NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If anybody wishes to understand how wars and revolutions arise even among the less ill-regulated communities, he cannot do better than observe the course that is being taken by the present dispute in the Mining Industry. On neither side is there any disposition, pertinaciously insist upon insulating themselves in ground of difference; and all that is needed in order discussion of the best means of satisfying the reasonable parties is essentially far more extensive than their though it would more properly be described as irrational nature, that, with all this common ground to surrender control, the control of prices must be kept out of the hands of Labour. In the second place, let us note the claim of Sir Robert Horne that the fixing of prices is "a pure point of policy" and a sovereign function of Parliament, then the charge of maintaining the responsibility that necessarily attaches to the authority that makes the claim. For if it be the fact that price-fixing is "a pure point of policy" and a sovereign function of Parliament, the charge of maintaining prices at their present level is one that, by claim and admission, lies against the present Government. In the first place, price, it appears, is what we have in control of the sovereign function claimed for it, not only would Parliament be responsible, but the consumer in general would have a political remedy against the present level of prices; he would not need the violent advocacy of the Miners’ Federation in order to bring down the cost of living; but Parliament would long ago have exercised its power to reduce prices. But it is a fiction that Parliament controls or dares, indeed, to interfere more than microscopically with the “normal operations” of the private financial system. Were Parliament really in control of the sovereign function claimed for it, not only would Parliament be responsible, but the consumer in general would have a political remedy against the present level of prices; he would not need the violent advocacy of the Miners’ Federation in order to bring down the cost of living; but Parliament would long ago have exercised its power to reduce prices.

Robert Horne revealed the policy of the Government as one of unremitting hostility to the consumer. It will be observed that in regard to the wage-demand of the Miners, even though its satisfaction would necessarily put up the price of coal, Sir Robert Horne was prepared to be accommodating. Practically anything in reason, he suggested, was possible along these lines, if only the Miners were willing to drop their demand for a reduction in the price of coal. Price, he said, was “a pure point of policy” and, as such, a matter for the sovereign function of Parliament; and in seeking to determine prices the Miners’ Federation were challenging the very basis of our constitution. The admissions are interesting and deserve to be noted. In the first place, price, it appears, is what we have claimed it is—the ultimate means of industrial control. In effect, Sir Robert Horne says, whoever controls prices controls industrial policy generally; and since it is emphatically not the intention of Capitalism to surrender control, the control of prices must be kept out of the hands of Labour. In the second place, let us note the claim of Sir Robert Horne that the fixing and regulation of prices are a sovereign function of Parliament; in other words, that Parliament fixes prices. It is not altogether true, as we shall see in a moment, but the claim itself is important in view of the responsibility that necessarily attaches to the authority that makes the claim. For if it be the fact that price-fixing is “a pure point of policy” and a sovereign function of Parliament, the charge of maintaining prices at their present level is one that, by claim and admission, lies against the present Government. Finally, however, we must deny that, in fact, Parliament does fix prices or dares, indeed, to interfere more than microscopically with the “normal operations” of the private financial system. Were Parliament really in control of the sovereign function claimed for it, not only would Parliament be responsible, but the consumer in general would have a political remedy against the present level of prices; he would not need the violent advocacy of the Miners’ Federation in order to bring down the cost of living; but Parliament would long ago have exercised its power to reduce prices.
Our readers know what efforts we have made since the Armistice to persuade the Trade Union and Labour movement to concentrate its attention upon the cost of living. They know, furthermore, that we have a practical policy capable of immediate and peaceful application to the existing situation. They know, furthermore, that the time being, in splendid obscurity, though we have no doubt that its day will come; but, on the other hand, the concentration of the Trade Union movement upon the problem of the cost of living has now become actual. In previous secretaries) amply confirms our forecast. Greenwood goes on to summarise the inspiration the reasonable claim; but positive propaganda of a kind movement itself. We say nothing, for the moment, Greenwood himself (though lie is no more a Trade Report, presented to the Portsmouth Conference by Mr. Thomas at Portsmouth, "to accept any challenge the constitution. " They have, however, no longer may be certain that men like Mr. Thomas and Mr. may be prepared, not as a section, but as a movement," said political constitution of the country is a profoundly disturbing and misdirection, the real enemy being the financial constitution of Capitalism, they are finding themselves compelled, by the force of circumstances, to range themselves on the side of the "wild men" of the revolution. In the present situation it is inevitable that the original subject of dispute will be overwhelmed in considerations of much larger apparent import; for example, the unity of the Trade Union movement; and it is instructive to observe that the Triple Alliance, whose support of the actual demands of the Miners has been hitherto lukewarm, is now being slowly driven to defend the Miners in the interests of Trade Unionism as a whole. "We must be prepared, not as a section, but as a movement," said Mr. Thomas at Portsmouth, "to accept any challenge to our industrial freedom or economic emancipation." In other words, the coming attack by the Miners' Federation upon the cost of living will necessarily and inevitably involve the whole of the Trade Union movement. The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner. * * *

It is impossible to estimate the misfortune for Labour of having no clear idea of the proper method of carrying out its policy. Moreover, it is obvious that treachery has long been afoot in the Trade Union movement itself. We say nothing, for the moment, of the propagandist boycott that has been applied, with the consent of Labour, to our disinterested efforts to formulate a practical policy in satisfaction of every reasonable claim; but positive propaganda of a kind bitterly inimical to any solution has likewise been at work. It will be remembered that the Labour movement recently appointed a Committee of Inquiry into the Causes and Cure of High Prices, of which we remarked that its witnesses, under the skilful direction of Mr. Arthur Greenwood (late Assistant Secretary of the Supreme War Council), were accepted for the purpose of arriving at foregone conclusions; and its interim Report, presented to the Portsmouth Conference by Mr. Greenwood himself (though he is no more a Trade Unionist than, let us say, one of Mr. Lloyd George's private secretaries), amply confirms our forecast. Precising that "the rise in prices is due more to currency expansion [which is untrue, since currency-expansion is only one of the mechanical consequences of credit-expansion] than to contraction of production," Mr. Greenwood quotes from the Report of a unofficial Committee received from well-known experts in Capitalism such as Mr. McKenna, the Chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, and the Prussianised Professor of Economics at Cambridge, Pro-essor Pigou. We are to eliminate, very slowly, the depreciation of currency in terms of gold, and gradually to restore the gold standard; this might effect, we are told, a reduction in prices of 20 per cent., though nobody knows why. Then we are to fix a fiduciary limit to currency which is such that if we go on ever increasing the maximum of the previous year may be the standard of the current year. The Government, of course, is to curtail its expenditure; and repay or fund the floating debt. And, finally, the Trade Union movement, in spite of increasing unemployment, is to think to the development of productive capacity all over the world as the most effective means of bringing about "a substantial fall in prices." That the Report might have been drawn up by Mr. McKenna himself is clear from a comparison of its text with his recent speech as Chairman of his Bank. But that is the least of its defects. It is far more deplorable that under the cover of a Labour Report, ostensibly emanating from Labour executives, and therefore more or less authoritative as regards immediate and future policy, every axiom of private capitalism should have been, as it were, independently endorsed by the Labour movement. The triumph for Mr. Greenwood and his friends is undeniable; and we must give him credit for a clever piece of strategy. The only thing that remains is the problem of the Cause and Cure of High Prices.

