

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In a leading article last week on the political crisis in Ireland we suggested that Mr. de Valera's views on finance and economics were of much more moment than his views on the Oath of Allegiance; and that it would be considered dangerous to let him take power in association with Mr. Thomas Johnson, whose policy, by reason of the fact that he represents Labour, would have to be specially concerned with economic questions. "If so," we proceeded, "the bankers will already be on the move to stop them. We fancy we see some indications of their activities in the sudden news that there has been a rift in the Redmond party, and that consequently Mr. Cosgrave's resignation, assured last Saturday, was not assured on the Sunday."

Well; almost before the tip was out of our mouth the horse won. Whew!—it was a squeak. Happily the issue of THE NEW AGE in question was out of the Argus Press building a few hours before Mr. John Jinks sneaked out of the Dail. We heartily thank this gentleman for his consideration in waiting to save Ireland until we had confirmed our reputation as prophets. Holding the principles we do, it is hardly necessary to assure our esteemed patrons that we shall not exploit this success financially: the price of our "good things" will remain as before, namely, sevenpence. Stick to the old firm: it will always see you right.

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What happened to Jinks? That is the Press mystery of the week. Long queues of reporters lined up at his door the next day to find out: but, as we shall see, they have not found out much—or so it seems. Of course the explanation could be one of those delicate trivialities of which good taste forbids publication. He may have got bored, he may have got dry, he may have felt faint, or he may—well, let us leave it at that. To-day he is universally popular—a phenomenon which may exemplify that profound proverb that one call of nature makes the whole world kin.

Let us examine the story offered to us. A few hours before the vital debate Mr. Jinks had voted, as a member of Mr. Redmond's party, for his leader's policy of censuring Mr. Cosgrave's Government. The whole party was unanimous. Mr. Redmond has since said that he cannot explain why this follower of his refrained from voting. So we are left to pick up any clues we can from Mr. Jinks's antecedents. One of these is a piece of information given in the *Daily News*. Soon after the war, when Sinn Fein was in the ascendancy, Mr. Jinks, to the surprise of everyone, beat the Sinn Fein candidate in an election at Sligo. It happens that in that election the system of Proportional Representation was given its first trial run. The consequence was, the *Daily News* says, "that P.R. was included in the 1920 Act." So it seems that Mr. Jinks was in at the birth of another piece of political history. A picture of the man himself is drawn by "One of His Friends" in an appreciative article in the same newspaper. He is a "short, stout, rubicund, jolly" old publican of about sixty years of age, who owns a little public house near the Victoria Bridge in Sligo. As mayor of that town during the war he did a lot to help get recruits for the British Army. His friend is very frank about him, saying that "a cough interlards every sentence" when he speaks, and that his grammar gives him a lot of trouble. He quotes an example:—

"I think you will agree with Alderman Lynch and I (cough)—and me—that the words is the best words at this present junction." (The writer's italics.)

Summing up the whole article, Mr. Jinks appears to be a well-intentioned man with a taste for political life, but no head for studying political principles. He has always been very popular "in non-political circles," and, paradoxically enough, this is probably the dominating reason why he ever found himself in political life. He is the very man to whom people would turn when they got distracted by the wranglings of experienced debating politicians. "Let's put old John up," you can hear



them saying, "he doesn't go in for this high falutin' nonsense; you do know where you are with him."

\* \* \*

Now we have not gone into these matters to disparage Mr. Jinks. As a matter of fact we should probably much prefer his company and conversation to that of the average politician of any party. Our object is to show that this is the very type of man who is likely to become the unwitting tool of a clever intriguer. And from his own statement why he left the Dail, he evidently had the fixed idea that by saving Mr. Cosgrave he was "saving Ireland." The only real mystery is who put the idea into his head, and so impressed it on him that he found the courage to isolate himself from the rest of his political associates on such a crucial issue.

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There are two ways in which financial interests can spoil the purposes of their critics. One is to limit their opportunities for propaganda and the other is to encourage them to talk at the wrong time. Mistimed argument is its own counter-argument. This reflection has reference to another deputy, Mr. Belton, a member of Mr. de Valera's party. There are reasons for suggesting that half the "credit" for saving Mr. Cosgrave should be allotted to Mr. Belton. After the Irish Election, when Fianna Fail was reviewing its declared policy of abstention from the Dail, Mr. Belton, without waiting for a majority decision, decided that he was going to take his seat. He signed the Oath and did so; and according to newspaper accounts it was this quick *fait accompli* which decided the new policy of his party against the wish of Mr. de Valera. If these reports are true the present set-back to Mr. de Valera has been as much due to Mr. Belton's breaking into the Dail as to Mr. Jinks's breaking out. The immediate motive of Mr. Belton's action became evident in the first debate. Apparently he had been steeping himself in credit and currency questions, and could not resist the heaven-sent opportunity offered by the fact that the Government's amendments to the Currency Act were to be moved on the first day. And right manfully he used it. The *Daily Mail's* Correspondent wrote that he lost count of the times Mr. Belton was on his feet to declare that Ireland was being delivered over to "government by the Bank of England." Another circumstance was that Mr. Belton did not sit with his colleagues, and seemed to be a party to himself. Further, although much of his criticism was identical with what Fianna Fail had broadcasted during the Election, not one of his colleagues took part in the debate. We can understand why. It was the worst possible tactic to raise the financial issue just at that time; for the thoughts of all the deputies were engrossed with what would happen on the next day when the Vote of Censure was to be moved; and one effect of Mr. Belton's oratory must have been to irritate them. Not only so, but if one assumes that Mr. John Jinks was sitting there in a state of honest uncertainty about what to do on the morrow, it is easy to imagine how a capable intriguer could exploit Mr. Belton's indiscretion to convince Mr. Jinks in private that the threatened alternative Government was a danger to Ireland. "These fellows," his mentor would say, "want to tamper with the currency; and if they do, you can see for yourself, that their inexperience in finance must spell ruin to the country." And honest John Jinks, who had learned his finance from a cash-register, would "see for himself" and act accordingly.

The new situation gives Mr. Cosgrave's Administration a chance to impose another election on Ireland before it need go out of office, for there are some by-

elections impending which may result in adding to its numerical strength. Also, it is taken for granted that Mr. de Valera's party will lose seats in any new election. That does not matter. Economic events laugh at division lists. It is for Fianna Fail, now that it has been pressed back on a weak position in regard to its political programme, to retire still farther, on its own account, to a strong economic programme. The basis of its programme, as we have indicated previously, should be the promotion and defence of the interests of Irish consumers. It is necessary, first, of course, for the Social Credit economic analysis to be thoroughly grasped by the leaders of the party. They must study it until they have convinced themselves of the truth that the centre of the world's, and therefore of Ireland's, economic problem is *Cost, not Credit*. While the existing methods of accounting financial credit into the prices of consumable goods and services are practised, an increased provision of financial credit can only end in inflation, which hits the consumer just as surely in one direction as deflation has done in another. The crucial issue is not so much what quantity of credit shall be in circulation as what shall be its *purchasing power* in the hands of consumers. People like Mr. Belton may legitimately agitate for Ireland's being made independent of the credit monopoly, but if they have no further idea than to make credit more plentiful in that country, they might just as well go home from the Dail, like Mr. Jinks, for all the good they can do.

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Another point is that, even assuming a party to have the right economic idea, it is of no use to attempt to realise it by purely political action. The political machine is entirely in the hands of the credit monopolists. Political action must be accompanied by economic action. To decry evils in Parliament is useless unless you are already taking steps to redress them outside. One can observe this principle at work whenever high financial interests decide on a policy. They begin by taking action in the financial field, only resorting to public debate afterwards. Two illustrations will serve. The Dawes Pact was actually in being before it was canvassed in political circles (it was never even debated in the House of Commons). A year or more ago the Bank of England bought the machines for printing its own currency notes; but Parliament has not even yet been invited to decide whether to bestow that function on it. Politicians, as a class, are everywhere impotent. On all major issues they are called in, not to decide what ought to be done, but to confirm or otherwise what is in process of being done; and in such cases the process has gone so far that there is no choice but to let it go on. Momentum is imparted to political action by non-political initiative.

