

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 1667] NEW SERIES Vol. XXXV. No. 17. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1924. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE**

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The controversy about the Irish Boundary Pact is commented upon by "Æ" in the current *Irish Statesman*, and as he always speaks with knowledge and responsibility, a quotation or two from his "Notes" will doubtless be appreciated by those many British students who have been deafened during the past week or so by interpretations of Article XII. Welcoming the delay which has occurred over the ratification of the Pact, he goes on to say:—

"We are not sure that the hysterical articles in the *Daily Mail*, which declare that Great Britain is not bound by the Anglo-Irish Treaty, are not the best propaganda for Ireland. They were so shameless that every decent Englishman must shrink from identification with any group which seemed to be inspired by that riotous and reckless writing. It declared that the British signatories to the Treaty could not bind Great Britain, ignoring altogether the ratification of their action by Parliament. When there is so shameless a demand for national dishonour there is bound to be a reaction. The Irish signatories have kept their part of the bargain, at what cost we all know. The world will expect Great Britain to carry out its obligations, and the doing of this cannot possibly involve it in such tragic consequences as followed the fulfilment of Treaty obligations here. What, after all, is there to be done but to transfer populations who by plebiscite decide they wish to come into the policy of the Free State? One would imagine from the outcry that it was the transference of majorities against their will which was to be effected by the terms of the Treaty."

Discussing the assertions now being made that the Unionist signatories to the Treaty had no thought of anything more than the mere rectification of boundaries, he asks:—

"If that is so, why did Lord Birkenhead, fresh from the discussion with the Irish representatives on the very day on which the Treaty was signed, refer to the suppression by the Northern Government of popularly-elected bodies in Fermanagh, and say that the Boundary Commission was devised to make such incidents impossible? What could he have meant other than that the existence of Nationalist majorities in electoral districts and the treatment of these by the Northern Government had been discussed at Downing-street, and that the clause contemplated the transfer of such areas to the Free

State? Is it possible to put any other interpretation on his words? He had just come from the discussion, and the arguments used, which convinced him of the rightness of the Boundary Commission were fresh in his mind. Mr. Lloyd George, fresh from the Treaty negotiations, said that there was no doubt the majority of the people in the two counties—Fermanagh and Tyrone—preferred being with their Northern neighbours, and he said, 'I do not believe in Ulster coercing other units.' Obviously he, too, understood there was to be transfer of area and populations, not slight rectification of frontiers. No one with the slightest knowledge of psychology, political or human, could suppose that Lord Birkenhead or Mr. Lloyd George would of themselves have raised the question of these populations. It was obviously argued out. They had admitted the injustice, agreed to the clause now in dispute, and defended it publicly immediately afterwards, interpreting it in the same sense as it was interpreted by the Irish signatories. Neither did Mr. Austen Chamberlain at the time limit the clause to a slight rectification of frontiers, but spoke of the wishes of the people. We do not say that the Commission when appointed must take any of the limiting or enlarging interpretations. They can only act on the words of the clause itself, and there are European precedents for plebiscites where, in words almost identical with the words of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, the Versailles Treaty provided for self-determination of groups whose national future had to be determined."

On the other hand he says that "people who talk about 'crashing their way through Ulster' ought to be relegated to private life." The Southerners ought to make up their minds to be friendly with their "Northern countrymen," and might learn a good deal from "the persistent good temper with which British politicians and Press have been schooled to speak about Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa." He concludes his article with the comment, "Nothing, we fear, can now be done except to put the Boundary Clause into operation. President Cosgrave's speech . . . will have the approval of the majority of Irishmen outside as well as in the Dail."

These quotations make it quite clear that what may be called the moderate opinion of Southern Ireland

is firmly fixed on territorial transfers, even though, as yet, of unspecified dimensions, and is not to be appeased by slight deflections of the existing boundary line. And, at the same time, it is equally evident that popular opinion in this country, if left unschooled, would remain entirely oblivious to the question whether two counties more or less owed allegiance to the Northern or to the Free State Government. If the man-in-the-street has any feeling at all in the matter, it is one of annoyance that his right and left ear-drums are kept vibrating to orange and green wave-impacts just when all his alertness is engaged in listening-in for some sound of a better standard of living for self and family. It reminds us very much of a fast dyed Liberal friend of ours before the war who came to us and said in a most confidential, surprised, and uneasy tone, "Do you know, I find it most difficult to work up any enthusiasm over this Welsh Disestablishment question." "Why try?" was our proffered solution; and we might almost repeat it in the present situation, but for the fact that here we have a controversy which, while politically not worth the expenditure of a cubic centimetre of breath, is nevertheless a symptom of a deep conflict of vital national interests, among which, ironically enough, the welfare of the Irish themselves does not figure at all. "The Irish don't know what they want"—"they love a grievance." Yes, and if you take any other people whose economic neutrality is being secretly assailed by opposing Great Powers you will find exactly the same symptoms. The Balkans, Egypt, Morocco, India, Mexico, and Brazil—wherever a revolt springs up against the Power in immediate domination it is being unofficially encouraged by some other competing Power, for the adequate reason that they cannot all live together on a fair share of the world's trade under their present financial system, and simply dare not risk acquiescing in the independence of any "buffer" State. As we said last week, the question of the possible policy of a united Irish nation has strategic and financial implications which neither America nor Great Britain can ignore. America will not tolerate an all-Orange Ireland, and Great Britain is not going to have an all-green Ireland. Therefore Ireland heaves like the waves of a stage sea, and much as we admire "Æ's" Christlike injunction, "Peace, be still," he would do better to lift a corner of the canvas and address his remarks to the sinuous contortionists underneath. Unless the underlying financial cause of the storm is dealt with on the lines we have so often drawn in these columns, there will never be a united and, at the same time, an independent Ireland. It is true that Wall Street and Threadneedle Street may grow tired and fix up a truce, in which case Ireland may be allowed (if not forced!) to become one nation; but then she would have her "neutrality guaranteed"—a blessed gift in all its sounds, but involving the negation of independence, for it would mean that she was forbidden to enter into alliances or to exercise the vital sovereign right of a nation to take a side in a war; while, on the other hand, like Belgium, she would be liable to be called on by an external Power to fight another which might be manoeuvred into violating her "neutrality"—even if the "violation" meant no more than a request to march through her territory and pay for all damage. It is like a lot of big boys saying to a little boy, "Here, you; we've all agreed you needn't join in our fights; and if anyone tries to drag you in, us others will order you to hit him. An' if you don't we'll hit you: see? Here it is, wrote on a scrap of paper." The logic of the situation points to that kind of compromise. It is difficult to imagine the Irish Free State submitting to British military and naval garrisons, especially if a turn in the political wheel brings Mr. de Valera to the top of its administration. America, who has lent

money to the Republicans, would have a strong case for claiming leases on, shall we say, coaling stations on the Irish coast as part security for the debt. If she did, we might soon be faced with a similar spectacle to that of Persia not so long ago when Britain entered to protect her in the South while Russia performed a similar kindness in the North. In fact, it is rather a pity the British and Americans have not put an army each on to that island, for then, at least, everybody would get an idea of who really were trailing the Irishmen's coats for them.

