

THE NEW AGE

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	281	JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM—VIII	293
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	284	VIEWS AND REVIEWS: The 'Legal Indulgence of Crime. By A. E. R.	295
GUILDS AND THEIR CRITICS—V (continued): An Interlude with Mr. Cole. By S. G. H.	285	REVIEWS: The Lancashire Hollands. "Sunbeam," R.Y.S. Love by Halves	296
THE LAWYER AND THE NEW WORLD. By W. Durran	287	PASTICHE. By J. A. M. A., Desmond Fitzgerald, M. M. Johnson	297
DOSTOYEVSKY AND CERTAIN OF HIS PROBLEMS—IV. By Janko Lavrin	288	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from T. Constantinides, Eric Leadbitter, W. D., R. B. Kerr, Ernest Wilton Schiff	298
OUT OF SCHOOL. By Kenneth Richmond	290	MEMORANDA (from last week's NEW AGE)	299
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C.	291	PRESS CUTTINGS	300
MUSIC: D'Alvarez, the Indiscriminate. By William Atheling	292		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHETHER or not the strikes which are now taking place in Germany are the beginning of revolution nobody knows. They put an end, however, to the theory of the "Times" that there is no difference between the German people and the present German government. Even if there were no difference between them on the subject of militarism, there would still be the perennial and radical distinction between them of Capital and Labour; but since to this has been added the distinction of the sword, we may fairly say that the people and rulers of Germany are potentially if not actually more deeply divided than the people and rulers of any other country. To emphasise this difference was from the first our wisest policy. Everything, it is clear, depended on our being able to do one of two things: either to inflict a complete military defeat on the Prussian army from which it would not be able to recover for a century or so; or to bring about a revolution in the German system of government. And the more it became apparent that the former means was likely to be too difficult or too costly to employ, the more obvious it ought to have been that our only hope lay in the second. Nevertheless our politicians continued, even after having realised the difficulty of the first approach, in neglecting the second. Misled by the "Times," whose diplomacy during the war has been that of a schoolboy, and ignoring altogether the advice of President Wilson, they persisted in regarding the German people and the Prussian Government as inseparable; and in consequence have made no attempt to separate them. But the strikes, as we say, have put an end to the theory upon which this inaction rests. They prove, at any rate, that the German people and their rulers are not so closely cemented that a wedge cannot be driven between them; and when it is realised that the wedge is as much political as industrial, and as much anti-militarist as anti-capitalist, the promise of the future will be seen to be encouraging. We now know that, come what may, there is a difference between people and rulers.

The difficulty, however, lies in this: that just as Germany is showing some signs of fissure, and therewith of the beginning of the end for which we have looked—

the same phenomenon is threatening at home. Nobody who has any knowledge of what is occurring here can be in any doubt that the industrial and political situation in our own country may become almost as serious as the situation in Germany. We are therefore in this quandary, that at the very moment when we ought to be united in order to drive home the wedge between militarism and democracy in Germany, our own people are threatening to divide their strength and thus to lose the advantage offered us by the people of Germany. To say that this state of affairs has been brought about by our pacifists is to attribute to them more influence than they have exercised. Intellectually, morally and politically our more obvious pacifists have been manifestly too weak to affect more than a minor section of public opinion. Moreover, even at this moment their arguments for concluding the war before Prussian militarism has been destroyed, either from within or without, are so fragile that they do not risk them in discussion outside of pacifist journals, and even there they shirk the encounter with facts to which we, amongst others, have often challenged them. Under these circumstances we must therefore look somewhere else than to our public pacifists for an explanation of the signs of division in this country. If not amongst them, we must look in the industrial and political situation generally for the sources of the prevalent unrest and consequently for the material upon which Prussianism can count for the preservation and renewal of its power in the world.

Among the industrial causes of our present weakness there are some for which the Government can provide a remedy directly, and some for which the Government can only be held indirectly responsible. To the former in particular belongs what we may call the depressing atmosphere in which industry is now being carried on. And this is due, we believe, to the singularly persistent policy pursued by the Government from the outbreak of the war, of discussing the future of Labour in terms of the status quo. Everything else, it appears, is to be changed by the war save the relations of Capital and Labour. We are to have a new heart, a new religion, a new Church, and many other new things. Small nations are to be given liberty; the liberty of other nations is to be increased; there is to be no more war.

Yet, in the course of these revolutions, one thing and one thing only is to remain unchanged—the commodity-character of the labourer. That this is no mere jibe on our part is clear from the facts of the case. In all the schemes of demobilisation and reconstruction that have been put forward, we invite anybody to point out to us a single new emancipatory principle. On the contrary, every one of them is more or less explicitly designed to one end only—to restore as nearly and as quickly as possible the industrial conditions prevailing before the war. It is useless to point out to us that several of the schemes have as their avowed object the establishment of permanent peace between Capital and Labour. It is not peace the working-classes are in search of, but justice. Moreover, a peace such as men like Dr. Addison have in mind is the peace of the Servile State from which it was hoped that the war would save us. Such a peace would be only less shameful than a compromise with Prussianism. The prospect of such a restoration of conditions is, we say, sufficient in itself to account for the lassitude of Labour idealists during this most difficult period of the war. What, they say! After all the exertions and sacrifices of the last three years we are to make still more, and still without the smallest hope that Labour's circumstances will be radically changed even by victory! The world as we knew it before the war was only just worth fighting for; and the restoration of the Labour conditions prevailing in this country before the war is scarcely worth the bones of a single workman. Our hope in the war was to win the right to make progress, to emancipate Labour; and if the war is not to win us that, it will in this aspect have been fought in vain. Something of this state of mind is, we are sure, typical of many sections of Labour at this moment; and it is obviously dangerous to the successful conduct of the war to its appointed end. To cure it there needs to be imported into our public policy a new note of idealism addressed, this time, to Labour and to Labour exclusively. What is wanted to quicken the languishing atmosphere of Labour is the vision of a new world: a world not made in the image of Mr. Sidney Webb and his Fabian pigeon-holes, still less a world made in the likeness of a city-office. The prospect, on the other hand, of a world of organised, responsible and national industries self-governed by their members would be a fitting and seductive sequel to the most agonising war that has ever been fought.

This want of promise, however, is not the only cause of depression now affecting Labour. Certainly it is depressing enough that there should appear no sun shining even on the other side of the dark wood through which we are passing; but in addition to this fact there is the further lamentable circumstance that at this moment the organised Labour movement is divided against itself. There are inter-Trade Union troubles as well as troubles between the Trade Unions and the nation at large, and it is over these we have said that the Government can exercise only an indirect influence. Take the case of the Shop-Stewards movement, for instance. The immediate origin of any given Shop Committee is, no doubt, to be found in the particular conduct of some employer or foreman, aggravated by circumstances peculiar to the district in which a dispute occurs. But its more remote antecedents are, first, the prevalence among the rank and file of ideals of industry for which no organisation now provides expression, and, second, the gulf existing between the official and central Trade Unions and their workshop-units. Both these circumstances, however, are within the power of organised Labour itself to change, and both are manifestly outside the power of the State or of public opinion. What we have, therefore, to face is this fact: that, in consequence of the dilatory advances made by Trade Unions in organisation, not only is the Trade Union movement at cross-

purposes with itself; but the nation at war is to suffer by it. Consider, again, the same situation as it is presented by the relations now existing between the A.S.E. and the Government. For the strain that is apparent the Government is as little to blame as a man who is simultaneously under threat of blackmail by two opposing parties. Between the A.S.E. and the Federated Trades there is a feud, the nature of which is purely Trade Union, yet whose consequences threaten to become both national and international. To deplore it, as we do, is of no use; and of as little use would it be now to turn upon our governing classes with the remark that the situation is a nemesis upon them. For who, but they, have been merrily encouraging the multiplication of Trade Unions during the last thirty years in the hope that the divisions of Labour might be to the advantage of Capital? The situation is much too serious even for just reproaches alone. What, on the contrary, is necessary is an open abandonment of our public attitude of indifference to Trade Union affairs; and a specific adoption of the policy of unifying, recognising and making publicly responsible the leading unions. Everything depends upon our success in integrating the Trade Unions and in charging them with public duties. As private irresponsible organisations with an increasing economic power they are a menace to the nation. Their internecine disputes may cause us, as they are threatening to cause us, the abandonment of our war against Prussian militarism. And our only remedy is to require them to accept a responsibility equivalent to their proven power.

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At this point we must make a remark on the regressive character of the policy of the Labour party. For some ten years or so events have been conspiring with us to demonstrate to the Labour party the futility of pursuing political power without first ensuring to themselves economic power. Political power, we have often said, is mere powerlessness without economic power; or, in more precise terms, the political power of Labour is dependent upon the economic or industrial power of organised Labour. What, however, do we see as a result of all our trouble? The Nottingham Conference dispersed, not only without having more than cursorily mentioned the glaring industrial facts of the present situation, but without apparently having realised its slender hold upon power, subject, as this must be, to the consent of the workshops. In this respect the Conference can be said to have been even more blind than the Government, for whereas the Government is, at any rate, alive to the mischief the workshops may do, the Conference was at pains to ignore their existence as a genuine problem. But this ostrich-policy will never do. The workshops of to-day—or, let us say, the industrialism of the rank and file—are the Soviets of to-morrow; and they will prove to be as powerful against the mere political organisation of Labour as against the political organisation of the State. Our Labour party has only to look to Russia to see what may occur to a Constituent Assembly, composed largely of self-styled revolutionary Socialists (that is, of Socialists without economic power), all of whom were returned by large electoral majorities. Of what avail was their political power when it was challenged by the Soviets whose strength lay in the workshops? As everybody knows, the whole elaborate structure went down like a house of cards in a single day before the Soviets. To precisely the same catastrophe it appears to us that the Labour party is now conducting its members. All intent upon compassing political power, full of schemes for winning the coming General Election and for forming a Labour Government, its leaders are really in the position of Kerensky vis à vis the Soviets. As easily as the rank and file of the Trade Unions can hold up industry and legislation at this moment, the same economic

power, unless it is organised in support of political Labour, can and will hold up the legislation of a Labour Government. The folly of the Labour party in continuing to ignore or to leave unorganised and unfriendly the industrial movement is only too apparent. They are grasping at the shadow, while all the time the substance of power is being neglected; and this regression in policy is actually the most disturbing element in the whole Labour situation. We appeal once more to the Labour party to set its industrial house in order before entering upon an ambitious political campaign. The real task before it is to organise the Trade Union movement; to reduce the number of Trade Unions to a few amalgamations; to co-ordinate with them the new Shop Committees; and only thereafter, when these economic bases are established, to undertake the political advance. Labour politics without a reliable backing of economic power is beating the air. As it is now, so will it prove to be even if the Labour party should succeed in forming a Government.

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On the peril of a premature movement for peace with Prussia we could address the rank and file if we could be sure of being heard by them. To begin with, we could say that, being only a minority, and their present strength being only industrial and largely accidental, they have no right to dictate the course of national policy. After all, as well as themselves the rest of us, not to say the whole world, are deeply concerned in the issue of the war. To this, however, they would doubtless reply that other minorities, owing their power to similar circumstances, exercise the same dictatorship as themselves. Labour is not the only element that has attempted to impede the conduct of the war by its particular demands. What of the various business groups and other private interests? Above all, what of the handful of bankers whose grip upon our finance is maintained at any cost to the nation as a whole? Abandoning this line of reproach, we may ask the Labour rank and file what they expect to gain by a forced peace with the existing militarist-capitalist régime in Germany? On the one hand, nothing is more certain than that they will thereby stifle the beginnings of a constitutional revolution in Germany itself; for plainly the success of the German people in their incipient revolt against their Prussian rulers depends upon our continuance of the war. Even supposing, however, that our Labour men are so indifferent to the fate of German democracy as to plunge it back once more into the slavery of Prussian militarism, the consequences to British Labour are not what they hope. The condition of democracy here, and still more the condition of its advance, is the democratisation of Germany. With mathematical exactitude we can say that unless Germany is democratised, her neighbouring democracies will become militarised; and included in that description will of necessity be the stricter regimentation of Labour. For the rank and file, therefore, to hope for any advantage whatever, either to their nation or to Labour, from a premature peace, a peace with the existing rulers of Germany, is to hope figs of thistles. By forcing our Government to make peace now, Labour will be exchanging whips for scorpions. We could, as we say, urge all this upon the rank and file; and we do as far as our voice will carry; but what, again, is the reply? That things cannot well be worse; that, in any event, things do not promise to be better; and, in sum, that the Government has brought the whole state of affairs upon itself. Labour is but the voice of the general discontent with the conduct of the war, both abroad and at home.

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We are not saying there is no truth in this defence. Nevertheless, we believe that it is not the whole truth.

That there is a general dissatisfaction with the Government's conduct of the war is evident. The nation, indeed, would be dead if it did not experience it. But the dissatisfaction is neither so general nor so deep as to overcome the resolution of the nation to see the war through until Germany is democratised or defeated. Sections here and sections there may be prepared to drop out of the great crusade; powerful sections, armed with financial, commercial or labour power, may even in the end, by precipitating one or another form of strike (and there are, of course, other forms than the strikes of Labour), succeed in forcing the nation to withdraw from the war before its purpose is accomplished. But if this should happen, it will be against the sense of the nation as a whole and against all our major instincts as a people. And we are not merely surmising when we say this, for the evidence is before our readers in the result of the Prestwich election. The circumstances of the election were as favourable as any that could be conceived to the success of the pacifist party. Mr. May was a co-operative candidate of long and proved experience in all matters of food-distribution; he was supported by a powerful working-class organisation; his election was fought upon the greatest scandal of the Government's home-policy, that of the supply and distribution of food—a scandal, moreover, that had come as a wolf to the door of every one of the electors. Yet on the plain issue of carrying on or not carrying on the war, Mr. May was defeated by a young lieutenant by four to one. Public opinion, it is evident, is clearly for continuing the war, whatever may be the views or the vetoes of any particular section; and with this evidence before them, the rank and file of Labour would be well advised to weigh the peril of forcing an issue which in the main is against them. The Prestwich election, by the way, incidentally illustrates another of our theses—that in political questions the citizen overrides the consumer as such. It was as consumers that the electorate was canvassed by Mr. May, who invited them to subordinate their views as citizens to their views as consumers simply. Their reply is at the same time a reply to Mr. Cole and confirmation of the case for the citizen presented in these columns by our colleague "S. G. H." It establishes the claim of the citizen over the consumer, that is, of the State over the Guild.

