NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In introducing the suggestion of barter as a necessary mechanism of the present Trade situation Sir Charles Sykes made a statement which might well be given the same publicity as was accorded to Mr. Clynes, Mr. Barnes, and the other dutiful Labour "Leaders" who recently besought the worker to "Produce More." Sir Charles Sykes is not a Labour man; on the contrary, he is a member of a class—the Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturer class—eminently accustomed to knowing what it wants, why it wants it, and how to get it. The means to the satisfaction of these wants, successfully used by Sir Charles and his colleagues and predecessors during the past hundred years, include the working day; and when such a real leader of Labour production was defective distribution. "The working people during ten or more hours of every complete and absolute command of large quantities of interest than his own, whatever views one may hold. Sir Charles and his type simply aim at the satisfaction of the many persons nauseated with the spectacle of a Labour Movement whose "leaders" are unable to make a single constructive suggestion in regard to its own essential business, the settlement of the overwhelmingly serious economic situation in Great Britain, or get agreement even on destructive policies, yet spend their constituents' time and money in rushing about the world to Russia, India, Ireland, or any other place where it stands to-day, will most unquestionably plunge the world into a welter of Moody chaos well inside the next ten years, it is vital that all men with sane methods should be put in pursuit of a sane policy.

To any such men, or body of men, we would present these few facts for their most earnest and able consideration. Taking this country for the moment by itself, it will be admitted that there is no real scarcity of any essential article, with the quite doubtful exception of housing. By that we mean that if every individual in this country had the money to pay for food, clothes, and shelter they are there to be bought at a price. Now this state of affairs obtains after five years devoted to destruction and two years largely devoted to export trade, and yet unemployment has passed the half-million mark, is growing, and a wave of bankruptcy and liquidation is just beginning to strike the employing classes. The result of this wave, which has only just begun to rise, will be further unemployment, less money in the hands of the public with which to buy goods, and further financial stringency—our old friend the vicious circle in a new dress.

and increased range of opportunity, by a policy designed to benefit others equally with ourselves. Our policy, in short, is both to have our own way and to assist others to have their own way also. It is a tragic and crowning misfortune that the British manufacturing employer, who has qualities of the greatest present value to the community, should be driven to take sides with the financier, from a lack of practical sympathy (not sentiment) in respect of the necessities of other individuals equally important or unimportant in the grand plan of things. But in the meantime he has one virtue which shines out like a candle on a naughty world—he deals with facts when he can see them. To the many persons nauseated with the spectacle of a Labour Movement whose "leaders" are unable to make a single constructive suggestion in regard to its own essential business, the settlement of the overwhelmingly serious economic situation in Great Britain, or get agreement even on destructive policies, yet spend their constituents' time and money in rushing about the world to Russia, India, Ireland, or any other place where it stands to-day, will most unquestionably plunge the world into a welter of Moody chaos well inside the next ten years, it is vital that all men with sane methods should be put in pursuit of a sane policy.

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Since there will be less capacity to buy amongst the public, articles for consumption by individuals will not be produced in a quantity exceeding the money demand for them, and consequently the suffering of depression in prices caused by the existing stocks being forced on the market will rapidly give place to an inevitable rise, reflected by wages demands on the part of the employed worker, for it is no longer true that labour is a free market. To the retort that if we produce more, and export it, there need be no tempest, we would ask men accustomed to look facts in the face: "Do you really think that the United States, for instance, a country of over 100 million inhabitants of sorts, with great natural resources and a stupendous plant, is going to play the game of 'Beat-them-in-the-market' as even a possible loser?" Of course, we thoroughly realise that finance is international; but competition is definitely national; and as soon as anyone of the great Industrial Powers is unable to hold or increase its position commercially, it will prepare to recast it militarily—an outcome regarded with satisfaction by neutral"—we do not care who defeats the common barbarism. Civilisation under the present economic system is unable to hold or increase its position commercially, it will prepare to recast it militarily—an outcome regarded with satisfaction by the Financial Hierarchy, because that hierarchy, which has always benefited by war in the past, is blind to the fact that the next great war will tear up by the roots the whole psychology which has allowed Finance to pervert the Faith of men in each other, and will plunge both the "just" and the "unjust" into one common noontide barbarism. Civilisation under the present economic system is faced by a Trinity of inescapable alternatives: Financial Reform, Bolshevism (which is a military Dictatorship), or War. In the desire to enthrone the former and defeat the two latter we are "absolutely determined"—we do not care who defeats the common enemy.

We believe that there are two or three men in every country to-day whose policy has disproportionate weight, and who, judged by any sane, dispassionate standard, are calumniated and unscrupulously scorned, even if their names and manoeuvres were not fairly well known, as they are, their presence could be deduced without much difficulty. But ninety-nine per cent. of the persons who subscribe to these policies probably do so in the most complete blindness to the real direction of the whole psychology which has allowed Finance to pervert the Faith of men in each other, and will plunge both the "just" and the "unjust" into one common noontide barbarism. Civilisation under the present economic system is faced by a Trinity of inescapable alternatives: Financial Reform, Bolshevism (which is a military Dictatorship), or War. In the desire to enthrone the former and defeat the two latter we are "absolutely determined"—we do not care who defeats the common enemy.

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Having much genuine affection for railways and railwaymen, who in this country at any rate have a fine tradition of public service to their credit, it is with special regret that we see the National Union of Railwaymen heading to a conflict in which they are hopelessly in the wrong, and are mathematically certain to be beaten. On Sunday, the Chairman of the Railway Companies' Association, the N.U.R., is "determined to keep the Government to its promise" in respect of the appointment of Workmen Directors; and on the much more important authority of the Chairman of the Railway Companies' Association, "the Association will strenuously oppose any suggestion that the workers elected by the workers shall be appointed to the Boards. They consider that the proposal is quite unjustifiable and wrong in principle, and that from every point of view it is objectionable." The Railway Association is right—let us explain why. The function of Directors is to deal with policy and to appoint administrators and executives to carry out that policy; it has nothing whatever to do with the details of the method by which that policy is achieved. It is a sign of the utter misdirection of the Trade Union and Labour Movement that it cannot grasp the fundamental fact that it is in the very nature of things, not a feature of Capitalism or any other ism, that the business of Labour—whether the Labour is that of a general manager, or locomotive driver, or an office boy—is to take orders—to deliver the goods, not to discuss policy. And only it is not generally comprehended, that a man may have almost any number of functions and that his relation to the business he has in hand depends on the function he is exercising and not on the man himself? There are hundreds of cases where a man is a quite subordinate official on a salary or wages in one undertaking and a director of several others, and there is probably no fundamental or inapplicable objection to the combination in one individual of two functions, such as that of a railway servant and a railway director, in one and the same undertaking. But the essential point is that in such a case he represents two totally separate aspects of the same problem, and there is nothing whatever in the "workers elected by the workers" proposal to make the workman-director represent the policy aspect. There is only one way to do that, and that is to make him represent finance. Because finance is utterly perverted to anti-social ends the directors of large undertakings are many of them both incompetent and anti-social, and many members of the N.U.R. could no doubt replace them with advantage to everyone; but the remedy for this is to reform finance, not to attempt the mad and impossible feat of remodelling the intrinsic laws of co-operative administration. There is everything to be said for better means by which the free and universal knowledge latent in every rank of the railway service, but that is quite another matter. If Mr. J. H. Thomas "leads" his forces into a battle on such hopelessly bad ground he deserves the execration both of the N.U.R. and the public, and we have no doubt he will get it. But he will deserve the gratitude of Mr. Lloyd George, who will doubtless win a General Election over the sorry spectacle.

