

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	301	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. Questions to Candidates. By E. F.—Another: What is "Credit"? By E. A. Dowson. "Through Consumption to Prosperity." By O. E. Post	309
SOCIAL CREDIT MOVEMENT. Notes and Notices	304	PASTICHE: Turf Electioneering. By G. E. Fussell. Asking for Trouble. By Old and Crusted. Confound their Politics. By Old and Crusted. For an Ordinary Woman. By A. Newberry Choyce	309
THE ELECTION. By C. H. Douglas	304	CARTOON: The Election Orchard	311
THE SPIRITUAL BASIS OF FASCISM. By Dr. Oscar Levy.	305		
NEW VERSE. Plain Blooms; Love Poems; From a Teacher's Desk; Humberside. By H. Mc.D.	307		
MUSIC. By Kaikhosru Sorabji	308		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the manuscript of our Notes last week there was a passage in which we referred to the 25 per cent. of absentions from the poll at the last Election, and said that it would be a good thing if the proportion were increased at this Election. We deleted it. Our feeling was that the expression of this view, unaccompanied by reasons, was not advisable; and as we had otherwise filled our allotted space we could not then give those reasons. So we postponed the subject until this week, and commissioned the cartoons which will be found elsewhere, to illustrate it. Meanwhile, Major Douglas, by one of those "coincidences" which are only such etymologically, had, without our knowledge, done the job instead in his article which appears in this issue. Needless to say, we endorse every word of it, and take this occasion of dedicating the cartoons to him—if he will be so kind! There are, however, one or two remarks which we will add in respect of this question of "abstinence."

In our outline of the New Economics last week, it will be remembered that we pictured a deal between the banks, representing the consumer, of the one part, and the administrators of the industrial system, of the other, apropos of the Price question. We will now picture a similar deal, this time between (shall we be bold and say?) the Social Credit Movement, representing ordinary citizens of the one part, and the administrators of the political system, of the other, apropos of social well-being. Now we know what ordinary citizens really want. To whatever class they belong, they want *higher incomes, continuity of incomes, and lower prices*. They also want such general conditions of economic progress as will allow of their spending their incomes freely on all the elements which enter into their material and cultured life *without anxiety* about those who depend on them, and are likely to survive them. In a phrase—"Abundant life for myself and my children after me." Ask them all if that is not so, and you will get from them, one by one, the same affirmative answer. It will come, maybe, hesitatingly from the poorer majority—not because they are uncertain, but because, please you, they are "not sure it's the right thing" to want all these extravagant blessings. Listen.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mail*.
Sir,—

I am pleased to see that someone has been bold enough to write to you about the profiteering going on again.

I, as a mother of a family, am a loser of 4s. a week. My husband's wages have been lowered, *which we know must happen if we want our country to get right*. Why, then, is it necessary to raise the prices of bread, butter, milk, tea, and soda? They are all necessities in a home.

K. E. BAUSMAN.

Southend-road, E.6.

It would be sacrilege to add a syllable to this letter. It is a perfect prose epitome of the material and psychological disaster which has befallen this nation.

. . . *And a great and a strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind.*

And after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake.

And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire.

And after the fire a still, small voice . . . What doest thou here, Elijah?

Is there one political prophet who has wrapped his face in his mantle? Horeb, the mount of God, is become a "Donnybrook Fair" of trailed mantles and whirling staffs. Does one of them listen to the command of the *voice*? Not one. They are all roaring out a command to the voice: "Choose ye this day whom of ye will serve."—"You must vote this time."

* * *

"In its bearing upon the future of the nation and the Empire this is the Great Election. For forty years there has been no deeper contest. If it goes wrong our ir retrievable decline, political and commercial, may well date from it." In these words Mr. Garvin commences his article in the current *Observer*. Yes, yes. But if the election goes right—what then? "The issues go down to bedrock," continues Mr. Garvin. And what is this "bedrock," do you suppose? It is the clash of two "faiths," the one in the "class-struggle" and the other in "national co-operation." Beautiful! Let us call on Mrs. Bausman and tell her. Bewildered, anxious, resigned—she would nevertheless give us a courteous reception, and—who knows?—we might get her to come out and mark the sign of

the cross on a ballot paper in favour of "co-operation." And then? Well, we should owe her a ride home in a motor-car; and, this little act of recognition accomplished, we could leave her, till the next occasion, in daily contemplation of the four "bedrocks" of her life's issues—bread, butter, milk, and tea. No; wait a minute—we've forgotten the soda. ("Thank you, Mrs. Bausman; yes, upon our word, it's five bedrocks! An elusive animal, that soda, Ha, ha. Needs a damp eye to spot it, eh?")

Now, it is time to "cease this foolery," as Campbell-Bannerman once exclaimed on some trivial occasion. The bedrock fact of the political situation is that the vast mass of the electorate are in the harassed and helpless circumstances just instanced. They have definite needs but only the most indefinite notions about how they can be satisfied. In fact few of them ever imagine the possibility of satisfaction at all. That is why they have returned politicians to Parliament upon promises of everything else but what they really want. They are not qualified to bargain with these politicians even if they were in the mood to do so. This brings us back to our suggestion of a deal being made, or at least attempted on their behalf, by bodies which possess the qualifications and are in the mood to use them. Those bodies are local groups—and even single members—of the Social Credit Movement. Their task is to tell the electors:

(1) That it is "right" to demand of candidates the satisfaction of their material needs.

(2) That to give a vote is to confer a valuable consideration.

(3) That therefore a vote given should be part of a definite contract.

(4) That the contractual undertaking of the politician should be accompanied by guarantees—penalties for non-fulfilment.

(5) That, in the absence of such guarantees there is no "duty" on the elector to go to the poll; that, on the contrary, his duty is to stay away. Giving "something for nothing" is—the politicians will tell you—"demoralising." Then hold them to it.

The electors must sell their votes. In the good old days of "bribery and corruption," a good many of them did so literally. But those were the days before the political schools became a trust. It was long ago made illegal for a candidate to give a voter so much money for his support, for it gave the richer politician an unfair advantage over—not the electors, but—the other politicians! Having thus deprived the voter of the chance of "making a bit" out of his franchise rights, the politician recompensed him by diluting the privilege of voting—extending the franchise. Since then the electorate has got nothing out of politicians except pledges, which, as is becoming well-known, have never yet been accorded a quotation by the Stock Exchange Committee. And, as if this were not bad enough, we have witnessed the beginnings of a new move on the part of these politicians during the regime of the Labour Government. There is a doctrine being formulated for the "protection" of Members of Parliament, namely, the "vicious" principle of the giving of pledges; and quite serious attempts have been made to organise an inter-Party "no-promises" coalition. This would have been an impudent enough challenge to the electorate at any time in our history, but it is doubly impudent to-day when the ordinary citizen, in addition to doing candidates the honour of returning them to Parliament, has to pay them salaries into the bargain.

Now the activities of the Social Credit Movement can be directed to meet this situation. It is a disinterested body. It has no bias in favour of any

existing Party. It has no intention of becoming itself a Parliamentary Party; its work is definitely outside politics. Its objective, as already shown, is the objective of every private citizen in the country. For these reasons it can consistently ask for the confidence of electors in its bargaining tactics with the politicians. It could become, as it were, the plenipotentiary of a Society of Electors in any constituency. Let us visualise the possibilities of such an arrangement. Instead of a bewildered and politically ill-informed concourse of people being distracted by the addresses of rival manufacturers of political techniques, they would appoint a trained representative to inform these manufacturers in clear language that what they wanted were such and such economic results. Quite a small room would suffice. In it would be the (say) three candidates. These candidates would not address the President of the Society of Electors—he would address them. Let us imagine what he would say:—

Gentlemen.—You are here to-day to offer your services to my clients—the Society of Electors. They desire me to say that they are pleased to welcome you, and hope that whatever deal we come to will be mutually satisfactory. Now they have heard a good deal about nationalisation, deflation, inflation, stabilisation, free trade, protection, disarmament, and so on from you, but that is not what they desire to hear any longer. These things, really, are so many tools of your trade, and they do not feel competent to advise you on them, much as they appreciate the compliment involved in your offer to consult them.