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So far we have considered the industrial aspects of the existing problem; and our conclusions as to these are as follows: in the first place, the Government must make up its mind to define a programme of promise for Labour after the war. Labour needs to be reassured that the working-classes shall not suffer by reason of their sacrifices during the war, but, on the other hand, that a new world shall be opened to them. In the second place, we plead for the co-operation of the Government and the Labour party in the task of organising the Trade Unions and thereafter in inviting them to become responsible and permanent organs of national industry. But we are certain that, even if these steps should be taken (and they are doubtful), something will still remain to be done. Fortunately, it is within the power of the Government alone to do it. It is to democratise the aims of our foreign policy, not in words only, but in deeds. Considered from this point of view, we may say that our governing classes have scarcely as yet begun to realise the effects of the Bolshevik movement upon British opinion. Ordinarily content to believe that the working-classes are ignorant and never trouble to look at the reports of foreign countries, our statesmen remain complacently confident that the Bolshevik movement and even the Bolshevik revelations of our secret diplomacy have either affected our working-classes industrially or not at all. The truth of the matter, however, is that the rank and file have been

even more affected by Bolshevik diplomacy than by Bolshevik economics. In a word, our Government is at this moment under greater suspicion of being Imperialist than even of being Capitalist. It is insufficient to attempt to argue that the apparently Imperialist treaties secretly made with Russia, France and Italy were drawn up on the supposition that German Imperialism would continue to menace the world after the war. The defence is good if we have in view the contingencies of the case. But the public fact is that the treaties were drawn up *simultaneously* with the Allied declaration that Prussian militarism was to be completely destroyed. If Prussian Imperialism was to be destroyed, to what end, it might be asked, were these counter-Imperialist treaties made? And if Prussian Imperialism was not to be destroyed, to what end was the war being fought? There is an answer to these questions; but we can scarcely expect a people carefully untrained in foreign policy to appreciate it; and the upshot of the whole revelation has therefore been, as we have said, to bring suspicion on the diplomacy of the Government. How is that suspicion to be dispersed?

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We reply that it can be dispersed only in one way—by re-orienting our diplomacy democratically. By this we do not mean the adoption of any impossible policy, too idealistic for nations as we know them to be. We mean, on the other hand, the adoption of a policy intelligible to everybody, likely to be approved by common sense, and calculated to unite in its pursuit the determining elements in every nation. Such a policy has been found by President Wilson for America, in which country from a congeries of conflicting groups a national opinion has been formed by the simple device of representing the war as a war for the liberation of the German people. And the same formula, we believe, would be effective in our own country; for it includes, as can be seen, not only the various negative demands of Labour for no annexations and the like, but also the positive demands of Labour for an ideal object commensurate with the sacrifices the war has entailed. After all, in its simplest issue, the war is being fought, whether we recognise it or not, for the democratisation of Germany, for the deliverance of the bodies and souls of the German and Slav peoples from the dominion of the Prussian militarist caste. The destruction of Prussian militarism is merely the negative of which the positive is the liberation of the German democracy; and if it has been found that the former object was sufficient to carry us through three years of war, the enunciation of its positive aspect and corollary would, we think, carry us through the remaining stages. That the formula would reconcile the differences of opinion now growing dangerous in this country appears to us obvious. What could Liberals have to say against the continuance of a war to liberalise Germany—against the attempt, which failed in 1848, to bring Germany abreast politically of the other Western nations? What could the fierce but blind democrats of the "Herald" oppose to a national endeavour to root out militarism from its mightiest seat, and thereby to rob Governments of their oldest and best reason for militarising their own people? And what, finally, could the German democracy itself oppose to the formula, since its object coincides with the expressed ideals of all the German democratic parties? If the Allies were to affirm that their object in the war is to put the German people in possession of their own Government, we cannot believe that the effect of the affirmation would not be instantly felt in Germany itself. Supplementing the appeal of the Bolshevik revolution, it would bring home with renewed emphasis the aggressive character of Prussian militarism; and demonstrate clearly to the German people that they have nothing to lose but their chains.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

READERS of these Notes will recollect that the importance of the Bagdad Railway scheme was pointed out in this journal so far back as the spring of 1910, at a time when it was impossible to interest even statesmen, much less the general public, in Germany's oversea designs; and equal stress has been laid from time to time on the Pan-German designs in Central Africa. It is now more than ever essential for everybody in this country to realise what precisely the expansion of Germany means—that is, the expansion of Germany as planned by the men at present in power. For this reason General Smuts' speech on the development of Africa, especially Tropical Africa, deserves special consideration. In one or two passages the difference between the British and the German forms of colonisation is well expressed. Let me quote one:

German colonial aims are really not colonial but are entirely dominated by far-reaching conceptions of world-politics. Not colonies, but military power and strategic possessions for exercising world-power in future are her real aims. Her ultimate object in Africa was the establishment of a great Central African Empire, comprising not only her colonies before the war, but also all the English, French, Belgian, and Portuguese possessions south of the Sahara and Lake Chad and north of the Zambesi River in South Africa. Towards this objective she was steadily marching even before the war broke out, and she claims the return of her lost African colonies at the end of the war as a starting-point from which to resume the interrupted march.

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Apart from this, as General Smuts added, Germany expected that this entire area would become the "recruiting ground for vast native armies," while the harbours on the Atlantic and on the Indian Ocean were to form admirable submarine bases. As he further emphasised, all this was no merely fanciful scheme. It is "based on the writings of great German publicists, professors, and high Colonial authorities." The aims of the British, the French, the Spanish, the Belgians, and the Italians in Africa have been entirely different. It was sought first and foremost to deal wisely with the native population. True, instances can be quoted to show how even British treatment of native Africans was not always just; but it was at all times a great deal more just than the treatment they received from the Germans. Great native levies, trained and armed, it was never sought to create. The Entente Powers had a sufficient task on hand when they set about developing peacefully their own respective spheres of influence. To raise armies in order to subjugate their neighbours had not occurred to them. Unfortunately, the men in power in Germany for the last twenty or thirty years have never regarded world-problems in any other way than as so many tense and delicate situations to be turned to account in order that Germany might add fresh territories and more potential armies to her Empire. This, as we have seen, was the objective sought in north-western and western Europe, in the Balkans, in western Russia, in Asia Minor. Count Hertling's reference to Great Britain's abandonment of her coaling-stations shows how long it does take the ruling minds in Germany to learn something of the feelings of their neighbours; and, as for living in harmony with the rest of the world, that is something which has not yet occurred to them.

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On this account General Smuts was thoroughly justified in making specially pointed reference to the terms of peace in so far as the African colonies were concerned. A Monroe Doctrine for Africa is wanted in order that Africa may be as far removed as America from the intrigues of European statesmen. "So long

as there is no real change of heart in Germany," said General Smuts, "and no final and irrevocable break with militarism, the law of self-preservation must be considered paramount." How could it be proposed to hand back territories which would serve only as a jumping-off ground for further militarist activities, ruthless and omnivorous? The implication is, however, that if there is a change of heart in Germany, if there is a break with militarism, then the whole problem may be reconsidered. The Entente peoples and their Governments are above all things determined to get rid of war as far as this is humanly possible; and the man is past praying for who cannot now see that the rulers of Germany have been the greatest war menace in the world for forty years—and still are. These are the people whom it is sought to deprive of their power for evil; but there is nothing to show that a pacific German nation cannot be trusted to manage colonies. Hence, surely, the necessity for action such as was recommended in the Editorial Notes in last week's NEW AGE—that is, of the Allies defining the terms they are prepared to offer to a German democracy, which "would be serving the double purpose of demonstrating the democracy of the Allies and encouraging the democracy of Germany."

* * *

The Labour Party in this country, however, supported by a good many unintelligent Liberals, have other plans in mind. Their aim is to bring Tropical Africa generally under the administration of some "supernational" authority, so that the world at large may have the responsibility of seeing that good order is established there and maintained. Such a proposal casts doubt on the practical experience of the men making it; and it has one other disadvantage to which I shall refer in a moment. A condominium has been found, in practice, to be the worst possible form of administration. No two countries can agree, and there are endless occasions of tiresome disputes. Even France and England could not agree when they tried to carry on a condominium. Not that all the disputes arising are due to jealousy or to insistence on inflexible rules. They arise from the inevitable fact that administrators may have entirely different though well-meaning ideas. But if two of the foremost Powers have found it impossible to administer a territory together, what shall we say of administrators chosen from a dozen or a score of countries, one or two of which do not even know what colonies are from their own experience? I have met no practical man, accustomed to deal with native populations, who believes for an instant that Tropical Africa could be governed in this manner. One country must assume the responsibility for its own particular area, introducing what we believe to be a higher type of civilisation, namely, the European type; and the essential principles of European civilisation are the same wherever it has spread. That Germany will be equally capable of participating in this way will be shown when she herself accepts and practises the first principle of European government, namely, democracy.

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And now for the other disadvantage of super-national administration. We assume that the democratisation is now inevitable; and even if there had been no strikes I should still have maintained that Germany could not much longer have been held back from democracy. But when the German democracy at length arrives we cannot insult it by taking its colonies from it. Alsace-Lorraine is in an entirely different category. These two provinces, when they were transferred to France from the King of Poland and from Teuton dukes in the seventeenth century, were civilised by France for more than two centuries as we may yet hope to see portions of Central Africa civilised by German democracy. The spirit of French culture has penetrated them through and through, as we may expect to see

the spirit of genuine German culture penetrate parts of Central Africa. However the two cultures may differ, they are both European. German culture is not lost: it has only been temporarily overcast by the vanishing clouds of militarism.

Guilds and their Critics.

V.—AN INTERLUDE WITH MR. COLE—
(continued.)

IV.

WE must be careful not to erect public policy into a solemn fetish. It would be easy for the State, as representing its citizens, to turn public policy into a stick to beat any dog of a Guild that broke out in a new direction. Every conservative might hold up his hands in pious horror, seeing in each Guild development an inroad upon civic rights, a breach of public policy. The natural instinct of the Englishman, when he sees something he dislikes, is to invoke the law "to put it down." Nevertheless, our safety as a people is found in our rooted affection for civic virtue and personal liberty. There is no reason to suppose that the same civic loyalty will not persist in the Guild period. But because this instinct is so strong within us, all the more reason that every struggle between the State and the Guilds should be most cautiously based on enduring principles and not upon transitory interests (as would be the case if the State continually intervened on behalf of the consumer) or upon prejudices derived from the capitalist period. Apart from the fundamental principle that the State must not intervene in the economic organisation of the Guilds, save only where citizen life and rights are involved, I should look with anxiety upon any intervention on such subsidiary or alien reasons as disputes between producer and consumer. The inter-departmental friction that must ensue would tend to national instability.

On the other hand, we must not undervalue the importance that Mr. Cole rightly attaches to public amenities, with their resultant citizen rights—the rights of user and enjoyer. He and I are agreed upon the large part that amenities must play in the life of our economically enfranchised citizens. But whereas he would bring these citizen rights within the ambit of "consumers," confusing citizen rights with the strictly economic interplay of producer and consumer, I would reserve the life of the citizen (in whatever capacity, whether producer or consumer), to the care of the State. Citizen rights and consumers' interests are in different categories. To bring them under one denomination spells confusion of purpose and gratuitous friction between the State and the Guilds.

I am content to take Mr. Cole's own instance to prove my case. He supposes the State, as the representative of the consumers, to be dissatisfied with the price charged for pots and pans. The appropriate department would complain to the Guild representing the sheet-metal workers. The answer comes back that the high price is due to the charges of the Iron and Steel Guild for tin-plates. The State next takes up the matter with the Iron and Steel Guild, then, failing satisfaction, to the Guild Congress, and if necessary to a joint session of State and Congress.

A Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut!

But surely Mr. Cole is overlooking the essential principles of Guild organisation. No profits! Why set all this machinery in motion when an actuary could settle the question in a week? He has only to ascertain the net cost, making such allowance for sinking fund and depreciation as may be set out in the Guild Charter or agreed upon at the Guild Congress—this latter for preference. Nor must we forget that the Metal Workers' Guild would be represented

upon the governing body of the Iron and Steel Guild, his agreement to prices, with all the facts before him, being essential to any transaction between the two Guilds. I cannot help adding that if Guild organisation were incapable of settling such a trivial problem, its personnel would be unequal to the task of administering a hardware shop, not to mention a Guild. But I must not do Mr. Cole an injustice. It is true that he sketches the machinery as related, but he adds that he does so "without prejudice to the right of the sheet-metal workers themselves, through their Guild, to raise the question with the Iron and Steel Guild, either directly or through the Guild Congress." I think what he really means is that, in the ordinary course of business, the two Guilds would settle the matter between themselves, whilst the larger machinery is held in reserve. My answer is that I do not object particularly to this ultimate machinery, but it ought only to be used when questions affecting public policy are raised, as for example a point blank refusal to supply pots and pans at all, or a differentiation of supply to favoured localities. Here our rights as citizens are clearly involved and the local authorities, municipal or otherwise, would have a *locus standi*, either before the Guild Congress, the Joint Session, or the Judiciary. I can hardly imagine such a comedy in the case of pots and pans, but the comedy might turn to tragedy in the case of fruit, vegetables, milk or manure.

The vital importance of maintaining this rigid distinction between public policy and the consumer, as such, may be illustrated by carrying this instance a little further. Suppose that the State has actually intervened on behalf of the consumer. John Smith and William Robinson are neighbours. One is a sheet-metal worker; the other grumbles at the cost of pots and pans. Both are equally citizens. When the State intervenes, on Mr. Cole's model, the one is pleased, the other angered. John Smith asks why the State should side with Robinson against him? Personally, I see no answer. The State is acting *ex parte*. But if the principle of public policy be adhered to, both Smith and Robinson can meet on common ground; both are equally interested in the preservation of their citizen rights. I should be surprised if John Smith, in these circumstances, would not emphatically declare that his rights as a citizen are more to him than the more restricted interests of his Guild.

In other words, it is imperative that, whatever the State does in relation to the Guilds, it must unify and not divide its citizens.

V.

Must, then, the consumer fend for himself?

