

The Herald of the Star

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TWO SONNETS TO TWO POETS

SHAKESPEARE

O ! in this mighty forest let me dwell
A neighbour to its vast and teeming brood,
Till I have learn'd their lineaments, have woo'd
Each shy, sweet nymph, have made each faery tell
The secret of her being, have forc'd the spell
From creatures fair and foul,—have understood
Something of this soul-baffling plenitude,
Peopling high heaven and earth and deepest hell.
Then, when each flowery coppice I have thrid,
Peer'd in each cavern dark and mounted high
On every bald-head crag—Then let me die,
My corse all strewn with leaves both fresh and dead ;
The while my Spirit, soaring overhead,
Melts in the Soul of that o'er-arching Sky.

KEATS

O, saffron-robed, melodious, violet-wreath'd !
What shall I say to thee, sweet friend, who livest
The gentlest beauty that has e'er outbreakh'd
Its soul in verse?—I thank thee, that thou givest
Something for us to strive for, something pure
As skies at even, something that wears the dew
Of the world's youth upon 't, something that's true
With the deep beauty that shall aye endure.
What Poet can do more?—O, they who sing,
Be they or high or low, give forth their heart,
Not that the world be hush'd in wondering,
But that their very effluence may impart
Unto each tongue-tied soul, like pulsing Spring,
The vocal, sweet fecundity of art.

E. A. W.



EDITORIAL NOTES

WE take the following from the *Daily Express* of March 10 :—

The twelve sects of Japanese Buddhists have met in conference to frame their idea of what should constitute a just and lasting peace, and have drawn up a manifesto which is being transmitted to the Peace Conference in the care of Marquis Saionji.

The right reverend abbots and prelates who sign the document point out that the peace of the world is based on Humanism, which consists in the practice of charity and philanthropy. Realisation of this principle is the essential aim of the ever-merciful Buddha, who has never ceased to pity the lot of man. The practical application of this principle of great charity to international affairs is that all idea of different treatment among nations, be they great or small, powerful or weak, civilised or uncivilised, as well as any prejudices against races or religions, must give way to a code of international relations based on supreme impartiality.

Buddhism desires for itself equality with all other religions, and will extend reciprocity to all creeds. The Powers, animated by the same principle, are called upon to sink all jealousies and rivalries and freely to exchange their products and their culture.

Lastly, Buddhism desires that in regard to all social and international enterprises, such as the maintenance of peace, the extirpation of abuses, the campaign for regenerating morals, a perfect moral and intellectual agreement should henceforth prevail among all nations, politicians, religionists, educators, and competent persons of the economic world for common study and mutual assistance," and in furtherance of this great end, "we Buddhists are ready to unite with religionists of the whole world."

* * *

THIS modest paragraph, tucked away unobtrusively in the pages of a London daily, seems to us, in many ways, the most remarkable item of news yet received in connection with the Peace Conference. Nothing definite, of course, will come of the proposal, so far as the Con-

ference is concerned. It will doubtless be received with a murmur expressive of sympathy and respect, and then it will be recorded in the Minutes—and so shelved. But none the less it will have marked the highest level reached in the deliberations upon the future ordering of the world. At last, after all this political and economic talk, someone has had the courage to suggest that the real basis of any future order must be spiritual. There is a thrill and an appeal about the words "great charity" which is absent even from the language of President Wilson's discourses upon the League of Nations. The words are positive; much of the talk about the League of Nations has been negative merely. The conception of a Comity of Peoples has been treated as though it were only an improved version of the Balance of Power. It has been taken for granted that the whole thing must ultimately rest on force. Perhaps it must. But in any case, the idea that it should really rest on a deeper positive quality in human nature is refreshing, even though it may be unpractical, and something in every human heart will respond to the tone of the Buddhist appeal.

* * *

THE truth of the matter is that we have allowed ourselves to hope too much from the Peace Conference. The Press of every Allied country has spoken of it as the body which is to determine the future of the world. Many members of the Conference, notably President Wilson, have allowed their own individual idealism to colour their conception of its functions; and the consequence has been that the public, keyed up to great expecta-

tions, has been conscious of a singular disillusionment. Instead of a spiritual Areopagus, debating high matters in the loftiest spirit, it has witnessed something little above the level of an ordinary Board Meeting. The spaciousness of the problems under review should not blind us to this patent fact. So far as the real future of humanity is concerned, the Peace Conference has, and always has had, a very limited task to perform. Its main work is one of prevention; it has little to do with creation. At best it can only sketch out the external forms in which the international life of the future is to be clothed. It cannot touch that life itself. That its general tone has been prosaic is due to the fact that it is only the prose of things with which it is called upon to deal. In other words, the tone has been the clearest indication of the function. The mistake has lain with those who expected anything more. The time will come soon when the delegates will disperse to their several countries, having performed their appointed task. They must not be disappointed if the world is, for all practical purposes, very much the same place as it was before they set themselves to reshape it. Certain new arrangements will have been contrived, with a presumably adequate force at their back to ensure their maintenance for a certain period of time. But that is all. The real rebuilding of the world will come about in quite another way. The Delegates to the Peace Conference will have every cause for congratulation if the arrangements which they have devised shall have done something to make that rebuilding a little easier.

* * *

ONLY out of life itself can life be rebuilt. What is going to regenerate the world is the re-awakening, in the heart of humanity, of a certain noble trust in itself which it has at present lost. Low standards and mean motives are at present accepted as normal. The words "human nature" are commonly used in a derogatory sense. Particularly in all matters relating to public life—in politics and business—there is a deeply-rooted cynicism of

outlook which has come to be accepted as inevitable. Only when this great illusion is dispelled can the world really advance to something better and nobler. Men have to awaken to the consciousness that human nature is capable of all things—of the highest as well as of the meanest. We have acquiesced too long in an ignoble estimate of ourselves. We have been cowed into a distrust of ideals. The Great Movement will come when we shall once more dare to be idealists and to approach our problems as idealists. Only then will our envisaging of world-conditions be lifted from the calculating and huckstering level at which it rests at present. Meanwhile we shall continue to weigh everything up in terms of pecuniary profit and loss, because for us this is the "practical" way of looking at things. And perhaps it is useless even to suggest, at the moment, that there is another point of view. Some day, however, it may become plain that we cannot talk about a New Age, while still clinging desperately (and unimaginatively) to the formulæ of the age which is past. But it may need an incredible disaster to bring this home to us.

* * *

IS such a disaster likely to happen? Not a few thoughtful people are asking themselves this question. It is a question which it is the task of *THE HERALD OF THE STAR* to probe into and examine. It had been our intention to say something about it this month; but events are moving so rapidly and the situation changes so much from day to day that we have decided to hold it over till our next month's issue. By that time the Preliminary Peace ought to have been signed—if all goes well. Many other things, great and small, may have happened to affect the general situation. It will be much more possible to venture on a forecast of the probable trend of events when we have seen the results of the first contact of the Versailles Conference with the German Representatives. Absorbingly interesting, therefore, though the situation is at the moment, we prefer to reserve our remarks until next month.

FAITH AND EDUCATION

By E. SHARWOOD SMITH

[According to Mr. Sharwood Smith, education should be defined as the liberation of the higher self. The present very interesting article draws some of the logical conclusions from this definition]

If ever I had the temerity to preach a sermon to teachers—which Heaven forbid—I think I should take for my text the verse from one of the Gospels, I fancy St. Luke's, which is quoted at the end of Bacon's *Essay on Truth*, to the effect that when Christ cometh, He shall not find faith on the earth!

What the orthodox interpretation of faith is at the present moment I do not know—I have heard many different versions from different pulpits—but in my mind there is no sort of doubt that what is meant in the Gospels and Pauline epistles by the word is an intense belief in the infinite possibilities of human nature, a certain conviction that we can all of us rise to heights hardly dreamed of yet. It is a true and a deep saying that man is an inhabitant of two worlds, and the pity—the tragedy of his condition—lies in this, that he is never quite at home in either. Hamlet could be bounded in a nutshell and count himself king of infinite space, were it not that he had bad dreams. And Hamlet is not the only person who has suffered from bad dreams. All of us are visited by them at times, those nightmares of our lower nature which keep us back from trusting to the higher self—the divine power insurgent within. And teachers particularly suffer from very bad dreams, dreams of distrust, suspicion, fear about their pupils. They cannot believe in the ability of the young branch to grow straight unless it is continually coaxed and coerced and interfered with. Many of them seem to have a rooted disbelief in the innate goodness, or shall I say the innate trend towards goodness, in those they educate. They never put their expectation high enough. They find

it very difficult to see the swanhood implicit in the ugly duckling. Indeed, many of them seem to prefer the dull waddling domestic duck to the splendid waywardness of the wild swan. The duck is so much more safe and satisfactory. He gives us little trouble, he will feed out of your hand, but the swan!—what eccentricities, what perturbations while he is nearing his tumultuous youth! So let us check and correct the swanhood while we can, until your beautiful swan turn as he may turn, at any rate in my metaphor, into the veriest goose—or worse.

I have listened in my time to many definitions of education, and I have been dissatisfied with them all. Nearly all fail by setting the aim far too low. To my mind education is the deliverance of the spirit—the liberation of the higher self, or it is nothing worth. Is this to take too exalted, too fantastic a view? And how with that idea could we settle the eternal quarrels that occur and recur about the various subjects of the timetable, and their correlation and so forth? Easily—because there would be no quarrels to settle. It is a great maxim of Plotinus that the lower must always be interpreted in terms of the higher, not *vice versa*, and if we hold fast to that point of view it matters hardly at all what we teach, but it matters enormously how we teach, or I would prefer to say what is our attitude towards learning. Indeed it is what the teacher *is* that matters, not what he teaches. And I am certain that attitude must be one of faith and trust and confidence. We shall attach very little importance to an elaborate system of rewards and punishments, or to nicely calculated inducement to learning in the shape of prizes, we shall not pin our faith

to the artificial stimulus of competition or a complicated ritual of marks and form-orders and merit lists, which make the term, and especially the end of the term, a long agony to many a weary spirit. There will be no heavy atmosphere of solemnity and repression and restraint such as hangs like a thick cloud round the very walls of some schools, no speaking with bated breath, no pontifical attitude on the part of the teacher, no walking on tiptoe through the corridors, no embargo on a certain amount of noise, even an outburst of laughter in the passages when no actual work is proceeding.

In our ideal school no automatic penalties will follow on small offences against scholastic decorum, there will be no network of rules and regulations to trap and enmesh the heedless innocence of childhood.

Does this sound like a go-as-you-please and do-as-you-like system—a kind of Bolshevism in education? Possibly it does to many people, and it is just here that any description in words inevitably fails. I do not hope that I shall succeed exactly in conveying what I mean, though I should very much like to succeed. It is a question of atmosphere, of the point of view adopted in the school; of the principles on which the education is based. Details do not matter very much, though, of course, details show what is in the mind of those who arrange them. Offences will come of course, and offences will have to be corrected, but it all depends on the spirit in which they are corrected. That is what I mean by liberty, not license, not anarchy, but a spirit of faith and hope and confidence, a belief that children should be allowed the freest possible expression of themselves without confusion or indiscipline. Again, and I cannot repeat it too often, it is simply and solely a question of atmosphere. And I suppose that atmosphere depends entirely on the personality of the teacher. And one teacher may be very strict and another somewhat lax, and it does not matter. But I am sure the real teacher, whether strict in his discipline or careless about the outward

things so long as the desire to learn is present, will be content to sow the seed and not eagerly dig up the ground every few days to see if it is growing. He will realise that the seed grows secretly, if it is to grow at all. It is the subconscious work of the mind that is everything in education. It is a poor teacher who insists on perfect accuracy and thorough knowledge in the early stages of learning, who demands constant repetition of the same thing, who attaches a high importance to grammar for its own sake, who will allow no fresh step to be taken until the whole of the previous ground has been minutely and meticulously explored. It is here I feel sure that the over-conscientious teacher who lacks inspiration and faith nearly always fails. He will not trust to silent growth, but desires immediate results. He shows a complete disbelief in the subconscious work of the mind, constantly forces the child's reserve, above all is a convinced believer in examinations. Now, apart from any other objection to this attitude of mind, it is fairly certain that knowledge does not grow in this way by tessellation—by adding one fragment to another until a huge mosaic is built up, by a process of agglutination as in the Chinese language. The intelligence, rather, seems to me to work after the fashion of the painter, who first makes a rough and hasty sketch of his whole subject, and then proceeds to define it more and more clearly. Too tidy a mind, too methodical a habit at too early an age is usually a sign of backwardness, of early fossilisation. I will not stop to elaborate this point. What I wish to maintain is that if we are content to leave the grammar and the accuracy and the punctilious neatness for a time, all would come naturally and spontaneously in the proper order of evolution, and a far higher standard of intelligence would be attained in the end, and, indeed, far more real thoroughness if only we teachers trusted more to the natural instincts and interfered less and less ourselves. It is impossible to coerce in education; all that one can do is to give the facilities, provide the atmosphere, supply the environ-

ment, and then, as far as possible, leave the learner to learn for himself and usually by himself. We learn as we live by admiration, hope, and love, not by means of constant proddings and the stimulus of prizes and impositions. These things may induce information, a knowledge of external things, a parasitic knowledge that quickly fades away, they cannot educate the essential self.

Is it that the lesson of evolution has not been fully learnt? I wonder if there would be an outburst of indignation on the part of teachers if anyone made the suggestion that they are not sufficiently alive to the implications of that great law? I imagine there would. And I readily admit that all whom I have met who have thought about the question at all would, without hesitation, admit that growth and development are laws that apply to all living creatures at any rate, and most of all, therefore, to human beings as the highest known manifestation of the creative power of life. But at the same time my experience has caused me to feel grave doubts whether all teachers, or indeed a majority of them, consciously and consistently keep this principle of growth before their eyes and in their minds throughout their educational practice. Is it not a true indictment against teachers as a class that they are inclined to be over-conservative and not very pervious to new ideas?

Of course, they are not singular in this. It is a feature common enough in all classes of society. It is the rare individual who varies from type, who becomes a pioneer and blazes out an entirely new track. Most are influenced by an opposite tendency, the *vis inertiae*, the instinct of resistance to change; the love of imitation, of routine, of repetition. Like imperfect actors they desire continually to rehearse the same part, and fear to take up one that is unknown. In other words, they are under the domination of the herd-instinct. I will not pause to enquire whether this is a wise provision of nature, in order that a drag may be put on the wheels of change for fear the pace become too fast and too furious; so fierce indeed as to

imperil seriously the stability of the whole scheme of things. At any rate, I imagine that everyone will admit that this counter-tendency is widespread, and is in constant tension against the other principle—the passion for change, for movement, for progress, if you like. Possibly—I only throw out the suggestion—it is through this tension that the world as we know it exists in more or less stable equilibrium. Strife, said Heraclitus, long ago, is the father of all things. You must have resistance, some friction is necessary to enable you to move at all. There is nothing like opposition to stir the resolute spirit to more determined action. The bird can only start its flight if it rises *against* the wind. It would be easy to give hundreds of instances of this law, but it is not necessary. We have everywhere the mighty opposites in perpetual conflict—on the one side the power which makes all things new, and on the other the “force” of inertia, of routine, of stability; the clinging to the old paths which it were sometimes gross flattery to call “ruts”; the reluctance to try any course that lacks a precedent. Is this what some philosophers mean when they talk of the spirit working against the matter? I cannot say, but at any rate, we must realise that “matter,” or resistance, is necessary to the evolution of spirit. Indeed, I should never be surprised to find that in the final analysis matter is itself spirit in another form. But while we admit that this opposition, this resistance, is a condition of spirit-growth, we must assert also, I think, that the resistance is often too bitter and too obstinate and unduly prolonged, to such an extent that a deadlock often ensues for a time, and the one force can only move forward by a series of fierce explosions which spread misery and devastation in its track. To this too obstinate resistance of the “herd,” as well as to the fight against the lower nature in the individual, must be ascribed, I think, the unhappiness which Aristotle noticed as so regular a companion of genius, and to this also the melancholy and mental disturbance which I have re-

peatedly noticed in an adolescent boy or girl of more than average ability, and of character beyond the ordinary. It is not a case altogether of good fighting against evil. The real tragedies arise when good is matched against another good, possibly a lesser good, but still a good, or rather what was once a good, but has lost its savour. So in the larger world, and so in the smaller world of educational politics. Here lies the explanation of the failure to reconcile the unceasing quarrel between the stalwart partisans of the old "classical" training and the advocates of modernism in education. For it is a matter of common experience that the most progressive spirits are not all on one side. You will not find reactionaries only in the camp of classicists, nor will they be all of the most enlightened type who clamour for science and modern languages. The reason is that the issue is badly confused. It is a case of ignorant armies that clash in the darkness. Neither side knows exactly at what it is aiming. There are perpetual cross-divisions. Many make science the mighty rallying-cry, and assures us that we have but to make the teaching—I wish they would say the *learning*—of science the chief feature in our schools, and straightway a new heaven and a new earth will shine into our ken. Well, I hope it is not the mark of a benighted reactionary to be slow to accept so easy an assumption.

Let science be throned in all its might and majesty in our schools, let her bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne, and I venture to prophesy that in no very long space of time the cries of disappointment and dissatisfaction will rise no less loudly than before. For if one goes below the surface a little one will realise, I think, that it is not a question of science versus classics or modern subjects against Greek, but a quarrel of the new spirit with the old—the resistance of the ingrained love of routine and imitation against the burning desire to reform, to invent, to create. And as you will certainly find classical teachers in both camps, so I have met not once or twice only some of the loudest-voiced prophets of science clinging

with both hands to the banner of reaction and routine. It is not classics nor the ending of classics that matters, but a new spirit. And I feel strongly that it is because the principles at issue are so rarely revealed that we never seem to get forward in the question. But how are we to tell when to accept and when to resist? Well, of course, this is a very difficult question to answer off-hand. It is largely a matter for the individual to settle for himself. He must learn to read the signs of the times.

But there is, I fancy, a test that can be always applied in cases of perplexity, and that is, whether in what we advocate we are aiming at an immediate result, such, for instance, as success in examinations, material advancement, popular approval, our own glorification, or a more remote and less tangible good which will, in our opinion, even if it be in the far-distant future, help to awaken the higher nature of those whom we are educating. I do not think we should ever go far astray if we laid down the principle that immediate results in education are always wrong. In education it is the imponderables alone that count. And surely the teacher need never be afraid of moving forward, of making experiments. That is exactly what he is there for. He need not be afraid of too little resistance, of moving too fast. Society will apply the brake fast enough.

We are all perhaps a little tired of the controversy that has raged round the *Loom of Youth*. I will only refer to it to try and point my moral. The book, but more particularly the reception of the book, is certainly a portent of the times. It is a symptom of something amiss in the traditional conception of education, of something even a little rotten in the state of the schools. To that it owes, I feel sure, its extraordinary vogue. It has just hit one thought, the blind, unconscious feeling of many individuals who are dissatisfied with things as they are, yet cannot explain why they are dissatisfied.