The proceedings at the Court which heard Vaquier's appeal against the sentence which has now been carried out necessitate a few comments. With the dismissal of the appeal itself few will quarrel. The fresh evidence adduced certainly did not make Vaquier's guilt appear less likely. But it would interest us to know exactly what conclusion the Lord Chief Justice wished the public to draw from his remarks on the general principle of bringing new evidence before the Appeal Court. He said in effect that an accused person ought to reveal all the facts that tend to prove his innocence at the time of his trial; otherwise the oath ought to be altered to read: "... the truth, five-eighths of the truth, and nothing but the truth." His Lordship then went on to say that it would be "intolerable" if accused persons were to be afforded the privilege of using so much of the truth for their defence in the trial and holding the rest back for use at the Appeal if the verdict went against them. It is that word "intolerable" that we fasten upon. Intolerable to whom? The public? Surely not. There is nothing the public would enjoy more. The Press? No answer is needed. The Judges? Counsel? Solicitors? How long has "more work" been intolerable? But, admitting all these agreed that it was intolerable: what then? Is fresh evidence to be ignored because it has hitherto been withheld? If so, the wages of silence is death. Suppose a case, as the lawyers say. A man is accused of murder, but was not, in fact, anywhere near the scene of the murder. But as he happened at the time to be groping for trouts in a peculiar river, he decides, for the sake of the lady's good name, to do the best he can without her evidence. He is found guilty. He appeals; and the lady, now recognising that her unrippled reputation means his certain drowning, decides to allow him to call her for witness. Are we to infer from His Lordship's "intolerable" that her evidence would not be admitted? It would be intolerable if it were not. After all, it is as well even for judges to consider that persons accused of murder do not *choose* to trouble the courts. They are hauled there whether they want to be tried or not. There would be some sort of grievance in theory (for we cannot imagine anyone making a grievance of it in practice) against a person who insisted on being tried for a murder and then omitted to tell the whole tale; and if he happened to get hanged, in spite of later evidence proving his innocence before the Appeal Court, we might comfort our consciences with the reflection that, at least, he had had his little joke, like Tyl Eulenspiegel, and would have learned to let well alone in the next world: but as things are, we suggest that there is not necessarily any crime in an accused person's economy of evidence, except it be the breaking of the oath to tell "the whole truth." Possibly such a delinquent, if he ever appears, will get off from his hanging because of public opinion, and get a term of imprisonment for "constructive perjury" out of deference to legal opinion. However, we should be interested to hear a little more on this aspect of the judgment in question.

## The Current Conflux.

"As an illustration of the usefulness of the power to borrow, the chairman recalled the war period when *statutory authority was given to override the articles in order to enable the company to subscribe for war loans much in excess of its cash resources.*" (From *speech by Mr. A. C. Thompson (Chairman) to shareholders of the Prudential Assurance Company.*)—"Daily Mail," of July 18th.

During the last three years the company's [Imperial Tobacco Co.'s] investments have almost doubled, to twelve millions sterling.—*Daily News.*

As long as the British exporter is content to purchase foreign goods with the foreign money he receives for them and to import the goods here, no "rate of exchange" is set up. If, however, he confines himself to exporting goods without importing, he must find a would-be importer who will buy the foreign money from him, and as long as there is no connection between the money of the two countries, no import can be made on their own account by British importers (apart from foreign credits) without a previous export by British exporters. The supply of and demand for exporters' drafts therefore determine the "rate of exchange" at which the exporter can sell and the importer can buy foreign currencies, and the variations in the rate under such conditions regulate the trade between the countries concerned. Anyone who understands this will appreciate why Mr. Darling, writing in your issue of July 5th, states that every instinct in him calls out "caution" over any attempt to stabilise the exchange with America at present.—*Mr. Mark B. F. Major in a letter to "The Spectator."*

Up to the revolution British subjects owned about £40,000,000 worth of Russian bonds. After the revolution it became known that the Soviet Government had repudiated the Tsarist debts; while British intervention and support of the Whites had practically destroyed the municipal undertakings. The price of these bonds went down, and thousands were bought up in 1918, 1919, and even as late as 1924, by speculators, at a price of 1-100 to 1-10 of their nominal value. It is these bonds that MacDonald's Government has demanded should be paid up as the price for any agreement for the future on other questions.—*Workers' Weekly.*

No deception is permitted in the columns of the *Daily Mail*. Every advertisement submitted is carefully scrutinised to establish its truth before publication; every article advertised is examined beforehand, unless the reputation of the advertiser is such as to ensure the highest standards of good faith. Company prospectuses also which are not approved and which do not seem to offer good value to investors are refused space in the *Daily Mail*.—*Daily Mail.*

The most significant of recent events in this direction is the passage through the Indian Legislative Assembly of a Tariff Bill which imposes heavy duties on British iron and steel goods. The primary purpose of this new tariff is to bring help to the great steel works established by the Tata firm.—*Mr. Harold Cox in the "Daily Mail."*

If Germany were mad enough to reject the experts' solution of the reparations question *there must either be a collapse of German industry or a new collapse of Germany currency.* As it is, 595 firms went bankrupt last month, against 30 in June, 1923. Moreover, the affairs of 1,100 firms were in such a parlous condition that during June they were placed under official supervision.—*Dr. Marx, the German Chancellor.*

## The Russian Harvest.

CROPS FAIL:—BUT GRAIN EXPORTS CONTINUE.

By Alexander Werth.

It is becoming more and more evident that, despite the affected optimism of the Soviet Government, Russia is threatened with a new disaster that will perhaps be as terrible as the one in 1921—a disaster which, despite the noble efforts of the Hoover Organisation, the English Quakers, the Nansen Committee, and other kind people, resulted in the death through starvation of something like two million people. The Bolsheviks, at first, were careful to conceal the great menace which, they knew, would not fail to compromise their system in the eyes of European Governments, and though one page of the *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn* was filled with alarming reports from various parts of Russia, another page denounced the "rumours" of the coming disaster as a malicious invention of the "bourgeois émigrés."

Yet the facts were there, and soon the Bolsheviks were forced at least partially to admit the danger of the situation.

By the beginning of last month no doubts remained as to the fact that in several parts of Russia all the crops had practically perished. Among these parts are the "Governments" of Astrakhan, Tsaritsin, Saratov and Samara (these forming the famine centre in 1921), and also the Crimea and the northern part of the Caucasus. But also the most fertile parts of Russia, namely Eastern Ukraine and parts of Central Russia, viz., the "Governments" of Tamboff, Ryazan, and Orel, are under a severe menace. It would be difficult to determine exactly, at present, the full extent of the coming calamity, but, unfortunately, it does not seem much smaller than that of 1921.

It must, of course, be admitted that the agricultural life of the country is in a somewhat less shattered state at present than it was then. The new economic policy has had its good results, for, though transport, trade and finance are in a pitiful enough condition even now, they were a good deal worse three years ago. We know from the papers that the peasants have, for the last couple of months, been nervously busy selling off their cattle, and buying grain instead, with the result that the price of a cow fell in some districts to 18 roubles (less than £2), while grain rose very rapidly in price. This is a very sad state of affairs, yet in 1921 it was still sadder, for then neither buying nor selling was possible, and a man could not get a loaf of bread even though he might own any number of cattle. Nevertheless, the danger is very great, especially in the south-eastern corner of Russia, which has yet been unable to recover from the terrible calamity of three years ago.

What are the Soviet Government doing about it? The answer is: worse than nothing. They are, as we can see from their papers, concerned with a different matter altogether, namely, with the keeping alive of the bankrupt industrialism of their large cities. The Soviet Government, in order to exist, must possess a backbone in the shape of a large number of city proletarians who, enjoying the advantages of a privileged class, naturally support the Government by whom these privileges are granted. Now, the only way of keeping this force alive is by extracting as much wealth as possible from the peasant. The Government, being the only seller of agricultural machinery and manufactured goods, are able to sell these at any price they please, and can thus make enormous profits. Yet the machinery and the manufactured goods have to be purchased abroad, and the Soviet Government, not getting much on credit, naturally needs money. The profits, as we have seen, are used for the upkeep of industrialism, and

also for the vast expenditure of the Comintern (Committee of the Third International) on propaganda. The main commodity of Russian export being grain, the Soviet Government is even at the present serious moment concerned with nothing so much as with the continuation of grain exportation, and without caring at all whether next winter there will be enough food for the Russians themselves. Though during the past year no less than three and a-half million tons of foodstuffs were exported by the Bolsheviks (last year's harvest having been fairly good) it will become a very difficult task to continue this export much longer. Grain will be very scarce and the peasant will be unwilling to part with it under any circumstances. Yet, judging from past experience, it is very likely that if the peasant refuses to sell, the Bolsheviks (who are steadily returning to their "militant" Communism) will have to take recourse to their old system of confiscation or something very similar. They will take the risk of leaving the peasant starving, for they think that, as long as they are able to maintain their export trade, their own position in the cities will be fairly safe.