Quite an interesting red-herring is drawn by Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, of the Imperial Commercial Association, across the trail which had led too far the "trysting ground" for the Railway Association. In a letter published in Saturday's "Times" he makes the suggestion that "the Government," i.e., the taxpayer, "should pay one-half the wages of every person employed after a certain date," in addition to existing rates. As Mr. Fisher carelessly observes, the Bill of Parliament "would thus enter into a scheme of subsidizing production and reduce its cost (to the producer), but he omits to mention whether or not it would have any effect on the price of the articles produced, or whether those articles would be any use to the unfortunate taxpayer who had defrayed a portion of the cost of production. That, however, is entirely by the way. The
The Mechanism of Consumer Control.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

II.

The prevalent assumption that human work is the foundation of purchasing power has more implications than it is possible to emphasise to-night; it is the root assumption of a world-philosophy which may yet bring civilization to its death-grapple; but the result of it is that a man and a machine are, in the eyes of a cost-accountant, identical to the extent that both are an expense, a cost which must re-appear in price, the man, however, being at this disadvantage as compared with a machine, that he has to bear his own maintenance and depreciation charges. Costs are a dispensation of purchasing power; and whether you are disciples of the "Cost" theory of prices, or of the "Supply and Demand" theory, you must admit that Capitalist prices cannot be less than cost, over any considerable period of time.

If, therefore, a portion of the "costs" of production are allocated to machines, and yet re-appear in ultimate prices, it is obvious that the costs (purchasing power) in individual hands are not sufficient to pay these prices. I do not put this charge at great length with this aspect of the subject to-night, because it has been elaborated in considerable detail in print and does not lend itself to platform discussion. But one consideration must be mentioned—the effect on the prices of ultimate products—those consumed by individuals—of the production of intermediate products—tools, factories, raw materials, etc. While, as has just been suggested, the flow of purchasing power to individuals through the media of wages, salaries, and, if it may be added, dividends, is not sufficient to buy the total price-values created in the same time, it must be remembered that a great and increasing quantity of the total production of the world is not bought by individuals at all—it is bought and paid for by organisations, national or otherwise, and is of no use to individuals.

Now the costs of this production represent effective demand to individuals; and the second postulate of the present economic system is that average price effective demand goods in demand.

Consequently, the more of these intermediate products we produce, under the present system, the higher rise to produce goods more adequate to the assumption; which is the reason why the cry for indiscriminate super-production is both idle and mischievous. You will see at once that if the above formula for price, under the so-called law of supply and demand, is correct, which I suppose is not disputed, then it is really immaterial whether more or less goods are made, and more or less money distributed—any quantity of goods less than sufficient will absorb all the money available. And because the Capitalist incentive to production is money, production stops when there is no more money.

You will see that, firstly, the existing system does not distribute the control of intermediate production to individuals at all; and, secondly, gives them no say whatever as to the quantity, quality, or variety of ultimate products.

The distribution of purchasing power through the agency of the present volume of wages, salaries, and dividends, thus fails to distribute the product; and, since when distribution stops production stops, the system would appear quite unworkable.

But we know, as a matter of observation, that, although the grinding and groaning of the machine is plainly audible evidence that it is working very badly, it is working, and there must be something to account for the fact that distribution of a sort does take place. There are two things: export credit and loan credit.
Now I may say at once that I do not see how it is possible to conceive of an economic system capable of dealing with the modern productive system in which this credit factor, the total sum of purchasing power, does not play a preponderating and increasing part. It is far better to arrive at conclusions of this sort inductively rather than deductively, and I will simply direct your attention to the present trade position in this country and in America. There is the plant; there is the raw material; there is labour; and there is real, though not effective, demand; but production is decreasing along a very steep curve.

Why? I do not suppose anyone here to-night is guileless enough to believe that it is all the fault of Labour. It would do the Labour extremists all the necessary factor in production, is less and less a

determining factor. The success of the various dilution measures carried through under the stress of war is this credit factor in the total sum of purchasing power pursued, there would have been no trade depression at all, nor any financial depression. If the concerted action of the banks in restricting credit facilities, and that such credit facilities as are granted have very little relation to public need; that, whatever else might have happened had this policy not been pursued, there would have been no trade depression at this time, any more than there was during the war; and that the banks, through their control of credit facilities, hold the volume of production at all times in the hollow of their hands. You will, of course, understand that no personal accusation is involved in this statement; the banks act quite automatically according to the rules of the game, and if the public is so foolish as to sanction these rules I do not see why it should complain.

I should like, however, to emphasise this point: if the civilised world continues to permit this centralised, irresponsible, anti-public control of the life-blood of production to continue, and at the same time the possibly well-meaning but ill-informed and dogmatic Syndicalist makes good what is in essence exactly the same claim in the administrative field, then the world, in no considerable time, will be faced with a tyranny besides which the crude efforts of the Spanish Inquisition may well retire into insignificance.

Let me repeat—the only true, sane origin of production is the real need or desire of the individual consumer. If we are to continue to have co-operative production, then that productive system must be subject to one condition only—that it delivers the goods where they are demanded. If any men, or body of men, by reason of their fortuitous position in that system, attempt to dictate the terms on which they will deliver the goods (not, be it noted, the terms on which they will work), then that is a tyranny, and the world has never tolerated a tyranny for very long.

There is, I think, a widespread idea that if agitators would only stop agitating, and reformers stop trying to reform, the world would settle down. For myself, I am quite convinced that both agitation and reformism are merely symptoms of a grave and quite possibly fatal disease in our social and economic system, and that unless an adequate remedy is administered there will be an irreparable breakdown. I am emphasising this lest anyone should imagine that mere laissez-faire or, on the other hand, a vigorous suppression of symptoms is all that is necessary to cause things to “come right.”

