

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	13	VOTES FOR CHARACTER. By John Grimm	20
The honour conferred on General Booth—and on the Emperor of Japan. French delegation to examine British railway system. The dismissal of Inspector Ginhoven from Scotland Yard. The <i>National Citizen</i> on Major Douglas and others. The Reparations Experts—Mr. Snowden—Lord Astor's dinners to Labour.		Should <i>divorcés</i> enter Parliament?	
INVESTMENTS AND DISTRIBUTIVE COSTING. (Editorial)	16	AN UNBALANCED MASTERPIECE. By Michael Joyce	21
Social Credit and "the old lady's" shares.		<i>The Purple Cloud.</i>	
THE SCREEN PLAY. By David Ockham	17	THE TURF EXCHANGE. By Hippophile	21
<i>Show Boat. Coquette. Spite Marriage.</i>		Ockham	22
CURRENT POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Ben Wilson	18	<i>Eighteenth Century France. Travels in France during the Years 1787-9.</i>	
Unemployment. Mr. Price Bell on Anglo-American relations.		REVIEWS	22
DRAMA. By Paul Banks	19	<i>Forty-One: A Romance. The Soul of the Slum Child. Shepherd of Israel. The Whirligig of Taste. Open House. John Galsworthy: A Survey. From Generation to Generation. Portraits and Reflections. The Russian Church Since the Revolution. The New Art of Education.</i>	
<i>Captain Banner. Mariners. Rope.</i>			

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The King's act in appointing General Booth a member of the Companions of Honour is significant. But the interesting feature of the episode was Mrs. Booth's response. She said:

"This honour will be a tonic to him. We firmly believe that by God's permission he will be made well and strong again to lead the Army that his father founded. He is slowly climbing up, and when the warmer weather comes we hope he will be able to go into the fresh air."

"Mrs. Booth referred with pride to the work that her husband had done for the Salvation Army. 'He is a wonderful man,' she said. 'He is a saint for whom, in a way, the world is not ready. Whatever the decision of the Law Courts, we feel that if the General can face his people on the public platform, they will rally to his side. The end is not yet.'" (*The Star*, April 29.)

This elicited a reproof from one newspaper (and probably others) which pointed out that it placed a false construction on the meaning of the honour, making it appear as if the King had intended it as a sign of his disapproval of the action of the High Council in superseding the General. Mrs. Booth's words are ascribed to her "agitation." That is, of course, quite possible. But in our judgment she was reasonably entitled to draw some such inference from the event, even though it may prove to be the wrong one. The reason lies in the *time chosen* by the King's advisers for publicly conferring the honour, namely, while litigation is still pending. If the General had been dying there would have been good reason for haste. But from all accounts he is not; he is said to be improving. And if the honour was intended, as the newspaper insinuated, to be accepted as a sort of consolation prize to General Booth for having been dismissed, it seems strange to have conferred it before the validity of the dismissal has been adjudicated upon by the Courts. Of course, supposing the King's advisers could be supposed to foreknow the Courts' decision well and good; but who is going to advance such an hypothesis? It must be remembered that the star parts in the drama are not ordinary people. Considering that Commissioner Eva Booth has been on dining

terms with President Coolidge, and has been accustomed to meet Rockefeller and other plutocrats on similar terms of equality, it is not to be supposed that this manifested interest of the American governing circles in the affairs of the Salvation Army has not been matched by the similar interest of governing circles in Britain. So when Commissioner Eva comes over here and manoeuvres Commissioner Higgins into the leadership, it is impossible to imagine that the event is a matter of indifference to the British Government. This consideration lends a wider significance to the King's gesture than any mere appreciation of General Booth's past social and religious work. If not, the gesture was an indiscretion; for it has in that case sown false hopes among the loyalists in the Salvation Army and aroused unfounded suspicions in Washington. But since the whole training of Kings and their advisers is to enable them to avoid indiscretions, they do not commit them—except intentionally.