Nevertheless, it is only too clear that the step will be a dangerous one to take, and the situation created by the bad harvest and a complete lack of reserve stock will inevitably plunge Russia into a terrible abyss of misery and at the same time make the Bolsheviks face a colossal crisis from which they will have great difficulty in escaping safe and sound. It is difficult to see what new methods they can possibly devise to avert the final catastrophe, for all the various methods, programmes and policies with which they have so far experimented on Russia have invariably ended in failure and disaster.

### THE "CEYLON OBSERVER" ON SOCIAL CREDIT.

The following extract from the issue of the above journal for June 30 is quoted with acknowledgments:—

#### THE NEW SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS.

It is interesting to find that the theories and arguments of the New School of Economists are more and more commanding the attention of the theoretically minded in business circles.

Undoubtedly the Social Credit Movement which has grown up on the basis of Major Douglas's theories is gaining influence in this country, and if its schemes are ever to be put into practice in this or any other country, they are of vital importance to the business as well as the industrial community.

The arguments of Major Douglas can best be followed in his own three books, "Economic Democracy," "Credit Power and Democracy," and "Social Credit." Major Douglas's theories are in many cases opposed to the ideas of the orthodox economists, but his diagnosis of our present unsatisfactory conditions is now being more widely accepted. He fixes the blame for our present troubles on the Financial Credit System, as provided by our Banking System, in so far as it fails in its function of distributing goods and services as when and where required. He points out that our present industrial machine is as nearly perfect as modern science will allow, as was proved during the war when the enormous demands made upon it for guns, ammunition, etc., were fulfilled easily and immediately. The industrial machine, however, is not able to function to its full capacity owing to the weakness of the Financial Credit System, which is responsible for the distribution of goods and services provided by the industrial machine.

The cure for the trouble, as worked out by Major Douglas and incorporated in the Douglas scheme or "Social Credit Scheme," is perhaps more open to criticism, but in any case it seems to suggest an advance in civilisation which may enter the realms of practical politics sooner than is generally expected.

In this connection I must mention that THE NEW AGE, a weekly periodical, which embodies the theories and activities of the Social Credit Movement, provides excellent reading on this subject, and perhaps the finest piece of journalism in the country.

## Mannigfaltig.

By C. M. Grieve.

### THE BANKRUPTCY OF MILITARY ART.

I served overseas in various theatres of action for the best part of the war-years. Since then I have been able to read little or nothing about the war, sharing what has been a widespread revulsion, particularly acute amongst those who were dragged like myself into the actual maelstrom of military service, against war-literature, "romantic" or "realistic." But now that all the parrot-reviewers of the popular Press are saying of a really excellent novel of its kind (Patrick Miller's "The Natural Man") that "perhaps we were all mistaken in thinking that this sort of thing was passé," it is, of course, time to reconsider the matter. Even more intolerable than the worst excesses of war-literature to which we were subjected—worse even than Siegfried Sassoon's or Robert Nicholls's "poetry"—is this same reviewer's declaration that "Mr. Miller is a determined realist, and lets you off with nothing of the disgustingness of trench warfare or of the meanness and pettiness of life in an officer's dug-out. You are always wishing that something would come in to relieve the monotony of badness and ugliness, and the fact that you have to wait so long condemns Mr. Miller. I have no doubt the whole story could be documented, but it is not elevating, and is therefore in the main inartistic. But he writes well and vivaciously, and has a quite remarkable power of painting action and its accompanying passions." It is obviously high time to forgo the indulgence of abstaining from making up one's mind about the whole bloody business.

So I have just read "tenth-anniversary" articles by Winston Churchill and the Earl of Birkenhead (not to speak of a most repulsively egregious "screed" by Sir Percival Phillips, which concludes: "The duke and dustman go their separate ways again, but in their hearts they remember the days of fellowship, when each found honour and respect in the eyes of the other: the men of the New Generation have missed this great experience of the war; let us be sorry for them"); the official report of the Battle of Jutland; and—happily—Jeffrey E. Jeffrey's translation from the French of Jean de Pierrefeu's "Plutarch Lied" (Messrs. Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. net). I am delighted to see that 750,000 copies of this book have sold in France; I hope that its sales in Britain and America will be at least equally large. If I were a millionaire I would do my utmost to place it in the hands of every intelligent young man in the country. It represents a start to write of the war in a fashion creditable to the best elements remaining in European civilisation. It is so far the only bit of comprehensive and creative criticism of the war that I have encountered in any language. I would fain hope that it initiates the real war-literature which most of us realised we must await for several years after the Armistice; but which every other reference to or book dealing with the war that I have recently encountered has shown to be now urgently overdue.

But let me approach it indirectly via the Jutland report to which I have just referred. "Does it matter," asks a writer dealing with it, who is obviously feeling his way towards a similar attitude to the war, and the possibilities of future war as Jean de Pierrefeu—a straw showing the direction in which, one may hope, our more intelligent publicists are at last moving—"whether or not the Battle of Jutland was a British defeat, and why? Surely it does, because there was a great review of the British Fleet the other day, and we are told that six miles of ships were displayed to foreign visitors. Evidently it is intended to fight again at sea. Even if this country is never carried off its feet into an old-fashioned war again, our Navy has to be regarded as one of the possible forces that are to be used to punish aggressive Powers, and, indeed, is the only naval force in Europe at the moment that would be of any use for such a purpose. It seems rather important, then, that all of us should have a very clear view of what

happened at Jutland, and be as certain in our minds as is possible to humanity as to the reasons why, for example, the stronger fleet suffered the greater losses, and the weaker fleet escaped. Well, our masters, who decide these things, say that we are not to know. Ten years after the outbreak of war, which was so powerfully influenced by the Battle of Jutland, the Admiralty issues the official account of the battle, and gives the man in the street no help whatever towards a useful opinion on the question of vital importance which was raised the day after the battle was fought, and has been discussed ever since by interested persons with the help of illuminations which at the best the official account only supplements. This document, with its appendix containing a criticism of itself by the man who commanded the British Fleet, is a brilliant example of British softness. There must have been somebody to blame. Why was the main fleet hardly in action at all? Who was responsible for the fact that in the cruiser action the German fire was so superior to the British? Why was the design of the British battle cruisers so defective that an easy path was made for enemy shells to plump into the armoury and blow three vessels out of the water? Why was the German Fleet allowed to run away? These are specimens of the questions that ought to be answered by somebody; for while the German High Sea Fleet never came out again after Jutland, it is agreed that its survival influenced the course of the war against us, while its destruction might have materially shortened the war. We want to know that when a similar situation arises again the public may be assured that the lessons of Jutland, whatever they are, will by that time have been thoroughly learned by the Admiralty, and the whole of the constructional and fighting personnel. Now, we have no such assurance. The Admiralty will not say even what the lessons are. If it has not the pluck to say what it thinks about a battle of the past, how can we believe that it is itself facing facts and adjusting to them the design of its ships, the training of its men, and its method of choosing leaders? This report is damned by one of its few notable phrases. The escape of the High Sea Fleet meant the loss of the battle, and the Admiralty says that the cause of that escape must be left to be determined by the experts. Well, who are the experts? If the Admiralty cannot supply them, and print their opinion, what is the use of an Admiralty? Couple that phrase with the cognate one about the rightness (Admiralty obiter dictum) of Jellicoe's refusal to fight a night battle, and you see at a glance the utter futility of the whole 'official' programme."