The roots of this disease, then, are as follows:

1. Wages, salaries, and dividends will not purchase total production. This difficulty is cumulative.
2. The only sources of the purchasing power necessary to make up the difference are loan and export credits.
3. All industrial nations are competing for export credits. The end of that is war.
4. The major distribution of purchasing power to individuals is through the net of wages and salaries. The preponderating factor in production is improving process and the utilisation of solar energy.
5. This latter tends to displace wages and salaries and the consequent distribution of the product to individuals. The credit factor in purchasing power thus increases in importance and dominates production.
6. This production is consequent of a character demanded by those in control of credit and is capital production.
7. The fundamental derivation of credit is from the community of individuals, and because individuals are ceasing to benefit by its use it is breaking down.

(To be concluded.)

World Affairs.

ALBION is the foundation of the modern Imperium, or dispensation of the White Man. It was not given to Europe as a whole to establish a world-empire; for the empires of Alexander and of Rome and of Charlemagne either did not include Europe as a whole, above all not its Teutonic kernel, or were not world-empires in the sense of a synthesis of primary races. The innate and trans-rational tendency of white humanity, of Japan's progeny, is to spread, to flood, to level, thus fulfilling its nature as the race of Water or Hydrogen in the process of anthropogenesis. Pure Reason and Pure Will are the vehicle of its incarnation in the Universal Man; not Understanding, but Reason; not Instinct, but Will; and the faculty of work and endurance, of solid planning and long breath, is the virtue which the Aryan character had in its perfection as its pan-human distinction. Hence it follows that the symbolic animal of St. Luke's Gospel, the Bull, was predisposed to become the chosen symbol of the British race, because John Bull and his canine companion being representatives of power, phlegm and patience. The Bull as the symbolic character of the Fourfold Sphinx in Assyria and Egypt which represents the Races and the Tempers of man-kind, stands for the glory of endurance as one of the constituents of pan-Man's pan-perfection. This quality of lasting effort, of enduring perseverance, is the quality which sustains Evolution and unfolds Imperium. From the beginning the Northern Man, the cold and thinking representative of the One Indivisible Man, has been the element of expansion in the world and has dominated history as an invader and conqueror. From the great exodus known in mythology as the Aryanisation of India under Rama, down to the aonian impetus of the German people to create a world-empire and give the world an order, the White race has been in all reality, an expansion and a flood, an un-limiting, a universalising power in history. The conquest of Northern Asia by the genius of imperial Russia was a mark of Aryan strength and breadth, a function of the nationalist genius of the old but imperishable Aryan of Rurik's element. Except in South America, the continent of Aryan decline and fall, this element of Endurance, of Reason and Will, White Humanity has laid the foundation of its rule in all the continents of the world.

* * *

The extraordinary complexity of the racial texture of the British is one of the secondary, not one of the
primary racial blends. The bulk of the British people is derived from many and excellent branches of the Aryan stock, and although the present-day British, and the Welsh and the Irish essence retain their penetrating influence both in England and in Albion generally, Britain is still a land of the Aryans and her derivation is Teutonic. She is one of the great European peoples of the Teuton, for it was in the Teuton that the heart of Europe and the Irish essence retain their penetrating influence America ultimately came into existence. The still a land of the Aryas and her derivation is Teutonic.

In terms of spiritual values, this is the function of Albion in pan-human evolution. The English language may be the world-language and world-mind of the Englishman is the highest and soliest and safest measure of mentality as a plane of human existence. This praise may seem to be supreme. But it would not be true, we answer, if it were not really supreme and final; for nothing is greater than the human Being, and nothing more is of the salt of the earth than Humanity itself, normal, harmonious, omnified humanness. Of this average humanity, the language and the mind of England are both the focus bringing the past together and the source . . . . living for the future. England is the soul of Albion, Aryan but also one of the pan-human group-souls. Albion, on the other hand, is the sinful and bestial body of England. Her body must be an animal, being power; but the world demands not a chaotic disorder, or universal parochialism, or brotherhood of internationalism, but functional organisation; and the human tragedy of England and the cosmic fatality of her body lies in that necessity, that is, of organising the world so that White humanity must govern the world in the sense of giving it order and organism. The British Empire is the unsuccessful attempt of the world Unconscious to do this through the British people.

Tradition has not handed down to us the name and the deeds of a semi-divine leader who decreed that a blend of the Northern nations should be formed in the British Isles and that an exodus should be undertaken, geographically and racially, to achieve an extension of the European continent. The deed is done though the great doer may never have existed as a human person. Cut off from Europe proper is England; although she was rooted in Europe; but, graver and hazardedly and culpably too often. We shall speak of the guilt of the first born when we come to consider the function of Aryandom as a whole in pan-human development. European mankind as a whole has betrayed its Christian and human mission, as the downfall of Western civilisation and the prostration of the European continent prove. But the soul of Albion is prostrate before the body of England and than this there cannot be greater loss to the world. For England, as we have dared to understand her, is the average and the normal humanity of the world. Her existence is the coming of age of the whole Teutonic contribution to the anthropogenetic building of human history. We repeat: not only to the historical, or human, building, but to the anthropogenetic or evolutionary, or predestined, unfolding of the pan-Humanity. And if the rock is unstable and treacherous and not to be built upon, the rock of the stable Power upon which, or upon nothing, Christendom, the Aryan world and Europe, must rely and not only these but the very Race of Man must rely, if this foundation is undermined by the Freedom of Man and the Destiny of Things, how can Providence and God be in the world? It is for the sake of Christian civilisation that England has been enabled to become the greatest Power in the World, for this civilisation is that way of life which harmonises and mutually fulfils the self-manifestation of the ultimate humanity of God and the final Humanity of Man, on the ground of the freedom and self-consciousness of Universal Man as the Son of the Father. But unfathomable are the complexities of the three dominants of Evolution and Creation. Providence, Destiny, and the Will of Man are the three inscrutable dominants. The British Empire and England, historical co-relatives as they are, are the greatest and most fundamental complexity of those dominants ever provided in the world, and the double character of the British function is a mystery only equal in darkness to the mystery of the Irredeemable Ten and to the mystery of the criminal savours of the Kremlin. And what is this double character? It is the struggle of the Aryan soul of England with the pan-human spirit of Great Britain, as can be proved more by verihood than by clearness. Upon the one side, England had to perform the Aryan duty both of Russia and of Germany: to spread first, and then
Our Generation.

