"Times" hastens to remark that "it cannot be Northcliffe's "stunts." In the first place, we have much the most significant event of the week has been rivalry between this country and America and Japan. Those who can recall the attitude of the Northcliffe Press towards Germany in the days preceding the War will have no difficulty in discovering resemblances and in drawing the appropriate moral. "With the present building programme of the United States and Japan in full progress," we are told, "it will not be long before the British fleet...will rank third among the navies of the world." The design, of course, is not to institute comparisons for any inimical object. In fact, the "Times" hastens to remark that "it cannot be repeated too often that insistence on this point is inspired by no fear of possible hostile intention, either in the United States or in Japan." The policy is entirely abstract, a matter of statistics only. At the same time, "the nation cannot be indifferent to a state of affairs which constitutes a complete reversal of the pre-War Navy policy of this country." We should think not, indeed, considering what our pre-War policy brought us to; but the powers behind the "Times" know perfectly well that insistence upon the point at issue cannot be regarded as merely academic either in America or in Japan. A statistical comparison of naval strength is the familiar diplomatic forerunner of a comparison in other terms; and we once more put it to our readers, whose responsibility is greater than that of any other body of people in this country, whether they are content to see, within a measurable period of time, a war between England, America and Japan. For ourselves we cannot with our poor resources and against the malice and apathy of the whole of the Press do much more than continue to point to the approaching peril. We are in number, all told, only two or three; our readers are a few thousand, many of them highly and content to see, within a measurable period of time, a war between England, America and Japan. For ourselves we cannot with our poor resources and against the malice and apathy of the whole of the Press do much more than continue to point to the approaching peril. We are in number, all told, only two or three; our readers are a few thousand, many of them highly and powerfully placed. And it is for them at least to second our efforts to avert the greatest catastrophe that can occur to the human race.

It will be useless, we may say, to attempt to meet the situation by denunciation, still less by indulging the opinion that, after all, it is only another of Lord Northcliffe's "stunts." In the first place, we have every assurance that if it is a "stunt" journalistically speaking; it has the backing of a considerable party among the governing oligarchies both of this country and America; in other words, it is a "stunt" that is much more likely to come off than to fail. And in the second place, our readers will not be surprised to hear that we ourselves are not in the least surprised by it; the event has long been inherent in the existing commercial system and has always, in fact, been open to calculation. Modern industrial nations, as we are always pointing out, are permanently faced by the difficulty of providing employment for an increasing number of people rendered useless by increasing economies of production. Their only possible means of relief, short of a radical change in the domestic distributive system, is an increasing export; and since, in the nature of things, foreign markets cannot continue to absorb with a diminishing purchasing power, an ever-increasing mass of imports, one of two things must eventually happen: either one industrial exporting nation must go out of business in the certainty of creating for itself a gigantic unemployment problem leading to Bolshevism, or it must attempt to knock out its rival by war. There is no particular "wickedness" that we can see in the policy thus enforced on the executives of the rival nations. If, for example, we knew for a surety that the Committee of Imperial Defence, which has been silently sitting ever since the Armistice, had been spending its time planning war with America; or if, on the other side of the Atlantic, it were revealed that Mr. Harding's policy is war—we could find no ground for such denunciations of human wickedness as adorn the pages of the "Nation" and Mr. Morel's "Foreign Affairs." The wickedness is resident, not in the executive policy, but in the legislature that defines the object of the policy; and, briefly, so long as both this country and America, with the full consent of their respective Liberal and Labour parties (not to mention the hypnotised public), continue to tolerate and support a system that actually requires an increasing export to maintain it, so long will it be the absolute duty of their executives to employ the necessary means, of which war is, of course, the chief.

The American Note sent by Mr. Colby to the British Government on the Mesopotamian oil agreement particularly and on "mandates" generally "politely but firmly" indicates the policy which America is not only disposed to adopt, but must adopt within the four corners of the existing system. In summary, America's demand, as "a participant in the world war and a contributor to its successful issue," is for a share in the swag, among which, first and foremost, must be included a share in the access to the world's oil resources. Oil, it need scarcely be remarked, is a key-
product in every sense of the word. Oil to-day is power; and it therefore follows that not only is America's claim justified on the moral facts of the case, but her enforcement of the claim is to be expected on the grounds of economic necessity. We do not pretend to know what reply Sir Basil Zaharoff and his friends will have to the British or French Governments to America's demand. It may be that the threatening articles of the "Times" are the preliminary clauses. But there cannot be the least doubt that, as things are, threats or no threats, America must have as much oil as England and France, or she will be toughly tackled; and, above all, the extension of oil resources to America's demand. It may be that the threaten...
brought about all the same. Economic consequences are contemptuous of men’s opinion of them. And the net result of the present movement to reduce wages will be an accelerated demand of the industry, in its turn, to further efforts to reduce prices at the expense of wages. No mere resistance on the part of Labour can, we fear, affect the issue. Labour’s only alternatives to the Scheme we have propounded is to accept reduced wages or to see unemployment increased daily. Even these alternatives, moreover, can be reduced to one, since low wages are as inseparable from unemployment as unemployment is from low wages.

Mr. Clynes is bent on completing his estrangement from the Labour movement as well as from sense; and in his speech on Thursday last in favour of Increased Production he has, we hope, accomplished his purpose. The sooner he follows Mr. Brace into a Government job the more freely will the world breathe. By an undesigned coincidence the event last week of the Advertising Exhibition at Earl’s Court may be said to have given the lie to Increased Production as even the beginning of a palliative for our social disease. For what in the world can be said of these three leading phenomena of the work — a demand for increased production, and a frantic effort on the part of advertisers to make people buy and consume more—all issuing, as it were, from the same mind? If there is, as alleged, an urgent demand for more production, such as everybody must work to the utmost, why the need to spend 100 millions a year in stimulating demand by means of advertisement? If, again, we must economise relentlessly all round, why does Sir Robert Horne open an Exhibition the first object of which is to persuade people to spend? Mr. Clynes and his friends cannot be expected to put two and two together, since even they would be forced to make four of the sum. To those Labour leaders, however, who are still on the mat we commend the foregoing conundrum as a parlour-game for the approaching period of festivity.