Mr. Cole thinks that the logic of my argument means this. It is true that I wrote that "the processes of production and consumption cannot be economically differentiated." I went further: I asserted that, as between the producer and the consumer, the producer must have the last word. And, subject to public policy, the considered opinion of the citizen body, that is my position. It is speculative rather than practical, because the producer produces that the consumer may consume. But I also wrote: "Nevertheless, after wage abolition, we must provide, inside the Guild organisation, for effectual contact between the Guilds and the final consumer." I also suggested the machinery, namely, a Distributive Guild. Then I went on to assert that, after all, in practical affairs, it is the producer who creates the demand.

It is important to be clear about this. Mr. Cole has misapprehended the argument, so probably others have, too. This is what I wrote: "It is only in so far as the producer, by instinct or understanding, enters into the mind of the consumer that he can produce at all. This is, I believe, the psychological

explanation of the well-tested maxim that the supply creates the demand." Psychologically, the reverse is equally true: unless the consumer, by instinct or understanding, can enter into the mind of the producer, he will not get what he wants. If he demand the impossible, the producer will shrug his shoulders and hum the old tune "E Don't Know Where 'e Are." But if producer and consumer can finally become of one mind (as happens millions of times every year), then all that remains is to put the skill of the producer to the test.

My argument was not economic but psychological. Equally psychological is the maxim that the supply creates the demand. I did not refer to it as a law or build an argument upon it; I referred to it as a "maxim." Perhaps it would have been wiser to call it a commercial maxim. Mr. Cole denies the truth of it and proceeds to prove it true. Let me quote: "The producer and not the consumer is certainly the originator of new forms of supply; but the consumer determines whether he prefers to consume these new varieties or to persist in his demand for the product to which he has been accustomed." But did not the producer equally create the demand for the former product? When did the consumer cease to create the demand and the producer take up the mission? It must be a long time ago, for the mediæval Guilds prided themselves upon creating the demand for their products. In those days, it was by excellence; to-day, as Mr. Cole properly emphasises, it is by advertising.* But it is not true of staples, Mr. Cole says. Tea? Sugar? Leather? Iron and Steel? What staples? I think it will be found that practically every known staple, from potatoes to paper, has been the subject of variation and improvement by the producer, with the demand changed or enlarged in consequence. Indeed, it must be so, for the simple reason that the producer knows a vast deal more about his product than the consumer. Whilst we must welcome a more fastidious body of final consumers, men and women with a more practical knowledge of products and goods than the present final consumers, whose artificiality of life and ignorance of manufacturing processes render them the dupes of rogues and designing tradesmen, whilst we must by prudent Guild organisation prepare the way for the realisation of their wishes, in small things as in great, nevertheless, it is the producer, the creator, who remains master of the craft. It is the work of his hands we must finally accept. For my part, I shall be infinitely grateful. But my gratitude will be all the warmer, if on due occasion I can persuade him to make something for me as I would have it made. All I ask is that I may be given facilities to get into touch with the man I want. I shall find out about him from the Distributive Guild. I shall find, on making his acquaintance, that he is not arrogant, but helpful and kindly.

VI.

Subject to certain reservations, such as the precise function of the consumer and, perhaps, the ultimate structure of the State, Mr. Cole and I are substantially in agreement upon immediate problems. He accepts my analysis of the consumer, as he is to-day. He agrees with me that to-day the capitalist is the protagonist of the consumer. He widens my definition of the consumer after wage-abolition, which is by no means a hanging affair. On the other hand, I agree with him that the future final consumer will be altogether a more imperious and fastidious person than we can easily imagine in these drab days of triumphant wagery. We both visualise a free society

* We must not dismiss advertising cavalierly. I apprehend that the Guilds will have to adopt some advertising methods to announce their products. The essential thing is honest advertising.

when everybody will, so to speak, travel first class; when, as the Americans say, "the best will be good enough." Our problem is to ensure that the Guild organisation shall be pliable enough to meet the needs and demands of our future Guildsmen and citizens. Nor am I sure whether, in effect, words do not divide us on the question of public policy and the State representation of the consumer, the user and enjoyer. I suspect that in practice very few issues will ever reach the State unless they imply more than a mere difference between producer and consumer. The something more will trench upon public policy; the something less may hinge upon the consumer's claim for something not granted by the producer. But if I can carry Mr. Cole with me to this extent—that the State must only intervene in the last resort—I shall be content to let our several theories await the test of time and further experience.

Granted such general agreement, what remains is an affair of practical statesmanship—to find machinery equally acceptable to both our theories to bring producer and consumer into effective contact. My solution is the Distributive Guild. Mr. Cole, I think, attaches considerable importance to local representation, certainly other Guildsmen do, as I do myself. It seems to me that in building up the Distributive Guild, we might consider how far such an organisation could cover local activities, linking up with local authorities, so that local opinion, on all problems concerning consumer, user and enjoyer, could without friction and with great advantage find effective expression in the Guild organisation. Mr. Cole will add to our many obligations if he will help us to puzzle out this vital problem.

S. G. H.

The Lawyer and the New World

UNDER this heading Mr. Holford Knight, a progressive member of the Bar, in an article in the January "Fortnightly," admonishes his reactionary colleagues. He is anxious that they should make a worthy appearance in the new world. As regards their performance in this he is profoundly dissatisfied. He mentions three proposals which have met with an untoward fate. These are the extension of the jurisdiction of the county courts, the reform of the circuit system, and the shortening of the long vacation. Hardly less regretful are Mr. Knight's references to a couple of innovations which must also be included in the catalogue of failures. These are the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act and the Rules for the further relief of poor litigants.

The last-mentioned fiasco is due, our author tells us, to the want of a fund for the expenses of solicitors and witnesses. When these Rules were promulgated, Judge Milligan, K.C., called attention to that fatal defect. These are his words uttered in King's Lynn Court: "The scope of this much-advertised project is narrow in the extreme. It begins at the wrong end. The prime essential for the poor suitor is to get all his evidence placed before the judge of first instance. Without first aid to do that, subsequent aid will generally be in vain." So perishes a plausible scheme which was trumpeted far and wide. It served its purpose in drawing a salvo of applause at one of our banquets. The failure, although foreseen, is none the less regrettable in view of a competent authority's pronouncement: "Our system, with curious infelicity, unites opposite defects. It encourages litigants who deserve no countenance and shuts out those who really need aid."

We ask our readers whether it is possible to offer more complete justification of this judgment than the five failures reported by a member of the Bar? It will be observed that they are, one and all, attempts to make justice more readily accessible to those who stand

most in need of its aid. But unfortunately vested interest triumphs and will continue to triumph until the laity shake off their lethargy and demand, with no uncertain voice, that justice shall no longer be a thing of sale to be secured, possibly, by the litigant who can buy the best forensic talent, but denied to the poor. Disraeli asserted that the greatest abuses were due to want of imagination rather than to positive wickedness. The saying is unquestionably true of our treatment of the poor in regard to justice. On the evidence cited above, our system may be justly termed parasitical. But it is a scientific truth that the host is responsible for the parasite. Consequently the indifference of the laity is the *causa causans* of the denial of justice to the poor. This fatalistic indifference is not due to callousness but rather to want of imagination. While the queues, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, waiting for provisions, force themselves upon our sympathetic attention, an effort of the imagination is required to conjure up a presentment of the queues that are waiting for justice. These, although not a painful spectacle in the public streets, are not the less real, and they are incomparably more pathetic than the food queues. In an immense number of inaudited and unreported cases where the very poor are concerned, no stretch of patience will ever render justice accessible to them: the denial is absolute. Under the circuit system unconvicted persons are detained during weeks and months awaiting trial while their dependents are often in the direst straits. But if we consider those litigants who can afford to pay and wait, it will be perceived that their condition is less gracious than that of the expecting purchasers in the food queue. The latter enjoy the protection of an admirably accurate system of weights and measures. Litigants have no analogous advantage. They are at the mercy of the chapter of accidents which comprises freakish verdicts, diverse and inconsistent rulings, clauses slovenly drafted, etc.; in a word, the universal uncertainty which one of the high priests of Legalism has recently declared to be what "pays the lawyer."

The whole point is that not one of the abuses under the five categories cited has the slightest chance of being redressed by the unaided efforts of the small progressive section of the Bar, that is about ten per cent., if we are to judge by the support extended to Mr. Holford Knight in his plucky fight for the admission of women. The progressive section must be strenuously supported and encouraged to further enterprises by the laity; and what more laudable object can be striven for by both than the resolve to bring the Empire into line with our French Allies in the equal accessibility of justice? Our abuses are to be disposed of in a very large measure by adopting methods that have proved efficacious among our neighbours. It is passing strange that the progressive section of the Bar is afflicted by the self-same insularity which is intelligible enough in the obstructives.

In view of the increasing intimacy of our relations with France in the immediate future and its inevitable reaction on our legal system the sooner our progressives rid their minds of this belated isolation of the hermit crab the better. France is the quarter from which invaluable aid is assured when we discard the dismal cant of our superiority; it is diametrically opposed to the facts.

This Chinese wall which our obstructives have erected round our legal system is a fatal bar to the rôle which our lawyers should play in international questions. Our part in international legal congresses has been farcical in its sterility. Our delegate's description of the failure to reach an agreement about Bills of Exchange on a recent occasion is on record. As regards marriage, "we refuse to formulate our own law," said a leading journal. Mr. Knight cannot be unaware of the following passage in Sir Henry S.

Maine's "Roman Law and Legal Education":—"It has often been remarked with regret or surprise that while the learned in the exacter sciences abroad and in England have the most perfect sympathy with each other . . . there is a sensible though invisible and impalpable barrier which separates the jurists . . . of the Continent from those who professedly follow the same pursuits in England." The last clause is distinctly precious.

We cannot agree with Mr. Knight that judges do not encroach on the function of the legislature in making laws. Judge-made law is an insidious process that has long prevailed in this country, and is, indeed, inevitable under a system of case-law.* Not only so but it acts as a form of erosion which nibbles away Statute Law as we have seen in the Gaming Act. "The fear among those in authority seems to be," writes Judge Parry in "The Law and the Poor," "that it would be unpopular and widely rebelled against, and that under the soothing fiction of the existence of an imaginary body of law and by the constant humble assertion of the judges that they are not there to make laws but only to administer them, the man in the street is deceived for his own good. . . . The fact is that natural justice is merely justice according to the length of the judge's foot, as the common saying is. And the length of the judicial foot will depend on the evolution of the judge."

The evolution of the judge, that is to say, the recruitment of the Bench, is the central fact in the problem of reconstruction. The laity will do well to bear it in mind. This is a practical issue. There is no promise of helpfulness in Mr. Knight's extracts from pontifical pronouncements regarding the "life of the law" from Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and the "genesis of the law" from Lord Haldane. The latter exegesis figured in the egregious oration in which the interpreter of the German spirit proclaimed its profound Sittlichkeit; whereas all its efforts were being feverishly directed to the development and application of Schrecklichkeit! Non tale auxilio. Vague pomposities have had their day. The problem for the new world is to render law accessible to the poor and to free it from all-pervading uncertainty.

W. D.

IN FEBRUARY.

Ah! 'tis a sweet rich thing, the robin's song
 Heard in the twilight of a lengthening day
 Some neighbouring tree the leafless boughs among:
 A winsome roundelay,
 A delicate embroidery of trills
 And warblings wondrous mellow, and anon
 Confiding whistlings in soft undertone
 Shed from one little orange breast alone.
 How with gold music all the air it fills!
 For 'twas the new-born sunshine that so shone
 Across the land one brief poetic hour,
 Illumined the grey-bosomed trunk, and ran
 In a pale flame along each branch and twig
 Its tunefulness inspired. Such ecstasy,
 Such ecstasy alone had almost power
 To spread the polyanthus' gold-laced fan,
 To wake the daffodil and primrose flower
 And bid those starved boughs thro' which its gladness
 thrills
 Throb into leafage new,
 All things so gilding with its own bright glory
 Till Spring before her day
 Shall open wide her eyes of cloudy blue,
 And this old sorry season, shaking out
 The melancholy sable of his wings
 Unwept tho' weeping, mourning tho' unmourned,
 To sounds of his own dirges haste away.

M. M. JOHNSON.

Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janko Lavrin.

IV.—THE STRUGGLE WITH THE VOID. (THE RIDDLE OF NIKOLAY STAVROGIN).

I.

As we have seen, the struggle against God (whom the "God-struggler" rejects because he does not see Him as a Value) may give the illusion of the highest individual self-assertion. But such a struggle imposes two difficult conditions: an everlasting inner tension and—a complete belief in God. The greatest strength of a God-struggler consists in his belief in God, his greatest weakness and danger—in his doubt of Him. . . . For as soon as he becomes certain that He does not exist, his struggle against God changes into a struggle against the void—against that cosmic void which always crushes the strongest will and the firmest strength. . . .

In other terms: a real God-struggler is and must be religious. His rejection, his negation, of God is a religious negation, and it has nothing in common with the so-called "scientific" negation, peculiar to the average atheist, whose petty and self-satisfied consciousness cannot rise to the terrible problem of God.

There exists, however, still another type of atheist—an atheist who is seeking and craving for God, but cannot find Him; an atheist whose consciousness is suffering beneath the burden of the cosmic void and cosmic aimlessness, and cannot get rid of it—in spite of all "scientific" explanation and plausible solace. . . . He realises perfectly well that, if there is no God, then there is no sanction for an incontestable or absolute Value, i.e., no real aim for the will of man and mankind; but at the same time God is concealed from him—concealed for ever. . . .

Such a tragic atheist sometimes finds a refuge from his void in accidental aims and values, but not for long; no accidental value is strong enough to abolish the cosmic void, facing him on all sides, crushing his will and his strength. . . . And the stronger he is, the greater are his suffering, his seeking, and his weakness. . . . For as his will and strength cannot find a real aim in the void—they turn against themselves. . . . Man falls beneath the burden of his own will, of his own strength. . . .

Thus perished Nikolay Stavrogin—the perplexing hero of the "Possessed."

II.

Stavrogin is one of the most tragic symbols created by Dostoyevsky's genius. His tragedy is the tragedy of the force which turns against itself—through not being directed towards an incontestable aim and Value.

He knows that without God there is no real Value, but at the same time he is absolutely incapable of believing in God. Thus the path towards an Absolute Value is closed to him, while he realises too well that all values and aims outside of it are only conscious or unconscious deceptions.