The contest of opinions over the Epping Forest murder which took place the other day between Sir Robert Armstrong Jones, the mental specialist, and Mr. Justice Darling, shows that justice is least at home in this country among those who are appointed to serve her. Sir Robert took up the position that the unfortunate accused man was insane at the time when he committed the murder; and on that point he was obviously a more competent judge, seeing that the maladies of the mind are his special study, than the judge could be. That, however, did not prevent the latter from trying to cast suspicion upon Sir Robert's diagnosis, and when that could not be impugned, from expressing an antipathy to a rival corporeal to him that the Bench should be threatened by mere enlightenment. They took the law, he said, from the Bench, and not from Harley Street. "We had progressed from the Maunnaughton case, but in law we had not. There were those who had progressed in breaking all the laws of England, but the law ought to prevail, although whether it could do so was another matter." The obvious inference was that the law would have "prevailed" had the unfortunate prisoner suffered the death penalty. After such a striking vindication of the law, it might be assumed, every insane person would think twice before he committed a murder, no matter how often Harley Street might say that the insane are not responsible, in fact, that they are insane. This, so far as one can rationalise it, was Mr. Justice Darling's attitude. And it is only too clear that the law has not progressed, and that the Bench will see that it does not. Meantime one may say that there are two forces which work against the strict operation of the law. The first is in its standards beneath the law as at present established; its instruments are criminals, degenerates, and adventurers; and their activities do not threaten the existence of the law, but only give a little necessary employment to the Bench. The second, on the other hand, is in its sentiments and its knowledge, its attitude as to the law; its wish to see the law changed more and more to the semblance of justice; and these are really a danger to the law, as Mr. Justice Darling dimly feels. Note that he does not denounce the criminals; he denounced Harley Street. And from his point of view he is perfectly right. For if the law is to become Justice, it must be taken more and more from Harley Street and less and less from the Bench. Nietzsche defined the sublime ideal of Justice for all time as "Love with seeing eyes"; and the Bench cannot see if it does not know psychology—the workings of man's conscious and unconscious nature. It is one of the few satisfying signs of the day that the law, the working hypothesis of Justice, is being threatened.

The mystery of Dean Inge deepens as his gloom lessens. Is it an accident? No; but, his expression, his apocalyptic scowl modifying itself into a quite modern smile. But the why of his smile is as hard to discover as the grounds for his pessimism; and one concludes that his riddle is constituted by this very difficulty—that he says and does things without giving the reasons for them. He is, for example, why, a pagan in morality, he is in the Church; and why, an advocate of aristocracy, he writes for papers which the aristocracy—of whatever order they may be—never read. The day before yesterday he accepted eugenics, without giving a single reason why. Yet yesterday he championed "modern thought" on the subject of sin, again without apparent consideration. His sermon as reported is full of statements like this: "The modern idea is 'What is a man good for?' and not 'what is he bad for?'" "Modern thought tends to suppress sin. What has decayed among us is the sense of sin." "Threats from the pulpit are no longer in use in the Church of England." What! one asks, is "the modern idea," then, the infallible idea? Is Dean Inge so far behind his age that he accepts the theories of his age without question? He is; and it is because he has no reason for anything he says. He would be behind any age in which he happened to live, for, being without a raison d'être of his own, he is obliged to borrow and to express the theories which he finds around him. That, however, is not sufficient to explain his present notoriety. The explanation, nevertheless, is simple. Some years ago he made a public pronouncement which I do not remember (but it was borrowed from the Press), which earned him the title of the "gloomy Dean." The darkness having become visible, he cultivated it. After uttering for years opinions which were intellectually unscrupulous, which were, in other words, pure journalism, he now discovers that "what has decayed among us is a sense of sin." No wonder! Dean Inge is significant only in one aspect; he is the most advanced point of a gradual approximation which is taking place in the Church of England to the standards of journalism. In him one does not know whether journalism is becoming the Church or the Church is becoming journalism. All things, however—why should one conceal it?—Parliament, people, Church and Law are now a function of the Press, and the only visible remedy is in Harley Street.

The exhibition of Viennese children's drawings at Knightsbridge referred to the other week by my colleague, Mr. R. A. Stephens, fills one with delight and then with despair; one realises how terribly humanity is stultifying itself to keep a bad system going. It is really a question nowadays whether organised law is not worse than "human nature"; and whether these children if left to themselves would not produce a better civilisation than that into which they must go when they leave school. It is not merely a wholesale destruction of happiness—after all, an academic thing—which the present system accomplishes; it is a destruction of Art, of Wisdom, of Imagination—all things by which, and by which only in reality, the community profits—and of the individual's hope-of fullness of life. It is not merely the sacrifice of an artistic vision; these drawings imagination—a quality of which in a few years the world will have robbed these young artists—and fulfilment, a satisfaction which by the same time society will have made impossible. All this we lose, and who will deny that it is everything? In this country, too, children have power of imagination; they could do work as good as that of Professor Cizek's pupils; but to what end? Their schooldays finished, they will enter the industrial mill and in it every spiritual quality except that of revolt will be ground out of them. The art of the Viennese children is refreshing and unique because the artists are free, and not because they are young. It is true, their freedom is an accident of their youth; freedom is still in society itself, indeed,—so little have we advanced in statesmanship that the basis of society is allowed to remain what it is, if economic tendencies continue to grind out more and more misery for the people, we may expect in a while to find art alive only among children.

The boxing match between Moran and Beckett attracted, it is said, a greater crowd than any of the kind that has hitherto assembled in England, and it included a larger proportion than usual of women. The pursuit of "sensation" has, of course, been an amuse-
ment of men and women since the beginning of the world, and there was nothing revolutionary in the desire of society women to see one man knocking another unconscious before a big crowd. What is new is that they can do so in convenience and comfort, and with the approval, apparently, of the public. It is not woman who has changed, in short, but the public attitude to her. We are not seeing the advent of another "new woman," the latest form of the Shakespeare "new woman"; there have been only "new" men, and very few of them. But the subject is so large that I have to return to it on another occasion. Meanwhile it is clear that the new public attitude to woman is less favourable to her than the old.

Edward Moynihan

Readers and Writers.

The following letter from Mr. J. T. Looney, the author of "Shakespeare Identified" (Cecil Palmer, 21s.), on which book I made a few comments some weeks ago, speaks for itself. I shall speak subsequently.

Sir,—Most of my critics have been writers acquainted with all the later works of the Shakespeare controversy, who have yet been able to preserve a steadfast orthodoxy. From them I feel separated as by a wall of conventional mental difference—not of knowledge or of capacitation—but of attitude. He rejects alike the Stratfordian and the Baconian theory; and is therefore disposed to adopt a reasonable alternative; he frankly admits that the general mass of my evidence is "striking," but he feels obliged to reject the De Vere solution absolutely on very definite grounds. He presents, therefore, a case which calls for a serious answer.

Difficulties, of course, are bound to appear in any proposed solution, however true. A secrecy deliberately planned by one of the most ingenious of minds might have proved forever impenetrable, and the true author's claims might have been set aside explicitly on the ground of difficulties of his own devising. To explain away the objections must, therefore, form part of any solution; my own wonder has been that in Oxford's case the difficulties have turned out to be so few and so easily disposed of.

