NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is not to be expected that Mr. Lloyd George will have the "conversations" with the French Ministry that are most to be desired in the interests of Europe and the world. The immediate problems are those of Cannes; and, in all probability, only these will be discussed during the informal talks in Paris. But the background problem, the problem that will not be mentioned, the problem that brought M. Briand suddenly down, and will, we can be certain, bring problem, is not in one sense a problem at all, but an superiority in diplomacy, in arms, in la Gloire? With have the "conversations" with the French Ministry imagination of the French mind no doubt of the France is proving to be the Bourboston of nations, incapable of forgetting, incapable of learning. Particularly after the recent war has it been difficult for France to reconcile herself to the fact that she is, and must now always be, a second-class, if not even a third-class Power. Had not her conqueror of 1870 been conquered? Had not France once more demonstrated her status as an equal world-Power be not only recognised as one of the Great Powers of the world. History dies hard and not least reluctantly in France where it has had so full a life; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that France is proving to be the Bourbon of nations, incapable of forgetting, incapable of learning. Particularly after the recent war has it been difficult for France to reconcile herself to the fact that she is, and must now always be, a second-class, if not even a third-class Power. Had not her conqueror of 1870 been conquered? Had not France once more demonstrated her superiority in diplomacy, in arms, in la Gloire? With these proofs of strength, there was nothing that France might not aspire to do. The hegemony of Europe, via the crippling of Germany and the rehabilitation of Poland, seemed to be well within her reach. France was Europe, France is Europe, France will be Europe. And then came the Washington Conference, with its singularly attractive situation (as it appeared) for a nation with the views of post-war Europe. For what was the ultimate purpose of the Washington Conference, the practical issue to be settled? Was it not the resolution of the discord between America, on the one hand, and Great Britain and Japan on the other; in short, the arbitration of three of the existing world-Powers? And if that was the case, would not France's status as an equal world-Power be not only recognised but practically re-created by her intervention in the matters in dispute as the arbiter, the umpire, the deciding factor? There appeared, in fact, to the intoxicated imagination of the French mind no doubt of the glorious role that France might play in the deliberations at Washington, the no less glorious role than that of hegemonist, not of Europe only, but of the world. Things fell out otherwise, however, than as they were calculated to fall. In the first place, since economic power precedes diplomatic power, and America and not France possesses most of it, it was America and not France that controlled the situation at Washington. And, in the second place, since France even under the most favourable circumstances could scarcely be accepted by this country or Japan as a sufficient compensation for the loss of America, neither on this any more than on the other side did France find her arbitrage at a premium. To play the role of arbiter it is clear that the player must have a really decisive factor to offer. Anything less than an acknowledged decisive factor is less than nothing. To France's chagrin her stake at Washington was too small to affect the decision of either of the parties in dispute. It was neither enough to make America afraid nor enough to make Great Britain and Japan unafraid. France thus caught a momentary glimpse of herself as the negligible factor in world-politics that she really is. And it will take her some time to assimilate the impression and to reconcile herself to it. Nevertheless she will have to come to it sooner or later; for the camouflage cannot much longer be maintained. Would it not be a kindness on the part of Mr. Lloyd George to speak the truth in M. Poincare's ear that France has ceased to count in the world situation? * * * It is now less than ever likely that the Cannes Congress will effect anything more than an adjournment of the real discussion of German Reparations; nor does it appear probable that the Genoa Conference on 'financial and economic' problems will effect very much more. It would be sufficient to wreck the Conference that America should attend, not as punitio-potentiatory, not as partner, but simply as creditor demanding her bond; and enough of the catastrophic is already contained in the material of the Conference even without the addition of the American irritant. For how can the now necessarily conflicting life-interests of, say, France, Germany, Russia and England be conceivably reconciled so long as none of the parties has resolved its own internal financial and economic policy? One and all each nation has so framed its domestic economy that cut-throat international competition is forced upon it. In order to maintain even the semblance of peace at home, it must behave like a bandit abroad; and this pleasant little

ART: Leicester and Goupil Galleries. By R. A. Stephens

VIEWS AND REVIEWS: Revelations from Beyond. By A. E. R.

REVIEWS: Cosmic Anatomy. An Introduction to the Psychological Problems of Industry. The New Society

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR FROM SYDNEY TO THE GOLDEN MILE -- II. By Grant Madison Hervey

READERS AND WRITERS. By C. E. Bechhofer

DRAMA: Merchant of Venice. By John Francis Hope

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FROM SYDNEY TO THE GOLDEN MILE--II. By Grant Madison Hervey

OUR GENERATION. By Edward Moore

CREDIT IN THE "LABOUR LEADER." By Geoffrey Biddulph

THE NOTE-BOOKS OF T. E. HULME. Edited by Herbert Read

READERS AND WRITERS. By C. E. Bechhofer

DRAM: Merchant of Venice. By John Francis Hope

CREDIT IN THE "LABOUR LEADER."
duality of personality charactersis England, we may say, just as certainly, though a little less clearly, as it characterises England or France. Neither Europe nor, still less, the world can be “settled” in any sense worth speaking of, in fact, until some one nation in its own domestic policy undertakes to inaugurate a régime that does not necessitate a cut-throat foreign policy. There would be little to prevent, if a single European nation could be prevailed upon to socialise and distribute its Credit at home. Not only would it thereby resolve its domestic problem, and to the same degree directly ease the international tension by the elimination of one disturbing factor, but its example would be contagious. In the whole world would follow its example. Since the Genoa Conference, with or without America, is unlikely to encourage any such act of initiative on the part of any nation, its practical conclusions are bound to be nugatory. We can say in advance that, whatever the nominal outcome, the major problems of humanity—unemployment and war—will be left exactly where they are. Poor old mankind must continue to inflict unnecessary suffering upon itself.

An air of optimism prevails in commercial circles, we are told, in the midst of a march of events as indicated by the cold figures of trade. On the unquestioned but absurd assumption that a nation lives on the difference of its Exports and Imports, the fact that last year our Exports were down 600 millions and our Imports 800 millions, should be enough to strike terror into the hearts of the whole community. And the further fact (not yet recognised as such, but certain all the same) that the immediate prospect is no better than the immediate retrospect should serve to precipitate a panic. Nevertheless the prime agents (or are they only the victims?) continue to hope for the best and even, strange to say, to believe in it. We have recently encountered many good business men who are confidently banking on a prosperous year, beginning, so they calculate, by “about the Spring.” What is the basis of their calculation? We confess that it is too metaphysical for our powers of perception. Trade, whether internal or external, obviously depends for its amount on the quantity of purchasing-power possessed by potential customers; and if, as seems and is the case, the purchasing-power in the hands of the vast majority of consumers, at home and abroad, is growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less day by day, the chances of a revival of trade must be correspondingly diminishing. Price-reductions brought about by wage-reductions are not of the smallest use; they are perhaps the worst of all remedies. “Economies” at the expense of salaries, official or private, are an aggravation of the disease, since they reduce purchasing-power usually without any corresponding reduction of prices. The only effective means, in fact, of dealing with the situation is to increase wages and salaries and reduce prices simultaneously—a means which we know to be easy and practical, but which “business men” regard as paradoxical. How long the situation can continue going from bad to worse, without provoking the inquiry into the “paradox,” it is hard to say. On the face of it, two notions unemploed with the prospect of more would appear to be a sufficient reason for investigating a proferred solution. And when it is remembered that our solution threatens no immediate aggression, definite enough to be accepted as a “guarantee” within the meaning of the Act; though a much more unqualified Alliance (and that with America also) was probably what the French were really after. Given that, France might make only the most modest use of her freedom to build submarines. But even as things stand, Washington does mean the establishment of a temporary general situation pervaded by an atmosphere of settlement. Its total result is to make it difficult for politicians or financiers, either in the very near future, or too suddenly at any time, to plunge the nations into war. So long as the catastrophe can be staved off, there is hope of the peoples coming together on deeper and more stable ground. By all means let us for the time being shore up the ruinous structure of international civilisation with any and every makeshift wooden props, if nothing else is available.

Lord Grey has been using Washington to point a moral and adorn a peroration, at a League of Nations Union meeting. He spoke, indeed, some very sound sense. “Once war broke loose, rules of war and of humanity were apt to go to smitherens.” “The only way to be sure that there will not be use of war was to have no war.” And similarly, he held, with regard to submarines. But the chief impression left by his speech is one of an almost fanatical devotion to the existing League of Nations as practically an end in itself. If we accept, for the sake of argument, the Wilson-Harding-Grey assumption that peace can be guaranteed by political arrangements, why should not a new Association of Nations, or even a mere Continuation Committee of a Conference, prove as effective as Lord Grey’s beloved League? There is no particular virtue in the name of the League. There is no particular virtue in the name. Nor again is there anything sacrosanct about the particular terms of the existing Covenant. Nations might conceivably co-operate to some purpose on other conditions; and the situation might be favourable for some ad hoc device, when people could not be induced to work through the established machinery. It might indeed fairly be claimed that Washington has already accomplished more than the League of Nations. There is no more fatal (nor more common) error among those who are devoted to “causes,” than to come to worship a particular organisation more than the ends for which it professedly stands. This kind of thing has been the curse of the social movement. Whatever other kind of “ist” he may call himself, the typical worker in this field is above all things an alphabetist. He makes his choice among the A.B.C. and the W.Z.Z. and the B.F.S., and the N.B.G.L. and all the rest of them. Whatever the particular permutation or combination of initials to which he swears allegiance, they are the people and knowledge shall perish with them. It will be a pity if this is a sort of thing is blotted out of the X.Y.Z. and the B.F.S., and by statesman of the weight and influence of Lord Grey. It is the extreme symptom of that closed and static mind which is perhaps a worse enemy than wickedness or ill-will to a better world-order. If, even on the accepted plane of political devices, Lord Grey cannot think of anything but the direct action organisation which accidentally holds the field, how is he ever to begin to be capable of questioning the fundi-
mental assumptions of that political system of thought in which he is entangled.