His pupil Shatov was able to find an aim in such a deception, but Stavrogin's consciousness has gone further: where Shatov had found a Value, he saw a masked void. . . . And in this void there are only two issues: either to get rid of it or to be engulfed by it.

The first issue is inaccessible to Stavrogin (since he cannot find the Absolute Value which alone could eliminate the absolute void), while the second one is unacceptable. . . . Consequently, there remains only a conscious, but unsuccessful, flight from the void. . . .

And that is what Stavrogin does. In his tragic flight he is grasping simultaneously at the most contradictory means and values—simply trying to discover which of them would be more capable of subduing him, of giving at least an illusory aim and issue to his will. . . .

Not believing enough in his own "values," he tries

* "Lord Coke once said he knew all about the English Common Law, but knew nothing about Statute Law."—Mr. Justice Darling, "Times," January 10, 1918.

to persuade others to believe in them—in the hope of becoming infected himself by their ardent belief. And really Shatov, as well as Kirillov, become fanatic adherents of his ideas, while his own consciousness remains in the same void as before.

"It was a teacher uttering weighty words, and a pupil who was raised from the dead," confessed Shatov some years later, and he added this significant remark:

"Perhaps during those very days you were infecting the heart of that hapless creature, that maniac Kirillov, with poison . . . you confirmed malignant ideas in him, and brought him to the verge of insanity. . . ."

"I was not deceiving either of you. . . . I was not joking with you then; in persuading you I was perhaps more concerned with myself than with you," Stavrogin pronounced enigmatically. . . .

After this, a short dialogue took place which is characteristic of both of them. In a passionate tirade Shatov repeated all the past ideas of Stavrogin, and the latter answered:—

"I assure you that I should be very glad to confirm all that you said just now, every syllable of it, but—"

"But you want a hare? . . . Your own nasty expression," Shatov laughed spitefully. . . . "To cook your hare you must first catch it; to believe in God you must first have a God. . . ."

"Tell me, have you caught your hare?"

"Don't dare to ask me in such words! Ask differently!" Shatov suddenly began trembling all over.

"Certainly, I'll ask you differently. I only want to know, do you believe in God yourself?"

"I believe in Russia. . . . I believe in her orthodoxy. . . . I believe in the body of Christ. . . . I believe that the new advent will take place in Russia. . . . I believe— . . ." Shatov muttered frantically.

"And in God? In God?"

"I—I will believe in God."

"Not one muscle moved in Stavrogin's face. Shatov looked passionately and defiantly at him, as though he would have scorched him with his eyes. . . ."

In this short dialogue Stavrogin, as well as the "God-seeker," Shatov, revealed the crux of his inner tragedy.

Shatov knew why he uttered such fanatical reproaches against Stavrogin. And Stavrogin knew it too. . . . The difference between them consisted only in fact that at that time Stavrogin had already tested the whole "series of deceptions," while Shatov was still convulsively clutching at one of them in his alarm that he might lose it and fall into the hopeless void of Nikolay Stavrogin. . . .

Let us see now Stavrogin's "series of deceptions."

III.

After his philosophical and ideological deceptions, in which his adherents believed so ardently—though he himself saw in them merely "the old commonplaces of philosophy, the same from the beginning of time"—Stavrogin plunged into sensual deceptions. He tried to find whether his sensual desires would be "enough to lead" him.

And, indeed, he indulged in vices—though he was not vicious or sensual. (In his last letter he writes: "I have tried the depths of debauchery and wasted my strength over it. But I don't like vice, and I didn't want it. . . .") This may appear strange, but it is true: for the very reason that he was not sensual at all—he walked with such a frenzy after the flesh. . . . He tried the utmost limits of sensuality from a desire to become sensual and to abolish by intense sensual feelings his dominant feeling: the feeling of cosmic void, of cosmic aimlessness. . . .

Sensuality was not his nature, but his refuge. . . . (His "defiance of common sense"—the senseless secret marriage with the demented cripple, Marya Timo-

feyevna—was a similar refuge at the same time. . . .) And the less sensual he was by nature the more he endeavoured to become so by depravity. . . .

"Is it true that when you were in Petersburg you belonged to a secret society for practising beastly sensuality? Is it true that you could give lessons to the Marquis de Sade? Is it true that you decoyed and corrupted children?" Shatov exclaimed during his nightly dialogue with him. "Is it true that you declared that you saw no distinction in beauty between some brutal obscene action and any great exploit, even the sacrifice of life for the good of humanity? . . ." "I don't know either why evil is hateful and good is beautiful, but I know why the sense of that distinction is effaced and lost in people like the Stavrogins! . . . Do you know why you made that base and shameful marriage? Simply because the shame and senselessness reached a pitch of genius! You married from a passion for martyrdom, from a craving for remorse, through moral sensuality. It was a lacerating of the nerves. Defiance of commonsense was too tempting. Stavrogin and a wretched, half-witted, crippled beggar!"

"You are a psychologist," said Stavrogin, turning paler and paler, "though you are partly mistaken as to the reasons of my marriage. . . ."

And Shatov was indeed "partly mistaken"—mistaken as to the chief psychological basis of Stavrogin's sensuality and defiance of commonsense.

Stavrogin was far from being a "decadent" in European style; he simply wished, at any cost, to get rid of the terrible void. And the stronger the feeling of void, the more daring, "senseless" and lacerating must be the feelings in which he took refuge to obliterate it. . . . He was craving for inner lacerations in the same way as Raskolnikov was craving for remorse: for no laceration, no remorse, is so oppressive as the feeling of absolute aimlessness and void. . . .

Deceived by his "depravity," Stavrogin mixed even with Nihilists in the hope of acquiring their aims and tendencies; he mixed with the "possessed" in the hope of becoming "possessed" himself; but he failed here, too. "Do you know that I looked upon our iconoclasts with spite, from envy of their hopes? I could not have been one of them, for I never shared anything with them. . . . But if I had felt more spite and envy of them I might perhaps have joined them. You can now judge how hard it has been for me, and how I have struggled from one thing to another," he wrote to Darya Pavlovna.

After all these deceptions, he took refuge in a new deception—in strength for strength's sake, i.e., in an intoxication with his own strength. He really showed a superhuman self-possession: he endured a public blow from Shatov; with the greatest coldness he announced publicly his "shameful" marriage; he faced Gaganov's shots with an absolute indifference—realising thus his "immense power."

But all this did not serve any real purpose, any real aim; it was too weak to deceive or to eliminate the void. For such a task all his strength, desires, and feelings were "too petty, never very strong. . . ." "I have tried my strength everywhere. As long as I was experimenting for myself and for others it seemed infinite, as it has all my life. . . . But to what to apply my strength, that is what I have never seen, and do not see now. . . . My desires are too weak; they are not enough to guide me," he wrote.

The void was stronger than the strongest will; the feeling of aimlessness was more intense than all his accidental aims; and this void was now engulfing, more and more, his will and strength, his feelings and desires. . . . There still remained, however, the last attempt to acquire a temporary refuge from the void—the woman, from whom Stavrogin hoped for a love so strong and beautiful that it could "at last set up some aim" for him.

* All quotations are taken from the translation by Mrs. C. Garnett.

This attempt also ended miserably. On the fatal morning, after having spent the night with Liza, he says to her in despair: "I knew I did not love you, and I ruined you! Yes, I accepted the moment for my own; I had a hope. . . . I've had it a long time . . . my last hope. . . . I could not resist the radiance that flooded my heart when you came in to me yesterday, of yourself, alone, of your own accord. I suddenly believed. . . . Perhaps I have faith in it still. . . ."

"I won't be your nurse, though, of course, you need one as much as any crippled creature. I always fancied that you would take me to some place where there was a huge wicked spider, big as a man, and we should spend our lives looking at it and being afraid of it. That's how our love would spend itself," answered Liza, before she left him for ever.

Thus the void, the great, the endless void grew and gazed at him, leering from all sides. And the void was the only thing which did not deceive him. All other things were deceptions; even the most radical protest against the void—suicide—seemed to him a deception. . . .

"I know I ought to kill myself, to brush myself off the earth like a nasty insect; but I am afraid of showing greatness of soul. I know that it will be another shame again—the last deception in an endless series of deceptions," he writes in his last letter, filled with a desperate weakness which is known only to really strong men.

Finally, he was left with only two possibilities: either to face further the cosmic void or to take refuge from it in the "last deception": in self-annihilation, in death.

For some time he intended to do the former. He even called for that purpose his "nurse," Darya Pavlovna, to go with him to Canton Uri in Switzerland, where he had bought a house. . . . "It is a very dull place, a narrow valley, the mountains restrict both vision and thought. It is very gloomy. . . ."

But at the last moment he chose the second issue; he hanged himself, he "brushed himself off the earth like a nasty insect."

And this issue was by far the easier one. . . .

IV.

Either an Absolute Value or—an absolute void!

There is no middle way for a consciousness which has gone as far as the consciousness of Stavrogin. And here the problem of Value is indissolubly connected with the problem of God. God may be killed by our intellect; our consciousness, however, in its utmost limits cannot exist without Him, because it cannot exist without an incontestable aim or Value which can receive an absolute sanction only from God. . . . If there is not such a Value, then the distinction between all values of good and evil must be effaced, and mankind must sink down into the void of "beyond good and evil," into the caprices and aimlessness of "self-will," i.e., it must cease to be mankind. . . .

In a dialogue with Stavrogin, the Nihilist Verhovensky, in a jesting tone, mentions that during a discussion about atheism in a circle "one grizzled old stager of a captain sat mum, not saying a word. All at once he stands up in the middle of the room, and says aloud, as though speaking to himself: 'If there is no God, how can I be a captain then?' He took up his cap and went out, flinging up his hands."

"I didn't understand it, I meant to ask you about it," added Verhovensky.

"He expressed a rather sensible idea," answered Stavrogin. . . .

And Stavrogin's whole tragedy consisted in the fact that he realised too well what a "sensible idea" the old "stager of a captain" expressed.

For hundreds of years mankind's mind was endeavouring to kill God—in the hope of procuring by his death an absolute freedom for man. . . . In Stavrogin Dostoyevsky proved that killing God (i.e., killing Value) results not in absolute freedom, but in absolute void.

Out of School.

ONCE over the mere threshold of inspiration—if I may so figure the first gropings of the conscious mind into the upper strata of the unconscious—the inquirer finds himself, as we have seen, beleaguered by symbols. This accounts, to a great extent, for the resistance of the Average Person to any incitement that would urge him to use his own superconscious faculties. At the first step he finds himself in a world of phantasms, and they make him exceedingly uncomfortable. As far as he can see, it is a world in which anything may mean anything else, and common sense, the modest mooring that holds him to all that he knows as truth, snaps, and leaves him in a tide of bewilderment. Hence his distrust of the artist and the seer themselves, as well as his unwillingness to follow them through the first and thinnest veil that hides the imaginative life. He thinks they must live as much in a world of dreams and lies, on the further side, as he would feel himself to be living. Hence, also, his honest solicitude for their mental and moral health, his entreaties that they should express themselves in terms of the everyday, and the delight with which he welcomes them back—whether they will come for his entreaties, or must come for his cheques—and asks them to dinner, and hangs their pictures on the line.

We have to educate an Average Person who will know better. Next to the education of the wish that is the father of the symbol, upon which I touched last week, we have to place the elementary understanding of symbol itself; and first of all an understanding of the fact that everything is symbol except abstract reality, which we can only infer through symbol. The "veil" is only the distinction between the familiar and the unfamiliar forms of symbol, and the familiar forms are those to which we have had to become sensitive under pressure of the struggle for material existence. Matter, the complex of knots into which something is twisted—something that we symbolise by the name "æther," without being able to prove for certain whether it exists or not—seems to us the most real thing that there is, because it is the symbol that we most continually use; though our own bodily forms are more permanent than the molecules that fill the abstract shell, changing with every thought and movement, like swirls and eddies in the atomic stream that flows through us and passes.

All symbols fluctuate and change; but through certain symbols we have got used to holding an apprehension of reality. That region of symbol is our ordinary conscious life. The superconsciousness leads us into another region of symbol; and the disquietude of the everyday conscious self, which is the Average Person, in face of the superconscious promptings, is partly a feeling of nakedness amid unfamiliar and visibly fluctuating symbols. His mental clothes won't stay on. But it is more than a disquietude about the unfamiliar. It is also a feeling that the superconscious will infect the conscious: that at this rate familiar symbol, too, will break adrift, and that all sense of foothold in reality will vanish. The genius is not exempt from this nightmare of the Average Person within him. He yields, in many cases, to all kinds of grubby and earthy indulgences (we strike, here, another vein in the study of the eccentricities of genius) so as to make that Average Person feel at home again, and comfortable in the concrete.

The cure for panic is use; but it is not enough—it is only half of what is needed—to gain familiarity with the superconsciousness by practising the upward-reaching, or inward-reaching, faculties of mind. This I will discuss later. Meanwhile—a prior consideration—there is something wrong with the nature of our reliance upon everyday symbol. This reliance is right and necessary enough as

an anchorage. It is an anchorage that must by no means be weakened while we remain strugglers-for-existence. I forget who said that the struggle may be only a pass examination, but that we have to keep on passing it. The trouble begins when our anchorage shows signs of becoming permanent, like that of an oyster. It is a real danger to the further evolution of man that we may grow a protective shell over our sentient life as it exists for the conscious mind, extend a byssus to lay an unrelaxing hold upon the immediate, comfortably familiar symbols of reality, and make ourselves contentedly incapable of superconscious thought and perception. Evolution left the molluscs behind, and went on with the free-swimming organisms.

We must be able to slip our everyday moorings at will, and return to them at will; and the educational moral is that we must learn, and teach, how impermanent they are. Scientific discovery is continually enforcing the lesson, and education for genius has to see that the lesson is thoroughly presented—children are thoroughly ready to learn it. I will suggest a few elementary points.

It makes a great deal of difference to the self-sufficiency of our common symbols of reality to have understood—not merely to “know”—that we pass our sensory lives and go about our business held, by a force that no one has yet explained, to a gigantic speck of a planet, that flies in leaping curves through interstellar space. This fact, though it is only an extension of our common, conscious purview, makes many old ladies and gentlemen uncomfortable if they think about it; so they don't think about it. But it delights children; and it gives them a healthy suspicion, if not of the reality, at any rate of the ultimate importance, of things like chairs and tables. (It is necessary to remark, perhaps, that if you spring the whole idea, for the first time, upon an imaginative child, in one impressive lecture, you are likely to give him two or three bad nightmares. There are people who will grab at an example, without giving a thought to process.)