Within a few days of the honouring of General Booth, the King honoured someone else. In Tokio the Duke of Gloucester invested the Emperor of Japan with the Order of the Garter, and was invested with the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum by the Emperor. These are the highest honours that can be exchanged. The Emperor said that he regarded the conferment of the illustrious order of knighthood as a "signal mark of the deep and unchanging friendship which his Majesty has always shown to myself and my house." In other words, the Anglo-Japanese Treaty never died.

Another item of interest is that some sixty railway administrators and officials are coming from France to make a thorough investigation of the British railway system. The record of accidents on the French system must have occasioned disquietude, and it is not surprising that the practical immunity of the British railways should attract these visitors. But it is not everybody who wants to examine our system who would be allowed to. The reason why the French are so favoured is connected

with the Anglo-French Entente; for allies who trust each other may safely share secrets. Again, a railway system that is defective in peace is doubly defective in war; and although one hopes that never again will it be necessary for British soldiers to be transported over French territory on active service, it is just as well for Britain to teach France how to make her railway service safe for them.

The announcement of the dismissal of Inspector Hubert Ginhoven and another officer from the Special Political Branch of Scotland Yard calls for comment. On the assumption that he was a subordinate official, it must be remembered that dismissals from this grade are of regular occurrence. It stands to reason that the game of double-crossing must be a prominent feature of any spying system. Yet nothing is announced about the dismissals of the delinquents. On the assumption that he was a high official, one can see why his dismissal was considered "news." But one cannot see so well what object was served by dismissing him. There is no doubt, from his record, that Inspector Ginhoven was a very responsible and valuable man. He knew eight languages, including Turkish; and he had nerves of steel. During the war he went far behind the enemy lines on Secret Service missions and accomplished them successfully. He has been in the Service for twenty years. His most recent function, by reason of his being in the Political Branch, has been to keep an eye on political and quasi-political movements and cults of all kinds, whether considered subversive or not. He could plant agents in every society he wished, including even such innocuous gatherings as take place in the Social Credit Movement. His first and last duty was to collect information by any and every conceivable method. The Home Secretary has admitted frankly in the House that private letters are opened in the Post Office if thought necessary: and his answer to a question: "How many?" was that the interests of public policy prevented his giving the information. Similarly, the listening-in to private telephone conversations is practised as well—as why should it not be? If, as it is reasonable to assume, Inspector Ginhoven has become cognisant of all the information so gleaned, this, together with his knowledge of the methods used to get it, puts him in a position to make things very uncomfortable for his employers. As the newspaper reports are worded, this man is represented as having been turned adrift to look for a job. This sounds just about as true a yarn as that one about Colonel Lawrence being only an aircraft mechanic.

The *National Citizen*, which is the organ of the National Citizen's Union, publishes the first of a series of articles on finance in its April issue. The outlook of this journal can be indicated by the fact that it has been running an "Economy" Campaign; and its views on "economy" assessed by the fact that it is able to boast of the publicity given to the "Campaign" by *The Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express*, and the *Daily Mirror*. It also mentions its "policy to remedy unemployment," and its "demand for an inquiry into the best way of dealing with mental defectives"; and quotes a heap of provincial newspapers which have published reports on these matters. Such a busy journal as this has no time to investigate anything really important; so when it raises the question "Is Anything Wrong With Our Currency?" in a headline to the article we have referred to, one may expect to find the usual mixture of accuracy about things that do not matter, together with inaccuracy about things that do. The article purports to be a dispassionate survey of criticisms offered against banking policy.

Sub-headlines contain the expressions: "Sudden Spate of Currency Literature," "Every Man a Currency Expert." These recall Mr. Sidney Webb's comment that "we always have these currency fanatics after every war," and are of course written in the same spirit.

The article divides criticism into three categories according to whether it (1) demands more and cheaper loan-credit (2) protests against falling prices when the workers won't let their wages be reduced (3) demands the abolition of the gold standard so as to cheapen the cost of credit. Under item (3) this passage occurs:

"Therefore, urge the critics, let us abandon gold (W. L. P. Knight*); also F. Britten Austin in the *Sunday Pictorial* of 17th ulto; let us substitute 'bills of exchange drawn against wealth products' (J. Taylor Peddie*), or any useful products (Major Douglas); or at any rate, let us supplement existing monetary supplies by issues of paper currency against production (Kitson, Stoll, and others); or against 'National Credit' ('Arthurian' in the *Sunday Referee*); and so on."