Gentlemen, I have to say to you that what we want is "the goods." We are, moreover, unanimous on the question of what the goods shall be. I will tell you. Every one of our members, of whatever station in life, wants a higher personal income. At the same time each one of our members, of whatever station in life, wants to be able to buy consumable goods (in the widest sense) at lower prices. In short, my clients want to consume a much greater quantity of goods than they do at present. But, equally, my clients are prepared to co-operate in the production of those extra goods, if they are assured that they every one of them, will get a share of them. Next, they do not want any delay in commencing. They need the goods to-day. Some of our members are the owners of idle factories; others of them own nothing, but have plenty of spare time to devote to the making of the goods. All of them are only too anxious to get together and begin. In fact, to be frank, some of you gentlemen have caused a good deal of resentment among them by saying that they ought to produce more. They want to produce more. That is what they are waiting for.

These, then, are my clients' demands. They are prepared to vote for the candidate who gives the most precise undertaking to fulfil them. Taken en bloc, as we insist is necessary, they may appear to you to be inherently impossible of fulfilment. That is how they appeared to our members when they were first put forward by their Executive—the Social Credit Movement. But since then, they have appointed three committees—one of capitalists, one of wage-earners, and one of consumers. To these committees the members of the Executive have outlined a scheme by which the results we desire can be achieved. I do not say that the members as a whole understand the scheme; very few do. But they have accepted the assurance of the few that "there is something in it." This, for one very adequate reason, namely, because they all wish there to be "something in it." The explanation (no doubt surprising to you) is that the scheme does not ask any of them to make a sacrifice as a condition of its success.

Now, if you gentlemen are willing to investigate the scheme, and after so doing, find yourselves able to put it in the forefront of your programmes, you will get the votes of our members—divided according to their preferences between you on other grounds than this one. If any of you do not do so, you will lose votes to those who do. If none of you do so, you may all have to do without the votes at our command. I emphasise "may," because, in the event of all three of you not approving our scheme, we may still vote on alternative schemes of your own.

Now I must speak frankly again. Our members, from their past experience, have little faith in your schemes. When one of our most timid members hazarded the statement the other day that they were all "wash-outs," there was an outburst of approbation so vociferous as to send him to a sanatorium with all the symptoms of shell-shock.

I mention this, not out of any discourtesy, but to explain the conditions our members attach to voting upon alternative programmes of your own. They are going to show their faith in your schemes according as you show faith in them yourselves. In other words, to put the matter in commercial terms, whatever your schemes are, we ask you in respect of each: "What will it deliver, and when?" And to its sponsor we say: "Will you guarantee to resign your seat if your party comes into power and the goods do not appear by the time limit you give yourself?"

Take Unemployment. Whoever of you thinks he has the best remedy will bid us, shall we say, a 20 per cent. drop in six months; and will resign if events prove him to have calculated wrongly. The Cost of Living Index Figure. Who of you will offer us the lowest percentage in the shortest time, with the same penalty for default? Houses. How many, at what price, and when? This is drastic, we admit; but it is business, is it not? On the other hand, we do not interfere as a society with your "methods of production." You may like "private enterprise," or you may prefer "nationalisation," but it is your business to decide, not that of our members.

That is all, gentlemen. Our Executive will be in session all this week for consultations, and will sit, if necessary, to examine tenders on Monday next at 10 a.m. I have to thank you for your attendance.

The Times of last Friday publishes a long letter from Mr. P. D. Leake, of 25, Abchurch-lane, E.C.4, under the title "Confidence and Credit." Most of it is devoted to an explanation of how vital credit is to the community, what the banks' functions are in relation to it. Mr. Leake contrives to say quite a lot without saying anything much. A bank, he says, is "really a credit exchange, a collector and distributor of credit, or a banker may be described as a credit merchant—a man who deals in credit, which he buys and sells." And, again: "In normal times, banks, being trusted by every one, obtain full supplies of credit, for which they pay their customers in the form of interest or services." In the course of a long string of variants on this idea Mr. Leake's nearest approach to stating that banks create credit is when he says: "The most important service rendered by banks is, by their mechanism, to multiply and put to the best economic uses the money supply: . . ." His sudden and gratuitous change of the term "credit" to "money" in this particular sentence alone signifies a purpose; nevertheless, as if he were not entirely satisfied with this prudent device, he finishes his sentence thus:—"that is, the supply of credit, which they buy from some and sell to those others who, etc., etc." Now, what is the purpose of all this? It appears in the concluding paragraph:—

"For these reasons electors who are in doubt should not abstain from voting on the ground that they do not understand politics, and do not know for whom to vote. The vote of every doubting elector is needed to support credit . . . Credit requires, above all things, a strong and stable Government . . ."

There is a manifest non sequitur in this argument, for a clear majority (which one must presume is intended by the terms "strong" and "stable") does not depend upon the volume of the vote, but its allocation. Ten per cent. of the electorate could put in as stable a Government in this sense as one hundred per cent. The clue to this apparent logical lapse is in the thought which, without any doubt, underlies the argument. It is that since, as Mr. Leake points out in one place, the value of credit is "not inherent, but depends upon the upholding of the law, and the strict observance of contracts," British credit, in its international relationships (which is the aspect which always engages the chief consideration of the financier), depends upon the degree of certainty with which British Governmental undertakings in international affairs can be depended upon to survive risks of repudiation. These risks obviously rise and fall in magnitude with the numbers of an unpolled electorate. The presence of twenty-five "dark horses" in a total field of one hundred must have a marked effect on starting prices. And, under our present financial system, one might

paraphrase Mr. Leake and say: "A banker may be described as a bookmaker." Lest this seems to any reader to be making too much of the question of electoral apathy, we had better mention that in the same issue, The Times prints a letter from a Mr. John F. Knight, of 81 Tulse Hill, S.W., in which he expresses the view that the "Chancellor of the Exchequer should make the failure to vote an offence subject to fine." He believes that "people would then consider who were the best candidates," whereas, as things are, their neglect has the result that "many unworthy persons are elected whose tendency to graft adds to the difficulties of honest men." In the American phrase, we do not "get" Mr. Knight. He appears to hold that while electors who have always elected managed to elect grafters, electors who have got out of the habit of electing will elect honest men when they resume their old game! It is too thin. We had better rest on our own theory that what finance wants is a large vote, no matter for whom.

It is a striking thing that while in foreign affairs, which Labour knew least about, it has won a triumph, yet Labour has made a hash of what was peculiarly its own speciality—chiefly unemployment and housing. We have the Observer spending the whole of its first leading article in an appreciation of Mr. MacDonald as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary—an appreciation which would look well in the New Leader itself. Next door to it Mr. Garvin is gravely warning us of national suicide if Labour comes back with a majority, and urging his readers to fight Socialism "with every fibre of your being." Unionists by themselves, he says, cannot hope to win a majority of the people, but he looks forward in the hope of seeing the "two historic parties" who are "marching separately at this election" afterwards "fighting together for many memorable years." The truth is, as Lord Astor would privately agree, that Labour's foreign triumph and Labour's domestic defeat were both triumphs for finance. The Dawes Report and the Geneva Conference are, in their respective ways, re-establishing the gold standard and consolidating the gains of the New York and London "deflators," while the failure to employ the idle and house the homeless has averted the credit expansion which success would have involved. The Daily Herald quotes in bold type the following passage from the New York Herald: "While the MacDonald Government had a plain mandate for which it did, it also had the courage and conscience to live up to its professions of faith." It goes on to quote the New York Times to the same effect: "Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has secured a place in history; . . . noble contribution to the Dawes settlement . . . We conclude from these evidences that there is not one Labour Party, but a Lossiemouth Party and a Clyde-side Party. The Observer would be content without either, but in case the elector, being unable to differentiate, returns both, it thinks it no harm to keep a friendly hand open for Lossiemouth. Meanwhile, all sorts of political careerists with face-cream convictions, are in full cry for seats, and their carpet-bags are thudding down like cuckoos' eggs in the nest of the pioneer Socialists. In quite a short time there will be no room for Labour in the Labour Party. Fledglings will fall in the forest."