That has been, I think, well worth reproducing in full. It puts the whole matter succinctly and incontrovertibly. And as with the Navy, so with the Army! In this timely and invaluable book, written with all the lucidity of the best type of French writer, Jean de Pierrefeu, a civilian employed at the French Quartier-Général from 1915 until the end of the war, presents a formidable indictment of "the superstition of military genius." Is there such a thing as the art of warfare? Are great victories won by generals and their expert staffs, by blind chance, or by sheer weight of numbers? Were the Allies well served by their military chiefs during the war? These are some of the questions raised—and not only raised, but for the most part convincingly disposed of. It is not, as certain English reviewers have hastened to call it, a "bitter attack" on anybody; it is something immensely more important—the most valuable piece of military criticism ever written. Only those to whom truth is unpalatable will find it bitter. The brilliant way in which the intricate arguments are marshalled to irresistible conclusions—the breadth of view and the nobility of purpose informing the whole work—the literary grace of it; these, and the other elements that go to make it more important than all the other books yet evoked by the war can only be indicated in passing. Space requires that I should hasten to quote what to my mind are the author's most important and ineluctable conclusions.

Read our official historians (he says) and you will see what a deplorable influence the propagandist mind has had on history. It is not that these writers in any way suppress events; but how careful they are to justify, and soften, to put forward the bright side of things! This long sequence of experiences, of groping in the dark, of mischances which turned out well, of pre-arranged schemes which went badly,

this marking time while we searched for a solution, this obscure and bloody drama, which mankind so often seemed incapable of directing or of bringing to its climax, all that which bears the stamp of man's misery as well as of his grandeur, becomes through the omnipotence of patriotic self-complacency the close web of a plan woven by skilful hands and unrolled by powerful brains, a masterpiece of logic and clearness in which not one great deed is missing from the place assigned to it.

In his delightful chapter—one of the most incisive pieces of argument anyone could wish to follow—on "a Bergsonian General Staff," he says:—

Before 1914 France possessed a General Staff worthy to be called Bergsonian. (Bergsonism, it may be noted, strengthened the prejudice in favour of military infallibility amongst civilians and even in the army itself.) Its doctrine accepted the discredit of intelligence and favoured the cult of intuition. This is a statement which is stupefying and incredible; at first sight it is positively staggering. But after due examination it emerges as a perfectly truthful assertion. And this General Staff of ours forced its conviction to the ultimate limits. It went far beyond Bergson himself, who would never have dared to admit that intuition was possessed of a power marvellous enough to prepare a revenge for 1870. Bergson would at least have invited intelligence to collaborate in that difficult task. . . . Do not imagine that I am exaggerating in the smallest degree. Everybody knows, at the present moment, that the military doctrine of the General Staff in August, 1914, was that of the offensive at all costs.

Everybody should read his analysis of the consequences of this military "occultism"; and then—to appreciate the leeway we in this country have still to make up towards learning the lessons of the war—consider in conjunction with his devastating exposure Winston Churchill's statement that "the campaign of 1915, if properly conceived and conducted, would have brought the war to an end before 1916 had run its course," and Birkenhead's fatuous eulogy of Foch, which runs: "His prevision of a complex and threatening military situation was both intuitive and uncanny. He carried further than any soldier or sailor has done since Nelson the conviction that the most prudent mode of defence is to attack: *attaquez, attaquez, toujours!* was his confident advice to puzzled allies or subordinates who came to consult him."

Verily, as the author says in his preface:—

The war turned the world upside down, but it did not alter mankind. As hitherto men continue to observe the rules of good taste and the rites implicit in a good education. In accordance with this formula people hastened, when the war was over, to congratulate the generals who had been directing it. And there was a rush to applaud the dis-tinction they had acquired in it. Yet surely in the mind of every person of sense there was the thought that things had not gone quite as well as they might have done, that victory had been a long time in coming, and had been preceded by certain serious reverses, and that many mistakes had been made. But of this nothing was outwardly apparent. The same kind of thing happens every day in a drawing-room when some lady begins to sing a ballad or an aria from an opera. "When will she stop rasping our ears?" thinks everyone to himself. But as soon as the song is over people exclaim, "Bravo! Bravo! What a charming voice!" And no one thinks about it any more.

And he concludes a masterly analysis, fully documented at every stage, with the conclusion that "the military problem, as it presents itself in modern war, goes far beyond the narrow horizon of a military caste, however well instructed it may be. It has become a national problem. The experience of the Great War has shown that it can be solved only by the united effort of the whole nation."

There is no escaping his demonstration that the establishment of "the continuous front" involves the bankruptcy of the military art: and thence that the army authorities should be thoroughly demoted and no longer permitted to be answerable only to themselves.

## First Blood.

By H. R. Barbor.

(Concluded.)

Hicks relieved Tom Tag from his vigil in the cross-surmounted turret of the mission house, in order that the loyal native could go to gather some lemons from the tree behind the chapel.

Three minutes later a call from the doctor took us in a rush to the verandah. In the glow that preceded moonrise we could see the Basuto writhing on the ground near the chapel, fifty yards away. He rose, tottered a few steps, fell, crawled, stopped. Hicks started forward, but Cross grabbed him. "Don't be a blasted idiot," he snarled. "They'll get you. The boy's speared."

He had his automatic levelled at the church. "Keep off the sky-line. Get rifles, quick!" he barked. Rifles were brought.

"Now, you, Forbes, mark that corner; you, Miles, this." He indicated the two ends of the little chapel. "If you see a movement, anything, blaze away. And keep aimed afterwards, too."

Bent double he slipped off the verandah and belly-crawled to where Tom Tag lay. Then, still with his pistol pointed before him, he darted to the chapel. We waited tense seconds, then he came into sight on the other side of the building, ran to where the injured boy lay, hoisted him on to his shoulders, and brought him in. The vanished murderer had done his job well.

"First blood," said Cross significantly. Little Kimber seemed rather dashed.

Later the two missionaries buried the poor fellow under the watchful guard of the rest. Before this, however, Cross tied the only remaining boy, Willy, securely. "He'll be useful later," the explorer said. At the subsequent council of war, Cross revealed his plan.

"Personally, I wouldn't give this ounce of grog for all our chances," he announced breezily, swallowing the indicated contents of his glass as if to make sure of one part of the stakes. "But I've been in as tight, if not tighter corners."

Kimber thrust in a would-be helpful oar. "Couldn't we load some stores on to my and my wife's bicycles, and go south later to-night?"

The Major looked dangerous. "Do you hear those drums?" he asked very quietly.

"Why, yes, of course. But—"

Father Boyne sailed between storm and the missionary. "They mean that we are surrounded. We couldn't get through when once we reached the forest."

"Even if we got so far," Miles added.

Little Kimber seemed resigned though still incredulous. Probably he still thought we were "meeting trouble half-way," as during dinner he had assured us we were.

Although the Commissioner, as the only official governmental representative, was senior to us all, that Major Cross must be leader. His first order was to Kimber.

"Best get to bed, sir. Mrs. Kimber may suspect something if you don't join her. She mustn't, if we can help it—not till the end."

"But it is her right to know—" began the impossible optimist.

"Look here, damn you! I'm boss of this circus. Very well, then, no one has any rights here now except me. Please understand this, sir, or, by God, I won't answer for you—or your blasted wife. Bed, and obey. Good night."

Kimber went. He slept soundly.

In conformity with Cross's plan, two of us watched

by shifts throughout the night. The monotonous throb of the drums continued. Mr. and Mrs. Kimber came to breakfast, but by good luck a touch of fever sent her in the early forenoon back to her room. Soon after Cross released Willy and brought him in to us.

"You want to go to the forest, eh?"

"Yes, boss."

"Not afraid of these fellows?"

"No, boss."

"Want to go to find that girl, eh?"

"Yes, boss."

"Why d'you want to go?"

"Jest wanta."

"Suppose I don't let you go?"

"Live with boss."

"But you'd rather go?"

"Masuke boys kill boss and other boss. Kill all boss. If Willy stay Masuke kill Willy. Willy go village, laugh with Masuke, all laugh. Masuke make much fun, Willy much fun."

"You think Masuke kill us?"

"Sure, boss."

"That why you want to go?"

"Sure, boss."

"If I let you clear out now, will you tell Masu Balangui, big chief village, what I tell you?"

"Sure, boss."