A solitary ray of light has been shed in an interview with a “Daily News” representative has had with a highly placed official of the Yorkshire Miners’ Association. “If we dare believe what is reported, there exists at least one man, ‘highly placed’ in the counsels of the Miners’ Federation, who is not incapable of profiting by experience and learning by precept. May we dare indulge in the hope that he may be a proof of the most dangerous possibilities. Once again, demon est deus inversus. Beneath the Chinese philosophy sleeps the dragon of the deeps; and it is more than a coincidence that the flag of the most peaceful people in the world should contain the emblem of the Dragon. Moreover, it is not as if the world does not know what is contained in the Chinese unconscious. There are there to witness that whole civilisations have been submerged, like buried continents, within the Chinese mind. In the unconsciousness of the Black race only primitive barbarous civilisations lie buried; but China is an old in wisdom. Machinery, of the most delicate kind, was invented and used in China before Europe knew the use of iron. China gave it up before Europe took it up. Chemistry, too—and the fact is significant—is one of the oldest arts of the historically oldest civilisation in the world. The genius for chemistry is a buried talent of the Yellow race in general. Finally, in the practical philosophy call the Tao, China not only formulated but incorporated in the common life one of the greatest cultural achievements of the human spirit. It is the final expression of perfect faith in the Father—human confidence in the divine; and it enables China to smile even in the midst of agony and death. A people with a past as splendid as this, and that shows no signs of weariness or decadence—China still numbers thousands of miles of territory have been stolen from China by the Western Powers; and not goods and territories only, but the inestimable blessings of independence and spiritual inviolability.

The marvellous equilibrium of Chinese psychology, due, as we have said before, to the fact that China is still in the bosom of the Father, has alone prevented the outbreak hitherto of reprisals on the greatest possible scale. China has a capacity for long-suffering that is almost superhuman; but it would be a tragic mistake to suppose that, because it is long, it is without end. Looking at the question as psychologists, and not with the cynical superiority of robber-traders, the celestial forbearance of the Chinese is really a proof of the most dangerous possibilities. Once again, demon est deus inversus. Beneath the Chinese cedes lies an ocean of power. To-day the smiling waves of Chinese psychology sleeps the dragon of the deeps; and it is more than a coincidence that the flag of the most peaceful people in the world should contain the emblem of the Dragon. Moreover, it is not as if the world does not know what is contained in the Chinese unconscious. There are there to witness that whole civilisations have been submerged, like buried continents, within the Chinese mind. In the unconsciousness of the Black race only primitive barbarous civilisations lie buried; but China is an epic-genesis of high civilisation; China has ‘forgotten’ a great deal that Europe has only recently begun to learn; what is still future to Europe is already past to China; for China is old in wisdom. Machinery, of the most delicate kind, was invented and used in China before Europe knew the use of iron. China gave it up before Europe took it up. Chemistry, too—and the fact is significant—is one of the oldest arts of the historically oldest civilisation in the world. The genius for chemistry is a buried talent of the Yellow race in general. Finally, in the practical philosophy call the Tao, China not only formulated but incorporated in the common life one of the greatest cultural achievements of the human spirit. It is the final expression of perfect faith in the Father—human confidence in the divine; and it enables China to smile even in the midst of agony and death. A people with a past as splendid as this, and that shows no signs of weariness or decadence—China still numbers a quarter of the human race—is not without a future, nor without a future full of surprises for the unthinking Europeans. We can safely say that China will last as long as the human race; but, further than this, that from time to time they will emerge from the calm of China movements, beneficent or maleficient as the case
may be, of incalculable importance to the future of mankind.

We have already seen, when considering the problem of Japan in relation to the world, what are the designs of Japan upon China. Let us repeat that we are not blaming Japan or Japanese policy. The hegemony of the world-process is the responsibility of the White race; and the rest of the races must needs dance to the tune played by Europe. If Japan, therefore, claims China to be the source of her future power, it is only because Europe has taught her to do so. Europe is the criminal university of the East; and it is in the school of European Imperialism that Japan has learnt her lessons in politics. Such, moreover, are still the distractions among the White peoples, that Japan has other inducements than the proximity of China for the pursuit of her designs; she has the inducement of the opportunity that makes the thief. We shall risk the danger of making an assumption that would, if it were true, spell disaster for the human race; the need, however, is too great for caution. Let us suppose that war were to break out between England and America, involving before its close the last fratricidal war of the White race—would not Japan's claim upon China be then much more than a claim—an established fact? That a last great White war of this kind is within the bounds of possibility is, at least, a necessary calculation in Japanese policy; and nothing, in that event, we believe, could prevent the incorporation of China within the Empire of Yamato. We have no ill-will to Japan, as we have none to any other race or people. In the functional organisation of the world, every race and nation has its indispensable part to play. But since we believe that the Aryan race alone can discharge the highest function of world-organisation—the function of intelligent direction—the assumption of world-hegemony by Japan would be nothing short of a planetary calamity.

How to avert such a human tragedy—that is the question of questions for world-statesmanship; and we must once more urge that the peril is not fanciful. Let us remind ourselves of the facts. Five times since the fall of Rome the Yellow race has overrun Europe as far as to the Atlantic Ocean. Only within the last three or four hundred years has the White race been able to hold its own against Asia. Again, as everybody who has thought upon the subject declares, the "emotional stimuli" that suddenly stir the East are a matter of mystery, past ordinary divination. For ourselves we attribute them to the suppressed complexes of the world's unconscious; they are no more and no less mysterious than the psychology of the unconscious of the individual. But that they seize upon the organism, whether an individual or a race, and propel it to extraordinary conduct, is recorded in history as well as in psychology. Suppose, then, that the psychological balance of the world as we know it is upset by a radical "conflict" in its brain, such as would be indicated by a European-American war; or even, we may add, in practical contemplation of such a war—we affirm it is in the highest degree probable that an answering response or reaction to restore balance would at once be manifested in the East as in the West—would it be reasonable to suppose that we should witness one of those "mysterious" movements of migration or conquest of which ancient history is full. Still again, it must be remembered that "nationalism" is one of the most explosive ideas that can enter the mind of antiquity. Thanks to Tao, with its divine laissez-faire, China has hitherto been content with an individualist morality. While the Chinese individual has been one of the most gracious creatures on earth, the Chinese corporate and collective sense, as expressed in the earliest possible manifestation of Tao has been apparent ever known. But the importation of the ferment of nationalism into Asia has put an end to the exclusive application of Tao to the individual. Tao is stirred by the new idea to a new activity. In 1911, China declared itself a Republic. At any moment China may become a nation, a racial nation, with all the spirit of Tao at its back. Lastly, for the present, it is worth bearing in mind that more and more wars in the future will be fought, if fought at all, with Nature's finer forces. Now chemistry, as we have said, is a "forgotten" science in the East; it is, that is to say, a science which the East can as easily recall as the West can discover. Given such a nationalistic restlessness in the East as we have imagined, arising as a compensatory movement against Western decadence, the instrumental means is clearly indicated.