It is a Sisyphean task to get people to think of economics in dynamic instead of static terms. They will grasp the former for a moment, or they will snatch at it for an argument when it serves their turn, and then they will once slip back to their inveterate bad habits of mind. We have recently pointed out how the static fallacy wittes the discussion of international issues such as Germany's ability to pay. A recent leading article in the "Daily Herald" illustrates the prevailing confusion of thought as to our home problems. In connection with a million and a half of unemployed was enforcing its favourite vicious policy of a subsidy. It laid down that, "If any one industry genuinely cannot pay a living wage, and that industry, like agriculture, a national asset, then the nation must subsidise it." That sounds plausible enough. Some necessary forms of work (like sanitation) no one expects to "pay." But in the case of any of the main forms of productive industry, such as agriculture, there is an enormous presumption in favour of its being self-supporting. We ought to be very sure that we have explored every avenue for a method of making it so, before we consent to its being a burden on other industries. Everything has, of course, in the last resort, to be paid for out of Real Credit. "Non-paying" industries (especially with the workers generally in flex and inarticulate revolts against the whole wage-system) will multiply, once we begin to talk of subsidies, as rapidly as "key industries" pullulate in an atmosphere of tariffs. Obviously the industries cannot all subsidise, and at the same time regulate the whole war round. The root of the "Herald's" error comes out in the astonishing sentence, "There is plenty of money in the pockets of the rich." Does out contemporary really wish to present Socialism as a scheme for dividing up the present national income? If it were not the case that we could produce immeasurably more wealth annually than we do, there would be no possible solution of the social problem. But the "Herald's" only functioning mind is merely one of resentment. This continually drives it (not quite knowing what it is doing) into suggesting to the poor reactions which they would inevitably have. So far from these economies tending by themselves to remedy unemployment, the fact was, we pointed out, that we could not afford, on economic grounds, to indulge in them—that is, unless accompanied by a profound change throughout the whole policy. Already a deputation on the subject, and to urge on him that steps shall be taken to mitigate the hardships caused by the cancellation of battleship orders. Local Labour pressure is of course behind this action. It is an ironical situation. Probably every Clyde and Tyneside worker would cheer to the echo any peace propagandist and hold up both hands inventively in favour of a resolution demanding wholesale disarmament. But the same men would to-day hug themselves with delight at an order for twenty super-Hoods. Of course, they do not demand this; they would honestly prefer orders for peaceful construction. Little need have been mentioned, in connection with the present move, as the only definite suggestion put forward. But employment Labour feels it must have; honourable and moral, if possible, but anyhow employment. The pity of it! But who can blame the workers? The politicians and economists conspire together to drive constantly into their ears that a main purpose of industry is to provide employment. So leaders and led find themselves together in a cleft stick. If they are determined to make the best of both worlds, the only practicable way out is to go on building battleships just the same, and regularly scrap them just as they approach completion. The Government might be seriously advised to consider this programme; it would not be madness any more than their policy. Once more we insist that we are at the parting of the roads. We must definitely choose which god we will serve. We must make up our minds to concentrate either on "providing employment" or on developing the highest attainable civilization. But we cannot possibly do both at once.

Mr. George Lambert, in a letter to the "Times," on the hypothetical General Election, shows a little more realism on the subject of Economy than most of his kind. He recognises that though popular in the abstract, yet "economy applied to concrete cases will arouse fierce resentment." He largely endorses a point we have repeatedly made: "Let there be no mistake; drastic retrenchment will add temporarily to the unemployed." The "temporarily" he interpolates himself, out of his own good-hearted optimism. If he could guarantee the transfer into constructive channels of the sums now wastefully expended, this would be an approximation to sense. But the mere switching off of public expenditure, however undesirable in itself the particular form of expenditure may be, does not even tend in any way towards that goal. Quite the contrary indeed. The assumption is accepted that production is to continue to be for the supply of some "live" market: and one such market is put out of action for every "economy" that is put in force. No suggestion whatever is made for an immediate counter-balancing creation of effective demand. An economic massacre of existing customers is a natural result of expanding one's market. There is a fatal gap in the path of progress as sketched out by this school. They never explain what economic force is going to carry us over this hiatus. They seem vaguely to trust that, if only one prays with one's face turned towards Manchester, some answer is bound to present itself from somewhere or other. Their handling of the matter is very like the favourite procedure of metaphysicians, of assuming that any (by them) insoluble difficulty is "somehow" resolved in the Absolute. We are glad that more enlightened views do secure an occasional hearing even in orthodox business circles. A journal which caters so thoroughly for the business public as the "Organiser" is open-minded enough to allow the expression in its columns of some of the principal points of view on which we are always insisting. The current issue it prints an article by "a Financial Correspondent" which maintains such propositions as these: "Industry exists to deliver goods... not to provide employment... Human labour that is saved... should obviously be entitled to a share in the products..." Note that "somehow" the total product is inefficient. The gold system is therefore inefficient." Another contributor is allowed to demolish with a tomahawk the Great Lie. Naturally the "Organiser" does not commit itself editorially to such views, and naturally, too, these are not typical of the bulk of its contents.
From Sydney to the Golden Mile.

By Grant Madison Hervey.

(wechat of the "Mildura and Merbein Sun," N.S.W.)

II.—THE SOUL OF SYDNEY CITY.

In Australia, one notices a very curious thing. A city like Sydney is far more closely allied in thought and ideas to London or Dublin than it is to the great rolling expanse of country at the back of it. But the Dublin or the London to which the Sydney imagination is so firmly attached is that of a century-and-a-quarter ago; not at all the British or the Irish metropolitan actuality as to-day. Perhaps the very street nomenclature of Sydney City is largely responsible for this. A stockbroker, for instance, who lives on the North Shore—equivalent in American terms to Brooklyn or the Long Island extensions of the city—comes in to business every morning by the ferry, via Circular Quay. Now, he will go up-town to the Stock Exchange via Pitt Street; whilst in the evening, on his way home, he will take a car via George Street or Castlereagh. Everywhere he is surrounded by the street-names stockbroker, for instance, who lives on the North Parliament, the religious bodies, the law courts—every jacket— the kind of unpleasantly cowed and dispirited business every morning by the ferry, via Circular expanse of country at the back of it. But the Dublin ago; not at all the British or the Irish metropolitan influences are so potent that no man long resident in fierceness to the ideas current in London and Dublin so firmly attached is that of a century-and-a-quarter.

Not the London to which the Sydney imagination is attractively alive Columbian young woman. On the Lavender Bay and MacMahon's Point as a special world-city in point of population, doing business upon the whole of the foreshores of this magnificent ocean water-way, endowed Sydney with everything that is beautiful; but the creation for which the average Sydney business man is responsible is enough to sicken Nature. The man has snatched at exactly the same kind of national caricature, and made of it a business slogan. I have before me, for instance, a copy of the Sydney "Bulletin" for the first week in the present month (November). On the second page I find a full-page advertisement—Meggitt's Cattle Food: Winter Feeding for Maximum Production—the space occupied costing at least fifty pounds. What is the design? Simply that atrocious youth, Young Australia, short-jacketed, black-capped, and in slack trousers, holding up a milk-can marked "Milk-increase, 47 per cent! In Australia, or rather at the so-called front door of it, that sort of thing passes for smart advertising. What an up-to-date American manufacturer would say if any advertising agency used such an idea to boost his goods exhibiting the American people in the guise of a horribly subservient, speechless boy? In a period of pre-Yorktown it is not a matter for speculation. The plain fact is that the average Sydney business man has not sufficient wit to know that he carries about his original convict-made hall mark in everything. New ideas are not in his line. In those days the Sydney "Morning Herald" newspaper, itself printed in a building which looks exactly like the façade of a prison, stenily disconformity anything that is new. For another thing, the Sydney people are accustomed to seeing themselves depicted as a moon call-in-trousers. And so the business man argues: Why give them any other kind of advertising food?

It is a terrible thing, I fancy, to see the paralysed soul of a great city exposed like this. Only yesterday, for instance, I talked with an advertising manager of the largest departmental store in Australia. This man got his training at Selfridge's in London. He is a bright, alert, keen-minded, progressive young Englishman. For a time, he told me, he had made a vigorous struggle for the introduction of new and live ideas, but the attempt was quite hopeless. Sydney did not want anything bright on the front page of the "Sun," concerning advertising. And so his store has gone back to the old, flat-footed style of thing. Any smart man with ideas who takes a clever advertising notion to the store in future will find that actual don't want-to-see-or-hear-of-anything-new aspects of the situation, and politely conducted to the door.

