severe but just. He refers to the "damning defects" of the "easy fluency of wit" and the "careless spontaneity of laughter" which characterise Irish humour. It would be terrible, however, to have to admit that these divine qualities are "defects," in the accepted sense of qualities manqués; the "defect" arises, I think, not from the presence of these qualities in the Irish genius, but from the absence of the counterbalancing qualities of weight, high seriousness, and good judgment. It would almost seem that the "elder gods" departed from Ireland centuries ago, leaving in sole possession the "younger gods" of irresponsible and incontinent laughter. Certainly, as Mr. Gwynn says, "Irish humour makes you laugh"; it always takes one by surprise; but the laughter, to my mind, has no echoes in the deeper levels of consciousness; it rings true but shallow. Dogmatism on racial psychology is dangerous and I have no wish to exacerbate feelings already sore; but, as a literary critic simply, I venture my judgment that the Irish genius, as manifested in literature during the last century, is wanting in the solidity that comes only from hard work. Every Irishman (speaking, of course, roughly) is a born genius; but few Irishmen complete their birth by "making" themselves. Wit comes to them too easily to be anything but a tempting line of least resistance.

R. H. C.

BOUNTY.

I asked for all, and all she gave, Mine was her every deed and word, She to my wants was willing slave I nothing asked, then hourly toll She to my wants was willing slave, I asked for all, and all she gave, Mine was her every deed and word, She to my wants was willing slave I nothing asked, then hourly toll The queen was she. I asked for all, and all she gave, Mine was her every deed and word, She to my wants was willing slave I nothing asked, then hourly toll The queen was she.
The Rhythm of Being: Fall and Resurrection.
By Denis Saurat.

The Psychologist: To express a desire, to render it perfectly clear to itself, is to satisfy it. The aim of all desire is to become as intense—as clear and as conscious—as possible. The satisfied desire, having reached perfection, ceases, as all absolute being must annihilate itself. But in the course of its expression desire has rejected all round itself an unsatisfied Potential, which becomes more and more intense. Thus the satisfaction of desire is only apparent and temporary. After a while, its Potential resuscitates it. Thus all desire, in its expression, is submitted to a rhythm of elevation, fall and resurrection, which is infinite.

The Metaphysician: After the fall of desire, the satisfied part does not come back in its previous form. Thus in the death of the body, the physical desires, which life has satisfied (or exhausted, which is the same) die. They no longer come back to express themselves in the physical body, and the body disappears. But those desires, in the course of their expression, have created subtler and unsatisfied ones, which survive, and thus desire is subdivided into ideas.

The Psychologist: Sleep and death belong to the same order of occurrences: they are falls, although in different modes, of desire into the Potential.

The Metaphysician: Sleep is the fall of desire in the course of one mode of expression. When it comes back, the desire returns to the same expression as before, in its preserved unity. Death is a fall in which the desire, having subdivided itself into ideas in the course of its expression, gives up that expression, now become a hindrance. The body is a hindrance to ideas. By its actualising power, it tends to keep us in the zone of desire: it is an obstacle to the subdivision of desires into ideas. At its resurrection from death, being goes on to the expression of its ideas, and no longer of its desires, which are now past.

The Poet: During our fall, sleep or death, our will is exhausted: the quantity of force that came to us from the general being, our original Potential, has become perfect. So we become a sort of abstract of ourselves: we only exist as a possibility. But the general being which created us as one of its subdivisions cannot come back in its life: it or combats it in its rise and fall. In each being is a force and life, and we waken up and go on. We have gone back into our Potential, in communication with the all: we have become the all again, as we were before our birth. We have been born again: we have been re-united with life universal.

The Psychologist: We can study in ourselves the death of some of our desires and their transformation into ideas which spread over the whole of our posterior life; also the sleep and awakening of our desires.

The Metaphysician: We shall find thus the knowledge and the mechanism of our own immortality.

The Psychologist: Hence the shame and the depression after love. The perfected desire, being expressed, falls; the rest of man feels it has been deceived. Then other desires and ambitions than the physical ones are necessary to keep the lovers together. Thus before all intense creation comes a period of depression and despair.

The Poet: Some heavy object is thrown into the waves, on a sloping beach, as the tide comes up. Each wave has its force as it surges upwards; when it falls, it has less power. It brings the object upwards each time a little higher on the beach, and never takes it down. The object goes steadily upwards: it waits where it falls for the next wave to take it up higher. Thus goes desire. The waves are its successive lives; the intervals are its sleeps. The beach which keeps it up during its sleep is the whole world. If the object is light, the sea takes it back when retiring, and it does not progress. The weight of the object is the personal quality of each being.