And therein lies the danger if we do not realise clearly what the symptoms portend. For those who clamour most loudly for a change do not know what they want and are almost certain to be led astray if

a clear guidance is lacking. Commercial arithmetic and a thorough business training give no remedy for the disease, and science, simply because it is science, is nothing but a palliative which in the end will do more harm than good. To compel everybody to be taught science, to make science a necessary subject in all examinations, is to repeat the blunder which has already been such a serious let and hindrance to real education in the schools. To give facilities for the study of science is quite another thing. But it is not information on more subjects that we need, but more wisdom, more intelligence, in applying what we know. And I believe that can only be attained by giving far greater freedom in the choice of subjects and far more elasticity in the way they are studied. That, I take it, put concisely, is the demand of the new spirit in education.

Of course, in one sense there is always a new spirit abroad. The very essence of spirit is that it is creative. Growth never ceases in spite of the resistance, indeed because of the resistance. But there are periods and crises in the world, the macrocosm, just as there are in the little world of men the microcosm, when the spirit is, or seems at any rate to be, more active, more determined, more rebellious, and when it seems unable to endure the opposition of inertia, when the struggle waxes ever more and more violent, with more and more disastrous convulsions, until the victory is won or lost; or am I wrong in believing that such crises occur periodically in the history of the world, when the struggle of the spirit for growth, for expansion, for a changed manifestation is much more violent and much more obvious than at others—when in effect evolution becomes revolution and the current of the world-life channels out for itself a new bed altogether? And surely, if ever, we are at such a crisis now. Indeed, the only crumb of consolation that we can gather from this late feast of the ghouls, this devil's dance of carnage and mutilation, this orgy of profiteering and shameless exploitation, is the belief that it may mean a "break"—what the biologists call a "mutation." New wine has been poured out in abundance, and the bottles are of

the oldest. Do we not see the same thing in the disturbances of adolescence? Just as in the growing individual, though growth or change never ceases altogether, and there is no one minute, no least division of time, when one can point to a particular stage being reached, and though the preparation for the great change is always steadily pressing on, there are, as we know, certain moments when the change is much more active and much more visible and when it is accompanied in many cases by somewhat violent perturbations. And we seem to know that whatever aim or purpose is most clearly envisaged by the adolescent at that stage plays a part of supreme importance in the after-life. It is indeed a sign of life, of the troubling of the waters, but the angel that has come down may for all his troubling leave the waters more stagnant than before. The movement of to-day may be a movement to higher and nobler things, but it may just as easily mean a descent and a degradation.

The spirit that I have seen, says Hamlet, may be a cursed spirit. It depends entirely on how we handle the situation. And it is just at these crises that the herd instinct, the dislike of the least variation from the established routine, the determination to stand in the old paths, may easily lead us to disaster. We can dam up the current if we like, and force it to overflow its banks and so spread ruin and devastation everywhere—or we can welcome it and guide it, not resist it, but control it; not seek to force it back, but make a strong and deep channel along which the waters may flow in a calm and even flood to their appointed outlet. The destructive cataract may be turned into a fertilising river.

But I am travelling far from *The Loom of Youth*. To return to it then for a moment, I would like just to suggest that those to whom the book appears to be an unfair and ill-tempered attack, the laying of a rude profaning hand on the Holy of Holies, are exactly those who are too blind to read the signs of the times. Of course, a very good case can be made out for the public schools. They have played an admirable part in the

education of the country. They were the first to teach the value of freedom and self-government, particularly in the conduct of the games. But the freedom has not gone far enough even there; indeed, it has sometimes been turned into a tyranny, and they have for the most part signally failed to see that the same principle applies to things of the mind and to questions of religion and morality. One good custom has corrupted the whole. Some of the famous schools of old are now far too securely entrenched in tradition and routine. The spirit has hardened into matter. They have lost faith in the higher self of their pupils, in their own ability to move forward on the path of evolution. They have become centres of resistance to the spirit, and its quickening powers are in abeyance, if not wholly lost. Teaching has become a matter of dogma and authority, instead of the freest interplay of question and answer. And the task of the schools, as I conceive it, is to liberate the higher self, to give free play to the upward aspirations of the soul. Of course, I admit at once that there are humbler functions to be performed as well. The teacher has to be an instructor, but not merely an instructor. He must have the ideal and the vision as a lamp to illuminate all his efforts. Or are we content to conceive the function of education to be, as I have several times heard it defined, merely the bringing up of the younger generation to carry on the traditions of their elders, to fit the child for his environment rather than to inspire him to transcend his environment, to do the same things over and over again, to copy and repeat and imitate and rehearse?

Naturally, the necessary work of the world must be performed, but all depends on the spirit with which it is carried on, whether it be in accordance with the transient fashion of the times, or after the pattern laid up in the mount, from the point of view of the moment, or *sub specie acemitatis*. For my own part, I believe that all education should be carried on with the same view that Ruskin took when he told the Duke of Argyll, who accused him of desiring to

change the whole state of England at the time, that that was exactly his aim and purpose.

But if we attach so much importance to immediate results, what is it but to try to set back the tide, to kick against the pricks, to fight against the workings of the new spirit. It is, I suppose, a proved thing in the history of the race that as man progresses on his upward journey he reacts more and more to remoter stimuli. The lowliest organism responds, adjusts itself to what is immediate and contiguous—to the heat of the sun, for example, but man, while still retaining as instincts the humblest reactions of his ancestors, reaches out more and more to the far-off, the ideal—to abstractions, to great conceptions and mighty principles. Mankind is learning, has indeed in a large measure learnt already—it is a condition of growth—to disregard the immediate attractions, and to fix his gaze on far horizons. He can become, in Platonic phrase, an inhabitant of the realm of ideas or, as Christ put it with almost the same meaning, I imagine, a member of the Kingdom of Heaven.

To appeal, therefore, to immediate results such as success in examinations, is a retrograde and reactionary movement. It is to seek to perpetuate the old order of things, the setting of individual against individual as a rival and an enemy instead of an ally and a co-operator—it is to rely on the spirit of competition instead of the faith in nobler motives. And, incidentally, I would like to suggest that those advocates of increased facilities for education do no small disservice to their cause, who hold out as an inducement that better education for the working classes means a higher material reward. To do such a thing is to degrade the conception of education altogether. For considered rightly, education is not a means, but an end. After all, school training is a very temporary process, and can only be justified if it leaves in the pupil a desire for education for the whole life long.

When we are perplexed in matters of principle I think we may often do well to follow the guidance of the great poets—so often the inspired prophets of their

generation. And in this matter of the instinctive desire for knowledge we have the help of one of the greatest of them all. There is a passage in the *Purgatorio* of Dante which an Italian friend pointed out to me some years ago as being in this connection more than apt. Dante has told us that the specific quality of a human creature, the one thing which chiefly distinguishes him from the animal, is just this natural thirst for learning. "You are not formed to live as brutes," cries Ulysses when he is seeking to hearten his reluctant comrades for one more adventure, "but to follow virtue and wisdom." It is the very object for which we are born into the world. Life is a great adventure, and therefore education must be a great adventure, too—an enchanting journey, hazardous, too, if you like, into the unknown. We do not know what will be the final result, but are sure that it will be something good. Education like virtue is its own reward—or, rather, its reward, its end, its aim is more education. But most of us are afraid, we dare not trust the instinct of the child to gain knowledge, to seek for wisdom; we are afraid he will learn the wrong things, and so we hedge him round with a wilderness of restrictions and "taboos." And yet—and yet—"Whosoever will not receive the Kingdom of Heaven like a little child shall in no wise enter in." And I notice that Leonardo da Vinci, a master of those who know, quotes the saying in one of his note-books, and adds, "nor into the kingdom of knowledge either."

And that is why I am a believer in much more freedom for the child; a reasonable freedom, of course; a liberty, after sincere advice, to follow whatever path of education most accords with the promptings of his nature. We believe in evolution, we believe also that each individual in himself recapitulates the evolution of the race. He has to pass through the stages through which the race has passed, he must shed by degrees his lower self, but how can he shed it if he is never allowed to show it and so to recognise it—openly? He has, I believe, to work it off somehow; there

is no choice in the matter. Repression and restraint only prolong the day, and if he is not permitted to slough his baser instincts naturally, if someone else attempts to sweep and garnish his mind for him, the one devil will return with seven others more potent and more devilish than the first—the worser for the hypocrisy and subterfuge he will have to practise. We have to descend into the Inferno before we can purge ourselves for the flight to the Paradiso. But if we are hedged round with artificial restrictions and swaddled in cramping taboos we run a risk not only of prolonging our sojourn in the Inferno, but of believing that there is no such place as the Paradiso at all. I have known schools where learning in the classroom is a matter of mere custom and convention, a miserable make-believe where everyone plays a part and does not play it well. The real nature only comes out in the playground, and often with unpleasant consequences.

Can we only educate if we insist on rigid silence in the classroom and tiptoe walking through the corridors? And do teachers still cling to the belief that all the members of a class should be doing the same thing at the same time, should all proceed at the same pace, and amass the same amount of information? After all, the one thing that educates us is to be as often as possible in free and unrestricted intercourse with an educated person. Again, one cannot repeat it too often, we learn by *admiration*, hope, and love. What matters in schools, above all, is the personality of the teacher, and the personality of the teacher will often chiefly show itself in self-effacement, in retirement into the background. It is the meddling intellect of the mere instructor which will never let a child fight its own battles, but seeks continually to correct and thwart and control. And the result of such continual interference is too often a distaste for learning of all kinds, which clings to the victim his whole life long. And this disastrous conclusion is really due to that lack of faith of which I spoke in the beginning of my paper.

E. SHARWOOD SMITH

DOCTRINE OF THE THREE-FOLD PATH IN TEACHING ENGLISH LITERATURE

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[*Although this article is addressed primarily by a theosophist to theosophists, it is none the less of wide and general interest. Many teachers will find the hints given by Miss Lee (herself a teacher of long experience), as to the following out of the three lines of the Good, the True and the Beautiful, exceedingly helpful in dealing with pupils of differing temperaments*]

ONE of the most remarkable contributions to theosophical ideals in education is a book published by Mr. Clutton Brock in 1916 at the price of half-a-crown, and called *The Ultimate Belief*. This book never mentions the word theosophy, nor does it introduce one theosophical term; yet it is purely theosophical from the first page to the last.

Mr. Brock's argument is as follows: Every man, woman, and child needs and demands a philosophy of life; a working philosophy, coherent, consistent, and practical, which shall tell us what we are, whence we came, and whither we go. Religion, he says, is not enough, unless it is wedded to philosophy; for "a religion without philosophy is a religion without consciousness"—an effete and merely dogmatic form of faith, which explains nothing, and appeals only to persons who do not think for themselves.

Our system of education fails, like most of our religious teaching, because it does not supply reasons, and therefore the young, when they reach the age of reason, rebel against it and repudiate it. They have not even been told that there is a philosophy of life, which it is for them to verify by personal experiment, and for the testing of which their education should have prepared them.

Now, what is this philosophy? It is identical with what we theosophists know as the "ancient wisdom," that body of ultimate truth to which, whenever and wherever it is found, the spirit instinctively responds. Mr. Clutton Brock's little treatise is occupied in developing the first precept of that wisdom—the doctrine of the Three in One.

Let us, departing from the book for a moment, remind ourselves that there are, as every one of the great religions has recognised, three aspects of the divine consciousness: the Power aspect (Being, or Will, or Activity), represented by the First Logos, the Father; the Love aspect (Bliss or Devotion), represented by the Second Logos, the Son; and the Wisdom aspect, represented by the Third Logos, the Spirit. Now, since man is made in God's image, he also has this threefold nature, and his spirit manifests itself in these three aspects. All the Eastern Scriptures tell of these, and show how the homeward path of the eternal pilgrim is conditioned by the aspect which he most fully represents. He may choose Karma Mârga, the path of Action, or of attraction to Goodness; Bhakti Mârga, the path of Devotion, or attraction to Beauty; Jnyâna Mârga, the path of Wisdom, or attraction to Truth. But whichever path is his own, he will, as he pur-

sues it further, begin to envisage the other paths also, and to realise the oneness of his aims with those of the pilgrims who are journeying along them. He will find trinities everywhere; for, as an old writer says:—

The whole wide world is not enough to fill
The heart's three corners, but it craveth still;
Nought but the Trinity that made it can
Suffice the vast, triangled heart of man.

Mr. Clutton Brock tells us nothing about the origin of man's threefold nature. Having reminded ourselves of it, we may return to his argument, which continues thus.

There are three essential desires of the human spirit, leading to three forms of spiritual activity or self-expression: the desire to do what is right, producing moral activity; the desire to know truth, producing intellectual activity; and the desire to find beauty, producing aesthetic activity. These three desires must, and can, be pursued for their own sake solely; any diversion or confusion of aims causes them to change their nature. (For instance, if I aim at goodness in order to profit by it, it is no longer goodness.) In this they differ from all desires and activities which are *not* spiritual, for such must, and can, be pursued as means and not as ends. These three, and these alone, are ultimate. Another point is that they must be recognised as correlated with one another; and yet it must be clearly seen that, in the great words of the Athanasian creed, "None is afore or after other—none is greater or less than another."

Now a common mistake of educationalists has been to emphasise one activity of the spirit—the moral—at the expense of the other two, which, indeed, have sometimes not been recognised as spiritual at all. "It is implied, if not actually taught, in most of our education, that Truth is to be sought because it is useful, and that Beauty is to be produced or experienced because it gives pleasure." This is not so, for "all the values of the spirit are absolute values." We may fix our attention on their threeness or on their oneness (for finite perception cannot grasp the mystery of the Triune), but we

must acknowledge the relationship. It is because we often seem to deny it that boys and girls revolt against our moral teaching; feeling, though without knowing why, that it is in some way false, because the perspective is false. "There is in all of us an intellectual and an aesthetic conscience, as well as a moral conscience; and *all* conscience is of the spirit, and must be obeyed." We should acknowledge this in our dealings with the young—nay, more, we should inculcate it; explaining to them the triplicity of their own spiritual nature, and the consequent need for a threefold development in the perfect man. "Spiritual education is an education in moral, intellectual, and aesthetic disinterestedness—*i.e.*, in the exercise of each of the spiritual faculties for its own sake, because it is divine." Let us see how, in the ideal education, each one of the three spiritual activities should be pursued.

The Moral Activity arises from the desire, or appetite, for righteousness, which can only be expressed in right action. The conception of the ideal, without an attempt to realise it on the physical plane, enervates rather than strengthens, especially during the time of life when physical vitality is highest. Children must be shown the connection between motive and action; that deep in their inmost being is the desire for Goodness, and that to it they must respond. "To thine own self be true." Rules and punishments are apt to confuse the issue, and this constitutes one of the great practical difficulties of the teacher. "The child may be [merely] disciplined into obedience, but then he will be obeying others and not his own spirit, and as soon as the need for obedience is gone he will have no guidance except what his spirit, confused rather than illuminated by education, can give him."

The Intellectual Activity, again, arises from the disinterested desire for Truth, apart from any idea of its *applied* value, and apart also from any fear of its implications and consequences. "Clever boys and girls are often cynics because that desire is thwarted," and they are

driven to emphasise the Intellectual Activity at the expense of the other two activities of the Spirit, just as their teachers have probably emphasised the Moral Activity and disregarded the rest.

"A child should feel that his parent or master has a common interest with him in discovering Truth, not that his elders are in a conspiracy to conceal it from him." He should be shown that to know the Truth—so far as the limited human perceptions can know it—is the first step towards the higher morality, the morality of the adult as compared with that of the child. (For example, he cannot tell the Truth until he is trying to *know* it; and to teach a child that it must be truthful, without showing it how to develop its Intellectual Activity, is a hopeless task indeed.) Above all, he must seek to learn the Truth about himself; about his own threefold being, and its relation to God and to the world around him. Here we have another trinity revealed—God, man, and nature.

The Aesthetic Activity has been of all the three the most undervalued and misunderstood. People have considered that its aim is merely pleasure; that it is concerned only with works of art; and even that it is essentially opposed to the Moral Activity. It is difficult to define, because the perception of Beauty is a subjective experience; but so also is that of Truth. "There is a glory of the universe which we call Truth, and which we discover or apprehend, and a glory of the universe which we call Beauty, and which we discover or apprehend. Both glories are revealed to us through our power of seeing things or facts in a certain relation to each other." This power, this experience, is, as it were, focussed in works of art, in things that are consciously beautiful, but is by no means manifested *only* in them. It is, perhaps, the earliest awakened and the strongest of all the three spiritual activities in the child; and again our educational system has failed to give it its true value and proportion. "Hence" (says Mr. Clutton Brock) "our whole civilisation suffers both morally and intellectually from the sup-

pression of the third activity. We have philistinism on the one hand (which is a stubborn denial of the value of that activity) and æstheticism on the other, which is a morbid exercise of it, and a perverse insistence upon its *exclusive* value." (These are elsewhere termed the hedonistic and anti-hedonistic fallacies.)

Such exaggerations and reactions would never occur if children were taught from the first "the absolute value of *all* the spiritual activities, by making them understand that the aim of life is to exercise them all and to be aware of the glory of the universe in all three of its manifestations." The theosophist will add that the calling into play of any one of them helps us to escape from the bondage of the separated self into that consciousness of the Higher Self which is "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

Now this root-principle, of which Mr. Clutton Brock so finely demonstrates the existence, is not in his book either explained (by reference to its origin, the oneness of man with the One Threefold God) or applied in detail. I have touched upon the explanation; I will now try to trace one among many possible methods of application—*i.e.*, the right teaching of literature.

Any and every subject may be so taught as to give a child the keys of heaven; in other words, to make him free of his own spiritual heritage. Art, Science, Philosophy, inasmuch as they all reflect modes of the divine consciousness, can be of equal value in stimulating the human consciousness to reunite itself with the divine. For (and the too easily discouraged teacher may strengthen himself with the thought)

To know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape
Than in effecting entrance for a light
Supposed to be without.
(Browning, *Paracelsus*.)

But the teacher, like other finite beings, has his own predestined path; and it is along this path that he can best lead the little company of souls committed to his shepherding. The way of Science will lead on to the exercise of the Intellectual

Activity, the way of Philosophy to the exercise of the Moral Activity, and the way of Art to the exercise of the Aesthetic Activity; and in the ideal school of the future it will be the aim of the combined band of teachers so to group the children that each may have the individualised teaching which will marshal him the way he is going.

In this twentieth century, possibly as a reaction from our national limitations of

the past, there is a strong tendency to turn to the study of the arts and to expression through the arts as an educational medium. Among these arts, literature is for various reasons the most generally popular. Our immediate question then is : How can the study of literature, and primarily of the literature of our own race and tongue, be made to contribute to the three Activities of the human spirit —Moral, Intellectual, and Aesthetic?

I.—THE MORAL ACTIVITY

SOME people appear to think that the principle of "deeds, not words," should preclude the use of what may be called aesthetic stimulus to morality. But none who have studied the inter-relation of the three activities will be of this opinion. Robert Louis Stevenson, in *Lay Morals*, writes : "If as teachers we are to say anything to the purpose, we must say what will remind the pupil of his soul ; we must speak that soul's dialect, we must talk of life and of conduct as his soul would have him think of them. It is only by some bold poetry of thought that a man can be strung up above the level of everyday conception to take a broader look upon experience, and accept some higher principles of conduct." And, it may be added, to such "bold poetry of thought" the young mind leaps up as to a trumpet-call.