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The creation of a General Staff for Labour is comparatively easy, but the difficulty is to ensure a General Staff mind; and the difference between the two things has been vividly brought out by the revelations concerning our General Staff during the war which have been made in "Blackwood's" by Captain Peter Wright, late Assistant Secretary of the Supreme War Council. As all of us were well aware, there is a period in the history of the war that can almost be called years of the British and French were at least 7 to 4 to the Germans on the Western Front, and almost double in material." Yet not only did they "fail to win the war"—victory in which we suppose must therefore be attributed to the immediate and prospective support of America—but the defeat in March of Gough's army was "the greatest defeat we have ever suffered in our history, measured by any standard." Captain Wright finds the explanation in "the lack of unity, both of command and plan, of the Allies"; but surely this is only a euphemism for the stupidity of the British Staff in particular. Everybody knows now that the French had a military genius in Foch and that Foch's assumption of the office of generalissimo coincided with the turn of the tide in the military situation. Everybody likewise knows that the real defect was the inability of the French Staff to work in harmony with the British. Everybody knows now that the French Staff, with Foch in command, was able to give the French Staff during the war which have been found to have been justified. Everybody likewise knows that the real defect, it is therefore obvious, was in the General Staff mind of the British Army; and here or nowhere, we may say, will the defeat of the General Staff for Labour prove to be. The cases are, indeed, strikingly parallel. Strength for strength, British Labour outnumber the forces of Finance (the real enemy) not only by 7 to 4, but by 100 to 1. In material resources, Labour and the community own practically every ounce of the counters and tokens of the financial oligarchy. Without undue self-flattery, we can also affirm that in the Scheme elaborated by Major Douglas and published in these pages, Labour has at its disposal a plan scientifically calculated to ensure victory not only for Labour, but for the whole of the community. Yet not only will Labour "fail to win the war," but in the forthcoming struggle we shall be surprised if Labour is not about to experience "the worst defeat we have ever suffered in our history, measured by any standard." The outcry of the French Staff upon the cost of living will necessarily and inevitably involve the whole of the Trade Union movement. The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner. * * *

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It is commonly assumed, with the usual fatuous indisposition of people to think clearly, that "something will happen" to avert the strike. The gods will descend from the machine or Mr. Lloyd George will perform one of his miracles of Welsh wizardry. It may be so, though the nation will have done nothing to deserve it. On the other hand, we can see that such a feat of legerdemain is possible. After all, the present high cost of living is a reality that cannot be conjured out of sight by the wave of a wand. And if even the present "little" difficulty can be compromised, the substantial problem—in other words, the serious consideration of happen" to avert the strike. The gods will descend and the effect is to contrast money-demand—in other words, the national financial minority (masquerading as the Government, the nation, the constitution, democracy and liberty) is to control prices. Mr. Lloyd George, in all probability, is charging for this sequel to a strike, even while he is considering how to compromise this situation. On the other hand, there can be no certainty that such a comparatively innocuous proceeding can be adopted, especially after, let us say, a week of strike in the course of which the mass of industry will find itself more or less unbearable, whereupon fresh strikes and of an increasingly bitter character will break out. It is all perfectly calculable and could almost be timed by the calendar. We pretend to no wonderful acumen when we speak as prophets; on the contrary, what we affirm is within everybody's absolute knowledge. Industry, it is clear, is kept going by money-demand for its products. Put up prices or reduce wages, and the effect is to contract money-demand—in other words, to contract the activity of industry. And the contraction of industry is immediately reflected in the rise of unemployment.

It is possible that a coal strike in this country would conclude in a General Election, fought on the utterly false issue of whether the Trade Union "minority" or the financial minority (masquerading as the Government, the nation, the constitution, democracy and liberty) is to control prices. Mr. Lloyd George, in all probability, is charging for this sequel to a strike, even while he is considering how to compromise this situation. On the other hand, there can be no certainty that such a comparatively innocuous proceeding can be adopted, especially after, let us say, a week of strike in the course of which the mass of industry will find itself more or less unbearable, whereupon fresh strikes and of an increasingly bitter character will break out. It is all perfectly calculable and could almost be timed by the calendar. We pretend to no wonderful acumen when we speak as prophets; on the contrary, what we affirm is within everybody's absolute knowledge. Industry, it is clear, is kept going by money-demand for its products. Put up prices or reduce wages, and the effect is to contract money-demand—in other words, to contract the activity of industry. And the contraction of industry is immediately reflected in the rise of unemployment.

The "economists" have begun to mobilise themselves, as usual, on the side of reason, it being their office to prove that no improvement can be effected in the distribution of purchasing-power by means of unemployment are all for the best in this best of all possible worlds; and every attempt to "settle the difference between Capital and Labour on broad grounds and to establish a just and permanent modus vivendi" (to quote the pretended ideal of the "Times") is certain, in their opinion, to make matters worse. For instance, we have a number of professors, including the palpitating Mr. Keynes, writing to the Press to observe that if the price of coal is reduced, the only effect will be to put up the price of the rest of commodities. "The level of prices," they correctly say, "is determined roughly by the relation between the public's purchasing-power and the amount of things available for the public to purchase"; and since a reduction in the price of coal would affect neither the quantity of money nor the quantity of the products in circulation, the result of it would simply leave prices in general where they are. The reasoning, we agree, is sound; but the practical conclusion drawn by our professors that nothing can be done is infamous; for if the assumption that Price equals Money divided by Goods makes a reduction of prices impossible, then the business of economists is to discover an assumption that leads to less ruinous consequences. It is perfectly true that the axiom as it stands, namely, that Price is the relation between Money and Goods, makes a reduction of prices possible only by means of the deflation of Money or the increased production of Goods—neither of which is really practicable. On the other hand, the "axiom" itself is only a financiers' postulate; it has no necessary truth; and either Parliament or a trade union could, if it chose, fix and regulate prices on another basis altogether, independently of the present financial control. Our economists, however, know too well on which side their bread is buttered to question the assumption upon which their notoriety depends. Mr. Mallock's misunderstanding is of a more here and now kind. He has genuinely failed to appreciate the difference between "products" and "production." "No great and general rise in wages," he says, "is possible without a corresponding increase in the national product as a whole." But "products" (in the sense of goods available for purchase by the public) are only a small fraction of "production" (in the sense of means to further production). As well as apples we produce orchards annually; and to reckon the apples without the orchards is to measure our "total annual production" merely by its seasonal output of "products."

World Affairs.

Though as yet, and probably for several years to come, neither pan-Islamism, pan-Turanianism, nor pan-Arabism can be said to be a serious menace to the development of world-consciousness under the guidance of the "European mind," the problem of its own internal acumen when we speak as prophets; on the contrary, what we affirm is within everybody's absolute knowledge. Industry, it is clear, is kept going by money-demand for its products. Put up prices or reduce wages, and the effect is to contract money-demand—in other words, to contract the activity of industry. And the contraction of industry is immediately reflected in the rise of unemployment.

