NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We shall say nothing to endanger the compromise that seems about to be effected in the Mining Industry. All that needs to be said of it we shall say when the immediate misadventure is a thing of the past, and when, perhaps, the Miners' leaders are looking about for new worlds to lose. In the meanwhile, it will surely do no harm to praise the Government for the ingenuity of the tactics it has employed. Not within our experience has a Labour threat been more apparently sincere and formidable, or the Government of the day met such a movement with more sang froid. Is the explanation that the Government has long ago taken the measure of the Miners' leaders and, in consequence, has felt no fear that, however they might propose to "compel" the Government to do this, and "compel" the Government to do that, they would proceed not much further than words. Or is it that the Government is even better informed than Labour of the divisions of opinion in the Labour movement, and knew, as apparently Mr. Smillie and Mr. Hodges did not, that not only whole districts were against a strike on false issues, but notable leaders of the Triple Alliance were against a strike upon almost any issue whatever? The true explanation may be less simple or more complex than any that we can suggest; but the fact remains that the Government has been throughout as firm as the Miners' Federation has been weak and waiving.

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Full credit must be given the Government intellectuals (for, needless to say, if Labour does, the Government certainly does not, neglect to employ brains) for having perceived from the earliest enunciation of the Miners' demands that a separation would need to be made of the Consumer, proceeded, by means of the discussion on the Consumer, to begin to look to organised Labour, unless both are to be beaten separately. By skilfully employing the "constitutional" argument, and by boldly claiming what no Government has ever claimed before, that price-fixing is an inalienable privilege of the legislature, the Government succeeded in stampeding the public into opposition to a movement ostensibly designed to put coal into its cellars at a reduced price. Useless to point out that if the Miners were not allowed to do it, the Government itself should undertake to make good its claim and reduce prices of its own accord. Useless to observe, as the "Times" did, that a strike for reducing the Cost of Living would certainly be popular. The Government, thanks to its strategy, succeeded in dividing the "indivisible" demand and in thereby robbing the Miners of their one chance of success. * * *

The next link in the chain was, of course, the question of a wage increase; and here, again, the Government's advisers proved themselves to be worth their salt. By no manner of means, had the strike been on that single issue, could the Miners' claim for an increased wage for an increased Cost of Living have been denied; and the fact that even while the strike was in prospect the Cost of Living was continuing to rise would have clinched the matter in the opinion of the whole of the Labour movement and of a considerable portion of the public as well. Realising that this would in all probability be the case, what did the Government's advisers recommend should be done? Looking around them, they discovered, as we have, that many of the Labour leaders, including Mr. Hodges himself, had declared themselves in favour of "increased production." More output, they had said, was needed; Labour must work harder and produce more; we were a poor country; and wages could not be expected to rise unless the worker put his back into increasing the "output" from which alone, so they argued, wages could be paid. It is not, perhaps, so very creditable, after all, that the Government's advisers should have seen in these admissions the instrument for their purpose. Who, in fact, save Labour leaders, could possibly have missed it? Without delay the Government, having "compelled" the Miners to withdraw their demand on behalf of the Consumer, proceeded, by means of the discussion on Output, to "compel" the Miners virtually to withdraw their demand for an increase of wages. For an increase of wages that should be conditional upon increased "output" is not, it is obvious, an increase of wages at all. The "income" of the worker is increased, no doubt; but it is at the cost of increased exertion. Time for time, it is incapable of its rate of wages, in fact, is reduced. However that may be, there was the flaw in the Labour case, and the Government seized upon it.
Unless Labour is more intelligent than its signs allow us to hope, Output in the future will be the Government’s only wear. It has been tried and found effective. Not one Labour leader, to our knowledge, has questioned the justice of the sentence.

There is a surprisingly simple explanation, though it does not flatter ourselves, of Labour’s failure to distinguish between “Output,” which is only a fraction of our total Production, and our total Production itself. It is that no Labour leader ever dreams of interesting himself in our discussions of economics. It must be remembered that the most formidable of the union leaders were all born with the silver spoon of omniscience in economic matters in their mouth; and that since the day they first saw the light, neither events nor men have had anything whatever to tell them. It is true that in their hours of recreation they may pick up a bit here and a bit there from the pages of the “Times” and other well-known organs of pure economic thought; now and again they cannot help retaining some profound economic maxim which they have read in a manufacturers’ advertisement, such as that Increased Production (of any kind) is necessary to save us from poverty. For the rest, however, they are indifferent to knowledge and new ideas, being under the conviction that anything that is new to them must be untrue. This, at any rate, is the only explanation we can offer of the uniform Labour’s economic ignorance; and particularly of the remarkable coincidence of its phrases with the phrases on the hoardings and in the evening sporting papers. Could the resemblance be accidental? Could “Output” be confused with the whole of Production so invariably as it is by Labour, if the facts were not as we have guessed? Could Capitalism so constantly find all its weapons on the very lips of the Labour leaders themselves if the latter were not omniscient save for the phrases put into its mouth by the agents of Capitalism? Leaving speculation aside, and returning to our normal senses, so long as “Output” remains in Labour’s opinion the whole of Production, and consequently the only source from which Wages, Salaries and Dividends are paid, so long will Capitalist arguments make easy victims of Labour claims. Until Labour can learn to distinguish between Actual and Potential, between Products and the Means to Production, between “Output” and “Credit,” no demand it can make can be satisfied except at the expense of itself or the community.

To those purists whose gospel milk is the principle that under no circumstances must “Labour” tolerate or contemplate the continued existence of the “Capitalist” class, we commend the evidence of Mr. Smillie that for years past the relations between the M.F.G.B. and the colliery-owners have been “friendly,” and that, even during the recent comedy of the “class-war,” the M.F.G.B. and the colliery-owners have been in constant friendly communication. We know, of course, that that stern but “exceedingly well-dressed” Labour leader (vide Press), Mr. Frank Hodges, has announced that nothing would induce the Miners to co-operate with the colliery-owners; and that Mr. Smillie is all for their lock, stock, and barrel expropriation without compensation. Nevertheless, such is their elasticity of character, that while bourgeois members of various Socialist societies insist upon taking the class-war seriously, to the extent of refusing to discuss practical measures until the whole question is alive, Mr. Hodges and Mr. Smillie are allowed without question not only to be in friendly personal relations with the doomed owners, but to “prefer” to deal with them rather than with the representatives of the Nationalisation the M.F.G.B. professes to desire. We have for our own part no complaint to make of the fact itself. The intelligence of Labour, we are certain, is inadequate to a revolution à outrance such as our purists demand. It has neither the brains nor the character for the role, being both conceited and sentimental. Co-operation with the Capitalist classes is, therefore, a necessity even for Labour itself; and if we could only add the Consumer, the real Triple Alliance of society would be complete. It is too much to expect, either in the way of fear or of hope, that the discussions between the Miners and the colliery-owners that are proceeding as we write will develop beyond the petty point of dispute to the consideration of a “permanent settlement.” Mr. Smillie declared himself to be in favour of it, the Government willing; and we have no doubt that the colliery-owners are prepared to do a deal. All, in fact, that is missing is any notion on Labour’s side of what to suggest towards a settlement other than a constantly expanding wage and a constantly diminishing day. Since not even the colliery-owners can guarantee these conditions without apprehending the revolt of the consumer who would have to pay for them, the immediate outlook is unpromising. Let us say, however, that a real joint Conference will be indispensable—sooner or later, as Mr. Hodges would remark.