The asterisks have reference to a footnote which is as follows:

"Books, pamphlets, and articles by Arthur Kitson, Sir Oswald Stoll, J. F. Darling, 'Arthurian' (in the *Sunday Referee*), Major Douglas, J. Taylor Peddie ('The Invariable Standard and Measure of Value'), W. L. P. Knight ('Gold and the Future'), and others."

It is to be noted that although the *National Citizen* breaks tradition by referring to Major Douglas by name, it does so in such a way as to falsify his views while preserving a plausible excuse to deny him the opportunity to reply. Its trick is to attack only those items of criticism which can be said to be common to the selected group, and to keep quiet about divergent items. Hence there is a lot of "credit" lore served up, but not a syllable about the subject of the costing-system, which Major Douglas has declared is fundamental, and whose declaration to that effect distinguishes him conspicuously from the other critics with whom he is here identified.

In these circumstances we need not bother to analyse the arguments. They are all based on the assumption that *prices are not regulated*. Hence Major Douglas could very well chant "Agreed! Agreed!" right through the *National Citizen's* old familiar recapitulation of the consequences that would follow the adoption of other credit-reform policies. As a matter of fact a good deal of its criticism of those policies might have been lifted out of our Notes (except that we would be sorry to father the style of it.)

We will take one illustrative point for comment. It is about as clear or obscure as the rest.

"The ideas, so popular among industrial producers like Mr. Kitson or Sir Oswald Stoll, and theorists of the type of Major Douglas and Mr. Taylor Peddie, that for whatever any producer may care to produce, purchasing tools of an equivalent value ought to be created to enable somebody or other to buy the aforesaid products, may be dismissed as fantastic. Mere production avails nothing unless (1) the products be wanted by others, and (2) those others have, in their turn, produced something in general demand which they can give in return for the products they require. Merely providing more purchasing tools will not solve the problem." (Author's italics.)

What is an ordinary reader to make of this? It is true, on one set of premisses, and untrue on another. The fact that Major Douglas's ideas challenge the premisses here assumed does not emerge. Major Douglas is grouped with Mr. Peddie and made to appear as if he either left prices to settle themselves or relied on controlling them by rationing the provision of loan-credit. (We forget which of these two futile alternatives Mr. Peddie happens to

favour.) "Merely providing more purchasing tools [i.e. credit] will not solve the problem," says the *National Citizen*. Exactly. We can roar it a "Hear, hear" loud enough to break the drum of its ear—without, we hope, frightening the ladies. Let us cap its declaration with another. You cannot complete a job by doing half of it.

Now we can get on, and try to solve a conundrum. "Mere production avails nothing, unless—" So far, this seems to mean that though everybody may be producing, this avails nothing, unless—unless what?—the products are wanted by "others." But if everybody is producing there are no such persons as "others." So we must begin again. Let us try this statement. Mere production by some people avails nothing unless the products are wanted by others. That is clearer: only it happens to be untrue as a general statement. One can conceive the producers wanting all the products themselves, and telling the "others" to go to the devil. It has actually happened in Russia. The wheat harvests "availed" the villagers without reference to what the "others" in Moscow and Petrograd wanted or didn't want. So we must again modify the original statement. Mere production, by some people, of products that they do not want, avails nothing unless these products are wanted by others. But having got here we must push forward. The statement is still untrue, because the production could still avail nothing to the producers. The "others" might want them so badly as to come and take them for nothing. So we must bring in the *National Citizen's* second condition that "those others have produced something in general demand which they can give in return for the products they require." But why all this portentous phraseology? All it amounts to is the simple statement that production in general avails nothing unless the products are generally wanted. Let us agree. But the practical question is: if the products are generally wanted, will the production avail *something*? Can a whole people buy all they want of their production? If they can, what is the "problem" which the *National Citizen* says cannot be solved by the provision of more "purchasing tools"? If they cannot, their wants do not come into the question. The derided critics of the financial system are wiser than their teacher. At least they realise that purchasing power does not come by wishing for it. To conclude this paragraph let us say that we pay our respects to the *National Citizen's* mutuality principle in economic production—everybody must produce a surplus of what everybody else wants. The practical embodiment of this principle is most clearly to be seen at work in the Co-operative Society. The *National Citizen's* Union have just petitioned the Prime Minister to levy increased taxes on that Society. Well; good luck to them: we used to catch tadpoles ourselves.