There are two means only, as far as we can discern, for preparing against such a future. One is positive, the other is negative or defensive. The positive consists in the re-integration of Europe (including America) and in Europe's re-affirmation of her racial mission of organising the world functionally. We cannot repeat this phrase too often; the importance of it is contained in it. Everybody knows that on the verge of a "nervous" breakdown the most urgent need is to "collect" the brain and to act with decision. One moment later, and the effort is useless. So it is with Europe at this moment. We are on the verge of a new breakdown of the world; and the one thing that can save the world is the determined red integration of the best European intelligence. The frantic distractions of Europe and America are unimaginably perilous. All its parts are engaged in warring openly or secretly against each other, and not a common mind exists. That way madness lies, and the end cannot be far off. But it is not too late for a tremendous spiritual effort to be made, and for Europe to pull itself together. The decadence has arrived from neglect of the positive duty of Aryandom to order the world beneficently as the Chosen Son of God and his Regent on Earth; and from contempt of the world's unconscious; and both attitudes must be instantly reversed. Europe must take up the "White Man's Burden" in a more universal sense than ever before. She must develop a "craze" for a sublime world-order. The alternative is to be overwhelmed by the East, the unconscious. Or to fight it.

Let us be explicit and brief. Failing the positive policy just indicated, there only remains defence by strategy, if the Western spirit is not to be overcome. The marksmanship is by now so marked out by the Father to be the Kshatriya of the Eastern renaissance if it should needs be that the renaissance be by war. It is, therefore, necessary that Japan should be deprived of as many of her prospective allies as possible. The means, again, are fairly clear, must be put out of harm's way, out of Japan's mind that more and more wars in the future will be fought, if fought at all, with Nature's finer forces. Now chemistry, as we have said, is a "forgotten" science in the East; it is, that is to say, a science which the East can as easily recall as the West can discover. Given such a nationalistic restlessness in the East as we have imagined, arising as a compensatory movement against Western decadence, the instrumental means is clearly indicated.

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be hastened by every possible means. The unconscious is already forcing the pace; the conscious must hurry or fall behind. The spirit of Aryandom, now in the utmost peril, demands as the second best alternative to the affirmation and pursuit of its mission the defence of its existence; and this is only possible through the ‘independence’ of India, the ‘integrity’ of China and the re-establishment of friendship with Russia.

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

The recent storm in the "Daily News" over the boycott by the "Times" of Mr. Asquith's Bradford speech, with the subsequent apologetic explanation by the "Times," raise more strikingly than usual the question which the mere existence of the Press keeps always before us. How are we to know whether or no we are getting a just presentation of news? As citizens it is not only important, but necessary, to know what is being thought and said by all political classes in the community, and for the impartial fulfilment of this need we have not a single organ in the country. The absence of this organ, however, simply proves how weak, how undeveloped is our sense of citizenship. If a feeling of political responsibility were alive among even one-twentieth of the population, there would be no difficulty in supporting a newspaper, absolutely non-partisan, whose function would be simply to relate, with the necessary abstraction, whatever is being said by all parties, what is "the" news of this or that faction at any time, what new political ideas are being added to the stock, what new problems are arising.

The journalistic talent in the country is not so meagre that this could not be done objectively and impartially. But as things stand at present, we are kept in absolute ignorance of these matters, and, moreover, our very ignorance is obscured by misleading diagnoses by the warring newspapers. The "Daily News," for example, does not try to give us an idea what the strength of Liberalism is; it tells us only what strength it would like Liberalism to have. Political news is not told as news but as propaganda; the newspapers, in other words, are filled, not with facts, but with suggestion. This is in reality what is called the power of the Press. It induces new moods in the public, and makes possible the destruction of, or, rather, let us say, the indefinite repression in the unconscious which throw persons it imposes still more successfully upon persons it imposes still more successfully upon ideas. For the birth or death of an idea it does not feel itself bound to report at all; even although the very existence of society might depend upon it. The danger is very clear: we need to be told the truth about our own country, and we cannot get it. There is no organ in England for recording what is really happening.

It was reported the other day that the Ideal Films (Limited) have decided to "adapt" a number of English classics for the cinema, among these being "Shirley," "Diana of the Crossways," "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Sinister Street." In order to baptise this new enterprise a dinner was held at the Hotel Cecil, where, among others, there were present Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. St. John Mackinlay, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

The increasing patronage of the cinema by literary men is disgusting, because it shows that more and more the capacity for reverence of one's métier is dying out. To adapt 'classics' for the cinema is impossible; for the simple reason that they must reduce itself on the film to the dimensions of a serial story in "Answers." It is simple cuning, if it is not sentimentalism, to pretend that "Convict 99" would not serve equally as well for a "movie" as "Shirley." That being so, it is not serving literature to adapt works to the cinema which must be reduced to their mere incidents to be produced. And leaving that aside, the general degradation of taste which the cinema imposes should be a sufficient reason for literary men not to support it. Amusement is made so easy in the Picture Houses that its habitués cease to have after a while enough concentration to be able to sit through an amusing play. The cinema requires less alertness in the audience than any other entertainment; one must be far more wide awake in a music-hall. There is nothing energising in it from the anaesthetic music to the neutral dead colours on the screen (vivid colour is always stimulating), and the audience get neither refreshment nor rest, but simple relaxation. They come out more tired than they went in. Their education in art has been thrown a hundred years back by this inane invention.

Mr. Jiro Harada's bequest of all his property, amounting to £1,500,000, to Japan, probably explains in short why Japan is so rapidly rising in the last fifty years. Only a belief in one's race could evoke (or excuse) such an act of generosity; and that a belief, almost great, in themselves has been behind the rise of the Japanese to power few would deny. The bequest is to be used for charitable and educational purposes, "according to the needs of the times." That is, it is designed to increase not only the national efficiency but to expand the national culture. The sentiment which could have inspired an act such as this has surely become weaker in this country during the last twenty years. Not so long ago the belief of the Scotch, for example, that their young men could beat the world, and the consequent efforts which the older generation made to give them an education, were a source of emulation which had good results. The same was no doubt true in England, but the sentiment has for some reason or other weakened. The reason may be that at present we are neither nationalist with a good conscience nor internationalist with conviction. And being un decided, we are without sentiments strong enough to inspire actions such as Mr. Harada's. For it is possible to make sacrifices for a nation or for Europe if we believe sufficiently in either, or in both. At present, however, we are halting between them; it is perhaps a good sign as well as a bad, for if we are losing a feeling of nationality which is exclusive, it may be because we are on the road to a European consciousness.

An article upon working class education by Mr. Albert Mansbridge in the "Observer" the other week shows that the efforts which Labour is making to obtain knowledge are much greater than is generally realised. Too much honour cannot be given for it, and too much scorn cannot be accorded the ruling class for their wickedness and their stupidity in permitting a state of affairs in which education is compelled to be a matter of a class and not of the community. Our educational system, niggarly, unintelligent, inhuman satisfies no longer the desire for knowledge of the children of the working classes, and they are compelled, therefore, to create an education of their own. The only education which matters nowadays, is class education; and for its effects we shall have to wait for another decade. Whatever these effects may turn out to be, one thing is almost certain, they will be good for the nation but bad for the plutocracy. If Labour is the next class destined to rise to supreme power, its present intellectual capacity can only be increased by unconscious preparation for the task. It is also a preparation for internationalism. The proletariat is not a national but, at the least, a European unit, existing in all nations, as Socialists like Bax have said for so long. What is the hope of this movement to be simplified, however? That the working class should make themselves acquainted, not merely with European affairs
and European industrial development, but with the European spirit as revealed in Europe's culture and values. Then a substantial step towards internationalism would be taken.