The insuperable obstacle in "R. H. C.'s" opinion is that the poetry left by Edward de Vere makes it clear that "Edward de Vere could not have possibly written a single true Shakespeare line."

Let me say, first, that when many distinct lines of evidence, involving a vast accumulation of details, all support a "striking" parallel solution to any problem, whilst one point raises a difficulty, the presumption is against the one; and not until that one point has been exhaustively investigated, and the matter placed beyond dispute, is it sound wisdom, or scientific, to set aside "for ever and ever" a conclusion otherwise so well supported?

For such an investigation in this case certain things are necessary: it is necessary to know the poetry of Edward de Vere as a whole; it is necessary to have "a canon" of Edward de Vere; and it is necessary to have "a canon of Shakespeare." It is necessary to know whether a given passage was written at the age of 15 or 50; whether during the conventional period of the early court poets, or the vigorous realistic period of the later dramatic poets; and whether it was written before or after the writer had passed through his stimulating experiences in the Bohemian world of Elizabethan drama. As little or none of this material, I am afraid, has yet been subjected to a definite reexamination; and the other evidence on the grounds of poetic incompatibility is at any rate premature, and places the whole issue at the mercy of mere caprice. Shakespeare's poetry proved how elusive and capricious these may be estimates of literary values; and whilst "R. H. C." rejects de Vere untranslatedly on poetical grounds, other competent literary men have not only praised in terms appropriate to Shakespeare, but have gone so far as to admit that the poetry is "such as Shakespeare might have written."

The instances of parallel passages which "R. H. C." quotes are, however, instructive. Because of their identity of conception, and as parts of an argument on the "haggard," I have placed together two passages, one from Edward de Vere's poem on Women, and the other from Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

The first, from De Vere's poem, is set down:--

"I'll meet thee, lass, at the house of the old fool;"

"I'll meet thee, lass, at the house of the old fool, who has but one eye, and neither of them on the side towards the house of the old fool, nor hath the house of the old fool a door, nor hath the house of the old fool a window, nor is there any house of the old fool." (M. Two Gent., V.4.)

The second is from Shakespeare:--

"Thus weary of the world away she flies." (Two Gent., V.4.)

I repeat my opinion that the historical evidence collected by Mr. Looney for his attempt to identify Edward de Vere with "Shakespeare" is "striking," but my contention was, and is, that had it been completely convincing (which it is not) it would still have left me completely sceptical of the identity of authorship. Not in three lives, I said, could Edward de Vere have learned to write a true Shakespearean line, let alone some hundreds of them. Mr. Looney's-conviction with historic rather than literary values when he suggests that "when many distinct lines of evidence . . . support a given solution, whilst only one point raises a difficulty, the presumption is against the one."
It is, of course, when the negative point is of the same order of value as the positive points; but not, I suggest, when it is drawn from another order of value altogether. There have been cases, for example, in which circumstantial evidence, "involving a vast accumulation of details," would have hung a man; but for the "one point of difficulty" that he could prove an alibi. And in the case of Edward de Vere, while it is true that circumstantial evidence lays him under suspicion of having been Shakespeare, his own works constitute a perfect alibi.

Mr. Looney suggests that we have not yet, in the first place, the complete works of de Vere before us; and, in the second place, unquestionable canons of Shakespearean criticism. I agree, but I reply that we have quite enough of de Vere and quite enough appreciation of Shakespeare to make a comparison between them reasonably final. A minute examination of the difference between walking and flying is not necessary to establish the fact that the two modes of locomotion are fundamentally different; and my contention is that the "rhythm" of de Vere is utterly different from the "rhythm" of Shakespeare; and that a closer and more complete examination will only serve to show how different they are. In view of Mr. Looney's letter I have taken the trouble to re-read all the published verse of de Vere and to compare it with my own "canon" of Shakespeare. My original judgment is, I find, confirmed and strengthened. The difference is not superficial or due to de Vere's immaturity; it goes down to the very roots of nature. De Vere's art, I find, consists in the adaptation of words to form, while the specific character of Shakespeare's art lies in the adaptation of form to natural rhythms. Without adducing any fresh "parallel passages," I am perfectly content to rest upon two of the three examples cited in Mr. Looney's present letter.

Shakespeare: "Till weary of their wiles ourselves we ease."

De Vere: "Thus weary of the world away she hies."

Shakespeare: "Therefore, go, go,—importune me no more."

De Vere: "Therefore, be gone, solicit me no more."

In the first parallel, de Vere's characteristic habit of inversion is clearly contrasted with Shakespeare's profound respect for the natural or spoken order of words. I hope I shall not appear to be forcing a point if I suggest that Shakespeare would have avoided the inversion in Oxford's line and have written it as follows:

"Till weary of their wiles we ease ourselves."

A line, in fact, which I should pass as Shakespeare's without a qualm. In the second passage, similarly, the contrast between the aesthetic order of nature of Shakespeare and the artistic violence of Oxford seems to me to be plain. Oxford obtains no greater effect by his "go, go, go," than Shakespeare by his "be gone." But in the one case it is, so to say, against nature, while in Shakespeare's line it is the natural order.

These differences are not accidental, nor are they confined to a few examples. Furthermore, their demonstration does not depend upon such a fine critical training that only a few educated men could be expected to appreciate them. A canon of Shakespeare such as would give us the ipsissima verba of the wonderful genius who edited the works of Shakespeare would, I agree, require an equally fine critical taste to discover and apply. I conceive its possession as the reward of a life well spent in the service of literature. But the youngest critic, capable of criticism at all, can discern the difference between de Vere's verse and the verse of Shakespeare; and, as I have said, the more he reads of both the more plainly will the differences appear to him. In a sense, therefore, Mr. Looney's appeal for a more complete examination is an appeal for confirmation of a judgment already given against him.

R. H. C.

Music.

Roland Hayes (November 20) gave a recital for connoisseurs. The Cadman settings of American Indian songs were beautiful, with a beautiful simplicity, yet perhaps too strange ever greatly to please or move an English audience. They will probably remain part of musical scholarship. Hayes in "The Moon drops low" made a very neat cadence of song. The Hebrew songs were given with vigour, but not quite assimilated. He was delicate in the Massenet, and imparted more emotion to "J'ai pleure en reve" than the French composer had, presumably, thought of. His maximum effect was in the "Spirituals," especially in Burleigh's "I don't feel no-ways tired"; "Peter go ring-a dem bells," and in his own setting of "I couldn't hear nobody pray."

The general lesson both for him and for the audience is that effectiveness attains its maximum when the melody rises out of the actual words. The Indian tunes were beautiful; the Hebridean melodies were both the richest in themselves, and set with greatest richness, of the three folk-song groups; but both Indian and Hebridean tunes were straddled over the words of English translations. The Spirituals grow out of the actual words which they sing.