Having, as an “outsider,” given Labour all the misleading advice and misdirection within its command, the “Times” turned its guns last week on those other “outside advisers who have taken the trade unions under their patronage and tell them what to do.” We do not suppose that we are included in this category and, if we were, our reply would be that for the effect we produce we might be discharged for want of evidence; but the question is one of greater concern than this or the other’s patronage. Mr. Lloyd George reminded Mr. Smillie that the Miners were responsible directly for a million half-starved and jobless souls more. The very anticipations of the consequences of a Miners’ strike are evidences that the Trade Unions have something more than merely power over themselves. They have, in fact, as much concern for everybody “outside” them as for those within them; and while we do not object even to the attempt of the “Times” to “patronise and tell them what to do,” in the interests of the financial classes, we claim for the ordinary citizen the same right, with the addition that in his case it is a duty also. We have not the smallest doubt, however, that Labour shares the opinion rather of the “Times” than of the private citizen; and herein lies the danger. For if the “Times” while all the time insinuating advice into the ear of Labour in the interests of Finance can complete the persuasion of Labour that the common citizen may be and ought to be ignored, the “philosophic propaganda” of Lord Northcliffe will have another victory to its account, the victory this time not over Germany but over the people of England. It is not enough, it seems, that we should all suffer from the struggle between Labour and Finance, that their battles should be fought at our expense. We are to suffer in silence, unless we happen to be on the side of Finance. If we are on the side of the community as represented (however inadequately) by Labour, both protagonists, it seems, regard our self-interest as impertinent.

As we have seen that Labour made a rod for its own back when it talked of increased output as a condition of increased wages, we shall see that another rod for itself may be made out of the same padlock. The “fan- tionisation the M.F.G.B. professes to desire. We have for our own part no complaint to make of the fact itself. The intelligence of Labour, we are certain,
hard for many people to obtain as the means of existence themselves. The consequences of this obsession with a social fallacy are to be seen in the “Daily Herald” itself as well as in the Labour movement generally. Compelled by consistency to maintain that “work” is essential to sharing in the commonwealth (most of course, a legacy from our forefathers and no living man’s work), the “Daily Herald” is driven to welcome anything that promises mere employment. Trade with Russia, for example, though for the present it can only mean the exchange of goods against gold or credit, neither of which is a consumable article entering into the workers’ Cost of Living, is recommended by the “Daily Herald” expressly and solely on the ground that it would provide work. “Production without a market,” it rightly observes, “produces a glut that is finally reflected in unemployment”; and since, in its ignorance of economics, the “Daily Herald” does not know how to create a market at home except by providing “work” as a means of distributing purchasing power, the workers are invited to exploit “the almost boundless market” of Russia in order to provide themselves with “work and the wages it represents.” Other Labour advisers go even further than the “Daily Herald.” The “Daily Herald” would, at any rate, supply Russia, if not our own community, with goods. But Mr. Fred Bramley would have “national workshops” opened, foreshores reclaimed and deserts made to blossom as the rose, all with the sole and only object of providing “work.” The subterfuge is obvious, the plain meaning of the demand being to provide an excuse that can be disguised as work for the distribution of spending power otherwise free gratis and for nothing. We have no kind of objection to the thing itself; but to the pretence there is the English answer that it is hypocrisy. Labour must make up its mind either to stick to and strengthen its axiom that the only justification of living, or to throw it overboard as the barbarous lie it is. It must make up its mind to be individualist with the Capitalists or sensible with the Socialists.

It is announced that the National Executive of the Independent Labour Party has refused the application for affiliation of the three-months-old British Communist Party on the ground that the aims of the latter are “out of accord” with the objects of the I.L.P. The objection seems to us to be far-fetched and we should be astonished to know that the “clean slates, the half-way to meet Europe. On every side of the European horizon signs are evident of the gathering of the unconscious forces of the world, under the direction of Japan, for a challenge to the White race. Not only the yellow races themselves are sub-consciously aware of what is afoot, but the Brown and the Black are beginning to scent the struggle afar off. The figure of Enver Pasha is seen to be flitting ominously between pan-Islamism and the Far East; and at the recent Ethiopian Congress, held in America, one Black speaker openly promulgated the Black vision of the “liberation” of the Black race during the inevitable struggle shortly to break out between Japan and America and Europe. That it may still appear to be removed from the unconscious of Europe is due to the fact that Europe is fast aslee; but America is a little more awake to the problem. Europe should know now that the intervention of America in the late European civil war was not on account of the beautiful eyes of France, nor even from any immediate fear of German world-hegemony. It was the fear of Japan that brought America into the war; and the occasion was employed by America to look to the pining of her rifles in anticipation of the threatening need.

It cannot be maintained by the world-observer that Europe (including, for the present, America) has done nothing to deserve the threat. Charged, as we maintain, with the responsibility of establishing a functional world-system, in which each of the races and nations is called upon to play its natural and organic part, Europe has been altogether too exclusive, too small-minded, to realise the need the world has of the Far East in particular. The history of European relations with the Far East has been, until recently, an almost unbroken story of chicanery, greed and ill-will; and it would appear as if the policy Europe had wished to pursue in Japan and China had been, consciously or unconsciously, modelled on the policy pursued by Spain in Mexico and Peru. Japan, however, has proved to be less amenable to extinction than the gentle Inca race. On the contrary, from about the middle of the last century, Japan has by an enormous effort of will woken up to the problem. Europe should know now that the intervention of Japan, if Europe does not go out to meet the problem half-way, is certain that the problem will come much more than half-way to meet Europe. On every side of the European horizon signs are evident of the gathering of the unconscious forces of the world, under the direction of Japan, for a challenge to the White race. Not only the yellow races themselves are sub-consciously aware of what is afoot, but the Brown and the Black are beginning to scent the struggle afar off. The figure of Enver Pasha is seen to be flitting ominously between pan-Islamism and the Far East; and at the recent Ethiopian Congress, held in America, one Black speaker openly promulgated the Black vision of the “liberation” of the Black race during the inevitable struggle shortly to break out between Japan and America and Europe. That it may still appear to be removed from the unconscious of Europe is due to the fact that Europe is fast aslee; but America is a little more awake to the problem. Europe should know now that the intervention of America in the late European civil war was not on account of the beautiful eyes of France, nor even from any immediate fear of German world-hegemony. It was the fear of Japan that brought America into the war; and the occasion was employed by America to look to the pining of her rifles in anticipation of the threatening need.
It is not the virtue of the world-student to take sides in a partisan strife, even when the strife concerns whole races. It is altogether a question of values; and, above all, of values in relation to the intention of the world-spirit. The world, we believe, has a divine dharma or purpose, defined by its nature, and unalterable by any effort of man. It cannot, in the long run, be diverted; it can only be either fulfilled or completely frustrated. We hold, moreover, that this purpose has now been clearly manifested; and that it can be summed up in the phrase, the functional organisation of the world as one. Looking at the problem before us in the light of this affirmation, our judgment of values must depend, as we have said, on their value in relation to this end. Is it the fact that the values of Japan are superior to those of Europe? Would it be well for the world—including Japan itself—that European values should lose their present supremacy? That Japan and her prospective allies and clients should think that the answers may be in the affirmative; that the spectacle of Europe may suggest to many European minds that the world could not be further from fulfilling its purpose under the hegemony of Japan than under the hegemony of Europe—this, it must be allowed, is more or less natural. But the question, we repeat, is not one for wishes or for disappointment, but for fact, the fact of the world's duty to itself and of the comparison of the respective values of Japan and Europe, in their relation to the supreme aim of the world, must alone be allowed to decide the question.