Credit is practically worthless—as those manufacturers in our own country know whose bills-credit has recently been "restricted" in the supposed interests of the nation. But, in the process, Labour will learn, at any rate, where real control lies; and, perhaps, after a decade of chaos and misery, the proper method of obtaining it will be appreciated.

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of education and training that should have been given to the Egyptians by their tutelary guardian had obviously been scarcely begun. Illiteracy of the worst description was almost as prevalent during the last months of the British occupation as when Egypt was a satrapy of the Turkish Empire; and no great endeavours, of any real significance, were in train in preparation for the grand departure. Suddenly and unexpectedly, while still going about the government of Egypt as if it were a permanent task, the British Occupation began to fold up its tents like the Arabs and silently to prepare to steal away.

Without speculating more curiously upon the complex motives which inspired the decision, it is necessary to say that the event is not of British or Egyptian concern only, but emphatically a matter for the world's judgment. With all its power, the British Empire is only of value in so far as it serves the purposes of the world-process; and it stands to reason, if the world is essentially a single great mind in course of developing self-consciousness, that an event that affects profoundly the relations between Islam and the world is not of merely local significance, even though the parties are the British Empire and Egypt. Where was European opinion when the decision was made? What assent and approval did the British Cabinet seek, other than its own, before deciding to recognise, after all these years of British Egyptian Nationality, the independence of Egypt? We are not, be it understood, depreciating the decision or urges that it was even premature. The concession which we speak of it—and still more, a world opinion of the values expressed in Christianity.—it is a positive and challenging reaction precisely against European Christianity. That Europe, in the sense in which we are entitled to ask whether world-opinion or Europe has the duty of becoming for the world's sake, Europe must be re-created at the earliest possible moment, if only to provide the economy of the world, as one, with a final Court of Judgment by the British Cabinet. That Europe, in the sense in which we speak of it—and still more, a world opinion—so much as taken into account by the British Cabinet. That Europe, in the sense in which we speak of it—and still more, a world opinion—so much as taken into account by the British Cabinet. That Europe, in the sense in which we speak of it—and still more, a world opinion—so much as taken into account by the British Cabinet.

Since Islam has come with Egypt into the conscious recognition of the world, after having for several centuries been more or less concealed in the world's unconsciousness, it is the imperious desire of the Christian races, to recover from the crime of the Great War. She may count herself providentially spared, indeed, if she does not wake to find that the world has regressed beyond the treatment of reason.

Is it also the enemy of the world? The affirmative would seem to follow if we have in view the aim of the world-process which is to bring into human consciousness the unconsciousness of God; for undoubtedly the Christian faith, in its purest affirmation, not only asserts the possibility of such a divinisation of Man by means of the humanisation of God, but contains within itself the sanction and inspiration of the necessary means. By their works, if by their doctrines is too hard a way, shall ye know them; and the historical comparison of the works of Islam and of Christianity, considered as contributions to the functional organisation of the world—must make it clear that Christianity, and not Islam, has contributed most to the world's work. We are not saying, of course, that Islam has contributed nothing of value. The brief efflorescence of Islamic culture in Southern Europe, in Africa, Asia Minor, and India, has not left the world poorer than it found it. But essentially its contribution is that the further development of the functional principle, in the world as one, is conditional on the maintenance of the supremacy of God and Man—it is Christian Europe that has for at least four centuries led the way. And the conclusion seems forced upon any one of the man of the world (to give an old phrase a new significance) whether of a Christian or a Mohammedan persuasion, that the extension of the functional principle, in the world as one, is conditional on the maintenance of the supremacy of God and Man.
It must not be assumed, however, that because the values of Christianity must be maintained paramount or because, as we have said, Islam in essence hostile to Christianity, either Islam must be "destroyed" or that Christianity would "work" the better for its absence. In the first place, the values of Christianity are themselves destroyed in the "destruction" even of inferior values; it is the "way" of Christianity to redeem, and not to destroy, to sublimate and not to suppress, to "love" its enemies rather than to "hate" them. Unless it follows this "way," it is not only not Christianity, but the faith under this name is even more hostile to Christianity than any open enemy. And, in the second place, Islam, as we have seen, standing criticism of European Christianity, a witness to the failure of Europe to synthesise spiritually at the same time that it carried on the work of intellectual analysis. To employ doctrinal phrases, the great heresy of European Christianity has been the virtual denial of the Unity of the Trinity, a denial reflected in every department of European thought. Where is the synthetic man, the actualising the expressed political and cultural aspirations because, as we have said, Islam is in essence hostile to its own devices in the spirit of distrust, it is nevertheless incumbent on Europe to remove from Islam every ground of just complaint and, at the same time, to offer to the Islamic communities every aid within Europe's power. That is the duty Europe owes to the manifestation of the criticism which the world-spirit has directed against her; that must be the first response of the conscious to the unconscious. There remains, however, a duty even greater than that of understanding and guiding Islam: it is that of synthesising Europe. In the economy of the world-process, actions have their reactions, defects have their compensations, and "heresies" of the spirit have their counter-heresies. The "failure" of the White race is instantly begun to be "compensated" by the rise of another race; the world is one. And it follows as a "law" that, no sooner is the animal in the image of the Trinity is at once embodied in individuals or in any European community "all the attributes, powers, qualities and graces of the whole man, harmoniously developed, and submerged in the image of the Trinity in Unity of the Christian ideal? Fragments of men and of culture Europe has in plenty. Science, art, philosophy—great names in each are abundant in European history; but the synthesis is still lacking; and Islam, that cares for none of these things, but only for its undifferentiated Unity, is at once the world's unconscious witness and challenge to the omission.

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What, then, should be Europe's attitude towards Islam? To attempt to "destroy" it by the mission of a new Crusade is forbidden. Understanding is the first thing needed; and next to understanding, the will to guide. The gift of independence to Egypt is the first step taken in the right direction; and, as soon as may be, this step must be followed by the gift of independence to the Islamic communities of Asia Minor, Persia, Turkestan, and, perhaps, India. It is perfectly true that, in all probability, the dreams entertained by pan-Islam, pan-Turanianism, and pan-Arabism will prove to be Arabian Nights dreams, and nothing more. Being an elemental faith, incapable of self-criticism; being, in fact, only a criticism of another faith, Islam scarcely contains within itself the possibilities of actualising the expressed political and cultural aspirations of its hereditary masters. But, without abandoning Islam to its own devices in the spirit of distrust, it is nevertheless incumbent on Europe to remove from Islam every ground of just complaint and, at the same time, to offer to the Islamic communities every aid within Europe's power. That is the duty Europe owes to the manifestation of the criticism which the world-spirit has directed against her; that must be the first response of the conscious to the unconscious. There remains, however, a duty even greater than that of understanding and guiding Islam: it is that of synthesising Europe. In the economy of the world-process, actions have their reactions, defects have their compensations, and "heresies" of the spirit have their counter-heresies. The "failure" of the White race is instantly begun to be "compensated" by the rise of another race; the world is one. And it follows as a "law" that, no sooner is the animal in the image of the Trinity is at once embodied in individuals or in any European community "all the attributes, powers, qualities and graces of the whole man, harmoniously developed, and submerged in the image of the Trinity in Unity of the Christian ideal? Fragments of men and of culture Europe has in plenty. Science, art, philosophy—great names in each are abundant in European history; but the synthesis is still lacking; and Islam, that cares for none of these things, but only for its undifferentiated Unity, is at once the world's unconscious witness and challenge to the omission.