The Reparations Experts in Paris are reported to have agreed on an approach towards the beginning of a discussion which may lead to a satisfactory compromise on the question of what Germany will pay. The present suggestion, put up by Mr. Owen Young, is that Germany's payments be divided into two categories, the one to meet the Allies' external war debts; and the other, Reparations proper. Herr Schacht is reported to have given way upon the question of the duration of the payments to this extent, that the instalments on debt account shall extend up to fifty-seven years—this term being the same as that which America has allowed the Allies to repay their debts. Then, with regard to Reparations, he is said to be willing for the contemplated Reparations Bank to float bonds on German

account to the amount of £600 millions in all, this sum to be disbursed by instalments at a rate yet to be discussed. There is also an understanding that should America at any time renounce or reduce her claim on the Allies, Germany would be excused the payment of the amount involved. The London Press is on the whole chary about forecasting any ultimate agreement. The Paris Press says nothing interesting on the subject, but it interprets Mr. Snowden's speech as having been designed to worry France into ratifying the Churchill debt-agreement in case a Labour Government came into power and offered worse terms. The design was not Mr. Snowden's. It emanated from Wall Street or one of its financial outposts in London. The choice of Mr. Snowden to speak at the microphone was no doubt due to the fact that the subject-matter required an Opposition tongue to make it sound like a spontaneous outburst against the Government. And the reason why a Labour rather than a Liberal tool was employed is probably because the Astor influence has made more headway in the counsels of the Labour Party. One must never forget the famous Astor dinners to the new-to-office Labour members some years ago. On those persons, all of whom had just climbed into a superior social position while still suffering from an inferiority complex, the influence of such functions must have been enormous. It was a most astute idea to put them in the company of well-bred gentlemen and dainty ladies, all listening sympathetically to their "views upon the poor" and their accounts of their own "early struggles"—champagne poured into them and lognettes bent upon them. ("Oh dear, can such things be?" "How very touching." "Yes, I've always admired the fortitude of —" and similar bunk ad inf.) No wonder that long afterwards the "leaders" of the Great Strike struck; and that since then Mr. Snowden's chief emotional response to the spectacle of poverty has been admiration of the "heroism" of its victims. The more we see of the soulful, yearning weaklings with their great cow's eyes who enter politics the more we wish the gibe were true that women would vote only for sound, healthy men who were good to look upon. The others should be elected to a psycho-analyst's clinic. It is related of the famous general, Castracani, that he was once entertained by Taddeo Bernardi, a splendid citizen of Lucca. During the evening he was shown by Taddeo into a chamber hung with silk and paved with rare stones representing flowers of exquisite colouring. After contemplating all this enveloping beauty for a while, Castracani turned and deliberately spat upon Taddeo. In answer to Taddeo's reproachful expostulations he politely explained that he had desired to spit, but "I knew not where to spit in order to offend thee less." This was centuries ago; and we are not so rude now. But we wish that some analogous jolt could be administered to people who come dazzling the crowd with their noble sentiments. It would be a great relief to say: I am too awe-stricken at your beautiful sentiments, and too impressed by their hold on you to contest any of them—but here's a punch on the jaw for yourself.

The Times, April 22, 1929, reports the International Convention held at Geneva to pass measures to prevent the counterfeiting of currency.