We have several times defined the values of Europe. Though fallen, fallen, fallen from their high Aryan estate, they nevertheless remain what they have always been. Enshrined in the trinity of Aryan morality, Christian metaphysics and Social (we should like to say Communist, if the word had not been degraded past redemption) service, they constitute, without doubt, not only the highest and most synthetic ideals of conduct ever formulated by men, but the pragmatic conditions of the functional organisation of the world. Without any prejudice whatever, if a Manu were to lay down the practical legislation necessary to the fulfilment of the world's defined purpose, he would, we believe, rediscover and reformulate the European trinity. Followed or not, realised in practice or not, these, he would say, are the means prescribed by the highest practical common sense for the realisation of the end in view. It is impossible, we believe, for any "free mind," of whatever race or nation, to arrive at any other conclusion on the evidence of thought and history. Historically, and under the guidance of these ideals, Europe in her best minds has always been "crazy" about world-culture, even in the gross aspect of world-domination; nothing less than the world has been and still is Europe's parish; in the European conscious mind or nowhere is the world-vision to be found. And intellectually or pragmatically the case for Europe is no less overwhelming. Her trinity alone contains all the necessary sanctions for the task in hand.

It may be said that we have already prejudiced the issue and that nothing now remains for Japan to do but plead in mitigation of sentence. There are no criminals in our country; however, but only races and nations of spirits, relative service or disservice to the functional organisation of the world. What, in fact, has Japan to set against the European trinity as an alternative instrument of the world process? How would the world fare under Japan's standards of value? We must appreciate at the high value they confer on the functional organisation of the world. That Japan has in Europe certain relentless values, the Japanese sense of loyalty and, above them all, the conception of Bushido. They are undeniable evidences of Japan's eternal right to exist and to become more and more completely an indispensable organ of the world process. But nobody of judgment can penetrate the open mysteries of Japanese values without a coming, sooner or later, to a conclusion adverse to their claim to rank equally with European values, let alone to be set above them. Psycho-analysts must say what they have discovered deep within the unconscious mind of Japan; it is not, we believe, love of humanity of an high Aryan sense, but rather a profound hatred of mankind. It is as if the "wrath of God" against a possibly disobedient Son—such as Europe is in danger of becoming—were containing itself in the Japanese unconscious against the day when it should be poured out upon Europe to blast reason utterly. The profoundly anti-human hari-kari of Japan is but a trivial symptom of that wrath. In Japanese art, too, the dominant characteristic is irrational inevitability; it is by no means all wisteria and cherry-blossom. Every line, every colour, every form is the work of the profoundest unconscious, an unconscious indifferent to personality, individuality and freedom. And what of Japan's religion, philosophy, sociology . . . ? Her religion and philosophy are borrowed, mainly from Aryan sources; and her sociology is the most unhuman in the world. Capitalism in Europe and even America still betrays a latent, intangible, and almost organic part of its all. If Japan can prove to the world's judgment that the supremacy of her values over the values of Europe is desirable in the interests of mankind, the evidence must be accepted and the conclusion that follows allowed. On the other hand, if it is European values that ought to be dominant, the obligation is not only upon Europe to maintain them, but upon Japan to accept them. There is no question of subordination in the ordinary sense of the word. On the contrary, if Europe attempts the subordination of the Far East in the Imperial tradition of panpsychology, the "wrath of God" that resides in the Japanese unconscious will surely and justly burst out upon Europe. Europe is subject to the world-process as Japan is expected to be. But values are values; and if it inevitably appears that the maintenance of European rather than the elevation of Japanese values is necessary to the functional organisation of the world, every other consideration is minor by the side of it. Nobody in Europe must be allowed to deny whatever may be Japan's legitimate claims on the world; Japan's just claims are the conditions of Japan's world duties, as all claims are instruments of duty when they are not imperative. On the other hand, it is no less essential that, in denying whatever extravagant claims Japan may put forward, Europe (and America) should make it clear that the criterion is not the good of Europe alone, but the good of the world, the Far East itself, however; in the name of the "wrath of God" descends. To "hear" Japan is the first step towards turning away the "menace" of Japan. Europe must otherwise prepare—otherwise.

M. M. Cosmo,

September 30, 1920

THE NEW AGE
A Presidential View.

At this year's meeting of the British Medical Association at Cambridge, Sir Clifford Allbutt delivered the presidential address, and in this address was a section purporting to deal with psychotherapy, a subject, he said, that "even in a sketch of our present occupations it is hard to avoid"—even, mark you, at a moment when it was most imperative that men should concentrate themselves upon psychological matters. Well, as Sir Clifford Allbutt did not manage to avoid the subject, let us see what he has to tell us about it. "Once more the human heart is declared to be a very messy place." The human heart is all right; the human heart sometimes takes a queer view of it, if such a head be still human, that is to say. I think Sir Clifford Allbutt is one of those who have not penetrated very far into the psychological forests. He has been deterred by certain swamps and undergrowth from which he has not been able to see his eyes. It is a pity, but in view of it he would have done much better to have followed the promptings of his unconscious, and avoided the subject—even in a sketch of present medical occupations. As it is, we see him judging the part as the whole. Let us go on to a more serious criticism. "The reader . . . may think he sees in them (the psycho-analysts) loose thinking, vague outlines, and formless pseudo-scientific verbiage." This is true enough, especially if the reader "has been wont to look for definition of terms, and for precision and economy of language," if, Sir Clifford Allbutt really means, he has been trained in materialistic thinking. When realisation comes that the true pseudo-scientists are the Victorian scientists, then will come also the comprehension that definition in the Victorian sense is destruction psychologically. For the psychologists are no longer analysing into stricter terms he finds himself to have broken down, and for synthesis there must always be a play of desire beyond any attained definition. That is why the formally trained regard the subject with suspicion. To be fair we must add that not a few psycho-analytic writings deserve all and more than Sir Clifford Allbutt here says of them. We may also remark on the paradox that it is these very writings that he would be logically bound to approve the most! This is inevitable in what is a new subject to the formally-trained mind, however, and not a valid excuse because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and let us add that he is very much behind the times to imagine that psycho-analysis and sexuality are equivalent and interchangeable terms. He should, as a moralist, either because of his fate, or because he cannot understand it, or because he fears it. This has no connection with Sir Clifford Allbutt's conception of a "sane mind."