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The Return to Nature.

By Edward Moore.

In the middle of the eighteenth century "the return to nature" began, and it ended, it is generally supposed, with the Romantic School. The truth is that it has not ended yet. We are still returning; there is not a manifestation of our life which does not attest it; and if we do not recognise the process it is because we are part of it. The modern era has been nothing but a great return to sources—in science, in art, in literature—all the signs indicate, however, that we are now entering its last phase. With us or with our children the modern age—for good or for evil—will end.

To see where we stand at present we must go back two centuries. In the zenith of its classicism the eighteenth century exhausted the new force released at the Renaissance. Now the Renaissance was a return to the "natural man"—to that part of man which the Middle Ages would not enfranchise. By the middle of the eighteenth century, however, "the proper study of mankind" was so well known that there was nothing more to be learned about him. The man of the Renaissance had become conscious, perfect, productive. Mankind had, therefore, to return again—not this time to Greece or to man, for they were exhausted, but to nature. This return, so often regarded as a literary phenomenon, was in reality a psychological one. The return to nature was a return into the unconscious.

The return had three stages. First there came Rousseau, Wordsworth, and their followers: the romantic discovery of nature. There followed modern science, and Darwinism in particular: the realistic discovery of nature: the observation of the primitive, the undifferentiated, the embryonic, without sentimentalism or awe. And in our own day the psychological discovery of nature has come, and with it the process is completed. Everything that man has discovered in nature—the lower animals no less than the lower races—he now finds within himself. He is conscious to return so far, so dangerous that it makes our age great. Humanity has now the potentiality of a triumph and of a disaster on the grandest scale. For it must either digest its past to the last zoan or be digested by it. It must return to the very sources of energy and come back regenerated, or remain in them forever.

There is no escape from these fates, for the return to nature was involuntary; it was not chosen by man but for him. The critics naturally tell us little about it. They say that in the second half of the eighteenth century man's taste altered; that where they had once preferred pastoral landscapes they now preferred mountains. This was obviously a change in the unconscious, for it was a change of feeling. The acceptance of the uncultivated, the primeval, the terrible in the outside world merely showed that man was going psychologically from the cultivated to the natural, from the conscious to the unconscious. There came Darwin. Now, why was Darwin so entranced by the animal world, and why, a man, did he come to conclusions favourable to animals and unfavourable to men? Once more, cherchez l'inconsciente. A change in the unconscious took place, and the Romantic School appeared. It went on, and Darwin came leading the animals; it goes on, and in psycho-analysis it is now reaching its goal—the consciousness of itself.

There is not only evidence of this process; there is nothing but evidence of it; and where everything is a clue one clue is as good as another. Take the Easter
Island sculpture at the British Museum. In the eighteenth century these almost embryonic figures would have been ridiculed as the rude attempts of savages, and the eighteenth century acknowledged no connection between itself and the lower races. Fifty years ago the statues would have interested men—for the connection between ourselves and savages was established—but the interest would have been merely conscious. But to-day they awaken in us a comprehending emotion; our unconscious is interested, and not only interested but moved. It is clear how far we have gone back to "nature" since the eighteenth century. Then the unconscious was closed to such a degree that even Shakespeare was incomprehensible to men; now it is so free that men can understand the Easter Island sculpture.

To recount all the evidence for this would be to write a survey of our time. But there is democracy. Psychologically, democracy is the discovery by man of his least developed powers, the recognition, or at any rate, our novelists' conception, of what should be the art of the modern era. What should the art of the modern era be? It should be for us what the art of the Renaissance was for its time—the new revelation of man. The “return to nature” has been neither good nor evil, neither diseased nor prophylactic. Its effect has been simply an increase in potentiality: the greatest good and the greatest evil are now possible. For when the unconscious becomes strong in man, only two things can be done. Either he must transform the primitive or he must become it; either, to use the psychological term, he must sublimate or regress. For progress consists in going forward at the same rate as we go back.

Art is the most immediate transformation of the unconscious, and if there were progress we should see it first in art. What should the art of the modern era be? It should be for us what the art of the Renaissance was for its time—the new revelation of man. The Renaissance gave to the world for the first time since the decline of antiquity a natural conception of man; this age should give it the first complete conception of man. Two great attempts, by Dostoyevsky and by Nietzsche, were made in the last century to adumbrate it, but since then there has been silence. Art has become more provincial as man has become more universal. The novelists simply do not know what man is. The very scientists can tell us more about human nature. On the other hand there are signs of reversion in painting. But the most disquieting symptom of all is the very absence of art. For if man were “regressing,” if he were sinking back into “nature,” there would be no manifestation to show it, for the condition is passive. The absence of symptoms is the worst symptom of all.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I had just been reading “Man and Superman” again (after all, it is our only philosophic comedy), when I went to see Mr. Charles Hawtrey in “His Lady Friends.” The contrast revealed the fact that “Man and Superman” is a little old-fashioned in its seriousness, that the “Life Force,” for all practical purposes, does not exist for modern women. The modern woman (as revealed to her own apparent liking) is not a mother of men, but a harpy, more concerned with wasting money than with any vital or intellectual processes. Least this be considered a jaundiced judgment of mine, let me quote “A Gallery Girl” in the “Star” of August 27: “As I was coming out of the theatre, I heard one man say in anigated tone to his companion: ‘I shall send Louise away for a month or so. I wouldn’t risk her coming to see this play for anything, for I should be ruined in a week.’ Poor man, I felt quite sorry for him, but he may just as well accept his fate. Louise will see this play, however much he may try to prevent it, for all women are laughing about it, and, worse still—from the husband’s point of view—acting on the advice so amusingly given by rich James Smith and extravagant Lucille Earle. The italics are mine. Shaw was not ignorant of this type of woman; Violet, in “Man and Superman,” told her husband: “You can be as romantic as you please about love, Hector, but you mustn’t be romantic about money”—and Shaw was regarded as an outrageous traducer of woman’s character for writing the passage. But in “His Lady Friends” there are seven women, including the servant, and every one is agreed with the writer of “Ecclesiastes” that “money answereth all things,” and that man’s only function is to provide money for women.

The case is stated at its crudest in “His Lady Friends,” so plainly that, in spite of its tricks of farce, it seems like a propaganda play. James Smith has married a wife who has incarnated the science of domestic economy, and in the early years of their marriage her economical habits were extremely useful to him. But he has succeeded in business, is nearly a millionaire, and is making money with ever-increasing ease—and can do nothing with it because his wife persists in maintaining the same style of life as before. Her idea of extravagance is to spend fifty cents on the “pictures,” her idea of generosity is to give a girl a dollar to spend; and such a type of mind is not even good for company for a man, however much he may love her, as, for the purposes of farce, he is supposed to do. He gives her a book of signed blank cheques, tells her to go out and buy whatever she likes and use up the book—and she carefully puts it away. The man is a man of generous nature, seeking, first of all, to lavish his wealth upon his wife; but she has only the housewife virtues, and cannot even respond to an expansive mood.