Morality can be taught through literature both indirectly and directly; by example and by precept. Happily, our national literature is rich in writings that stimulate moral activity, and in this we have perhaps the advantage over all the other literatures of Europe. There is the indirect teaching of many of our great English plays, and of nearly all our first-class English novels — of Marlowe, Shakspere, and Sheridan, of Fielding, Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, and Charles Kingsley. There is also the direct or axiomatic teaching of our poets, from the earliest singers to Wordsworth, Browning, Meredith, and Kipling; and of

such great prose-writers as Carlyle, Ruskin, and Stevenson. All these alike avoid too much playing upon the sensuous emotions (always a danger in literature teaching), and Browning and Meredith in particular carry the minds of their readers beyond regret, pathos, and a too poignant sense of the tears of things, such as the minor poet often expresses. What can be more rousing to the Moral Activity than Browning's bold acceptance of the mutability of earthly things in *James Lee's Wife* :

Simple? Why, this is the old woe of the world;
Tune, to whose rise and fall we live and die.
Rise with it then! Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled.

Moral stimulus can be conveyed with great effect by means of short, finely-phrased aphoristic sayings, like those of Marcus Aurelius, Pascal, and Joubert in other literatures; and these give the young mind peculiar delight. Indeed, the love of unspoilt children for moral precepts is curiously marked; it seems to be a natural, universal, and therefore healthy appetite. They love the story based on "poetic justice," the moral ending, and even the repetition of maxims which seem to their elders trite and commonplace. Hence the popularity of Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, of Charlotte Yonge's novels, of Macaulay's *Lays*, and of Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*.

It is well, then, first to give our pupils for study, books which inculcate fine action—courage, chivalry, heroism—in

choosing which the syllabuses and lists published by the Civics and Moral Education League will be of great value; and in referring to these books, let us treat the characters in them as real people, with temptations and difficulties like our own. Secondly, they should be set to learn by heart moral teachings wedded to exquisite words and rhythm, for such have a mantric value over and above their obvious meaning. The following are familiar examples:—Wotton's

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Wordsworth's—

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms would wish to be?

Tennyson's—

Not once nor twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

or—

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Eleanor Hamilton King's—

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured
forth;
For Love's strength standeth in Love's sacri-
fice,

And whoso suffers most hath most to give!

And again Wordsworth's—

Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course
must hold;
Beyond the visible world she soars, to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.

When possible, a direct application should be given to problems with which the child must soon grapple; and it is the instinctive desire for such help which gives rise to the present demand for *modern* literature as a subject of study. Every school should modify its curriculum in response to such a demand, partly by allowing the pupils to deal in class with contemporary work, and partly by so interpreting the older writers—for example, Milton and Wordsworth in their sonnets on liberty—as to find in them a significance for our own day. Let me instance a few passages which may be used as material for the exercise of the former method. Kipling's

poems are full of them. So are George Meredith's. Take, e.g., his praise of France:—

She shall rise worthier of her prototype
Through her abasement deep; the pain that
runs

From nerve to nerve some victory achieves.
They lie like circle-strewn soaked autumn
leaves

Which stain the forest scarlet, her fair sons!
And of their death her life is; of their blood,
From many streams now urging to a flood,
No more divided, France shall rise afresh.
Of them she learns the lesson of the flesh—
The lesson writ in red since Time first ran,
A hunter chasing down the beast in man;
That, till the chasing out of its last vice,
The flesh was fashioned but for sacrifice.

Lawrence Binyon, in his fine poem *Europe*, written 1901, addresses England thus—

Take up thy task, O nobly born,
With both hands grasp thy destiny.
Easy is ignorance, easy scorn,
And fluent pride, unworthy thee.
Grand rolls the planet of thy fate;
Be thy just passions also great!

Turn from the sweet lure of content,
Rise up among the courts of ease,
Be all thy will as a bow bent,
Thy sure oncoming like thy seas.
Purge clear within thy deep desires
To be our burning altar fires.

Newbolt (*Sacramentum Supremum*) adjures his friends to—

Let your thoughts be high;
Great hearts are glad when it is time to give.
Life is no life to him who dares not die,
And death no death to him who dares to live.

The war-sonnets of Rupert Brooke, too perfect for fragmentary quotation, are found to kindle a veritable fire of enthusiasm in the school-boy and school-girl of to-day.

In his endeavour to stimulate the Moral Activity through the teaching of literature, the teacher who is also a theosophist will not forget to base his conception of morality on the idea of universal brotherhood. He will point out the links which unite man with his fellow-men, with God, and with nature, and will show the possibility of infringing the law of brotherhood by thought as well as by action. Moral Activity has many aspects and connotations, any of which may be illustrated by reference to one or another of the greatest of our English writers.

II.—THE INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY

THE desire for Truth is hard to stimulate in the very young, but easier at the time of adolescence, when for a while the mind seems to escape from that "angry aversion to the process of thought" of which Coleridge speaks, and to become active, inquiring, and restless. How shall this activity be first awakened, and then controlled?

The most important problem which confronts the teacher of literature in this connection is the choice of writers. Children should be dissuaded from all poor and "snippety" reading, and this would seem to include, first, second-rate tales of the Sunday School type, unimpeachably moral but not conducive to independent thought; secondly, all sensational, erotic, and vulgar literature, such as constitutes the shilling shocker and the penny dreadful; thirdly, the endless magazines and newspapers which, if only because of their disjointed character, have the same effect on the mind as a constant diet of "made dishes" would have on the body.

Children's reading should, I think, be supervised, but with their own willing co-operation, and on the broadest possible lines. Here, as in other matters, perfect trust and understanding between teachers and taught will smooth away difficulties. There must be no setting up of sign-posts—"This way lies Truth"—still less of warning notices—"Trespassers in this field will be prosecuted."

All experience, direct or vicarious, is of value, and necessary to the building up of the perfect character; but the child's experience, so far as it can be directed by us, should be made progressive, and this important principle must guide our presentation to the child of literary material. Every teacher should read Browning's poem of *Development*, which describes the stages by which a wise father introduced his son to a knowledge of Homer and of the Tale of Troy. With this example in view, the teacher may accustom the child by degrees to literature which makes more and more demand upon his intellect, and obliges him to think hard

and clearly; even (though not too early) to the problem novel, and the literature of religious doubt. When once he has grasped the idea of divine immanence (easier for the child than the adult) and of the three paths to reunion, he will gain nothing but good from a free study of George Eliot, Browning, Meredith, Stevenson, and even of Shelley, Matthew Arnold, and Clough; and the three last will appeal to him with all the force of sympathy while he is himself passing through the period of critical adolescence which their work largely represents. I have known a young reader respond with delight to Clough's statement of his own honest agnosticism:—

O Thou, in that mysterious shrine
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
I will not frame one thought of what
Thou mayest either be or not.
I will not prate of thus and so
And be profane of yes and no;
Enough that in our soul and heart
Thou, whatsoe'er thou mayst be, art.

Partly for the same reason Browning's *Paracelsus*, the story of a great soul who grasped the true aim of life, but failed in its application to external circumstance and so perished in apparent ignominy, is a fine poem for study between the ages of sixteen and eighteen.

The literature that I would withhold longest from my pupils is the erotic and passionate (e.g., Byron, most of the Elizabethan dramatists, and Swinburne) and all that can justly be called decadent, for these types present peculiar temptations during the years of adolescence.

We must not forget that in dealing with the Intellectual as with the Moral Activity much may be accomplished by means of the statements of abstract truth made by great writers in musical words.

Progress along the path of knowledge is stimulated by such passages as Milton's—

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Shelley's—

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
(with which compare the words of the

Bhagavad Gita " Certain is death for the born, certain is birth for the dead.")
Wordsworth's—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
Keats's—

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty
or Clough's—

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray or range,
Where'er I go, Thou dost not change;
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Such teaching, moreover, has its value in promoting a pure and lofty occultism, such as alone can steady the mind for the pursuit of the third object of the Theosophical Society.

Again, as with the Moral Activity, all application of the literature of truth-seeking to modern life is of the greatest value and interest. Plasticity of spirit, the acceptance of " Change, the strongest son of life," has never been so necessary as it is in the world-cataclysm of 1914-1919; and this is why Lawrence Binyon's poetic re-statement of Bergson's philosophy of Change comes with supreme force to the young reader of this generation.

In a trance, in a trance, I listen; and into my soul

As it draws far back to a stillness deeply stored
With infinite sound, gather, and gradual roll,
The voices of all the torrents on earth out-poured.

" We tarry not, rest not, sleep not," aloud they cry,

" We are swift as the hours that crumble thy strength into dust.

We build thee no home, nor a fortress wherein to trust,

But in us is the sound of dominion, falling from high,

And the kings of the world dethroned, and towers laid bare.

We move, we are ever beyond; we change, we die;

We laugh, we live; to follow wilt thou too dare?" How shall I not go with you, O waters swift?

Too long in yesterday's self I tarry, and keep The dust of the world about me. Uplift, uplift, Loose me, a wave in the waves that laugh and leap!

Lo, into uttermost time my thoughts I send; And because in my heart is a flowing no hour can bind,

Because, through the wrongs of the world looking forth and behind,

I find in my thought not a close, for my soul not an end,

With you will I follow, nor crave the strength of the strong.

Nor a fortress of time to enshield me from storms that rend.

This is life, this is home—to be poured as a stream, as a song.

III.—THE AESTHETIC ACTIVITY

THIS activity is the easiest of the three to stimulate in the majority of children, but the appeal to it is at the same time most liable to abuse. Here, in dealing with literature, and indeed with any of the arts, the question of form becomes predominant. Ornament and rhythm in poetry (and to some degree in prose) correspond to colour and line in painting, and they must be studied as media for the expression of Beauty, independently of the thought they embody.

Rhythm of a very simple kind delights the youngest child, just as it delights the savage in his sacred dance before the primitive altar. Ballads, and poems with something of the ballad swing, like Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and much of Kipling's work, should therefore be read early to (not by) the

children, and committed to memory, sometimes with appropriate action.

Then, I believe, comes a stage in which colour makes a stronger appeal, and when the artistic child, like Robert Louis Stevenson, " lives with words " and images, and revels in such poetry as that of Keats and Tennyson. It is hard to analyse the precise effect produced, for example, by Keats's *Ode to the Nightingale* or that " exquisite piece of melodious nonsense " Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*; but the strength of the effect is undoubtedly.

With the older children the teaching of laws of technique becomes necessary. Metrical law in particular is one of the most educative of studies, and only the bad teacher need fear its diminishing the pupils' power of appreciating the thought of what is read. For it lies with the

teacher to point out the link between the form and spirit of beauty, and to make that lead on to further emphasising of the essential oneness of the "pairs of opposites."

To do this, he should take such a passage as that in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* ("Within the shadow of the ship," etc.), where the beauty of the sea-snakes calls out the emotion of love in the erring soul, and thereby restores it to its place in the universal fellowship. Here the external loveliness of colour and form serve to intensify the inward conception, namely the value of Beauty, and its relation to Love.

Another example is to be found in Wordsworth's account of the effect of the beauty of dawn upon the mind of a boy—
What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light! He
looked—

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were
touched,

And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,

* * * *

His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love.

These passages serve to remind us that the Aesthetic Activity corresponds to the path of devotion, progress on which is stimulated by the "emotion of the ideal." The forms assumed by that ideal are many; as Tennyson writes in *The Voyage*—

And now we lost her; now she gleamed
Like Fancy, made of golden air,
Now nearer to the prow she seemed,
Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair,
Now high on waves that idly burst
Like Heavenly Hope she crowned the sea,
And now, the bloodless point reversed,
She bore the blade of Liberty.

The universality of Beauty, its many outward manifestations and its essential oneness and inwardness, is the lesson that we

wish to teach our children; and here the poets are ready to help us.

The ultimate things, says Shelley, are always at hand, though we may be unable to perceive them—

For Love, and Beauty, and Delight,
There is no death or change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

Of these ultimate things, Beauty seems to Rossetti the first and greatest—

Under the arch of life, where love and death,
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck
awe

I drew it as simply as my breath.
Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
The sea and sky bend on thee—which can
draw

By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath—
while some of our living poets, such as John Masefield and Evelyn Underhill, show us that Beauty even in a filthy tavern, or in the pageant of the commonplace along the Uxbridge Road.

* * * * *

The truths that the teacher must dwell upon in his training of the Aesthetic Activity may be summarised thus:

(1) The importance of learning all that can be learnt about the external manifestations of Beauty—these being conditioned by the same laws of order and of rhythm which prevail throughout the universe.

(2) The relation of these outward forms to beauty of thought and idea, which constitutes great literature.

(3) Consequently, the inevitable fact that the faithful pursuit of any aspect of Beauty leads the seeker beyond the world of form to the indwelling Spirit.

(4) That that Spirit, enshrined in such countless and diverse forms, is Itself universal, nameless, and unnameable, and can be known only in its partial manifestations.

(5) That thus the pursuit of the Aesthetic Activity brings a man to the same point as that of the Moral and Intellectual Activities, and that these three, and their objects—Goodness, Truth, Beauty—are one.

MARGARET L. LEE

THE UGLY STREAK

By ERNEST V. HAYES

[Sergeant Hayes's recent contributions have won him many admirers among readers of this Magazine. We are pleased to be able to print another story of his this month, showing the same keenness of imagination and the same quality of moving human interest]

HERE had been an informal debate in Headquarters Dugout. So very informal, in fact, that it would be unwise to attempt to report it. It meandered, as such debates do, over a wide range of vastly different subjects, some suitable for more public discussion and some not. Among the more savoury topics there criticised was the question of Psychism and the Occult.

Now I have had no psychic experiences worth the mentioning. But the wife of a brother of a second cousin of mine by marriage had rather a weird affair happen to her, and I related this with a feeling of very much reflected glory. That mysterious story of "The Silk Dress," as in my mind I have always named it, I may some day tell for those who like such things in print. At the present moment it has nothing to do with what follows. Except this: one man, who was a Signaller attached to Headquarters, rose half way through my story, and, by some subtle way, gave me the impression that he didn't like it. I quite naturally concluded that he was a materialist of a particularly bigoted type.

He spoke to me about it afterwards.

"I hope I didn't annoy you to-night. Getting up in the middle of your story, I mean."

"Oh, no! I suppose you don't believe in such things," I said, with benevolent condescension.

"On the contrary," he replied. "I believe in them too well. They are among the most terrible things which can happen to a man. One such experience wrecked my happiness."

I thought of warnings I had heard from time to time on the dangers of the

Occult. I hinted at unwise breathing exercises.

"Breathing exercises be—bothered!" he said, angrily.

I was silent, conscious of a sense of being sat on.

"No, my boy; it was nothing to do with technical occult training. You see, I know all the labels of the Psychic World. I have heard your Mrs. Besant, and if I had my way I would make her Archbishop of Canterbury. The Church might revive then! I have read a lot of books, Theosophic, Spiritualistic, Merely Psychic, Swedenborg and Strindberg; Comte and St. Thomas of Aquin; I've read them all. The Revelations of Bernadette at Lourdes and the Thought Forms seen by modern clairvoyants—they have all interested me in turn. You have seen me running amok on Vin Blanc. You know what my language is like when I am fed up or got the wind up with Jerry. And perhaps you think I am a bit of a hypocrite. You are not the only one. She thought much the same. She didn't understand. So few do understand. Perhaps your Annie Besant—perhaps here and there just one great soul able to realise that there is no such thing as a hypocrite. What prigs call a hypocrite is simply a man struggling between good and evil. Sometimes the good wins, more often the evil. That uneven conflict the unthinking call hypocrisy."

He paused to light a cigarette.

"She was unfortunate enough to meet me during one of my good spells," he went on, without urging. "For some years I had touched hell. I had played with my soul as Mephistopheles plays with Faust. Bursts of passionate faith and craving for something better ended

in cold-blooded plunges into something increasingly worse. Fascinated, I have listened to Mrs. Besant declaiming on the Path of Initiation. Thrilled to a bliss almost agony, I have heard the unworldly music of Parsifal. Not one of my old haunts have known me for months on end. Then a wave of nastiness has swept over me. With heart afire and singing, I have gone gladly down to the depths. Perhaps at times I have secretly rejoiced that I could, with an ease others seem to lack, stoop so low or mount so high. I had mounted as high as I ever remember when I first met Marian. Life was ecstatic before I met her. Art revealed a thousand beauties to me never before suspected. The commonest things of daily life became sacramental. Before I met her. Then, like a pearl moon rising swiftly in a sky of unbroken purity, she came softly floating into my life. Sometimes I had closed my eyes just before going to sleep and a profile, formed of fancy but for the moment as real as your face before me now, would sail into my mind, intensely beautiful, incomparably pure. And when she came, the living embodiment of all my dreams, there were times when I dare not look at her. I had known her three weeks when the war broke out. For those three weeks I did not know my own self. Ah! How cruel I was, how implacably cruel! I ought to have let her know of that ugly streak in me—in the hearts of the majority of men. That vestige of the beast that dies so unwilling and revives so unexpectedly. I soared higher. We talked for hours. On Philosophy, on Art, on Science, on Literature. I dwelt on sun-stricken heights, and the sound of the multitude dancing naked round their golden calf in the valleys far beyond never reached me. Yet I was not a hypocrite. Had I never met her I should have felt the glory, though not for so long. I never sought to deceive. I cried for God while the Devil waited patiently at my side, ready to take my arm as of old. I never saw him. I never heard his whisper, nor saw his finger point to the scarlet poppies valleys beneath. Never once. Or I

should have gone with him. Back to the monstrous orchids of the garden of sin. Back to the screams and hyæna-laughter of the mob below. She could not have stopped me. Nothing could ever stop me when the devil called."

He was silent for some minutes. Yet I dared not speak. Had I urged him to continue, I think he would not have uttered another word. I believe he had lost sense of his surroundings. He almost seemed as though he was talking to himself.

"I left her there in England—with my image enthroned on an altar within her innermost shrine. The illusion was unbroken. The halo about me still a firm clear ring of gold. I came to France. I did as thousands have done. More often than not the ugly streak asserted itself. Still all the time, even at the worst time, her face was always before me. I became what the occultist calls sensitive. I knew exactly when I would receive a letter from her. In these letters she would sometimes tell me of some trivial incident of her life. With a start I would remember that in some dream or vision I had already seen the incidents she related. She slipped and sprained her wrist one winter. I saw the accident three days before I received her letter telling me about it. Then I got wounded for the first time. Slightly—yet for some reason I got mixed up with a decoration over the affair. I ought to have gone to England then. I was a fool. The ugly streak was vibrating just then ferociously. I might have dispelled the illusion for her and saved her months of suffering. I remained at the Base. She heard of my honour, my wound. She now invested my image with the star-strewn mantle of the hero. Our talks together, some of my letters to her, all hypnotised her into the belief that I was really great. Now I was a hero. Her life became inextricably woven into mine. Yet hardly into mine as it was. Rather into a dream image of me which she had conceived. I went back to the line. Got trench fever. Went home this time. Weak from my sickness, the ugly streak hid itself for a time. The

devil was busy wrecking some other soul, I suppose. Weeks of keen ethereal joy followed."