In Sydney trade is timid, and faints at the sight of a shadow. That spirit of vigorous and aggressive British enterprise, which one would expect to find in a new land, is entirely absent. Nobody has any opinions about anything, until he has first consulted the morning paper; and when, the other day, a distinguished returning Australian painter, Mr. George Lambert, had the audacity to say to the Sydney was a hard and grey and a rather cruel place, without much soul in it, his audience nearly fainted. It is a cotton-wool generation, this, entirely unaccustomed to hearing the truth. And the fact that he is living at the end of the eighteenth century, thinking the ideas of Walpole, Castlereagh and Chatham, if told to the average Sydney-sider, would induce in him at once the conviction that the utterer of such horrible remarks was mad.

Quite mad! But let us see. Are there not some extraordinary proofs of a general eighteenth-century-minded condition about Sydney? My wife and I, at all events, have discovered that there are. For instance, we are very fond of visiting, in the afternoon, that beautiful ornamental park in Sydney, just beyond Government House, known as the Botanical Gardens.
But we discovered, on our first visit, as on every subsequent occasion, that a bell rang at half-past four o'clock. And we had to get out. Why? Because in every convict prison in New South Wales the go-to-bed bell rings at exactly the same hour. Felons are bolted in their cells at half-past four, and at exactly the same instant the people must be bolted out of the parks. Of course, the people of Sydney do not know that they are being treated like criminals. But they are. To the official mind, there are only two classes of persons—officials, and non-officials. And this anti-quoted eighteenth-century farce goes on; the million odd persons who live in and around Sydney allowing themselves to be locked out of their own public gardens and generally tyrannised over exactly in the spirit of a Wackford Squeers.

That is pretty bad. But there is worse to come. The Sydney business man, when he goes home to his North Shore residence, is treated precisely like a convict on the way. The Sydney Ferry Company has two special gangs erected, one at Milson's Point and the other on the Circular Quay side of the harbour. Here the wretched business man, losing all the pomp and circumstance which surrounds him in York Street, is treated like a felon; or still more exactly, like a steer in the cattle yards at Omaha or Chicago. He goes into a great cage; the gates of the cage are thrown open and he is allowed to rush up a plank. On the other side of the harbour he rushes down a plank and into another cage; and morning and evening all the year round this extraordinary eighteenth-century-patterned passenger traffic of Sydney goes on; the proud business man of Sydney, so fond of boasting about his harbour, never having brains enough to realise that every time he crosses it he is treated exactly like a slave in gaol.

The truth is, the people of Sydney have not been accustomed to anything else. They were slaves in the beginning, and mentally and morally they remain slaves and convicts down to the present day. Sydney has become a great city, numerically, in spite of them, and not an account of anything that they have ever done. In Sydney they think to impress a foreign visitor with the mere vastness of numbers, and with the glory of a harbour that man has not made. They trust, for the rest, that the remainder of the country—of a State, one hundred thousand square miles larger than the whole German war—can more than notice it. The country towns are the city's poor relations: to be heard of, perhaps—the name of Bathurst having a fine Georgian and generally historic sound about it—but not to be seen. Being the chief port and capital of the State, as well as the only seaport, Sydney has first choice of the laziest and least competitive among those who cross the sea. It sucks the life-blood, for whatever it may be worth, out of a small and fitful stream of immigration; and it does not grow, which implies structural development, so much as bloat. Behind it there lies a vast area of boundless plain and mountain, dotted with mere villages of no importance whatever; Bathurst itself being a wretched aggregation of some fifteen thousand people, gathered around a gaol.

And yet Bathurst is the premier inland city of the State, so the more innocent foreigner is told. But he becomes sadly disillusioned when he begins to look around. And if, like the present visitor, he displays an unpleasant pertinacity in getting at the root-facts of things, and even insists upon examining these omni-present prisons themselves, he is apt to be regarded with grave official apprehension. What is the fellow after? What does he want to know? This wanting to know, you know! This bothering of the Circumlocution Department, old fella! It isn't done!

For my part, I have merely sought to discover the soul of New South Wales. And I find it in two pieces—a hideously unpleasant, overgrown and brutal Wackford Squeers upon the one side, and a series of miserable Smikes upon the other. Sydney is Wackford, and the country villages are, so many dittoes of Smike. So far, in New South Wales, there is no appearance of any noble institution: any splendid thing upon which a man can proudly bend his glance and say, This is Australia. The horrible one-legged soldier-beggars at every street corner, rattling their collection boxes, makes the very name of the great Australian Army grow mean and detestable. One wonders, indeed, whether Smike will ever escape from his master, or ever develop the idea of a great Australia, full of strong cities taking centuries in their stride?

Our Generation.

The religious "revival" which is going the length of the east coast of Scotland is interesting in several ways; it comes a long time after the last revival which occurred in Great Britain and has therefore a belated aspect; and it is the first which has happened since the beginning of the War. It has hit, moreover, a class of people who are perhaps more tenaciously hard-headed than any other in the kingdom; for it is the east coast Scotch who have given Scotland its name for the various well-known characteristics, unnecessary to mention, for which it has a name. A name that has arisen among a population who are more properly theological than religious, in whom, accordingly, there is a great deal of intellectual pride masquerading as intellectual humility, and the gloom of whose beliefs has always been sweetened by their logicality. To these people, of all in the world, there have come the heterodox conception of "the Great Skipper" (which sounds like one of the characters in Mr. Shaw's plays), visions, ecstasies and paroxysms. A few considerations there are to make the occurrence credible; it has been a very bad year for the Scotch fishermen, and revivals are said to most numerous in times of scarcity; and also, the fishing population of the east of Scotland is the most susceptible to superstitious beliefs of all that argumentative and logical region. And the sea itself is a boundless reservoir of superstitions. But, when all is said and done, there are myriads of men who go to sea, there is an equal number of men in a state of destitution in the British Isles, and these represent between them a greater body of superstition and of want than the Scotch fishermen can muster. And the conquering movement of revivals is baffling in spite of the attention which has been given to the subject by psychologists. We do not know enough about the "herd instinct" to put it forward as an explanation of anything; but understanding it as the network of sentiments which binds peoples together instinctively and not politically, one might be excused for conceiving a "revival" as a particular and rare manifestation of herd instinct, as herd instinct in a very unusual condition, that is, active and creative. Certainly the effect of revivals on those who are converted by them is to produce a sense of justification, of emancipation, even of distinction (especially from those who are otherwise distinguished). Above all, the saved are given the right, suddenly and unexpectedly, to speak of things which are not usually mentioned. The taboo against the expression of immemorial fears, hopes and emotions is suddenly removed, and heaven, hell and salvation, which have existed unresolved in the hinterland of men's consciences, are suddenly dragged into the light, and arouse almost overwhelmingly feelings of comfort and relief. On the man "convicted of sin" these apparitions have somewhat the same effect as his dreams have on a neurotic when a psycho-analyst clarifies them and brings them in a new shape before him. They suddenly appear to be real, and generally all righting real. It is on the plane of this assumption of the reality, concrete and realistic, of symbols,
of all revivals take place. A revival is in a sense "expression," the throwing of something outwards; a loosening of bonds; a state of excitement which may be either good or bad; for some people are all the better for excitement and some are betrayed by it. The tendency of these revivals is in one sense modern: it is as anti-intellectual as that of Bergsonism; the revivalists rebel generally against the accepted theology, and not only against that, but against knowledge itself, and sometimes even start a sect of their own. We do not admit in this country the spiritual vanity of that action: we do not admit (it is a sign of our genius for compromise) that every new sect is a new religion. But the most disconcerting thing in the end is the inability of the intellectual class to comprehend these recurring outbursts of emotion, and to give them some significance. Certainly if the intelligentsia are religious at all—and we do not believe for a moment that they are—they are religious in an entirely different sense from the east coast revivalists. In the world as it is to-day, one cannot for the life of one discover any significance in this interesting and uninteresting revival, that is, there is in an epidemic of measles. It is an irrelevancy and a solecism. Perhaps the east coast Scotch are paying now for too many years of too rigid logic and hard sense. Perhaps as a nation we suffer from revivals because we are neither warm enough to have a real, traditional religion, nor cold enough to be in earnest as freethinkers. Whoever would dare to say to-day what the main current of our spiritual life is, whether it is positively religious or positively secular, would be far too daring to be worthy of credence.

M. Cousé's maxims have recently become popular in the West End, and are being practised, the Press in form us, for all the "fashionable" people. The moving spirit of the Nancy School desired a better reception from us than this; it would be an ironical thing if by means of his method the people whom no one particularly wants to see saved wege to save themselves, while those who are either really useful or really ornamental go on in their old ways. But that is the least of the evil; and it is more painful to notice how theories, beliefs, and ways of salvation become in our time almost inevitably theories and beliefs for a few, bringing salvation to no one at all. A writer in the "Freeeman" the other week asked despairingly: "When the 'Makers of the Twentieth Century' series comes to be written, will the publishers find room for the 'Makers of the Twenty-First Century' series, besides the 'Makers of the Nineteenth Century' series?" We dare say to-day what the main current of our spiritual life is, whether it is positively religious or positively secular, would be far too daring to be worthy of credence.