Edward Moore.

Readers and Writers.

In view of Mr. Tawney's own "English" attitude towards the new ideas upon Credit, his plea in "The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society" (Allen and Unwin, 1s. net) for "the intellectual conversion which, in their mistrust of principles, Englishmen are disposed to place last or to omit altogether" is mildly farcical. And to the same crude species of humour belongs the following sentence: "The road along which the organised workers, like any other class, must climb to power starts from the provision of a more effective service than their masters, as their grip upon industry becomes increasingly vacillating and uncertain, are able to supply." The sentence must be read several times before its meaning can be disentangled from the syntactical wreckage, whereupon it appears that Mr. Tawney expects organised Labour immediately to provide an economic service superior to that provided by the existing system. This is all very well, however, as a counsel of perfection descending straight from the clouds of Baliol; but, after all, organised Labour is only one of the indispensable factors in economics; there are others, such as management, research, market-organisation, and finance, efficiency in which is not to be attained by organised Labour without considerable training and practice. Is the co-operation of these factors to be assumed from the shoulders of organised Labour a burden too heavy to bear—the obligation to improve while carrying on, by themselves and without the co-operation of the rest of the present factors, the economic work of an historic industrial society. Briefly, it cannot be done. Either the whole of industry must be simultaneously and its direction changed, as it might be under the Douglas scheme, or "organised Labour" must be allowed a long period of trial and error during which industry will be anything but "efficient" as it is at present. It is unfair to demand not only a revolution from Labour unaided, but a revolution that shall from the start provide a more efficient economic service than that now obtainable.

I praised the Muirhead "Blue Guide" to London when it appeared as the first of the series designed to supplant Baedeker; and constant use of it has confirmed my first judgment; it has never failed me. The two new volumes, "England" and "Belgium and the Western Front" (15s. and 15s., respectively. Macmillan) appear to me to be of equal excellence; and I can speak of "England" with some experience. The compilers are enthusiastic and even more anxious to collect correct information than most travellers are to acquire it. The series is one of our few real victories over Germany.

Mr. Gerald Gould is described as the Acting Editor of the "Daily Herald," and, as such, he must be held responsible for the crimes committed in the name of Mr. George Lansbury. His own work, however, is upon another plane, that of verse and satire; and in "Lady Adela" (Palmer, 3s. 6d. net) we have a real addition to the belles lettres of social satire. I did not expect to be amused by reprints of sketches from the "Daily Herald," but "Lady Adela," I confess, surpasses all probability. It is witty, spirited and amusing from first to last, and can be placed with Mr. Belloc and Mr. Max Beerbohm. The accompanying drawings by Will Dyson are as good as the text and reveal another aspect of his many-sided genius.

One of the things to be feared by "M. M. Cosmopolit" is the vulgarisation of "esoteric" conceptions. No doubt there is a "World order" proceeding according to divine Plan; and equally, no doubt, there is an antagonistic element which may be called "Satan." But when I read Professor Gilbert Murray's "Satanism and the World Order" (Allen and Unwin, 1s. 6d. net), my feeling is that somehow or other the original conceptions have been utterly belittled. The "World Order" no longer appears to be a divine plan, but only a kind of higher Liberal policy; and Satan is reduced almost to the dimensions of a party leader of the Tory Opposition. I am sure that Professor Murray thinks and writes very sincerely. Exception cannot be taken to any of his expressed sentiments. He reminds us that England, as the present strongest Power in the world, is certain on that very account to attract all the hatred there is in the world; and warns us that "humanity" will not for very long endure the continuance of a form of world order that is arbitrarily imposed, the implication being that England must govern the world according to the divine plan or expect to be turned out of office. And "Satanism" he defines as "hatred of World Order," in the sense of despair that such an order can possibly be good. But it is all, as I have said, just a little depressing; and the secret of Professor Murray's gift of diminution is to be found, I think, in his references to the Apocalypse. It appears from these that Professor Murray has no real conception himself of anything very much greater than political movements, for he says that "the mental attitude of the Book of Revelation is almost exactly like that of the persecuted Bohemian sectarians" of the later Middle Ages; in short, that it expresses the resentment of the politically oppressed. I turn to a recent work by Mr. James M. Pryse on "The Apocalypse Unsealed" and there I find an attempt to interpret John's visions in the esoteric tradition as "a manual of spiritual development." The Book of Revelation is not "a cryptic history or prophecy," says Mr. Pryse. All its references to contemporary history and geography are symbolic, like persons and events in dreams; and they are to be interpreted, psycho-analytically, referring to the profoundest doctrines of the Christian Gnosis or Way of Second-birth. Professor Murray has no mysticism; he is a Liberal rationalist; and, in consequence, his conception of both Satan and the World Order is no better than his political interpretation of the tremendous Revelation of John.

R. H. C.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

I did not know The Play Actors in their former incarnation; but if the production of "The New Morality" is a fair sample of their work, their second time on earth will be glorious. There is a difference of atmosphere at these subscription performances that should interest a student of psychology; it is hardly due to the actors, for so many of them play with different societies, and I imagine that the audiences are much the same. It must be due to the producers, I think, that a Stage Society show should so frequently have (in the acting, I mean) an air of painstaking effort, and taking bewilderment, that the Pioneer Players (now dead) should usually have produced the impression of throwing the actors on to play impromptu, that the Art Theatre should so often aim at fantastic acting while playing the Phoenix nearly always produces the impression that the show would be better if only the actors wore modern clothes and spoke modern prolese. Perhaps there is something in a name; The Play Actors are committed to nothing but play-acting, and Mr. Ben Webster, like a good producer, aimed only at letting them act. Harold Chapin's comedy just happened; it seemed a spontaneous effervescence of human nature; the actors were at ease, I dare say that they were happy. They seemed to be playing well within their own compass, with all the passion of their material; and, actually, they were playing better than I have ever seen them play. Mr. J. H. Roberts, for example, is an actor whom I should think, is not often well cast. He is somewhat under-powered for an actor, has generally the air and manner of a minor poet just down from Oxford; and one has a tendency to overlook him; he would be left to the ladies if one met him anywhere. He has what Othello lacked, "those soft parts of conversation that chambers have"; and generally has an air of ineffectuality. But as E. Wallace Wister he converted his gyves to graces. Here was a man whom he knew, somewhat ineffectual physically, but with that curious belief in the power of words that makes even the feeblest sound like a king. He was incapable of Mercutio's: "Make it a word and a blow": he only wrestled in thought, struggled to find formulae with which he could be hustled off the stage, his very inactivity a measure of power in art. His style is that of the miniaturist—but size is not a point: his debating scores. When the "natural" method is tried, the comic effect of playing of inspired inebriety, and the comic effect of the old, is simply an excuse for giving a husband "hell," as he phrased it in his tumultuous proselytising. One pitied such a husband as Mr. Frederick Worlock who showed us married to such a termagant of a genius. He might have quoted Desdemona's lament with point:

"Those that do teach young babes
Do it with great means and easy tasks;
She might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

For to confront a plain, blunt Colonel with a problem in psycho-analysis, to ask him to discover unaided what it was that his wife was objecting to (only a minor poet could do that) was to show, once again, that morality had added a new terror to marriage. The Inquisition, I understand, divined the heretic's thoughts and gave him "hell," or "salvation," which was really the same thing; but the inventor of the new morality reversed the process. She demanded that her husband should divine her thoughts, and gave him "hell" to help him in his black-magical divination. But there is more heat than light, I believe, in "hell" and she had to tell him at last that "the new morality," enjoined this commandment: "Thou shalt not go shopping with thy neighbour's wife." The second was like unto it: "Thou shalt not make thyself look ridiculous on the river." Counsels of perfection, of course; because she did not want him to look ridiculous why did she marry him?

It seemed a pity that so pleasant an actor as Mr. Robert Horton should have had nothing better than a sententious K.C. to play, with the flat-catching argument that no progress had been registered in 6,000 years (wrong chronology) because the ten commandments were still only ten. His own profession should have taught him otherwise; the modern man obys far more than ten commandments, and "Dora" added a few hundreds during the war. Harold Chapin's wit was chiefly verbal; it did not extend to the accurate description of things, and the substance of his play will not bear argument. "The New Morality" is a comedy of manners, but of bad manners. But it plays delightfully; it is an actor's play, and The Play Actors played it with sheer delight. One would like to put it on the professional stage, and let the general public know how much talent is concealed from it by the ordinary conditions of production. It is absurd that Miss Seyler should only be known as a good actress instead of Miss Athene Seyler, who really is, that Mr. J. H. Roberts should move about playing I know not what I know not where. For less than his playing of Wallace Wister, John Hare became famous; and I wish that I had a big drum to beat to call attention to the fact that this performance of "The New Morality" was an achievement. I shall watch The Play Actors with great interest.
Music.

Arthur Rubinstein (Wigmore, November 11) began with Bach-D’Albert Toccata in F. maj.; a solidity of rhythm, the whole like one great whirl, seizing and holding the auditor; a barbaric noise, splendidly structural, fit for a decade that has taken up African sculpture. Rubinstein then relapsed into the sickly opening of the Franck prelude, with enormous waste of technique; he showed himself a hopeless sentimentalist pyrotechnic in the Chopin barcarolle, gave the Etude as a speed test, and whatever one may say in praise of his Polonaise, it was anything but an interpretation of Chopin.

Taillifer began her valses with a Chopin touch, but that is a parenthesis. Rubinstein came back in the rather shallow alerte of Poulenc, did well in the Prokofieff Marche and in Falla “Dance.” The other two Prokofieff numbers were missable, and as for “Suggestion diabolique,” the poor old devil is such a worn out stage prop that one is ashamed to heave rocks at him any longer. “Diabolique” fiddle-sticks.

As Rubinstein is so great a pianist that all the other star-players come out to listen to him, we may as well analyse his technique. “The best pianist is not the means whereby orchestral colourings, but in drum-shadings, in the light drummer’s skeleton; his variety is not in variation of technique; he showed himself a hopeless sentimentalist pyrotechnic in the Chopin barcarolle, gave the Etude as a speed test, and whatever one may say in praise of his Polonaise, it was anything but an interpretation of Chopin.

Art.

Independent Gallery. This is the only gallery in London in which one can see some of the works of modern artists chosen and arranged with taste. In the present exhibition there are several paintings by Therese Lessore and a few works by known French artists of great interest. “La belle Rose” (68), by Frieszel is a very forceful and well-painted study. The few Marchauds one would not like to put among the best. Everything shows that Marchaud and present-day French artists generally are declining more and more into mannerism, cleverness, “showing-off,” and have ceased to paint what they feel. They are on the threshold of a sort of anti-academic academicism. However, the ten paintings by Signac (61, 72-80) are excellent—sincere and expressive. Segonzac is not well represented.

In spite of their cleverness, one feels that the paintings of Therese Lessore have no raison d’être. There is little feeling for mass or expression, and all that is rendered is merely visual and superficial. Without something behind to justify and give its meaning to all the lines and colours, a picture is in the strictest sense insignificant, however well it might be executed. International Exhibition of Children’s Drawings, 217, Knightsbridge. These drawings and woodcuts are the work of children between eight and fourteen, and they were produced under the inspiration of Professor Cizek, Principal of the Vienna School of Arts and Crafts. They show how much more can be done by allowing young painters to find their own expression (what Professor Cizek appears to have done) than by hauling them through academies and libraries on art. Once among these drawings, one does not want to leave them, and the longer one stays the more refreshed and awake one becomes. The reason for this is that these children possess what the majority of adult artists do not: the capacity for direct expression. They do not lose themselves in inventions deliberately sought, and inserted because “it is the thing”; they see directly and innocently, and express what they see.

Matisse might envy them. There are some things among the class works which are really a new experience; for example, No. 29, where you feel in looking at each of the figures an emotion quite inexpressible, and are only enlightened when you detect written at each of the figures an emotion quite inexpressible, and are only enlightened when you detect written

The figures are painted in a sort of rough order, not half a dozen or so satirical works by Franz Prolet (aged 14), which show a vigour of characterisation and a power of conception almost incredible at that age. But the most remarkable picture in the exhibition is “Revolution” (19), by Rocco Venerande (aged 12). In it, the artist manages to give us not merely a collection of people, but a crowd, and not merely a crowd, but a crowd menacing, gloomy and filled with a common purpose, and becoming before our eyes an army of revolt. The figures are painted in a sort of rough order, not disciplined by a word of command, one feels, but by the unconscious rhythm of a single resolve. They are portrayed in heavy, earth-like colours, and in dim light, while over them float flags of gloomy crimson, and behind them nothing is seen but a dark threatening sky. By a stroke of conscious or unconscious art, the painter has done the impossible, has given form and his background narrow, so that all we see is an irregular rush of men, half mob and half army, against a strip of distant sky. The feeling of imminent calamity is almost overwhelming. There are many other pictures calling for comment, but it is impossible to mention them all. The exhibition should be visited both by educationists and students of art.