He bowed his head for a moment.

"During the last days of my stay in England the dark streak showed itself again. I have heard that a certain class of sensitives see Man in his Higher Forms as a kind of glorified human figure composed of bright ethers, more gossamer-like than the perfume of the flowers we delight in. I have seen pictures purporting to convey some faint idea of what the clairvoyant sees. And I have pictured my astral body, or whatever you call it, pale purple and primrose gold, faint opal and tinted rose of the dawn. And in this ethereal make-up I have seen this ugly streak running right through, dulling the gold, blackening the violet, changing the flush of the soul's morning to sombre storm. Well—that is perhaps merely an artist's fancy. Let me get on. For days I kept the streak from Marian. Then, one night, I reached home in a terrible condition. Not for the first time. But for the first time in her presence. She had arrived unexpectedly and had been urged to stay. God alone knows what she suffered. Lines came to me when I was sober and knew what I had done; lines that have often come to me since. Where they come from, I do not know. 'Only Christ and His Mother know the pain that takes birth near a woman's heart.' All my philosophy, all my art, all my dreams became as ashes beneath the terror and horror of her eyes. I had fallen! She was all my world, and when I fell in that world there was nothing left. There was no word of upbraiding, only a pity and a shame that cut like a knife. I had to go back to France. She never quarrelled with me. Never thrust me out of her friendship. Words would have been but a mockery. The wonderful bond between us was snapped. And then I killed her."

I almost jumped from my chair.

"Killed her!" I cried.

"In sober truth, I killed her. I shed no blood; I drained from her life and vitality. I fought for her in the trenches.

I would not let her go. I grew feverish with my implacable determination that none other should have her friendship, her comradeship. All the time she was trying to put me out of her life. All the time she was convincing herself that I was bad and unworthy. She in England, I in France. What difference did that make? What is space beside a one-pointed will that never falters? What is wireless telegraphy against the omnipresence of deep, unswerving, potent thought? I held her when she longed to throw me off. She never wrote to me, yet I knew that I was never absent from her mind. Gradually I was able to pass—I can use no other word—to her room in the Sunny South of England. To see her there, moving about, reading, praying, aye, weeping! I saw her take my photograph from its frame, perhaps persuading herself that this memento was the cause of her constant recollection. She was about to tear it up. I stopped her. With one terrible act of concentrated will I dared her to destroy it. Yes, I in France, separated by so many miles. She hesitated, the photo in her hands. With a sob she put it in a drawer, hiding it. I knew what she was saying. She was telling herself that she simply could not tear it up. I grew more elated with my success. I would bring her back. For hours I willed that she should return the photo to its old frame. In vision I saw her waver, look at the picture, ponder, then fling it from her into the drawer; to go again the next day, and once more look, think, and hesitate. At last I won. She put the photograph back in the frame. One thing I could not make her do. I could not force her to write to me. She would go so far as to sit before the little table, paper and ink near by. She would sit, her face propped in her hands. With an expression of bitter pain, she would rise, refusing to yield to my will. Letters came to me from friends. Marian was daily pining. She grew paler, thinner. Sometimes hysterical, often tearful, frequently irritable. I rejoiced. The ugly streak glowed in me like a flame of hell. Like a vivisector, like an Inquisitor, I

gloated over my work. Soon, very soon, she would yield completely. She would withstand me no longer. Letters still came. Marian had been to a specialist. He was puzzled. He said there was consumption, allied with nervous disorder. Still I held her. By black magic, if you like. After all, I suppose the only difference between magic black and white is the motive of the magic. I was using the mighty magic of a trained will, a desperate will, an implacable thought force. The universe, they say, is simply God's Thought, God's Magic. And man is a small edition of God. Within limits holding the same powers. Magic and Thought are one. Evil Thought equals Black Magic and Good Thought and White Occultism are the same. I only know it grew on me. I cared little for Marian's health in those devilish wild hours of modern magic. I was always telling myself—or did a fiend whisper it?—that presently Marian would yield, and then all would be well. She did not yield. She died, a nervous wreck, a consumptive wreck, instead. So I killed her."

He waved his hand to check my protests.

"I knew I had killed her," he went on. "Do you believe your own Bible? Do you believe your own Christ? I know that very few Christians do. Do you remember what He said? 'It was said: Thou shalt do no murder. I say unto you that whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer already.' Do you think that that applied only to the one Commandment? It applies to the whole of the Decalogue. Thou shalt not covet. Thou shalt not steal. I was stealing. I was a spiritual thief. The fact that it was Marian's soul I coveted rather than her body only made my black magic the more terrible. She died. After the first agony of grief, I determined to follow her. I flung out my soul to her in the star-haunted spaces. I scaled God's heaven in my effort to reach her. Shells have fallen near me, and I have not ducked my head, so intent, so lost was I while I tried still to contact her. Then I gained at last my wish. It was a silver eve of frost and moonlight. Rationless,

and numb with cold, I forgot the body. I think I stepped out of the body and out of the world. Stepped out without moving an inch in space. I saw a temple, white and slender. I caught the breath of an incense rarer than any gum burned in sacrificial fire on earth. I saw the fleeting past of forms, fragile and sunlit. I heard Beings speak a tongue so sweet that I felt death itself could not be more piercing. And Marian came down the steps of the Temple. Towards me, where I waited in the shadows. I drew her to me by the force of impassioned will. She seemed so happy. Surely if death had given her such joy, she could forgive me that I had sent her to it. She was smiling. She was not meeting me as Beatrice met Dante, imperious, quarrelsome, domineering. She had forgiven me. Her smile could mean nothing else than that. And she was smiling at me. There was no one else near. Happiness thrilled through every fibre of my being. Then she paused. Out of the purple shadows came the figure of a man, his hands outstretched to her. I could not see his face. She gave a cry of radiant happiness. Her face was transfigured to a beauty too ethereal to look upon. I called to her. But she linked arms with the man who came out of the gloom. She gazed up into his face with welcoming love. She passed me by. She looked where I crouched and then passed on. And I knew that in heaven they do not forgive you—they forget you instead."

"In such things lie madness," I warned.

"Perhaps," he answered. "That does not make them less real. Since that day I have never seen the Vision again. I have tried to match my strength against that of the Angel-Fellow she walked with. Whether I have succeeded I do not know. I do not think I have. Therefore I hate him, whoever he was. Hallucination, you say. What is hallucination, anyway? Seeing things that have no existence? I do not think so. I define it as seeing things which do exist, only seeing them in a distorted way. I told myself that there could be

no heaven for Marian unless she forgave me. I did not realise there was another way out. By forgetting that I ever existed. And in her heaven forming new companionships."

There was a cry of "Gas!" and as quick as the cry came the pungent smell of it. There was a rush for gas-masks; for the telephone. Officers came running down. There was some talk of an attack. In the excitement I lost my signaller. I did not see him again. Later he was gassed pretty badly; then wounded by a shell as he lay in the Advanced Aid Post. Knocked about very cruelly indeed. Weeks after I received a letter from a field ambulance Orderly, who wrote: "I am enclosing this at the chap's own request. He dictated it to me just before he went West. It is a bit funny, but he was quite off his head at the finish. He would not rest until I took it down and promised to send it to you."

This is what was enclosed:

"I told you my tale as far as it went. Now, before I die, I want to tell the sequel; or shall I say the beginning of the sequel? If it ever ends at all it will end in the Bosom of God. My ideas of what happened after our conversation together are a bit confused. I got knocked out, anyway. I think the gas that choked me choked the devil in me at the same time. And perhaps in the blood that streamed from me was the taint, the dark streak which has haunted me, spoiling my life. If so, I ought to be grateful to Jerry. This is what happened: All the hate went from me, all the obstinate, unbendable will. I longed for forgiveness. With as much force as

I could muster, I let her go. If she had found happiness in her heaven, in forgetfulness of me, I would not hold her. Hell would be good enough for me, so long as she was content. Then again the Vision came. The Temple, with its ivory whiteness, its unfading lilies. Again she came down the steps. Again, out of the mauve shadows, came the luminous figure. I struggled for the last time. With one last effort, I renounced all right to her. They were coming nearer me. I crept further back into the gloom. "Oh, my beloved, at last you are entirely mine! Though I have held you for so long, there have been times when I felt that I did not possess you." To me! I saw the face of her companion for an instant. It was my own face that smiled at me. Then the Angel seemed to vanish, and it was I who stood at her side. It was my hand she held, and into my eyes she looked with love. "Forgive me!" I whispered. "Forgive?" she echoed. "What is forgive?" Yes, they do forget in heaven. But only things that we ourselves would often fain forget. They do not know the meaning of the word forgiveness. They never use it, having nothing to forgive. They have nothing to forgive, because they remember nothing that is forgivable. Well, I am done for so far as ugly streaks are concerned. But to-morrow will mean all the difference."

No wonder the Orderly thought that he wandered. He died on the morrow, the morrow that was to make all the difference to him. Shall I say "May he rest in peace"? No; rather, "May he live in love!"

ERNEST V. HAYES

SCHOOLS OF TO-MORROW IN ENGLAND

XI.—DEPTFORD BABY CAMP AND TRAINING CENTRE

By JOSEPHINE RANSOM

[*This article tells of a very beautiful piece of work, which is being carried out amid conditions where beauty is sadly lacking; the work, in the words of its chief promoter and organiser, of providing for slum children, from their earliest years, the kind of training and environment which shall make them into "wholly redeemed human lives."*]

THE Baby Camp is to be found in the midst of one of London's most dreary East End slums.

On the day I visited it the surroundings were not enhanced by that strange, drab fogginess that gives to London in winter its air of aloof, forbidding gloom. Through a door in a high wall one passed into a spacious area with low buildings on either side. This was the Baby Camp proper.

Unhappily for us, Miss Margaret McMillan herself had just gone to France, to tour through the soldiers' camps to tell them of the dreams she has of Britain's future, of her glory based on right education, so that the dream shall find fulfilment in the beautiful lives of men and women. The assistant, or nurse-teacher, who showed us in, paid Miss McMillan glowing and unsolicited tribute. "She is a mother to us all!" she exclaimed. "We did not want her to go to France alone, for she works first and thinks of herself last. Our hearts went out with her."

One sensed that some one of genius fills the place with a vital inspiring atmosphere. There is the subtle potent current of a great ideal finding its way to birth and expression. So often one finds it thus: power, foresight, vision of future splendours—and all set to grow amidst appalling difficulties. Perhaps it is for the sake of testing strength and of drawing near to the greater beauties that it should be so.

However, Miss Chignell, the Principal both of the Nursery and Training School, gave us generously of her time to explain the purpose of each part of the work. From her, too, fell warm words of trust and love when she referred to Miss McMillan's great efforts to realise her passionate desire to uplift the world. We saw the small babies first— wee things a few weeks old some of them, who had just been fed and were contentedly settling to sleep. A solemn little semi-circle of half a dozen tiny ones were being fed, and they all looked very rosy and healthy. Their shelter is a large and airy one, open entirely on one side, and heated in the centre by gas. Their mothers are mostly at work; all were so a short time ago, when munitions were the order of the day. They still bring their babies to this place of quiet and rest, where they are trained in a way that distracted working mothers have but little time for.

Along one wall run the words: "I desire to live worthily all my days so that after my death I may leave to others a record of good work done." This, goes on the writing, was a saying of King Alfred's, which was dear to the heart of Miss Rachel McMillan, of whom there is a large photograph underneath, and whose loss her sister still mourns deeply, for they worked together in this Baby Camp.

In the next shelter were older children, though still little more than toddlers from sixteen months onwards. They sat

sedately feeding themselves carefully, and very particular about their manners. Upon manners great stress is laid, and while they are delightfully free and happy, yet they are patiently trained in the way of such manners as would grace any table in the land. In the centre of their table, upon the white painted boards, was a bowl filled with mosses from which rose delicate snowdrops. All this is done with a high purpose. Miss Chignell told us of the days when the neighbourhood resented their presence, and how the children would bide their time to rush in and snatch a growing flower and tear it and trample it in sheer wantonness. But that has passed, and the Camp and its work are respected. The mothers of these little ones are also away at factories all day. That at one time was a condition of admittance; now any child that applies is taken in. Across the wide yard the next group were taking their dinner. They range from three to four or five years old. Again cheery faces, clean and wholesome-looking, with rosy cheeks, and again the ease of good manners; and our conversation followed up this point. They had, before they came to the Camp, no physical training, no habits of cleanliness or control, no regular hours of eating and sleeping. They were wrongly managed, or not managed at all, and to correct all that is one of the purposes of the Baby Camp. It is there to instil the first and fundamental lesson of all lessons and laws—self-control. Upon that hinges civilisation. To this is added the law of consideration for other living things. Hence the yard is largely a garden where many things try to grow. In the far corner is a large tree, and a square of earth about it has been seeded, so that in the summer the babies may have the pleasure of playing on its desirable greenness. A thin, stray London cat had its hunger appeased, and I fancy that cat was astonished—anyway, it made the most of its opportunity.

About ninety children are on the books, but that day there were seventy-six in attendance. Some were absent because of the recent strikes. The weekly charge

is two shillings and sixpence, inclusive of three-quarters of a pint of milk per day and three square meals, to say nothing of bathing and heating and attention. But, while the strike was on, this was too much for the poor mothers to pay. One little boy Miss Chignell has specially enquired after—a boy whose home is in a basement, and who is like a pale plant deprived of air and food. His mother acknowledged that the Camp was the right place for him, and that they were doing wonders with him, but she could not spare even a shilling a week. Miss Chignell pleaded for him without payment, but perhaps some remote sense of pride restrained the mother, and the price is the child's health and vitality.

The Baby Camp is open from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m. The first thing is a bath or wash and dressing. They have breakfast at nine, dinner at twelve, and supper at four. Over 75 per cent. of the children are rickety when they first come, but the good, pure food and open-air, regular life cure that. Fifty per cent. are verminous, and to deal with this there is a special hot-air apparatus, and they are soon largely cleared of this detriment to health and comfort. Gradually the mothers are won to help in combating this evil, and that, with Camp treatment, reduces this to twenty per cent.

As we stood talking, another and older group of children passed across the yard and out of the gate, "a little rivulet of child-beauty"—in Miss McMillan's own words. We followed them across the street and down an alley and into a yet narrower alley which opens upon another space and an open shed to one side. Here those of from five to seven or eight were settling to their mid-day meal, singing grace first and then sitting down quietly. There was the same order, kindly quiet and restraint and observance of good manners which marked all the rest. We here inspected the baths and other appliances where body, and, in consequence, mind, are made happy by cleanliness. After dinner the whole camp settled to sleep. The beds are simple, and each child has a warm rug to cover it. In the

winter they sleep in the shelters; in the summer in the open air.

Next came a visit to the clinic, where not only the Camp children are treated, but many others from the neighbourhood. A cheery nurse in charge declared that she was kept busy all day. There was a characteristic touch in this room that was another indication of the vision that besets Miss McMillan. Here, where healing is the keynote, there hangs over the fireplace a lovely picture entitled "The Guardian Angel," by Frank Dvorak. It was exhibited in 1911 at the Royal Academy, was purchased by someone and presented to Miss McMillan. It is a lovely thought that keeps it here, before the eyes of suffering children, to ease their pain and give them the joy of colour and a conception of tenderness easily understood by them. In another house is a dental department, where some of the students also reside. On the ground-floor is a studio, the resort of colour and that charm of careful disorderly order that only an artist's studio can attain. Yet another house, opposite the Camp, is being prepared for the students. The story of this house, though not pleasant, amply demonstrates what it is that Miss McMillan seeks to alter.

When the war broke out the house was occupied by a German family. Presently, as public opinion grew more and more resentful against Germans, the local feeling blazed into action. Paraffin was poured on the place and set alight. The interior was burnt out, the occupants escaping, though the mother was injured. They removed to another part of London, only to fall victims to bombs during an air-raid, some of the children being killed. The mother's reason fled, the father is repatriated. The house will now be the home of those whose ideal is to change the goal of the world's desire, to induce it to leave behind the days of war and ignorance and poverty and, with the help of tiny children, to march forward to a more hopeful future.

The course of training for these students is a full one: English Literature, History, French, Drawing and Modeling, Physiology, Dentistry, Voice Pro-

duction, and the Psychology of Children. The Board of Education have not yet decided what kind of certificate it shall be able to award. The working day is from 6.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Out of this comes an interval of two hours for meals and four hours for study and recreation. There are two sets of people in training at the Camp: (1) The nurse-teachers and (2) the students. There are seventeen of the former, who come from various parts of the country for six months training; the latter are girls of from sixteen to twenty-five years of age, taking a two or three year course. These students go right through the crèche and school, have a period in the clinic with the dentist, doctors, and nurse, attend also at the bathing centre and at the minor operations which are performed on Saturdays. Their work is thus made to cover the whole range of interests which shall best serve in the true education of children.

This is the usual routine of the day:—The earliest arrivals are at 7 a.m., and are entertained by a student in the nursery till 8, when the rest come in. At 8, nurses, teachers and students take their own children to their respective bathrooms, where bathing, washing, hairdressing, teeth-cleaning, nail-trimming, and putting on of the pretty overalls goes on till 9 or 9.30. Then the children have their breakfast, then training in the little physical habits that mean so much to health. From 10—11.30 or 12 the school subjects are taught to those old enough. The preparation for dinner is carried on by the children of three upwards, under supervision. Beds and blankets are made ready for the afternoon sleep. The length of sleep varies for the different ages. Then beds and blankets are put away, the children tidy up generally, and have some handwork, drawing and singing, or games. Tiny ones are prepared for tea at 3.30 and the others are ready at 4. Some then go home, others remain till their mothers call for them at 6, and some simple, happy occupation is found for them while they wait.

In her *Ninth Report of the Deptford Health Centre*, Miss McMillan says that expenses amounted to £1,600 for the

building of the new Cleansing Centre, the equipment of the new Nurses' Home, the Bungalow for Students, and a Hall-shelter. This was met by a legacy left to her sister during the last week of her lifetime. The working expenses amounted this year to £2,900. The parents' contributions averaged £500, the Ministry of Munitions granted £500, friends donated £300, and premiums from three pupils came to £120. The remainder has to be found, and I rather think that Miss McMillan herself earns a good deal of it by her writings.

Miss Chignell told us that their dream is a model centre from which others may draw inspiration, to be followed by a network of such centres all through London. "More humanising, more lovely than parks even, or even recreation grounds, would be the presence in every neighbourhood of beautiful and well-nurtured children, offering always the object-lesson of a wholly redeemed human life," writes Miss McMillan.