Credit in the "Labour Leader."

The discussion on Credit in the "Labour Leader" was started by "One Who Wants to Get a Move On." The New Age, unlike Mr. Shaw's Fabians, not only believes in the practicability of its programme but aims at realising the fears of "The Primrose League." "They do want to share out the money in the banks, or rather to communalise the functions of the banks—and they want to do it to-morrow. . . . Nationalising industry without the control of credit would be like nationalising motor cars and omitting to deal with the petrol. . . . There will have to be a tremendous change in the character of the executive before such a change can be brought about (1) . . . Is the restoration of the Increment of Association going to be easier when it is called credit instead of profit?" (2)

(1) Not necessarily. The pressure of unemployment or a financial crash within the next few years may force even a reactionary Government to take radical measures. (2) The people who live on the former though powerful are few in number, and a fall in prices would be more to the advantage of small stockholders than the maintenance of privilege. Nationalisation would be of little benefit to this class and might even reduce their incomes.

"Many machine owners are also credit-mongers, and will defend to the last the financial system."—John Jacks. They ought rather to realise more dearly how the "system" handicaps industry for "When finance it found out it won't have anything to fight with."—C. E. Richardson. "What are the possibilities of Credit under a fuller and unfettered measure of Socialism?"—T. S. Reynolds. This "measure" would probably necessitate a violent revolution. "Try and socialise the wages of the financier's agent, profit, and you only make a needless addition to your adversaries."—L. Forrest. "A much greater discrepancy between wages and prices has been brought about by the determination to add to prices the whole of the interest and sinking fund on the war debt. Prices are higher than wages by the charges for rent, profit and interest."—T. H. Ferris.

[The three combined do not amount to more than one-third of prices, but inflation by the inclusion of external charges accounts for three-quarters of the price of consumable wealth.]

"Wages buy back about one third of the total amount of exchange values. The other two-thirds are over-production at present. The just price consists of two parts, social and individual."—A. Neft.

"While credit or capacity for wealth production is continually expanding, the output of consumable goods is actually diminishing. The dividend, unlike land and plant, is convenient for equal distribution among all."—London Credit Group. "Prices can best be left to the operation of supply and demand providing that the economic conditions are so altered as to allow them to operate freely. . . . It would of course be necessary to expropriate the economic rent. (1) . . . I doubt whether prices are actually fixed by the financial oligarchy, and an attempt to fix prices by law would prove unworkable."—Robert Dell. "Fixed prices for to them all, are on the side of every clique. We come back again to the individual. The individual is divided against himself, and that is why everything is ineffectual.

Edward Moore.
everything everywhere would be difficult to enforce." (2) -- W. S. Rowntree.

[(1) This would be unworkable at present and would leave untouched the problem of inflation of costs by external charges and of prices by demand preceding production. Prices are often maintained at an artificial level by external charges and they should not vary with demand and it is impossible to increase this without controlling prices. (2) What is proposed is the regulation of prices by a natural ratio, not the fixing of them "by law." It would be unnecessary to enforce, since if one retailer sold below cost all others would have to follow.]

"The relation of money and credit is that of master and servant." (1) New issues to the producer must augment the circulation of currency and so force up prices. (2) . . . The rich man with an annual expenditure of £10,000 saves £7,500, while the worker with only £2,000 to spend saves £150. (3) Falling prices bring production to a standstill." (4) -- Ernest Dick.

(1) Credit is advanced on other assets as well as money. Money only represents individuals as opposed to capital demand, which is controlled by credit. "Legal tender depreciates if credit fails, neutrals during the war refused to take gold as payment, they wanted goods, which gold would not secure for them. The economic development of the last half century has been possible through a steady development of credit instruments instead of money as the vehicle of credit." -- Hilderic Cousens. (3) New issues would not force up prices, because they would not precede but follow production. (3) The individual expenditure on necessities is limited; with the predominance of this kind of production, and the consequent difficulty of getting servants, enormous incomes would become useless.]

"Potential power of future production cannot enable those who do not possess to lend." -- John Arnott.

This is just what it does at present in the case of the Banks. The goodwill of "Labour," compelled to produce in order to live, is assumed by the "Captains of Industry," though they have to pay the banks to convert it into financial credit and the underlying population thus loses its own credit.

The same issue in which the leader on Credit appeared contained a column on the importance of exports by Sir Leo Money. "The land," he said, "could not support 47,000,000 people or one half that number, if the capital which numbers are fastened to export from "Fields; Factories and Workshops." "If the soil of the United Kingdom was cultivated only as it was twenty-five years ago, 24,000,000 instead of 17,000,000 could live on home-grown food, while giving occupation to an additional 7,500,000 men." -- Kropotkin. "In the United Kingdom there are 26,000,000 acres under grass. Wheat produces twenty times as much human food per acre as grass grazed to produce beef, while other cattle foods produce six to ten times as much as grass. . . . Before the war the German farmer produced half again as much milk, twice as much grain, and five times as much potatoes per acre as the English and Welsh farmers." -- P. M. "Factories are not on short time for lack of leather and cotton, but for lack of consumers for the finished product. We can increase our supplies of raw material for these industries by producing more of our own food. To regain our foreign trade by producing and selling more economically means we are to produce more and get less for it." -- C. W. Wilkinson.

Sir Leo Money was "very sorry" for C. W. W. "Our army of cotton workers and bootmakers would still be on short time if we were all at home able to call for all we need. Britain apart from coal and ports is a very poor country. We imported in 1913 £720,000,000 of raw material out of a total of £770,000,000 in 1920 £712,000,000 out of £1,037,000,000." If we all had what we need it would obviously be ridiculous to go on working at full speed. We should produce to live, not live to produce. In ordinary circumstances, that is, apart from famines and calamities abroad, output should be regulated to satisfy home demand, including, of course, sufficient raw material for the future, and should not be dumped abroad in order to keep capital and labour "employed," which only results in luxury production and the stimulation of fictitious demand by advertising. "In prices which is included nearly all their own wages and dividends but all other costs which are constantly increasing in relation to wages, etc., through the improvement in machines. The surplus of production after demand ceases at home must find an outlet abroad, or trade will stop with consequent unemployment. The fight for foreign markets leads inevitably to war." -- A. H. Blackburn. It may be remarked that imports of raw material increased 285 per cent. compared with a total increase of 272 per cent. "The trouble is not that we cannot produce for ourselves, but that foreigners cannot 'afford' our goods and we cannot 'afford' theirs. During the war the nation borrowed credit when it should have been the lender. By borrowing it incurred the responsibility for repaying the nation's credit to a few individuals and so the process was furthered itself if such a process existed. America, which is well-nigh self-contained, unemployment is as bad as it is here. The error lies in supposing that foreign trade must be the basis instead of being carried on with the overflow from a satisfied home market." -- C. W. W. Wilkinson.

To the sorrow of Mr. Clynes, who wrote in remembrance, a part-page editorial appeared headed "The Blue Water School of Socialists." "There is too evident an acquiescence in the capitalist hypothesis that the standard of living must fall and production must increase if England is not to be beggared. It is a lie. . . . Boom years for trade and binding exports have coexisted in the past with the most degrading poverty. . . . The greatest curse of the capitalist system is not, after all, the inequality of its rewards but the spiritual barrenness of its objects." -- C. W. Wilkinson.

Sir Leo Money, however, returned to the attack, reiterating: "This is naturally a poor country with a wretched climate. (1) During the war we were not self-supporting for we borrowed from America £1,000,000,000, distributed in wages. (2) . . . Currency delusions which have driven folly into Russia. (3) When we grew our own food we endured a grinding poverty unknown to this generation." (4) (1) "The soil of the United Kingdom is the best in the world, while our moist, equable climate is the most suitable for the production of heavy crops. It might produce four times as much as it does." -- P. M. (2) "Munitions and Ford cars were not distributed as wages." The effect of exports on unemployment is shown by Shapurji Saklatvala in the "Labour Monthly." "Dividends in India run to 500 per cent. cotton, 400 per cent. jute, 120 per cent. coal. From March, 1919-1921, 1,270 cotton companies have been registered in India with a capital of £3,000,000,000." -- C. W. W. "Every boom year for exports during the 19th century was simply the beginning of another slump. We are not half-way to deflation yet, but wages have fallen to pre-war level." (3) The currency delusion of Russia was that in a devastated country taxation could be collected equivalent to enormous Government expenses. To compare such an issue under such circumstances with "The New Age" Scheme is ridiculous. "At the end of the 19th century English exports per head were negligible, but a labourer's wages would buy one-third more bread than they will now." -- Geoffrey Biddulph.
The Note-Books of T. E. Hulme.

(Edited by Herbert Read.)