Naturally enough, he seeks other outlets, and, being a rich man, has no difficulty in finding them. The usual motive of farce is absent in this case; although he sets up establishments for three women, his relations with them are those of an intimate and generous friend. He met each of them accidentally, each told him a pitiful story, when she discovered that he had more money than he knew what to do with, and he responded generously, if sentimentally, to tales that an ordinary knowledge of the world would have condemned as—well, conventional romance. His desire was, as he declared on more than one occasion in a musical formula that was sincere, but banal: I want to spread a little sunshine, I want to drive away the rain.

He was just a generous child who had, through ignorance of the world, blundered into circumstances that no observer would be likely to interpret correctly;
disinterested generosity towards women is the last thing that women particularly will believe in. At the opening of the play, he is worried because these three women are beginning to make love to him; and as he does not want love affairs, and he is scared with the idea that his wife would not understand if she heard of these things, he puts his affairs in the hands of his lawyer to settle, generously, but finally.

Of the complications that ensue, as a consequence of his desire for secrecy being thwarted, I have no space to speak; Mr. Charles Hawtrey is an institution of the English stage (although Mr. Israel Zangwill does not like him), and the way in which he manoeuvres his way can easily be imagined—although it is best enjoyed in the theatre. That it costs a fabulous sum to buy off these three harpies, none of whom shows a trace of generosity towards him when she discovers his predicament, does not matter so much; what does matter is that the harpy's point of view is adopted and preached by women who are supposed to be in love with their husbands, and is acclaimed as a proof of the superiority of the sex, as the extract from the "Star" shows.

Lucille Earle has been married for about seven years, I think, during which time she has been morbidly jealous of her husband; and her recipe for keeping her husband faithful to her is to keep him permanently "broke." It is said that he has never spent three dollars on another woman, because he has never been allowed to leave the house with more than two and a-half dollars—and, for the rest, is everlastingly in debt for her clothes and things. She enunciates this creed with an air very monstrously clever—theoodle woman has discovered a means of clamping her chain on the wrist of her owner. Proudhon's "property is robbery" is true at least of modern marriage.

At the end of the play, Catherine Smith adopts the same creed. Apparently she is incapable of wise spending (which is real economy), and therefore incapable of teaching her husband; she is determined not to enjoy herself, or to make him happy, or to do any good with his money. She is going to act as his gaoler, and throw his money away on any absurdity for her clothes and things. She enunciates this creed with an air very monstrously clever—theoodle woman has discovered a means of clamping her chain on the wrist of her owner. Proudhon's "property is robbery" is true at least of modern marriage.

As a view of civilisation, it is obviously decadent; but even so, it has its own mordant humour. When, in the throes of an epidemic of moral enthusiasm, women discover the existence of a class euphoniously but inaccurately called "the daughters of joy," they protest against "good" women being brought into favour of the harlot; she is obliged, by the conditions of her temporary contract, to render services in return for the money she obtains, and she has no legal power to bankrupt a man. The argument of "Man and Superman" that "marriage peoples the world and debauchery does not" is simply not true of the marriage of the pooodle-woman; and Don Juan's onslaught on marriage as "the most licentious of human institutions" seems absurd in view of modern developments. Men, as Stevenson put it, are tangled into their lives acciduous vestals; instead of "getting to a nunnery," they preserve their chastity in the home. Tanner seems hopelessly old-fashioned, with his: "They tremble when we are in danger, and weep when we die; but the tears are not for us, but for a father wounded; a son's brevity is thrown away." It is not the man, but his money, that the modern woman wants; and "the love of money is the root of all evil." We must obtain what satisfaction we can from the reflection that although stupidity may reproduce itself, sterility cannot.

Readers and Writers.

STILL in pursuit of arrears, the next item on my list is the "Venture," a literary magazine published from Bristol and written chiefly by members of the Postal Service. I fancy I commented on this magazine on its first appearance—it is now in its fifth volume—but, in any case, it deserves a second notice. The writers are sincere in that they are manifestly striving to acquire a good English style; and they are modest in that they do not pretend to have attained to it. Even better, and unlike so many current "stylists," they do not say that the unreachable grapes are sour while those only which they can pluck are the perfect fruit; in other words, they do not try to pass off their defects as new beauties of style. Their models are good and their exercises are promising. The opening article, if I may say so, contains a little cant rather out of key with the prevailing mood of the journal. It demands "stalwart criticism," not for itself only, but for literature in general. I am reminded that the "London Mercury" appeared before the world in the same austere attitude, calling in prophetic tones for sterner criticism of everything. "Let the critics, as a rule, keep their pen and their pens, and their creed, criticism that should both say and mean something, criticism, in short, of the kind, so ! thought, which had for years ensured the ostracism of THE NEW AGE from genteel society. It is the easiest thing in the world to demand criticism of this kind, and the hardest to do anything to produce it, for the reason that it is far on one condition—that it is never actually provided. For the fact is, of course, that it is criticism in question that is really killing; and how many of those who ask for stern criticism would welcome their own extinction? The "Venture" is in the fashion, but I do not propose on this occasion to fall into the trap.

To the issue before me Mr. Francis Andrews—one of our own Pastorichists—contributes a longish poem to which my especial attention is directed. It is entitled "Mother," and the opening stanza is as follows:—

You can see from the gate which once enclosed my world
The tinted woods o' the hill and the white road wending
And among the nearer bushes wherein my stars were hung.

The blown and shifting wreath of the blue smoke curled.

Let us stop at that and collect our impressions. To begin with, it is a very dangerous subject that Mr. Andrews has chosen. The temptation to indulge in "so-ffuffy" in reflecting on "Mother" is well-nigh irresistible, since it is the opportunity which is thrown, not only of the individual, but of the race, and probably earlier. It is almost inexplicably mingled with the tears of things. But tears are not a proper accompaniment of poetry or of beauty. The mission of Art is to dry all tears; and the utmost severity and serenity are needed in dealing with a profoundly emotional subject exactly to keep the tears from welling into it. That Mr. Andrews has not succeeded is evident, I think, from the opening stanza which I have just quoted. It is almost drenched with sentiment. Listen to the rhythm which is nearly a jallaby in reverse; and let us ask ourselves whether it is not calculated, quite apart from the words, to throw the reader backwards into his mother's arms.

"Which once enclosed my world": "And the white road wending"; "whereon my stars were hung"; "the blown and shifting wreath of the blue smoke curled"—these are sentimental rhythms, and their indoluble effect is to induce a reverie of the past rather than a meditation or contemplation of the future. In a word, the mood is backward-looking and not forward-looking; it is an indulgence and not an effort of spirit. It is quite in accordance with the diagnosis that a concluding stanza of the poem should repeat the opening stanza, since there is no release in a mood of this kind. In great reveries it will be observed that the movement is forward and upwards. The action starts from a profound
sentiment, but it works its way forward to a triumphant assertion of spiritual realisation. Look, for instance, at "Lycidas" or "Adonais," both sentimental in origin, but both exalted in conclusion. There the song springs from a dewy bed, drenched with tears, but it mounts and mounts until it ends in the sky. Mr. Andrews, on the other hand, keeps well to the ground; and, as I have said, his concluding stanza is only a slight variation of the prelude. The influence of Kipling is, I think, to be discerned at work, especially Kipling's "Envoi," beginning "There's a whisper down the field." Kipling is another of the writers whose sentiment is still tied to his mother's apron-strings; and his "Envoi" and "Mother o' Mine" are almost as poisonous to poetry as Meredith's "Love in the Valley." I am not, be it understood, averse to sentiment as such; but the most useful discrimination between the nest and the sky is essential to an aesthetic use of it. Let us start in sentiment by all means; but let us rise from it as quickly as possible.