The Queensland Government has a problem in the over-production of pineapples. Returned soldiers in the Beerburum district produced a winter crop of 40,000 boxes of pineapples. But the State cannery has been able to take only 15,000 of them. The balance will probably rot. The trouble is aggravated owing to there being 50,000 boxes of pines held in the wholesale and retail stores, waiting for buyers. ("Times Trade Supplement," October 6, 1923.)

The Social Credit Movement.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

Recent Activities of the Movement.

Letters contributed by members of the S.C. Movement and others to the Press during August and September:—*Yorkshire Telegraph and Star*.—George E. Fell, September 4.

Glasgow Forward.—E. V. Chambers and "F. C.," August 22.

Saturday Review.—J. S. Kirkbride, July 19 and August 23.

Northern Whig and Belfast Post.—E. V. Chambers, August 7, 13, 18, 26, and 29; W. Fieldhouse, August 23 and 27; "Civis," August 13.

Irish Statesman.—T. Kennedy, September 13 and 27; Lionel Smith-Gordon, September 20.

The correspondence in the *Irish Statesman* arose out of a series of articles by Professor Busted advocating an Irish currency. Mr. Lionel Smith-Gordon is director of the National Land Bank.

At the Internationalen Geschichtskongress, Berlin, October 2 to 4, 1924, a paper by F. J. Gould was read, entitled, "The Ethical Aim of History Teaching," in which "The Douglas Theory of Social Credit" is explicitly referred to.

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Meetings recently addressed by members of the movement:—

The Executive Committee of the Sheffield Branch of the League of Nations Union.—September 3, A. L. Gibson.

Toc H. Meeting (Rotherham).—September 10, A. L. Gibson; October 8, R. G. S. Dalkin.

Sheffield Educational Settlement.—September 29 and October 6, Miss Chappell.

Portsmouth Ratepayers' Association.—September, C. R. Allen.

Portsmouth Building Trades Unions (two meetings held during September strike), C. R. Allen.

Theosophical Lecture Centre, 52 Lancaster Gate, W., October 6, J. E. Tuke.

Devonshire House.—Lunch hour addresses, October 13, Arthur Kitson.

Gleadless Co-operative Guild (Sheffield).—October 13 and 15, T. F. Oldale.

Copec Regional Conference.—October 15 to 17, A. L. Gibson (delegate).

Forthcoming Meetings.

Mexborough.—On October 21, Mr. A. L. Gibson will address the Rotary Club.

London Area Committee.—The next meeting will take place at 70 High Holborn, W.C.1, on Thursday, October 30, at 7 p.m. All people interested in the movement invited. The conveners will assemble in Slaters', 55 High Holborn, W.C.1 (far end of room), as usual, and will be glad to have the company of as many friends as care to turn up there for a meal.

* * *

The Liverpool Group are conducting a series of open-air meetings during the election season at Grant Avenue, Smithdown-road. Speakers: E. J. Pankhurst, H. Drummond, and F. H. Auger. All sympathisers are requested to assist. Particulars of coming meetings from local secretary. The meetings are non-party and are only concerned with Social Credit principles in connection with current disturbance.

* * *

Future meetings of the Hampstead Group will take place on the first Thursday in each month. Will everyone take a note of this arrangement and keep those dates open? Announcements will appear, with more particulars, from time to time.

* * *

Postponement of Swanwick Conference.
The Finance Conference, which was to take place at The Hayes, Swanwick, October 24-27, has been postponed owing to the General Election. It will now take place the week-end November 7-10.

* * *

New Pamphlet.
The reprint of last week's article, "Through Consumption to Prosperity," will be off the press by to-day. The published price is 2d. (Postage 1d.) The quantity rates are—10 for 1s. 6d.; 50 for 6s. 9d.; 100 for 11s. 3d.; 500 for 50s.—added to the original article, and more press extracts inserted, making the pamphlet up to 16 pages. A first edition of 5,000 has been ordered, as several earlier cheap pamphlets are nearly out of stock, and will not be reprinted, the new one serving the purpose better.

The Election.

By C. H. Douglas.

The Right Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., P.C., P.M.,
10 Downing-street, S.W.1.

Sir,—In speaking at Blaenavon on November 22, 1923, you said, in connection with the Labour Party's proposal for a Capital Levy:

"If 3,000 millions were taken by the State from accumulated wealth (sic) and used by the State to pay off its debt, that money would go back into the pockets of the people who now hold the debt. The moment their scrip is redeemed by cheque or by pounds, shillings, and pence, the money which finds its way into the pockets of the State's creditors is immediately reinvested through the banks into industry, and that new investment goes into industry at 20s. in the pound, and not at 17s.—"Times" Report.

I notice that you now support a loan to Russia in the following terms:

"Supposing the first instalment of the loan was ten million pounds, that ten millions would become a credit for Russian orders in Great Britain, and would not leave this country at all.

"I want capital for British industries. I want credit for our industries, but what is the use of putting capital into British industries or making credit available for British industries unless you have markets for British goods? And this proposal for a Russian loan is, therefore, a proposal to increase available credits for British industries and open the door for the industries stimulated by that credit by opening the Russian markets for our goods."—"Times" Report, October 14, 1924.

As an elector I should be glad to know:

(a) What was the point in taxing the British public to the extent of three thousand millions to be "immediately reinvested through the banks into industry," if you had no idea as to where the results of this industry were to go?

(b) If the loan to Russia would never leave this country and would merely enable the Russians to buy goods in this country, why do you not support a loan to the people of Russia, this country in preference to the loan to the people of Russia, which would enable the people of this country to buy the goods that they want, and would, incidentally, provide the employment necessary to produce the goods?—I am, Yours faithfully,

C. H. DOUGLAS.

October 14, 1924.

Within a week of the appearance of this article, the country will again be engaged in electing a Government. It has been suggested to me that an opinion, which is, of course, only a personal opinion, on the issues involved, and the most helpful attitude of the Social Credit Movement towards them, might be serviceable.

It is commonly observed that enthusiastic individuals, lacking a clear lead, either from their own reason, or from some source in which they have faith, are apt to say, "Well, at any rate, let us do something." This is undoubtedly a wrong view. The correct proposition is: "If I do not know what to do, or conversely, cannot do what I know to be the right thing, I will do nothing."

Now, I have very little doubt that the common tendency to do anything rather than nothing, is skillfully exploited in politics. The *Daily Mail* is engaged in exhorting us with the words, "You must vote this time." There is very little doubt that there is an issue of some importance involved in the exhortation; an issue which gives the members of the Social Credit Movement an effective opportunity of making their weight felt.

There are a few Members of Parliament who are prepared:

1. To put social credit principles first in their programme.
 2. To oppose the Gold Standard.
 3. To attack the banking monopoly of credit.
- Any candidate who will place any, or all, of these three principles at the head of his programme should be supported quite irrespective of ordinary Party affiliations. The unimportance of Party names probably hardly requires emphasis. But with the above

exceptions, who will probably not exceed fifteen or twenty in number, *the most valuable thing which can be done at this election is to induce as many electors as possible not to vote at all, and so far as possible to decrease the vote for everybody equally.*

There is probably nothing which would produce a more striking result at this time than a poll for every Party of, say, 10 per cent. or less, of the possible voting strength. Party politics has now become one of the most unrepresentative institutions of the modern world. Its programmes are constructed by wire pulling, and censored by finance and big business, and the smaller the vote, the more obvious will this become. An instance from every Party may serve to emphasise their common master:

The Conservative Party has issued a poster reading as follows:

"Russians owe us £722,500,000, that is £17 per head of our population, now they ask for more. Answer by voting Unionist."