NOTES.—The work of T. E. Hulme is already familiar to the readers of The New Age. They will remember the "War Notes" he contributed to this journal during the early part of the war; they will perhaps remember his Introduction to Sorel's "Reflections on Violence"; and they will remember several occasional references to the man and his work. But those who knew Hulme in a more personal sense will tell you that he represented much more than was ever revealed in public print. He was a man of intense masculine force, of great intellectual energy, with a virtue of mind he would inevitably have assumed the leadership of the progressive elements in modern English culture. But few even of his personal friends could be aware of all the ramifications of his interests and aspirations, which encompassed every category of thought, and ran back to every source and reservoir of knowledge. Hulme must have been gifted with the power of immediate penetration into the gist of things. He planned his intellectual life with all the strategy and foresight of a military genius (for that matter, he was a military genius, as the notebooks prove). Lectures, pamphlets, books, theories of aesthetic and systems of philosophy were designed in advance with the aim of a sudden and overwhelming concentration of forces. The climax would have been a definite and impelling event. But the war intervened. Hulme entered upon it with complete satisfaction. He was absorbed. He was killed. A stray shell destroyed this brain that might have been the germ of an English Renascence. Hulme was a leader lost. The Renaissence he imagined was dissipated, never, perhaps, to be recalled. His manuscripts, the "brave relics of a complete man," have been entrusted to me for selection and arrangement, and for some time to come specimen pages will appear here. I shall reproduce in the first place certain notes that define Hulme's general philosophical position. It is a comparatively early statement, but it indicates as well as anything the searching, sceptical nature of the author's mind. There follows a period of Bergsonian influence, but this is only transitory, and when the war broke out, Hulme was already engaged in more original discoveries. In the second place I shall reproduce some fairly finished essays on Romanticism and Classicism, and similar subjects, all contending for a resurgence of the classical spirit. Allied to these are some notes on a general theory of aesthetics. Finally will come a selection from the mass of disjointed pensees which constitute the bulk of the manuscripts. It will be impossible to reproduce more than a selection in The New Age, but it is hoped to arrange eventually for the publication of the Notebooks in a complete edition.

A SKETCH.

(1906-07.)

I. In spite of extensions to absolute truth, the results of philosophy are always tested by the effects, and by the judgments of other philosophers. There is always an appeal to a circle of people. The same is true of values in art, in morals. A man cannot stand alone on absolute ground, but always appeals to his fellows.

II. Therefore it is suggested that there is no such thing as an absolute truth, to be discovered. All general statements about truth, etc., are in the end only amplifications of man's appetites. The ultimate reality is a circle of persons, i.e., animals who communicate.

There is a kind of gossamer web, woven between the real things, and by this means the animals communicate. This world is a plurality.

V. This plurality consists in the nature of an ash-heap. In this ashpit of cinders, certain ordered routes have been made, thus constituting whatever unity there may be—a faceless chess-board laid on a cinder heap. Not a real chess-board impressed on the cinders, but the gossamer world of symbolic communication already spoken of.

CINDERS.

There is a difficulty in finding a comprehensive scheme of the cosmos, because there is none. The cosmos is only organised in parts; the rest is cinders.

Death is a breaking up into cinders. Hence the partial truth of the old Greek conception of Hades (a place of less organisation and no happiness).

Many necessary conditions must be fulfilled before the counters and the chess-board can be posed elegantly on the cinders. Illness and death easily disturb and give falls from this condition. Perhaps this is an illustration of Nietzsche's image of the tight-rope walker. When all is arranged the counters are moved about. This is happiness: moving to enthusiastic conclusions, the musical note perhaps Art. But it must be largely artificial. (Art prolongs it, and creates it by blur.)

The floating heroic world (built up of moments) and the cinder reality—can they be made to correspond to some fundamental constitution of the world? (An antithesis much more deep than the one which analyses all to excess, becomes a disease, and we get the curious phenomena of men explaining themselves by means of the gossamer web that connects them. Language becomes a discourse in the hands of the counter-word mongers. It must constantly be remembered that it is an invention for the convenience of men; and in the midst of Hegelians who triumphantly explain the world as a mixture of "good" and "beauty," this should be remembered. What would an intelligent animal (without the language disease), or a carter in the Loek road, think of it all?

Symbols are picked out and believed to be realities. People imagine that all the complicated structure of the world can be woven out of "good" and "beauty." These words are merely counters representing vague groups of things, to be moved about on a board for the convenience of the players.

III. Objection might be taken that this makes man the measure of the world, and that after all he is only an animal, who came late, and the world must be supposed to have existed before he evolved at all. The reply to this is as follows:

(i) Analogy of courage and capacity. Courage in the Wild West requires different capacities than it does in the city. But the phenomena are the same. A non-muscular man is inevitably physically a coward.

(ii) The mental qualities of men and animals are common, though they are realised by different means—of the cat at night walking by Marylebone Station.

(iii) These qualities—e.g., the command to return to egoism, the roundness of the world, the absence of all infinitude, the denial of all Utopias—are extended to the ultimate nature of the world.

(iv) These qualities extend to the ameba and the inorganic world.

(v) It is these qualities with which the world is measured in I.

(vi) Hence in a sense "Man is the measure of all things" and man (egoism) has always existed and always will exist.

IV. Just as no common purpose can be aimed at for the conflicting purposes of real people, so there is no common purpose in the world.

The world is a plurality.

A unity arrived at by stripping off essentials is not a unity. Compound is not an inner reality.

V. This plurality consists in the nature of an ash-heap. In this ashpit of cinders, certain ordered routes have been made, thus constituting whatever unity there may be—a faceless chess-board laid on a cinder heap. Not a real chess-board impressed on the cinders, but the gossamer world of symbolic communication already spoken of.
realities into forms of egoism. This latter only a particular case of the general law.)

The attempt is to be described not as perfect, but if existent as essentially imperfect, chaotic, and cinder-like. (Even this view is not ultimate, but merely designed to satisfy temporary human analogies and wants.)

World is indescribable, that is, not reducible to counters; and particularly it is impossible to include it all under one large counter such as "God" or "Truth" and the other verbalisms, or the disease of the symbolic language.

Cinders can never be counters except for certain practical purposes (good enough)—cf. Rail lines and chess-board. The treatment of the soul as the central part of the nominalist position. Their habit of regarding it as a kind of round counter all red, which survives whole in all its redness and roundness (the redness as the character), a counter-like distinct separate entity, just as word itself is.

Why is it that London looks pretty by night? Because for the general cindery chaos there is substituted a simple ordered arrangement of a finite number of lights.

The two complementary phenomena: that each wash is a line, and that each line is a wash.

That the world is finite (atomism; there are no infinitudes except in art) and that it is yet an infinitude of cinders (there is no finite law encompassing all).

(To be continued.)

Readers and Writers.

To read in the trains on my way to Paris the other day I took with me "Tortoises," by D. H. Lawrence (New York, Seltzer; London, Henderson's), and "Romance to the Rescue," by Denis MacKail (Murray); and I think on the whole that I was fortunate in my choice. "Tortoises" is described by the publishers as "the life-history of the tortoise told in verse. An interesting story and beautiful poetry." I have kept tortoises myself and am moreover as swift as the wind to appreciate "beautiful poetry." I have kept tortoises myself and am moreover as swift as the wind to appreciate "beautiful poetry"; thus, after reading the description on the cover, I had to get the book.

It is a tiny epic of tortoise existence in six parts—"Baby Tortoise," Tortoise-She, "Tortoise Family Connections," "Lui et Elle," "Tortoise Gallantry" and "Tortoise Shout"—carrying its hero from the cradle to the honeymoon.

Father and mother, And three little brothers, And all rambling aimless, like little perambulating pebbles scattered in the garden, Not knowing each other from bits of earth or old tins. Except that papa and mamma are old acquaintances, of course, But family feeling there is none, not even the beginnings.

Fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless
Little tortoise.

Row on then, small pebble, Over the clods of the autumn, wind-chilled sunshine, Young gavoty.

This is hardly "beautiful poetry" but it is amusing and often cleverly descriptive of the queer little animals. It is, I suppose, inevitable that Mr. Lawrence should enunciate once again his sex philosophy, even in regard to tortoises; but as this has ceased to be novel there is no need to refer to it here.

The cross,
The wheel on which our silence first is broken, Sex. . . . .

As a literary curiosity "Tortoises" should be read; quite possibly there is in it a seed of a new form of literature, though in this form I doubt if there is any possibility of growth.

All that I know of Mr. Denis MacKail is that he is the son of Dr. J. W. MacKail, of the Greek Anthology, that we once sat in the same form-room for a few months, and that last year he published what seemed to me a particularly feeble first novel entitled "What Next?" "Romance to the Rescue" is a great improvement on its forerunner; it has plot, in the Arnold Bennett style; it is just plausible enough to be impossible; and it is not sentimental. It has no profounder virtues than readableness and belongs therefore to that convenient class of travelling books which, once read, need not be packed for the return journey. You may read a page at a glance and save the "Times" to light the fire at the journey's end.