* * *

My faithful but still anonymous correspondent, "W. S.," remarks on my employment of the phrase: "to return to my muttons." It is not worthy of me, he says. I plead guilty and have no extenuating circumstances to urge in mitigation of my sentence, which shall be to be forbidden to employ the phrase again under any but the most imperative conditions, as when quoting it in derision, for instance. Not only, however, is this phrase worn beyond respectable employment—I admit it—but several others occur to me at this moment as only fit for the workhouse of journalism. That word "stalwart," for example, which appeared in a quotation "manly," a class of words that may be called "curates' children's verse; and I hope that more, much more, discovering the powers latent in man; but it is obvious that the powers latent in man are powers latent also in the Valley." I am not, be it understood, averse to sentiment as such; but the most useful discrimination between the nest and the sky is essential to an aesthetic use of it. Let us start in sentiment by all means; but let us rise from it as quickly as possible.

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The New Age has published a considerable amount of children's verse; and I hope that more, much more, will be forthcoming. Much speculation is directed to discovering the powers latent in man; but it is obvious that the powers latent in man are powers latent also in the child; and it is furthermore probable that we shall discover them most clearly before they have had time to conceal themselves. An album of verses by a girl, Philippa at ten:—

Now I gaze into the brook
Lo, the leaves
That have fallen from the tree's great branches
Make little boats of autumn colours.
As I wandered farther
I came into the pastures
That in summer were so fruitful.
But, behold, the brook winding sluggishly
Through the marshes and meadows,
Till it faded far into the distance.

The vocabulary and technique are not perfect; but how like a "sinoem," or Chinese poem, it is. It is possible that Chinese poetry is the elementary form of poetry in general, and that children of the first and second degree write it naturally. We are told, is the expression of an English girl of ten; it might almost be the work of one of our versilibrists, as well as an echo from Cathay.

R. H. C.
COMMENTARY.

1. (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.

It is certain that the proposal to recognise the rights in perpetuity of the capital already existing in the Mining (or any other) industry will arouse opposition among those who are more concerned with historic phrases than with facts, and more disposed to revenge, under the cloak of "principle," than to the dispossessed owners of Capital. Is there any practical problem. Such opposition, however, must be faced and, if possible, overcome; and the means to this end are two. In the first place, it can be pointed out that as a matter of fact, every other method of dealing with existing Capital than the frank recognition of its claims, either unpractical or amounts in the end to a veiled recognition of the claims in question. What are, in fact, the proposals? They are confiscation out and out, purchase by the State, or confiscation with what is called a "compassionate allowance." A provision, that is to say, of terminable annuities to the dispossessed owners of Capital. Is there any practical man in the Labour movement who believes in his heart that either of the methods of confiscation suggested is conceivably possible without a real revolution? Assuredly not. Instant that a real revolution would not destroy Capital in the process (and thereby nullify itself as a means of confiscating Capital) does any Labour leader, responsible or irresponsible, believe that confiscation without revolution is possible? Would one of them venture to stake anything he personally holds dear upon it? There are, as we have said, Socialists and Labour leaders who preach Confiscation as a "principle" and who, we have no doubt, would try to put the principle into practice, but it is more than doubtful whether one of them honestly believes that a policy of confiscation is practicable, save by means of a revolution in which much of the Capital in question would disappear. Purchase by the State, on the other hand, is simply covert, in stead of overt recognition of the claims of Capital. It is perfectly true that by transferring by purchase the ownership of the existing Capital from its present owners to the State, the present owners are got rid of—from the industry in question. But not only are there new owners exercising all and even more of the privileges of Capital, but the bought-out former owners are now provided with Financial Credit, since, other than the ordinary privileges of the transferred Capital, but the bought-out former owners are now provided with Financial Credit (in the form of Money or State bonds) with which they can proceed, if they please, to acquire Capital in another industry in the same country or in an industry abroad. In short, State-purchase is powerless to "get rid of" the Capitalist qua Capitalist. The policy differs from Confiscation, perhaps, in being practicable; indeed, many Capitalists would welcome it as a means of liquidating their present Capital; but its effect is much the same. An attempt at Confiscation is described to the Capitalist; and State-purchase would not "abolish the Capitalist." Neither method is, therefore, really practical towards the real end in view.

The Scheme's recognition of the claims of existing Capital does not rest, however, solely on the ground of expediency. It is true, not to be despised as a means to an end, when the end is nothing less than the welfare of the world. And a good many "principles" would be worth sacrificing to the practical task of solving the economic problem of mankind. However, this, it is true, is mainly a matter of expediency in the present case; it is also a matter of principle; and the principle becomes clear when it is realised first, that the only privilege which Capital now exercises to the detriment of Society and of itself, namely, Price-fixing, is removed from it; and, secondly, that all the "fresh Capital" (much of it the direct property of the individual Producers) ranks equally with the existing Capital in its claim to privileges. To take these points in their order; let it be considered first, what are the privileges of Capital, when Price-fixing has been subtracted from them. They do not include Financial Credit, since, ex hypothesi and under the Scheme, the control of the Financial Credit of the industry is in the hands of the Producers by means of the Producers' Bank. They will be found, in fact, to consist of the duties and instrumental means of administration together with the receipt of "dividends" or a share in the proceeds of such administration—that and nothing more. And, to come to the second point, since it is proposed that the M.F.G.B. through its Producers' Bank should hereinafter contribute to the Capital of the industry, the M.F.G.B. by means of its capital holding will share in all the privileges of administration and dividends as defined. Take from existing Capital its monopoly of the Real Credit of the industry; take from it the power to fix prices—and the whole evil of Capitalism is removed; for, as Socialists frequently assert, it is not Capital that is evil, but Capitalism; and Capitalism can be defined as the improper use of Capital. Under the Scheme it is proposed to take from Capital the improper privileges it has hitherto exercised. They are not the privileges of administration or the privilege of deriving an income from the proceeds; they are the privileges of a monopoly of credit and a monopoly of the power to fix Prices. Given the restoration of these privileges to their proper source, the community as Producer in the one case, and the community as Consumer in the second case, we cannot have too many Capitalists, sharers by right in the dividends of communal works. The Scheme looks forward to the time when everybody will draw a dividend in virtue of his sharehold in the communal enterprise.