Let us go on again. "To many an agonised spirit Confession has been a great solace—just Confession." It has; it is known in psycho-analytic terms as abreaction. "Yet to try to gain a mastery over the soul of another is not quite chivalrous, not quite generous." It is not, and there is no psycho-analytic term for this, because it is not a psycho-analytic practice. There should by now be a sufficiency of indications in the literature of the subject for the most superficial observer to gather that the psycho-analyst is nothing more and nothing less than a catalytic agent. No questions of mastery of any sort come in; but that is the whole difference between psycho-analysis and every other species of psychotherapy. We are driven again to wondering what kind of psycho-analyst Sir Clifford Allbutt can have met. The one point held in common by Freudians, Adlerians, and followers of Jung is this point, that psycho-analysis is nothing concerned in psycho-analysis, no matter in what form or shape. There are a number of men in England who practise "psychological analysis," "mental exploration," and what not, and I am afraid it must be from these men that Sir Clifford Allbutt has imbibed his views on psycho-analysis. If so, we must again convict him of being behind the times, because these men have not yet reached even as far as Freud. The men I have in mind are of the type of Dr. Myers, Dr. Rivers, Professor Pear, and some lesser lights whose idea of treatment appears to be to fling a man through his memories, his promptings, his images, and the result from their own psychology, and impose it on him in many vehement tangles; "psychotherapeutic conversations" is the technical term for this procedure. Sir Clifford Allbutt is completely justified in condemning this sort of thing, and will earn the thanks of every psycho-analyst by doing so. But let us not think that he is thereby condemning psycho-analysis, or he will be committing a gross mistake and injuring, so far as he is able, a subject that is of the first value to everybody. If this distinction between true psycho-analysis and so-called psychotherapy becomes clear to him, he will no longer raise objections, as he goes on to say, "Let us go back to little more than Locke told the world three hundred years ago." Well, in point of fact he will find himself coming back to little more, or—shall we suggest?—all that the world was told quite a long time earlier than three hundred years ago. No one except the veriest tyro imagines that anything new is being found by psycho-analysis. The ancient wisdom is being relearned, sometimes clumsily. Sir Clifford Allbutt's experience of psycho-analysts seems to have been confined to the clumsy among explorers.

Let us go on a little more. Of course Sir Clifford Allbutt holds up the traditional hands of horror at sex. "I am thankful to know that it does not fail to my lot to seek for pearls in that sty." This depends on how the matter is regarded. We might perhaps content ourselves with pointing out that the opening of an appendix abscess is not a thing that is done for amusement. Yet Sir Clifford Allbutt would be rightly shocked were it not done; nor should we hear murmurs about a "sty" from him when it was done. "A sane mind consists in the good digestion of experience," he says. Of course it does, and neurosis consists in a failure in adaptation to experience. The whole problem turns on a definition of sanity. Sir Clifford Allbutt is all too obviously the conventional moralist. Let us remind him that Blake said, "Those who restrain Desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained;" and

J. A. M. Alcock.
Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

"The Daisy" was none too well received by the critics when it was produced at the Kingsway on September 14; and when I saw it most of its proper audience was probably struggling ineffectually to get in to see Matheson Lang in "The Wandering Jew." I can understand the faint praise of the critics; I find it difficult to write of the play without condescension. But I estimate that there are between twenty and thirty thousands of people in London whose chief delight is to sniff with superiority at the plays they see, and they ought to show their superiority at the Kingsway, instead of concealing it in Suburbia. "The Daisy" is a well written snuff at, say, Masefield's "Nan," or any other of the "genre" plays that these superior persons have called into being; and I feel sure that a few powerful, resounding sniffs of contempt from a full audience of "Where's the crowd?" would hearten the actors tremendously, and sniffs cannot, I hope, be sent by wireless. Like the King during his Coronation procession, I ask: "Where's the crowd?"

For, after all, "The Daisy" is not so bad; as Lincoln said in another connection; "For those who like that sort of thing, that is the thing they would like." There is some really good acting of Cockney types; Miss Alice Mansfield, for example, is quite as good an actress as Miss Mary Brough, although the authors have not put her generally in the provision of low comedy. Miss Suzanne Sheldon's Mrs. Muscat is a really life-like study of the "lidy wot keeps the rahnd-abahts"; indeed, it is better than life; it is art. The simple, unforced pathos of the scene over the dead man was as effective in its own style as the earlier style of the woman who years ago, robbed me of the change of half-a-crown in her confounded roundabouts; and if it is a case of mistaken identity, Miss Sheldon has only her art to blame for the creator.

The women are all good; Miss Mary Merrall made quite a pathetically beautiful study in the "patient Grizel" style of Julia; and Miss Gladys Gordon's Maria, with her gaucheer and her giggle, her sentimentality, and common sense, and inarticulateness, and, I fear, lack of proper moral standards (did she not leave Julia to her fate on Hampstead Heath?), was "not merely an effective foil to Julia, but a perfectly realised character. With acting of this kind, I find myself speculating about the characters off the stage, what they do, what they read, can "pretty well imagine what they do, and sniffs cannot, I hope, be sent by wireless. The play ends; but obviously with a spiritual triumph, a soul saved from utter destruction. Certainly, the validity of proximate causes. For example, a rascal with more brains than himself secures him as an accomplice in an attempt to rob, and if necessary to kill, a factory manager coming from the bank with the week's wages. The very argument that turns the scale with him is that, as his wife is going to become a mother, he will need money which he cannot obtain in any other way; he needs it for his wife and himself will be turned into the street. But he insists before The Majister that these were sufficient causes, that it was not because he "loved" his wife, that he was willing to commit crime, but just because he needed money for her and her child. The fact that he could have deserted her, did not enlighten him; he felt that he could not, and yet denied that the feeling was "love."

Obviously, he could not be condemned as an utterly lost soul; on the other hand, the process of redemption could not begin until he admitted to himself his real motive, and consciously accepted the spiritual value of "love." He is condemned to fourteen years of Limbo, I suppose, and is then permitted to return to life for one hour to give him the opportunity of doing at least one good deed. For this is the child the truth about her father; she has been taught to believe that he was brave, and good, and very clever, and she refuses to accept "The Daisy's" statement that he was a "bad lot." She orders him off the place, and in his anger he strikes her. But apparently he has advanced a little in spiritual evolution, for he is heartbroken at his lapse; "he didn't mean to do it," he said, and the beginning of conscience, the acceptance of the spiritual value, was manifest. At that point the play ends; but obviously with a spiritual triumph, a soul saved from utter destruction. Certainly, the argument requires the theory of re-incarnation for its completion; but even as it stands, it is subtle enough to be interesting. Even as he departs heart-broken, his wife is praying that Heaven may have mercy on his soul, completing the story of a marriage that was, if devotion which, it is assumed, played considerable part in his salvation.