R. A. Stephens.
A quarterly, the “International Journal of Psycho-analysis,” has made its appearance. It is directed by Freud and edited provisionally by Dr. Ernest Jones. As was to be expected from such a combination, it is a strictly partial and one-sided undertaking, the attention paid to such writers as Jung and Silberer being remarkable only for its scantiness. The only matter for speculation here is whether the Freudian blind eye is actually or willfully open. The reaction against “mysticism” has taken to itself a new defence in the editorial as a clashing together of the puritanical, conventional opponents of Freudianism with those who, it is said, “acquiesce in the new ideas on condition that their value is discounted”—whatever that may mean.

Well, I think we might take it upon ourselves to point out that the only answer to such a statement is a tu quoque—the reply to repression is fixation—and leave it to the editors of this journal of psycho-analysis to consider the scientific value of such a dispute. I am not here concerned with that large class who invariably take a superficial view of any and every subject, who know not the respect and are merely shallow minded, but with those who, like Jung, have found in the rigid Freud a deficiency. So-called scientific Freudian analysis per se is nothing more than dead mutton, whereas psycho-analysis in the sense of an exploration of the unconscious is a practice of art and discrimination, a sheep of extreme liveliness: the quest of the golden fleece, in fact. And because the Freudians have a blind eye, that is no reason why they should be allowed to hoodwink everyone else. Too much damage would be done, and the nature of it can be indicated by the facts for discussion that before one of the recent meetings of the International Psycho-Analytical Association—“The Question of the Advisability of Psycho-Analyzing Artists.” Verb. sap., and I will leave it at that. It cannot, however, be too often emphasised that there are varying levels of dream perception and interpretation: one with reference to external circumstance and at least two with reference to internal circumstance in the form of the sukshma and karana sariras, or instinct, the astral, and intuition, buddhi. And after all this there is the archetypal descent of the spirit into matter. In other terms, libido may indeed be bound up in Henry’s infantile complexes are most skilfully traced. This is just the sort of work at which the Freudian excels, and is admirable. What a pity it is, then, that he should stop short at this point. Were he to swallow his emotions and cast an eye, say, upon Silberer, we should not find ourselves so frequently criticising him. But when we find Mr. Flugel remarking in a footnote that the psycho-analytic (meaning the Freudian) method is applicable to “myths, legends, customs, literary and artistic productions, etc.,” he must be informed that the Freudian is only one method of psycho-analysis and is strictly limited to the discovery of libido buried in infantile complexes. Where the products of intuition are concerned, Freudianism, in and by itself, is off the map—if I may be permitted the expression. This study of Henry VIII is a most useful example of both the scope and the limitations of pure Freudianism.

The journal closes with a long and almost complete bibliography of publications on psycho-analytic subjects up to the present time. And this is followed by a long and critical abstract of these publications. It will be almost superfluous to comment that this abstract is written entirely from the Freudian point of view—or lack of view, if the reader prefers it. Dr. Nicoll is mentioned, and it is stated that he “interprets Freud wrongly.” The “unscientific statements” of Miss Bradby are “deplored.” “Adler, Jung, Silberer, Maeder, Stekel,” have all apparently been “criticised to torn to pieces” by Dr. Ernest Jones. I quote all this in condemnation of what we must now call the grossly and willfully one-sided attitude taken up by those responsible for this review. It is entitled an international journal, and its spirit is more provincial than that of many a parish magazine. It is called a journal of psycho-analysis, and betrays itself as a journal of psychic starvation. It professes to be scientific, and is yet as dogmatic as the Roman Church. At this rate it will soon be as lifeless, too. Then will approach the time for a true psychology.

A Periodical.

* “The International Journal of Psycho-Analysis.” (International Psycho-Analytical Press. 50s. per annum.)

J. A. M. Alcock.
Views and Reviews.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH.—VIII.

Mr. McCabe's history of Spiritualism\(^*\) appears in time to enable me to conclude this series. I have already referred to the difficulties that beset psychic research in determining its subject-matter; and if, as the editor of "The Psychic Research Quarterly" alleged, "the problem of the Survival of Death and the credentials of Spiritualism are, for the majority of people, the most interesting and important questions with which Psychic Research is concerned," then the history of Spiritualism demonstrates that there is no subject-matter at all on these questions, except for the Criminal Investigation Department. Let us get our minds clear on the elementary issue; if survival of bodily death is a fact, it is a fact as universal as death itself, and there is no apparent reason why it is not as well known. All that Spiritualism or 'occult science' generally could do would be to demonstrate its modus operandi, and give us, as a counterpart to the morbid anatomy of death itself, it is not a matter of belief, but of simple demonstration on the stage of the New York Academy of "The Psychic Research Quarterly" alleged, "the astonishingly clever book, "The Road to En-Dor," in the nineteenth century was just entering upon a very dangerous period of "materialism" which the "spirits" were determined to combat by a direct revelation of the truth of immortality. It was as a positive exposition and demonstration of what is, ex hypothesi, a universal fact that Spiritualism began—and the first proof of the immortality of the soul was that Margaretta and Katie Fox learned to crack their toe-joints.

The relevance of the demonstration to the proposition is not obvious enough to entitle us to put Q.E.D. to its end. But Margaretta's confessions in 1886, and her demonstration on the stage of the New York Academy of Music of the way in which the "Rochester rappings" were produced, demonstrate that "mediumship" is the only phenomenon that Spiritualism provides for investigation. We are confronted with nothing but an inquiry into the bona-fides of personal character; and the history of Spiritualism shows that good faith is the prerogative of Music of the way in which the "Rochester rappings" were produced, demonstrate that "mediumship" is the only phenomenon that Spiritualism provides for investigation. We are confronted with nothing but an inquiry into the bona-fides of personal character; and the history of Spiritualism shows that good faith is the prerogative of the sitter, not of the "medium." In that astonishingly clever book, "The Road to En-Dor," Lieut. Jones warned us against ever trusting a medium; his own success in trickery proved to him that no one can be trusted to observe a fact accurately if he assumes the very point at issue, viz., the trustworthiness of the medium. We are confronted with no more reconclide problem than that, and the history of Spiritualism is a history of exposure of fraud. The last proof of the trustworthiness of the medium was that Margaretta and Katie Fox learned to crack their toe-joints.

The recantation-period was full on. And upon the depressed and anxious faithful there came, in 1888, the terrible confession of the Fox sisters which we noticed in the second chapter."