Only by the greatest cunning and turn of technical force can the librettist make up for inverting this proper process. In the finest lyrics the music so comes from the words and enliven, reinforces, illuminates them. We will recapture this art of illuminating only when we have musicians capable of literary discrimination, capable of selecting cantabile words, and of feeling the fine shades of their timbre, of their minor hurries and delays.

Adela Hamaton is a delicate and competent pianist. Phyllis Carey-Foster shows great delicacy of shading and considerable promise as a singer of modern French compositions.

Arthur Rubinstein compels me to eat my words, or rather one word, Debussy, for at the Wigmore (December 7) he gave one of the best public performances of a Debussy group that I have heard in England. The rest of my criticism of his work still seems to me correct: wherever he can rely on rhythm he is excellent; it was his grasp of the complications and changes of Debussy's rhythm, and of the activity of the Ravel and Albeniz dance movements which gave life to the programme. To which add his appreciation of Debussy's humour. His tone in the Beethoven sonata was something stiff. We believe 241 minutes is a speed record for performance of the Liszt B minor sonata, and offer what wreaths are in order. In the Liszt, done in a sort of Wagnerian blockiness, Rubinstein seemed to regard the piano as a peculiarly powerful thing, and dealt with it accordingly. He began to enjoy the show in the Debussy and went on from that, triumphantly, into a supplement of several encores in well merited triumph.

Judith Litante (Eolian, December 9) showed again her verbal intelligence; she is there on the note, on the word, on the beat, with fine pianissimo; the voice is still veiled in parts; great art would consist in having more palatal, epiglottal, tonsillar, bronchial technique than Miss Litante yet has, and in suppressing it nearly always. The strongest promise of her future was given in Tchaikovsky's "Adieu Fortunée" and in Ravel's magnificent "Kaddish." The woman is not a fool, and this is really one of the essential conditions of good singing; to convey the intensity of a given song the
It is curious to note some of the influences which Japanese art has had upon modern European painting. If, after scrutinising these prints, one has a look at the works of Van Gogh one cannot help perceiving how these schematic drawings, in losing their caligraphy, have in his paintings been transformed into things tragic and passionate. R. A. Stephens.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The revival of Mr. Israël Zangwill's "The Melting Pot," at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, is not only the best thing of the season but a really good show. Miss Edith Craig is the producer, and Mr. George Hayes and Miss Clare Greet constitute a powerful reinforcement to the acting—in the case of Mr. George Hayes, it was so powerful that one critic protested that "he did not always remember the size of the theatre." For this forgetfulness, much thanks; David Quixano is not "a little theatre" character, but an over-emotionalised genius of the Hebrew race, and it is the duty of the others to play up to him, not he down to them. It is the defect of Mr. Zangwill's take that it becomes melodramatic when he wishes to be powerful, and in this case converts prophecy into an obvious expression of neurosis. David Quixano expresses the sufferings of his race, but it is suffering not transmuted into beauty; it is not the suffering that reforms, tempers, refines, tempers, strengthens a man, but the suffering that tortures and haunts like unforgiven and meaningless devilry. It is the crude, brutal details of slaughter, the gouts of blood, the mangled limbs, the tormented shrieks of the victims, the hoarse, sobbing expirations of the debauched dying, that bear this man's memory incommissably; and the man cannot be expressed adequately if the actor is to "remember the size of the theatre" instead of the enormity of the horror. It is true that these cries fall upon ears more or less deafened by the shrieks of victims; the European war has occurred since Mr. Zangwill wrote, and there are pogroms in Ireland at this moment—and the melodramatic method of propaganda fails to achieve the desired effect because it appeals only to the emotion of repulsion, an emotion which tends to paralyse thought and inhibit action, and reduces the sufferer to a state of auto-intoxication. But we must not blame an actor for playing a part with all the power that it demands—and Mr. George Hayes revealed such understanding and mastery of his material that he might have screamed the house down without offence. As it was, he succeeded in emotionalising his audience and the hush of bated breath that it is the actor's triumph. As Mr. Hayes do. There are few who could repeat it; none who could surpass it; and at a West End theatre it was, he succeeded in emotionalising his audience and the hush of bated breath that it is the actor's triumph; and, speaking quite critically, rose from the level of "competent" actors to the graded ranks of "distinguished" actors. It would be hyperbole to use the word "great" of melodramatic acting; melodrama lacks the style and beauty of expression of passion that the word "great" implies; but it was a most powerful expression of the morbid emotion of physical horror, and the best piece of work that I have seen Mr. Hayes do. There are few who could repeat it; none who could surpass it; and at a West End theatre it would draw crowds until Mr. Hayes broke down under the strain of playing it.

The inclusion of "The Melting Pot" in the repertory is one of the wisest things that Mr. Macdermott has done. It is not in the "middle way," but on the "barbaric" level of "competent" actors to the graded ranks of "distinguished" actors. It would be hyperbole to use the word "great" of melodramatic acting; melodrama lacks the style and beauty of expression of passion that the word "great" implies; but it was a most powerful expression of the morbid emotion of physical horror, and the best piece of work that I have seen Mr. Hayes do. There are few who could repeat it; none who could surpass it; and at a West End theatre it would draw crowds until Mr. Hayes broke down under the strain of playing it.
to Mr. George Hayes to denounce Russia as Babylon in the words of Isaiah. With what gusto (and what point!) would he have let fly the taunt: “And thou saidst, I shall be a lady for ever”! Miss Edith Craig might remember this at rehearsals. For Vera Revendal is not a young lady, but a study in melodramatic emotions. Her conflict is a conflict between a spirit, tenebrous love of a genius and an insulted and educated hatred of the Jew; it is personified for her in the figures of David Quixano and her father, the “butcher” who gave orders and looked on while David’s family was slaughtered. The fact that she works in a Settlement (Mr. Ion Swinley, who also has it, cannot comprehend); as it was, he seemed to be really fond of her. If only Miss Hazel Jones could have responded in kind, Mr. Carson’s expression of paternal love would have been completely convincing; as it was, he seemed to be really fond of his daughter, while she only pretended to be fond of him, and the emotional value of the scene, of her choice, was not adequately rendered. Mr. Reginald Riviere was well cast as Herr Pappelmeister, once again, a traditional figure, the sentimental German musician; as Bohun, in “You Never Can Tell,” and particularly as Capulet in “Romeo and Juliet,” he seemed to have normal sense of character, but Pappelmeister gave him his chance, and he made the most of it, an opinion which Mr. Harold Scott’s pop, Quinsey Davenport, Jr., was not inimicable; I thought how much better Mr. Dawson Millward, for example, would have played it—which, in its way, is a compliment to a young actor like Mr. Scott, in care of that trick of stamping his feet; it degenerates into a distressing mannerism. Mr. Ion Swinley, who also has it, cannot break himself of the habit of beginning every movement with a stamp—and it is, at best, a very childish way of securing emphasis. I hope that Mr. Laurence Hanray is pleased with his performance of Mendel Quixano; I am not, and I advise him if ever he gets a chance to see Mr. Louis Calvert play a Jew to take it. Quixano need not have more than a touch of accent, but a man who speaks Yiddish so fluently will have that touch; and although he is not a conforming Jew, he has all the values and emotions of a Jew. David’s engagement to a Gentile, and his separation from his uncle, gave Mr. Hanray a chance of expressing Jewish sentiment in Jewish manners—a chance which he did not take. He played Mendel Quixano as though he had no racial instincts at all, as if a half-hesitating acquiescence in conventions—which was not Mr. Zangwill’s intention. But Mr. George Hayes’ triumph makes amends for much, and the production hangs together better than any that I have seen at this theatre.