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

There is nothing novel in this proposal, since we understand from Lord Leverhulme that already Messrs. Lever and Sons have adopted the system of bulk-payment of wages and salaries through a local bank in their works in the north of England. The procedure is simple and certainly time-saving as regards the administration of an industry. A cheque is made out by the Directorate for the full amount of wages and salaries, the same is credited to the Producers' Bank and the latter credits its members with the respective amounts. It may be convenient that the bulk-payment by the Directorate should be made partly by cheque (convertible into legal tender) partly in cash or legal tender itself. It is a matter of detail. What is not a matter of detail is the existence of a current of Financial Credit passing constantly through the Producers' Bank. It is estimated that the weekly wage bill in the Mining Industry amounts to 45 millions. Add to this another half-million on account of salaries, and it will be seen that we have a constant current of Financial Credit amounting to 5 millions passing through the Producers' Bank. Any Bank in the world would consider itself prosperous with such a client at its disposal. An individual who should deposit in a Bank 5 millions every Friday evening could carry on a considerable Banking business, even if on every other day of the week he should withdraw part of his deposits. Provided that his delivery of 5 millions in cash or credit were certain every Friday evening, his effective deposit in the Bank would, in fact, be a cross-section of the current any day of the week; his constant credit, in other words, would be the whole sum of 5 millions. This fact of the "sovenity" of the Producers' Bank in the accepted sense of the word must
be insisted on, even though, in other respects, the Producers' Bank is not as other banks; it does not "lend" credit indiscriminately, but only in its own industry, and on its own Real Credit. Without a penny of "money," the Producers' Bank would discharge all the functions assigned to it. With a current of ordinary Financial Credit of 5 millions passing through it, no question can be raised of its right to issue Financial Credit. Its right is double that of the ordinary Banks, since it possesses at once the basis of financial credit, namely, Cash; and the basis of Real Credit, namely, the ability of the M.F.G.B. to produce coal as and when required.

Views and Reviews.

DEMOS DEVISES.—II.*

When the scheme of National Guilds was first propounded, its dichotomy of politics and economics met with much criticism from constitutionalists. It was obvious that the attempt to marry Syndicalism and Colossalism by setting up a profound distrust of (and what was more disinterested) and profound contempt for) the State, that the suggested dichotomy was not really a dichotomy at all. The Guild Congress monopolised economic power which, we were told, preceded and dominated political power; and left to the political State, so far as we could see, only the academic function of determining the forms of expression of economic power. The Guild Congress would occupy itself with working the Constitution, and suggesting amendments; the State would have little else to do but to make the Constitution; and, as Carlyle said of another body of legislators: "Occasion in this way, our august National Assembly becomes for us little more than a Sanhedrin of pedants, though not of the gerund-grinding; yet of no fruitfiller sort; and its loud-voiced debatings and recriminations about Rights of Man, Rights of Peace and War, Veto Suspensi, Veto Absolu, what are they but so many pedants' curses? May God confound you for your theory of irregular verbs!"

The war at least taught us that the political State was rather more than a Sanhedrin of pedants; indeed, it was called Leviathan, Juggernaut, "the coldest of all cold monsters," and an attempt was made by the Attorney-General to revive in the Courts the doctrine of the Divine Right of the Crown. Politics dominated economics; although we now learn that, like the good steward in the parable, it promised to return a hundred-fold for what it then used. But the more the State exercised its prerogatives, the more it became obvious that it was not organised for the efficient exercise of its will; and our "ramshackle Empire!" throw up a ramshackle Constitution that apparently no one understood, a Constitution of obiter dicta, and token votes, and apparently diffused sovereignty. Improvisation resulted in the creation of innumerable autocrazes; we extracted the cube root of the Heptarchy, planted it, but we are all fed communally by an even greater miracle than that recounted in the story of the loaves and fishes.

The Socialist slogan demands, for its efficient realisation, a constitutional reform by fission. "What we shall call the Political Democracy, dealing with national defence, international trade, and the administration of justice, needs to be set apart from what we propose to call the Social Democracy, to which is entrusted the national administration of the industries and services by and through which the community lives. The sphere of the one is Vorwahrung, autonome régénérée, police power; that of the other is Wirtschaft, gestion, housekeeping. The Co-operative Commonwealth of Tomorrow must accordingly have, not one national assembly only, but two, each with its own sphere; not of course without mutual relations, to be hereafter discovered, but co-equal and independent, and neither of them first or last. We regard this splitting of the House of Commons, as regards powers and functions, into two co-ordinate national assemblies, one dealing with criminal law and political dominion and the other with economic and social administration not almost as the only effective way of remedying the present congestion of Parliamentary business, but also as an essential condition of the progressive substitution, with any approach to completeness, of the community for the private capitalist."

Those words "co-equal and independent" make me shudder; they contain within themselves all the material of theological disputation concerning the nature of the Godhead transferred to the subject of political sovereignty. Later, the Webbs modify this assertion of co-equality and independence in the following fashion: "It may be suggested that the two national assemblies—the Political Parliament and the Social Parliament, together with the national executives which they will create and maintain, should be equal and co-ordinate. Each should be, within its own sphere, supreme; but as will be indicated, provision must be made for those cases in which, by the nature of things, they will necessarily impinge on each other's sphere. Laws or commands, whether by the one or the other, will be legally valid only in so far as they are warranted by the powers conferred by the statute, which will have to be interpreted, in case of dispute, on particular issues brought before the law courts, as in the United States."

This, at the same time that it destroys the claim to co-equality and independency, leaves the question of legal sovereignty untouched. Parliament will, in the exercise of its legislative power, create a non-sovereign law-making body, similar to those created for the various Colonies; and rights and powers guaranteed by the Act of establishment may subsequently be piled from the subordinate body by legal decision, as the language and school rights of the French Canadians were during the war. Until that question of sovereignty is settled, all claims to co-equality and independence are so much wind, and not of the spirits variety; there is nothing in the Webbs' scheme, so far as I can see, to prevent the Political Parliament from be an affair of the one, which is Monarchy, of the two, which is Webbism, of the few, which is Capitalism. The Webbs revive "the old slogan of the Socialists, the government of men must be distinguished from the administration of things"; and they do not fall into the error of supposing that economic power is more important than men, and abstract "things," such as truth, beauty, and goodness, more important than those indicated by the petition: "Give us this day our daily bread." The advantage of making our belly our God is that we cannot bow down and worship it; we can at best only administer things so that "body gets its sop and holds its noise, and leaves soul free a little." That is the only legitimate end of social striving; "souls," as Emerson said, "are not saved in bundles," but we are all fed communally by an even greater miracle than that recounted in the story of the loaves and fishes.