The Psychologist: Regularity is established when the desire has reached the highest possible intensity in the language it expresses itself in. In any other state a higher expression comes and breaks the rule. Thus vibration is established—equality in rhythm. The desire, called back by the need of the world, returns, rapidly goes up the accustomed way, is perfected and falls. Called back again, it returns again.

The Poet: Thus the fall of a body, after a time of acceleration, reaches to a constant maximum speed. The regularity of the classics.

The Metaphysician: The basis of all language is the first vibration of being: the primitive universal rhythm: the first short ascent of being towards voluptuousness and the first fall, infinitely repeated. This original vibration, of matter or ether, is the physical element all beings are made of. All further language is a modification and a complication of that primitive rhythm, under the diversity of desires.

The Poet: All language, all expression, is an arrangement of rhythms. There is a truth for rhythms: some are found in nature, or feeling, and are true; some are conventional to men; some are original; some are common. There are the rhythms of nature: of the sea, for the eye and the ear; of the mountains, for sight and feeling; and the long slow rhythm of the plains. The culture of rhythms is in the arts. Style, which makes works of art last, is a matter of rhythm: it appeals in us to deeper and older powers than ideas: to pre-intellectual desires.

The Metaphysician: All rhythm which we perceive interferes with the intimate rhythm of our being, helps it or combats it in its rise and fall. In each being is a constant struggle with all external rhythms. Rhythm is the very expression of life, and interferes with all life. Hence its power, outside of and beyond what it is made conventionally to mean. In it is the joy of being, the elementary rejoicing of life which finds an expression: a joy prior to all meaning or use or content of the expression: the first joy. Hence the power of music. Hence the pleasure new rhythms give us.

The Poet: The power of myths, their depth, all we discover in them, come from the fact that they represent some antique elementary event of nature: some ancient fundamental rhythm, found under other layers, in all life. Hence the value of the old classics. Hence the value of pure poetical comparison or imagination. Hence the help found in old mythological religions: a help which modern reasonable religion fails to give us.

The Psychologist: And yet, even the ultimate charm of rhythm is definition. Music, art, poetry, in the end, leave life empty. What is alone worth while is the seeking of the knowledge of self—the desire expressed under the languages. Rhythm is only expression, self-knowledge is being itself.
A Practical Scheme for the Establishment of Economic and Industrial Democracy.

THE (MINING) SCHEME.

[The following exemplary Scheme, drawn up for special application to the Mining Industry, is designed to enable a transition to be effected from the present state of industrial chaos to a state of economic democracy, with the minimum amount of friction and the maximum results in the general well-being. An explanatory commentary on the Scheme, clause by clause, appears below.]

**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 as such shall pay 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 shall 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 total 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.,

\[
\text{Price per ton} = \text{Cost per ton} \times \frac{\text{Total National Consumption}}{\text{Total National Production of Credit}}.
\]

(4) Industrial coal shall be debited to users at Cost plus an agreed percentage (say 6 per cent.) of the cost.

(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.

**COMMENTARY.**

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

“The persons engaged in the Mining Industry” include not only the wage-earners who now constitute the M.F.G.B., but the present “salariat.” With the creation of a joint interest in a common Credit represented by the Producers’ Bank, and the abolition of the distinction between Capital and Labour as regards Financial Credit, the present exclusively proletarian Trade Union ceases to be necessary. Likewise, the separation of the salariat from the wage-earners ceases to have any real meaning. Thus the organisation becomes an Industrial Union, united as a single body of producers, and the former Trade Union, based on the antagonism of Labour and Capital, and organised, not in the interests of Production, but as a weapon of defence and offence against the Capitalist Class as such, disappears; its end in the establishment of an all-in Industrial Union having been attained. The qualification “whose accounts are kept by the Bank” is intended to cover the continuing membership of those who may leave the industry. Thus if any member of the M.F.G.B. should leave the industry, after having contributed to the Credit which was employed to create the Capital, he would continue to benefit from the shares so acquired, and the Bank would hold such shares in the Capital of the Mining Industry as had been allotted to him, together with the privileges belonging to them.

The provision of a single vote for each shareholder is designed to obviate the possibility of control of Bank policy by merely the most highly paid members of the M.F.G.B. Presumably every member of the organisation is necessary to the organisation; in other words, to its Credit; and of equals one cannot be more necessary than another. The aim, moreover, is democratic control of policy (not, be it understood, of processes), and since the Producers’ Bank defines policy, while leaving means to the Capital directorate, the democratic principle of One Member One Vote is essential.