"If you tell him, I shall know, Willy. Then I give you five bob." Cross looked comically round at us, "I think it'll run to that," he laughed.

Willy's eyes opened wide at this promise of munificence.

"I damn well tell big chief, boss," he assured the explorer.

"Right." Cross turned to Forbes. "Take him out and keep your eye on him." Forbes followed the boy out of the room.

"That's how things are. They all know; though how the devil he was got at is one of the mysteries of nigger psychology," Cross said. "Anyhow, he'll take our message to Boyne's brother-man across the way. It's full moon to-night, and the village will be celebrating. Probably that's why they didn't hit home last night. But when they get tight and dance to-night our turn comes. We've just the barest chance of putting the wind up old Masu-Balangui; though I take it that even you aren't hopeful?"

"It's a chance," said the priest. "A bare chance."

"We won't neglect it. Perhaps it would be as well if you sent the message, Padre. After all he is your convert."

Willy left soon after noon, bearing tidings of the annihilation of whole tribes up in the north-east at the hands of white troops. Coupled thereto was an invitation from the priest to the chief for the latter to make his overdue visit to his spiritual father.

About sundown His Most Catholic Majesty replied. Miles, who was on guard at the rear of the mission house, reported, "There's a party of the blighters just come out of the bush."

Cross turned his binoculars on the natives. "Fifteen, eighteen. Good, they've tied their spears in rushes." This is the flag of truce of the Masuke. A healthy sign. We exchanged confident glances.

"Sorry, Boyne, but I think you'll have to meet the deputation. I'll go on to the verandah with you, of course. Stand by for rough stuff if necessary, you chaps."

The Major slipped the safety catch of his automatic; ran his eye over the armoury. "Miles, you better take that box of big game ammunition up into the turret with the four-seventy. Don't let 'em see you. Ready, Boyne?"

The two strolled out on to the verandah casually. Then they appeared to notice the squatting party of natives. Boyne signalled. A young man, clad in full regalia, approached. Some fifty yards from the

steep he stopped and saluted ceremonially. Boyne walked over towards him. Cross followed. They talked for some minutes. Then more salutation; the Masuke brave rejoined the group who remained squatting in a circle, three hundred yards away, another hundred from the edge of the scrub. Cross and the priest came in.

"Game's up," said the Major.

"The miracle has not happened," the padre said resignedly.

"Will you prepare our missionary friend, Boyne?" Cross asked, after a pause. "It's bad—a woman."

The priest went in search of the Kimbers.

"What did the chief say?" Hicks asked.

"Cutting the high-falutin' cackle, Masu's terms boil down to advice to us to strike south. Guarantees us safe passage provided we hand over Mrs. Kimber."

"God's truth!"

"Boyne pointed out that the white woman was an especially beloved sister of the Great Queen—for whom apparently the old rapsallion used to cherish a particular reverence. And I fired off a broadside about the vast impiety that were only a gunshot or so away, but the plenipotentiary's not impressed. Probably they know more than we do anyway—and know that they know. Damn Lazenby, anyhow."

"So we—just wait," Hicks remarked.

"We shan't have to wait long. About two hours, I should say. Those devils over the way there are waiting for our answer. If any of you fellows have any bright, eve-of-the-poll notions, fire them off. I wish to God that woman was out of it."

Cross called to Miles who came down from the turret and was informed of our desperate straits.

We had drinks.

Boyne came in with the Rev. Wilfrid Kimber.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Kimber is still indisposed. It is the first time she's been seedy since we came up from Bulawayo," the little beggar prattled. "It's such a disappointment to her, and she sent her apologies to all you gentlemen."

Cross made a funny noise in his throat. "Have you told him, Padre?" he asked.

Kimber cut in, "O, yes, Mr. Boyne has told me that the chief doesn't believe your story of troops being rushed up. But then, after all, it isn't true. Evidently he did not condone the lie."

The explorer held tight on to a chair back. He seemed to want to shake the plump little missionary.

Miles led Kimber to the window.

"You see those niggers? Well, they're waiting for an answer to their chief's message. If they get it, we're done. If they remain unanswered—as they will—we're done just the same."

"Surely if it is as bad as that you will consider my suggestion about the bicycles and getting away when the moon sets?"

"We shall not see the moon set, my friend," Boyne told him.

"But if we started—"

"We should never get through, not one of us even if we fought for it. It's impossible. We can only wait—and fight when the time comes," Miles said.

"But is there not another way?"

"There is," Cross exploded. "The chief says he'll give us safe passage south on one condition."

"Ah!" Kimber's tone was almost smug. His belief in the brotherhood of race, justified after all, was conveyed in the exclamation.

"If we leave Mrs. Kimber as a parting present to the chief, he promises us freedom from attack. That's the condition. They're waiting for our answer."

The little missionary went white, red, white again. His mouth opened.

"My wife," he said. "My wife."

Then he turned and left the room.

Then he added, "Poor devil. He's gone to her." Then there was a heavy thud, another. Then crack, crack, crack. Someone was firing rapidly above us. Forbes ran to the window.

"God, he's shot her!" he cried.

"No. He's up there!"

Cross dashed to the turret ladder, clambered up. "Help, quick. He's shut the trapdoor," he called.

We could not move it. All the time Kimber was blazing away with the game-rifle. By the time we had forced up the trap, over which he had dragged a heavy chest full of Boyne's books, he had stopped firing. Miles's four-seventy rifle was still in his hands. His eyes were unfamiliar—happy. He came down with us into the living-room. We looked out across the open, where the black men had been waiting for our answer.

"I make it fifteen," said the Major, raking the scrub with his glasses. "Good shooting."

"Shooting! I should say so!" young Forbes agreed. "A good four hundred yards."

Kimber seemed embarrassed by their praise.

"You see, my father was a gamekeeper," he volunteered by way of explanation.

\* \* \*

Two years later young Forbes and his fellow explorer Cross, back home refitting for another trip into the Nigerian hinterland, met Miles in St. James's.

The Commissioner had only just returned from Rhodesia. They had not met since those trying days at Boyne's mission-house, when little Kimber's brazen idiocy had stopped the rot among the Masuke and neighbouring tribes, and deflected what might otherwise have proved a first-class native rising.

For those fifteen smashed natives had put the fear of the white man's God, or, at any rate, of the white man's marksmanship, into the natives of the whole district. Next morning Masu Balangui had come in person with a present of game, skins, and two fine bits of ivory. We accepted his flattery-larded offers to cordiality. He spoke with feeling. It was with the greatest difficulty, in view of the proprieties demanded between invulnerable whites and the Great Elephant of the Masuke, that we insisted on his accompanying us on an inspection of Kimber's bag. Kynoch's four-seventy bullets make a needlessly nasty mess, especially where they come out.

"See anything of his uxorious reverence before you came home?" Forbes asked.

"Yes. He's back at his old station now," Miles answered.

"O, did he leave?" Cross inquired.

"Resigned. You remember how cut up he was after that little business. Well, he went down to the Cape and saw the mission officials. Told 'em he was a murderer and all that, and asked to be relieved of the cure of souls. I reported, of course, and there was a hell of a shindy. Worthingham called Lazenby over the coals. I suppose you heard?"

"I heard Lazenby had moved out."

"He did—had to. While the inquiry was on Worthingham sent for me. That was how I heard about Kimber's attack of conscience. I stamped Worthingham into doing something for the missionary. He saw the Big Heads of Zion; told 'em what we all thought of Kimber; promised five hundred for a church on condition that Kimber should be persuaded to go back and run it. In the end they fixed him. I saw him there three months back. Happy as a sand-boy, with Mrs. Kimber running the school. The natives eat his words. Curious, isn't it? You'd think he'd be the last chap on God's earth to handle niggers."

"I shouldn't, altogether," Cross answered.

"Niggers are odd cattle—so's Kimber. I'll send him a hundred for his church."

"And I'll send him a gun, by Gad," Forbes laughed.