Mr. Henry Caine gave a cleverly observed study of "The Daisy," but underplayed his few emotional scenes. Even his brutality did not convince me that he carried a knock-out punch in either hand, and he ought not to be quite so afraid of melodrama. But if he sometimes fails in vigour, he never fails in understanding; and the play is so well acted generally that it intrigues me with its naivete. Although it has all the elements of melodrama, they are handled in the
“natural” tradition and with considerable psychological insight; even as a curiosity in drama, “The Daisy” is well worth seeing, although I confess that its chief interest for me is the acting. The characterization is practically effortless, and Miss Mary Merrill makes Julia a figure of appealing beauty which remains in the memory—a remarkable feat to perform with a character as inarticulate as “Kipps” ("I dunno," is her usual answer to questions) shown in a setting of dreary poverty.

Readers and Writers.

Some profound and excellent things were recently said by my colleague, Mr. John Francis Hope, on the subject of imported foreign plays. It is most reassuring to learn there are a great number to-day. “Art is born of inspiration, not of curiosity,” he said; and, again, “Art lives by what it produces, not by what it imports.” Very true and very important. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that it is better for a nation to “import” art than to go without it altogether; and, furtheron, it appears to me, the latter, it seems to me, is to be preferred.

“Foreign” is a word that should be employed with increasing discrimination and, most of all, I think, by English writers. I hope I should be the last to deny that there is an English genius the perfect flower of which we are still to see; it is so, I know, in literary style, perfect English, to my mind, having never yet been written. The point, however, is that nothing foreign ought to be alien to a race as universal in character and mentality as the English; and, in the end, the perfection of the English genius is possible only in a spiritual synthesis of all the cultures of the world. Two tendencies, equal and opposite, are at work, indeed, in this direction, and have always been in English history. On the one side, we find an ever-present tendency towards cosmopolitanism, an excess of which would certainly result in the complete loss of essential national characteristics. On the other side, and useful balancing the first, we find an ever-present tendency towards insularity and aesthetic chauvinism, the excess of which would undoubtedly result in a caricature of the English genius—the development, that is to say, of idiosyncrasies in place of style. Somewhere between these two tendencies the critic of English art must fix his seat, I think, in order that his judgment may determine, as far as possible, the perfect resultant of the blend of opposites. It is a matter, too, of time as well as of forms of culture. Not only are not all times alike, but there is a time for import and a time for export and a time for “protection”; but, equally, there is room for discrimination in the kind of art that may wisely be imported or exported. In general, we should import only what we need and export only what other nations need, and thus, in the old mediaval sense, traffic in treasure. Thus guarded, I think myself nothing but good can come of the greatest possible international commerce of the arts. We must remember, as Mr. John Francis Hope reminds us, that the development of the world-community is not only a duty, but a forecast of what is to be.

From this point of view I cannot sufficiently commend the far-sighted enterprise of the American “Dial” in commissioning Mr. Ezra Pound to procure the best European manuscripts for publication in America. Without a doubt there will be people in America who will protest that such imported goods cast a slur upon native American art and, in addition, threaten the development of the great American school of experimental literature. They will furthermore observe that many of the imported goods are exotic in the worst sense of the word, exotic even in Europe (where Mr. Ezra Pound himself is somewhat of an exotic, being more Continental than European), and still more exotic by the time they have reached America. It takes all sorts of cultures, however, to make a culture; and, in my opinion, the “Dial,” under its present direction, is contributing more to the future of American culture than any other journal or institution in the United States. What does it matter, for the time being, that the “Dial” presents the appearance of a contemporary anthology of European literature and art, that it smells, to a certain extent, of the school and university? America ought to be at school to Europe; American writers have a great deal to learn from Europe before they can hope to become perfect American; and the open acknowledgment of the “Dial” that they are at school is the kind of confession that is supremely good for the soul. Years hence, perhaps a century hence, the schoolmaster, whom the “Dial” is attempting to impose upon America will bear fruit in an American culture. Exports may then begin to balance imports, as they certainly cannot, treasure for treasure, at this moment.

Mr. Cecil Palmer announces the immediate publication of Major Douglas’ work on “Credit Power and Democracy” (7s. 6d. net). The chapters, it may be remembered, ran serially in these pages; and I may add that the current clause-by-clause Explanatory Commentary on the scheme will appear as a long appendix to the volume. It is superfluous to repeat our conviction that in the world of discourse opened to us by Major Douglas the final solution of the world’s economic problem is to be found. Litterateurs like myself will scarcely be accepted as judges of economic truth, however sure our judgments of literary values may be, and however we may protest that the sensation of truth is one and indivisible and as unmistakable in a work of economics as in a work of belles-lettres. We shall be set aside as “mere writing fellows” whose excursions into economic criticism are open to prosecution for trespass. Nevertheless, I shall repeat that the sensation of truth in Major Douglas’ analysis and synthesis of the economic problem is as clear and unmistakable to me as the sensation of truth in, let us say, the works of “Shakespeare” or, to cite another extreme, the recent explorations of psycho-analysis. One may not be able to “criticise” the doctrines contained in Major Douglas’ work, as one may not be able to add to or subtract from the doctrinal truths of the canon of Shakespeare’s art or the theories of Jung and Silberer. But here, I confidently affirm, is truth about economics; and it remains for the competent to appraise it.

A diversion on a tin whistle may be premature while we are still not out of the wood, but my spirits are too light for caution: I have to say, and it pleases me to say, that the recent reduction in size of The New Age has not affected the circulation for the worse, but rather for the better. Gratitude would, of course, be our present circulation we fear nothing but ourselves. With our present circulation we need fear nothing but ourselves.
Scandinavian Fiction.

The sins of commission of publishers in this country are well known. Their sins of omission are less public, for it is difficult to know what they do not publish. One of these sins, however, is brought to light in the publication of the series of translations of Scandinavian novels so much discussed recently. Not only are these better than nine-tenths of what is actually being published by our firms, but one of them, Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil," is one of the best novels that have appeared in English for some time. The publishers have not merely failed in their duty to the public—generally honoured, as it is, in the breach; they have failed in their duty to themselves. For these novels are not esoteric but popular. Years ago more than one volume of Hamsun was issued in America, and before the war he was popular in Germany. Yet but for the grace of a foreign firm he would still be unknown in England.

A subtler sin of omission is revealed in our novelists by setting the Scandinavians side by side with them. For admiration is the utmost that we can give to our own authors; but the Scandinavians we must both admire and respect. It is because their artistic virtues are simple and real. On that account they are important for writers in this country, where it has become an exception to expect in authors anything to esteem. A change in the relation between writers and readers has taken place during the last decade or two. The present condition may be described by saying that readers expect writers to say what they should not say, and that writers expect readers to be incapable of resisting them. The psychology of men's friendship is rendered in it. The psychology of friends is consummate which have so disposed themselves that writers expect writers to say what they should not say, and that writers expect readers to be incapable of resisting them.