I. (4) **The Bank as such shall pay no dividend.**

The Producers’ Bank, it must be remembered, differs from the ordinary Bank in resting its Financial Credit, not upon Money subscribed or borrowed in the form of Cash and other Deposits, but upon its Real Credit, that is to say, upon its ability to produce Coal as and when and where required. Since, however, its Real Credit is convertible by means of its Financial Credit into Capital, and this Capital itself “earns a dividend” as a contributory to the general Capital of the Industry, to pay a dividend on the Bank’s issue of Credit would be to pay a dividend twice over, namely, on the Credit issued and on the Capital thereby created. The Producers’ Bank is nothing more than the representative of the Real Credit of the M.F.G.B.; its financial agent, however, may be said. Its business is to transform Real Credit into Financial Credit, for the purpose of creating fresh Capital; and it then becomes the business of the fresh Capital so created to earn and pay a dividend. Moreover, it is not proposed, under the Scheme, nor is it at all desirable, that the Producers’ Bank should represent any other Credit than the Real Credit of the Industry, or that the Credit issued should be on any other account than that of the industry itself. The Producers’ Bank is simply the financial organ and representative of the Real Credit of the M.F.G.B.
Toryism was really democratic and progressive, while intrigued by the sweet reasonableness of its advocacy.

Arrangement which has no principle and no purpose, indefensible. To reconcile this theory and this practice, substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the lightly be dismissed with a casual opinion. Besides, I passage quoted for some years, so I revive it for its blasting wit.

"There was indeed a considerable shouting about what they called Conservative principles; but the awkward question remains, What will you conserve? The prerogatives of the Crown, provided they are not exercised; the independence of the House of Lords, provided it is not asserted; the Ecclesiastical estate, provided it is regulated by a commission of laymen. Everything in short, that is established, so long as it is a phrase and not a fact.

"In the meantime, while forms and phrases are religiously cherished in order to make the semblance of a creed, the rule of practice is to bend to the passion or combination of the hour. Conservatism assumes in theory that everything established should be maintained; but adopts in practice that everything that is established is indefensible. To reconcile this theory and this practice, they produce what they call 'the best bargain'; some arrangement to principle and no purpose except to obtain a temporary lull of agitation, until the mind of the Conservatives, without a guide and without an aim, distracted, tempted, and bewildered, is prepared for another arrangement, equally statesmanlike with the preceding one.

"Conservatism was an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called respectable intentions. It shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress; having for another arrangement, equally statesmanlike with the preceding one. A Socialist party can, but a working-man's party cannot, be in the great current of society a complex of complexes of complex beings, no one principle, no one system, can suffice for its perfect expression. The only principle that has anything like a history both of success and disappointment, it has learned what its opponents have not learned, that vital developments of social activity cannot be effectively suppressed or permanently distracted from their purposes. Socialism is no longer concerned with imposing an uniform plan of social structure upon the diverse activities of a people; as Dicey quotes from Gabrielle Tarte: "'A Socialist party can, but a working-man's party cannot, be in the great current of society a complex of complexes of complex beings, no one principle, no one system, can suffice for its perfect expression. The only principle that has anything like an universal application is the principle of ad hoc; this does force us to define the purpose of an organism or a movement, and thereby delimit discussion to the manner in which the purpose is fulfilled, or could or should be fulfilled. Finally, all other criteria of efficiency (even the so-called "values" of which moralists prate come under this heading, there being no such thing as a "good" man, but only a "better" man ad hoc), and efficiency demands the homologation of purpose, the development of structure, and the co-ordination of function, that every happy person exhibits and everyone else desires.

It is primarily the inefficiency of modern government that inspires all these attempts at reconstruction, from federalism to National Guilds, from devolution to Senor de Maeztu's "functional state" and the Webbs' "Socialist Commonwealth." The advance is with the Webbs, for their encyclopaedic knowledge of the administrative and industrial chaos enables them to keep very closely to the facts, and to dumbfound a reader who is on the point of protesting against the appalling
intricacies of their scheme by pointing to the fact that it is really a simplification of the present chaos, and insisting that 'the price of liberty . . . is the complication of a highly differentiated and systematically co-ordinated social order.'