Many questions rise to one's mind when examining this Baby Camp, and all

its accessory activities. But the main question is answered in the words quoted above. It takes the eye of insight into the divine purpose that lies hid in human growth to institute and foster such work as is here carried on. The parts have their coherence, the work is seen as a whole; clinics and studios and beautiful garments all serve the central aspiration to make of these children "wholly redeemed human lives." As the labouring classes are struggling for some freedom, for leisure, striking out almost blindly for what some resistless impulse tells them is absolutely necessary for that which is in them, so here is the beginning of the fulfilment of what they are fighting for. Leisure not well filled is mere idleness, and leads to many vices; but now babies have a chance to use well and worthily, and with cultivated tastes and habits, the leisure that will be the rule of the world one day. The future already nestles in our midst, and in this Centre finds a rich and happy environment in which to develop.

JOSEPHINE RANSOM

DIVINE UNION

O Thou Almighty Power : Omnipotent !
If beauty is of Thee the counterpart,
Infuse my soul ; thrust in the fiery dart
Of Thy most searching breath. Improvident
Be Thou of mystic ecstasy. Present
Thy lightning shafts to burn my inmost heart ;
Nor yet abate the ache nor quench the smart
Until my will with Thine, O God, is blent.

Then shall my Spirit's life soar up to Thee ;
From evil passions' strife shall be set free.
I'll climb to heights of sanctifying grace,
There spread the net of Thy most sov'reign love,
And, all content to be in Thy embrace,
Ensnare all souls within the mesh thereof.

JNO. A. PALMER

FROM A COUNTRY STUDY

Some Thoughts on Life and Letters

By S. L. BENSUSAN

II.—OF KINGS AND PEASANTS

PHILOSOPHY has its sensations and sensations have their philosophy. At a time like the present, when we are surveying the wide-sweeping changes of a lustrum, there is no lack of sensational record, and if we will look beyond the recital of startling incident to see what it portends we may chance to find food for the thought that establishes a philosophy of life. Time has been when there was something almost sacrosanct about the Courts of Europe. Many men and a few women, wearing decorations innumerable and surrounded by etiquette as by a protective aura, were seen from time to time in public. Then it was for the governed to assemble in their thousands, to line the streets, to cheer very heartily, and to read on the following day in favourite newspapers a hymn of praise for the glorified ones who very graciously acknowledged plaudits, and even said they were pleased to receive them. The English version of this worship has always been a sane and modified one. Queen Victoria was intensely intolerant of publicity, King Edward was not only popular but democratic, and the whole tendency of King George and Queen Mary is to be on friendly rather than formal terms with their subjects. But in Germany there was a rigid etiquette down to the end; in Austria a worse one, while in Russia conditions were stifling. One recalls mediæval Spain, where he who by accident touched even a garment of the Queen incurred the penalty of death.

The New Book of Revelation

To-day, as a result of war and the crumbling of Empires, men are not only giving free reign to their tongues, but

are not hesitating to reach with their pens a wide circle avid of information lying beyond its normal ken. Mr. Gerard, American Ambassador to the Court at Berlin, set the ball rolling; *longo intervallo* an American Court dentist followed suit; the American Ambassador to the Sublime Porte was the next to hasten into print. These three shrewd representatives of a great democracy left little or nothing of the "divinity that doth hedge a king." Lens and scalpel were applied to many bearers of great names, and they were seen in their habit as they lived—impulsive, impetuous, crafty, cruel men, out to gain territory, power, prestige, whatever the advantage that could be won, no matter at what expense to the world at large. Suffering would pass and be forgotten, gains would stand, and every ruler hoped to be able to say to a startled, timorous world, "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice!*!" Perhaps it needed the honest, forthright republican to sail first over the uncharted seas of revelation. In Europe materialism had developed snobbery to an amazing and alarming degree, and, down to 1914 at least, the race of the flunkey appeared to be in no danger of extinction. Events first, and candid chroniclers in their wake, have dealt a deadly blow to the flunkey, one that he may not survive. It is hard to believe that the near future, as far as the rank and file of thinking people are concerned, will be tolerant of any form of adulation or devotion that is not founded upon a consciousness of great tasks greatly performed.

An Outspoken Diplomat

It may be remarked that the purveyors of revelation are not all from America.

There came into the literary arena only a month or two ago M. de Schelking, sometime of the Russian diplomatic service in Greece, France, Spain, Germany and Holland, sometime of the Russian newspaper service, for which he acted as Paris correspondent of the *Rouss* and the *Novie Vremya*, and as Petrograd correspondent of *Le Temps*. He was in Russia till the Revolution of March, 1917, then spent a year in Yokohama and went thence to Vancouver, B.C., where he wrote *The Game of Diplomacy*. It is a book that would have been placed upon the *index prohibitorius* in normal times, for M. de Schelking has known Tsars and Kaisers, kings and princes, as only diplomats are able to, and he writes without reticence of what he has seen and heard and experienced. Much that is intimate and personal is said for the first time, and a book of this kind is a terrible indictment of autocracy, even though it be put together with no other aim than to amuse or to thrill. In a letter from Colonel John Ward, M.P., written from Siberia to greet some friends and to explain and denounce Bolshevism, a letter published in the English Press during February, he says: "I quite believe it was necessary to destroy the old régime, to execute the Tsar and all his minions." Now such a statement could not have been made by an English M.P. and published in an English newspaper five years ago, when Tsardom and all its attendant evils were wasting the life of Russia, but to-day, when a weak man, his wilful wife and helpless family have been cruelly done to death, it is possible to comment unrebuted. For this possibility, be it good or bad, we are indebted to Ambassadors Gerard and Morganthau, to Mr. Davis, the dentist, to M. de Schelking, diplomat and journalist, and to a dozen others who have taken advantage of the confusion of the times in which we live to tell the truth as they have seen it. In doing so they have robbed royalty of the last of its halo, they have revealed rulers as men who stand on no exalted plane. The change in the public sentiment brought about within a short space is a tribute to the power of the pen, a solemn

warning of the responsibility its use entails.

The Failure of Autocracy

To the man who reflects upon other aspects of the "revelations" and their results there comes the sense that there is no real dependence to be placed in future upon any form of autocratic rule. Even though a despotism be benevolent, it is a danger alike to those who exercise and those who suffer it, and the foundations are so uncertain that autocracy demands all the subterranean efforts of secret services to buttress and uphold them. What we have witnessed in Russia is not the spontaneous upheaval of a war-weary people, but rather the hideous outcome of years of systematic repression coupled with the deliberate neglect of education. Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote the preface to the French Revolution; it has been left to the diplomats to supply an epilogue to the Russian variant. Perhaps the worst aspect of the case, as living men have put it before us, is found in the cynicism, the utter absence of altruism. We are shown States in their aspect as commercial institutions carrying on business without the moral restraints that are associated with high-class commerce. Romanoffs, Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs were alike intent upon material ends; the non-moral aspect of their government is revealed by every writer qualified to bring intimate knowledge to its consideration. These books of tittle-tattle provide a crushing denunciation of pre-war rule. They suggest that freedom will come to Northern, Central and Eastern Europe unless it is hindered by a tyranny based upon the will of demagogues who are as bad as autocrats hailing from the *Almanach de Gotha*. With freedom there will be an enormous experiment in the direction of its proper use. It would appear as though a long time must elapse before man may hope to sit at ease and in security in the shade of his own vine or fig tree, there to possess his soul in quietness and in peace.

The Re-Discovery of the Countryside

On my table as I write there stands a steadily growing pile of books and pamphlets dealing with varied aspects of the agricultural problem. It would seem as though a great longing for the fields of peace had been born on the fields of battle, for the land call is heard on every side, and the books before me are the efforts, doubtless honest as well as strenuous, of many hard-thinking men who desire to clear all obstacles away, to make the crooked straight and to remove from English earth the reproach that is expressed in the opening lines of *Lamentations*. It is, unfortunately, true that there are many villages well-nigh solitary that were once full of inhabitants; indeed, some English hamlets have disappeared in the past half-century, a church and a few farmhouses being all that is left. Houses were found to be worth less than the cost of repair, and were allowed to fall into ruin. Only a few years ago I could see the young folk drifting to the towns and the old folk to the workhouse, while the area of tillage shrank until we had more pasture than arable in England and we could feed ourselves for just about ten weeks out of the fifty-two. It did not pay to grow corn, said the farmers, and when I pointed out to some of them that it must at least pay to grow strong, healthy men and women, they suggested it was for this special purpose that we had our Overseas Dominions.

Rural England Before the War

Until the autumn of 1914 forced us to realise the significance of Mother Earth, the English countryside was no more than a playground for the fortunate few. I know that it was hard to find a publisher for a book dealing with agricultural regeneration, it was hard to fill the village hall if the lecturer had chosen this subject; but there was a sure market for a work on shooting or fishing or hunting—a volume by an expert would be very eagerly bought. It was the duty of the country to provide pretty and well-kept roads for motoring, poachery-free woods for pheasant rearing, and plenty of crops of the kind that encourage

ground game. A specially charming site might provide a golf course. Farmers were a class that existed to till the soil and make an estate pay interest upon its capital value; agricultural labourers were a group of men about whom nothing was known. It was supposed that anybody could do their work, and that the only problem they had solved was that of bringing up a family on a wage of about 15s. a week. They had also learned to work year in, year out and to dispense with holidays, and doubtless this was accounted to them for righteousness. There was a fairly general feeling that both the farmer and those who served him were in a sense superfluous. They were kept on as an outward and visible sign that we were once an agricultural nation, but, after all, game could live without them and so could foxes while, as far as food was concerned, we could get that from abroad. Folly and extravagance were speeding hand-in-hand through rural England, it looked as though we should soon see a wilderness of game preserves with palaces here and there in which careless prosperity sat feasting. But “Dawn was at hand to strike the loud feast dumb.”

Rural England To-day

The past few years have brought about a striking change; let us be honest and admit that it came at the bidding of necessity. Four million acres have come under the plough, and we have more arable than pasture to-day. From a supply of corn available for ten weeks we have grown to the supply that will suffice for forty. The wage of the husbandman has been more than doubled. County Councils are considering the problem of settling soldiers on the land; women have turned to agriculture to help the country, and may remain cultivators on a small scale to help themselves. Just now the sun is shining on the books and pamphlets that one month has brought to my study table, all of them written to show how we may make the country at least as attractive as the Elysian Fields and probably more remunerative. They are out in good time, these varied publica-

tions, for the imagination turns to rural England "now that April's here." The blackthorn is aflower, life is stirring in the depth of the orchards, the larch has donned her rose-coloured plumelets, the little river that is the boundary of my few fields sings to the sunshine, "blossom by blossom the spring begins."

The Multitude of Councillors

Apparently everybody has a panacea. You can make a flourishing countryside by one of a dozen methods. Double the doubled wages, give the landlord's property to the farmer, give it to the labourer, close public-houses, or have more public-houses, institute clubs for the village, have a communal village kitchen, with wash-houses and baths attached, imitate all the agricultural methods of Denmark, introduce open-air plays and country dances, make co-operation universal if not compulsory, build a factory next to the village, have a lecture society and debating club, erect sufficient cottages to encourage settlement and re-settlement, teach the children handicrafts, instruct their mothers in domestic economy, abolish game preserving, encourage small-holding, increase machinery, raze the workhouse, hold cookery classes, spread allotments, secularise education, compel the children to go to church, institute half-holidays for the agricultural labourer, enforce goat-keeping and bee-keeping, set up a drying plant for medicinal herbs; here is a fairly comprehensive supply of wares—Autolycus could not have carried a larger assortment—and it is possible to pick and to choose. The only trouble lies in the lack of a constructive intelligence behind it all. Men come forward with points that may be good, may even be valuable, and yet the true science of rural regeneration has yet to find its practical demonstrator and its publisher.

The Aftermath of Neglect

Yet for all the chaos that seems to surround movement, for all the multiplicity of plans set out often with hard figures and unattractive statistics in the pages before me, it is likely that we shall

settle the fate of the countryside on sane lines for some of the people whose brains are constructive and whose gift lies in organisation rather than in the making of books will step in sooner or later and take control. They will decide the main question that awaits decision. It may be stated briefly: Are we to become self-supporting and pay the price that is demanded for self-support of a flourishing countryside, or are we going to plump for cheap food grown abroad on the ground that cheapness to a manufacturing country is of more importance than its rural areas? Shall it be pheasants or peasants? The difference is the single letter "h," and this, oddly enough, stands for both heaven and hell. When all is said and done thought is the greatest of forces! Sooner or later statesmen will sit round a council table and debate the point I have endeavoured to set out, and according to the working of their minds we shall have our rural England for many years to come, for an indefinite period perhaps if they decide that it must be populous and self-supporting. Let their thoughts take this direction and the Universal Mother will "blossom and bud, and fill the face of the earth with fruit." But so largely is the future wrapped up in politics that these books with their exhortation, suggestion, criticism and the rest leave me cold. England at the present moment can only fulfil her rural destiny by consent of those who direct her urban interests.

Where Literature is Concerned

Inasmuch as literature is concerned with life the ultimate decision in this vexed question is one that must involve letters. Novelist, poet, dramatist are intimately concerned with the future of the countryside for a real revival of country life in all its aspects means that we shall find men interpreting that life in terms of their art. At present we find very little that rings true; we have not at work in England to-day a man of letters who brings the Mother Earth to you as Zola, for example, did in France. If we will forget and forgive the almost needless brutality of incident that he in-

flicted, the strength and grim reality of his pictures must command the respect of all. But the French peasant is not like the English agricultural labourer. He works for himself, he strives, he saves, he worships the soil he tends, his love for his small-holding passes the love of women. So, too, does the Belgian, and so the Spaniard, and out of these attachments literature is born. The English labourer is a landless man, a drudge, he has seldom been understood and in many parts he has grown reticent beyond the powers of change to move him. It is an England full of small proprietors, feeding her own population, rearing hardy children for the great Dominions overseas that is going to be the nursing-ground of novel and essay and poetry and drama. A full vivid country life with plenty of colour will develop imagination to a surprising extent, in so far as it tends to provide conditions that have not been staled by custom. If that life is given to us, then all the recommendations that stand before me in such profusion may look to receive a trial, and it well may be that some of them will not be found wanting.

The Season of Change

What we lack as far as the country is concerned is the group of writers, each working in a selected area, who will give us tidings of what the countryman thinks. He is a great force, running numerically far into the region of six figures, master of a most varied trade, intensely capable, enduring and resigned, hardly susceptible as yet to any of the influences that may decide his immediate destiny. The fields have taught him silence, inured him to solitude, he is slow in speech and action, though he will cling to an idea as closely as limpet to rock. Very seldom does one of his class become articulate, but for all this he is on the threshold of change. It is not only the newly-born interest of urban students expressed in book and pamphlet, it is the return from the war of those who had started their life-work in the fields without any hope of a future better than that which came to their fathers and grand-

fathers—"a chequered day of sunshine and of shower, fading to twilight and deep night at last." Those who come back have brought a wider vision, and that vision will prove more potent to ensure a new life in the countryside than all the formulæ of the experts. If every district had had its patient recorder of moods and fancies the student of the records would have known rural England, for lack of records we cannot tell what is going to happen when, the statesmen having had their say, the dweller in the countryside finds his voice and announces his decision.

The Outlook

I find myself wondering what the near future holds when the great tide of turbulence and change sweeps through the sleepy villages I have known from boyhood, villages in which down to a few years ago the Bible was almost the only book to be found. Are we who live in the forgotten corners, away from all the restlessness and striving, going to be left in a peace that has been so completely shattered elsewhere? Save to the individual it matters not at all. Whatever the strength of the storm the face of the countryside will not suffer, the pageant of the seasons will not be the less beautiful, Nature's peace will not be less abiding. Those who savour the sense of what is beautiful may not be the same, but we who have sought the solitary places know that the most of those around us lack the larger leisure that would help them to enjoy Nature at her best. Did they possess that leisure they might share our enthusiasm. So it happens that I find myself unable to write about books that publish short cuts to perfection for dwellers outside the towns. To me the problem is too big. There is only one question that seems to matter. Will the Englishman be found cultivating his own few acres from end to end of the country, or shall we see mile after mile untenanted save by game and game-keepers? Once past the brief period of confusion and unrest that is upon us now English history will be decided by the answer to this question.

S. L. BENSUSAN

THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT

A SERIES OF MONTHLY NOTES

By A. EMIL DAVIES, L.C.C.

WHATEVER its immediate result, it will be a long time before the effect of the first few days of the Coal Commission wears off. I say "the first few days," because a grand industrial inquiry of this description being an entire novelty, the newspapers gave the earlier proceedings very full publicity. As the days passed, however, the same old tendency became perceptible for journals to suppress such parts of the evidence as were not to the taste of their proprietors.

* * *

The Difficulty of Being Impartial

The position is, of course, difficult. No paper can afford the space for a verbatim report of the proceedings of any assembly which lasts for several hours, therefore it must abbreviate almost everything, and leave out much; but everything depends upon what is left out. If you give those questions and replies in which the side you favour comes out on top, and omit those in which the opposition scores, you may not have altered anything, but you have most successfully conveyed a wholly false, or, at any rate, one-sided impression, and the final impression that the ordinary person will have derived from the daily accounts of the Commission will depend entirely upon the paper or papers he is in the habit of reading. If he regularly reads the *Daily News* or the *Star* he will feel that the miners' case is overwhelming; if he reads the *Daily Express* and the *Evening Standard* he will feel that the miners' representatives may perhaps have been more astute than those of the coal-owners, but that they never established their case.

* * *

The Light of Day

The evidence of the first few days, however, was reported very extensively, and

was of a nature that startled the general public. In fact, after the first day's evidence it was quite a common thing to hear people say that the miners had already won their case. The circumstance that millions of pounds of profits were unnecessarily paid to owners of the prosperous mines in order to assure a profit to the less successful ones, and the facts brought out as to the conditions under which most of the miners live and are housed, struck the public imagination. Subsequently the owners, and the Press favourable to them, have tried to point out that, after all, it was State officials* who granted them those millions, that their profits were previously little over a shilling per ton, and that to grant the miners' demands would ruin the iron and steel industries. The great thing that has been done, however, is to establish an important precedent—when in future the conditions in an industry become insupportable, on account of the friction between the owners and the workers, and it is difficult to establish who is in the right, a Royal Commission can hear in the open the evidence from both sides, and the public can decide which of the two parties is in the right. Some people might be inclined to say that nothing practical can come from a Commission composed equally of representatives of both sides; but it is conceivable that a case might occur in which both the workers and the owners prove their case—the former that their conditions of life and employment were unbearable, and the owners that the granting of the improvements asked for would render working impossible. In such a case, the public would acquiesce in a price increase sufficient to meet the reasonable demands of both sides.

* Incidentally, it may be remarked, these were business men acting temporarily as Government officials.

The Remuneration of Capital and Labour

In my own evidence before the Coal Commission, and in some articles contributed to the *Daily News*, I gave some startling examples of profits that have accrued to shareholders in some of the big coal companies, after allowing for various methods of obscuring the actual profits or dividends, such as paying the latter free of income-tax, issuing bonus shares, and issuing new shares at a price much below their market value. I showed that the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Company, one of the greatest of the South Wales concerns, which in 1913 had an ordinary share capital of £541,407 and £115,795 in 6 per cent. Preference shares, had, in the fifteen years ending 1918, paid out £3,156,000 in cash dividends, in addition to which it had distributed to its shareholders £1,100,000 of free bonus shares which are now worth three times that amount. Put in another way, £1,000 invested in 1903 in these shares which were then quoted at par, would have received dividends equal to about £3,800, and would, in addition, now be saleable for £5,500. The Company is now allowing its shareholders to take up at 35s. one new share for every five shares already held; the existing shares are quoted at 61s.