The implication of this is that £17 per head, that is to say about £75 per family, is due from Russia. It would be interesting to know how much of this £75 per family would ever reach 98 per cent. of the families in question, if the Russian loans were ever repaid.

The Liberal Party, as voiced by Mr. Lloyd George, proposes to acquire coal royalties, and then tax the sum paid for them, to the extent of perhaps 20 per cent., to provide, so it says, better mining villages. The net royalties received on coal by the owners of the royalties amount to somewhere between 3d. and 4d. per ton. By placing the responsibility for the shocking state of the coal industry on the royalty owner, who has nothing whatever to do with it, the miners and the coal companies are enlisted on the side of a further policy of depredation.

I have no personal interest, either for or against Dukes, but I was very much interested to notice the attack made at the Trades Union Congress by one delegate who said, "The sort of people who make us see red are the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Northumberland," and he proceeded to quote the incomes of these and similar gentlemen. There was no mention in these, or any other proceedings, and there never is any mention in these attacks on the very rich, of such individuals as Lord Inchcape, Lord Bearstead, Sir Basil Zaharoff, Lord Rothschild, and others, whose incomes are probably three times that of all the Dukes in Christendom, or out of it, and who have, excepting the Rothschilds, obtained these enormous incomes in one generation by methods far more injurious to the general population than could ever be alleged against any large land owner, with the possible exception of the Duke of Northumberland, who, I believe, has important banking affiliations. It is very difficult to point to any of the methods by which the large estates in question are administered which could be improved by any change of ownership, and it is perfectly certain that (under the present financial system) the rents of these estates are far lower than they would be if they were run by any other form of ownership.

The only clear principle which stands out in the Labour programme is that of nationalisation. It is fairly common knowledge that the proposal to nationalise the coal mines and railway systems of Great Britain received very strong support from Wall Street in 1919 and 1920, it being felt in the United States that it would be a good thing to have tangible assets behind the British Debt to America. For this and many other reasons I do not, myself, believe that nationalisation in any form which has been proposed by the Labour Party would be at all likely to frighten the international money trust; it is perfectly certain that it would not give the individual either appreciably greater purchasing power or any

more control over his destiny, although it might conceivably give him a slave-like security of tenure. There are quite a number of nationalised and semi-nationalised industries in this country, run, I believe, with as much human ability as is possible under the circumstances, of which the Post Office is an outstanding example. The Post Office is a mass of intrigue, wire-pulling, and inefficiency, and its output in the form of telephone, telegraph, and postal services is both dearer and less efficient than is the case with similar services privately administered elsewhere.

To sum up the matter, so far as my opinion goes, the great mass of people in this country in every Party are superior both to the programmes which are fathered on them and the leaders who are alleged to represent them. The only hope of making the political machine more effective for the purposes of a saner, brighter, and happier world is to refuse to operate it at the bidding of those who would reduce it to a machine for endorsing alternative methods of achieving a policy of individual enslavement.

Each section of society is attacked in turn as one or the other party comes to the top; and the only permanent gainer from these attacks is the money-lending fraternity, in every party, but of no party. In the days when the Casino at Monte Carlo was owned by M. Blanc (it is now owned by Sir Basil Zaharoff) there was an epigram which ran: "Quelquefois Rouge gagne, et encore Noir; mais Blanc gagnait toujours."

Therefore, my general advice on this election is to refuse to vote on any extant Party Programme—there are too many zeros on the table. Within a very short space of time there will be only one issue—that of the beneficial ownership of Public Credit—and if the ballot-box method of deciding great issues still holds good, I do not think my advice will then be necessary.

The Spiritual Basis of Fascism.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

(Editor of the authorised English Edition of Nietzsche's Work.)

"Il n'y a de supportables que les choses extrêmes."

—Robert de Montesquiou.

Dyspeptic critics of this apocalyptic age have often declared it to be grossly materialistic. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. There never was an age more agitated by ideas, theories, opinions, principles, than our own. All the great forces, which have clashed upon each other in the last ten years have had as driving force behind them a moral principle. This moral principle may have used immoral means—what principle is not forced to do that?—but there is no doubt that the principle was there, and that it was for principles that people fought each other.

It is not true that this driving force behind Germany was absent, that Germany was grossly materialistic, that she indulged in an unashamed "Will to Power." Whoever knows anything of the character of the Germans, the most theoretical people of Europe, knows that this could not have been so. Behind Ludendorff (whom we may take as representative of this old and disappearing Germany) there are standing two mighty spiritual forces, those springing from Luther and Hegel. Forces, by the way, which have not influenced Germany alone.

Two other representative men have appeared (and disappeared) in the last ten years: Lenin and Wilson. Behind Wilson there was a tremendous spiritual force: that arising from Christian Sectarianism. This Sectarianism was a consequence of the teaching of Calvin and Rousseau, which latter, as is well known, inspired the

declaration of the Rights of Men both in 1776 (America) and in 1789 (France). Behind Lenin there stands the spiritual force of German philosophy, above all, and again, the mighty shade of Hegel, who has had a logical disciple in the Jewish thinker Karl Marx. Hegel, a dignified professor of Berlin University, would, of course, have denied Karl Marx, but this does not prove that the latter has entirely misinterpreted him. He only pushed the timid professor's principles to their proper conclusions, and thus produced the "fruits" by which, according to the Gospel, "ye should know them."

The fruits of all these systems have indeed been terribly bitter. Wilson has disappeared after committing treachery to his ideas; Lenin has put them into practice with what end we all know; while Ludendorff's fate is perhaps the worst: he is condemned to howl his dead "ideals" through and amidst the ruins of Germany.

It is a sad tale.

Or better: it was a sad tale till 1922.

In 1922 there took place an event of the greatest importance. An event of such importance that the world has not even commenced to comprehend it.

The event was this, that the World Revolution—started by Germany, continued by Russia, imported into all other countries—was bridled by an efficient Counter-Movement in Italy. This movement has become known by the name of "Il Fascismo."

"Il Fascismo" is not a counter-revolutionary movement, such as set in in 1815 after the disappearance of Napoleon. It is not a reaction of the "Whites" against the "Reds." It is not a Restoration (such as was the Holy Alliance), but likewise an "unholy" revolution. It is a revolution of the first order.

And as such it has and must have a spiritual force behind it. This spiritual force, however, labours under one great disadvantage; it is yet unknown to the general public. It even seems entirely lacking to all those who owe their training to the Nineteenth Century. Hence, Fascism is vastly misunderstood. People only see its outward gestures and condemn it; they do not see the spirit, which animates these gestures.

Fascism, as we all know, has found an interpreter of genius in Benito Mussolini. It is not too much to say that all those who have an ear for "new tunes" have been struck to the quick by the speeches of this man. There was in them what was wanting in all other messages from high quarters: sobriety, lucidity, nobility, sincerity. Yet these speeches have been most atrociously misunderstood. And still worse was the fate of Mussolini's writings, such as his pungent remarks about his famous countryman, Machiavelli. Their reception by a thoroughly senile public all over Europe has been simply deplorable. All the high-brows of the Press, pulpit, Parliament, and pacifism were down upon this one man.

When I was, a few weeks ago, received in audience by Signor Mussolini, he candidly told me: "I shall write no more. They are too stupid! They do not understand a word."

"But they ought to be made to understand, your Excellency," I objected. "At least, one should try to enlighten them." Mussolini only shrugged his shoulders.

But I myself am still of the opinion that people ought to be made to understand. It is important for them to do so. It is likewise important for present-day Italy not to be misunderstood. I shall, therefore, try to explain that Fascism is not a "brutalitarian," not even a utilitarian creed, but one inspired by a very high ideal—an ideal which only labours under this one disadvantage that it is a New Ideal.

I am aware, though, that the rank and file of "Fascismo" is not quite clear about the nature and the origin of this Ideal. I have read, for instance, in Fascist papers that their inspiration is drawn from

Hobbes and Le Maistre. I beg to doubt that. But it does not matter very much what the soldiers of this movement think. "Fascismo" is, more than any other movement, a "one man's show"—that of Signor Benito Mussolini.