The electrical theory of matter, and the final pursuit of matter down to the immaterial electron and the hypothetical æther, is an idea that I have already taken as an instance. It is also a very much simpler idea than it is commonly thought to be, if you refrain from trying to teach it in conjunction with all the crude and contradictory notions about electricity which it has made obsolete. (They still hang on, an absurd tangle, in the text books.)

The microscope makes an excellent attack upon visual reality, with its revelation that most things consist of transparent particles, and that their apparent solidity, to the eye, is only their trick of throwing light out again as soon as it has entered them. Solidity to the sense of touch, in a similar way, ceases to be an absolute to a boy who has played with a decent-sized gyroscope and realised the “sleeping top” theory of inertia.

That is a mere handful of scientific instances, chosen because they are the easiest to present in tabloid form, as things have to be presented in print, whether the tabloids are made small or bulky. For the purposes of teaching they have to be dissolved, and administered in the fluid, or rather the fluent, state. But with the active word “fluent,” the metaphor goes.

The main point is that we should give children a chance to look beyond things for reality. Our thing-concepts have grown to be what they are so as to symbolise a reality-concept which is still necessary to the life of the Average Man in us, but must not be allowed to remain all-sufficing. We must be able to look at things when we choose, and through them when we choose: through to the other, less familiar, more obviously fluctuating symbols that present themselves to the first gropings of the superconscious sense.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

Readers and Writers.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is a bold man, but his courage becomes rashness when he asserts that he has examined the literary masterpieces of ancient India “without finding in them any great moral or spiritual concept capable of uplifting a nation.” It may, however, be so; but so much the worse for our judgment of Mr. Archer's mind. To be able to read the “Mahabharata,” to say nothing of the Puranas and the Vedas with the marvellous Upanishads, without discovering a great moral or spiritual concept is to be unable to find water in the sea. I suspect, however, that Mr. Archer, a member of the Rationalist Society, was looking for ideas in bricks and mortar, or, let us say, in the form of a political programme suitable to the Liberal party for the forthcoming general election. Or, perchance, he was trying to discover some “concept” capable of stirring to passionate loyalty to an alien Government the peoples of India. Even of these things, however, there is material in the “Mahabharata” ample for centuries; but they are properly subordinate to “the great moral and spiritual concepts,” of which, it appears, Mr. Archer was unable to catch a glimpse. The issue between Eastern and Western thought will never be joined in a mind so incapable as Mr. Archer's of appreciating the infinite subtlety of the East. That Indian thought is susceptible of criticism, and badly stands in need of it, I do not deny; and that, on the whole, the Theosophical movement, though it has popularised Indian doctrines in the West, has distorted them in the East, is likewise arguable. But criticism of Eastern thought will never be effective without appreciation of Indian thought; and in this respect Mr. Archer and the Theosophical Society, while poles asunder, are equidistant from the equator.

It would be tedious to rehearse here the names of the great Western thinkers from Pythagoras to Schopenhauer (to come no later) who have owed their intellectual inspiration to Indian doctrines and writings. It would be still more tedious to examine the reactions now current between East and West even in the literature with which Mr. Archer is likely to be familiar. My invitation to the jury is to try the case themselves and to read the “Mahabharata” (if they can get hold of a copy), and to report their findings. A good deal of insight into one's own mind is, however, necessary to make the experiment valuable. Not everybody is to be trusted to give a correct report of his experiences. The difference between palatability and nourishment is familiar in material food; but in intellectual or spiritual food the former is too often mistaken for the latter. I would not say, therefore, that every reader of the “Mahabharata” would feel himself to have been nourished intellectually by its perusal, since if it were not to his taste, he would certainly conclude he had got no good by it. But on a reader capable of discriminating between what pleases his intellectual palate and what satisfies and nourishes his mind, the observable verifiable effects of reading the “Mahabharata” are unmistakable. This quasi-magical effect of certain forms of literature is independent of the ostensible content. For instance, everybody realises that in substance most of Milton's prose essays are puerile. But when read simply as literature they are, nevertheless, a tonic of considerable power. Ancient Indian literature is magical literature in excelsis. Ostensibly full of unintelligible myths often nonsensical in form, it conveys a spirit, an inspiration, an illumination which the mind only discovers in contemplation. The secret of reading the “Mahabharata” is the secret of reading Milton's prose or anybody's poetry. To read it naively, for its literal meaning, is to be disillusioned of its greatness; but to read it as a medium of communication of ideas and not of images only is to be brought into direct contact with one of the greatest minds ever likely to be

found on our planet. Mr. Archer's honest common sense would make nonsense of most great poetry. His naïvete has found nonsense where greater men have looked for and found wisdom.

The amusing experiment in a new form of biography to which I recently drew attention turns out to have been a sell. 'Owen Hatteras' is a pseudonym, and the biography of Mr. H. L. Mencken was autobiography. As I wrote nothing of the brochure inconsistent with this discovery, I turn without embarrassment to Mr. Mencken's latest volume of essays, "A Book of Prefaces" (Knopf, New York. 1.50). It consists of three critical studies and one diatribe, the latter of which is a ferocious attack upon American Puritanism as a Literary Force. By many of Mr. Mencken's astonishing revelations of American comstockery we are merely astonished; but as much, upon this occasion, by the vigour of his denunciation as by the phenomena he denounces. Unfortunately, as he says, there is reason for it. Puritanism that formerly was meek and mild, and did its deadly work by solicitation, has now become triumphant and openly tyrannical. Its mission is no longer quietly to lift up saints but resoundingly to knock down sinners. From professing to regard beauty as rather an effeminate, weak and stupid affectation, Puritanism has come to regard it as distracting and corrupting. Salvation formerly optional has become free, universal and compulsory. The world must be saved from Art and artists in simple satisfaction of the triumphant Puritan's "will to domineer."

It is a miserable condition of things; and we may forgive Mr. Mencken the hoarseness of his earnestness. He is on the right side in the fight, but I doubt, all the same, whether he is likely to be an effective enemy of Puritanism. There is nothing a successful tyrant loves more than a rebellious subject. Such a creature gives him sport, tickles his tyranny, and keeps him always reminded of the power he has acquired. Comstock, I should say, would have loved Mr. Mencken as his dearest enemy; and the more brilliantly and loudly Mr. Mencken called for Hell to assault Heaven, the more grimly would the Comstockians call for the police. The proper method of attack (or defence) must be more subtle to be effective. Puritanism is defenceless against Puritanism only. In order to abash the tyrant, it is not necessary—indeed, it is fatal—to make a frontal attack upon him and to defend vice against virtue. It is only necessary to defend virtue against his virtues. To quarrel with the Puritan's criterion of Art—"does it tend towards the promotion of virtue?"—is to play into his hands; but to suggest that art and literature are not nearly enough means to virtue is soon to make Puritanism ridiculous by surfeit and afterwards to dethrone it. After all, one tyrant is like another, be they ideas or persons; and the method of liberation is common. I write what I do know.

After reading Mr. Mencken's account in thunder and lightning of the state of Puritanism in America, the reader will have an increased sympathy for American exiles like Mr. Ezra Pound. Mr. Pound has encountered American Puritanism in its native haunts; and I gather that he has had the worst of it. The effect has been twofold. In America Puritanism has profited by the discomfiture of Mr. Pound, and openly displays his scalp upon its waist. He is a comstock argument. In England, on the other hand, where we deal with Puritanism more subtly, Mr. Pound is disposed to renew the methods of attack which failed in America; he is crudely frontal. But it will not do for the old country. America may be stimulated to enjoyable irritation by Mr. Pound's naughty enumeration of forbidden parts of speech; but we in England are bored by it. Not how shocking, we say, but how superfluous! R.H.C.

Music.

By William Atheling.

D'ALVAREZ, THE INDISCRIMINATE.

THE Peruvian lady is a very considerable artist without being quite a musician. Nature and art have conspired in furnishing her with a voice. She is unrivalled in her pianissimo, in all the graces of glide and approach, incomparable in all the little trills and appoggiature. But, immortal gods! What a programme! She began, a little throaty, in Bach's "O Golgotha," with a curious *mat* tone, great art in the descents; she sang as if painting the song with deliberate brush-strokes. (In "Di Veroli" she had an accompanist whom we do not cease to commend.) In "Caro mi Ben" she searched, perhaps a shade too markedly, for an original rendering of a very familiar song. The centre of her talent is not in rhythm. Neither is "ben" pronounced "bain," nor "te" "thé." If Madame D'Alvarez will draw her tongue back just a little farther into her mouth she will be able to avoid this Peruvianisation of Italian. It is quite easy not to "thethear" if one go at it mechanically. In the Handel one noticed a tendency to make great gaps of contrast, a leap constantly from very loud to very soft, rather than a shading. This leap is by no means debarred, but if done too often it betrays a paucity of thought. In "Rispetto" we had the perfect fit; the singer was obviously just in the centre of the composition.

"Dernier Vœu" was a little over-dramatic. "Kisses," by Cox, was not chosen for its musical value. In "Nebbie" we had again the gap of contrast, and in "Homing" things descended to the level of Madame Tussaud. The "Girl with the Auburn Hair" used to do this sort of thing on the music halls, with a transparent church, snowstorm, and, I think, gauze angels as a finale to "The Holy City." There was a momentary delirium on the part of the audience, while the piano looked like a hearse covered with bouquets. However, the better part of the company soon began to resent the insult. We presume Madame D'Alvarez hopes to be heard at the Coliseum. In "Air des Cartes," from "Carmen," the interest was dramatic rather than musical, and there is no reason why "Bonjour Suzon" should not win Madame D'Alvarez a success in any café chantant.

Gorgeous voice, and no taste. She is the servant of the public, of any public. There were great depths in her voice in the "Carmen." There was always the skill and the charm, the charm unrivalled in its quality whenever she made her soft glides and approaches. If anyone had doubted her great capacities she reassured them with a group of Debussy songs. "De Rêve" was exquisite (but dramatic). In "De Soir," we again wish to commend her accompanist. In "Massenet" it was further borne in upon us that, apart from the natural endowment of her voice, D'Alvarez's real art or real interest is dramatic, or, at least, a shade more dramatic than musical. "Air de Chimène" was thus perfectly given, for Massenet's own artistic centre is as much in drama as in the music. As long as this singer gives us a certain percentage of beautiful music in each programme we shall go to listen, and we shall listen with a reasonable and delighted rapture—we will endure the slush for the sake of the beauty. We would on the contrary give thanks to whatever gods exist if she would employ some person of taste to select her songs, all of them, for her. Her voice is so beautiful, and at her best her art is so fine that we feel at perfect liberty to find all the fault we like, and to dwell on details which in a lesser singer we should pass over without notice. (Æolian Hall.) D'Alvarez next recital, February 21, at 3 o'clock, in the Æolian Hall.

The London String Quartet gave the Debussy G minor quartet with less resonance, with less colour of

tone, than *Vigliani*. They, in fact, dragged *Debussy* back about thirty years. One felt that four musicians had just sat down to play a piece, not, as with *Vigliani*, that one was hearing a prepared and thought-out performance. No executive imagination had gone into the thing. They opened the third movement with exquisite feeling, but got lost in the middle, the lack of plan becoming only too apparent. At no time had we the illusion that we were listening to a single instrument; this was due mostly to lack of leadership, and in part to the 'cello. They are, however, to be complimented on attempting the piece at a concert officially labelled a "pop." *Mosiewitch*, in the *Schumann Toccato*, came very near to convincing me for the eightieth time that the more a piano is "played," and perhaps the better it is played, the more it resembles a railroad train or a pianola. *Mosiewitch's* mastery of the instrument is no mere digital dexterity; one felt that his little soft strips of sound overlaid the monotony of the *Toccato*, and they were indubitably arranged in a design completely under Mr. *Mosiewitch's* control. Opening the *Schumann Romance* in F sharp, he exhibited the piano as a musical instrument (even if sentimentally). Still, we long for a movement that will drive the piano permanently into back parlours, and reserve the stage for real instruments. As for the *Mendelssohn Scherzo*, we had hoped that this composer had finally followed *Rubinstein* and the author of "Bubbling Spring" into the limbo of young ladies' seminaries. If, however, *Mosiewitch*, with his incontestible technique and capacity, chose to give a recital of the less frequented portions of *Chopin*, we would only too willingly listen. For this he has, I think, an almost complete equipment.

Holbrooke's Impression is well written, and was carefully rendered by the Quartet. *Murray Davey* has an even control and finish; he understands the capacity of his voice and stays well within it. It is seldom that an opera singer breaks into composition. He is to be complimented on his "Harmonie du Soir." The piano is well with the strings, though I cannot say that the voice with the five instruments at all times produces the effect of being part of an artistic unity. (Queen's Hall.)

La Signorina *Nina Garelli* is a very attractive young lady, but musical accent is not put on with the eyebrows, nor will any manipulation of these facial ornaments make up for singing flat. She was cold in *Caldera*, trusting to the music, but not putting life into it. In the *Cimarosa* she was exquisite, and *di Veroli* as accompanist was again welcome. *Campion's* "Oft have I sighed for him" is very charming, but the English word "still" is not pronounced "steel," and such pronunciation does not enhance the charms of the author. A setting of something called "The Cuckoo" was evidently laid by "Killarney's Rocks and Fells," and hatched by something not naturally designed as a parent. *Garelli* was at her best in the "Stornello," which she perfectly well understood. She has various faults of certain Italian singing systems; she has not, as yet, any grasp on French music. In trying to sing the impossible words of "A Dream" there was, we admit, nothing to do but add Italian terminal vowels to English. There are, however, lyrical qualities inherent in English, even though they have been obscured for nearly three centuries by the laziness and stupidity of English poetasters and librettists.

No singer can be blamed for refusing or making a botch of most English song since *Campion*. In the line, "What is the night within the mind," in "Isobel," *Frank Bridge* gives us a prize example of how not to set words to music; all the emphasis of the verbal phrase is destroyed and obliterated. It is impossible to sing his notes without ruining the sense of the line (not that the lyric itself is of any great value). In periods when the art of song was in health, the

music intensified the verbal emotion. In *Reynaldo Hahn's* "Seule" we have by contrast an excellent and commendable placing of words to music. Despite *di Veroli's* excellent work at the piano, *Signorina Garelli* emphasised her lack of grip on French singing in *Faure's* "Fleur Jetée."