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A party which means to get something done in Parliament must get somebody to begin to do it outside. The problem before it is exactly the same in principle as has always faced advocates of the Social Credit proposals. It is the question how to get consumers to show initiative in the economic field. An organised finance and a disorganised body of consumers are the real protagonists in the economic conflict. The latter are unconscious of the fact: they most usually ascribe their troubles to the quarrels between capital and labour. But fundamentally all such disagreements arise out of the unconscious passive resistance of consumers to the conscious active policy of the credit monopoly. These people, as electors, vote for one thing, but as purchasers of retail articles they vote for another. What they endorse in the polling booth they repudiate in the shop. They will elect a politician who preaches abstention as a national necessity, but they

will immediately repudiate the doctrine by directing their custom where they can get most for their money. And they are right to do so. The Social Credit analysis has shown that abstention from consumption is an obstacle to economic progress. It has now become possible for a political party to stand boldly out for a policy of increased consumption, and to justify it with technical arguments in any quarter where there is capacity to understand them. Since every elector is a consumer, here is the widest possible basis for action.

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The action should be twofold, political and economic. We need not discuss the political, because if a party has a policy it can always command experts who will advertise it efficiently. Assuming, then, that there is a good measure of public sympathy with the declared policy, there remains the task of inducing consumers to take action. What kind of action? The answer is that they must catch hold of the end of the stick with which they are being beaten. Financial repression must be answered by financial resistance. As we have said, there has been and is such resistance going on, but it has been subconsciously passive. It should now become consciously active. It has been carried on by individuals acting in isolation. It should now be the subject of concerted action. We do not mean that there should be a centralised national system of consumer-organisation. We mean that in every part of Ireland where practicable Fianna Fail should promote and encourage concerted buying by local consumers, and perform the directive functions required. It would then be carrying into practice in the economic field the same principle which it advocated in the political field. While promising to press consumer interests in the Dail when in power it would be actively promoting them outside before it got into power.

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A rough sketch of a line of action was considered some years ago by a committee of the Social Credit Movement. It was not adopted because it required more time and money than the Movement could afford. But the soundness of its principle and its enormous potential possibilities are unquestionable. The scheme consists, in its beginnings (its further extension we do not propose to discuss) in selecting a series of retail shops in a given centre and proposing a deal of this nature: if these shops can rely on getting a minimum of 50 (or 100 or 500) *new regular* customers what discount could they afford to give from their current prices? The discount could be something very considerable in many cases.\* The reason why is pretty obvious when one reflects how many redundant shops there are. They are not redundant, of course, from the point of view of the consumer's convenience; but they are redundant in respect of the standing charges resting upon them. Suppose there are ten shops each recovering £1,000 a year for overhead charges. That is £10,000. Now any one of those shops could probably handle the trade of the whole ten with little or no addition to its overheads; in which case it could afford to distribute out of its revenue, say, seven or eight thousand pounds in discounts. This is an extreme case, which need not be pressed, but it indicates the wide margin of saving open to consumers. Not that extreme cases would frighten us. If a large number of local consumer buying-campaigns were inaugurated in Ireland and

\* We once discussed this question with the proprietor of a boot shop, taking the number of 200 as the hypothetical new customers, and suggesting that he could afford to take off 10 per cent. There was present a third person who intervened with a scoff at the idea of anything more than 2½ per cent. But the bootseller, after a moment or two, said 17 per cent.!

were to threaten the closing down of only 5 per cent. of the shop properties in each district, the Dail would find itself under the urgent necessity of dealing with the situation as best it might, and the whole question of costs and prices would come into the forefront of politics—which is what the organisers of the campaign would be desiring. Whether consumers are yet ready to co-operate in such an experiment we cannot say. But the time is always ripe for considering it or variants founded on the same principle. Besides, Ireland, we are told, is a land of surprises.

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Indications of growing anxiety about the condition of British agriculture have been frequent of late. Articles on the subject, however, show no evidence of independent thought. They usually begin with the recitation of familiar practical difficulties, then they discuss familiar proposals for removing them, and proceed with familiar explanations why none of the remedies will work. After which comes the moral that "something ought to be done about agriculture." Whose duty it is to discover the right remedy is left unspecified. Presumably not the writers'. The only credit we can give them is for their apparent belief that somebody has a solution somewhere, and that it is only a question of asking for it long enough to receive it. It is common ground that the trouble with agriculture lies in the fact that the producer is unable to make a living out of the price the consumer can afford to pay him. Why not? The immediate answer is that the British farmer has to sell his produce at world prices, which are too low to yield him a tolerable existence, even if they do not put him in the workhouse. So, assuming for the sake of argument that America represents the world competition to be met, we have three factors: First, the British farmer costs and prices wheat in pounds sterling; second, the American farmer does the same thing in dollars; third, the bankers of Britain and America decide that a pound shall exchange for so many dollars. Now if the system of costing in both countries is unalterable, and if the system of establishing the dollar-sterling exchange is unalterable, then the illness of British agriculture is incurable and we had better order the hearse at once. But the facts are otherwise. We lay down this general proposition: that whatever quantity of consumable goods can be made or grown in any country can be so priced as to command a sale in that country if consumers collectively need them. In every self-contained and independent credit area the collective price of all consumable production can be marked down to a figure representing the collective personal income of the total population, This without involving any loss to the producers. There is no remains true irrespective of what other people's costs and prices are in other credit areas. There is no necessary reason why, for instance, a cheap American crop need cause losses to British growers, as it will do to-day. Even if America could sell loaves of bread in Britain at a quarter the price of British loaves, that need not necessarily stop the sale of a single British loaf; for the retail price could be so regulated that consumers could buy all the home-made bread that consumers could buy all the home-made bread plus whatever imported quantity was necessary. It could even be so regulated as to keep foreign bread out of the market by under-selling it if there were any reason of policy for doing so.

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These new possibilities arise from the discovery made by Major Douglas that the *true* financial cost of a nation's total production is only a fraction of the aggregated *recorded* costs of business organisations contributing to that production. The



divergence arises automatically in the course of legitimate and fair business accountancy. For reasons into which we need not enter now this true financial cost happens to approximate to the total actual income of consumers. So it is not only logically sound, but a practical necessity, to empower consumers to buy goods at the true financial cost—unless of course one deliberately chooses to prevent the community from buying all it has produced. But at the same time every business organisation must recover its recorded costs. The difference must be made up to them by free grants of new credit issued by the Government. These grants, being conditional on price-reduction, exclude the possibility of inflation.

The bearing of this principle on practical affairs is evident. Conceive the Government to pursue this credit policy, continually empowering its citizens to buy their total consumable production as and when it became available, and considers the vast unused manufacturing capacity of organised industry. British agriculture could enter into a period of prosperity and development transcending any other in its long history.