* "A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)
over-riding by Order in Council any decision of the Social Parliament almost as easily as it now plays tricks with the housing schemes of local authorities. Health, for example, is one of the matters transferred to the Social Parliament. Let us suppose that the Social Parliament establishes a State Medical Service, which seems likely; what is to prevent the Political Parliament from establishing a system of inspectors of the Medical Service, with undefined powers of veto and amendment? So far as I can see, there is nothing, and can be nothing, until that question of sovereignty has been dealt with satisfactorily. So long as the Political Parliament has an unwritten Constitution, and powers undefined except negatively by legislative devolution of powers, so long will the problem remain, I think, to disturb all projected reforms of the English Constitution.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Social Worker. By C. R. Attlee, M.A. (Bell. 6s. net.)
The social worker, like the poor, we have always with us; and no less than the poor, the social worker is in need of education. This volume is the first of a series dealing comprehensively with social questions, and is published in conjunction with the Ratan Tata Department of Social Science, University of London. Mr. Attlee deals very simply and clearly with the historical development of social work from charity, which blessed the giver so much more than the receiver, and destroyed the Christian conception of equality; and although charities still persist, social work has developed into a profession and a science, and is related to the central and local governing authorities. Mr. Attlee goes so far as to declare that "every social worker is almost certain to be an agitator," either for more social work, more social workers, or better conditions for social workers; the attempt to deal with symptoms leads to the investigation of causes, and the discovery of causes reveals the need of more highly-trained social workers with card indices and statistical bureaux, new conceptions, such as "citizenship" instead of "charity," and a determination to work "with" instead of "for" the poor workers. Sympathy and science is the new prescription for the cure of the social disease called poverty; and this science does not aim at its own abolition. The social workers will still apply themselves to amelioration, not to the creation of a new social order, but to the destruction of the old, the alleviation of the poor's burden, so that it does not gull them, they will tend him in sickness and in health, and will, in short, perform most efficiently the vocational work of government. And there are so many poor that there is work for everybody who has the desire to manage other people's affairs, and can obtain the authority that makes intrusion an act of routine. There is not a detail of human life that does not offer an opportunity for specialization; from the cradle to the grave, the worker needs the ministrations of the trained social worker. The projected volumes of this series include books on "The Boy," "The Mother and the Infant," "The Girl," and "The Worker and the State"; and we are sure that an interesting series of monographs could be written on such subjects as "Love in Limehouse," "Marriage Customs in Mile End," "to say nothing of "The Mystery of the Sick Man of Stepney." We may set down a monumental work on "The Working-Man: Who, What, and Why He Is," with an appendix detailing "His Causes, Consequences, and Cure." Civilisation develops by a process of fusion; a functional aristocracy arises out of functional democracy, and the nation is divided into the people who draft forms and the people who fill them up (with the assistance of the social worker), into the people who visit and the people who are visited, into those who suffer and those who sympathise (as per schedule). So long as the poor tolerate the specialists in poverty, no limits need be set to the exercise of a curiosity that can always be made legitimate by legislation; and the variety of activities at present engaging the efforts of social workers makes us wonder whether human curiosity could be more intensively or extensively displayed. Mr. Attlee deals with them all, charities, organisations of social work, religious agencies, the settlement movement, the social service of the working classes, with illustrated chapters on the varieties of social workers, and their qualifications and training. Social science seems to answer the question: "How to live on the poor," with considerable completeness.

The Life of John Payne. By Thomas Wright. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.) Whatever may have been John Payne's merit as a translator (and Mr. Wright assures us that Burton's "Arabian Nights" is almost a transcript of Payne's), as a poet he was chiefly remarkable for his fluency—which is so obviously a failing in a poet that Watts-Dunton warned him of its dangers while he was yet a young man. Mr. Wright played Boswell to him for many years, formed a John Payne Society, did his best by speech and writing to make Payne's Poetical Works a national possession, and treasure. But although Payne suffered from one peculiarity, that of having a spate of verse after Christmas each year, which lasted for some weeks, although he regarded this production as proof of inspiration, the verse itself (or those examples of it that Mr. Wright rashly quotes as his best) lacks the authentic touch. Payne was one of those men who regarded poetry not as the spirit of life, but as a form of literature, a prescribed way of writing or speaking of life. Thus he would regard nightingales as permissible birds in poetry; the "rooks, madam, rooks," of which Tennyson wrote: "Birds in the high hall garden," were foreign to his scheme. His very facility was a facility in the use of poetic cliché, coupled with the preciosity of obsolete words; sometimes, it was mere prose cut in lengths. Here is one example:

Nietzsche, I love thee not; thine every page
With insults to my Gods my teeth doth set
On edge and flouts my fondest faiths.

For his use of cliché, take what Mr. Wright calls this "perfect stanza":

Betwixt her scarlet lips that pout
Half-parted, pearly lightnings run;
Her splendid beauty opens out
Like a pomegranate in the sun!

It is obviously a case for Shakespeare's Touchstone. But if Payne did not capture the public which "he budgeoned with the Horatian term, servum pecus" (could he not even invent an abusive phrase?), he had no lack of private praise. Some of his family worshipped him. Mr. Wright "boomed" him, Swinburne praised him, so did Rossetti and Matthew Arnold; he knew Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, and the rest of the Fitzroy-Square set, and he did his best to live up to the idea of the poet as an impossible person. All that we need remember of him, except as a translator of "The Arabian Nights" and Villon, is that it was "the lovely and pathetic figure of Helen Snee who inspired Payne's muse as Beatrice had inspired Dante's and Laura Petracchi's, the wife of Mr. Frederick Snee, a traveller for Messrs. Bask." She was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. "The number of the grave is 7828. It is enclosed by small marble piers connected by chains—and pilgrimages are permissible to those who, with Mr. Wright, worship the memory of Payne and his "genius." Whatever Payne may have done for her memory (and described her death as "inecorrigible calamity"), we may at least be thankful for the fact that, for twenty years after her death, Payne "wrote no more original poetry." The "Life" is minutely detailed; Mr. Wright even transcribes pages of his conversations with Payne, so that we may not lose one touch of the man's genius.
Pastiche.

PRAYER OF A YOUNG SINGER.

No high importance paces through my song. . . .
No rare philosophy, no ripened thing
Heaps in my narrow garners, golden strong;
Scant sweetness has its harvest on my string;
And none may breed my thyme, yet must I sing.

For are there not tall laughing lads who stay
In sad important silence now and then,
And God knows well enough there are, and they
Are good to make true songs of; maids and men,
White-breasted maids and rough red-hearted men
Who love and marry, and who die maybe? . . .
Be these and those all my philosophy.

As all my love is where my song shall go . . .
Down old remembered lanes and o'er a hill
Where golden-throated flocks are fluttering low
With never-spedden silver notes to spitt.
How find of my small store one that could sing
Nor seem to croak all raucous after these?
How say one sound so proud as purple Spring
In swallow-time among the lilac trees!

Rain-burdened blossoms on a hawthorn hedge,
And little moonlit pools where wild cranies drink
And wing away at dawning in a wedge. . . .
These things are high importances I think.

O let me love so well that at the last
I wrestle with the Beautiful by night
Until He bless me also, holding fast,
And learn of the Unnamed a word of Light.
And find me at the last a song to sing
Fit for the silent lads; philosophy
More sure than springtime and a swallow's wing
And more unfading than the hawthorn tree!

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

THE SOUL'S ARMOUR.

When sorrows came upon Henry Jerwood, they came not as single battalions (as in the same Shakespearian days), but as a massed army corps. Providence was obviously in a sulky temper, and what was more to the point, was venting this sinister mood upon his unoffending repulsive and pestilential advances he had always brutally not quite as much as his wife; his uninsured country house, market movement; his good name which was husband of a virulent woman (squeezing out hysterically favourite pipe. . . .)

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