Another striking example was that of the Fife Coal Company, which, in ten years, has paid out dividends equal to 300 per cent. on the original capital, which in 1909 was increased by a distribution of bonus shares. This Company has, in addition, called a meeting of shareholders to give it power to capitalise its reserves, the intention evidently being to distribute another share bonus. Mr. Smillie, the miners' leader, referred specially to the bad housing conditions of this company's workers.

* * *

The Point

The point of these examples is not to blame any particular management or any group of shareholders who find themselves living under a system which renders these things quite natural. It is the system itself that is at fault, a system which condemns hundreds of thousands of people to

live in such abject conditions as appalled even the members of the Commission—this was particularly the case with regard to whole families living in one-roomed houses—whilst at the other end shareholders who have never seen the property or the workers draw large dividends. This fact is not argued away by the statement that some mines do not pay. By pooling the whole of the coal mines and placing them under a management representing the nation, and including representatives of the workers, the profits of the paying mines can be made to equalise the shortfall in the poorer mines (in so far as it is found necessary to work these), instead of going to swell the fortunes of a small number of people. It by no means follows from these observations that all the demands of the miners or any other class of workers can be conceded; but the psychological effect upon the miners of these big dividends and various bonuses distributed by some of the mining companies is unmistakable. Let them once know that these special favours of fortune to certain people are rendered impossible, and they can be made to see the point at which their demands are greater than the industry, or industries in general, can afford—the more so if their own representatives on the Boards of Management are equally responsible for the statistics presented. The contention that, because it might otherwise handicap the iron and steel industry, 800,000 mine workers should continue to work amidst such conditions of squalor, hardship and misery as have been revealed, is one that no social reformer can admit for a moment.

* * *

The Governing Class—An Indictment

By the time these remarks appear in print, we shall know the result of the Coal Commission's deliberations, and it is sincerely to be hoped that that result will be industrial peace, otherwise no one can foresee what will arise. Whatever decision is arrived at, there is no doubt that we are in the throes of a Labour upheaval, and one section after another of the working community will demand a levelling up of its conditions. As this coincides with a period of acute financial stress, as the

result of which the nation finds itself much poorer, the difficulties of the position are increased. They are further augmented by the indisputable fact that the community, generally speaking, has little faith in the present governing class. By this I do not mean the present Government, although that does indeed typify our governing class, but the class from which most of the people who run the public services and private industry of the country are drawn. This may seem a strong statement, but one example alone will, I submit, suffice to prove its accuracy. I refer to the recent police strike. What would one think of an Eastern potentate who did not keep his bodyguard well paid and satisfied? The most ignorant despot does at least recognise the importance of this elementary fact. Now, what the bodyguard is to the savage despot a police force is to our governing and propertied classes, and yet we have had the spectacle of the police force—so steady and reliable a set of men as to have been the pride of a nation for a generation or more—being goaded into revolt, and while these lines are being written a recur-

rence of the trouble appears extremely likely.

* * *

A New Governing Class

Those people who fear democracy should take heart and console themselves with the reflection that our future rulers are not likely to make a worse mess of things than those who at present hold the reins; and those who are afraid of labour with a capital L, as representing an uneducated tyranny, may also console themselves with the thought that when it comes to a contest in the open, as in the Coal Commission, the miners' leaders have proved themselves to be fully a match for the representatives of the employers; and, furthermore, they may also take cheer from the fact that a large proportion of what we are getting to term the *intelligentsia*, is associating itself with that political movement that endeavours to improve the lot of the masses, but is, at the same time, not unmindful of the fact that the nation itself is more important than any one class. But a "change of heart" is necessary, in both our present and future governing classes.

A. EMIL DAVIES

THE WAGES

Clouds, and a breath of wind and dew ! The day
Gropes to its end ; fast wanes the west.
Time, toiler, now, to put the tools away !
Night comes ; and night brings rest.

The vines are tended and the grapes are stored ;
Finished, at length, the latest task.
In guerdon of the day-long labour, Lord,
What wages shall I ask ?

Not mine the meed of such as better serve !
No place on Thy left hand or right
I dream of, while the young moon's crescent curve
Dips to the darkening night.

To bear the burden and the heat for Thee
Repays, alone, the toil's expense :
New strength to serve Thee, Master—let this be
The day's fit recompense !

S. GERTRUDE FORD

HUMANITARIAN NOTES

By G. COLMORE

"We know by nature that there is a distinction between humanity and cruelty, that the first belongs to the higher or better part of our nature, and that it is our duty to cultivate it."

—Lecky

Science and Humanitarianism

IT cannot be too often or too insistently declared that science and humanitarianism are in no sense opposed, but must, if they work rightly, work hand in hand, since they present, not two conflicting hypotheses, but two aspects of a common truth—humanitarianism proclaiming in the domain of ethics what science discovers in the domain of knowledge.

* * *

The Known and the Unknown

IT follows from this that what is ethically wrong cannot be scientifically right. To be sure, the contrary proposition might be advanced, namely, that what is scientifically wrong cannot be ethically right, and, in fact, the one proposition is as accurate as the other, or rather, the two propositions are identical, and it is only in the manner of statement that there appears to be a difference. Nevertheless, it is wise to test scientific methods by the standard of ethics rather than to adapt ethical conceptions to suit scientific demands, for argument must always be from the known to the unknown; and while the discoveries of science are incomplete, and the theories founded upon them are subject to constant readjustment, the truth underlying ethics is not only basic but patent. This truth, that love is a constructive force and makes for progress, order, balance, happiness, whereas hate is destructive, bringing disorder, suffering, chaos, has been made manifest throughout the ages. It is expressed in the most ancient of Scriptures, it is declared in every world religion; it needs no discovery, presents no partial disclosure, but stands complete, revealed to the gaze of every seeing eye.

To shape scientific procedure according

to ethical wisdom is, then, more reasonable than to shape ethical conduct according to the methods dictated by a knowledge which is but partial; and, indeed, there are instances frequently occurring in which wisdom is justified not only of her children, but by means of the egregious mistakes of the bastard offspring of an incomplete science.

* * *

Ethics and Efficacy

IT is doubtful whether medical science would admit that the many mistakes which mark the course of its history are due to disregard of humanitarian principles; but it is interesting to note that the existence of a moral as well as a scientific side to the question of medical methods is obtaining recognition. Within a week—at the end of January and the beginning of February—two well-known doctors declared in letters to the *Times* newspaper that medical efficacy is not identical with public morality; that the success of a method does not carry with it the ethical justification of the use of that method; that, in fact, there are two questions, one to be judged by the convictions of the medical profession and the other by the conscience of the lay community. To be sure, the morality of medical methods is limited, in the utterances, and probably in the minds of these gentlemen, to the *application* of the methods, and does not extend to their origin; nevertheless, the recognition of morality as a factor in remedial measures indicates a higher standpoint than that adopted in the declaration that "pure curiosity" in medical science is the greatest asset which a nation can possess; and, if it be once admitted that morality has a voice in deciding whether or no certain means of fighting disease should be adopted, that

voice must inevitably sooner or later be heard in the laboratories where the furnishing of these means is carried on.

* * *

Birds and Rodents

MANY illustrations of disaster arising out of the disregard of humanitarian considerations are provided by the treatment meted out to birds in the various countries of the world, and the consequences which that treatment ensures. Over and over again agricultural authorities, acting on the inferences of superficial observation, and ignoring the touchstone of ethical righteousness, have decreed the destruction of birds; and over and over again the results to agriculture have been disastrous. Mr. James Buckland, the well-known authority on birds, tells us in one of his remarkable pamphlets that 4,000,000 dollars' worth of damage was done in the State of Pennsylvania owing to the passing of an Act by the Legislature which provided a bounty of fifty cents on every hawk and owl that was shot. An irruption of rodents followed, and the Act was repealed, but not in time to prevent the damage caused by the dearth of the bird guardians.

This was in 1885, and what was true then as regards the destruction of hawks and owls is equally true to-day. Mr. Buckland tells us that the absence of these birds invariably means a great increase in rodents, and large damage done by them. Yet in the last few years their destruction has been strenuously advocated, and it is more than probable that the success of this advocacy and the measures adopted in consequence have had a considerable share in producing the rat plague of which we hear so much.

* * *

Birds and Agriculture

IT is popular error which supports the view that birds are destructive agents in connection with crops. Certainly they are destructive, but what they destroy are the pests, not the crops: the amount of grain the birds take is immensely more than compensated for by the number of pestiferous insects and grubs they devour. It is difficult, Mr. Buckland tells us, to

find a single species of bird which is not useful to man, and he is speaking from the testimony of expert ornithologists all over the world, a testimony which fully supports the contention that humanitarianism is the inalienable ally of true knowledge. He mentions many cases in which plagues of insects have been quelled and could only have been quelled by birds, and adds: "But the regulative influence, steadily and perennially exerted individually everywhere by birds, which tends to keep all species of noxious insects, pestiferous rodents, and harmful weeds below the point where their injury to agriculture and forestry becomes apparent, is seldom appreciated."

* * *

The Plumage Trade

IGNORANCE, folly and superstition are responsible for much slaughter in the bird world; but by far the greatest destruction of birds is caused by the demands of vanity, of fashion, and a trade which depends on vanity and fashion for its existence. In India, in America, in Australia, in every country where there is plumage, birds are slain in their thousands and tens of thousands. For what? To deck the hats and trim the garments of women. It is the savage demand—and no other adjective suits the case—for the plumage of birds which is responsible for the stupendous slaughter, the pitiless carnage of these beautiful benefactors of an inhumane humanity.

* * *

Blindness and Vision

Far away this carnage is carried out, far from the shops of London, of Paris, of New York, from all the towns in which murder takes the form of millinery. The wearers of this millinery do not see the carnage, though they cause it; their eyes, which behold their own and each other's hats, are shielded from the horror of those hats by many miles of space. But is there no inward vision in these days? is there no discrimination of refinement from vulgarity? no perception that elegance demands humaneness, and that to cause cruelty is to inflict it? Ignorance is responsible for much, and there

are surely few women who, if they once realised that the feather fashion means a constant outraging of maternity, would continue to follow that fashion. And the facts are plain. To be profitable, the feathers of wild birds must be obtained during the breeding season, and in order to obtain them the parents must be killed—both parents, so that it is not motherhood alone which is violated. The result of killing the old birds is that the young ones starve to death: hundreds of thousands of young birds are annually starved to death. Here is indeed an abomination which may truly be called that of desolation.

* * *

Furs

WHAT is true of feathers is true of furs. Death is the great purveyor of wraps, coats, caps, and those whole skins which may be seen slung across the shoulders of modern women, with the head hanging down on one side and the legs and tail on the other. Ignorance in this connection is less comprehensible than with respect to feathers, for it is possible without definite knowledge to believe that the feathers used in millinery may be dropped by living birds or taken from dead ones who have died a natural death; but ordinary intelligence should be sufficient to indicate that furs are not clipped from the bodies of animals as wool is clipped from sheep, and that coats imply corpses. But of definite collected information on this subject there is no lack, and those who seek it cannot do better than read the pamphlets published by the Humanitarian League. From one of them, "The Price of Sealskin," are taken the extracts given below.

* * *

The Price of Sealskin

IN the spring of each year the fur seals arrive in great numbers at their breeding-grounds on the islands, but the 'bachelors'—*i.e.*, the younger males—are not allowed by their elders to land on the 'rookeries,' and are therefore herded apart by themselves. It is these bachelors that are selected for the purposes of slaughter, and they are so tame and

gentle that it is easy for a few men . . . to turn several thousand of them inland by running between them and the surf as they are dozing on the shore. Then commences the long slow 'drive' over some miles of rough ground, and . . . there is no little cruelty in this part of the process. . . . As many as three or four per cent. are sometimes dropped on the road. . . . The heavy breathing of a tired drove of seals can be heard several hundred yards away, and occasionally in their desperation they snap at each other and spoil the value of the fur which is the cause of their persecution.

"Arrived at the killing grounds, the seals, divided into batches or 'pods' of 100 or 150, are clubbed on the head and stabbed—a horrible process, though done with merciful intent. 'If struck direct and violently,' says Mr. Elliott, 'a single stroke is enough. The seals' heads are stricken so hard sometimes that those crystalline lenses to their eyes fly out from the orbital sockets like hailstones or little pebbles . . .' But it would seem, too, that the clubs and knives are not always effective, and that the skinning is frequently commenced before the victim is dead."

* * *

The Sea Slaughter

SO much for the land killing: the killing at sea is worse. The account goes on:

Whatever the cruelties of the land-drive may be, they are almost insignificant in comparison with the indiscriminate brutalities of the pelagic sealing, carried on, as it is, by rough and hardened men under conditions which render supervision impossible, and with the stimulus of haste and greed ever inciting to acts of savagery. . . . In other cases, the killing of thousands of mother seals who have left their young at the breeding-grounds, too young to swim or to find food for themselves, has caused these "pups" to be abandoned on a slow and pitiless starvation. But here again there is worse than mere killing, for it is, unfortunately, impossible to doubt that the seal has often been skinned alive.

* * *

A Piece of Colour

THE writer of the pamphlet gives an extract from Mr. W. G. Burn Murdoch's "From Edinburgh to the Antarctic."

It is a hideous thing, this sealing, and most awfully bloody and cruel. . . . The seal was one of the large whitey-yellow fellows with small, dog-like head and grand black eyes. I made a jotting of the men flinching him; as a piece of colour the effect was gorgeous—masses of scarlet, dazzling white, and the blue sea. The snuffing of the seal, and the sound of the blood spouting and fizzling into the snow, with the crisp sound of the steel in the quivering flesh, was hardly nice; and when the red carcase sat up and looked at itself, I looked up to see if God's eye was looking.

By such means as these sealskin is provided for the fur trade: every coat means a red carcase—or more than one.

* * *

The Canine Defence League

THE National Canine Defence League is an organisation of lovers of dogs, and its object is to protect dogs from cruelty, cruelty which, as stated in one of its leaflets, exists in various forms. "There is the cruelty of a deliberate, diabolical kind; there is the cruelty which comes from revengeful feelings, and there is the far more common cruelty which is born of indifference and neglect." The League is educative; its endeavour is to bring about a wider and wiser understanding of dogs, and it not only instructs people in what they ought to do, but helps them to do it.

* * *

Chained Dogs

THE League's Inspector inquires into cases of cruelty, and when prosecutions have been undertaken the League has been uniformly successful in obtaining convictions. Many of these cases are in connection with the chaining of dogs, a species of cruelty which is constantly due to ignorance, stupidity or indifference, the amount and intensity of suffering inflicted by keeping dogs perpetually on the chain being altogether unappreciated by vast numbers of people. A letter sent recently to the Press by Mr. C. R. Johns, the Secretary of the League, gives some idea of the extent to which this particular form of suffering prevails. The letter is headed "Untaxed Cruelty," and is dated the 9th of January.

In a few weeks the magistrates will be granting exemption from tax for dogs used for tend-

ing stock, and I would suggest that a more strict examination of the applications be made this year than has been usual. The intention of Parliament in absolving sheep and farm dogs from taxation was to help agriculturists to rear their stock; but the concession is greatly abused, as anyone can see, in country districts. A correspondent informs me that for years exemption from the licence has been given to a farmer whose so-called sheep-dog has been chained up for five years. He has now become too ferocious to be allowed liberty, and is absolutely blind. . . .

To all dogs freedom is, as Mr. Johns points out, the very breath of life; it is, indeed, as essential as food to the maintenance of health—let alone happiness.

* * *

Soldiers' and Sailors' Dogs

THE League's Fund for paying the licences of soldiers' and sailors' dogs is the largest in the country, and very many are the fighting men who have returned to find their dogs safe and sound owing to payments made out of this fund. In four years 11,000 licences have been paid; the cost of some of them has been repaid by the soldiers and sailors and their families, but more than three-fourths of the entire expenditure has been provided by the League. The work has been intensely appreciated by the dog-owners, and a very large number of grateful letters have been received by the Secretary.

* * *

Attacks on Dogs

DURING the war it has been especially necessary to defend dogs, for many attempts have been made to poison the mind of the public against them, and to pave the way for wholesale destruction. The following paragraph, taken from the Annual Report of the League, shows how some of these attempts are conducted.

A paragraph appeared in the London newspapers on June 11, 1917, to the following effect:

"A mad dog, a black retriever, attacked and bit two young girls, named Doris Hulme and Alice Ann Gibbons, near Sheffield, and, after a four-mile chase, was shot."

We made our own inquiries into the report, and also asked the Board of Agriculture to investigate the matter, which they did without delay. The Board failed to obtain any confirmation of the report, but insisted on the newspaper chiefly concerned giving full information, which, after considerable delay, was forth-

coming. The result of the inquiry was that the Board of Agriculture was able to inform us that "the correspondent who supplied the statement had since admitted its inaccuracy." No doubt the person who concocted the story thought that any lie about dogs was justifiable, and hastened to make money out of the opportunity provided by the anti-dog agitation. Had the League not taken steps to bring this highly circumstantial fiction to light, this story would have gone to swell the prejudice against dogs. The newspapers which published the story did not print the denial issued by the League.

The last sentence shows how much easier it is to create prejudice than to promulgate truth.

* * *

The Courage of Compassion

FORTUNATELY there are people whose attitude towards dogs is entirely different from that displayed by the fabricator of the above story. The silver medal of the League for the year 1917 was awarded to Mr. Leonard Sharp, of the Common, Ecclesfield, who risked his life to save that of a dog. The dog had fallen into a pit-shaft 100 feet deep, down which Mr. Sharp was lowered by ropes, at great risk, for thirty feet down the brickwork had become disjointed, the shaft in consequence was almost impassable, and Mr. Sharp, hanging on the rope, had to clear away the obstruction before he could attempt the still more dangerous task of a further descent. He found the dog badly bruised, shaken and exhausted, but was able to effect its rescue.

* * *

Army Horses in the East

ON the 17th February questions were asked in the House of Commons as to the sale of Army horses in the East. The replies were extremely unsatisfactory. Captain Guest, speaking for the Government, said : "The only undertaking given was that no cast or worn-out horses should be sold in the East. As regards other horses, the instructions issued to General Officers Commanding in Eastern theatres of war are as follows : 'Animals no longer required by the armies in the Eastern theatres of war should be disposed of to the best advantage by sale or otherwise. At the same time, General Officers Commanding are instructed to

exercise a very liberal discretion in destroying instead of selling horses, especially those of British origin which are not worth the freight, and for which good homes cannot be found on the spot.'