The Award on the Postal Workers' wage claims is a niggardly affair. For instance, postmen in Outer London are getting a basic wage of 20s. at the age of 18, rising annually (by steps usually of 1s. 6d.) to a maximum of 41s. when they are 31. Their fortune under the Award consists in an addition of 1s. 6d. a week to the maximum. This means that they halt at 42s. 6d. in the fourteenth year of service instead of at 41s. in the thirteenth year. Women telephonists in Inner London, who start with 18s. at 16 and end with 36s. at 28, can now reach 40s. at the age of 32. Presumably to lessen the financial tension set up by this deferred munificence the Court makes a raid on all beginners. Where a boy or girl has received a minimum commencing wage of 20s., he or she now has to take 10s. for three months, 12s. for the next three months, and only then the 20s. Again, hitherto these boys and girls, however much younger than 17 or 18 respectively, would get the wage fixed for those ages. But under the Award there are two new wage-gradings—"under 16" and "at 16," and the wages are respectively 4s. and 2s. under the previous minimum starting-figure. We are not criticising the Court. It has probably done its best to distribute equitably the £1,000,000 which its recommendations are to cost the State. It has no responsibility for the amount itself being so small (only one-sixth of the amount the workers' claim would have cost if granted in full). The £1,000,000 was, without the slightest doubt, fixed by the Treasury in consultation with the Bank. We are no less convinced that these authorities induced the Postmaster-General to put in his counter-claim for a net gross reduction in the wage bill in order to put the workers in good heart with their slight benefits when they witnessed the (previously planned) defeat of the boss. We are not in a position to calculate how long it will take for the full charge of £1,000,000 a year to fall on the Exchequer; but that is a small matter; for on September 1 the cost-of-living bonus is due to be adjusted downwards, and we guess that the consequent reductions will wipe out the £1,000,000 twice over. We hope that the editor of the *Post* will publish the actual figures in an early issue.

The public have no reason to complain of the diversification of educational fare served up by the Press. In *Everybody's Weekly* this week they have the choice of reading Mr. F. Dillon Ream on "Love at First Smite—Cavemen Courtships Still in

Fashion," or Sir Leo Chiozza Money on "What America Should Pay Us." The two theses are not entirely disconnected, for the Dollar has been none too gentle in its wooing of the Pound Sterling. But our main concern is with Sir Leo's view. It implicitly demands cancellation of the American Debt, and presumably all war debts. One of his statements is that "fifteen months after April 2, 1917, America was still only nominally at war, because she was not ready to fight." So she lent us munitions instead. If she had sent an army to Europe when she declared war, "America herself would have consumed in Europe, in the persons of her own soldiers, the munitions and food and materials which now rank as European war debts." If the reader at this point drops his eyes to Mr. Dillon Ream's article, he will see a paragraph heading: "Give Them the Rough Stuff." Sir Leo is certainly doing it. But, seriously speaking, there will be no need for outsiders to press this view when Mr. Strong and Mr. Norman have developed their plans. There was a report in the newspapers last week about a woman who had applied for, and been granted, a summons against her husband for assault. When the case came on for hearing neither was present, and the inspector informed the magistrate that they had gone off together for a holiday. We present this story to Mr. Dillon Ream as a story, and to Sir Leo Chiozza Money as a parable. The financial interests in London and New York, who have turned loose all this argument on the debt question, are quite capable of settling it between them, and will do so in their own way and time.

## The Dedlock Country.

By "Old and Crusted."

The vapours weep their burthen to the ground.  
—(Tithonus).

... vouchesauf to heere  
A tale of me that am a pover man,  
I wol yow telle as wel as I can  
A litel jape—  
—(The Cokes Prologe).

The Sapper's "bus"—as he affectionately terms his antiquated "two-seater"—had been discharged as cured from the nursing home where it had been laid up for a matter of three weeks. The reason for the delay was that the patient was past her prime, and certain new parts, necessary to restore her gentle amble, were difficult to procure. Needless to say, her return to the family circle was appropriately celebrated.

It was possible now to put into execution a certain long-projected scheme for visiting the remoter parts of Lincolnshire, combining duty for the Sapper, pleasure for the passenger, and the solid determination of both to see as much as possible in one day of English agriculture at its best, despite a threatening sky and a depressing forecast, we pushed off at 8 a.m., and were soon trundling along the Fosse Way with a clear run in a straight line to Lincoln. All went well until about half-way between Margidunum and Crocolana, when the rear mudguard shot some twelve feet into the air and went clanging down the old Roman Road, raising a din unequalled on that peaceful highway since the last maniple of the last legion clattered south to the sea. When the peccant mudguard had been packed in the dicky, and the other three examined with a doubting eye, the journey was resumed, to pass without further mishap until, on the crest of the hill leaving Lincoln, a minatory tinkle and the uplifted arm of a policeman warned us that part of a spring refused to complete the course. "Seems we are going to shed this little bus all over Lincs," said the Sapper grimly, and

proceeded very gingerly until the first red cottages of Market Rasen, and the approach of the hour of morning beer, automatically increased the pressure on the accelerator. At first we thought we were half an hour too soon, but inquiry from a native elicited the information that in these parts the inhabitants perform the daily rite an hour earlier than in the neighbouring county.

Refreshed, but having failed to persuade the landlord of the old coaching inn to part with three burnished copper ewers at a price commensurate with our united resources, we made for Caistor, duly warned that we should find the road through that isolated market town a twisty and precipitous business. It was. Now the popular impression is that Lincolnshire is a flat county, very damp, and, on the whole, rather depressing, a misapprehension due perhaps to Dickens' description of Chesney Wold, the Dedlocks' "place in Lincolnshire," where

"the weather is so very bad—that the liveliest imagination can scarcely apprehend its ever being fine again."

But it is not all flat, and the rain does cease occasionally. Beyond the fen country are the wolds and certain undulations resembling hills—those celebrated hills coeval with the Dedlock family—but not so respectable. Worthy Sir Leicester!

"He has a general opinion that the world might get on without hills, but would be done up without Dedlocks."

And who shall say that he was without justification? The Dedlocks have their uses in the scheme of things—they are not without merits as landlords and stewards of the mysteries of agriculture—"Turnip" Townshend and Coke of Norfolk to wit; but this "Sir Leicester" had other notable qualities. He was wasted on his generation, for the great days of the joint-stock banks were not yet. Think of his value in the city to-day! What openings for a country magnate who was

"an honourable, obstinate, truthful, high-spirited, prejudiced perfectly unreasonable man."

What a pillar of finance he would prove, and what a good Press he would have! Moreover, he had a way with inconvenient questioners that would be worth guineas at a shareholders' meeting. "Mrs. Rouncewell," said Sir Leicester, on one memorable occasion

"I can never consent to argue, as you know, with any one on any subject;"

an' if that be not the only way to deal with all who would cast reflections on the infinite wisdom of the quinquepartite autocracy—why, write me down an ass.

But to return to those hills. Once on the crest of the wolds, what a sweep of rich agricultural land stretched to the horizon, where the smoke of Grimsby was doing its best to increase the dismal effect of a leaden sky. And well cultivated, too, is this rich province of the Yellow-bellies; the rest of England can teach them but little where corn and cattle are concerned. But do they make the most of their fertile soil? The Sapper says emphatically, No! Four years of Woolwich and Chatham have failed to still that love of the land innate in one whose forefathers farmed the same acres for generations. Some day he will go back to them. "Understaffed, to begin with," he adds. "From this hilltop you can cover a fair stretch of country—and pick me out a field with a man at work in it—yet look at that water-logged drain and yon line of ragged hedge." As for the by-roads—well, the adjectives are best left to the imagination, for the Sapper is fluent in the "Flanders tongue." "But," he continues reflectively, "what's the good of preachin' clean farming and intensive cultivation to men who are at their wits' end how to carry on? It don't always pay to farm high these days."

"True, O Sapper," replied the passenger, "and unless August makes a very stout effort, such crops as there are stand a good chance of being ruined. Melancholy outlook for Michaelmas rents! Lucky for the farmer they are not payable to 'the competent authority'; holding under a Dedlock has its advantages; Sir Leicester knows what sodden hay and laid wheat mean, and is lenient with his old tenants; but the situation to-day is beyond the kindly consideration of a Dedlock to deal with—in fact, the 'debilitated cousin's' prophecy is being fulfilled. 'Country's going—dayvle—steeply—chase pace.' Even the stunt Press is becoming perturbed, and is exhorting the Government 'to do something' or be ignominiously turned out at the next General Election; as if it mattered whether Lord Coodle or Sir Thomas Doodle, and so on right through the alphabet, mismanaged the country's affairs! Now, if—"

"—if you have about finished abusin' your betters, you might come off your perch, and we'll push along—that is, if you want to spend half an hour at Tattershall and get a spot of lubrication before 2.30," interrupted the Sapper, who is a realist.