I must refer readers for details and the later history (which is brought up to date) to the book itself; Mr. McCabe's work of record is clearly and concisely done, and his historical method is more destructive to simple credulity than any other. There is nothing to investigate, nothing to believe; when Sir Oliver Lodge went to America this year, "Mr. Joseph Rinx, a member of the American Society for Psychical Research, advertised £1,000 for the production of a single phenomenon." The challenge is still open. I may notice certain peculiarities of the development of the movement which are significant; for example, it is contagious, that is to say, it spreads by contact. It began at Hydesville, and the movement "slowly spread in waves from Hydesville. If it depended on human mediums learning something from each other, this is what we should expect and what we invariably find. The mediumising power spreads by contact, or by descriptions in the Press. It takes a year to reach New York, four years to reach France, five years to Cuba, six years to South America, seven years to Turkey, and so on." When we remember how the "spirit" of discovery manifested in science commonly reveals itself in more than one place at about the same time, so that Wallace and Darwin, Adams and Leverrier, are commonly coupled together as discoverers, and radium, to take another example, was isolated by a number of people all about the same time (the phenomena is a commonplace of scientific history), it is certainly singular that the "spirits" of revelation of the immortality of the soul should have been limited to the one focus of Hydesville. Mr. McCabe shrewdly says: "It is not possible to contend to-day, as the early spiritualist historians did, that the little wooden cottage of John D. Fox in Hydesville had an 'aura' which distinguished it from every other house on the globe; especially as it was promptly abandoned by the Foxes and not used for further manifestations." There is another fact worth mentioning in connection with the prestige-suggestion of the adherence of scientific men to Spiritualism. Apart from the fact that no one medium with whom they experimented has been exempt from exposure (Mr. McCabe tells us that even the latest, "Eva C.", re-introduced by Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, made a confession of which an account appeared in the Proceedings of the S.P.R. for July 1914), there is another fact to be noted. "The complaint is often made that, when any distinguished man declares for Spiritualism, sceptics at once begin to suggest that he was in a state of senile decay. But no sort of disposition either way can alter the historical facts. Such men as Robert Owen, Professor Hare, Professor Challis, Professor Dillon, Professor Weber, and Professor Lombroso were near the end of their lives when they accepted Spiritualism. Sir W. Crookes was eighty-five years old when he at length plainly said that he was a Spiritualist. As for Lombroso, his daughter and biographer, Gina Ferrero, says that he was convinced that the dead still live; though, retaining his materialism (as spiritualist writers always omit to mention), he was always tired and sleepy and could not work for more than half an hour at a time. However, he was convinced that the dead still live; though, retaining his materialism (as spiritualist writers always omit to say when they refer to him), he regarded the 'soul' as a material fluid."

* "Spiritualism: A Popular History from 1847." By Joseph McCabe. (T. Fisher Unwin. 13s. net.)
message, when, three years later, Mrs. Verrall announced that his "spirit" had communicated the contents to her, the letter was opened—and there was no correspondence between the two messages. "Hodgson tried the different method of leaving behind him amongst his papers a large number of cipher or cryptic writings of which he said nothing to anybody. It was clear that he intended to communicate the key from beyond, but he has not done so, though he died fifteen years ago." Mr. McCabe's work suffices to show that the phenomena of Spiritualism afford no subject-matter for psychic research; but his volume has the additional interest for the psychologist of a study of what commonplace fraud acting upon common credulity may produce.

A. É. R.

Reviews.

Crucible Island: A Romance, an Adventure, and an Experiment. By Condé B. Pallen. (Harding and More. 6s.)

"Socialism" (whatever that may be) has inspired some very queer visions of Utopia, all of them exercises in deductive logic, and not in imaginative construction. Dr. Pallen's "Crucible Island" is simply an attempt to show that "Socialism," logically applied, produces a minor hell upon earth. One of the characters argues: "It is this delusion, like the mirage in the desert, that lures the rank and file of Socialists to an acceptance of its doctrine. They embrace Socialism under the false supposition that it leads to an easy freedom from service to another. They rail at capitalism as a system of economic slavery, little realising that the practical outcome of the Socialist scheme not only imposes upon them a system of heIIotry worse than capitalism ever devised, a condition of servitude which has its only parallel in the slave system of the ancient world [which, by the way, was capitalistic]. More than this and worse than this, they utterly fail to realise that with this economic servitude there comes an utter degradation of the sexual relations between man and woman in the entire extinction of the family." It is our old friend: "Socialism means the nationalisation of women"; and, indeed, capitalism has so standardised them in physique, dress, and general culture that, as "women are not born, but made," according to Zangwill, there is a case to be stated for transferring the industry of woman-making to the State. Unfortunately for Dr. Pallen's heroes, though, a whole campaign of attack on capitalism has been carried on for years by the young Catholic group in the "New Witness," and "the entire extinction of the family" in the interests of "the Servile-State" is by them declared to be the purpose of capitalism. Logic applied to such generalised terms will always produce "awful consequences"; and we have some sympathy with the historic declaration of Lord Curzon that he refused to discuss "Socialism," did not know what it meant, and demanded a positive proposal as a basis of discussion. The fact remains that, somehow, man is being, and has to be converted into a social animal, and "Individualism," as expounded by Dr. Pallen, does not permit even the possibility of the process. Dr. Pallen loads the dice against "Socialism"; his "Crucible Island" is a community of criminals who are prevented from association or contact with the outer world. The same stagnation of culture can be demonstrated in any community in a similar state of isolation, and has nothing whatever to do with the ownership of property. Worst of all, Dr. Pallen cannot write; he is worse than Bellamy, immeasurably worse than Morris, while Wells' apocalyptic visions reduce him to the level of a mechanical deviser of warnings.

Ann's First Flutter. By R. A. Hamblin. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Meredith tried to make a hero of a tailor; Wells has more than once made a shop assistant interesting; but Mr. Hamblin's grocer's assistant does not strike either his imagination or ours. Therefore, Mr. Hamblin adds literature to grocery, in the attempt to make his hero interesting. Kipps, if we remember rightly, ended by keeping a bookshop; Mr. Polly had a passion for using long, varied, and ornamental words; but Mr. Hamblin's hero writes a novel, a real, high-class and apparently dirty-minded novel. At least, the hero's father called it "dirty drivel," although his uncle, fresh from Ceylon, said that it was "full of the facts of life. That's the kind of book we like in Ceylon." Publishers, please note. The irruption into literature of the grocer's assistant was not successful, but his import of literature into the organ of the grocery trade, the "Dry Goods Gazette," was successful. His articles, "Over the Counter," became a feature of that organ, and incidentally helped to sell the hero's father in his literary activities. "Why," said the editorial of the "Dry Goods Gazette," "should a trade journal be confined entirely to the dry facts of business, and never touch on its romance or humour?" The question could be asked with more propriety of a novelist, such as Mr. Hamblin. Perhaps Ann is intended to supply the romance; the hero met her on a seat on Hampstead Heath. She was a post-office clerk, against whom "a serious charge affecting your moral character and reputation" was brought; she could not rebut the charge, and was dismissed. Her subsequent adventures at envelope-addressing, canvassing, office work, are faithfully detailed; the romance begins in earnest when the hero and his uncle (the latter incognito) come to live at the boarding-house where she has at last settled down to regular employment. She convinces him that she loves him by spoiling his food, putting sugar in the salt-sifter, and so forth. The good uncle from Ceylon, who picks his teeth with a corkscrew (instead of a paper-knife, as all real gentlemen do) goes his own way, marries the landlady, gives five shops to Ann's father, makes the hero his heir, and says "Bless you" to all those who have been kind to Ann and her lover, and leaves his "Curse you" to be implied by all who have not. Meanwhile, apart from Mr. Hamblin's tilts at the reviews of psychological novels, there is nothing in the book of interest to anyone but readers of the "Dry Goods Gazette."