* * *

Horse-lovers in the House

CAPTAIN GUEST'S reply was evidently considered unsatisfactory by the friends of horses in the House. Sir F. Banbury asked : "Is it not a fact that cast horses are not sold in the East because of the fear that they would be ill-used and cruelly treated by the inhabitants, and would not that fear apply equally to all horses, whether fit or unfit?" Captain Guest's reply was : "The high prices that have been paid for the young and better horses is some security that they will be well treated." Sir J. G. Butcher, apparently not content with the answer, asked : "What guarantee is there that the horses sold will be humanely treated?" to which question Captain Guest replied : "As I have said, General Officers in Command in those theatres have been given strict injunctions to consider that point." The only effectual way of considering the point is not to sell the horses, and surely the meanness of such sales might have been avoided by a nation which lays claim to a love of horses.

* * *

Army Horses in Greece

A COMMENT on the above is supplied by a letter which appeared in the *Times* of March 8th.

SIR,—Letters from Salonika state that many of our Army horses, which have done so splendidly in the war, and helped us to success, are being sold without adequate safeguards of any kind, as regards their treatment, to the Greeks. After the care bestowed on them in our Army, they are now suffering greatly from neglect and ill-treatment. It does not appear that there is any law for the protection of animals in Greece. It is very hard lines to hand these horses over without some safeguards of this sort, and they deserve more consideration at our hands for all they have endured and suffered. Can nothing be done to prevent their sale in places where they are liable to ill-treatment?

Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) K. M. SHEWELL, Hon. Secretary Connaught Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
Governor's House, Galway, March 5.

The Despised and Rejected

IN the same issue of the *Times* is a letter headed "Worn-out Horses," in which Lord Ribblesdale gives expression to his regret that the *Times* reporter "takes no notice of the thanks I tried to express to Lord Jersey for his full and encouraging reply to my motion in the House of Lords last night." He goes on to say that he fears little will result from his motion, which was on behalf of the worn-out and overladen horses in the streets, and ends thus :—

" Mine is an unpopular cause, that is, there is no public opinion in favour of the kind of horse I was pleading for —the despised and rejected and worn out. For one thing, horses have not got the vote; for another, they can't strike."

It is a melancholy indictment of Governmental policy and public feeling that just because these horses are helpless, just because they are utterly debarred from any means of expressing their grievances, of resenting or redressing their wrongs, they should calmly, regardless of their service and their suffering, be consigned to conditions in which cruelty, active and passive, is the ruling spirit.

* * *

Humane Slaughtering

BEFORE the war there was a considerable and, to a certain extent, a

successful agitation in favour of humarer methods in the slaughter-houses. The war interfered considerably with the efforts of the societies which were working for reform; nevertheless, Mr. R. O. Paddison, Hon. Humane Slaughtering Adviser to the R.S.P.C.A., tells us, in a passage quoted in Mr. J. M. Doddington's pamphlet, "Slaughter-House Reform," that "the movement, in the face of all obstacles, has not only been kept alive, but made progress, and on the first favourable opportunity is ready to leap forward." Humane slaughtering, Mr. Paddison says, is more widely practised than ever before, and that, besides the places where humane slaughtering by-laws are not in force, "there are many public and private slaughter-houses and bacon - curing establishments where humane methods are carried out voluntarily." Mr. Paddison is speaking of Great Britain, and it is here that the need for reform is urgent, since England, in the matter of slaughtering, is, with the exception of Turkey, and possibly of Greece, the most backward country in the world. But no drastic reform can take place till private slaughter-houses in the towns are done away with and public slaughter-houses and combined markets are established, and the institution of these is not yet within measurable distance.

G. COLMORE

FATHERHOOD

Once when I looked into the shadowy past,
And dwelt upon its great immensity,
I saw the sky with darkness overcast,
Yet I was awed not by its density.
Calmly I watched as cloud succeeded cloud,
And deeper shadows rose before my eyes;
Unheeding still, I watched them fast enshrouded
All that remained of blue, unwounded skies.
But now, as in these azure depths I gaze,
I see reflected Heaven's unfailing good;
And in God's gift I trace His wisest ways,
Before unweighed—till now not understood.
Oh, clouds of sin! Thy days were o'er and done
When His call reached me through my infant son!

KENNETH A. BREND

EDUCATIONAL NOTES

[In view of the importance of Education to the present World Reconstruction that proceeds apace on every side and heralds the new age, we now include monthly notes on educational topics likely to be of interest to our readers. As we desire to make this information international in value, we shall welcome contributions from all parts of the world, which should be addressed to the Educational Sub-Editor, "Herald of the Star," 6, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.]

Education by the Humanities

UNDER this heading the *Cornhill Magazine* for March has a very interesting article by Canon W. F. Rawnsley. Miss Mason, of Ambleside, put him in touch with experimental work at the Drighlington School, Bradford. Here he found that "from the lowest form upward—and in the lowest form of all not all the children are able to read—the teaching was being done in all literary subjects by the teachers reading with clear enunciation and in an interested manner, at first about half a page, increasing in quantity as the child advanced in capability—until some five pages or so would be read of a book of sufficient interest to arrest. This must only be read once—that is the great point—and then a child is called on to stand up and say back again what it has just heard . . . and as they all know that it will only be read to them once they can't afford not to attend and so lose their only chance." Then follows a description that is of keen interest to all teachers; how the methods affect the children intellectually and emotionally; how the time-table is managed and many hobbies fitted in. The writer says: "I claim that the discovery of the fact that the child mind of whatever class in life is not only capable of receiving, but delights in receiving from the earliest years an enormous quantity of food of the best kind, and is well able to assimilate it, is a discovery which for far-reaching effects may well take rank with Marconi's marvellous discovery of wireless telegraphy. In each case the power was there all the time, had men only known it." . . . "The habit of absolute attention, which the method of reading or giving an explanation only once soon sets up, is useful in all departments of life, and the cultivated mind-power or intelligence shows

itself in the ability to carry out instructions with precision in work of every kind. Also I think that too much stress can hardly be laid on the undoubted fact that the children are able to, and do, form high ideals of character and conduct drawn from the literature on which they have been nourished." The whole of the article is interesting to all who are watching the trend of experimental work in education. * * *

Tiptree Hall

IT will be remembered that we noted in the columns of THE HERALD OF THE STAR the project of a "Community of War Orphans and Others," in which Mr. Norman MacMunn, B.A., was taking a special interest. The Report and Balance-Sheet are now available. Tiptree Hall, after various difficulties, opened on January 14, 1919, to its first four children, and as these are boys the next vacancies are for girls, the ideal being co-educational. The promoters of the scheme are looking for the children of fallen soldiers; as it is for such children that the whole idea came into existence. Already the effects of the special environment are showing themselves strongly, and the children are happy; but the report goes on to say that the happiness of the grown-ups connected with the work is marred by the dread of possible surrender, when the work is fully established, through lack of funds. Many well-known people are interested in the scheme, but all such ventures require the strong and steady support of the general public to secure to them the fullest measure of success. * * *

Education in the Army

MANY thousands of young men are being sent to the Continent to form part of the Army of Occupation, and

many thousands in this country are very unlikely to be demobilized at once. Their future becomes a matter of exceedingly great importance, for they will miss the ordinary opportunity of preparing themselves for an occupation in life. The Y.M.C.A. has already shown a keen interest in their welfare; and Colonel Lord Gorell, M.C., Deputy Director of Staff Duties (Education), when lecturing on "The Educational Training Scheme Within the Army" at the Royal Colonial Institute, gave some interesting information on the subject. He pointed out that the Dominions had urged the formation of an Imperial Education Committee, "in order to assist them in making their arrangements with the British authorities, to institute, as far as practicable, tours of British industries, fisheries, stud farms and agricultural shows, and educational institutions, and, generally to work for co-ordination and harmony of ideal, so that this work had a significance far be-

yond the bounds of the British Isles, and to some degree was promoting the great work of Imperial unity."

The education of the British Army began unofficially in 1917 and officially in 1918. Matters have proceeded so far that there are now actual Universities at Bonn and Cologne. Officers of high rank find themselves turned into educationists. Many of the men caught in this educational net had had little and sometimes no previous education. In France, 400,000 to 500,000 men, to say nothing of the thousands here and in Italy, are under instruction. Books are sent out by hundreds of thousands. It is estimated that 90 per cent. of the young men going out to the Rhine are taking the regular courses, and will be guided, as are the others, towards the choice of a definite career. Schools for instructors, both officers and N.C.O.'s, are at Oxford and Cambridge, but the supply is still far too small for the need.

NOTES FROM AMERICA

Art in Industry

THROUGHOUT the whole of the Educational World runs a very strong opinion that, with the opening of an entirely new Industrial era based on a new attitude to life and its development, Beauty must be given a chance. In America the feeling is that training in Public Schools must put Beauty into machine-made products, in order to interest manufacturers and people in the use of the talent displayed by the pupils in all grades of schools. Upon these points Bernice Oehler, Supervisor of Art, Madison High School, has some very pointed things to say. "Recently a Chicago Branch of the Art Alliance of America has been formed, with a board of 33 directors. Of these five are representatives of different fields of art, and 28 are members of the manufacturing or business world. . . . The aim of the Alliance is to bring the supply and demand into closer relations. Too long the

art and commercial worlds have run parallel to each other. . . . The Government has been advocating, in general education, the holding fast to fundamentals and the making of no radical changes until the changing times show us more clearly what to do. We should still teach our pupils in the art-classes to represent graphically, to express a vital idea clearly, and to appreciate. On this foundation may be built the structure of Industrial Art. The results will depend largely upon the training and personality of the teacher. Given a strong teacher, we need not worry much about details. . . . A poor teacher is poor economy for a town, even at a low salary. . . . We need . . . more beautiful cities, more attractive homes, more artistic as well as saner dressing, better designed utensils. There is no reason for having ugly carpets or vases or furniture. We want books, papers, and magazines with good lettering, attractive spacing, distinctive illustrations. We need more

effective posters; we should have fewer ugly backyards. . . . We don't want cheap, hastily trained artists and artisans, and good training requires time and effort. The following shows what is intended by this study of art in relation to the community in home life, industry, and civics :—

1. Civic betterment may be taught :

(a) By surveys of towns—plans, neatness, attractiveness of playgrounds, public buildings, streets, parks, and roadways. Here the Woman's Clubs, the Association of Commerce, and the schools should co-operate.

Factories and stores might be induced to give prizes for posters advertising their products or wares.

The industries may be studied and illustrated to arouse respect for and appreciation of manual skill.

(b) By studying the plan of the home exterior and interior : the house, lot, setting, colour. An artistic lot has higher property value.

(c) By study of contact between industry and art. Represent local agricultural scenes and implements, also manufactured products

as furniture, automobiles, shipping. This offers an opportunity to cultivate taste.

2. Picture study and appreciation of applied design.

3. Drawing of natural objects to form a vocabulary for art expression.

4. Simple designs applied to constructed articles as paper booklets, cardboard boxes, baskets, wood work, modelled clay, pottery, stencilling, elementary wood-block printing, bookbinding, posters, problems to be carried out in sewing and manual training departments, if there are such departments. If not, some of the latter problems may be done in the art classes, like cross-stitching and toy-making.

5. Study of various industries, such as pottery-making, bookbinding, the manufacture of paper.

6. Illustrations in history, geography, and language to classify ideas. Decorations for covers is an excellent application of design.

7. Lettering. This should be taught thoroughly, beginning with paper cut letters.

8. A study of suitable clothing and of the kinds and costs of materials. This leads easily to costume design.

9. Simple house plans and elevations in the upper grades. If possible, it would be an excellent plan to decorate some schoolroom as an office or rest room, or even to select and properly hang pictures.

AN HOUSE DIVIDED

Wearied of self, by fears and cares o'erspent
 That cling like weeds unto an heart self-chain'd;
 Wishing to live, yet ever inward bent;
 Knowing of freedom's power, yet still constrain'd;
 Lord of a mighty thought, yet doom'd to find
 That thought a prisoner 'neath self-harden'd crust,
 Till, sever'd thus from will, even thought grows blind
 And courage faints and high hopes shrink to dust;
 I wrestle with my soul: yet answer none
 Comes at my hest—and I am left alone.

O bitter, when from a divided heart
 Two natures spring, each unto each a foe !
 To see the higher, yet to have no art
 To shape it into act; to languish so,
 So, so, forever—chewing still the sweet
 That rinds the bitterness of vain resolve,
 Feeling the days slip underneath my feet
 And year on year in impotence revolve :—
 Thus hath it been, thus is. O heavy fate !
 Shall it be thus for aye?—*Alas, too late!*

W.

THE WOMAN'S OBSERVATORY

By "FEMINA"

[*A monthly record of matters connected with the rapidly growing part that women are playing in the public life of the world.*]

THE need for remand homes, for young offenders more especially, was never more powerfully or tragically illustrated than in the case of the seventeen-year-old girl-mother, Ellen Sullivan. The facts, which every woman should know and lay to heart, may be briefly recapitulated. The girl was arrested on a charge of "using bad language" outside the Euston Music Hall; being otherwise, according to the public Press, "a girl of good character, unknown to the police." Remanded to Holloway Gaol for a week, in spite of her condition and the entreaties of her mother that she might be allowed to take her home on bail, the alleged "criminal" made the dolorous journey in "Black Maria," and was shut up in solitary confinement in a bare stone cell known (too euphemistically) as the "Remand Infirmary." Let it be noted that Mr. Bros, the presiding magistrate at the Clerkenwell Police Court, where the girl was charged, had assured the mother, who begged to have the care of her, that "she would be well looked after in prison." Let it also be remembered that she was an unconvicted prisoner; though no hardened criminal could have been sentenced to a harsher fate than hers proved to be in the sequel.

* * *

Shut up alone with her pain and terror, the girl grew worse and worse. She vomited "almost continually"; and a wardress, making her customary round at midnight, found the dying child-mother, with a girl-child already born and dying, too, out of bed on the cold stone floor.

"She begged piteously," says one report, "not to be shut in alone with agony and horror." Her mother came, but could only stay twenty minutes (why was not a nurse, or the matron, in attendance?). The curtain was rung down on the tragedy's closing act when Dr. Waldo, the coroner, decided that the deaths of the girl-baby and its girl-mother were both due to "natural causes." Diabetes in the mother's case, prematurity in the child's, and in neither the callous cruelty of the sentence and its administration must be held responsible "according to the law." And the name of the scoundrel who betrayed the little victim to her undoing was, apparently, neither stated nor inquired for.

* * *

Now it is almost certain that this double tragedy might have been prevented had the girl been allowed to be (where it was surely her place and her right to be) with her mother. Was there ever a case where a prisoner's right to bail was more clearly demonstrated? She was, in any case, not "convicted," only "remanded." And yet, at seventeen, being already doomed by Nature to agony and horror unspeakable, she was treated as no criminal in such circumstances should be; with, apparently, no mitigation or palliative such as even the harshest penal law might have permitted! Women must not be content to leave this case where it stands. It is satisfactory to note that Mrs. Despard's organ, *The Vote*, ever vigilant in its care for the interests of unprotected women, has taken up the matter, and is pressing the Home Office

to investigate it in all its bearings. Inquiry has been promised; but that, too, should be insufficient to content the conscience of women alive to their responsibilities and their sisters' needs. Every woman's organisation should join the Penal Reform League and the Salvation Army in pressing for Remand Homes (particularly for the young), and for the appointment of sympathetic and enlightened officials to have the care of those placed in them. Bail, too, must always be allowed in the case of expectant mothers. If we can secure these things as a result of Ellen Sullivan's tragedy, we shall, at least, have done something to prevent its repetition.

* * *

Few things in the world of women are of more hopeful augury than President Wilson's encouraging response to the plea put forward by Madame de Witt Schlumberger, President of the Union Française pour le Suffrage des Femmes, on behalf of the representation of women at the Peace Conference. We have repeatedly urged this necessity upon our readers; and it is satisfactory to note that many leading women—including Mrs. Fawcett, that veteran suffrage leader who so truly deserves the name of "states-woman"—are of the same opinion. The Inter-Allied Women's Conference at Paris, representing Great Britain and the British Dominions, America, France, Italy, and Belgium, will be likely to have an opportunity of laying its delegates' views before the Peace Conference, to the benefit of all concerned. President Wilson's prestige at the Peace table is deservedly so great that his support of the woman's claim will count for much. His remarkable personal triumph in winning the unanimous assent of fourteen States (to match the historic Fourteen Points!) to the Draft Covenant of the League of Nations has, incidentally, given one more

guarantee of the world's will to live more sanely and safely in the future than in the past.

* * *

The admission of women to the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors "on the same conditions as men" is yet another proof that the political emancipation of women brings other reforms affecting them in its train. But even when the close preserve of the law has been thrown open to them they will still need to agitate—as one woman writer has recently pointed out—for the removal of that unwritten law which reserves all the best-paid berths, and those carrying the highest professional prestige, for the men. Something has been done in this direction of late, but lamentably little. And there can be no real equality between the sexes till *all* feminine disabilities, legal or financial, are removed. The results to the race apprehended by those of Dr. Saleeby's school of thought will not, we think, follow in point of fact. The elimination of the economic motive for marriage will surely be all to the good even from the eugenist's (which is, curiously enough, usually opposed to the feminist's) point of view.

* * *

The people who used to maintain that "woman's place is in the home," and that she should stay there, ought now to be agitating with all their might for her to be allowed to have a home to stay in. The housing problem has become increasingly acute; "purchase or quit" is the fiat in many cases, while other distressed tenants are not even allowed the option of purchase. The most sensible suggestion for relieving the house-famine seems to be the letting out of the many large houses standing empty in rooms or flats as desired. Why not? But the rents must be reasonable; and here the State should step in.

"FEMINA"

STAR WORK

SOME NOTES FOR MEMBERS

By AN OFFICER OF THE ORDER

ONE obvious piece of work is, of course, that of spreading in the world the expectation of the near coming of a great Spiritual Teacher. This will largely be in the hands of those who have some capacity for public propaganda, either as writers or speakers, but a great deal may also be done, in a private way, by those who do not happen to possess these gifts. The effect here (and this is true also in the case of more public workers) will be proportionate to the sincerity of the belief and to the degree in which it moulds and dominates the personal life. Every true believer, in short, becomes a propagandist by virtue of his belief; for this will work silently in the thought-world, even though it be given no outward expression.

Two words of advice are, however, necessary here:

(1) No member should give up the idea of being a public worker until he has made thorough trial of himself. There may be abilities latent in him of which at present he knows nothing; and many most successful lecturers and writers have started from apparently unpromising beginnings. With practice, not merely capacity but self-confidence is likely to grow. Moreover, we should not forget that there are many powerful forces in a spiritual movement like ours, which are able to assist the earnest striver in his efforts and to lift him above his normal self.

(2) Those who set out to be definitely propagandist workers should realize that a very great responsibility rests upon them as to the way in which they acquit themselves of their duties. Nothing can so harm any cause as unwise or unskilled representation; and it would not be untrue to say that in the case of the Order of the Star in the East difficulties have

occasionally been created by the misdirected efforts of propagandists who were temperamentally unfitted for the task. The fault in such cases is to be found usually in an inability to realize that all propaganda is ultimately a psychological process, the aim of which is to readjust the minds of hearers or readers in order to make them spontaneously receptive of certain new ideas. The propagandist, therefore, who starts by offending every natural prejudice in those whom he addresses, or who makes no effort to open up the common ground on which he and they can meet, is not the person for this particular kind of work; and Officers of the Order should be careful not to intrust him with it; for if they do, they are hindering rather than helping the cause which they represent.