It is to be hoped she listened behind the curtain when her accompanist sang us two songs set by himself. She would at least have had an illustration of how to make the most of a voice, a voice in *di Veroli's* case having a few soft velvet notes in his lower register.

The musical phrase to his finale "E l'Universo ti dira ch'io t'amo," is inadequate, and the large noise of the accompaniment does not conceal this defect.

Signorina Garelli finished with a scrap of *Rossini*, having in it a few fine phrases. It begins with a Brighton pier sort of prelude. The tragedy of *Rossini's* life was to have died before the invention of the cinematograph. He would have written most happily for that instrument.

The song ends, needless to say, on a high note in a yell. (Æolian Hall.)

Journey Round My Room.

VIII.

A SUDDEN gust of wind comes up from the mysterious East-end; the windows of my room rattle and the curtains flutter wildly over my head. An envelope behind them that has evaded a hundred dustings is dislodged and falls down beside me. I open it; inside is a faded photograph from India. I see myself there in a group, with my face rather pale and drawn from the heat, holding my horse by the bridle and endeavouring, without much success, to "look pleasant."

Everybody has read, only too often, the chronicles of an official in India, a naturalist in India, a missionary, a motorist, a tourist, a Theosophist, and even a Thug—all in India; but I believe there are few first-hand accounts of an idler's day there, such as I am now able to offer.

It is six o'clock in the rainy season. My servant enters, barefooted, turbaned, dressed all in white and carrying a tray. He draws back the mosquito curtains to the foot of the bed, and then throws them up over their rods. I rub my eyes, drink a cup of tea and eat a piece of toast which, I know only too well, my servant has just buttered with his forefinger, disdaining the use of a knife.

Our conversation, very abrupt and dignified on my side, very humble and respectful on his, is conducted in that Asiatic Billingsgate known as Hindustani. My servant probably speaks English far better than I know Hindustani, but it is an old tradition that all household matters should be discussed in the vernacular. This rule dates from the time when it was considered dangerous to allow your servants to learn English, for fear they should be the spies of dacoits or mutineers. The case is altered in South India, where no one knows Hindustani and the vernaculars are polysyllabic Tamil, Telegu and Malayalim; there English is widely spoken, and very queer English, too.

(I remember once, somewhere in the south, I was allowed by a reverent stationmaster to have my bed made up in a compartment some hours before the train was due to leave. I was awakened by a noise, and saw in the dark a figure moving about suspiciously by the door of the coach. At my outcry, the man turned towards me and said, "Do not be disturbed, sir; I am the shunter. I am about to shunt your carriage, sir." I asked him what his pay was. "Seven rupees a month, sir,"—or ten shillings in our money. Crash!—"We have finished shunting,

sir. Good night, sir." I was standing next morning on another railway-station when the boat-mail train came in on its way from Bombay to Madras. Two American lady tourists stood up at the windows of a compartment, and beckoned to the turbaned Indian waiter of the refreshment room. It was their first morning in India, but they had been studying Hindustani from a manual all the way from New York. They did not mean to go without their tea just for ignorance of the language. Slowly, painfully, emphatically, one of the ladies uttered four or five monosyllables which I recognised as intended for the Hindustani of "Boy, bring me some tea." The Madrasi waiter smiled politely and replied in the most fluent English, "Immediately, madame; and what would madame like with her tea?")

The servant—my "boy," as the middle-aged man is called—tells me that the bath is ready. I step into a zinc tub, splash water at a huge and venomous spider that has indelicately entered the bathroom, and call the "boy" to dress me. He holds over my head a shirt, which he has carefully rolled up in a hoop; I condescend to raise my arms, and he drops the shirt over me in the proper manner. I then sit down easily on the bed and stretch out a leg for him to put a sock on. Dressing is not difficult in India. The noise of a horse outside the window makes me tell the "boy" to hurry, and, when he has handed me my pith hat, freshly pipeclayed, I step forth proudly upon the verandah.

My syce welcomes me with a profound salaam, bending his head almost to the ground and rubbing dust on it with his lean right hand. I acknowledge this greeting very slightly, for, as he well knows, I am displeased with him. I suspect him of diverting some of my horse's food to the nourishment of himself and his numerous, naked and energetic family. "The Sahib is my father and my mother," says the syce with crossed hands. He then commands the horse to bear its noble master well.

Its noble master taps his cane and passes out of the gates of the compound at a trot. The air is fresh and cool, and the road, thanks to the rain, has lost the three or four inches of powdery dust that usually cover it. The monsoon season is by no means one continuous deluge; with its spells of sun and mist and rain it resembles rather an English spring. This day the sun has not long risen, and the giant trees by the roadside, still moist and green from the night, shade the way. A company of Indian infantry pass at a bend in the road, and, at the sergeant's order, hastily salute me. They are not used to idlers in this station, and I am taken for the latest subaltern out from home. But, as it is not proper for a mere civilian to accept a salute, I call out "Good morning," as if their greeting had sprung from politeness and not from a mistake.

Collins—I am standing beside him in the photograph—is waiting for me on the verandah. His bungalow lies off the road in the shade of a grove of tall bamboos. One of his grooms takes my horse, and Collins and I climb into a trap and drive away. When I comment that the vehicle is new, he tells me that the amazing fool of a syce he engaged last week thought proper to take off a horse's bridle before unharnessing it, with the result that the — fool of a — let the chestnut mare bolt with the — trap; therefore, the — man is lame, and the old trap is smashed to smithereens. We turn into the Trunk Road, and set off at a fast trot past the last bungalows and the washermen who are standing in a stream and dastrously beating clothes clean on smooth rocks.

We swing past the octroi post on the outskirts, with its smiling clerks, who are surrounded by coolies and traders with loads to be weighed and carts and herds to be examined. A silly buffalo takes fright and runs out from its companions, scampering clumsily

in front of us from side to side of the road. The herdsman shouts after her, and Collins tries to turn her with his whip. But this only frightens the horse in the shafts; the buffalo is already half out of her mind and lost to all persuasion. At last she lumbers into the roadside and stands there under an arching banyan, trembling and rolling her huge eyes. When we have passed, she looks back at the others far away by the octroi post, and trots back again to her calf.

A few more miles, and a big snake, slithering swiftly across the road, startles the mare. Collins steadies her, and breaks the snake's back with a great slash of the whip in his other hand. We warn an approaching babu, but he regards the snake without emotion. He passes by at a safe distance, and does not give it another thought. We roll up and down a little dip, and cross a bridge over what is usually an insignificant little stream, but is now swollen by the rains into a swift river. A cattle market is being held beside the bridge in the shade of a mango grove. At last we come to a village with a dozen or so rickety little booths, full of salt and bags of grain. We pull up in front of the school, and, after a glance at the children inside, droning aloud and swaying to and fro to memorise their lessons, we mount saddle horses. Accompanied now by Collins' bearded Sikh assistant, we turn off the road by a soft path into the jungle.

Now for a canter! The path is soft, the horses are fresh and Collins is in a hurry. We rush along, at first side by side; then, as the path narrows, Collins leads the way and the Sikh drops behind, up and down the stony paths, through streams, scattering pebbles and water, and helter-skelter across the open spaces. The sun is getting high now, and I feel the perspiration drying on my forehead with a pleasant smell of roasting.

We fall into a trot as we approach a village in a clearing of the jungle. The villagers recognise Collins and run out to tell us the news. The day before, as a bullock-train was carrying in the grass that Collins has come to inspect, a tiger jumped out on the last cart only a few hundred yards away from the village and pulled down the bullocks. The driver ran for his life to the other carts, and the convoy rushed for home. The whole village turns out to escort us to the place; thus surrounded, we walk our horses in the direction pointed out to us.

A winding track, broken with the ruts of the bullock-carts, leads down into a grassy nullah. On the far side of the glen we can see the top of the deserted cart, loaded with hay. Just as we reach it, we find that our only armament is a pocket-knife belonging to the Sikh. The horses begin to be uneasy, and we dismount. There are no signs of the dead bullocks, except a sort of path through the grass that shows in which direction the tiger dragged them after the kill. Following this about a dozen yards, we find the skeletons of the bullocks, picked bare in a day by the hungry beast. Then, "Look there!" cries Collins, and thirty yards away we see a dark shadow creeping off beneath a natural hedge of leafless bushes. It is the tiger; and quite close enough for our liking. The villagers have already begun to stream away, and we do not hesitate to follow them.

The tiger is the talk of the club that evening. One officer, a noted shot, says that there is room on his walls for just one, and only one, last tiger-skin, and he asks to be given the first day's stalking. It is objected that he is due to sail for England in a month's time at the conclusion of many years' service—why run an unnecessary risk at such a time? Also, he is told that he ought to give some of the others a chance. But he laughs at the danger and insists on drawing lots with his rivals. Five or six do this, and he secures

the second day's stalking should the tiger not be killed on the first.

As it happens, the first day's hunt is unsuccessful, and the veteran's turn comes. He drives out to the village, and has scarcely got to work on the trail when the tiger jumps out on him. He shoots at it as it springs, and the two go down together—both dead. There is a fatality about last tiger-skins, as everyone will tell you.

Views and Reviews.

THE LEGAL INDULGENCE OF CRIME.

WHEN I commented on the Malcolm case, some four months ago, I remarked that the most disturbing feature of it was that "responsible lawyers should lend their support in any form to the doctrine that 'it is not only allowable, but highly praiseworthy, to break the law of the land if the law-breaker is pursuing some end which to him or her seems to be just or desirable.'" It will be remembered that Lieut. Malcolm shot a man to prevent him from committing adultery with Mrs. Malcolm, and that defence, coupled with the manifest reluctance of counsel for the prosecution to press his case and the judge's emphatic sympathy with the accused person, produced the inevitable sentimental verdict of "Not guilty" of a crime which was admitted. That verdict has had its inevitable sequel in a crop of murders by soldiers who have alleged that their wives were unfaithful during the husband's absence on war service, and in most cases, I believe, verdicts of "Not guilty" have been returned. Last week this trend of affairs culminated at the Central Criminal Court when Mr. Justice Atkin bound over for two years in his own recognisances in £5 a soldier charged, on his own confession, with the murder of his wife; and in these circumstances I need not apologise for returning to the subject.

Let me say at once, to prevent unnecessary correspondence, that I am no devotee of the death penalty; I approve heartily of the restriction of it that occurred during the nineteenth century until now. Although, I believe, it is still possible to inflict it for five offences, it is practically only imposed for three offences, murder, mutiny, and high treason. It was difficult enough to modify a system of criminal law that prescribed the same penalty of death for the crime of stealing five shillings and the wilful slaughter of a human being; and if we still think that the law is unnecessarily severe in some cases, or, as I prefer to put it, that it treats what is really disease as crime, the fact remains that we ought not to tolerate a public opinion which is less instructed in what constitutes civilisation than is the law of the land. If the law prescribed the penalty of death for the offence of adultery, it would be easier to sympathise with those who could not brook "the law's delay," but constituted themselves the executors of its punishment. But the law does not prescribe death for adultery, and should not be allowed to condone it without protest; nor should public opinion be assumed to lend sentimental support to the doctrine that adultery, actual or prospective, is so foul a crime that nothing but death can purge it.

The more we admit the strength and universality of primitive passions, the more we have to recognise that it is part of the whole process of civilisation to modify their expression. People who howl and shriek about sexual offences (like the White Slave Traffic agitators) are not more, but less, civilised than those who regard them as more or less inevitable, but as venial as a breach of contract. It is in the name of the very religion that (whether apocryphally or canonically does not matter) forgave the woman taken in adultery that they howl, like the Jews, for penalties, and by insisting on the conception of sin, insist on the punishment and not the forgiveness of sin. To me, it matters little

whether we take the religious or the legal view of marriage; sacramental marriage, in its real sense of union, is as rare as true love, and may as easily be celebrated before a registrar as a priest, or may dispense with any ceremony. But of the majority of marriages, it is safe to say, as Rochefoucauld said, that there are convenient marriages, but no delightful ones. And it is precisely because they are marriages of convenience, made on earth and not in Heaven, that the legal conception of marriage as a contract is practically more applicable, and has the further advantage of enabling us to consider the subject not as maniacs suffering from irresistible impulses, but as intelligent and responsible people.

I abate none of my insistence that the marriage contract, as at present interpreted, is an absurd one because it relieves one of the parties to it of all obligations under the contract, by insisting on the general legal doctrine that ignorance of the law is no excuse. Men ought to know that the contract of marriage confers no right upon them, but only obligations; and if they choose to enter into a contract that definitely binds them but leaves them dependent on the goodwill of the other, for the performance of the implied terms of the contract, after the marriage is consummated, they must abide by the consequences. The law is patently absurd, I know; it is only a few weeks since a man, to take one example, who had arranged to make an annual allowance of money to a woman in consideration of a promise of marriage found himself compelled to pay that allowance for life, although the woman had jilted him and married another man. I know of no way of preventing a man from making a fool of himself (and in these matters generosity is often another name for foolishness), except by warning him that he will have to abide by the terms of the contract until the other party gives him his legal remedy by committing adultery. That remedy is not murder or manslaughter, but divorce.