This man is, of course, considered by public opinion as an adventurer. And so he is—and so was Disraeli. Mussolini is even more of an adventurer than Disraeli, for the latter never won his high position by armed force. But there is a striking similarity between Disraeli and Mussolini—they both were, before they became adventurers in the realms of this earth, likewise adventurers in the realms of the spirit. And as an adventurer in the realm of the spirit Mussolini came across his spiritual Master, a master from whom he derived ample profit.

"In the letter which you wrote me you alluded to the Nietzschean colour of my speeches and writings," said Mussolini to me during my audience. "You are quite right in assuming that I have been influenced by him. Fifteen years ago, when I was quite a young man, and was expelled from one Swiss Canton to the other, I came across his books. I read them all without exception. They made the deepest impression upon me. They cured me of my Socialism. They opened my eyes about the cant of Statesmen such as 'The Consent of the Governed,' and about the inner value of such things as 'Parliament' and 'Universal Suffrage.' I was also deeply impressed by Nietzsche's wonderful precept, 'Live dangerously.' I have lived up to that, I think."

Mussolini smiled. Coming out of his serious, hard-featured face, it was a very extraordinary smile. Thus the sun comes out behind heavy clouds, and by this contrast doubly cheers the observer.

"I wish, your Excellency, people could hear and know what you say. Unfortunately, there is no witness to our conversation. Contrary to the custom of all other Ministers and Presidents of this world, you have sent even your secretary away."

Mussolini shrugged again his shoulders, as if to say: "Well, I am apparently not such a cautious gentleman as my colleagues."

"Yet, they ought to hear your words," I again insisted. "Outside Italy, I am pretty sure of this, Fascismo is entirely misunderstood. People do not even suspect the novelty of this movement. They compare it even to the Ku Klux Klan in North America. And even the German reactionaries claim you as a kinsman."

"I know, I know—that Hitler, Wulle and Ludendorff crew. One of them, I forget who, has even been here and has asked me to receive him. I refused, of course, to have anything to do with them. Is it possible to be misunderstood like that?"

"Everything is possible now," I murmured to myself, when I stepped out of the stately Palazzo Chigi into the noisy Piazzas Colonna. Why should not everything be possible? People never had much time to think, and now they have less than ever. Yet, at no time was it more necessary to think than now, and to recognise this great fact that behind all modern political movements there are spiritual forces. If we do not know these forces, we are bound to mistake "Il Fascismo" for the Ku Klux Klan.

What an age! What an age that does not yet know that in the midst of its darkness there is a ray of light; that amongst the scrap-heap of its ideals there are blossoming new values; that amongst the incompetence of its statesmen there has sprung up a man of genius!

When the war was just ended, my friend, George Brandes, of Copenhagen, wrote me a letter in which he said: "Now revolution will break out everywhere, and first of all in Italy, where it will start in Milan!" The sage of the North was, as usual, right in his prophecy: Revolution did break out in Italy, and

first in Milan. But for once this revolution found a man who managed, not to suppress, but to direct it. This man was once upon a time an ardent Socialist himself, a man who in the sweat of his brow had to find the way out of the Labyrinth of Socialism. A man who first had to win a victory over his most cherished principles, until he could win the victory over his own misguided brethren. Only a Saulus could ever become a Paulus, and only a converted Socialist the first Nietzschean statesman.

The task in front of him is still formidable. Nearly all the parties of Italy and all the Cabinets of Europe are united against this one man. He has—perhaps—only a few friends, and friends who do not understand him too well. As to his enemies: they are everywhere. Democracy is the toughest of all "die-hards," for it has nearly become a faith during the nineteenth century. Amongst his principal Italian enemies there is that crowd of superfluous officials which is the cancer of all democracy and which Mussolini's knife has removed more thoroughly than that of any other statesman. And even his own party gives him trouble, as the latest events have shown.

But the greatest trouble is the world's blindness towards the spiritual force behind Fascismo. People do not see that it is a revolutionary movement of the first class, a movement vastly more revolutionary than Bolshevism. People do not understand that Fascismo is based upon ideas, just as Bolshevism is based upon ideas. And they further do not understand that ideas can only be fought by ideas, and that consequently the only antidote against Bolshevism is Fascism.

But Fascism is not only an antidote, but likewise a remedy against Bolshevism. For Bolshevism is not so much a revolutionary as it is a reactionary creed. Bolshevism wishes to put the clock back to the old principles of the French Revolution: it even stands up most shamelessly for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. These ideas, however, have decayed, nay, have become idols which are as good as dead: it is for the new Fascistic movement to bury them altogether and to enthrone in their place other ideals and living aspirations for the guidance and progress of mankind.

Let us learn from Italy and Mussolini!

New Verse.*

Croce in his studies of European Literature in the nineteenth century uses the term "prosaic poetry" for the mass of humorous gnomic, or merely pedestrian verse which abounds in all countries, and which can have its own merits, and serve its own very useful purposes, but is, nevertheless, not poetry, even if raised to the *n*th degree. For, as a writer on "Poetry and Music" in the excellent October issue of "Humberside," quotes "The end of art, whose essence is restraint, is not to make us grieve, or love, or hate, or flush with anger, or grow pale with rage. It is to stir us with the sense of an imperishable beauty." The definition is well enough, at any rate (leaving aside for the nonce any inquiry into the terms "restraint" and "beauty"); and excludes the three volumes on my list. They all fall into the category of "prosaic poetry," although "Plain Blooms" are occasionally interspersed with a rarer flower. Both Messrs. Crayne and Rich have contributed to THE NEW AGE.

"From a Teacher's Desk" is a sequence of seventeen workmenlike sonnets. Miss La Chard, who sup-

*"Humberside" (Hull Literary Club Magazine). October.

(Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes, Manchester. 1s. net.)

"Plain Blooms," by W. E. Walker. (The Author, 85, Severn-street, Hull. 2s. 6d.)

"From a Teacher's Desk," by S. M. Rich. (Chelsea Publishing Company.)

"Love Poems," by Thurce Crayne. (Stockwell. 3s. 6d.)

plies a short foreword, says that she welcomes in the author "a true poet who voices with sincerity the thoughts and feelings of a great band of men and women working in our crowded town schools of to-day. Elementary teachers have hitherto had no singer of their own, no poet has concerned himself with the urgent problems of their craft, or woven the life of class-room, time-table, and attendance register into a pattern of fair and wise and moving words." Mr. Rich does not supply the deficiency. He has no little imaginative insight into, and first-hand knowledge of, the subtle and intricate difficulties in question; and cozens the intractable materials mentioned fairly well into sonnet form. But he is not, however infinitesimally, a poet, and his manipulation of words even to such ends as he sets himself leaves a great deal to be desired:—

I labour on: yet little can I show,
As year by year my transient charges grow
And vanish! My powers I seem to spend
Like to a squirrel in a circling wheel
Whose futile tread but keeps his place the same.

Expedients such as that use of "like" and ineffectual circumlocutions as in the last line quoted weaken all these sonnets. Sonnets on such subjects are well worth writing. Mr. Rich's heart and head are both in the right place; but he never accumulates a sufficient "head" of feeling, and slovenly clichés, and a démodé method generally, dissipate a slender talent which, artistically husbanded, might have enabled him to serve his purpose well enough within such modest limits.

Thurce Crayne suffers from attempting nothing that has not been done immortally well already in practically the same form. These "Love Poems" are like faded photographs of old friends of whom we have very vivid recollections—such friends as the Greek Anthology, Heine, and Housman. They have all the effect of poor imitations, plus the air of insincerity that accompanies too obvious exercises in certain established conventions. The author has technical resources which should be more worthily employed. He might then exercise some of the power of his poor suitor, who cannot give clothes of gold and silver:—

But I can rise and fashion
One small song in your ears
To make your heart go hungry
For a million years.