"Among the extraordinary expedients suggested is one that emanates from Paris, and is attributed to some of the conferees who are considering the reparations problem. This suggestion contemplates the creation of what might be called a bank of all nations, in which the world's supply of monetary gold shall be deposited and used as a basis for the issuance of credit obligations when their emission is justified. It will be a long time before a plan so ideal can be given definite shape and effect."—*Commerce and Finance*, March 27, 1929.

Investments and Distributive Costing.

A few days ago it was suggested by a student of Major Douglas's Theorem that an article would be helpful which dealt with the position of the small shareholder under the Social Credit system. He took as an hypothesis the case of an old lady whose sole income was, say, £150 a year, and was derived solely from dividends in some industrial enterprise. He could appreciate the truth that over a period of many years a private income like this could be completely changed from an investor-dividend to a consumer-dividend (and its purchasing power expanded in the process), but his requirement was to ascertain what would happen immediately upon the inauguration of the Social Credit system. In short, what could be said to-day to the old lady to abate her fear of the transition and engage her support for its objective? It was not sufficient, he said, to tell her, for instance, that she could have her capital back in a lump sum; for she might reasonably object to being forced to hoard it as the consequence of being denied the opportunity to put it out to earn her a living. Supposing her capital were £3,000, it would be no use pointing out that this would (as it might) last her lifetime: she would certainly protest against being forced to "eat into" her £3,000, even supposing that prices fell so much as to necessitate her spending only £75 a year instead of £150. She would in all probability have plans in her head, and clauses in her will, regarding what "John and Mary" would get when she was gone—what they would require for their babies' education, and so on.

This illustrates the difficulty of "popular propaganda." To gain popular support for a new system you have to answer popular objections. These are of necessity non-rational, and you cannot meet them by reasoning—at least not by reasoning from theoretic principles, however sound. You have to face instinctive suspicion; and all you can do is to use direct means of allaying it if such are available to you, i.e., if they are consistent with the principles you have in your mind. So, to begin with, it is tremendously important for the popular exponent to be even more clear in his mind about where the Social Credit writ does *not* run, than where it does, in the region of instinctive habits and customs.

Looking at Social Credit this way, it is remarkable to realise how low is its index of prohibition, and how high its index of toleration. Major Douglas has declared that the "core" of the economic problem is "cost." He has shown that the present system of costing subverts an anti-distributist principle, and is the prime cause of the economic impasse. His remedial proposals are therefore designed to subvert an opposite principle—and embody a distributive system of costing. The objective is to make the total product of industry purchaseable in the consumption market as and when it is finished, and as fast as it can be finished by the whole plant and equipment working at 100-per-cent. capacity. This is a reversal of what is now conceived of as a "fundamental necessity" to make as much of the product unpurchaseable as possible in the said market.

The remedy lies in a *new method of calculating retail price*. The quantity of money to which the method is applied is not a fundamental matter. What is fundamental is that, whatever the amount, it must be accounted by the new method. You might multiply the amount of loan-credit in use any number of times; you might make the banks provide the whole of it to the exclusion of the private

investor; and you might force them to charge a nominal rate of interest, or none at all: but if you stopped there you would have done nothing to improve the situation. On the other hand, once you instituted the new method of costing you could leave the sources, amount and price of loan-credit unaltered, and yet materially improve the situation.

Now we come back to our old lady. It does not follow in the least that when her little capital of, say, £3,000 is no longer needed by industry she will be required to draw it out; or that, if she does not, her £150 a year dividend will be cut down in amount. The idea that it is necessary to tell her so arises, we presume, from an erroneous inference drawn from the fact that investments out of income decrease effective demand for consumable goods. They do: but the reason why they do is because they are allowed to by the present costing system, which, as we have already said, is designed to restrict consumption. But, in the case we are considering, this policy has (by hypothesis) been reversed, and an appropriate new costing system designed to fulfil it. Now you can reverse a policy without necessarily prohibiting every practice which took place under it. You can allow mistakes if you have taken measures to render them innocuous. The persistence of the investment habit in a newly instituted Social Credit system can be permitted because under the new costing system it cannot produce the same consequences as before. It is not *what* people choose to do, but the *consequences* of what they do that has to be dealt with. And since we know that people will insist on choosing the "what" and are injured by the consequences, it is a matter of political wisdom to let them alone and only interfere with the consequences. Not only may the old lady cling on to her original investment and dividend, but when the price-level falls she may even increase her investment out of her income.