Views and Reviews.

MR. BELLOC ON PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Belloc’s unfortunate habit of writing ex cathedra (like a leader-writer) robs this interesting essay in political dynamics of its due authority. Sir Henry Maine, in his “Popular Government,” and Émile Faguet, in “The Responsibility of the Representative,” have covered much the same ground as Mr. Belloc does. The tendency of political power to integration in a monarch or aristocracy is apparently inevitable; and political writers might turn their attention to physics with some advantage. Sir Henry Maine drew his analogy with toxicology; regarding democracy as liberty (“political power divided into small fragments”), he called it a poison of which representative government was the antidote, the caucus being the reagent, the cancer being the regent to the antidote. Toxicology certainly presents many points of analogy with practical politics; we commonly speak of “political venom,” of reform by “homeopathic doses,” and so forth; but it is more scientific not to prejudice a case by using a nomenclature that has powerful emotional re-actions, and the impersonal forces of physics offer more accurate analogies without the disadvantage of apparent vilification. Even Herbert Spencer’s formula of evolution as “an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motive [political apathy], during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity [democracy, or liberty] to a definite, coherent heterogeneity [a political constitution], and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation [the ‘will of the people’ being exercised by an Executive or an individual],” has a very close resemblance to the observed processes of the evolution of the forms of government. Mr. Belloc might have made his case much stronger.

His thesis, in his own words, is: “The House of Commons, though containing a representative element, was, and is, essentially not a representative body, but an Oligarchy; that is, a small body of men segregated from the mass of citizens and renewing itself. But no Oligarchy works (that is, can be morally accepted or exercised authority) unless it be an Aristocracy. Mere Oligarchy, the mere rule of a clique without the excuse of an imputed excellence, will never be tolerated among men. The whole meaning of Aristocracy is the provision of a sort of worship addressed to the few that govern. Therefore the House of Commons was vigorous and healthy in its function only so long as it was the Aristocratic organ of an Aristocratic State.”

“**The definition of The Aristocracy** in an Aristocratic State is, not a body recruited by birth or even from wealth, not a caste (though it may be a caste), least of all a plutocracy, but essentially an Oligarchy enjoying a Peculiar Respect from its fellow-citizens.”

*By Hilaire Belloc. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)*
Upon the failure of the Aristocratic quality in the House of Commons, upon the decline of that body into a clique no longer respected, its moral authority disappeared; and with that moral authority disappeared its power of government.

"Meanwhile the functions of this highly centralised form of executive, magistracy, and legislature combined, was vastly increased through the rapid development of the modern State. Hence, a double evil and a double peril were present; the rapid accretion of material power in some fashion which, as rapidly, was growing morally unfitted to exercise that power.

"In seeking an issue we shall find that no external reform, nor any act from within, can restore an organisation so far decayed as is the House of Commons to-day. We shall further find that no subsidiary body, or bodies, such as a Trades Council or other Chamber, can take its sovereign place. It must be replaced, and can only be replaced by that Great State by that which is the only alternative to aristocracy in a Great State, I mean a Monarchy. If some form of Monarchy does not succeed to the lost inheritance of the House of Commons, the State will lose its greatness."

It is a fact that this decline in respect for elected assemblies has not been confined to England, as Dilke said in the Introduction to the 1915 edition of his "Law of the Constitution": "During forty years, faith in parliamentary government has suffered an extraordinary decline... This change is visible in every civilized country. Depreciation of, and contempt for, representative legislatures clearly exists under the parliamentary and republican Government of France, under the federal and republican constitution of the Swiss Confederacy, or of the United States, under the essential militarism and superficial parliamentarism of the German Empire, and even under the monarchical and historical constitutionalism of the British Empire." So far as peoples of Egalitarian temper are concerned, the fact is not surprising; the normal tendency of Egalitarian States is towards strong, central government, a despotism tempered by revolution. Here Mr. Belloc parts company with Faguet and says: "A democracy can live only on condition of producing aristocracies or permitting aristocracies to produce themselves." Faguet examined the alternative of a Monarchy for France, and dismissed it because "the truth is that since Frenchmen want a firm and intelligent king, there is strife of parties and succession of parties to power, and consequent instability under a king as much as in a republic." All of this is true, but does not affect Mr. Belloc's main argument that the Aristocratic temper of the English people has declined, that the Egalitarian temper has not taken its place, and that the alternative is Despotism, or Monarchy. We already have it in disguise; the "Crowns in Commission" has come to mean government by the use of the Royal prerogative exercised by one or more unknown and irresponsible individuals. It is that decline in responsibility that Mr. Belloc, like Faguet, regards as a proof of the decline of aristocracy in this country; he shows that esprit de corps, even, has changed to sauve qui peut whenever one of the many scandals of politics has become public, that there is, in general, an unwillingness to accept responsibility even for executive acts. "How shall we suppress responsibility?" asked Faguet. "By dividing it, sub-dividing it, dispersing it, scattering it so that you cannot get hold of it anywhere, so that none can say of any man, is fecit. That is exactly what our [the French] constitution has done, and our political customs still more than our constitution." That is exactly the state to which the decline of aristocracy in this country has reduced our political system; and, as Mr. Belloc truly says: "In that case, we must look forward to a rapid national decline. For there is nothing so surely saps the corporate strength of a nation as the continued rule of a Prince who is despised." But we are by no means convinced by Mr. Belloc's argument that sovereignty cannot pass from the House of Commons to "living Councils really representative of living interests; Councils of Trades and Professions, of religious bodies, of regions"; on this point, we prefer Faguet. If they have vitality enough to organise themselves, the simple process of evolution, of the integration of power, will complete the process. The democracy will have thrown up other, and more representative, aristocracies, which will inherit the sovereignty that has, at present, disappeared from our political Assembly.