At present he spends himself in contriving "conceits," and his taste is so uncertain that he generally overdoes them. Writers capable of overdoing "conceits" should never attempt them. There are "degraded" echoes, too, of De la Mare and Edith Sitwell:—

Wasn't the sun like a gong of brass
Hard and dumb in the hot June sky?

If he can acquire the power of recognising his own real emotions and the power of expressing them simply, while rigorously eliminating every recognisable echo from his work, he should produce a few sets of verses superficially similar to these—as good coin to counterfeit.

"Plain Blooms" suffers from the opposite cause—a lack of literary sophistication. Given a little more dexterity in the use of words and metrical forms, Mr. Walker might overcome the effect of brain-lock. He has not learned to express himself; but there is obviously a good deal in him if he could only be canalised. Passages such as:—

Pride senseth death: her blue and gold antique
Turns drabbing as the rumour sougheth by.
The bay of beasts is heard from out the sky,
And breath of serpents makes old concourse bleak,

or

The Prince of Love intents a bower
Light fashioned in the cross-beamed hour,
Shall we sweet the Noble with fresh flower?

OR

The tortuous shapes of a serpent brood
Made hood of the soother sea

show what he is capable of on the very rare occasions when his brain is transiently and partially translucent to the light that it generally conceals as under a bushel.

"Humberside" contains several articles dealing with poetry. Dudley Harbron's "The Poetry of the Sitwells" gives the "facts" in a handy and straightforward way, and has a bibliography affixed to it. H. Ernest Nichol writes suggestively if not profoundly on "The Relations Between Poetry and Music," and J. L. Calvard has a useful paper on "The Victorian Lyric." The poems scattered through the issue are little, if any, better than the ordinary commercial magazine currency.

H. MCD.

Music.

The concerts are flooding in earnest, but the pianists have been the only people worth hearing hitherto. I am not one of those who subscribe to the current critical cant about Mr. Mark Hambourg. It is probably true that on occasion Mr. Hambourg plays very badly and carelessly, but there are always in his recitals pieces of playing and interpretation that are those of a really great pianist, and it is hardly conceivable that such an austere artist as the mighty Busoni would have dedicated one of his works to someone artistically negligible. And in these days when vampirism in its most dangerous, subtle, and insidious form is horribly prevalent, that is, parasitism upon the spirits, health, and vitality of others, it is good to find one who pours out vitality in great, generous floods, like Mr. Hambourg, and his excess of exuberance is in some ways a quality rather than a defect, although one may regret the lack of control which often allows it, with his prodigious technique, to carry him to extravagance. At the worst, a Hambourg recital is never dull but stimulating and thought-provoking to a degree. Particularly superb was Mr. Hambourg's playing of the B minor scherzo of Chopin—its sobriquet, "Le Banquet Infernal," was marvelously appropriate on this occasion—a splendid piece of devilment. Two pieces of Couperin and Scarlatti were played with delicacy and crispness worthy of a great harpsichord player. The "Danse de la Meunière" of De Falla was done with fine verve and fire. Mr. Hambourg is in peculiar sympathy with De Falla's work, which he makes sound much better music than it really is, and far better than anyone else.

Mr. John McCormack has undergone immense changes in his years of absence, and not all for the better. While he now sings good music—a thing he hardly ever did in the past—his tone has deteriorated into the throatiness of the German tenor. Whereas at one time his head resonance tended towards or, rather, actually sometimes became nasality, now head resonance seems gone, and he hits unpleasantly at high notes and gobbles his tone. The mania for quantity has got him badly, with the result that the marvellous fine silkiness, for which his tone production was so remarkable, has entirely gone, to be replaced by a rather disagreeable quality, much like that of a German tenor when trying to sing lyrically. His style is monotonous, grey, and dreary, and, like Gerhardt, he makes everything sound alike. But

one was grateful to hear some Händel arias, with their long stretches of florid vocal counterpoint sung unbroken. Mr. McCormack is one of the very few living singers who can attack this music with any success.

It is a pity that one has never had a chance of hearing the Bax Symphonic Variations played by a master. At present the work appears to be the monopoly of Miss Harriet Cohen, who is a Young Person who plays the Piano and produces on occasion pleasant trickling noises; but piano-playing does not begin and end with the production of pleasant trickling noises. Even, however, with this handicap, the work is an attractive one in spite of its occasional perilous approach to banality of theme and the fact that it is saturated with Wagnerian influence from beginning to end. It remains the only possible work for piano and orchestra by any modern Briton, and its treatment of the piano is so incomparably superior to that of anyone else in this country that it stands out head and shoulders.

Signor Solito de Sotis a few evenings ago played the Sgambati Concerto with exquisite grace, polish, distinction, and verve. This brilliant young artist develops perceptibly. His playing is growing in force and fire, two qualities which he has hitherto rather lacked, without any loss of his other splendid characteristics. The orchestral accompaniment was deplorable, utterly lacking in flexibility, sensitiveness, or even accurate synchronisation with the soloist, who on more than one occasion, had an anxious moment to hold the thing together, and it was only his magnificent verve and sparkling vivacity that kept the work from collapsing into flabby invertebracy. It is a very delightful specimen of the Concerto form, and its neglect is incomprehensible in one sense, but quite comprehensible in another—incomprehensible in that such a splendid opportunity for the exhibition of widely-varied pianistic styles as it gives should be overlooked by pianists, and comprehensible in that neglect is the normal lot of really good works.

So far the event has been the visit of Rachmaninoff. Now that Busoni is no more (one can never utter *that* supreme name without emotion) there is no greater pianist. He has, too, certain qualities that remind one strongly of Busoni. To a stupendous technique is added a musical intellect of magnificent power, and that quality of haughty imperious mastery that is the mark of only the very highest. It is piano playing of the grand manner, which gets less and less as time goes on, with its serene dignity and great but quiet-voiced emotional power. M. Rachmaninoff's Chopin playing is neither equalled nor approached by that of any other living pianist, unless it be Lamond's, which, of course, is immensely different—it is pure and clean of all weak sentiment, filtered of the dirty muddy dregs of emotional slush that are industriously stirred up in it by so many others, and yet full of fine imaginativeness and poetry. With an artist of such rank giving them playing of the rarest and highest quality, it was horrible to feel the immense audience attracted by and waiting for one thing only, and so ignorant that they broke in with barbarian applause in the middle of a movement. After this feast they could and did clamour for their vomit, and he gave it them with an air of infinite weariness and disgust. Probably the thing itself is not so utterly intrinsically bad, but a thing, no matter how good, cannot be mauled about by the dirty, clumsy paws of the herd without getting finally repulsive and loathsome. There is little doubt that it has become so for its unfortunate composer, who, I have heard it said, curses the hour he wrote it, more especially knowing the quantity of fine music he has written, and which has been blighted by that accursed

shadow. On Saturday, 11th, with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, he played his own immense third Concerto, a work far and away superior to the naturally infinitely more popular Second. It was playing which can only be described as magnificent, one of those few performances so complete, so consummate, that it is the hardest thing in the world to talk about them afterwards.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Questions to Candidates.

Sir,—I suggest that any of the following questions might well be asked at meetings showing up the inadequacy of the programmes of all the political parties:—

- 1.—In what way does your party's programme reduce the cost of living while not reducing incomes?
- 2.—Why have real wages steadily declined throughout the last twenty years, irrespective of the Governments which have been in office during that time?
- 3.—In the interest of national unity have you a plan for increasing the prosperity of the community as a whole without compelling some section of it to provide the money?

E. F.

Another—What is "Credit"?

Sir,—I do not propose to follow on the lines of your recent interesting discussion of this matter, but it may assist other Social Credit workers if I state what my experience shows to be the commonest stumbling-block. It is this: that practically every person regards the word "credit" as if it invariably referred to money borrowed by the recipient. And this notwithstanding their (properly) treating as income or revenue (and not as a loan) every cheque sent to them. To start minds thinking clearly, I generally point out that, from the point of view of its holder, there is a marked difference between a 6d. owned by the holder and a borrowed 6d. This is a useful mental "jog."