Consider, from a physical point of view, what she would be doing in that event. It would be as if she said to the rest of the community: "My income enables me to buy (e.g.) twenty extra loaves this year. But I prefer to refrain from doing so and to receive as a reward one loaf extra this year and every year, and for my descendants to do so for ever after me." What of it? Her abstinence from consuming the other nineteen loaves would mean that the rest of the community could buy them; for remember there would be now functioning a system of costing and pricing which ensured the sale of total output available for sale. Under the present costing system nobody gets the nineteen loaves: the output is reduced by that number. Consider again: she is going to take twenty years to consume the same quantity as she is entitled to consume in this particular year. But by the time the twentieth year has arrived the capacity of industry to produce goods will have been multiplied several times. A little reflection will show that the persistence of the investment habit under the reformed system will aid rather than impede matters; it will enable people who are short of necessities to get even more than they otherwise would for their money. With beautiful precision the Price-Regulation factor would register the old lady's abstinence and cause the transfer of her nineteen loaves to those who more urgently needed them. Could this happen at a more providential time than at the *point of transition* from the old to the new system? For it would be just then when industry's capacity to produce was only beginning to develop, and when there would be a waiting queue of destitute people whom every humanist would desire to see served first.

luck to all the old ladies whose investment-complex makes them leave the queue; for those behind can close up.

So our advice to the popular propagandist is that he tell the old lady what she wants to hear. If she wants to save her money, she will be able to save more. If she wants to buy things with her money she will be able to buy more. And supposing she is a benevolent old lady she can be told that her saving will confer benefits on the poor as well as increase (what she regards as) her "store of money." If she is a mean old lady she can be assured that appeals to her charity will decline and eventually disappear. If she likes bestowing charity, she will have more money to spare for the purpose. In this branch of propaganda there is no use in flustering people by telling them everything. The complete exposition of the Social Credit principle and its expected results must be reserved for those who show evidence of becoming systematic students. This advice may be regarded as immoral. If so, the moral of the immorality is: do not go in for popular propaganda. For instance, if you tell an old lady with a charity-complex that she will be able to bestow more charity, it is senseless to proceed to tell her that less of her charity will be needed. Again, in the case of the investment-habit, it is not wise to suggest even so little as that this habit will gradually be voluntarily relinquished as the security of life under Social Credit is more fully realised. To do so would only sow the suspicion that the object of Social Credit is to discourage investment. To all this there is an obvious retort. It might run as follows:—"Yes; that method is all very well when you are tackling people privately one by one: but you cannot get away with it before a *company* of people, who would include persons of mixed types." Quite. And that is why we are not enthusiastic about indiscriminate mass propaganda of Social Credit. We think the private method is the best for popular propaganda, just as it is the best for the instruction of independent thinkers. If you *must* deal with groups, the expedient compromise is to see that these groups are as nearly homogeneous in type as possible, so that they will have a more or less common complex for you to exploit.

The Screen Play.

"Show Boat."

In "Show Boat" the Tivoli should have a second "Ben Hur." (I am referring to the commercial success and not the artistic level of that deplorable film.) Its story is not only based on that of a distinguished novel, but is also faithful to the original, thus shattering two of Hollywood's most cherished traditions at one blow. It brings to the screen the colour and atmosphere of bygone life on the Mississippi in a manner incomparably beyond the power of the stage, an achievement the more noteworthy in view of the excellence of the recent production at Drury Lane. And, although its able director has not essayed to create that new technique which is essential if the sound-film is to develop into an art form, the sequences in which dialogue is used are more impressive than they would have been without talk. The "great scene" between Laura La Plante (Magnolia) and Rudolph Schildkraut (Gaylord Ravenal) is outstanding both for the high quality of its acting and its sound reproduction. Emily Fitzroy, as Parthenia Ann Hawks, "steals" the picture from the rest in most of her scenes, and Jules Bledsoe is admirable in the Paul Robeson rôle. This film demonstrates that while many popular screen players will rapidly shed some of their box-office appeal when their

voices are heard in England, Laura La Plante and Rudolph Schildkraut show to even greater advantage in sound-films. "Show Boat" is both excellent entertainment and a landmark in the evolution of the "talkies."