The Ivory Trail. By Talbot Mundy. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

The search for buried treasure can always be relied on to provide adventure for the seekers; when it is hidden in Africa (where anything may happen), when the Germans (who are capable of anything) are also in search of it, when every scoundrel in Zanzibar is after it, the Anglo-American party cannot complain of boredom. The manifest contrast between the German and British character is emphasised again and again in a series of villainous incidents; Mr. Mundy, having made the Germans the villains of his story, finds plenty of work for them to do. His German professor of ethnology is a most sinister combination of brains and bestiality, a Dantesque figure in this inferno. That all the villains come to a bad end, and the Anglo-American party (with a lord at its head) at last finds the ivory, and gets rich, is the inevitable ending of a melodrama which always shows that virtue, in the long run, triumphs over vice. It is the destiny of all good Englishmen to discover hidden treasures, which always seem to be buried on the other side of Hell. But, as Lincoln said, for those who like this sort of thing, this is the thing they would like.
Pastiche.

[Neither the New Age, nor the Manchester Guardian.

PRIME MINISTER: There is nothing very urgent this morning, gentlemen: but I should like to bring to your notice again the attack now being made on the foundations of our great financial system. It is time that we concert measures of defence. What is your view, Mr. Home Secretary? Have you considered the matter since it was broached a few months ago?

HOME SECRETARY: I have had inquiries made; and I am now in a position to report on the facts.

PRIME MINISTER: What are they?

HOME SECRETARY: The propaganda is being run chiefly by two persons, Major C. H. Douglas and a Mr. Orage, the editor of a weekly journal called The New Age. Two books have so far been published: 'Economic Democracy' and 'Credit-Power and Democracy,' the former by Douglas and the latter by Orage. I have also discovered one or two pamphlets. But the current propaganda is carried on in the New Age.

PRIME MINISTER: What sort of people are these Douglas and what-do-you-call-him? Did you say Orange?

HOME SECRETARY: No, Orage; pronounced, I am told, after the French style—Orage.

PRIME MINISTER: Sounds rather like Oo-rah! Well, go on.

HOME SECRETARY: They are both educated and intelligent men, much above the average; and, as far as I can discover, both absolutely beyond suspicion. They believe in their idea.

PRIME MINISTER: Poor devils! Yes?

HOME SECRETARY: So far they have had little success. Their readers are few and the subject itself is not exactly popular.

PRIME MINISTER: Precisely—and fortunately! But does it show signs of catching on at all? I am told that there's a good deal of subterranean talk about.

HOME SECRETARY: That is true. The industry of these people is indefatigable; and my secretaries tell me that at any moment something may emerge in the Labour movement.

PRIME MINISTER: What about the Press? Have you seen to that?

HOME SECRETARY: Of course. That goes without saying. For two years practically not a word has been published remotely bearing on the question. The boycott has been complete.

PRIME MINISTER: Good, that's my noble Ariel! What further steps have you taken?

HOME SECRETARY: Difficulties have been put in the way of the circulation of the books. Our agents have been everywhere at work suggesting that the whole idea is the invention of 'currency-crank.' And we've seen to it that nobody in any position of authority should appear publicly to countenance it. In short, we are freezing it.

PRIME MINISTER: How do you account for its spread, then? For you agree that it is spreading.

HOME SECRETARY: Well, I've already suggested industry. But, of course, you and I know that they've got hold of part of the truth.

PRIME MINISTER: Ah yes, I forgot that. And that reminds me. You remember what we had to do with poor old Nickei who would go and blab Cabinet secrets?

HOME SECRETARY: We made him promise to tell half a dozen fairy-tales for every fact he gave away; so that nobody should know which was right and which was wrong.

PRIME MINISTER: That was it; and that's what we must do before long in the present case. Mr. Home Secretary, I charge you with this duty. Get a copy of this Scheme of Douglas and Horace—oh, yes, Orage! well, O-rape—and have prepared, say, a score or so of variations of it—if of course, they must be harmless. And then, when the time comes, get them written up by good names for publication in the 'advanced' newspapers—you know, the 'Herald' and the 'Spectator,' and so on. Dogs will quarrel about a bone, but the more bones your reformers have the more they quarrel. Confuse the issues!

HOME SECRETARY: Excellent, Sir; I'll have them got ready at once.

PRIME MINISTER: Mind, don't begin till you must. Keep up the boycott as long as possible.

HOME SECRETARY: Trust Northcliffe! R. M.

IMPRESSION. . . . .

I came, upon a day, unto a place Where witch-elds, that were tired with many years, Leaned down a brooding and mysterious face, And whispered fretfully of ancient tears; And silver-birches sweetened all the air, In passionless array, With innocent, stretched arms, and delicate hair, That trembled lest the Wind should pass that way. And there were mountain-ashe, fairy vines With berries in their hair; and wishful pines, That go lamenting all their days: And, where the bumble wound his tortuous ways, The wizard beeche, Most old, and wise, and full of sorrow, Dreaming of yesterday, and sighing for to-morrow, And full of restlessness, and mystic speech. And I crept fearful through their vastitudes. Very afraid. A poor weak, crawling atom in the Woods, My naked soul before them laid. . . . . In all the lonely earth and sea and sky Went none so little and alone as I.

N. C. HERMON-HODGE.

I FEAR THE GENTLE FOLK FORGET.

This blossom and that did I take, Wealthy in flowers, wildered in; Now, do I see a leaf, I make My silent moan, and kiss by stealth That sign of my allegiance: Can Mothswing-dust come here so far, As my roof were the green blade, and the brake: And he among you that is cheeriest Shall cull me a token such as fays do make, Where they are but shadows flit and flee Right ghosts of shadows into eternity; And drops that from the woodbine fall, Where witch-elds, that were tired with many years, Leaned down a brooding and mysterious face, That trembled lest the Wind should pass that way, In all the lonely earth and sea and sky Went none so little and alone as I. . . . .

RUTH PITTER.

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