ERNEST A. DOWSON.

"Through Consumption to Prosperity."

Sir,—I shall be much obliged if you deal with the following difficulty suggested by last week's exposition of the Douglas Scheme.

The whole is based on the supposition that there is a general, if not universal, desire for "abolishing want," if only some way could be found how to bring about this desired effect. Now, so far as I can judge, this supposition is an extremely doubtful one. There are at least some who consider the abolition of destitution as highly undesirable, whether from eugenic considerations or else from some vague feeling that the universe is hostile to mankind, and must be propitiated by victims in appreciable numbers. I have an impression that this superstition is very common, though it is a kind of repressed or semi-repressed complex.

What reason is there for thinking that this impression is erroneous? If it is not, then the Douglas Scheme, however sound it may be, will be rejected because its intended effect is considered undesirable, the rejection being, of course, "rationalised" by economic allegations, the force of which can be dispelled only by unveiling their hidden roots in the subconscious superstition.

O. E. Post.

"The abolition of want" was mentioned as one of the implications of the scheme, and not as the basis of it. Its objective is to help industry and society out of their present manifest danger. The "abolition of want" happens to be an essential means to that end in Douglas's Scheme. If the scheme is rejected because of that fact, have the objectors an alternative? They do not agree with the Douglas Proposals? Very good. What are their proposals? Events will not wait on complexes; they must be met by some action. The situation demands plans, not prejudices. Otherwise—disruption.—Ed.]

Pastiche.

TURF ELECTIONEERING.

By G. E. Fussell.

The crowd was dense, and I was attracted as one is towards a crowd. I was surprised to find that both the men who were the centre of attraction were smoking cigarettes in long tubes and were dressed in a shabbily smart style.

"I just want to speak to you for about five minutes," said one. "I won't keep you longer."

I was so interested in the spectacle of a collection of silver coins lying on a sheet of newspaper spread on the ground that I lost the next few sentences. But I was recalled to the business in hand by the next remark I heard.

"You'll find my advertisement in all the sporting papers. My name is Dan Smith. I go racing every day. I know a horse that's been trained outside Newmarket. I've lived in Newmarket for fifteen years. I know things wot you people backing 'orses in the dark can't 'ope to know. I can go to a trainer and ast 'im a civil question. I can lie in bed in the morning and see the 'orses training. I don't want you to believe me. I'll tell you what I'll do.

"'Ere, Sam! One, two, three, four, five, six," counting out Treasury notes, "seven, eight, nine, and," one he held in his hand, "one makes the ten. Ten pounds I am willing to put on my 'orse. I don't do this to show you I've got ten pounds. I made three 'undred at the National.

"To-morrow is the Two Thousand Guineas. I know a 'orse wot 'as been trained outside Newmarket. It is no good you're trying to spot 'im. There are seven or eight 'orses wot 'ave bin trained outside Newmarket. But I'll tell wot I'll do. I'll give you this 'orse's name. It's bound to win. It will win. It 'as bin tried against"—and then he gave the names of some horses with which I was unfamiliar. "You can double this with another 'orse I'll give you; and if you like I'll give you a treble. Fifteen years I've made my living at racing. Sometimes I backs a loser, but I makes my living at the game. I'm not asking a fortune for this tip. One shilling is all I ast.

"If the 'orse don't win, write to me. This is my programme wot I gives away on the course. If there was any racing to-day I should not be 'ere. I goes racing every day of my life. Now, I'm not asting a fortune for this tip. If you don't win write to me. I'll send you a free wire for three days.

"Sam Slim, my friend 'ere, is a witness to the bargain. If you wins you'll be so satisfied with the bargain that all you'll do 'ull be to send to me for more tips. I'm the man wot knows. Now then, gents, only a bob. Oo'll make some money for a bob? . . . Oright, if you don't want to buy don't go away. You've listened to me patient for so long. . . ."

I had been patient, but just then I caught sight of a friend on the other edge of the crowd, so I disregarded the injunction of the man who had lived at Newmarket for fifteen years and saved my shilling by leaving him.

"ASKING FOR TROUBLE."

By Old and Crusted.

Alle tho that liste of women evil to speke,
And sayn of hem worse than they deserve,
I preye ti God that hir nekkes to-breke,
Or on some evil dethe mote tho janglers sterve.

Which is a very loyal wholesome sentiment take it by and large and good Master Chaucer, to whom the poem "A Praise of Women" is "attributed," is heartily to be congratulated. I like the reservation in the second line though. Cynics might murmur "impossible," but I should be sorry for the poor "jangler's nekke" if he gave vent to such a comment to-day. He would "sterve" sure enough.

The interpretation of this outburst being, that for the greater part of this year, mis-called the summer months, I have been the only male amongst a bevy of fair women, most of them young and all charming. Twenty years ago, or less, one might have haved about being smothered in petticoats, but those were the dear delightful days of the old "frou-frou tempestuous" variety which left more to the imagination than the skimpy clingy up-to-date wisps, which merely serve as an excuse for displaying the wearer's excellent taste in silk stockings. However, having emerged alive, but somewhat shaken from this heady feminine atmosphere, I am rapidly recovering tone in a cooler, more bracing celibate air. Now as to the impressions gathered from so unique an experience.

Even the most ardent woman-worshipper will admit that it is a bit of an ordeal for one poor lone man to sit down to dinner night after night with anything from three to seven sets of arms and necks, not to mention backs, twinkling round the table. One feels so horribly out of it, and the conversation tends to drift on to mysterious subjects which the more intimate details make a shy and reticent man (c'est moi ça) feel inclined to get up and leave the room. This used to be a house of males before it developed into a temporary zenana, and in the more embarrassing moments I longed for the presence of one or two ruddy, bronzed faces shining behind tankards to support me in the unequal combat with so much wit and beauty—Boys have their advantages sometimes. As for sitting alone after

dinner, a lonely and dejected bottle-stopper—well, the situation is frankly impossible, and so another of life's consolations is sacrificed at the shrine of Venus. Now although I agree with old Geoffrey that,

In women is al trowth and stedfastnesse,
and also

... what gentillesse these women have,
If we coude know it for our rudenesse!
How busie they be us to keepe and save,
Both in hele, and also in sikenesse!

I am nevertheless inclined to perpend, as the result of recent observations, that they have a few little things to learn before they are fully qualified to take over complete control of public affairs in addition to those of their own households. First of all they must learn that success in the art of governing depends on attention to what are apparently minor details. Wars and revolutions will look after themselves, but in peace time the machinery requires constant and careful lubrication. For example, they must acquire the art of dining, and ordering a dinner (one I know, does it to perfection) that will not make an ancient epicure ill for a week. Inter alia, it is well to bear in mind that homemade lemonade, very sweet, does not agree with salmon and cucumber—that wines have other attributes besides the price and the shape of the bottle—that the grocer is not an efficient substitute for a reliable vintner—that there are other liqueurs than crème de menthe—and that black coffee is better served hot than tepid. Also it is advisable to bear in mind that an "old and crusted" port should be decanted at the bin and not present the appearance of having been mixed up with a swizzle-stick. (Oh, I know these are all trifles, but their due observance may make all the difference between success and failure when Delia is entertaining foreign guests at Chequers.)

Then there is the all-important question of foreign languages. Every woman should learn French; not merely because it is the language of diplomacy, but for the more excellent reason that there are so many things one wishes to say, and women are eager to hear, which sound crude in English, but are quite inoffensive, not to say alluring, when spoken in the Gallic tongue.

Finally, don't overdo IT. It spoils the complexion, and does not taste nice. I am often thankful that my more susceptible years were lived in the days when the jam of a chaste salute was not smothered in so much powder.

No flowers, by request.

CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS.

By "Old and Crusted."

Are you for a free world, or for a world placed under authority?

These mixed and party systems, by which you set so much store, are mere half-way huts in which the race sojourns for a day, and then burns behind it.
("A Politician in Trouble About His Soul." Auberon Herbert.)