The passenger, being a meek man, promptly fell off the gate, clambered into his seat, and was content to remain silent, musing over the infinite possibilities slumbering in the rich country around and between Louth and Horncastle, until the keep of Ralph Cromwell's fortified dwelling—so perfectly restored, thanks to the generosity of one of the greatest of the Dedlock clan—rose over the fen. Here occurred another outburst of petulance, the occasion being an untimely suggestion on the part of the Sapper that we should "go in search of some tea," a project received with scorn by one who, for the nonce, was living in an age that knew not tea. Had there been mention of a flask of alicant and a venison pasty, supported by a flask of alicant and a goblet of muscadine, great would have been his enthusiasm, but tea—with its inevitable accompaniment of spongy white bread and jam three-parts glucose—no, thank you! After a little amicable bickering it was agreed to forgo tea, and make for the "Loyal Borough" of Newark and something more solid. From there 'tis but a short stage to Southwell and the Saracen's Head, where Charles I. of blessed memory rested—for the last time as a free man. Being loyal descendants of men who fought for him, under the Marquess of Newcastle, a solemn pint was consumed to the memory of "Charles, Saint and Martyr," prior to entering on the last lap of the tour. The Sapper was anxious to reach home before dusk in case the engine should develop trouble in the duodenum, or wherever these contraptions go wrong. However, fate played no more japes that day, so in less than an hour the car was safely housed in the converted cowshed which serves us as a garage. "One hundred and sixty miles," said the Sapper complacently. "Not so bad for the old bus, what! Now how about tappin' that barrel?"

"To secure some measure of the growing undercurrent of feeling against the increase of capitalistic power, we sent a questionnaire to business men and investors. There were about 900 replies (about a 10 per cent. return). As to where indication of abuse exists, there is considerable variation. Four hundred replies point to banks, 140 to newspapers, 100 to trade associations, 50 to fraternal organisations, and 80 to labour leaders."—*Babson's Statistical Organisation*, July 19, 1927.

"Chas. E. Mitchell, President of the National City Bank of New York, has created a mild sensation by asserting that the American people must soon accustom themselves to an import balance of trade. This will be good news to Europe, but before we can import more than we export we will have to increase our domestic consumption."—*Commerce and Finance (America)*, June 15, 1927.



## The Prophets.

II.—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

By Hugh Ross.

If Shaw preaches the gospel of Life, vehemently, at the street corner, John Galsworthy argues quietly with the select few about the problems of living. He never loses his temper: he is scrupulously fair: he blames no one. He carries his impartiality to the extent of its becoming a fault. He irritates his audience instead of satisfying their questions. In his plays there is no catharsis.

Mr. Galsworthy presents the sad spectacle of a moralist troubled by an artistic conscience, of a prophet cursed with a logical mind. There is in the man himself a continual struggle between the two conflicting elements. The moralist in him burns to indict evil: then his artistic conscience whispers that his task is to present, not to pass judgment. The prophet is on the point of condemning a generation of vipers when the logician reminds him of the rights and origins of all creatures.

His sympathies are never for a moment in doubt. In the subjectivity of a poem he has expressed what is unsuited to the objectivity of a play:

Come! let us lay a crazy lance in rest  
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky;  
For who would live so petty and unblest  
That dare not tilt at something ere he die,  
Rather than, screened by safe majority,  
Preserves his little life to little ends,  
And never raise a rebel battle-cry?

God save the pennon, ragged to the dawn,  
That signs to moon to stand and sun to fly;  
And flutters when the weak is overborne  
To stem the tide of fate and certainty;  
That knows not reason and that seeks no fame  
—But has engraved around its stubborn wood  
The words: "Knight Errant, till Eternity."

But in the dramas there is never a shout like that. Galsworthy, there, is a rebel who sees too well the argument for and advantages of autocratic government, a Knight Errant who sympathises with the ogres.

Nevertheless, even in the plays the bias is obvious. In spite of his reputation for impartiality Galsworthy never achieves it. His dice are always loaded. He enlists the sympathy of the spectator and then betrays it. His last play but one, "The Show," illustrates his qualities to perfection.

The story is simple. Major Morecombe has committed suicide. In the revelations which follow, many unnecessary details in the dead man's career are brought to light, and the relatives of the suicide and those concerned are subjected to a course of mental torture in the glorious cause of publicity. The theme provides an excellent opportunity for a melodramatic attack on the Press. Six people are caused a great deal of unnecessary suffering, of which the agents are the newspapers and the police force. The greater blame attaches to the former, for they have not a shred of justification other than the satisfaction of morbid curiosity. When Lady Morecombe says to the editor: "You want to sell your paper. And because of that, my son, who can't defend himself, is to be blackened—his affairs hawked about on the street"; and when the Colonel storms: "What d'you mean by sending people to meddle with private affairs?" you give them your whole-hearted support. So does the author. He feels that the scandalous interference of the Press is, in itself, an evil. Against it he would direct his anger.

But, just here, is the crux of the situation. Whatever the moralist in him may wish, the artist in him reminds him that such treatment would be rank melodrama, and the logician that it would be rank nonsense. The very people with whom he is infuriated are the very people whom he is bound in fairness to exonerate. The Press is an agent, not the principal. It is not a conflict between a private family and a public institution, but between the sensibilities of certain individuals and the vague curiosity of all individuals. The ultimate villain is yourself. And this is a most unsatisfactory state of affairs when you start to do the kicking.

Throughout all his plays runs this protest against man. The great tragedians accused God. Crushed by the infinite harshness of things, man, Prometheus-like, could still shout a splendid defiance. Even when the catastrophe was of man's own making, there was still something which removed it from common humanity. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones were not Goneril and Lady Macbeth.

But Galsworthy's tragedy is neither in the classical nor in the romantic manner: it is not even the tragedy of sin: it is only the tragedy of weakness and misunderstanding and unimaginative selfishness.

It will not, I hope, be considered too fanciful if, in development of the idea of Galsworthy as prophet, I suggest that his attitude in this matter represents a theological tendency of the age. God transcendent has been largely displaced by God immanent, and Galsworthy's tragic protest is against the latter. In practice this theological belief becomes licensed egomania, and amid the wreckage it has made of things there is left only the solace of courage. One of his characters voices his own conviction when he says: "There is nothing that gives more courage than to see the irony of things." That is the attitude you must take up towards other people's mistakes. For yourself, he asks you to test your own responsibility for the situations he puts before you on the stage. The question of "The Show" is, in reality, "Have you the *News of the World* mind?"

Now, the essential weakness of this method in a dramatist is that it bridges the gulf which separates, and should separate, the stage from the auditorium. The essence of the reaction of the play upon the individual is in vicarious action. You identify yourself with the protagonist. You become Macbeth—or, if it suits your fancy, Macduff. For the moment, you are the Master Builder. You share the doom of Hippolytus. You never remain yourself.

In Galsworthy's plays, however, you do remain yourself, and that, not as a spectator, but as a participant in the tragedy. You may certainly sympathise with this or that character, but you do not surrender yourself to them. In "The Show," "the spectacle, there is no person who embodies the public": there is no "hero": there is only the spectacle of a suffering that you yourself have caused.

Technically, Galsworthy is one of the finest dramatists at present writing. He has perfected a "natural" dialogue: his construction, in contrast to Shaw's is flawless: he achieves revelation of character by the play's only legitimate means—that of dialogue, and not that peculiar form of narrative which appears as descriptive dialogue put into the mouths of others than the person in question. Above all, his plays are notable for their balance and their restraint.