"Growth of the Soil" is the story of a man almost incredibly simple who goes into the solitudes of Norway to establish a home and to conquer the soil. The tale is of a life-long devotion between two young warriors, Ingolf and Leif. Gunnarsson, the Icelandic writer, is a lesser artist than Hamsun. He has, however, the capacity to transform his subject-matter, and the discrimination to select subject-matter that is real, and it suffices. Gunnarsson, like Hamsun, is simple; so simple that he understands simplicity; so simple that he can be extremely subtle in conveying it to his readers. The tale is of a life-long devotion between two young warriors, Ingolf and Leif. Gunnarsson, the Icelandic writer, is a lesser artist than Hamsun. He has, however, the capacity to transform his subject-matter, and the discrimination to select subject-matter that is real, and it suffices. Gunnarsson, like Hamsun, is simple; so simple that he understands simplicity; so simple that he can be extremely subtle in conveying it to his readers. The tale is of a life-long devotion between two young warriors, Ingolf and Leif. Gunnarsson, the Icelandic writer, is a lesser artist than Hamsun. He has, however, the capacity to transform his subject-matter, and the discrimination to select subject-matter that is real, and it suffices. Gunnarsson, like Hamsun, is simple; so simple that he understands simplicity; so simple that he can be extremely subtle in conveying it to his readers. The tale is of a life-long devotion between two young warriors, Ingolf and Leif. Gunnarsson, the Icelandic writer, is a lesser artist than Hamsun. He has, however, the capacity to transform his subject-matter, and the discrimination to select subject-matter that is real, and it suffices. Gunnarsson, like Hamsun, is simple; so simple that he understands simplicity; so simple that he can be extremely subtle in conveying it to his readers. The tale is of a life-long devotion between two young warriors, Ingolf and Leif. Gunnarsson, the Icelandic writer, is a lesser artist than Hamsun. He has, however, the capacity to transform his subject-matter, and the discrimination to select subject-matter that is real, and it suffices. Gunnarsson, like Hamsun, is simple; so simple that he understands simplicity; so simple that he can be extremely subtle in conveying it to his readers. The tale is of a life-long devotion between two young warriors, Ingolf and Leif. Gunnarsson, the Icelandic writer, is a lesser artist than Hamsun. He has, however, the capacity to transform his subject-matter, and the discrimination to select subject-matter that is real, and it suffices. Gunnarsson, like Hamsun, is simple; so simple that he understands simplicity; so simple that he can be extremely subtle in conveying it to his readers. The tale is of a life-long devotion between two young warriors, Ingolf and Leif. Gunnarsson, the Icelandic writer, is a lesser artist than Hamsun. He has, however, the capacity to transform his subject-matter, and the discrimination to select subject-matter that is real, and it suffices. Gunnarsson, like Hamsun, is simple; so simple that he understands simplicity; so simple that he can be extremely subtle in conveying it to his readers. The tale is of a life-long devotion between two young warriors, Ingolf and Leif. Gunnarsson, the Icelandic writer, is a lesser artist than Hamsun. He has, however, the capacity to transform his subject-matter, and the discrimination to select subject-matter that is real, and it suffices. Gunnarsson, like Hamsun, is simple; so simple that he understands simplicity; so simple that he can be extremely subtle in conveying it to his readers. The tale is of a life-long devotion between two young warriors, Ingolf and Leif.
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.

1. (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.I.G.B., shall be established, hereinafter referred to as the Producers' Bank. The Government shall recognize 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 accounts are kept by the Bank. Each shareholder shall be the one quarter to the Producers' Bank.

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) The Price of domestic coal shall be charged for it, in the case of domestic coal, is only a part of 100—that is, something less than the apparent Cost. It may be that the Price should be 10 if the Cost is 100; or it may be 20 or 30 or 40; in fact, any number up to 100, by which time Price would no longer be a part or percentage of Cost, but equal to Cost. It is important that there should be no doubt about the meaning of this clause, since at the first glance the idea appears paradoxical. The present clause proposes that the Price of domestic coal shall be only a part of the Cost, or a fraction of the Cost, the part or fraction being represented as a part of 100, or a percentage.
   (4) Industrial coal shall be debited to users at Cost plus an agreed percentage.
   (5) The Price of coal for export shall be fixed from day to day in relation to the world-market and in the general interest.
   (6) The Government shall reimburse to the Colliery owners the difference between their total Cost incurred and their total Price received, by means of Treasury Notes, such notes being debited, as now, to the National Credit Account.

COMMENTARY.

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.

The provision for a periodical Statement of Costs, which should be as nearly as possible uniform in character, is not only necessary in view of the particular ratio afterwards to be established between Cost and Selling-price; but it is necessary as an item in the estimate of the total National expenditure. In other words, it is an indispensable element in the National Book-keeping of our National Credit Account. It is a reflection on a community that prides itself on its commercial efficiency that hitherto no proper National Balance Sheet has been returned, or has been returnable. Every estimate of our situation as an industrial Nation has been largely guess-work, and has allowed for differences of opinion in regard to our condition varying from the opinion that we are wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice to the opinion that we are a poor nation on the verge of bankruptcy. The institution of a regular and more or less uniform accounting system, showing the national costs of Production, is a belated reform that has now become practically urgent. In the present Scheme it is imperative.

II. (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.

It is so long since many of us were at school that the meaning of the word "percentage," as of the word "ratio," may forgivingly have been forgotten. A percentage, then, is only a part of a hundred. For instance, 50 is part of a hundred; and 50 is therefore a percentage. Any number less than 100 is a percentage.

One is one per cent., two is two per cent., and so on up to 99, which is 99 per cent. The present clause proposes that the Price of domestic coal shall be only a part of the Cost, or a fraction of the Cost, the part or fraction being represented as a part of 100, or a percentage.

Suppose that the Cost as estimated in the audit mentioned in II (1) is 100—pounds or shillings or pence—the value of the unit being no concern. Then the Price to be charged for it, in the case of domestic coal, is only a part of 100—that is, something less than the apparent Cost. It may be that the Price should be 10 if the Cost is 100; or it may be 20 or 30 or 40; in fact, any number up to 100, by which time Price would no longer be a part or percentage of Cost, but equal to Cost. It is important that there should be no doubt about the meaning of this clause, since at the first glance the idea appears paradoxical. The meaning is in the literal sense of the words. It is proposed to sell domestic coal at a part or fraction or percentage of its Cost; in other words, at something less than Cost. The function of the Government or State in the matter is not arbitrary, as we shall see in the next clause. It is not proposed that the Government shall sell domestic coal at any price it pleases. The Government's function, it will be seen, is to compile statistics and to publish the results in a statute.

LINES.