York: God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

It does, it does; even as it did in the days of Edmund of Langley Duke of York; honest but uncomfortable uncle of the luckless King Richard; what a mess we are in to be sure! Nobody seems to know what to do, barring a few scattered disciples of Douglas, who may yet save the cities of the plain in spite of the politicians. As for the three parties, they are about as happy as the combatants in Mr. Midshipman Easy's triangular duel, which ludicrous performance they are about to emulate, to the infinite amusement of the high gods, who must rock with laughter on their Olympian seats, as they behold the absurd antics of our rulers, both hereditary and elected.

What is the matter with them? Here is the latest diagnosis. The Tories are suffering from chronic dyspepsia; never having completely digested the unpalatable Whigs; and now, after swallowing their remaining principles are taking a strong dose of Winston salts to cure heartburn and allay the protectionist fever in their blood.

The Liberals, of whom Auberon Herbert so unkindly said, that—

"it has been their fate to live under a dispensation of universal sloppiness in talk and thought" and who "are by profession the party of moral pretensions" whose motive or emotion is that of extracting a profit from any ring, "are now quite obviously, as the same caustic writer predicted, "in the court of moral bankruptcy."

As for the misguided but well-meaning Socialists, they, having dined too heartily on orthodox economic fare, washed down with copious draughts of fiery vodka, have developed such a violent inflammation of the left wing, that it may necessitate amputation. Truly, a sorry state of affairs.

Now in the school of political projectors attached to the grand academy of Lagado in the country of Balnibarbi there was a most ingenious doctor who was perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. He offered a wonderful contrivance for reconciling the parties in a state when they were in violent disagreement:—

"The method is this: you take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner, that the brains may be equally divided. Let the occiputs, thus cut off, be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man." It seems, indeed, to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assures us "that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible." For he argued thus: "That the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motions; and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction," the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that "it was a perfect trifle."

Readers of THE NEW AGE may amuse themselves quite pleasantly after dinner by making a selection of the couples on whom this operation should be performed.

FOR AN ORDINARY WOMAN.

I know a woman who is not clever at all,
And yet her heart is skillful in sweet ways,
Like a rare kingdom with a crimson wall,
So that a man must love her all his days;
Be clamorous for her caring; never rest;
Make proud petition to her; conquer; keep
Her fragrant wonderment safe in his breast
Like a white flower plucked on some perilous steep.

I know a woman, ordinary, plain,
Nor wit, nor wealth, nor any pride has she;
But every other woman would be pain
If at the last she did not come to me.

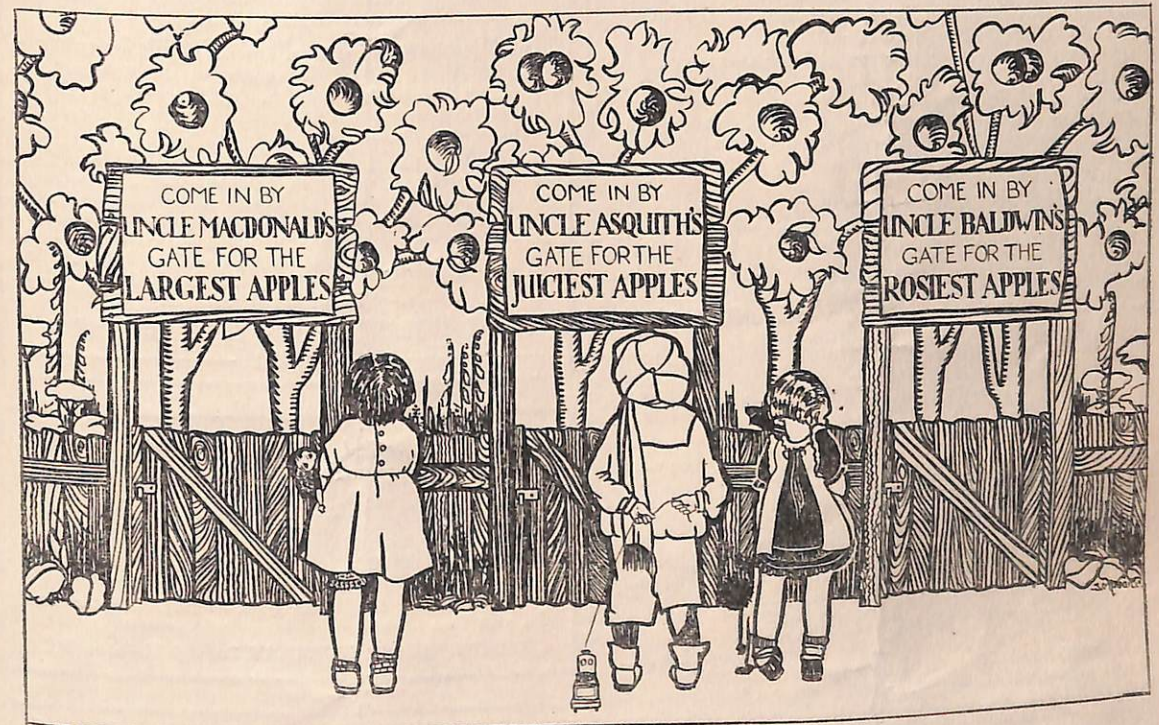
A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Rookery Nook.** By Ben Travers. (Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Gateway of Palestine: A History of Jaffa. By S. Tolkowsky. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)
These Slender Larches. By A. Newberry Choyce. (Mathews. 6s. net.)
The Rigordans. By Edward Percy. Contemporary British Dramatists. (Benn. 3s. 6d. paper; 5s. cloth, net.)
Nocturne in Palermo. By Clifford Bax. Contemporary British Dramatists. (Benn. 2s. paper; 3s. cloth, net.)
The Grammar of Power. By G. W. Thomson. (Labour Publishing Co. 5s. net.)
The Industrial Revolution in South Wales. By Ness Edwards. (Labour Publishing Co. 4s. 6d. net.)
Select Constitutions of the World. (Stationery Office, Dublin. 3s. 6d. net.)
Life on the Iron Road. By Henry Chappell. (Bodley Head. 6s. net.)
In the Land of the Golden Fleece. By Odette Keun. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)
Upper Meanings. By Frank Crane, D.D. (Bodley Head. 6s. net.)
An Introduction to the Study of the Shakespeare Canon. By J. M. Robertson. (Routledge. 25s. net.)
Autobiography of John Stuart Mill. (Oxford University Press. Cloth 2s.; leather 3s. 6d. net.)
The Golden Journey of Mr. Paradyne. By William J. Locke. (Bodley Head. 5s. net.)
The House by the Road. By Charles J. Dutton. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)
Eccles' Entertainers. By Christopher Druce. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)
The Church of England. By The Right Rev. Arthur C. Headlam. (Murray. 12s. net.)
The Great Plague in London in 1665. By W. G. Bell. (Bodley Head. 25s. net.)

THE ELECTION ORCHARD.

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EVENING.



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 *No group yet formed, but correspondence invited.
 Hon. Secretary: Miss M. Alexander, Fern Cottage, Grindleford, near Sheffield.
- SOUTH AFRICA.—A Stedman, Hon. Sec., South Africa Social Credit Movement, P.O. Box 37, Johannesburg.
 CANADA.—The United Farmers of Alberta, of Lougheed Building, Calgary, Alberta, are willing to accept subscriptions for THE NEW AGE, and may sometimes be able to put inquirers into touch with people interested in the Social Credit Proposals. In this last connection the Editor of the Ottawa "Citizen," Ottawa, would doubtless advise correspondents.

DIRECTORY.

Names and addresses of Social Credit Advocates or Adherents who are willing to (*) answer queries on the subject or who would be pleased to (†) exchange views with others similarly interested. (This list is supplementary to that of the local Secretaries of the Movement given on this page.)

- †ANDERTON, Roger, 51, Carr-lane, Windhill, Shipley, Yorks.
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