In the case under consideration, the man alleged that "Somehow she got round me. I said I would forgive her if she would give the life up and look after the child." Later, she told him that she was suffering from venereal disease, and he then got his revolver and shot her. But it is necessary to insist that the law does not prescribe, nor can public opinion endorse, the infliction of death for venereal disease; although both defending counsel and the judge agreed that the knowledge of venereal disease was sufficient to make the man temporarily insane, there is no reason why we should, and every reason why we should not, permit this argument to pass unnoticed. Venereal disease may be a sin; if so, it is no business of ours, but of God's, who will forgive it; it is not yet, I think, a crime, and as a disease our only concern is with the prevention and cure of it. We have no use for any emotion, noble or ignoble, in this matter; venereal disease is too serious in its individual and social consequences to be the text of indignant harangues, of tracts, of sermons, or any of the paraphernalia of righteous indignation. We must insist that it is simply a contagious disease, amenable both to prophylaxis and cure; and acquaint the public as widely with the hygienic means of prevention of the disease as they are now informed concerning its prevalence. There is, unfortunately, too much secrecy about the matter, and I am by no means sure that it is permissible to publish the simple antiseptic means of combating both the onset and progress of these diseases; certainly, Sir H. Bryan Donkin, in his recent correspondence in the "Times," gave no specific instances, although he alleged, what is fairly well known, that there are several antiseptics which will prevent the infection. And it is a fact, which I find in Dr. Brend's "Health and the State," that "the Board [of Trade] has issued a book, the 'Ship Captain's Medical Guide,' which all mer-

chant ships must carry, and which contains instructions on the prophylactic measures against venereal disease; and that since 1911 it has been supplying merchant ships with the medicaments necessary for this purpose. Thus the Board of Trade is conveying to seamen, and indirectly to the general public, knowledge of preventive methods which are ignored completely in the Report of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases, and in the reports on Public Health of the Local Government Board." With this information available there is no need for the law to condone temporary insanity at the discovery of a case, or to pretend that it is a justification for homicide. Socially, we have a right to insist that a man shall behave reasonably, shall avoid the marriage contract if he does not like its terms, and find some more scientific treatment of venereal disease than a shot from a revolver. There is no reason why our gratitude to our soldiers for supporting the cause of law and order in international affairs should make us tolerate the legal indulgence of their passionate crimes against domestic law which, by granting them impunity, is encouraging the increase of homicide in this country.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Lancashire Hollands. By Bernard Holland, C.B. (Murray. 18s. net.)

Mr. Bernard Holland has tapped an inexhaustible reservoir of history, the history of county families; and, incidentally, has proved that if a family only lives long enough, and retains a record of its existence, it cannot fail to be interesting. The earliest record of this family is dated Nov. 5, 1202, and is a deed by which Uhtred de Chyrche released his right in fourteen oxgangs of land to Matthew de Holland. By 1241, Robert de Holland and his son, Thurstan, were in prison on the charge of having set fire to a house belonging to the Rector of Wigan and occupied by John Mansel. They claimed trial by jury, with what result is not known—perhaps even the jury did not know what it did. But from this beginning, the family proceeded to set England alight; it played an active part in the most picturesque and chivalrous period of English history, it figured among the founders of the Order of the Garter, it allied itself with the Royal family and attained the highest rank in the peerage. It produced some of the fairest women, and some of the most ferocious men, in English history; at the fall of the Plantagenets, it produced some of the most unfortunate men. Famous names appear again in this history, the Black Prince, John O'Gaunt, Richard II, Henry Bolingbroke, and so forth, all of them in the family. To be half-brother to Richard II, and brother-in-law to the man who deposed him, was the fate of John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon. But luckily, there is not too much of the genealogical tree; the Hollands were "limbs," and the history of their doings carries us into the lists, and the battlefield, more often than it does even to the Court or the Courts. There are incidents that strike the modern mind with a peculiarly humorous effect; for example, to read that when the Hollands revolted against Henry IV, "high pay was offered in London for military service for fifteen days," reminds us of the Athenians hiring boats and boatmen for a sea-battle. The difference between ancient and modern warfare is even more strikingly brought out by the recital of John O'Gaunt's attempt to establish his claim as King of Castile. Sir John Holland went with him, and was challenged by a French knight to three courses with the lance, three attacks with the sword, three with the

battle-axe, and three with the dagger. The challenge was accepted joyfully, the passport was sent, the lists were prepared, the fight took place, and neither was wounded. With all that preparation to slaughter each other in style, nothing happened except a day of enjoyment and a night of feasting. The army was beaten by sickness; and the predecessors of Norman Angell who were in the ranks declared that war (in Spain) did not pay. Froissart tells us that those who returned said: "The voyage was so long, a war with France would be much more advantageous. . . . When you enter a large city or town, you expect to find everything; but you will meet with nothing but wines, lard, and empty coffers. It is quite the contrary in France; for there we have many times found in the cities and towns, when the fortunes of war delivered them into our hands, such wealth and riches as astonished us. It is such a war as this we ought to attend to, and not a war with Castile and Portugal, where there is nothing but poverty and loss to be suffered." These sidelights on historical conditions and states of mind would themselves be enough to justify the appearance of this book; but the history of the family is so interlocked with the history of the country that the book abounds in interest. We cannot discover that the Hollands ever did any good, but their history makes fine reading, for they were men of character if not of talent.

"Sunbeam," R.Y.S. By Earl Brassey. (Murray. 21s. net.)

Ships are always good company, and the "Sunbeam," which has done everything except travel by the overland route, is already famous; and this record of "her voyages and experiences in many waters" may be recommended to those who have time to spare and leisure to appreciate. For the voyages of the "Sunbeam" not only have the interest intrinsic to everything that floats (the weather is always a Divinity at sea), they have the additional interest sometimes of famous people. That Earl Brassey should have taken Gladstone to Norway in the "Sunbeam" is an historical fact enlivened in this case by the reproduction of "Punch's" mythical account of the voyage; that he should have brought Gladstone back again, and let loose on England a flood of verbiage, serves only to show us how misleading a sense of duty may be. We must use a little common sense, and as Gladstone would have liked to stop in Norway, it was a shame to bring him back to the November elections of 1885. "He seemed," says Earl Brassey, "to have lost all consciousness of the political struggles which were being fought under his leadership. It went greatly against the grain to remind him that his address to his constituents was being anxiously looked for. I told him that it was expected. 'Must I then go to work, my dear Brassey?' were his plaintive words. 'They shall have it.' So saying, he closeted himself in my cabin, and prepared the manifesto which Mr. Chamberlain deemed so 'dull and uninspiring.'" That Tennyson "had a short, clay pipe for every pocket—and they were many," is another thing learned from this record. The part played by the "Sunbeam" in Earl Brassey's recruiting for the Royal Naval Volunteers is also described; and the record of the boat until she was handed over as a hospital ship in 1916 is told here. She has sailed in every sea; she has logged 500,000 miles. She has been round the world, to the West Indies, to India, to Australasia, to Canada and the United States, to Iceland, and she has been so often to the Mediterranean that she could find her way blindfolded. She has carried some famous people, she has been the means and the scene for many propagandas, she has seen some (perhaps all) of the finest scenery of the world; and the photographic reproduc-

tion of some of the scenes adds an interest to a fascinating book which is encyclopædic in its range.

Love by Halves. By Alan Mackinnon. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

This addition to "The First Novel Library" belies "G. K. C.'s" assertion that "the first novel is almost certain to be, whatever else it is, full of industry and solemnity and fire." The chief characteristic of "Love by Halves" is *savoir faire*; Mr. Mackinnon sees life as it is presented, even at Court, and he is as fluent in his comments as any Under-Secretary could be. He was probably born in evening dress, and murmured his first epigram over the hand of the nurse. The absurdity of trying to tell a story of passion in such a self-possessed style is obvious, and is the only example of that "solemnity" which "G. K. C." expected. Mr. Mackinnon's obvious talent is social comedy; he observes manners, and infers minds, and is never at a loss in conversation. He could write "Dolly Dialogues" by the dozen, and, if he developed his wit, the comedy of manners, but passion—he can only tell us that his characters exhibited the conventional signs of passion, without confusing the order of their precedence. That the only attempted passionate love-scene should be overlooked by an eunuch is symbolic of the relation between Mr. Mackinnon's style and his subject; he does not know at first hand what passion is, he does not write from a full heart, but he has to collect his information as best he can, observe the wild animals among their natural surroundings. Even the servants who spend their evenings piecing together the contents of the waste-paper basket contribute to this impression; and the best advertisement of this novel would be: "All scenes of passion carefully reported at second-hand, or from hearsay." The idea with which Mr. Mackinnon began is almost forgotten; his Ada Lempriere, who wanted "to attract men" became the mistress of a German princelet, who, if he lived to be a hundred, would still be a juvenile. She hankered for the state of Nature, and was jilted by the heir to the State of Bavaria. Even Mrs. Fitzherbert, who did not want to attract men, made the heir of George III marry her, even if the marriage was afterwards repudiated; but Ada Lempriere, with all her primal passions, and her genius (she was a *prima-donna*), could not lead a little wisp of a man to the altar. Then she returned to England, and married an Englishman; she caused no scandal until she met an Arab, who taught her what love was. She loved him so much that she refused to sacrifice either him or herself; and fled back to her art in Germany before her husband could reach her. Her experiences of love can be tabulated: she began by kissing the chauffeur, she continued by kissing the boot-boy at the pension, she became the mistress of a German prince, the wife of an Englishman, the lover of an Arab, and returned to German opera; and we know no more of her at the end, she knows no more of herself, than we and she knew at the beginning. As a study of passion, the book is a failure; Mr. Mackinnon's success is made with the intriguers, the social types who look on, who arrange the affairs as though they were dramas, who keep up a continual chorus of scandalous commentary, and who surmise what they cannot discover by cross-examination, or from the contents of the waste-paper basket. His Evelyn Reynolds, his Mrs. Schaeffer, his Miss Ellison, all his gossip-mongers, are done to the life; he is at home with "The Way of the World," or "The School for Scandal," although he does flirt with miscegenation, and has a somewhat youthful preference for decadence, like the brother of Algernon Sidney. But he had better leave passion to Elinor Glyn—he must have done so, for there is no trace of it in "Love by Halves."

Pastiche.

TO ENGLAND.

The Spirit in terrible anguish cast
Broodeth in thoughtful caverns vast;
The Spirit stirs, and the Spirit sings;
Shapes of immensity stretch their wings.

Greater wrath awaits thee yet
Than the brutal German threat;
Greater wrath and fiercer fire,
When the heavens dance in ire,
When the clouds do gape again,
And the lightning stabbeth plain.
London's harlot shall be spread
On the spikes of London's dread;
London's pride come tumbling down
At that sad, awakening frown,
Masterful, that will not see
Golden wealth with misery,
Golden wealth and patronage,
Misery's wild equipage,
Unified in dim despair,
Wretched, sinful, sobbing pair.

First the Roman stretched his hand
O'er us, in a virgin land,
Turned away; then swiftly came
Saxon with a beard of flame;
Norman with him tried a fall,
Won and lost; and over all
Time did drop a vasty pall.

Chaucer! Thou didst rouse again
In thy sweetest limpid strain
Our dear goddess from her dreams
Where her sprightly fountain gleams.
Inspiration heady gushed
Forth, and nobly onward rushed
The swiftest river, broadening still,
And banked by many a peerless hill
With curving slopes and deepest green
Of fragrant woods that sprang between
Tall temples wrapped in radiant light,
From whence arose, both day and night,
Song and praise and worship high
To that One that standeth nigh,
The lord and servant of the just,
The surest guard of bravest trust.
Such in thy great golden age,
England, were thy princes sage,
That thine honour in a blast
Of triumph leapt; thy tortured past
Renewed itself once more with mirth,
Till decay found greater birth
With greedy, harsh Elizabeth,
And Milton blind in saddest death.
Too much ripeness yieldeth gall.
Kingdoms fall; so over all
Time did weave a misty pall.

Blake in rapture sprang aloft,
With lightnings garbed, till followed soft,
And still, the clear eternal call;
Leave the market and the hall,
Palaces and garnished lands;
Seek and pray and lay thy hands
On thine own and only rule;
For in thyself is hid the school,
In thyself, no otherwhere,
In thyself and only there!
Gray, with strenuous tortures bent,
Spake across the firmament.
And after him, with fiery heart,
Smiling Arnold fixed his dart,
Bent his bow and loosed the string,
Till swift his thought sped, uttering
Harmonies that still sing clear
To the glad attentive ear.

But, oh, what howling fiends assail thee now!
What doom doth waste that broadest brow!
On thy heaths the barren land
Groans to feel no labourer's hand.

All thy fields are littered up
 With weeds that on thy body sup.
 All thy forests are dismayed,
 And thy minstrel mavis flayed.
 Thy churches are but dens of death.
 From thy cities coils the breath
 Exhaled by faint, exhausted slaves:
 In thy streets pale hunger raves;
 In thy markets Mammon thund'rous
 Pealeth ordinances wondrous;
 He, the cause of all thy stress,
 Blareth out in brutality
 Decees a child would spit upon!
 Loud the rampant antiphon
 Of thine artists, basely wise,
 Sobs beneath the shuddering skies:
 Thine artists! All too lecherous
 To guard thy name, too treacherous
 To cherish aught but graven gods,
 That shall cherish them with rods.
 Is this thy culmination then?
 A home for sadly shrivelled men,
 That toil and moil and pour their blood
 To float thy corpse on such a flood!

Englishmen, your heritage
 Sinks derided by the wage,
 Cold, and swollen with disease
 That profits those whom profits please,
 Knaves of guile and slaves of gold,
 Serpent-eyed, hyena-bold.
 What have you to do with these,
 That you their craven lust should ease?
 Turn again and search yourselves,
 As the patient miner delves
 Till he strike the waiting seam,
 The joyful board, of hope the beam.
 Englishmen! Your pasturage
 Spreadeth in the fair new age,
 In fields where labour, nobly clad,
 Responsible, refreshed and glad
 With wine of confidence, with bread
 Of high assurance, steps with tread
 Of stately grandeur. Glorious land!
 Planted, decked by freeman's hand,
 Set with oak and ash and thorn,
 And their seedlings yet unborn;
 Rich and fruitful, from the roots
 In sacred India, to the shoots
 That dream so dimly in the west,
 Where the mighty sun doth rest!
 Forward! Rank on stable rank,
 Orderly, with either flank
 Equiposèd, move with grand
 Resolution, each hand
 Eager to destroy, to build
 Once again that oldest guild,
 That was before our strife began,
 That shall be while there breathes a man;
 Once again with wrath to blend
 Past and future without end.
 Oh, smother not your former days,
 Lest destruction line your ways.
 Can the future be contained,
 And the past be not retained?
 Half the present would you kill,
 Did you treat the past too ill!
 Half the future would you blot,
 Did you leave the past to rot!
 Were the mediæval days
 But designed for pageant plays?
 Life did sow the germ of life
 In that parti-coloured strife.
 Tremble not at harsh unease;
 From disaster springeth peace.
 Oh, Calamity, thy fame
 Maketh thee an odious name!
 Oh, Calamity, thy grace
 Maketh shining every face!
 But wherefore cry for courage stopt
 From victors in full many a rout?
 On, in God's name, till the toil
 Drip with nectar-soothing spoil!
 Here a little—'tis begun!
 There a little—and 'tis done!

J. A. M. A.

MEMORY.