"I wouldn't, Forbes," advised Miles. "The beggar seemed only too anxious to forget and be forgiven for his 'temporary lapse into savagery,' as he called it when Hicks and I were yarning with him. Best let sleeping dogs lie."

"So long as they wake up when they're needed. Yes," said Cross.

"That's so," the Commissioner agreed. "Send him a dozen pocket knives for school prizes, if you like, Forbes. Poor devil, he must have had a hell of a time afterwards. Come to think of it, he proved by his own deed the impossibility of his own teachings—shooting brother men!"

Forbes laughed. "Yes, and under a flag of truce, too!"

"Queer shop, Africa," Cross muttered. "Here, boy, three big Scotches."

## Science or Advertisement.

By Scott Curfew.

To paraphrase the epigrammatic *mot* of the Victorian knight, Sir William Harcourt, it might be superficially claimed that "We are all scientists now." For even the advertising contractors to-day allege that they use "scientific" methods in their business of advertisement. Not only is advertisement asserted by them to be a "science," but they also talk about the "art" of advertisement, which is certainly a correct use of that much-abused word when it is applied to posters.

Instead of calling it "scientific" advertisement, however, it would be much nearer the mark to employ the term *systematic* advertisement to the work of those commercial gentlemen who recently held their International Jamboree in London. For pure science has no relation whatever to the selling of advertisements, since all advertisement is mainly a highly expensive item in the many stages of Production under the present industrial system. But, after all, a reverence for the precise or scientific meaning of words and phrases is perhaps not to be expected of men whose ignorance of science was so unconsciously advertised by themselves at Wembley. A five-minutes course of study at Blarney Castle is a pleasanter short cut to commercial success in the alleged science of advertising, than five years of weary concentration in the laboratories and the theatres of science.

The carefully chosen slogan of the Wembley advertisers was brimful of pathetic humour, of which they seemed to be totally unaware. Though "Truth in Advertisement" was the pious stunt they exploited, "Truth in Adversity" was probably nearer to the hidden meaning of their campaign. They had previously used up all their shop-soiled stock of superlatives in frenzied competition with one another. They had been faced with a slump in trade for several years, during which their positively, comparatively, and superlatively "scientific" advertisements had failed, inexplicably to them, to dispose of the goods they were helping to sell. They were consequently aware that the weak place in their armour was likely to be detected. They therefore planned to "get together" in London, where they hiccuped pretty speeches to one another over the nuts and wine. They got themselves picturesquely patted on the back by their fellow-conspirators, the newspaper-owners. The disinterested Press purred its Pharisical platitudes in praise of those traders in "truth" . . . And in the Nether Regions doubtless his Brimstone Majesty at once began extensions in the Drying Department, well knowing that his English-speaking visitors in the future would be too green to burn immediately on their arrival below from the truth-soaked world above. The publicity experts, having suddenly conceived their passionate desire for the Te-ruth, thereby inferred that they had hitherto been strangers to the commercial value

of that rare commodity. Not being aware of what had hit them so cruelly hard during the trade slump, they at last magnanimously decided to try the experiment as to whether, after all, honesty could be the best policy. And—glory be to those fearless Wembley crusaders—the Truth has now been rescued from her Cinderella-like oblivion, and she is now honourably employed in the advertising departments of modern industry.

Now, had the advertisement-mongers time to think scientifically on the recent discoveries in the New Economics, they would also find that the solution of the industrial enigma lies neither in production nor in advertisement; but entirely in the domain of finance. A very little scientific light switched upon the subject of credit control and price regulation would enable the publicity experts to see that they are tackling the problem of distribution at the last stage in the process of production, instead of at the first. For the issue of credit is a primary necessity to keep the wheels of industry revolving at all; while advertisement is merely the announcement to the consumer that the goods produced are ready for market—a job that could be delegated to the office boy.

The geographical shrinkage of the world markets has called into being the advertising experts, who now assume that they are an indispensable medium in the function of distribution. They are not yet aware of their being merely flies on the wheel of industry, and not an essential spoke in it. For it is axiomatic to say that the cost of so-called scientific advertisement—whether of the "truthful" or the other variety—invariably goes into price; whereas the cost of actual scientific research need not necessarily swell price at all, but rather the reverse.

For instance, when Professor Biffen achieved his rust-proof wheat he thereby increased the potential supply of bread in the world by a considerable percentage. Owing, however, to the fact that a bumper crop of wheat in the grain-producing countries spells almost ruin to the bulk of farmers—a large yield resulting in a small price to the producer—the public gains little or no advantage from Nature's bounty coupled with the gifts of science under the present industrial system.

Take also the rubber tyre industry. The patient work of scientific research done in the laboratories has enabled the manufacturers to increase the "life" of the tyre, so that a reduction in price is thus automatically accomplished. But again we find that the discoveries of science have been circumvented by another factor; for owing to the trade-slump the rubber plantation companies have been obliged to restrict their harvest to 50 per cent. of their possible capacity in order to maintain the price of the raw material at a level that would save them from financial bankruptcy. Thus the potential benefits derivable from the successive discoveries of science are not passed on to the consumer because of other factors outside his control.

Though there are now some thirty scientific research associations supported by the more thoughtful members of the great industries in this country (not to forget the work done under private enterprise), yet their unadvertised discoveries are not fully reflected in lower prices. What is the mysterious power that balks the consumer from enjoying the fruits of science? Why this anomalous position? It is mainly because science has not yet been applied to that branch of industry which still has the privilege of controlling the issue of credit. Secrecy naturally prevails in the physical laboratories of our industries; but nowhere is there more elaborate precaution shown than in the supra-physical laboratories of the financial trade, which seeks to preserve its secrets relative to credit-issue.

It was, however, inevitable that finance should at last have the test of science applied to its rule of

thumb; and that its ultimate mysteries should be analysed, and the body of its doctrine dissected, by a trained investigator ably conversant with the Science of Number. Douglas has X-rayed the existing financial system, placed its morbid growths in his test-tube, drained off all the watery economic theory that had accumulated since 1775, applied the acid test to the resultant, and thus precipitated the financial humbug to the bottom for ever. Moreover, he has reduced the result of his scientific analysis to a formula that even a banker might understand. As the machine-wreckers of the Victorian age in many cases smashed up their iron competitors, so the high financiers have had their big guns desperately trying to smash up the Douglas theory for some four years; but it still stands as four-square as the Great Pyramid.

Though science has been applied to industry for many generations, it has only been turned recently into the sacrosanct realm of high finance. Thus the world is suffering because of its futile attempt to pour a quart measure into a pint-pot; because it is humanly impossible much longer to run scientifically organised industry under a financial system that is utterly unscientific and inapplicable to modern conditions.

## The Theatre.

By H. R. Barbor.

### THE ART OF CLAUDE RAINS.

Every vocation has its inevitables. In every walk of life are found certain men and women who, while not to all appearances unusually developed in regard to the normal traffic of society's give-and-take, so far excel in one particular range of activity as not only to pass their colleagues in their occupation, but to give a new turn to their craft or profession. We are all probably familiar with the medical practitioner who, is not merely a doctor, but a healer. Any workman manager will cite examples of turners whose handling of a lathe is so accurate as to be mysterious. Legal history, to come nearer to the title of this article, abounds with the names of pleaders with an aptitude for so turning circumstances or accidents of psychology to their purpose as to make juries—and even judges—the pawns of guilt or innocence in accordance with the demands of the advocate's brief. Examples can be given in many other occupations, but these will serve our turn.

The French language, a vehicle of the ideology of a race more concerned with psychological imponderabilia than our own, has lent us a word to express this extraordinary grasp of occupational niceties. We can only speak of such medicos as having the diagnostic or pharmacological flair. In the realm of the theatre the term "genius," a much-misused word, is applied. But since genius carries with it by happy implication adopted from that happiest definition, "the capacity for taking pains," and since these unusually endowed exponents of art and industry are only secondarily (and not always even secondarily) pains-taking craftsmen, I prefer to borrow the French description.