A. E. R.

Review.

The New Decameron: Second Day. (Blackwell. 6s. net.)

The authors of this series are manifesting the usual symptoms of sequel; it seems very doubtful if they can maintain the general tone of the first series. Already, "Turpin's Temperamental Tour" is hinting at criminal associations, and the Interlude shows the Courier planning with a mysterious criminal to rob the party. It is an unnecessary lapse into melodrama, for the whole tour is only a device to collect the various stories. The group phenomenon of a common style, too, is beginning to appear; it would be easy to believe that the whole volume was written by one person, but for the evidence of the "contents" page, even the unnecessarily violent contrasts of subject not dispelling the illusion. There is evident a youthful intention to shock their elders in some of the stories; the imagination of Mr. Basil Blackwell and of Miss Storm Jameson does not even respect death—and apart from the "shock" that their stories are intended to give, they seem to have no point. The Psychic Researcher's Second Tale, "The Tool," as its name suggests, tells an original story of obsession in a quiet manner, while the detective story, "The Affair of the Mulhaven Baby," is told cleverly, without shattering one's faith in the value of logical inference so completely as did Mr. Bentley in "Trent's Last Case." There are two stories in verse, of which we have read only one, "The Master Thief," which sings in the style of a Christmas carol the theme of one of Lord Dunsany's plays with the addition of the value of prayer to a patron saint to justify a different conclusion. The poet's tale, "The Vase," seems to go on and on without becoming either poetry or a tale, and we tired of it before the end; but perhaps there is reason for the conclusion: "The poet rushed out into the street," after "making my symbol more complete." "Salvator Street" succeeds in mystifying us, for no apparent reason, by telling us that a young thief disappears before the eyes of his pursuers, and finds himself in what is apparently intended to be a slum-boy's Paradise. What became of the body is not known. After that, the clock strikes thirteen, and we are left to await the next volume, knowing that robbery, with or without violence, will provide the next excuse for a sit-me-down of modern fiction. So far, the stories seem to be exercises in technique, rather than creation; the readiness constantly reminds us of the models, without being convinced of the accuracy of the copies. Indeed, the inability to copy correctly or convincingly is our only reason for believing that the authors may do good work so soon as they learn to draw from life.
Pastiche.

A LETTER INTO THE PROVINCES.

I've the thought, 'midst a trash of no matter
The years fling rich gauds on life's beach.
So when Nettlfield's bilow of chatter
Threw your name into reach,
I grabbed, and learned ere the tide sank
That you didn't go down in Lefure.
When the cholera came—six years back.
Thank the Lord; and don't think that I flatter
Either you or the Lord that I thank
For relieving me thus

I've no news.
"THEN WHY THE DEUCE WRITE"? There you have me
I'm not lonely—at least not when alone.
Net tells me you asked : was I married?
There's a story, as no doubt he suggested,
Nothing much.

Though of late
Thank the Lord; and don't think that I flatter
Lurk shiftily, pimpwise,
Less that, there's no sign of the years.

Further west—though I hate a white tie,
And they are
Till I hear from you. Don't waste a day.

H. R. BARROR.

MAN AND HIS BROTHER.

It is my fate to commit errors to the end of my days,
but I have a Brother who cannot err. He is infallible.
I deceive others, and when I do not deceive them I
decieve myself, thinking, vain fool, that this is a less evil.

There is no escape from him. Subler than the subtlest mind,
he can grasp the infinitely small. More vigilant
than thought, he knows my deeds before I know them,
and if I listen to what he said yesterday I am already
a day too late.

I am partial to myself: that is the pathos of man.

But my Brother is impartial; he spares neither me nor
himself. Incapable of deception, he is incapable of being deceived.
It is a language in which a lie cannot be spoken!

But others dwelt within my thought
The friends

The Signora, too, is the same as in olden
Times, save for a tooth or two—golden
(Things improve at the Stella).
Signor Luigi grows tubby.

So I stick to Soho when alone.

It's so easy—you know what I mean,
I'll be bound—
My memories are there and my wine,
Asti spumante.

But in company I'm to be found
Further west—though I hate a white tie,
I'm no tame drawing-room dilletante.

Rumour reports by mouth of her handmaid,
The Signora.

I still dine at white:
In that drear little hole we frequented,
You remember?—Ristorante della Stella,
An intimate nook, vastly grubby.
There's the same dim reminder
Of yeysteryear's feasts in the air.
They wash up in cold water, I'll swear.

Let us all do the same,
Rumour reports by mouth of her handmaid,
The Signora.

I still dine at white:
In that drear little hole we frequented,
You remember?—Ristorante della Stella,
An intimate nook, vastly grubby.
There's the same dim reminder
Of yeysteryear's feasts in the air.
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I'll be bound—
My memories are there and my wine,
Asti spumante.

But in company I'm to be found
Further west—though I hate a white tie,
I'm no tame drawing-room dilletante.

Still I mustn't repine
For most of the time I'm my own.

Days come and days go, come day go day,
I rise early and preen at my leisure,
Nibble toast,
Scan the "Times" or the "Post,"
Then write for an hour and my pleasure,
And then walk on the Chelsea Embankment.
I used to frequent Walton Heath,
But wars have their ways, and, last fall,
Dick, who's taken as a spouse the F.O.,
Came with the news of some chaps in Morocco
Who were sickening for trouble. (They got it!)
He was sure my invention—raccoo

Assai—would help circumvent
Their knavery dire: would I go?
Well, I went,
And returning learned that Rover had passed out.

Poor old Rover,
His demise seemed to bowl Jeffcote over—
Apropos,
'Tis a butler sans réprouve, sans répos,
His coffee's the best this side Dover,
As I hope we'll agree before long.

Lord, Lord, what a world I'm recalling!
The same world I live in to-day
Yet so different—how I can't say.
Recollection is making me restive—
Am I in for a night of the mopes?
Was that sigh I heaved merely digestive
Or the feeble cock-crow of new hopes?

I expect you've grown pinkish and fat,
Are J.P., M.F.H., and all that.
I'd like to pot a bird in your woods—
But perhaps you'd prefer to come south?
However this two-edged invitation
May take you, we must have a crack.
We might even essay conversation
If the country air's not made you slack.
Let me know—and I'll keep yawns at bay.

E. M.

THE WORLD I KNOW.

The world I know lies just around
As though twere made for me alone,
Beyond its tiny scope abound
The many worlds I might have known.

The roads where I have walked extend
To the last hill my eyes have seen,
Thus far they journey, there they end
Where start the roads that might have been.

The friends I love are in my sight
But others dwelt within my thought
Changeful yet changeless in delight,
And Warmth was in the hands I sought.

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