The golden clouds of Summer, and the warm wind
 Now only bring to my mind
 That day of Summer days when I learned happiness
 In that dear Breton place,
 Where the moss grew velvet-soft and cool and sweet
 Under your naked feet,
 Where first I touched your hand moss-cool and where
 The odour of bruised mint hung on the air.
 But now, beloved, because you have gone away
 There is no happiness in the golden Summer day,
 And now I do not dare
 To seek again that place I loved, because your memory
 is there.

DESMOND FITZGERALD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CONSUMPTION.

Sir,—I do not know if attention has already been drawn to the false analogy in the words of Mrs. Townshend, quoted by "S. G. H." in his "Interlude with Mr. Cole." She says, "I do not consume the skill of the surgeon or the wisdom and experience of the teacher. On the contrary, I actually enhance the value of these 'goods' by availing myself of them, while I destroy the value of the boots by wearing them." It seems to me that Mrs. Townshend must either compare the *skill* of the bootmaker with the *skill* of the surgeon, or else the product of the bootmaker with the *product* of the surgeon, which is (or should be) physical fitness—the value of which she can just as easily destroy by wearing it.

T. CONSTANTINIDES.

FOOD QUERY.

Sir,—In the town where I am at present living, the food queues are so long that they have become the most important local sight. They are also, so far as can be gathered from hurried tram-rides, almost the only topic of conversation among the women of the district, whose husbands are victims of a poetic justice which prevents them from spending their astonishingly high wages in the way that would give them most gratification. By the time any given tram-car has reached its destination, all its inmates have assured each other that the only possible remedy for the present ill is "tickets," and I suppose that in every town throughout the country its inhabitants are making ready to welcome that remedy with entire conviction in its infallibility.

It does not need very great intuition to read in this unanimity the first signs of a breeze that before long will blow at least one more of those who are directing affairs to his doom. The only question that perplexes one is: At whom and by whom is the breeze aimed?

Allowing for the fact that a great many newspapers are written by the ignorant for their peers, it is impossible to believe that those in control of the Associated Press—why fear to write that cabalistic phrase?—can seriously believe that rationing will abolish queues when there must be a doubt as to whether the ration will go round. Who, then, is to face the music for which the Associated Press publications are so industriously tuning up? Can any of your readers decode the victim's name from the signal hoisted to-day upon the front page of the "Weekly Dispatch": "No More Queues After Next Month"?

ERIC LEADBITTER.

THE LAW SOCIETY'S DEMANDS.

Sir,—The Law Society's attitude to reform deserves the prompt support of the laity. The demand for a Minister of Justice has a significance all its own when contrasted with the hide-bound obstruction of the Bar described by Mr. Holfort Knight in the "Fortnightly" for January. The solicitors, wiser in their generation, although, perhaps, not so statutorily "learned" as the members of the so-called higher branch, are realising the truth that their best course is frankly to take their stand on the side of the public. The Minister of Justice should be a layman and not a nominee of the Inns of Court of which the existing legal department of the Home Office is a mere appanage. Give us a Minister of Justice of the right sort, and we have taken an im-

portant step towards coming into line with our neighbours. The installation of an Imperial School of Law—demanded by the Law Society and strenuously opposed by the Bar Council—would soon be an accomplished fact. Legal instruction would follow modern lines; and the cry, "Back to Blackstone," the Great Dope Doctor, would no longer be heard in the land. W. D.

THE BELIEF IN HELL.

Sir,—In your issue of December 6, Mr. W. Marwick says:—"I hold no brief for the theological views of Moody and Drummond, but I believe they were sincere and honest men." That is exactly what I deny. I say that intellectual honesty is a thing that has always been unknown to the theological mind, and that neither Moody nor Drummond possessed any such quality.

What are the admitted facts? Drummond lived in a country where the word "lost" has for generations been used as the equivalent of "eternally damned." Drummond himself was brought up in a rabidly religious home of the old-fashioned type, and there was no man living who understood better the usual meaning of the word "lost" than he did. According to Mr. Marwick, Drummond did not attach the conventional meaning to the word "lost." Yet Drummond week after week terrified a number of impressionable boys by telling them they would be "lost," without once explaining to them that he was using the word "lost" in a Pickwickian sense. And this is what Mr. Marwick calls an honest man!

Mr. Marwick does not think the belief in hell is now very widely held. I fear Mr. Marwick knows little of the multitude. Did he ever hear of Billy Sunday? Sunday glories in preaching unmitigated hell, and he can preach for three months in any town in America and draw prodigious crowds every day. A few months ago another evangelist, Dr. French E. Oliver, carried on a revivalist campaign in Vancouver. He preached hell in its crudest form, and denounced in the most abusive language all the Vancouver ministers who did not do likewise. At his farewell meeting there were 2,500 people out of a total population of 100,000.

If National Guildsmen and other enlightened persons do not attach any importance to hell-fire preachers, that only shows that in knowledge of the world they are mere babies compared with their opponents. The capitalist class knows very well the value of a hell-fire orator. The enormous sums expended on Billy Sunday's campaigns are largely contributed by the most hard-headed members of the capitalist class. Among those who paid for bringing Dr. Oliver to Vancouver were rich men who have no more belief in hell than Voltaire, but who know the value of religious terror as a strike-breaker and an incentive to hard work. English capitalists are not quite so systematic as American ones, but they also thoroughly appreciate the value of revivalism.

Mr. Marwick says that, even if we get rid of superstition, we have still to deal with sin. That is true. Even when we get rid of diphtheria we have still to deal with cancer, but that is no reason for speaking kindly of diphtheria. Frankly, I am not very hopeful about sin, and my feeling on that subject is largely due to my experience of evangelical movements. I knew many of Drummond's converts, and most of them were changed for the worse. Honest football-players were turned into solemn prigs. I have immense experience of "good" people, and I am quite sure that an increase of "good" people is not what the world needs. I do not think there is the slightest chance of changing the nature of most men. If you know a child at three months, you know just what that child will be at seventy. Whatever improvements there may be will certainly not be brought about by moral exhortation.

R. B. KERR.

A CHANCE FOR A CRITIC.

Sir,—For personal reasons and at the suggestion of a well-known publisher, I have dragged wearily and with ever-increasing disgust through the pages of "The Woman of the Horizon," by Gilbert Frankau.

I had heard the book described as "brilliant," "amusing," "incisive," a host of adjectives, yet commenced the first chapter with an open mind. I finished the last with a very genuine feeling of extreme nausea.

To the readers of THE NEW AGE any further comment is unnecessary, but I should be grateful if amongst your intellectual readers and contributors one would spare the time to explain to me in simple language by what judgment of morality, by what code of decency, D. H. Lawrence's "The Rainbow" be banned and G. Frankau's neurotic effusion be printed, published, or sold. Courteously you allowed me to express an opinion about Mr. J. F. Hope's articles in a recent issue (to which I am sure he did not take exception), but any criticism from him or "R. H. C." which could entirely destroy the malign influence of such a book as "The Woman of the Horizon" should be welcomed.

ERNEST WILTON SCHIFF.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

In a very broad sense it is true that the war is being fought for the political education of the German people.

Our wisest policy is to intensify and enlarge in the German popular mind the contrast between the aims of the German Government and the aims of the Allies.

We are advocating two programmes: one of defence against the Prussian dynasty, and the other of promise to the German people.

What more could be asked of any policy than that it should unite our friends and divide our enemies?

What is being decided in these days is not whether Capital or Labour shall rule the world, but whether the world shall have a Prussian master.

If Prussia wins, we may be assured that neither Capital nor Labour in England will profit by any advantage either has gained over the other; while if Prussia is defeated, Labour will be entitled to demand a lion's share in reconstruction and in the future of the nation Labour will have saved.

Since by their differences the nation may be ruined and the world of democracies brought into Prussian servitude, the private affairs of the trade unions are public and world affairs.

The issues of the Shop-Steward Movement have become public and only publicity will settle them.—"Notes of the Week."

What National Guilds involve is the transference from the State to the Guilds of more and more of the present accidental historical functions of the State, while leaving its sovereignty untouched.—NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Germany cannot be permitted to control the Slav races, for if she succeeds there will be no means in a few years of preventing her becoming the master of the world.—RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

To criticise means also to compare with a conceived ideal.—ANREP.

English novelists are free to make their characters act as their author chooses; but a French character has to act as it *must*.—ALICE MORNING.

I have sometimes wondered whether Satan's original sin was not pride, but simply doubt whether God could be as good as He looked.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

Literary criticism penetrates no further than literature on peril of being transformed into another kind of criticism altogether.

The age before us is the age of psycho-analysis.

Abstract thinking is almost a recipe for the development of talent.—R. H. C.

The bankers, God bless them, have been taking thought for our welfare.

Democracy is impossible without democratic finance.—A. E. R.

Let it never be said that the playing-fields of Eton failed Labour in its great fight for freedom from ideas.

Once comb out brains from the Labour movement, and the only undiluted thing about Labour will be its temper.—HORSE-MARINE.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

THE NEW AGE, it appears, was the pioneer of the Free Press. "I myself," says Mr. Belloc, "founded the 'Eyewitness' in the same chapter of ideas." All the leading dailies, we learn, in various degrees caricature public life and obscure facts for venal purposes. Mr. Belloc and the little coterie of journalists and politicians whom he represents are the sole incorruptibles and sole depositaries of the complete truth (it is, we suppose, in a sudden access of modesty that he speaks of politicians as "mediocrities"). . . . Mr. Belloc seems to have little knowledge of the real inner working of what he calls the "Capitalist" or "Official" Press. He entirely ignores the fact that English newspapers are owned by a great number of different people, voice a great number of conflicting views, and engage in a healthy rivalry to give the public the fullest and most trustworthy information. One can have little confidence in a movement which has so vociferously to assert its own excellence. "The Free Press is really read and digested. The Official is not. Its scream is heard, but it provides no food for the mind." "The level of writing in the Free Press is very much higher than in the Official Press." "Those who leave us . . . are the hacks doomed to oblivion. We, under the modern silence, are the inheritors of those who built up the political greatness of England upon a foundation of free speech, and of the prose which it begets." Alas for that sense of humour which we used to connect with Mr. Belloc.—"Times" Literary Supplement.

Far from offering a basis of compromise with German military autocracy, any further utterance by the President will emphasise the fact that peace negotiations will not be conducted with the military party in the saddle in Germany. President Wilson is now convinced that little short of a revolution in Germany can satisfy his first condition for peace discussions—namely, a German Government responsible to the Reichstag majority. If the German and Austrian peoples really desire peace, the only way they can now get it is by themselves bringing about such a thorough change in political conditions in the Central Empires as will satisfy the ideals of American democracy.—"Times" Washington Correspondent.

The "Vorwärts," in a leading article, says: "The agitation passing through masses of the working people rests on profound moral bases. It is, one must to-day say openly, caused by the fear that they have been misled. They are unwilling to allow themselves to be misled, but hold firm to their aims. Countless times since the beginning of this tragedy of mankind it has been declared by their representatives in the Reichstag that 'We fight for our own land, not for conquests. We fight not for Germany as it was before the war, but for the Germany that shall be after the war—for a free Fatherland.'"

To-day the dangers of a prolongation of the war through open or badly concealed annexations and domestic reaction emerge gigantic. The Government's present attitude is not calculated to exterminate the germ of every doubt and distrust, but it must honestly be said that the agitation is less attributable to the Government's attitude itself than to the agitation of a *clique* of gentlemen who cannot even now perceive that their time is over.

The German people is known to be the quietest and most patient of the whole world. If this people, in its wide strata, begins to be seized with unrest, let no one persuade himself that this is only the fruit of dangerous agitations and not, rather, the fruit of an untenable Government system. Every idea of attempting to press on the people war-prolonging aims for which it never fought, or of withholding the rights promised it, has a destructive effect. That, to-day, is the greatest danger.—"Times."

To the Editor of the "Electrician."

Sir,— . . . They (Socialists) have the audacity to differentiate between capital and the capitalist. They know that the former is their friend, while the latter is their enemy. The capitalist, on his side, knows that Labour is his enemy. Why should we not face the truth in this matter as we do in engineering matters? . . . Capital and the capitalist can be separated. Labour and the labourer cannot be separated, and therein lies the capitalists' trouble. . . . Labour is conscious of this fact, but it has now to take capital and the capitalist together; yet it is conscious of the fact that it has no use for the capitalist, and that as capital is the friend of Labour, and the capitalist the enemy of Labour, the object to aim at and to work for is the separation of capital from the capitalist.—F. W. SHORROCKS, A.M.I.E.E.

There are newspapers which still appear to make it their chief business to print as many advertisements as they can crowd in, and some of them appear to concentrate on advertisements of the luxury type, despite the warnings by the Government that these trades will have to be restricted during the war. This is not patriotic, particularly on the part of those publications which, in their editorial comments, hold forth as to what should be done to help the country, ignoring the fact that they are culprits themselves in encouraging unnecessary and useless business. If the Paper Commission were to impose a restriction in advertisements to one-third of the available space, it would serve as useful a purpose in the saving of paper as anything it has yet done. A large number of highly profitable advertisements have in the past encouraged newspaper proprietors who do not appreciate the paper market to risk extra paper in printing them. They have said to themselves: "If we print advertisements of the value of a thousand pounds and the cost in paper to print them costs only £750 it is good business." So it is so long as paper is assured, but paper supplies are not assured, and the institution of a rule regularising advertisements would prove to be a good thing for them ultimately.—"Circulation Manager and Advertiser."

Imagine that the Labour Party were to carry almost every seat in the next Parliament, and then conceive a *coup d'état* by a Convention of Shop Stewards. There is more here than the familiar idea of a class-struggle. There is rather the transition from social democracy to Syndicalism. It is the representative organ of the producers which claims to govern, and advances its claim in a form which really means that only the industrial or agrarian producer has civic rights. Lenin's decree which handed over the factories to the absolute control of the workmen in each is, once more, rather Syndicalism than Socialism. We are curious, because we suspect that in this conflict of Soviet and Parliament, of consumer and producer, there is a problem which is universal and inevitable. It may not present itself elsewhere in a revolutionary form, but it is latent everywhere. The Guild Socialist, who says that there ought, in a well-regulated society, to be two elected Chambers, a Soviet and a Parliament, a House of Producers and a House of Consumers, may have the clue to this Russian struggle.—"The Nation."

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