But, as with Shaw, it is the message and not the form that matters. If Galsworthy has been considered as artist rather than moralist, it is because in him the elements are so mixed that there are signs of the artistic protest. Shaw has subdued art and so achieved unity: Galsworthy has in part allowed art to subdue him. Thus he is a man who has mistaken his vocation. For he was born a moralist.

## Views and Reviews.

NOTES ON MECHANISM.—II.

Those who regard determinism as the final concept have made great fun of the advocates of free will. Yet so great is the intuitive conviction that determinism leaves something out that, as nothing so makes determinism appear true as a book aimed at demonstrating free will, nothing so makes determinism appear insufficient as a book aimed at establishing it. The very plausibility of determinism in that it differs from every growing thing by the practicability of its formalisation, is against it; and the very incoherence of the argument for free will, inasmuch as it relates to the act of forming the still unformed, is for it. Between the two there exists a complete paradox. In all acts of knowing determinism is assumed true; in all acts of using knowledge, freedom of the will is assumed true until it has been exercised; which is to say as long as the decision what alternative to adopt remains dissolved in feeling.

It is not accident, therefore, that determinists, materialists, and rationalists—on this issue they are practically one—decry *feeling* as something unworthy. To *purify* reason so that through reason alone all judgments may be reached, and all actions done, has over and again been stated as their aim. In reality, such a course, for life, is like the carpenter throwing away all his cutting tools, and retaining only his measuring tools. Logic, as Gruppe maintained, is a theory of cognition which, if relied upon without constant reference to experience, leads to every manner of preposterous conclusions, while induction pre-supposes a speculative act of creation in the form of a tentative hypothesis which could never have resulted from reason alone. The important thing about logic is not the process, which is mechanistic enough, but the premises—what is given, alleged, or taken for granted before reasoning begins. No amount of logic ever made several ones into a conceptual group. In that process enters the unanalysable creator.

The artist cannot be a determinist while imagining. However great the degree to which his conceptions are conditioned by his experience, his selection and rejection must be taken for granted by himself, as acts of creative will. The artist is dominated by feeling, in which, again, the unformed cries out to become the formed. For chaos to become creation free will has to be assumed, its function being the rejection of all possible creations but one, and of affirming that one. For the created order to become known determinism has to be assumed. The purer the scientist the more, while working, he must give his loyalty to the concept of rigid law which is "mechanism." The distinction applies between scientists in the same field. Between Darwinism and Lamarckianism there is the same difference between a leaning towards cognition and a leaning towards feeling. For the Darwinian "knowing" is the supreme faculty, the others being secondary. That much has been effected on the strength of the Darwinian observations in practical matters does not prejudice the issue. Once an animal becomes a domestic animal it ceases to have an independent existence. It becomes an extension of a man, and its definite changes according to known laws under calculated stimuli indicate not that there is no will in the case, but that the will is man's. In the Darwinian hypothesis the mystery of creation, including the mechanism versus purposiveness issue, is wholly immersed in "sports."

According to Lamarck organs are developed because there is a need and a desire for, together with a will to create, their functions. The faith of the

Darwinists that life wills to preserve itself, a faith accepted in spite of the fact that what is being examined is not *preservation* but *evolution*—which is almost to say creation—cannot be regarded by any Lamarckian as sufficient. Without ridiculously defending Lamarckianism in all aspects as against Darwinism, one can truly say that it contains implicitly the idea of life as will to creation, which is of greater cultural value, while offending less against experience, than life as will-to-self-preservation. "All beautiful states of the soul," said Nietzsche, "are an overflow of what the animal does not need." They are, in short, feeling which is unoccupied in adjustment to immediate environment, and is therefore available for further creation. It is difficult to see how that surplus feeling could be exploited for creation without the assumption of freedom of the will—false ultimately, perhaps, but a falsification useful for this universe and this culture. Perhaps free-will is the valuable illusion where there is free feeling!

Among the most vehement defenders of mechanism as fundamental to the ideology of the present day are a considerable proportion of Communists and Socialists, and the manner in which they endeavour to escape from the two horns of the paradox is almost pathetic. Because they wish to believe in a true science of society—they are to that extent dominated by cognition, and to that extent under compulsion to be economic and political determinists. By extension they project their determinism into a final concept. Yet they rarely realise that here also is probably a convenient falsification. *Because they want a science of society they make the decision to deny freedom of the will.* In a moment, however, they will acknowledge that against certain possibilities in the future of society, expressed in seed by the pre-determined Liberals and Tories, they must fight with will, feeling, and intelligence. In a beautiful state of the soul they have pictured a Utopia. Looking forward to the *chosen* Utopia only the free-will concept is of use; when they look back upon it only the determinist concept will be of use. Creation will have become history. For cognition's sake, they unconsciously accept free will. Should they cavil at the expression free will and be tempted to knock one splint after another out of the word "free," let them do the same with their own use of the word in freedom, free society, and so forth. If the freethinker similarly object to free will, let him accept the word free before will as he accepts it before thought, is nonsense before will it is nonsense before thought, since thought in its cognitive as distinct from its creative aspect is far more deterministic than any other function of the mind.

No man has found it possible to run his daily affairs on the assumption of determinism, which does not offer a religion that one can take as true in every act of every minute, a condition that Shaw claimed must be fulfilled by any acceptable religion. This antithesis between determinism and creative will—a term preferable to free will—reflects the separation between scientist and artist in modern civilisation. The preponderance of allegiance given to determinism betrays the disastrous lack of balance between art and science which the spurt of science during the last three hundred years has brought about. Probably there is no possibility of reconciliation between the antitheses on the present plane. Yet the concept of responsibility does offer a solution. "All so-called causality flowing from human actions is conditioned by ages of struggle to create" the



universe in which we are. The present generation may deny agency for the *push* given by the past, but it cannot deny responsibility—except at the cost of a falsification of reality definitely *useless* to life. While determinism may be applied to all that has been already achieved, it is pragmatically impossible to apply it to the *possibilities* of further creation which are entailed both by the achievement of the past and by the insufficiency of that achievement. If concept of responsibility be accepted as focal, the interplay of determinism and freedom about it will be proportioned and they will no longer be the stark antitheses they are.

R. M.

## Drama.

### Potiphar's Wife: Globe.

Lord Aylesbrough, aged sixty, possessed all the stupid vanity of the old aristocrat. Not only had he married a woman of just over twenty, he reckoned himself capable of governing England as well as looking after her; which almost explains the present state of England as fully as the mess into which he got his marital affairs. For his ability to keep the gay dogs at bay once they have scented a lovely young woman guarded only by a half-witted old man, proved as little as his talent for oratory—a sample of which opened the play. No wonder that his wife, after a series of affairs with members of her own class that formed the chief topic of conversation in her set, conceived a passion for somebody with manifest brains in the person of the family chauffeur.

Henry Straker's family, however, seem more successful with rational things, like motor cars, than with irrational creatures such as women. When Allen was called to his ladyship's dressing-room to mend the electric bell, and the countess made it clear that she wished to be his mistress as well as his lady, he allowed the ghost of his uncle to bully him into giving her homily on class distinction, claiming superiority over her sort in usefulness while unconsciously admitting inferiority by confessing the fear of the sack. Allen, having shown himself no gentleman by presuming to argue with a lovely young woman undressed in exquisite openwork pyjamas, her ladyship proved herself no lady; she put her back against the door and screamed for help, accusing Allen of attempted assault.

Lord Aylesbrough must have come of a family so old that it was losing both its wits and its very proper aristocratic objection to putting out its washing to common jurymen. He allowed a mischief-making devotee of the "set the machine going and see what happens" cult to prevail on him to call the police, with more political sense than the noble lord, refused to charge the chauffeur. Perhaps she knew how wide a gulf divided the modern polytechnically-trained engineer from the ancient and weakened blue-blood, which, while good enough for the bench maybe, makes a wretched show in the witness-box. Allen, although he had no inferable income other than unemployment benefit, now that he had been discharged, retained first-class counsel, before whom the countess, the lord, and Lady Sylvia all crumpled up in obvious perjury. For the defence only one witness was necessary, namely, the prisoner, who, being no gentleman, was in no dilemma as to what he was at liberty to say. He had no nice chivalrous hairs to split between the right to boast that he had when he hadn't, and the duty to say that he hadn't whether he had or not. All he had to do was to stand upright in the witness box and answer yea or nay in a firm, clear voice, in the conviction that simple truth is greater than Norman blood.