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Wanderings: A Book of Travel and Reminiscence. By Richard Curle. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.) There is a text that every tourist who will write shall take as his motto: 'What went ye forth to see?' For a definite purpose demands a technical equipment for its achievement; the astronomer does not go forth to see eclipses or transits without a whole paraphernalia of instruments; the explorer, even if he lacks instruments, has a technical training; even the prospector knows what he is looking for. But Mr. Curle took nothing but himself, and his vast capacity for being bored and disillusioned. There can be nothing more depressing than arriving in a strange city alone (as frequently seems to have been the case with Mr. Curle), not knowing where your next friend is coming from, and with nothing open to you but the public places. No wonder that in Madrid he had to shut himself up in his room with a bag of unripe peaches; no wonder, if he sat in the Forum for an hour thinking it was the Coliseum, he never wants to see Rome again. The boredom that recurs again and again in these pages is due to the fact that, having no work to do and no specific interests, Mr. Curle is really interested only in his own sensations; and he is satisfied with the most casual description, and the most trivial illustration, of them. Instead of looking about him, and noticing, let us say:

Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort, Aboundeth, very nitrous. It is strange he looked within himself, observed: 'I am bored,' and packed up and went somewhere else. If he were to revel in his emotions, he could put Pierre Loti in his place; if he were interested in things and places, he could write many a work of information and speculation. Take one of the most trivial of the things that cast a gloom upon his spirit: he tried a gambling system at Monte Carlo, and lost; there is room for many a book on gambling systems, the possibility of reducing apparent chance to law is one of the most fascinating mathematical speculations—to say nothing of instruments; the explorer, even if he lacks instruments, has a technical training; even the prospector knows what he is looking for. But Mr. Curle took nothing but himself, and his vast capacity for being bored and disillusioned. There can be nothing more depressing than arriving in a strange city alone (as frequently seems to have been the case with Mr. Curle), not knowing where your next friend is coming from, and with nothing open to you but the public places. No wonder that in Madrid he had to shut himself up in his room with a bag of unripe peaches; no wonder, if he sat in the Forum for an hour thinking it was the Coliseum, he never wants to see Rome again.

It is in this essay that the reason for the general dissatisfaction that these records produce is given: 'The truth is, nobody wants to hear of cliffs up to mountain villages, of flower fêtes, and of moonlight drives, while many want to hear stories of the Monaco underworld. But, as a matter of fact, I can tell them no more of one than of the other. I was always respectable and always lazy. But I observed. Yes, I observed. It's an easy word to fall back on and it excuses a lot. It gives an air of cynical varnish to cast a gloom upon his spirit: he tried a gambling system at Monte Carlo, and lost; there is room for many a book on gambling systems, the possibility of reducing apparent chance to law is one of the most fascinating mathematical speculations—to say nothing of instruments; the explorer, even if he lacks instruments, has a technical training; even the prospector knows what he is looking for. But Mr. Curle took nothing but himself, and his vast capacity for being bored and disillusioned. There can be nothing more depressing than arriving in a strange city alone (as frequently seems to have been the case with Mr. Curle), not knowing where your next friend is coming from, and with nothing open to you but the public places. No wonder that in Madrid he had to shut himself up in his room with a bag of unripe peaches; no wonder, if he sat in the Forum for an hour thinking it was the Coliseum, he never wants to see Rome again.

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things shall we say now that the percentage has risen

community of our best, and when a man has found "his
pastry-cooks." For the moment, let us be old-fashioned
mediocre poet who, might have made a superb pastry-cook.

that we cannot all be poets. We have to give the
luxury; worse, in many cases it appears they are an

behind to

pears of his life. He has given the thing a fair trial. He
has not been enormous, nor has it been received with any

expression must now have some reference to the

trades have to decide whether they are worth retaining.

is the bad work of the creator, or the lack of

considered a

knowledge does not help him, but it throws him back
more than ever on himself. Sometimes it seems that he
is surrendering a precious talent entrusted to him because
he lacked perseverance and succumbed to disappointment
and wounded vanity. At other times to go on seems
necessary. But now both things are spoilt.

Standing by the oven he will let the cakes burn while
he remembers the saga he might have written, or writing
the saga he will remember the uncooked cakes of the
people.

A CHANGE OF GUILD.

The age has not ceased to be introspective, but has
widened its objective. A little while ago to express one-
self was enough, and introspection was conducted with a
view to making sure that this process was being satis-
factorily carried out. Things have now gone a little fur-
ther. Self-expression itself has been given an objective.
It is no longer satisfactory merely to express oneself; that
expression must now have some reference to the com-

the saga he will remember the uncooked cakes of the
people.

With her no woodland spot is bare.
The Spring is but
Give ear unto the twittering stare:
And I have seen her brightness where
The wood-nymphs breathe the mellow air:
Oh would I were a blithesome fay!
Here we come back to our social conscience. Our poet
has starved in his garret for—shall we say—the best ten
years. He was not sure of the quality of his

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.