And here I would parenthetically divorce myself from the common heresy that the Latin races monopolise or even rival the Teutonic stock in producing artists possessed of this peculiar attribute. Every race, I imagine, throws up these indefinably apt exemplars. But the economic and historical conditions of the French, Italian—and Russian—stages foster the innate talent of promising players and add to their flair workmanship. In a word, the Sociétaire of the Comédie Française is generally a born artist, but he is certainly a made artist as well. In London, unless an artist takes the trouble to make himself, or falls by chance for a succession of rôles into the hands

of thoroughly competent producers, the artist with flair remains a born artist. And although the born artist is better than the made artist, the two heads are better in one. Among our great players of the "legitimate" stage, comparable with any of the vaunted Continental players that I have "sat under," who are thus dually endowed, I will content myself with citing at hazard Mrs. Pat Campbell, Mr. Ainley, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Matheson Lang, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Evans, Messrs. Franklin Dyal, Oscar Asche (when willing), and Hugh Wakefield (the destined successor of that great actor, the late Charles Hawtrey).

In a different category from these insuperables are Messrs. C. W. Summerset, Brember Wills, Jack Melford, O. B. Clarence, D. Hay Petrie, Lyall Swete, George Tully, Misses Cathleen Nesbitt, Hermoine Baddeley, Athene Seyler, Sarah Allgood. All these, again examples taken by chance, are *inevitably* players, and although they stand to the before-mentioned group rather in the relation of the minor to the major poets, they are products of flair and developed craftsmanship.

It will be noted that I do not include Miss Thorndike in either group. Miss Thorndike stands alone in my estimation for, inasmuch as flair is concerned, I think she is an actress *malgré soi*. She creates her effect consciously, and out of her tremendous sincerity and will rather than unconsciously and by suggestion. Her technique is magnificent, and her determination ruthless, and it is by virtue of these and by her intellectual address (as also by her bold choice of parts) that she has won and deserved her prominence in the English theatre to-day.

This long detour has been necessitated in order that we may envisage the art of one of our younger players in relation to the contemporary theatre. Mr. Rains is one of the most inevitable actors upon our stage to-day. That he began as a callboy and so graduated from the technical to the professional side of the theatre is a good thing for the theatre and for him. Had he begun his workaday career as a hot-cross-bun maker or a stevedore, it would have taken him longer by the nature of things to migrate towards Shaftesbury Avenue. But he would have made that migration as surely as Chaliapin wandered from the Volga to Leningrad, as surely as Charlie Chaplin found his way from the East End to Hollywood. The "mute inglorious Milton" is a comfortable solace for life's unsuccessfuls. But life and the theatre are all too ready to welcome their predestined helpmeets. I have gone out of my way to encounter many who were alleged to suffer slights unmerited by their talent, although I have still to see the unsuccessful actor or actress who deserves the laurels.

The first shock of histrionic delight with which Claude Rains charged me was when he appeared in a small part with Mr. Ainley in "Reparation" at the St. James's Theatre. A morbid scrap of humanity he seemed, stung to over-alert sensitiveness by the fiery vodka, bitten by the damp rot of the cellars which were his day and night abode. I quickened to the knowledge of a new man in our theatre. In successive parts Mr. Rains did not disappoint. Of those that followed, his big part in "Daniel" was the most noteworthy and the most noted. It was indeed a magnificently handled rôle, and stamped him as a pastmaster of the opaline *nerveuse* genre. At Drury Lane lately he proved something more important; in that big theatre he showed his propulsive power—proved his trajectory, to steal a gunner's expression.

It was left to Mr. Norman Macdermott to demonstrate to an all too-limited number of playgoers that Mr. Rains is not only an actor of great ability in one style and with a big reserve of power. In three pieces lately put on at the Everyman Theatre this young actor has given us some idea of the breadth

as well as of the depth of his emotional and intellectual content.

To choose him to play the young Napoleon of Mr. Shaw's "The Man of Destiny" was an admirable stroke of casting. The first few minutes of that play were among the most enjoyable that I have ever spent in the theatre. Napoleon eats, studies a map, eats, drinks, studies a map. To see Mr. Rains getting rid of his olive stones, stabbing his map in mistake for the eternal Napoleonic chicken, sucking his teeth, gulping his wine, was to recognise the uncouth force of the superman who broke Europe because the fools would not let him remodel Europe. And when he rose and stumped about the room, those wide crossings told of the impossibility of closing that man in, of his uncramped surge of vitality. The deep, thick tones of his voice, his frank brusque interest in the woman, the charm when he apologised, the self-enjoyed humour, the terrible contempt of "the old fool," above all the clearly shown mental changes when the humorist replaced the amorist, and the soldier the humorist, and Napoleon told the girl, "You are impertinent, madame"; all these were not only superb motifs in Mr. Rains's characterisation, they were expert exemplifications of his remarkable sense of the theatre. As the "celebrated coward," St. John Hotchkiss, in "Getting Married," this actor had a very different task, one for which he was less fitted either temperamentally or physically. Mr. Rains is something much more than a drawing-room comedian, and though Mr. Shaw's play is something more than a drawing-room comedy, the part is scarcely of that stalwart stuff which would give this actor his fullest play. Mr. Rains has all the quick intelligence, effrontery and resource of the wayward man about town, and his performance was virtuosic and by no means to be missed. But he was inclined to an occasional boisterousness, and he certainly lacked that unerring touch of the fine gentleman which the author suggests that St. John, despite his clowning, possesses. A shade more care in pronunciation and less facial mobility, even perhaps less luxuriant hair, would have put matters right.

But in "Low Tide," Mr. Ernest George's interesting if somewhat attenuated Cockney drama now running at Hampstead, Mr. Rains came fully into his own again—if he can ever come into his own in a small playhouse. He swept us along with his vivid exuberance. He never let us forget that the bad man has the stuff of good fellowship in him. His accent and characteristic gestures were as expressive as his author's picturesque and eloquent East End idiom. His restlessness, the sudden lapses into boredom and returns to crude amusement or annoyance, his terrifying stillness while his face is masked with a cynically good-humoured grin when he is cornered by the "rozzler," his unsentimental love-making, the prodigious indifference of the slum's "mighty man of valour"; to see these make it worth journeying further afield than Hampstead—or Paris.

If I dared risk a prophecy it would be that the future of the English theatre lies in the direction of powerful "romantic" drama. Which is as much as to say that it lies with players of Mr. Rains's order. It will be in safe hands.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE SINGLE TAX.

SIR,—H. M. M. states that currency regulation is no part of the Single Tax programme. He should seek more information. The Single Taxers pre-suppose stable currency conditions in which to launch their reform. This was made perfectly clear by Henry George in his U.S.A. campaign at the close of last century. The Single Tax is not put forward as

something hanging in the void, which would function irrespective of all other conditions, but as something to be applied in connection with existing institutions.

The Single Taxers only desire for their reform a simple regulation of the currency to avoid inflation or deflation. At present such a regulation is being exercised. In Parliament there is a Land Values Group of 221 members. With its support the Government, if still in office, intend to tax land values in the next Budget; and we do not fear that it will not be able to prevent any move towards currency inflation or deflation.

But, says H. M. M., if the Single Taxers prevent inflation, the nation's income could never increase. True, its *money* income could never increase; but Single Taxers are not concerned particularly with money incomes. They aim to provide larger *real* incomes in goods and services by enabling money incomes to buy more through lower prices on account of greater production.

Still, continues H. M. M., if the Single Taxers prevent deflation, prices could never be reduced. Why not? Would not a greater production of goods and services, put against the same volume of money, necessarily lead to lower prices? That is what the Single Tax is designed to secure, by reducing costs so that the producers would be able to expand production without suffering any loss on account of selling their goods at lower prices. H. M. M. can call this "a mode of deflation" if he likes, but it is a practicable proposition which would not require any "monkeying with the currency," and would lessen unemployment and raise *real* wages.

Next let me deal with H. M. M.'s denial of the very first step of the Single Tax case—that it would force all land into availability for use at much reduced rents.