The jury stopped the case, and doubtless Allen has since been promoted to a taxi-driver, where he regrets the lost opportunity of providing himself with adventures that would have made him a fine figure on the ranks. Where the countess went is not clear. What she said was that she was going where his lordship could not follow—to earn the respect of the virtuous chauffeur.

Whether "Potiphar's Wife," by Edgar C. Middleton, is a criticism of modern manners and morals is hardly clear. If its object is to show that the conduct of certain modern rich women in their affairs with their chauffeurs coincides with the famous adventure of Potiphar's wife the answer is that not all chauffeurs even aim at being Josephs. Apart from that the resemblance has been rendered obvious enough in the newspaper reports of such cases. There is, of course, a certain fascination which affects everybody in the exposures that newspapers have broadcast from the courts, criminal and civil, for many years. Whether one pretend a concern for justice or a scientific interest in sex and criminal psychology, or simply confess a sadistic satisfaction in seeing other people humiliated for stealing the fruit one refrained from stealing because of precisely these consequences, it is difficult, having begun a "sensational case," not to follow it to the slaughter-house. "Potiphar's Wife" exercises a similar interest and consequently arouses the same sort of criticism as would a newspaper report. In short, the play is a piece of real life, the characters being much of the time as vague as real people, about whom one knows only the facts. The Countess of Aylesbrough is not, as Potiphar's wife is, a universal character. She is just the Countess of Aylesbrough for whose conduct Potiphar's wife furnishes the archetype. It is as though one dramatised a boy blindly looking for a wife like his mother and called it *Œdipus Rex*.

The trial scene is exceptionally good realism; it is almost a replica of a rehearsed court-scene. Jeanne de Casalis as the countess, gradually broken down by the persistence of Henry Oscar's Geoffrey Stanforth, counsel for the defence, and by the failures of her other witnesses, held the audience under a hypnotic spell. One sympathised with her as one does with every wrong-doer because of the odds against him. Compared with this scene her attempted seduction of the handsome Allen was technical cleverness that one watched as that of an acrobat or a juggler. Paul Cavanagh played Allen as though chauffeurs are the salt of the earth, and it was interesting to notice that Straker's nephew had a much more cultivated speech, with no less mechanical efficiency, than his late uncle. In fact, Paul Cavanagh's Allen might fitly be described as a gentleman in manners and a plebeian in morals, since he had no vices. George Bealby gave a good performance as counsel for the prosecution, notwithstanding that the author made him out a bad lawyer inasmuch as all the witnesses he produced were bad ones, not to mention incompetent perjurers. The Hon. Maurice Worthington, the chief-making psychologist, is not essential to the play, which has no need for a devil outside the machine. It would have improved by the little revision required to dispense with him.

This play demonstrates the common bankruptcy of criticism and of the censor's department. The critics have almost confined themselves to advertising its nastiness with the enthusiasm of vice-crusaders, and have thus confessed that they have no standards for dealing with a play of morals but the Victorian. "What I dare to think," wrote Montaigne, "I will dare to write," and the critics are still centuries behind him; they write it while smugly boasting that they are too moral to think it. That old men who marry young wives are "fore-ordained" was regarded by Balzac as an axiom.

That the old man in this case wouldn't have felt so downtrodden if the countess had limited herself to lovers of her own quality is merely an illustration of the age-long conditioning of free-love by class endogamy. Why do not critics realise that even *women* have revolted at last against the epicenity created by critics specially for them? Nothing in the play from start to finish is as unsavoury as the reports of divorce and murder cases which used to appear in the columns of the critics' own newspapers—until statutory prohibition limited details.

As for the censor's department, every action it takes renders it more ludicrous. Probably the deletion of the Genesis narrative of Potiphar's wife from the speech of counsel for the defence improved the play in that the judge's readiness to rely on the jury's memory for the Biblical precedent was far better irony than if he had asked, Who is Potiphar? But the censorship is not an artistic or critical institution. If it had been, some of the misappropriated epigrams would have been cut, or their author's names inserted. Certainly the opening political oration would have been objected to as too reminiscent of a passage in Mr. Chesterton's "Magic." Perhaps the censor wanted to keep the origin of the Potiphar's wife story quiet lest it popularise the book, thus rendering it necessary for the censor to deal with the whole Bible. The theatre management were not to be beaten, however. Each member of the jury, that is, the audience, was supplied with a jog for his memory in the shape of an inset to the programme quoting the Genesis tale. Perhaps the best definition of the play is a dramatisation of a scandal holding the mirror up to the censor.

PAUL BANKS.

## Trees.

"That means," said the Fairy, "you've been helping him cut down trees. I don't like that, I don't like it at all. That's what you call working is it? Ah, well, men can't live, I suppose, without destroying the last things of beauty left on the earth! Let's talk of something else, if you don't mind."—Tyltyl (Maeterlinck).

Under the pine trees on the hill, with a breeze that sways and bends the long stems of the nipplewort, that scatters the millions of seeds with an unseen broom, one may sit and listen to the world's requiem, symphony, or colour poem. Away to the left, through Philemon and Baucis, two silver birch trees, the wind sends the leaves rippling with laughter, and in summer the foliage on each tree lessens the space between, and the wind plays pander. Linnets and yellowhammers with their parental cares ended, visit and revisit the pine trees without giving the usual notice or a month's rent in advance. Through the boughs of these genial shelters from the heat, one may hear the sweet music that insists: "Be kind, to these my children." In plain and subtle ways they are your friends, as are all their brothers in parks, streets, suburbs; they are sentinels of health; they are—and the wind subsides.

Harry Larkins, a youth of nineteen, was hailed before a magistrate for uprooting a tree in his front garden facing a road called The Grove. He pleaded guilty, with extenuating circumstances. The court was thronged with men representing interests in petrol, oil, concrete roads, pavements, first-aid, little mascots and flags, ambulances, chewing gum, and thermos flasks. We take up the case at the point of cross-examination:—

MAGISTRATE: For what purpose did you uproot

this lime tree, which, according to arboreal records, was twenty years old?

PRISONER: I had made a garridge, your worship, and my motor-bike and sidecar couldn't be got in without destroying the tree.

M.: What's a garridge. (Laughter in Court.)

P.: A house for motor-cars or motor-bikes.

M.: (with dim recollections of some pother about the housing problem): What are motor-bikes? (More laughter.)

P.: Heavy bicycles driven by petrol; they can do fifty miles an hour. I take my girl out and we go to see the country.

M.: What's the . . . You can't see the country going at fifty miles an hour. What's the matter with walking?

P.: It's too slow, your honour, and you don't and can't make a noise that way. Must move with the times. Besides, all my pals have got one.

M.: I see. What is your occupation?

P.: Collector of money from gas meters.

M.: Hobbies?

P.: Speed, otherwise noise.

This concluded the magistrate's examination; the summing-up, after much whispering in Court, was as follows:—

"Prisoner at the bar, you are a symptom of the delegation of government by second-class men. You cannot be expected to know any better, as you imitate those at the top of society, who are impotent to give any values to life. In fact, I might say that they cannot even give bread and circuses in the proper form. I cannot do anything for you; I wish you luck, and hope that you will one day go so fast that you will be back before you start. But, I warn you. Did you not notice how unwillingly the tree left the earth? Also, when you pick ripe blackberries notice how easily they come away—grateful to be plucked. You create nothing except a mess. I suppose you could not even make a tap washer and fix it. But you can destroy the beautiful picture of a tree. I condemn you to sit for five years in the Sahara Desert with no other head-covering than a Dunn's three and ninepenny, but I can do nothing else for old and young buffers with puffers."