On my way back from Paris I read "Ubu Roi." This is a curious little play that is shortly to be produced—for the second time, I believe—in Paris, where eighteen thousand copies of the text have been sold. According to the Introduction the play was written some thirty years ago by the late Alfred Jarry at the age of fifteen. The scene is laid in Poland, and in a series of grotesque scenes we are shown the sparring on of Pere Ubu by Mere Ubu to conspire against the King and seize the throne. "The conspiracy is successful, but the King's son escapes. Pere Ubu behaves with quite constitutional greed, securing to himself all the titles, treasures and revenues of the various distinguished victims of the revolution; and when the nobility of Poland come to him to complain he commands that they shall all be executed, in order that he may profit by their death. Then he leads out his army against the Russians. A revolution speedily breaks out again at the capital and Mere Ubu, who has been left in charge, is fortunate enough to escape. In a desolate cave she comes upon her husband who is also a refugee, his army having been defeated by the Moscovites. But they elude their pursuers, and the last scene shows them and a few devoted followers in a ship approaching the shores of France, of which country they are seemingly natives. As a play for marionettes "Pere Ubu" is a little masterpiece, though it is unfortunately more suitable for the French Guignol than for our own, a recurrent joke of the play being the employment of droll and improper explications by Pere Ubu and the other characters. The new edition of the play is prefaced by an introduction which claims for it "the satiric simplicity of Aristophanes, the good sense and truculence of Rabbehis, and the lyric fantasy of Shakespeare!" Let us rather say that it has the satiric simplicity of Punch and likewise their good sense and truculence, and the lyric fantasy of Falstaff, which last is certainly its only possible link with Shakespeare, unless we imagine Bottom the Weaver and his company substituting it for "Pyramus and Thisbe." Even Mr. Ezra Pound has made his protest (in the January "Dial"—"Paris Letter") against the astounding claims of "Ubu Roi"'s new sponsors.

A book has just appeared which claims to give the true account of the inception and authorship of "Ubu Roi." It was not written, the writer claims, by Jarry but by two of his comrades at school, who were moved to write it as a satire upon one of the more unpopular of their teachers. They felt that had the suitable conditions presented themselves he would have behaved exactly as Pere Ubu in the play. He would have swaggered, sworn, bullied and trembled, just as the caricature tyrant does. It is this clue which helps me to understand the impression the play made upon me when I read it. I was amused by the absurdity of a few plot, and while I saw how excellent the little play might be for a children's theatre—provided the audience's ears were properly bandaged—I could not for the life of me discover what it was that nevertheless made it of literary value. I knew there was something;
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The Old Vic production of "The Merchant of Venice" has, by some curious transition, set me thinking of its appeal for funds. It is fairly well known, I suppose, that the London County Council has demanded certain structural alterations which will cost about £1,000, of which up to the present about £1,000 has been subscribed. There was a time when rich men made public endowments as betrothal or marriage gifts; and a gift to The Royal Victoria Hall to celebrate the betrothal of Princess Victoria Alexandra to Alice Mary would have a singular appositeness and confer a public benefit. But even if the whole sum were thus raised, and judiciously spent on bricks and mortar at the command of the L.C.C., I should not be satisfied; for, why should everybody, local authorities, architects and contractors, builders and bricklayers, benefit at the expense of Shakespeare himself? What The Old Vic really needs, in addition to the £30,000 for reconstruction, is an endowment fund of at least equal amount. Why? Because production itself is an expensive business. The total time occupied at the Old Vic in rehearsal and in performance is not equal to that devoted to rehearsal alone of a West End production; and I know enough of the art of acting to be sure that, if the Old Vic could afford to keep a play in rehearsal for only twice as long as is the case, the possibility of that perfect production of Shakespeare that continues to lure me to the theatre would be much nearer realisation. I know that I shall never see that perfect production in which every character is perfectly cast, every line is perfectly uttered, every fight, dress, music, all add their contribution to the complete effect; but it is part of the magic of Shakespeare that he makes me think that perhaps I shall, that this time may be the time of all times when I can say, with Othello:

"If it were now to die, 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate."

Once a man has felt that call of Shakespeare, he becomes like Schubert's "Wanderer": he will go back and see again and again the scenes that someone described as being "full of quotations," plays that he has read and again and again seen interpreted and misinterpreted. But although I know that I shall never see that perfect production, the Old Vic performances have the same lure, the same fascination. And when one could only see it in their best, we should get as nearly as is humanly possible to that perfect production. Here is "The Merchant of Venice," for example, thrown on after a few rehearsals without the supervision of the usual producer, and yet one can see what merely another week's rehearsal might have done with it. The characters were quite clearly defined, the full text was clearly and fluently delivered, in its proper order, too, and the severest criticism that one can make of it is that it was a competent rather than an inspiring performance. There was a mezzo-forte monotony of spirit when I saw it, an occasional awkwardness through indetermination in the acting that was indicated more certainly than they were expressed—details that a few more rehearsals would have put right. That scene between Tubal and Shylock, for example, wherein Tubal recounts the stories of Jessica's extravagance and Antonio's loss, is a difficult scene to play; the alternations of emotion are so rapid that, unless the actor has clearly determined in his own mind how he intends to express them, he is certain to bungle it. By the time that Mr. Ernest Milton has finished playing the part (the last performance will take place on January 30), he will be quite certain of what he intends to do in this scene, and do it with a greater economy of means and, consequently, clearness of effect than when I saw him. To do what he did in the time which barely sufficed to learn the part is a considerable achievement; it only reflects, I think, that he had had time enough to make up his mind how to do what he plainly wanted to do.

For his idea of Shylock is quite clearly defined; I do not agree with it, but that is another matter. Shylock is a sufficiently complex character to be susceptible of more than one interpretation—and thus it was a dreamer in every Jew, and Shylock, despoiled of home, wealth, his very religion, grieving into the blankness of a future that means nothing to him, has his own significance. After Moscovitch and Bonameester, my first impression was that Mr. Milton's Shylock was under-powered; but the significance of that becomes apparent as one thinks of it. This Shylock was not a usurer, that would be too personal, but Usury itself, practically nothing more than a machine for calculating and pursuing advantage. It was for Antonio as the enemy to Usury that he had the "lodge'd hate, and a certain loathing" that he declared; and his absence of passion, may, his simple ease and assurance in the trial scene, was analogous to the impersonality of a surgeon. He thought of nothing but the pound of flesh, his consciousness had dwindled, like a surgeon's, to the point of the knife so completely that he did not provoke in the audience the appropriate emotional reactions. One could understand his Shylock, perhaps, but could not feel him: he had no feeling for himself. This Shylock has just a natural calmatry to which one could only say "Kismet."

Miss Florence Buckton's Portia was not, when I saw it, the performance that it will be. She was obviously suffering from a cold (as was more than one member of the cast), and her first scene with Nerissa, her derivitive opinion of her wowers, lacked sparkle and light and shade. But she warmed to her work, behaved as though she really did love Bassanio, and played the trial scene with an assumption of manly efficiency that promised to develop into that complete ascendancy over Shylock that the text demands. The change of mood from the appeal to Shylock's humanity to the pronouncement of sentence was well marked: "if you will not settle this matter in equity, if you will have law, have it, and may God have mercy on your soul," that growing menace became clear in this Portia. She was not merely reciting Bellario's case, she was feeling it; and when Shylock put himself beyond the pale of humanity, she treated him like the outlaw that he was. When Miss Buckton has settled to the part, got light and shade into it, it will be the most interesting Portia I have seen; a real woman who, once her affection was enlisted, was an invaluable ally, and once her task was accomplished, would return, like Mrs. Cincinnatus, to the necessary tasks of housekeeping. She tormented Bassanio about the ring, but not beyond endurance; and I have no doubt that, by the time this article
appears, Miss Buckton will be playing with full charm
labouring under difficulties with a cold, managed to
be the first sketch for “The Prodigal Son.” Nicolas
Poussin is well represented by four works and any
careful student can easily see even by these drawings
how great an influence Poussin has had on French art
and on modern art in general. There is also one
drawing by Rubens (not one of his best), and one by
Antony Van Dyck. The seventeenth century shows up
very poorly. There are drawings by Tiepolo, Antonio
Canal, Antoine Watteau, T. Girtin and so on, but
could not drawings by English artists of this century
have been found which would bring more credit to
their time? The space taken up by four of the five
Tiepolos might well have been given to them. From
the seventeenth century there are very good works by
Turner, Daumier, Constable, Daubigny, Ingres, von
Menzel and so on.
In spite of all the defects mentioned, this show is the
most interesting one to be seen at the moment and no
one should miss it, if only for the reason that most of
the drawings cannot be often seen as they belong to
private collections. Its value, of course, is only found
in the old masters. Some works by contemporary
artists hang here make one feel ashamed of the twen-