The Single Tax is a tax on all land in proportion to its selling-value, that is, on all land which could be let for a rent, since selling-value is the capitalisation of the best rents expected. The effect of the tax would be to compel every owner of land which has any value to let it, or offer it for a rent, in order to obtain the wherewithal to pay the tax. Thus, after the imposition of the tax, the land market would be flooded with offers by owners feverishly competing in lowering their rents to obtain tenants. That is, all land would be made available for use at much reduced rents.

Facts support this conclusion. The city of Sydney, N.S.W., following Single Tax agitation, decided to abolish its existing rates on occupiers of property, and raise the whole municipal revenue by a tax on city land values. A heavy fall of rents and selling values was the result. The present rate is one of 4½d. in the £1 on land-values only.

The same thing occurred in Johannesburg, Transvaal, in Vancouver, B.C., and in many other places where revenue is now raised exclusively by a tax on land-values. Rents fell and land was made more available. The process would have been more marked had the tax been greater.

The remainder of H. M. M.'s contentions were dealt with in my last letter. He merely repeats arguments whose fallaciousness I have already revealed. If he is more concerned to possess himself of the truth than to score points, he will carefully consider what I have written above and previously, and perhaps make himself acquainted with our case and the facts on which we rely. The latter are excellently put forth in a new book: "Land Value Policy." By J. Dundas White, LL.D., obtainable for 2s. from the offices of "Land and Liberty," 11, Tothill-street, S.W.1.

F. R. JONES,

Secretary, Liverpool League for the Taxation of Land Values.

### "SOMETHING CREATIVE."

SIR,—In the article on page 183 of the NEW AGE of Aug 14 you say, "Anyone who describes money as 'pieces of paper representing claims' is . . . saying something creative." How true! Creative, indeed—of confusion. For he is using the same word for two different things, ready money, and I.O.U.'s.

Could we not use different words to express these two ideas, so that promise-to-pay money may be distinguished from tokens which pass from hand to hand and complete a transaction in doing so?

HAROLD W. H. HELBY.

[The context did not necessitate any such differentiation. Both the "Note" and the article quoted in it had specific reference to *currency*. Whether, for instance, a £1 note be called "ready money" or an "I.O.U." (which it really is), does not appear to us to affect the clarity of the argument.—ED.]

## Reviews.

*The Week-End Book. A Sociable Anthology.* (Nonesuch Press. 6s. net.)

It can be asserted on the authority of a powerful, not to say overwhelming, American painter of our acquaintance that: "It's a great life if you don't week-end." The object of this "sociable anthology" is apparently to prove that it may also be a great life if you do.

Sociologists with a tiresome hankering after labels have promised us that for historians of the future this present will be known as the Age of Electricity. Mr. Meynell and his coadjutors, with a truer sense of the inwardness of social evolution (for is not Mr. Meynell known throughout Northern Europe as the Dancing Bolshevik?), have understood that really we are living in the Week-End Age. Ends of all kinds, loose-ends, tag-ends, are ends in themselves needing no justification by the "means" of the Jesuitical proverb. Life tends under the pressure of The System (as Mr. Meynell's friends of the C.P. call it) to become a matter of week-ending. We have filleted festivity and, like the Great Breather, we put our feet on the mantelpiece (usually somebody else's) on the Seventh Day, or the evening of the Sixth, sip our cocktail (that epitome of odd ends) and read fag and essences of our liquor, into handy and easily assimilable form—the anthology. We do not read poets, we do not even read whole poems (the editors have filleted even Byron's "Vision of Judgment")—we turn the pages of anthologies and are content.

Readers must not reject this excellent book because of the sentimental flap-doodle by Mr. Monro on the fore-page, nor because of the turgid introduction of verse in the "Great Poems" section which occupies almost half of this admirably-produced pocket volume. The "Hate Poems" are excellent. The "State Poems" form rather a long-drawn jest, but the laugh at the end mends all. For that London has just the right touch of comic poignancy—a tonic mouthful of pre-Phylloxera brandy after a meal of stodge and cream.

"The Zoo" is an entertaining bestiary, but by far the best section, both as regards content and novelty, sociable and most varied examples have been collected by Mr. John Goss, the inimitable interpreter of this genre. These are given with their airs. A really valuable addition to the library of good cheer.

We detest the drink section, and am sure the advice to such who cannot "carry his liquor like a gentleman, sir," is most opportune. The hard drinks are evidently prescribed for a soft lot. We have prepared a section of "eye-openers," including the "King's

Peg," the Norfolk variety of "Dog's Nose," and an old North Cotswold Hunt stirrup cup, which may assist an editor of future issues more concerned for the flask of wine than the book of verse. The food section is so bad that we can only suppose it was arranged by a woman. The "Play" strangely enough omits quotation of the system of palæo-mathematics as demonstrated by Jurgen to the Queen of Philistia. But this would have necessitated the addition of a section of "Sate Poems." And after all [pray forgive!] this is not a strong-end book!

*International Year Book of Child Care and Protection.*  
Compiled by Edward Fuller. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

We congratulate the compiler on his comprehensive survey and the publishers on the pleasant format of this handbook. Where information bearing on his wide subject is available, Mr. Fuller gives a systematic summary; where it is not, he says so. He includes authoritative statements of Roman Catholic and Mahommedan marriage laws, and a Who's Who, which in this first edition is hardly big enough for use. This volume is indispensable for those who, not being routiners, are engaged in educational and welfare work, but let them not forget that fifty per cent. of the activities referred to are doing for people what they should do for themselves.

## Pastiche.

SPECIMEN OF A MORAL STORY.

By G. E. FUSSELL.

Jack Harlow met his wife on her way home after a hard day's shopping. He was full of good spirits, having done a really profitable day's work. His wife was tired out.

"Well, old lady," quoth he, "let's bustle home and have a quiet little dinner all to ourselves."

"There isn't much for dinner. I thought cold things would do," said she, a trifle snappily. She was tired and hungry, and badly needed a cup of tea, but she did not say so.

Jack was a man of tact. He took her many parcels, and led her to the Underground. As they entered the station they met the brilliant Mrs. Gold, who is always so well-dressed, and well got up. Jack raised his hat and smiled. His wife barely nodded, and they passed on.

"Fine woman, my dear," said he, enthusiastically, as they took the two seats luckily vacant in the train.

"Um-er," said his wife, mentally contrasting her own fagged out and untidy appearance with that of the "poshed-up" Mrs. Gold. It was five years since they had married, and Mrs. Harlow could not help feeling that Jack was right in his enthusiasm, but what would life be if he were to be attracted to such a woman? They still loved each other, but had got so used to it, that they had almost forgotten it. Certainly it was never mentioned.

When they got home Jack dumped the parcels in the hall, took his wife by the arm, and led her into the dining room.

"Now, old lady, you sit still and rest, and I'll get a cup of tea," said he. She was not very surprised, as he was always thoughtful, but she could not help thinking of Mrs. Gold while he was busy.

He was not long, and they had a gay little meal; at least it was gay on Jack's part, but rather pensive and pre-occupied on Mary's.

At last she could stand it no longer; she had to know exactly what he felt.

"Mrs. Gold is awfully smart, old boy, isn't she?" and she stood up and looked at herself in the mirror.

He came up behind her, and put his arms round her.

"Of course she is," he smiled.

"Not my type either," said she.

"No," he said, smiling more broadly. Then, twisting her round so that she faced him, "Nor my type either, old dear."

She looked up at him, and he kissed her.

"And you still love me, silly boy?"

He laughed, and kissed her again. "You are a kid, aren't you? Of course I do."

"Old clothes, tired face, and frumpiness and all?" she asked, smiling a little herself.

"Oh yes, just all that. It's you."

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 tions for THE NEW AGE, and may sometimes be able to  
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 of the Ottawa "Citizen," Ottawa, would doubtless advise  
 correspondents.

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All communications should be addressed, Manager, THE NEW AGE, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and printed for him by THE ARGUS PRINTING CO., LTD., 10 Temple Avenue, E.C.4.