The Court clears. The interests talk:—

PETROL: "Saved for a while." OIL: "The wheels will go round a little longer." CONCRETE ROADS: "We are going to make roads the same depth of concrete as the height of the buses." PAVEMENTS: "As fast as one is finished we start another." LITTLE MASCOTS AND FLAGS: "We give that feeling of security." CHEWING GUMS: "We prevent the face of the motorist from petrifying." THERMOS FLASKS: "We enable those to live cheaply who have mortgaged the house to buy a car and mortgaged the car to buy petrol."

ALTOGETHER: "We are therefore all necessary." SPIRIT OF TREE: My walking brothers, who have so much to learn from me in steadfastness, I forgive you. Although you have killed my bodily form, although you have mangled and poisoned thousands of my kind in Thiepval and Aveluy Wood, in Bourlon Wood, and all the places where you have stamped and smashed like aimless beasts, I forgive you. Beauty has not yet touched your eyes, she has not whispered in your heart, but if she does not claim you a harsher deity will. Beware—we hope—or you will lose the heaven you have. When all the earth is clamped in with iron and stone bands, when a blade of grass is an offence and a tree an insult to a jerry builder—(£50 down and the rest in rent)—then and then only will every man be able to sit in the shade of his own filling station.

WILLIAM REPTON.



## The Financier's Dilemma.

A writer in America's premier financial paper, the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, of July 9, is much perturbed by an article written by Mr. Walter B. Pitkin, in the June *Century Magazine* under the title "The New Testament of Science," from which the following lengthy quotation is taken as the text by the writer:—

"It is no longer a question of what we can do in electrical development," one of the leading electrical engineers in the world said to me recently. "The one problem is: which thing is most profitable to do next? No sooner do we spend several million dollars on a new invention," remarked another engineer at the head of an immense corporation, "than some young stranger saunters into our office and shows us a still more revolutionary device he has just doped out. Were we to adopt each new device purely on its own merits, we should soon wreck the business. Each new adoption would cause us to lose all the millions previously spent in other devices. Right now," remarked one of our greatest captains of industry a few months ago, "two of our largest manufacturing corporations are gravely perturbed. They have in their own laboratories perfected certain devices which I am not free to name even vaguely. These inventions, based on remarkable discoveries in physics and electro-chemistry, are so radical and of such far-reaching importance that the companies owning them fear to undertake their commercial development. Business advisers assert that, were the devices placed at once on the open market, hundreds of millions of dollars, now invested in less efficient products, would be lost irrevocably. And the injury of such a colossal failure might, for a period of many years, exceed all the benefits accruing from the new devices." I might cite half a hundred other authorities, all to the same end. Man's brain is evolving plans infinitely faster than flesh and blood men can adopt them and profit by them. *What the Biological Bloc fails to comprehend is that, while one mind may spend only a hundred hours or so and half a horse-power of energy in inventing or discovering something socially valuable, the world at large may have to spend millions of dollars and millions of hours in reorganising business and society so as to use the new idea profitably.* (Italics by Mr. Pitkin).

The commentator in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* quotes with approval the comment of a "Wall Street financier" on "The New Testament of Science." He says:—

"The world is in reality growing poorer, because production is outrunning consumption faster and faster. Our economic system is unsound as a result of the stupendous increase in the potential output of modern machinery. Manufacturers in many lines now have on their factory floors equipment which is either idle much of the time or else grinding out goods that glut the market and lead to a financial slump as a result of unsettling prices and values. Inventors are increasing the rate of mechanical production much faster than education or publicity can increase the amount of buying by the average consumer. This fact constitutes the gravest peril in our present economic system."

Faced with this new and dangerous situation, this commentator's advice is to put the brakes on in the interest of safety. He bids man halt in the name of morality. He does not attempt to show in what way the prosperity conferred by utilising knowledge would be perilous to man's spiritual well-being, but he lashes out in a series of incoherent questions:—

"What will become of a workless world if it fail to become a world of love and wisdom?"  
 "What further economic catastrophes will come upon us if pure science continues to minister newly-discovered principles to applied science?"  
 "How are we going to spend our leisure?"  
 "Why is nothing good enough for the generation that produced it?"  
 "Is there full satisfaction in life?"  
 "Are we not always straining for something that does the same service quicker?"  
 "Why strive to annihilate time and space at the expense of rest and reflection?"  
 "If we love nothing but the science that transforms into machinery, how will this preserve our spirituality to the future?"

"Is it not a real moral problem that we do not load the next generation with debt simply in order to advance ourselves by bringing into commercial being every new device in physics and chemistry?"

"While science is dazzling man with discoveries, is common sense and common virtue teaching him honour, modesty and reverence for his fellow man?"  
 Yet amid this bewildering farrago, he strikes a note or two of reality. He admits that "the restless human mind cannot be quenched," and reveals for a moment the true source of his irritation against the threatened innovations by the question "How are we paying now for this dream world of machine-made accomplishments touching every phase of life save by overworking the beneficent service of CREDIT?"

In meeting the plea to put the brakes on in the interest of safety, it is interesting to recall how the weavers were dealt with in the 'forties when they attempted to put on the brakes to preserve their livelihood. They did not succeed. No obstacle can permanently hold back the wild living intellect of man and its restless urge onwards. "Eppure se muove" says the tortured Galileo. And even Finance, though it crucify humanity once again in its attempts to maintain the status quo, is finally doomed to defeat.

FRANCIS TAYLOR.

## Sunset and the Woman.

By Frances R. Angus.

From the ridge where we live, at the hour sacred to sunset and afterglow, we look out across the bay that is barred by the great waterway of the Lower St. Lawrence, to us the sea, by half-a-dozen little islands that watch over the coming and the going of the tide. Beyond the waters, the sun is going down, and we feel that we must be closer to the miracle, and we feel that we must be closer to the sacrament. So down the steep hill we go, looking ever outwards lest an inattentive moment lose us some fleeting wonder of colour. At the foot of this hill starts the long pier which, leading out among the sentinel islands, allows us to walk in the midst of the waters, the tide being in. Just as we reach the end of the pier to-night, an antiquated schooner is tying up, and its defects are transmuted into beauty by the evening glow.

Curious as to the cargo and hoping for salmon, we look down into the boat where a woman's face, upturned, strikingly colourless against the brilliant background, and in contrast to our own reds and browns, makes us forget all else. Her odd shut-in expression—or, rather, lack of expression—like a house with blinds drawn, makes me wonder what is within. While we are exchanging conventional remarks about weather and voyage, her eyes peer out from the dull, grey mask with a hint of fear, and I am about to weave a romance of unhappy home and brutal husband—he is heavy and lifeless-looking—when she tells us that she is "seeing the world" for the first time since her marriage, ten years ago, when she went to live in a remote fishing hamlet, far up a river of the North Side, where she meets only Indians or mixed Indians and French, apart from her family. Our little village of Bic is, for her, a metropolis before whose grandeur she falters, benumbed with fear yet pricked with desire to walk its streets, see its shops, talk with her own kind. Until now numerous children and bad times have kept her at home, but a wonderful catch of salmon this year has made the trip possible. In exchange for the fish they will receive provisions for the winter and a little money, then, with to-morrow's tide, they will sail back across the St. Lawrence and up their own little river to the hamlet home, distant in space thirty odd miles perhaps—in what we call civilisation, at least half a century. As we wish her "a good time" in the village, a tiny spark of eagerness lights up the drab tenseness of the face, and we hope that the friendly

villagers will make her moment of Mecca a joy that memory may cherish. Our eyes follow the frightened and awkward man and woman, children mentally, along the pier, up the hill to the little houses, standing out very clearly and very cleanly on the ridge, in the cold evening light. We follow them in imagination to the "populous" section, just beyond, with its dozen stores—four or five "generals," the barber's, very advanced, with fruit, vegetables, and ice-cream in the foreground; the blacksmith's, always crowded and noisy; the post-office, with supplies of picture postcards and little dishes of candy, unvarying from year to year.