Art Notes.
The Leicester Art Galleries—Exhibition of Paint-
ings, Pastels and Etchings by Edgar Degas. London is
the capital of the world in certain respects, and is
more than provincial in her understanding of art.
This is specially so with modern painting. The public
galleries contain hardly any contemporary works worth
looking at, and the art dealers think themselves obliged
to wait until an artist becomes famous enough to have
a certain sale. The public is only with great difficulty
forced to take any interest in a painter, but finally they
come to the conclusion that he is a great artist and
admire everything that he has signed. The art critics
often follow the art dealers and the public instead of
leading them, and cover up their policy by cleverness.
From all this comes a curious attitude in London to-
wards painting.
Besides this, the London public have the bad luck
to have shown them only such works by eminent foreign
artists as have not been taken by collectors and
museums on the continent—in short, only second-rate
works. It would be very unfair to Degas to judge him
by the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries.
He never was fond of his own composition, for the
picture as an organisation of coloured forms in space,
but chiefly for his wonderful colouring and great mas-
tership in pastels. His early works when he was painting
mostly in oil do not give any idea of the later Degas.
At that time he was a severe critic, and now he
reminds us strongly of Ingres in composition and
colouring. Later on, under the influence of impression-
ism, he developed the style which made his name great.
Unfortunately at this exhibition we have not one
single work which fairly represents Degas at his best,
although the majority of the pastels are from the
period in which he turned out the best work. From
his early period there are someetchings and a copy of
a drawing by Raphael from the Vatican. It is interesting to
compare this copy with No. 50 “Femme se coiffant.” The
first one is so severe in drawing and colouring that one
could easily take it for an Ingres—Raphael has almost
disappeared—and the other is a broad impression of
the play of light, of cold and warm tones. How has
this picture, which is dedicated to Shtchukin, the
famous Russian collector of modern art, come to
London? Compare, too, this pastel with the oil paint-
ing “Femme au café” (44). The pastel is vivid in
colouring, but in the oil the colour is so subdued that
practically the whole painting is in a fine grey tone.
There are some very good drawings by Andrea del Sarto,
and one drawing by Parmigianino stands for
all the schools of Northern Italy.
I have already mentioned that the sixteenth century is
the best represented period at this exhibition. There
are some very good drawings by Raphael (65). One look at Benozzo Gozzoli’s drawing will
show what a conscientious and excellent craftsman he
was. It is rather surprising that from all the excellent
painters of the Florentine school of this century and
Fra Bartolommeo are the only ones shown here. Luca Signorelli is also the only representative of the
Sienese school of the fifteenth century. The other
drawings from this century, although good as draw-
ings, are not nearly good enough to give an idea of
art at that time.
There are no drawings which could lead the student
from Benozzo Gozzoli to Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese,
so that the sixteenth century does not seem con-
tinuous with that of the fifteenth century. Tintoretto is represented by three excellent drawings (94, 40, 82)
similar to those which are in the possession of the
British Museum. The freedom of the brushwork and
the importance of light, shade and in these drawings
remind one of the most advanced Impressionist
painters. Paolo Veronese is represented also by three
good drawings. The Florentine school of the sixteenth
century is represented only by one drawing, by Andrea
del Sarto, and one drawing by Parmigianino stands for
all the schools of Northern Italy.

The Goupil Gallery is showing a hundred drawings with the intention of covering a period of nearly five hundred
years and giving an opportunity to those who are in-
terested in art of seeing what relation modern art bears
to the old. It is difficult to succeed in such a task, especially so of the company in which Bassano’s company
of his wooing—and was sufficiently fantastic to make
Bassano’s dubious acceptance of his company intel-
ligible. He kept even his Jew-baiting human—although I
am not sure that it ought to have been. Mr. Andrew
Leigh as Launcelot Gobbo was amusing and Mr. Wil-
frid Walter made a dignified figure of the Prince of
Morocco, but he might well permit himself to express
a more tropical temperament. The Bassanio of Mr.
Rupert Harvey was spoiled by his literal delivery of
verse; he bore himself gallantly, and made his rapid
wooing seem possible, and yet knocked the poetic feel-
ing out of it by his insistence on the prose sense of his
lines. The Old Vic tradition of simplicity in the pro-
duction and playing of Shakespeare has its own dan-
ger of falling into literalness, and Mr. Harvey does not
always avoid it. But one would like to see the play
again just when it is being taken off.

The Goupil Gallery Drawings (1459-1921). The
tenth century. At least one should never have been anywhere, much less on the same wall as Tintoretto and Rembrandt. Can it be that this is done purposely in order to show up the "decadence" of modern art? R. A. STEPHENS.

Views and Reviews.

REVELATIONS FROM BEYOND—I.

If interest in the subject, and willingness to be convinced by evidence, could make me a Spiritualist, I should not by now be criticizing books on this subject, but writing them. After all, I have had my own "psychic experiences"; at various crises (chiefly febrile) of my life as an experiment, I have been aware of a Druid guide, and have had him described to me by a clairvoyant whom I had carefully kept in ignorance of his apparatus. With the exercise of a little imagination, I could easily develop these experiences into a more or less coherent system, and offer it to a credulous world as a revelation from the Beyond. But when I have talked to my Druid about the soul, survival, reincarnation, his own reality, et hoc genus omne, he has only smiled benignly, shrugged his shoulders, and told me to get on with my work. That job is, of course, of a very spiritual nature; I am a very advanced Spirit, a great White Spirit, in these moods—for the subconscious mind, or mine at least, manifests no genius for humility. I have never failed, since I became acquainted with psycho-analysis, to find the particular disturbance of the ego which expressed itself in any of my books. I have described to M. Cornillier, an uneducated girl who was working as a model, he certainly had a very interesting subject. M. Cornillier vouches for her "in-disputable sincerity," and her "disinterestedness"—declares that her "sleep, beyond any doubt, is hypnotic sleep with all its characteristic and unmistakable symptoms. Her unconsciousness is absolute; once awake, she has no recollection whatever of what she has said or done during her hypnosis." She, like the rest of us, has some trumpery personal dissatisfaction, some desire for recognition, that has prompted these experiences. But they have always been richer in content than anything I have read on the subject, and I am entitled to my critical attitude towards other revelations. M. Cornillier's work is, I confess, one of the most interesting I have read. The publisher informs us that he is "a well-known artist," the text shows us that he is a well-read student of "psychical phenomena," and in his trance medium, Reine, an uneducated girl who was working as a model, he certainly had a very interesting subject. M. Cornillier vouches for her "in-disputable sincerity," and her "disinterestedness"—declares that her "sleep, beyond any doubt, is hypnotic sleep with all its characteristic and unmistakable symptoms. Her unconsciousness is absolute; once awake, she has no recollection whatever of what she has said or done during her hypnosis." She, like the rest of the world, will learn from this book what happened during the 176 sessions of which this book is a record. M. Cornillier asserts that suggestion played no part in the production of the phenomena beyond inducing the sleep, and that thought-reading must be ruled out also because she never read the ideas or memories of which he was conscious, although they were frequently those that he had asked her to discover. I know nothing of M. Cornillier; he writes like an honest man; and I do not intend to waste time arguing about his good faith, which, by the nature of the case, I could neither prove nor disprove. But this book, like so many others, is offered as evidence, and we, the public, are the judges of evidence. The difficulty always is, as Browning's Karshish said of Lazarus: "How can he give his neighbour the real ground—his own conviction? I have often been asked what I would consider convincing evidence, and I find it impossible to answer the question. If I began with the usual assumption that man is a soul or spirit inhabiting a material body, and capable of functioning without that body, it might be easier to determine what evidence would satisfy me; but as it is precisely that assumption that needs to be proved, precisely those words "soul" and "body" that need to be defined, I admit that I know of no evidence that could convince me. Certainly not the evidence of my senses, which, with my hypothesis, can only inform me of material conditions; and in reasoning, I begin at another point. Huxley has stated my postulate towards the end of his lecture, "On the Physical Basis of Life": I have quoted it before, and shall continue to quote it until some spiritual revelation answers it: "For, after all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter,' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that 'spirit,' over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it also becomes an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena. The very facts with which we deal are states of consciousness that may be; and from this point of view Mr. Bertrand Russell's first conclusion to his "Analysis of Mind" invalidates the prime assumption of Spiritualism: "Physics and psychology are not distinguished by their material. Mind and matter alike are logical constructions: the particulars out of which the latter are inferred, or from which they are inferred, have various relations, some of which are studied by physics, others by psychology. Broadly speaking, physics group particulars by their active pieces, psychology by their passive places." The very theory of Spiritualism is traversed by these assumptions, which, I need hardly say, are not primarily empirical postulates like "soul" and "body," but are conclusions reached by analysis, definition, and rational demonstration. But states of consciousness, logical constructions, are expressions of an organism, and are conditioned by the chemical and physical states of that organism; and it is impossible to conceive of an unconditioned state of consciousness, which is what the "soul" theory implies. There is much about the aura in M. Cornillier's book; but when Dr. Walter J. Kilner discovered how to make the aura visible without clairvoyance, he found that "the conscious forces that give rise to the human aura are probably generated in the body itself"—and the aura disappears at death. This one fact alone invalidates all that is said in M. Cornillier's book of the attachment of etheric doubles and souls of "lost and disconsolate beings." "V. E. Goddard" was offering explanations without proving the "facts" that he was trying to explain. Those Egyptian "spirits" attached to their mummies in the Louvre, who came back with "Reine" and taught her to sing some of their chants, must be re-interpreted: the "spirit" hypothesis cannot explain them. Let there be no doubt in the matter: Spiritualism is a theory, an interpretation of phenomena, which is offered to us as a fact. If it were a fact, it would be of the same order as life and death; it is impossible for us to doubt the facts of life and death, although so much of our thinking is devoted to the explanation of them. But survival, if it were a fact, would be as common and universal as life and death are, and no "materialism," however crude, has blinded itself; or could blind itself, to a universal fact. Even if we accept the unintelligible possibility of unconditioned states of consciousness, the necessity for proving it to be a fact shows that it is not a fact of universal knowledge, as life and death are; and the theory of Spiritualism is thereby invalidated. Indeed, the whole activity of the Great Spirits who, since the famous and fraudulent Rochester rappings, have been combating "materialism" by other processes of fraud, has been devoted to removing Spiritualism from the realm of theory to that of fact—and with very little success. Spiritualism remains obstinately theoretical, a possible explanation of doubtfully produced pheno-

* "The Survival of the Soul, and Its Evolution After Death." Notes of Experiments by Pierre-Emile Cornillier. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
mena which nowhere agrees with the facts observed by the more trained and precise observers under conditions that are controlled. The theory itself, postulating an ego, simple and indivisible, throws no light on what we know of psychology and when as in M. Cornillier's case, it contradicts the known facts of germination and sexual generation, it is time to ask ourselves whether Huxley was not right when he said that "the alternative, or spiritualistic, terminology is utterly barren, and leads to nothing but obscurity and confusion of ideas." — A. E. R.