I do not see personally how any effective propaganda is to be done for the Order without a great deal of study and of thinking over all that the coming of a Great Teacher means for the world into which He comes. For such an Event must necessarily be linked up with the whole complex life of its time, and is, from one point of view, to be far more truly regarded as the working of the Spirit upon the manifold problems and conditions of the age than as the simple advent of a great and commanding Personage. Some knowledge, or at least some intelligent study, of the general movement of the age is therefore necessary, if the propagandist is to draw out of the message of the Order something of its deeper and fuller meaning for humanity. The work of propaganda is thus one not to be lightly entered upon, but should be regarded literally as "work"—*i.e.*, as something for which hard training and diligent thought are necessary.

The work of propaganda, however, is

not by any means the only work incumbent upon members of the Order. There are other duties connected both with the internal life of the Order and with the personal relation of each of its members to the Event for which it looks; and to these may be added the obligations of all members towards that movement of the age which is the real and the greatest preparation for the Coming Teacher.

With respect to the internal life of the Order, one of the essential things, in view of the purpose which it has to fulfil, is that it should be a unified body. The Order is made up of many widely diverse elements, drawn from all quarters of the globe, from every race, religion, and way of thinking. It is necessary that all these differences should be transcended and synthesised in a higher unity, if the Order is to be what it is intended to become—namely, a single instrument devoted to the service of the Master when He appears. And this imposes a very special obligation on all who seek membership in it.

It means, in the first place, the overcoming of all the usual prejudices which keep people of different races, different religions, and different social standing apart. No one, in a word, can be true to the spirit of his membership who shares the common failing of despising or disliking other races than his own, of thinking that his is the only true religion, or of being inspired by antagonism towards those who occupy a different position to his own in the social order. There are very few persons who have not, normally, some limitation of this kind; and, even if they are not specially marked characteristics of the person concerned, the whole thought-atmosphere of his surroundings tends to press them in upon him. Definite effort is, therefore, needed in order to prevent them consciously or unconsciously influencing his outlook; and all members of the Order should be keenly alive to this. For every such prejudice is a definite obstacle preventing the real unification of all those elements, within the Order, to which these prejudices apply; it being impossible to cherish any one of them without

implicitly striking at fellow members of the Order; and so long as they remain, therefore, the real work of the Order cannot be done.

There are many mysteries connected with this higher unification of diverse elements in a common service which cannot be dealt with here. Perhaps the term used a few moments ago, when the Order was spoken of as an "instrument" for the Coming Teacher, will best suggest the ideal at which it has to aim. The Great One will need an instrument through which the music of His life and teaching may be transmitted to the world. And in that instrument, although the whole of it must be attuned to His nature, there must be many strings, each giving out its own note and all together making up the great symphony which any World-Teaching must necessarily be. Such an instrument, if it can be formed, becomes an occult agency of the highest power; and it may be said, with reverence, that much of the contemporary effect of the manifestation of the Great Teacher will depend upon the existence in the world of a widely spread and delicately responsive agency of this kind. It is true that the spiritual impulse, which any great Teacher brings with Him, inevitably builds up such an instrument in the course of time, in the shape of the Church or Religious Organisation in which His teaching eventually becomes embodied. But it is the peculiar privilege, which has been given to us to-day, to have the opportunity of doing something to prepare an instrument of this nature in advance; possibly because the area to be immediately affected is enormously larger this time, possibly because circumstances are favourable to a new experiment.

Whatever may be the reason, the fact of the coming into existence of the Order of the Star in the East many years before the actual advent of the Great Master is a sufficient indication that something of the kind is needful; and it behoves every member to do what he can to promote the ideal required. Certain general obstacles in the way of this ideal have already been mentioned; but there are

other things of a more special nature also to be borne in mind.

Thus it is necessary, for one thing, that, in their ordinary daily dealings with each other, members should try to develop a genuine friendliness and intimacy. The bond of membership should become a positive force leading to a real *esprit de corps*.

The more a feeling of true brotherliness can be developed, the better; and any social or other devices which may help to facilitate this should be encouraged. Much depends, in the future, on how well we can get to know, like, and trust each other now. The Order of the Star in the East should thus become, as the years go on, a true fraternity of kindred spirits, knit together not only by a common ideal but by a mutual affection and sympathy; and nothing will do more than this to fashion truly and speedily an instrument for the Lord.

One of our first rules, therefore, should be never to allow ourselves to think or speak unkindly of any fellow member; never, if possible, to criticise; and never to permit any such member to feel that he or she is outside the range of our liking and our sympathy. It should be the duty, furthermore, of Star members to be quick to note when any fellow member is in trouble and to do all that they can, in the name of the Star, to help him. For if any movement or organisation ever had within it the possibility of developing into a true system of Freemasonry, the Star movement assuredly has. This, we believe, indeed, to be one of the most beautiful of the potentialities which it is destined to discover in itself, and, what is more, we believe that it is only when it has discovered it that it will become the great force which it must one day be in the world. If only the future brotherhood of humanity could be brought into active being within the circle of our Order, it is certain that many wonderful influences would play through it which would not only lift it to an altogether higher level of influence and achievement, but would bring appreciably nearer the reign of brotherhood upon earth.

Another quality, closely allied with the above, which it is very necessary to insist upon, is that of loyalty to those who have been placed in responsible positions in the Order. This does not mean that members are to share blindly all the views that Officers may happen to hold. But it does mean the willingness to give to such Officers the credit of being just as keen upon the work of the Star as they are themselves, and of having the welfare of the Order just as much at heart. It is inevitable that there should not be absolutely universal agreement on the part of members as to every detail of the policy of the Order. But there will always be, in spite of this, an enormous area for genuine and hearty co-operation in the common work outside this debated ground. Any member who allows a personal difference of view to thrust him into the position of a permanent critic and malcontent, and who seeks by gossip to magnify his particular point of disagreement or permits it to paralyse him for active Star work, is doing a great wrong to the Order and had, to speak honestly, far better be outside it than in it. It is not because he disagrees; that is a small matter. It is because he entangles his personality in the disagreement. More than all, it is because he shows by his attitude that he has lost his sense of perspective and his realisation of what the Order is and why it has come into existence.

The Order, it should always be remembered, exists as a spiritual force whose task it is to induce a certain tone, and a certain receptivity in the thought and feeling of its surroundings, thus preparing the way for a readier welcome and response, on the part of the world, to the coming Teacher. This is its main duty, to which all thus are secondary and subsidiary; and it is one which is lifted altogether above the level of details of policy or organisation. To make these into subjects for acrimony or disunion is, therefore, to lose sight of the whole greater and loftier aim of the movement.

Members will usually find that the truest solution for all those difficulties lies in hard practical work for the Order.

Experience has shown that it is hardly ever the real workers who feel them; it is usually those who sit idly by while others work. If members could only feel the "urge" of work, and realise how much there is for all to do in a short time, they would find most of their difficulties melting away before them; for, with active effort, they would get into the spirit of the movement and so be carried along in its sweep.

Our motto, therefore, for all members would be : *Find out some work which you yourself can do, and do it energetically in your own way. If you do this, you will be more ready to allow others to work in their way. And, if only your work is done earnestly in the spirit of service, you may trust the larger unity of the movement to take up your work and theirs, and harmonise these together into the whole.* I do not think that anything matters so long as the purpose is sincere, and so long as members can feel themselves, in spite of minor differences, united in a common cause.

And this brings me to the next aspect of Star work—namely, that which concerns the member's own personal relationship to the Event which we are expecting.

Much has been said, and eloquently said, as to the more spiritual side of this relationship. It has been pointed out by the Protectors of the Order, and by others qualified to instruct, how the only certainty of being ready to recognise the Master when He comes, lies in the moulding of the inner spiritual nature into some faint image of the Great One Himself. Thus we have been told how important it is to cultivate in ourselves the qualities of gentleness and compassion which will be pre-eminently and transcendently His qualities when He moves amongst us. We have been told also to bear Him in our minds always and to do all that we have to do, in the course of our daily avocations, in His Name, thus linking up our every day

lives with His and drawing down into them something of His spirit.

There is little need here to say more on a subject on which so much has been said already, and by others infinitely better qualified to teach. But there is one aspect of our relation to the Coming Teacher on which a word or two should perhaps be said. For it is one upon which some emphasis should be laid.

It is well for us to realise in good time something of the intense opposition which will have to be faced in the future—an opposition growing ever stronger, as the years pass by, and culminating when the Great Teacher Himself appears and moves among men. The Order of the Star may have a fairly easy time now, for the simple reason that it is at the stage when it may reasonably be considered negligible by the world at large. But there is every reason to believe that, as it grows, it will be less and less looked upon as negligible, and that it must ere long come to be regarded with an ever increasing alarm and hostility on many sides. When, moreover, the Great One actually appears—and when, as we must believe, He reveals Himself by His sheer power as a breaker-up of established things and the inaugurator of a new era of spiritual life—imagination can hardly place any limits to the fierceness of the antagonism which He will arouse, and which members of His Order will needs have to face with Him.

Not only will every religious orthodoxy throughout the world be arrayed against Him, but every problem which He touches will raise up its own crop of enemies. And the hostility will be in direct proportion to the greatness which He reveals. An impostor may well be dismissed with a scornful laugh; it is not so with a World-Teacher. And if, as there is reason to suppose, His life among men will be attended with signs and wonders, the menace of His presence will be, by many, the more deeply felt and resented.

(To be continued)

CORRESPONDENCE

A STATE BONUS—IS IT THE KEY TO RECONSTRUCTION?

[We print below some of the letters which we have received on the subject of Mr. Bertram Pickard's article in our March number.]

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR

SIR,—The fascinating subject of the State Bonus, and your invitation to give an opinion on Mr. Pickard's article and Mr. Milner's scheme, are irresistible.

The objection foreshadowed by you, that another 20 per cent. will be squeezed out of us over and above our present taxation, does not seem to me quite valid, seeing that, if the scheme does for the community all that is claimed for it, it would in the first place relieve us of the National Insurance contributions and cost of administering the same; in the second place lessen the rates by relieving us of a vast load of outdoor relief, private charity, and upkeep of numberless institutions; and in the third place, no matter what we put into the pool, we should each get something out, so that the 20 per cent. of original contribution would be largely reduced by the share paid out.

The point that seems to be focussed by this scheme is one that has long hovered just beyond my power of visualising it. Did we not, when first we established free education, and even when we established Poor Law relief, actually concede the principle that the community is bound to give each of its members, at the common expense, an elementary equipment? We agree to keep starving folk alive, to treat destitute sick in infirmaries at the public expense, and to start children in life with the elements of education, to which they can add what they will. It is the logical continuation of this principle that we should next concede the means of elementary existence, outside of institutions—a vastly more economic proceeding, as the Old Age Pensions have shown us.

The idea that the whole and concentrated effort of the majority of the people should be directed to merely keeping alive, keeping a roof, a coat, and a meal from day to day, is appalling. The number of mute inglorious Miltos, village Hampdens, or other great and gifted souls,

strangled by what Mr. Pickard so properly describes as "not destitution, but fear of destitution," is, beyond doubt, enormous, and the community and the world is thus robbed of beauty, thought, invention and progress, as well as of comfort. It seems an appropriate thing, as we are arranging internationally for the survival of races too weak to maintain their independence alone, that we should also arrange for the unfettered survival of individual members of our own race.

"Man has taken from man the right to forage for a living," and in return offers him work. The Right to Work was at one time a Labour cry; the Right to Live is a better one. It would solve that bitter controversy, Equal Pay for Equal Work, by providing for the family of the married worker without injustice to the unmarried worker; and it would save us from the many pitfalls, such as State inspection and interference, which beset the problem of the Endowment of Motherhood.

Not the least delightful part of the scheme is its freedom—freedom from red tape and obligations and inspections. Freedom is as much above inspectioned well-being as the skies above the earth. I hope the scheme will prove sound and workable.—Very faithfully yours,

C. NINA BOYLE

* * *

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR

DEAR SIR,—I have been most interested in the State Bonus scheme, and very much wish for everybody to have a chance of reading and understanding it, and the Press is one of the most effective ways.

I have heard Dennis Milner himself explain his scheme, and to me it seems simple and well grounded in common sense. The social problem to-day is very great, and it is up to every citizen to do as much for his country now as during the war.

The State Bonus scheme is a new thing,

and most new things succeed in rousing the interests of the people. For instance, art is nothing without originality, and originality means new ideas. People crave for novelties, such as fashion; but it is now time they should want new conditions, new values, and new ideals.

The scheme has been thoroughly thought out, and is a simple and most effective way of destroying a great percentage of the misery and crime of England.

There is always a certain amount of risk in trying new things, but to my mind it is worthy of the effort.

England has been known for her enterprise all through past history, and surely now, when she wants help so much, she will take up the scheme which has been handed to her by a man who has given up everything to help his country and fellow creatures.

I hope you will do your utmost to spread this scheme.—Yours very sincerely,

MARGARET TUKE

* * *

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR

SIR,—Suppose that by Act of Parliament every member of the community became possessed of a Savings Bank book and was credited weekly with the money value of 8 lbs. of bread, 2 quarts of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of tea, 1 lb. of sugar, 7 lbs. of potatoes, and 1 lb. of meat, with the right to draw the money or to save it. What would be the effect on the great mass of the people, who hitherto have had no private means and whose earned income has never been large enough to ensure existence for their families through three months of unemployment? Would a man with a wife and three children leave off working because the family food was always provided for? Or would he and his wife leave a considerable part of the money untouched to accumulate for the better education of their children and work with the energy and hope of the well-fed and fearless for a higher standard of life for them all? Putting aside those already injured by the hardships of poverty, is it not a fact that to the well-fed work up to a certain point is pleasurable?

Mr. Milner's method of procuring this

existence endowment for all does not commend itself to me. But in urging that the nation should, before everything else, invest sufficient capital in its human lives and should logically expect to have its capital returned with interest by greater human efficiency, he seems to me to be moving in the right direction.—Yours faithfully,

C. E. COLLET

* * *

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR

SIR,—The scheme propounded by Mr. Pickard in your last issue has interested me immensely, and the further I probe into the subject the more I am astounded at the number of problems it seems wholly or partly to solve. The problems of destitution, of further education, of the present Poor Law legislation, of unemployment, of independence in marriage, and many others, are all touched upon by this comprehensive scheme. One would like to have some figures before one to prove the possibility of practical working, and in the event of those proving satisfactory, I trust those who have the scheme in hand will be enabled to press forward with it, with a view to its ultimate realisation.—Yours, &c.,

HOWARD DIAMOND

91, Albert Road, Ilford, Essex,

March 17, 1919.

* * *

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR

DEAR SIR,—Whatever may be the causes of all the labour difficulties, there is little question that no solution will have any lasting effect that does not go to the root cause of the trouble.

As it is at present we find first one section of labour and then another demanding for itself better conditions, better payment, and shorter hours of work, and as soon as these conditions are granted the burden is immediately placed on another section of labour, until the best organised —e.g., the railway workers and the miners—secure most of their demands, only to find that the workers in industries less well organised are the sufferers. The price of coal leaps up. The travelling on the British railways is the most expensive in Europe, and the workers are the biggest sufferers. When will we realise that we are each and all dependent on one

another, that every man and woman who is willing to work for the good of the community is entitled to at least a living wage?

There is bound to be discontent while we have men and women toiling all day for the bread that perisheth, and unable to even then feel that guarantee which is needed when work cannot be provided or when, for reasons out of their control, they are unable to find the means for securing the bare necessities of life.

If the State Bonus scheme could be applied a great burden would once and for all be removed from the shoulders of the workers, and men would seek to work for the good of each other. The fear that a large number of men would be content to live on the small guaranteed bonus and do no work is without foundation, and such men and women would be looked on, quite rightly, as outcasts by the community as a whole.—Yours truly,

DOUGLAS R. BISHOP
Riverside Village, Melton Mowbray,
March 16, 1919.

* * *

To the Editor of the HERALD OF THE STAR
SIR,—With reference to Mr. Bertram Pickard's article appearing in this month's edition of the HERALD OF THE STAR upon which the views of the reader are invited, may I make the following observations, more especially in regard to the effect of the scheme on Time-keeping, and with reference to the paragraph headed "Bonus and the Family," intended to solve the problem of the anomalous position of the family man.

Let us take the cases of the single man Dick Smith, and his workmate, Tom Jones, who is a married man with a family.

Dick Smith, who is a hard-working fellow and a good timekeeper, works 47 hours a week and draws £3 on Saturday, less 20 per cent. tax, 12s., plus 9s. bonus, making his net earnings £2 17s.

Tom Jones decides that 30 hours a week is good enough for him and earns just over £1 16s. 4d., less 20 per cent. tax, 7s. 3d., plus 9s. bonus, = £1 18s., plus family allowance £2 5s., making a total of £4 3s.

Therefore Jones gets 32 per cent more

pay for 17 (36 per cent.) less hours. By applying this process to the casual labourer with eight or nine children, and assuming that human nature is not going to change very considerably on the introduction of the Bonus System, you will find that a vast class of semi-employed men will be created, content to earn £1 to 30s. a week and live in comparative luxury on the bonus which a large family will bring in—drinking their personal earnings away and leaving the wife to "carry on" with the bonus.

I have lived among dockers for twenty years and, with every successive rise in wages, I have seen the broken time get worse and worse. I can produce time-books to prove this statement. Out of hundreds of dock labourers employed by my firm, not 10 per cent. earn the wages possible, on account of the broken time habit.

The effect thus produced upon the single man who, by the writer's example, would be a contributor to the extent of 3s. to encourage the slackness of his workmate, would be grossly unfair. I think it is already unreasonable that the single man should, under the proposed scheme, contribute towards the upkeep of his married colleague. It might be a more satisfactory plan to apply the bonus in proportion to the time worked; but this would not altogether solve the problem, as in most cases the evil rests with the man and not with the family. The family would therefore have to suffer by the reduction of the bonus.

While the principles underlying the scheme and the aims which it is intended to achieve are fully appreciated and must be appreciated by all, I am of opinion that the achievement depends chiefly upon the standard of living, and, until it has been possible to attain some degree of success in raising that standard, I think you will find that the effort to uplift this vast class by means of a Bonus will meet with the abuse to which I have referred, instead of improving the integrity of the workman, goodwill and mutual interest essential for the attainment of efficient production.—Yours faithfully,

A. B. HORSLEY
"Rozel," Birkbeck Road,
Weston-super-Mare, March, 1919.



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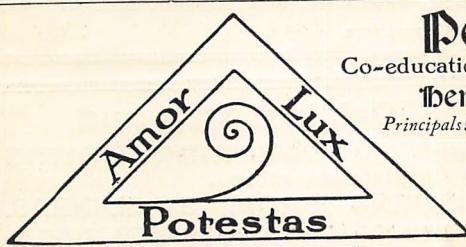
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