From this main street on the ridge, the little houses and their gardens climb the hill till they reach the church at the top, the inevitable grey stone church of this devout French-Canadian country, where the word of the curé, who is still the accredited representative of God, is accepted unquestionably. In front of the Bic church is a huge Christ—of wood, I think—whose halo of electric lights shines afar by night. With what a thrill will our travellers gaze upon it! What a tale to tell and re-tell in their remote hamlet!

And then a magnet draws us back to the evening's occupation, the spectacle of the sunset, already well on its way. At the south end of the bay lie, piled high, the haunting hills, whose nearness one cannot long forget. Higher than the others, Lion Mountain, with its resemblance to Arthur's Seat, slopes down to mingle with the lesser peaks; between them are dark ravines that broaden out into farm land on the lower levels. Some of these hills end abruptly in great promontories, against which the waves work their will of continuous destruction; others flatten down into long reefs, like the fingers of a giant hand, outstretched upon the water. The ends of these, little islands when tide is in, bear such names as Ile d'Amour, Aberdeen Park, so telling the tale of the presence of two races. A haze now hovers over the hills; shortly they will disappear—but at this very instant a last ray of gold lights up a valley lying open to us, and turns the grass to brilliant emerald. A moment more and they are lost in purple mist. The burden of beauty then passes to the now uncovered flats of the bay, for the tide ebbed almost unregarded to-night while the woman held us with her tale. There, pools of flame, of burnished copper, of pale gold, lie side by side. Nearer, are beds of rose violet, of blue violet, of darkest heliotrope, that enthrall us. On our left, where the deeper channel of the River Bic winds through the bay, shine pools of emerald, set about with turquoise shallows, and, farther over, by the now quiet saw-mill, are shoals of yellow-green. The birds are gathering to feed; in the channel the patient crane stands at watch, overhead the creaking gull darts to and fro, restless till the receding water shall yield up its prey.

Night has come, and in the darkness we climb the hill, forgetful of its steepness, mind and soul cleansed of mean and inharmonious thought or desire, body strongly borne up by the fragrant sea-air, spiced with tang of seaweed.

## THE DREAM.

"I have done that," says my Memory. "I could not have done that" says my Pride, and remains inexorable. Finally, my Memory yields.—Friedrich Nietzsche, *Janseits von Gut und Bosen*, ii., § 68.]

I dreamed of you last night.

It seems passing strange to me  
That a Dream should know  
What I put away so well

Long years ago!

SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

## Reviews.

**De Quincey.** Selections. Edited by M. R. Ridley. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.)

This is as dull and ill-chosen an affair as any text-book we have read for a long time. The author's introduction will pass muster, for it has at least the virtue of brevity. But why add Leslie Stephen's pompous 30 pages, hellish to wade through, especially when there are a few appropriate words of Francis Thompson to follow? The selections are in many cases cut off so short, like chunks of banana for a fruit salad, that it is quite impossible to say whether they be well-chosen or not. This kind of work simply will not do.

**Judicial Dramas.** By Horace Wyndham. (Fisher Unwin. 18s.)

This sort of thing is really as easy as eating pie. Mr. Wyndham has done it very well, and seeing how many busy pens are scratching away doing it uncommon badly, we ought to be grateful to him. Besides, the tale of Governor Wall holds an inexhaustible thrill. It should have been told in greater detail here. Some of the space devoted to Queen Caroline, that royal lump of unpicturesque infidelity, might have been spared for the purpose. When high life comes into the wrong kind of Court, the artificial stage is no longer worth the price of admission. But who will write us a modern book of judicial dramas, from the Maud Allan libel action down to the Dennistoun case? That would be well worth writing, and could be well worth reading.

**Pretty Creatures.** By William Gerhardt. (Benn. 6s.)

There is a grave danger that a fine talent will be spoiled, if Messrs. Benn go on publishing Mr. Gerhardt's long-short stories in single file, and then making them form fours so that they can be sold under new titles at a higher price. It may be good policy so to over-boom an author that each least effort must demand its separate acclaim, and agitate for subsequent further notice on its re-appearance. But we doubt if persistence in such a course is wise. Meanwhile, as Mr. Wells would say, Mr. Gerhardt goes on writing well. When he adds quantity to his quality, like Dickens or Thackeray, we shall agree with Lord Beaverbrook, to whom, in default of any other Napoleon, he dedicates this small collection, that he is a genius. But until that time comes we must ask for more.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "RATIO" OR "STANDARD."

Dear Sir,—In "Credit Power and Democracy," page 130, Major Douglas says: "It will, of course, be understood that no absolute unit of measure of value is either possible or needful."

He goes on to say: "The only possible standard which can be applied with accuracy to the measurement of economic value is that of Ratio."

When discussing New Economics with men in key positions in industry, men who are fully aware of the unsatisfactions in industry, and are quite in agreement with the factory Gold Standard, and are quite in agreement with the "New Economics" destructive side, come to a deadlock on the question of the Substitution of a Standard, as they contend that in International Trade there is the necessity for a standard, or measure, or unit.

They cannot understand how a Ratio, though perfectly practical nationally, can be applied internationally. A little information on this point will probably be useful to many ardent New Economists, and may bring a number of strong business men over, as this is their real stumbling-block.

W. ARTHUR EVERS.

## ON THE FREEING OF A GREAT ENGLISHMAN.

(Weekly Dispatch, August 7 and on.)

No bells ran out from Dickens, nor no boom  
Of answering ordinance; the disconsolate morn,  
Desolate, pink-eyed, came, where Samson, shorn  
By his great mistress, he man's comfort found  
In thought of England! England! till the round  
Of skilful and quiet oakum turned a loom  
Spread wide with Freedom's garment—spangled, bound  
Th' red, th' white, th' blue—to hide the womb  
Of teeming Empire. England waited. He,  
English, came quietly out as he'd gone in,  
Nor asked for acclamations. Yet through the still  
Twilight a postman, watching from a hill,  
Ran calling, "England! England! Bunley's free!"

GEOFFREY DUNLOP.



## The Social Credit Movement.

Supporters of the Social Credit Movement contend that under present conditions the purchasing power in the hands of the community is chronically insufficient to buy the whole product of industry. This is because the money required to finance capital production, and created by the banks for that purpose, is regarded as borrowed from them, and, therefore, in order that it may be repaid, is charged into the price of consumers' goods. It is a vital fallacy to treat new money thus created by the banks as a repayable loan, without crediting the community, on the strength of whose resources the money was created, with the value of the resulting new capital resources. This has given rise to a defective system of national loan accountancy, resulting in the reduction of the community to a condition of perpetual scarcity, and bringing them face to face with the alternatives of widespread unemployment of men and machines, as at present, or of international complications arising from the struggle for foreign markets.

The Douglas Social Credit Proposals would remedy this defect by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the community to an amount sufficient to provide effective demand for the whole product of industry. This, of course, cannot be done by the orthodox method of creating new money, prevalent during the war, which necessarily gives rise to the "vicious spiral" of increased currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still higher prices, and so on. The essentials of the scheme are the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulation of the price of consumers' goods at their real cost of production (as distinct from their apparent financial cost under the present system). The technique for effecting this is fully described in Major Douglas's books.

The adoption of this scheme would result in an unprecedented improvement in the standard of living of the population by the absorption at home of the present unsaleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.

A consecutive introductory reading course in Social Credit is provided by the following sets of pamphlets:—

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Unemployment and Waste (1d.).  
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Post free 6d. the set.

### SET B.

Comprising:—

Set "A" above.  
The Veil of Finance (6d.).

Post free 1s. the set.

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