Reviews.

Cosmic Anatomy, or The Structure of the Ego. By M. B. Oxon. (John Watkins. 6s. 6d. net.)

Books—apart from bad books—are of three classes. There are works of talent—such as any good novel or essay—which is the expression of natural and individual gifts, presenting things from a particular angle, with an individual colouring. Genius is quite another matter; it speaks out of Cosmos; what it images forth is seen in the light of eternity, in the fulness of all dimensions. A talent is, after all, something less than a man, for genius is something more than a man—which is why it often plays havoc with those it possesses. But the third kind of work is specially human:—we mean that kind which does not exclude the Infinite, like talent, nor proceed from it, like genius, but which reaches out boundlessly towards it. "M. B. Oxon's" "Cosmic Anatomy" is such a work. This is not to say that the book is devoid of either talent or genius, however. It is an essentially human attempt to grasp the scheme of things. Its great distinction is that, as such, it is genuine, and not, as "M. B. Oxon" would say, an "attempt to fudge our beliefs to make them fit the few facts we know." Hence a large class of readers, terrified by the bogey, "the Will to Believe," will reject it almost at sight. The prevailing mentality among readers is, no doubt, such that if they meet with the "substance" side, more than suggested in this work, is the initiation of a definite science of Astro-Psychology, probably most easily begun with dreams. "M. B. Oxon's" own study of his dreams in relation to the movements of the heavenly bodies has yielded some very promising examples and indicated the importance of this field of investigation, not only for its own sake, but also to bring Psycho-analysis into a higher and more bracing atmosphere of thought. New Age readers already know something of "M. B. Oxon's" writing on psycho-analysis and of his quarrels with it. He writes here, referring to his cases of correspondence between dreams and astronomical movements:

"Doubtless anyone with a true Freudian obsession will contrive to explain all these examples on such lines with satisfaction to himself, but not to others. But those who still retain a freedom of outlook they must, I think, suggest that all is not so obvious and so clearly and finally decided as from the writings of Freud and Jung it would appear to be. The sooner that this is realised the better, for dreams are the only recollections that most men have of the worlds other than the physical one. As with death so with sleep, to the sun goes he who sleeps thinking upon the sun. . . . Possibly some men know only the lands of devils, but the great majority visit the gods at times, and if they have spent the night sitting, like Amenhotep, on the Moon's lap, they were only wise if it is a pity they should be taught to confine her with the under-housemaid when they wake.

Truly, if Psycho-analysis can, through Astro-psychology, ascend to heaven we shall be much more than delighted. But it means work."

A limited review cannot attempt to do justice to a book like this, where thought expands in all directions towards omni-science. It contains new things in comparative mythology and is perhaps the completest intelligent outline we have seen of a Pantheon of all the deities of all times, arranged in their proper order of essential meaning. Its explanation of the Norns and the Fates as representative of the Past, Present and Future is new to us and brilliant. This is a book that will have far more influence than it will achieve of fame. Those who read it will know it is profound.

An Introduction to the Psychological Problems of Industry. By Frank Watts. (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Lecturer in Psychology in the University of Manchester, and in the Department of Industrial Administration, Manchester College of Technology, performs his duty of introduction very ably and agreeably. We feel that we have known these problems of industry all our lives; the only one that we miss is the psychological problem of the Capitalist. For it seems to us that the most pressing problem of industry is to be sought in the state of mind of those who control it; and all the devices of psychological analysis, motion study, scientific management, etc., would be more fruitfully applied to the morbid psychology of the Capitalist than to that of the workmen. Of what avail is it to show us how to increase production, diminish fatigue, and the rest of it, when the Capitalist does not wish to increase production? As we write, an arrangement to decrease the world's production of rubber is being mooted; we are introducing a system of Protection not in the interests of production, but of high prices; the world's production of food declines, and
not only has its own acreage under wheat declined since the Armistice, but the average yield per acre was 4.27 bushels less in 1919 than in 1914. With the one exception of peas, the nine items of cereals, roots, and hay given in Whitaker show a decline in average yield per acre in 1919 as compared with 1914. Sir Henry Maine argued that the chief delinquency of Turkish rule was not its actual depredations, but the depressing effect upon motives for production that Capitalism is having. Sir Henry Maine argued that the chief delinquency of Turkish rule was not its actual depredations, but the depressing effect upon motives for production that Capitalism is having. The Capitalist is the chief problem of the age. The Capitalist is comparable only with Helmholtz's "Me is on the side of the angels; discusses fatigue and freedom; and Herr Rathenau's Work-State, in however heroic mood conceived, is an unimaginable basis for a new culture.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE CHURCH UNDERMINED."

Sir,—In The New Age of March 23, 1910, my book, "East London Visions," was criticized with the suggestion that what little good there was in it was the fruit of the works of Francis Grierson, an author of whom I had never heard. In The New Age of January 5, 1923, my book, "The Church Undermined," is violently condemned at the same time that "its whole argument" is said to be contained in a phrase of Peter Keegan, an author of whom I have never before heard. I do not complain if a critic condemns my conclusions. He has a perfect right to his own creed. I do complain if that reviewer calls my work stupid and unliterary—and this naturally without support—"as a single quotation. If I am not a Guild Socialist I am at least willing to allow that intelligence has been used by Guild Socialists in the formation of their system of thought. The quotations from Peter Keegan, however, show that the critic has not taken the trouble to see what my system of thought is. He has shown an uncritical desire to say "Raca" to anyone not in his own creed or familiar with his own favorite authors.

It is easier to malign a man than to answer him. Literary judgments should not be based on economic prepositions. I believe in Russia recently Shakespeare and Goethe were condemned as "bourgeois," but surely no farseeing propagandist adopts the methods of the In-
quition. The denial of the possession of intelligence to an author who differs from us, and the inconsistent claim that some authors are already approaching the mark of desperation. It seems to signify that the author has hit the mark.

May I add that the statement that there are no "star" parts for players in my play is needless because obvious. It is an unplayable play, and I suppose it will be allowed that the imagination of all of us can outstrip technique.

[Our reviewer writes]: I share Mr. Willmore's ignorance of Peter Keegan as an author: I know him only as a character in a play by an author who has attracted some public attention since the beginning of this century—I mean George Bernard Shaw's, in question being "John Bull's Other Island." I deny that I said "Raca" to Mr. Willmore: I never say "Raca." But we agree again that Mr. Willmore's play is unplayable; although I do not share his opinion that "the imagination of all of us can outstrip technique." Just as there are some things that are beneath contempt, so there are some plays that are below the art of acting. But I fail to understand Mr. Willmore's point of view. Presumably he sends out review copies to obtain a public opinion; I, as a reviewer, express the opinion of a member of the public. It does not agree with his opinion, in this case; but it should? I tell him of the effect his work produced on me; his protest really means that it ought not to produce that effect on me; I am sorry, but I reported truly, and so far as I am concerned there is no more to be said.

The statement that I did not support my assertion with a single quotation betrays an overwhelming sense of self-importance: I do not share Mr. Willmore's opinion that the importance of his work, and did not, and do not, feel the necessity to waste space in trying to prove a negative opinion.]

**SYDNEY.**

Sir,—In your last issue appeared an article by Mr. Grant Madison Hervey which must irritate every Australian by its wilful disregard for fact. Mr. Hervey paints a gruesome picture of Sydney, shackled and leg-ironed, alternately shamefaced and insipid; and then, in a flash of inspiration, pounces on the single and irreducible cause. Sydney is "a slab of the old Georgian England transported overseas." Her people are cruel, her art ignoble, her politics immoral! In Australia, such an article would be held of little account; even to an Australian abroad it is difficult to realise that such a preposterous picture needs refutation. Mr. Hervey draws condemnatory conclusions from art. Does he believe preposterous picture needs refutation. Mr. Hervey draws

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