For my passion shed
On your purity,
Only white and red
Let our colours be.

When the days of love
Draw to evening grey,
Remains alone a
Whiter than the day,
Flying, flying fast
To the sunset spread.

Symbol of the past,
Still so white and red.

S. ANDRE PEYRE.
Views and Reviews.

DEMOS DEVISES (IV).

I referred in my last article to the fact that, throughout this Constitution, the "citizen" is continually regarded as a voter for Members of Parliament, but not for the bureaucracy that actually governs, and will govern, the country. But Democracy, even in the most democratic countries, such as Switzerland, means rather more than this; there the citizens have the Initiative and the Referendum, and the Landsgemeinden sometimes behave with such freedom that M. Felix Bonjour quotes with approval a schoolboy's description of the Landsgemeinde of Appenzell Ausserrhoden: "The Landsgemeinde elects the cantonal buisard re-jects laws." I look in vain through the Webbs' constitution for any similar creation of what Felix Bonjour quotes with approval a schoolboy's description of the Landsgemeinde of Appenzell Ausserrhoden: "The Landsgemeinde elects the cantonal buisard re-jects laws." I look in vain through the Webbs' constitution for any similar creation of what Webbs' constitution, the "citizen" is continually substance and on the merits of the decisions of the popular assembly, an opinion which has naturally position to the Political Parliament. We see no need for any "Second Chamber" to either of the Parliaments within their respective spheres. A 'Second Chamber,' even if restricted to its appropriate function of revision in the case of errors or omissions, and suspension in the case of undue haste or doubt as to popular mandate, has—possibly owing to the historical confusion with the former separate Estates of the Realm—almost invariably (but as democrats would now say illegitimately) presumed to have an opinion of its own on the substance and on the merits of the decisions of the popular assembly, an opinion which has naturally sometimes been divergent, and has thus produced obstruction, ill-feeling and delay.

The assumption underlying that argument is that no body, even of the citizens themselves, should have the right to revise or reject the acts of a popularly elected body. Thus a House elected to reform the House of Lords and pass a Home Rule Bill may pass an Insurance Act (of which the Webbs probably know more than mere disgruntled politicians), and no one is to have the right to express a second thought on the subject. The peculiarity of popular government is that the electors, like the God of Genesis, very soon repent them that they have made such a House; if they had power over fire and water, as that Deity had, they would probably use it in a similar manner. The history of the referendum in Switzerland is chiefly a history of rejection; a case very much to the point is quoted by M. Felix Bonjour. Thirty years ago, the people of Zurich rejected an excellent education bill upon which the Cantonal Council had expended vast care and which had the support of all parties. The result caused stupefaction and people began to call democracy in question. 'The 9th Dec., 1888,' wrote the 'Neue Zürcher Zeitung,' 'a Black page in the history, not only of our canton, but of the referendum. If anyone desires to condemn the Confederation to political stagnation, let him introduce the compulsory referendum and so enslave the will of the country to all the enemies, conscious and unconscious, of political progress.' Sir Henry Maine, of course, deduced from similar instances the conclusion that the mass of the people were instinctively Conservative; but I prefer M. Felix Bonjour's conclusion as being more comprehensive and possibly owing to the historical confusion with the former separate Estates of the Realm—almost invariably (but as democrats would now say illegitimately) presumed to have an opinion of its own on the substance and on the merits of the decisions of the popular assembly, an opinion which has naturally sometimes been divergent, and has thus produced obstruction, ill-feeling and delay.

The outlook, for the citizen, is not hopeful.
to be, whatever suspicions it may entertain about its own tendencies, which are to increase its power incessantly, nevertheless it will go forward. It will act, and when its activity is not absorbed by foreign affairs, it will have to exercise firmness in domestic matters."

The Webbs' device of "co-equality and independence" of the Social and Liberal Parliaments, and the powers of the purse given to the Social Parliament (supported by an extensively ramifying bureaucracy), indicates very plainly where they think that sovereignty should reside. Vox populi, vox Dei; but D.V. does not mean the plainly where they think that sovereignty should reside. Vox populi, vox Dei; but D.V. does not mean the

The Sword of Justice. By John Eyre Winstanley Wallis, M.A. With an Introduction by Ernest Barker, M.A. (Blackwell. 5s. net.)

This essay on The Christian Philosophy of War Completed in the Ideal of a League of Nations supplies a necessary corrective to the too-partial presentment of Christianity as a religion of peace, and the over-emphasis of a few texts, that was current before the war. Perhaps even the statement that peace is the ideal of Christian teaching is too extreme; the emphasis is laid in the Gospels on life, more abundant life, and justice, peace, love, seem to be regarded as rules of the science of behaviour necessary to the fullest and most admirable expression of life. Once that emphasis on life is lightened, or ignored, it is fatally easy to drop into quietism, non-resistance, conscientious objection—in a word, to prefer death to life. But the difference between fanaticism and any religion worthy the name lies in precisely that emphasis on life in simplicity. Even the smallest of the Gospels is an infinitely complex progress (or at least struggle) towards simple and unopposed expression in creative or curative work. What we know of physiology or psychology tells us that we have actually to develop or adopt the organism to new demands; the untrained eye cannot hear a symphony, or the untrained eye observe a star or a microbe or a picture, nor can the untrained mind immediately realise virtue and express it. That we grope toward it in something like a blind faith in the augmentation of good is obvious even in the continual criticism of action—but, like Browning's Lazarus, we discover that "it should be" is "balked by 'here it cannot be,'" not yet. The catastrophic theory of salvation has to go the way of the catastrophic theory of evolution; we cannot explode, we have to grow in grace—and fanaticism, the preference of the part before the whole, certainly does not assist that process. Life is simple only among the animalceae, and there, perhaps, a golden rule is implicitly obeyed; but while we, as Shaw said, "the golden rule is that there is no golden rule," and every crisis demands the exercise of our full powers operating steadily in one direction. The mother in "Locksley Hall," who, "with a little hoard of maxims," occupied herself in "preaching down a daughter's heart," is not a satisfactory model for the conduct of life; even maxims have to be interpreted in terms of time, place, circumstance, and direction—and if there be anything that is always and everywhere true, it will have manifold expression. "There is a time for every purpose under the sun;" and even the soldier, in the person of Othello, did not always feel called upon to fight. "Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter."

Mr. Wallis interprets the Christian teaching of the Gospels, not of a few selected texts from them; considers also the actual practice of Jesus as therein revealed, and concludes that Christianity, per se, does not formally proscribe war, or denounced those who take part in it. War is regarded as a legitimate activity of the State under certain conditions, the test being always justice. When there is no machinery for the adjustment of disputes between individuals, the good man is under an obligation not to permit or suffer injustice if he can prevent it—and that elementary duty also lies upon States if the fundamental principle of the preservation and extension of the "good life" is admitted. The Christian teaching, as revealed by Mr. Wallis in the Gospels, the Pauline epistles, and the history of the Church,justifies the use of force when it is necessary, and to such a degree as is necessary, for the execution of justice; as Joubert said: "Force and right rule the world; force, till right is ready." During the Christian era of European history, at least, it seems to have been so bellicose that Christianity could only exercise a moderating influence of approval or disapproval; but it aimed at substituting arbitration for war, and the Church intervened as mediator frequently. The maxim that "no man should be judge in his own case" is vain so long as there is no machinery for the prevention or punishment of injustice, the settlement of disputes, and the redress of grievances; and if the Christian Church has failed to maintain its position of "spiritual superior," the fact remains that the Christian assumption of some superior must be armed with "the sword of justice" must still be made. Mr. Wallis is to be congratulated on having interpreted Christian teaching on this subject in a manner that will commend itself to all reasonable men.

The Way of the Wind. By E. B. Frothingham. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

Miss Frothingham is not libelled by her name; she has written what is called "a delightful love story" about what is supposed to be a genius—and the reviewer can only pray to Nietzsche contra Wagner to blast her temerity. The story is written from the feminine angle, with the feminine assumption that "a good woman" can mother genius without smothering it; it is as though the circle said: "I contain you." "What becomes of 'The Wandering Jew,' adored and settled down by a woman? He simply ceases to be the eternal wanderer, he marries, and is of no more interest to us. Translated into actuality: the danger of artists, of geniuses—for these are the 'Wandering Jews'—lies in woman: adoring women are their ruin." Thus spake Nietzsche, and Miss Frothingham gives point to the criticism. Her genius did not even know that he had genius for architecture until the "motherly" told her, the daughter of a country doctor, obtained the knowledge we do not know. Intuition, we suppose; "love has eyes" perhaps—to the main chance of love; for he became her husband, not an architect, at the end of the book. His great gift seems to have been an infinite capacity for dissipation on the slightest provocation; of gambling, drink, and women, he knew enough to furnish a Royal Commission with evidence, and, at last, he could not even go out to get a shave without getting himself arrested. Of course, he looked like Sir Galahad, and he had the knightly propensity for taking vows: Janet swore him again and again to the cardinal articles of her creed of ne quid nimis. Swear? He would swear anything to please her, and mean it at the time; as fast as he abased himself, she exalted him, "my Lord and my—baby!" Oh! she loved him; and when he broke her heart, she transferred the function of loving him to other organs, went on loving him and swearing him to allegiance to her. He never built any houses, so far as we can gather; but he kept the woman waiting to marry him, there is the estate he never built to fetter him with responsibility—and perhaps his genius, under Janet's fostering care, will find full expression in building chicken-runs.
**Pastiche.**

JOVAN DUCIC.

(Transcribed from the Serbian by Helen Rootham.)

RAGUSAN EPI TAPH.

This old house with its ancient coat of arms, and its balcony overlooking the boulevards, with the odour of years and corruption now lingering in its low corridors, once belonged to Prince Pasko Zade.

Pasko Zade was an alchemist, also a well-known pythagorean, astrologer, navigator, and disciple of the famous Vami—Flebeian, son of a sempstress, he became a nobleman through his intellect and a prince through money.

The chronicles say: He alone was wise . . . . he devoted a hundred years of life to the Muses and to gold . . . . but he never knew voluptuous joys; he died of shame . . . . gray as a sheep, small as a kid.

This is his epitaph: "Here lies Pasko Zade, the beloved Prince . . . . (and so forth) of illustrious memory! Alone amongst men, he believed all husbands to be good and all wives virtuous.

RAGUSAN CARNIVAL.

A monster carnival, noisy as the sea, burst upon the boulevards, and without a moment’s pause a mad battle of confetti, kisses, flowers and serpentines began.

Laughter, shouts of joy, voices from a thousand masks. Suddenly a moment’s peace . . . . a domino (a poet) covered with melancholy and the stillness of the grave.

Voices. Again two youthful dominos repeat a dialogue full of wanton jests . . . . An Egyptian dancer, naked . . . . dusk falls. With shouts of joy the crowd lights the gay-coloured lanterns.

Yet when news came of the death of Kata, the famous widow, it was a message fatal to joy! In half an hour all the streets were empty . . . . everything was covered with melancholy and the stillness of the grave.

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**"TO A SINGER."**

Stars conspired at thy birth,

Orpheus to bring back to earth,

Pan, in wisdom, thee endowed

With a voice as deep and loud

As the dark Aegean Seas

Thundering through the grim Symplegades.

Then Apollo claimed his own,

Led thee to proud Helicon,

Touched thee all the might of song,

Made thee sweet as thou wert strong,

Sweeter than the nightingale

Painted with wings and fins and foam and bubbles.

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**THE BETTER MOOD.**

Something was wrong with the menage. That was obvious. It was equally evident that it was the husband who was in default, the blased, brutal husbund. His perfunctory response to his wife’s emotionné kiss was as gross an insult as a man could offer to the sexual vanity of a self-respecting woman. Not that he had a grievance against his impeccable spouse. Far from it. Things might have been better if he had.

No, the menage had simply stuck, as, indeed, is apt to happen even in the best regulated unions, had stuck definitely, heavily and clumsily in the matrimonial rut. This new mood which had manifested itself faintly a week ago had now spread and thickened till everything about his wife affected him with a viscious irritation—her dress, her face, her mannerisms, her conversation, which, in point of fact, he now discouraged as much as possible. All this, too, in spite of the fact that fundamentally he loved her. Paradoxical? Nonsense! All husbands have experienced the mood, and those few among them who are intellectually honest will be only too ready to testify to the general accuracy of my description.

There was a slight scene over breakfast, and his wife intimated that she hoped that he would come back in a better mood, and he once again his real dear self. "You can rely on me do my best," he replied. He did, in fact, come back in a better mood.

And his wife thought that it had been simply her pathetic appeal to his better nature that had caused him to return with that facile springiness in his gait, that healthy flush in his complexion in which the purified blood coursed with such equable smoothness, that gonial glint in his eye, that serene satisfaction with himself, herself, the dinner, the new carpet, and, in fact, the whole blessed world, that almost magically perfect psychic and physical harmony, that sweet spiritual calm, rippling now and again into little bubbles of playfulness, that resulted in his being for quite a considerable time the most affectionate, the most appreciative, the most sympathetic of husbands.

JOHAN B. SAMUEL.

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**ENTHRONED.**

The loveliest, in the midst of the great water,

Thy place is, and thou art adorned with blessing,

Set in the craggy bosom of an island,

About whose feet the reverend ocean goeth

With white locks and a green robe and gold sandals

Painted with wings and fins and foam and bubbles.

And right nobly is the great and courteous heaven

Spread with her blue and silver and all delight,

And in the morning and evening clad with jewels.

I see that the last rim of wave is purple,

I know that the inland flower is white, is yellow,

But the loved tincture of thy robe I sing not.

I say that the ocean is an ageless beryl,

The heaven a nameless jewel, and very precious,

Yet in thine eyes I read no name but Silence.

RUTH PITTER.

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