"Coquette."

Whether "Coquette" (New Gallery), Mary Pickford's first talking picture, will increase the box-office value of the "World's Sweetheart" seems open to question. After making every allowance for faulty sound reproduction on the opening day, which made most of the dialogue almost unintelligible, I conclude that English and Continental audiences will not become greater admirers of Miss Pickford after hearing her Transatlantic accent. The film itself is purposeless, even if it prove that Miss Pickford can be successful in an emotional rôle, and most of the dialogue was without interest or dramatic value, having obviously been introduced for no other reason than to make a hundred per cent. "talkie." The best feature of "Coquette" is its merciful brevity.

"Spite Marriage."

It is refreshing to hear that Buster Keaton's new film, "Spite Marriage," has broken all records at the Empire at a time when the London screen is suffering from a plague of sound films, and is being retained for this week. Keaton is one of those actors who rely so completely on gesture and facial play as to make speech completely superfluous, and I trust that Hollywood will not compel him to imitate Miss Pickford.

DAVID OCKHAM.

SHELLEY ON THE STATE AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

"A human being is a member of the community, not as a limb is a member of the body, or as what is a part of a machine, intended only to contribute to some general, joint result. He was created not to be merged in the whole as a drop in the ocean, or as a particle of sand on the sea-shore, and to aid only in comprising a man. He is an ultimate being, made for his own perfection as his highest end, made to maintain an individual existence, and to serve others only as far as consists with his own virtue and progress. Hitherto Governments have tended greatly to obscure this importance of the individual, to depress him in his own eyes, to give him the idea of an outward interest more important than the invisible soul, and an outward authority more important than his own secret conscience. Rulers have called the private man the property of the State, meaning generally by the State themselves, and thus the many have been immolated to the few, and have even believed that this was their highest destination. These views cannot be too earnestly withstood. Nothing seems to me so needful as to give to the mind the consciousness—which Governments have done so much to suppress—of its own separate work. Let the individual feel that he is placed in the community not to part with his individuality, or to become a tool. To me the progress of society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to strengthen and elevate his mind.

"No man, I affirm, will serve his fellow-beings so effectually, so fervently, as he who is not their slave; as he who, casting off every yoke, subjects himself to the law of duty in his own mind. For this law enjoins a disinterested and generous spirit. Individuality or moral self-interest is the secret foundation of an all-comprehending subsistence is the secret foundation of the community love. No man so multiplies his bonds with the community as he who watches most jealously over his own perfection. There is a beautiful harmony between the good of the State and the moral freedom and dignity of the individual. Were it not so, were there interests in any case discordant, were an individual ever called to serve his country by acts debasing his own mind, he ought not to waver a moment as to the good which he should prefer. Property, life, he should joyfully surrender to the State. But his soul he must never stain or enslave."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(From a letter to an unknown correspondent, August 12, 1812.)

Current Political Economy.

Over several distinguished signatures a plea has just been made for a scheme to preserve the unemployed from becoming unemployable. The signatories include men of honour, such as a Major-General and an Admiral, men of learning, and men of piety. These propose, in the name of humanitarianism, that the unemployed should, in return for their unemployment benefit, give labour to their municipality, thus enabling the municipality to carry out schemes, for example, slum-clearance, construction of playgrounds, or reclamation of land, for which no "money" was available. No doubt the signatories have studied the ethical implications of their scheme and are prepared to advocate that any insurance benefit which may become due to their own wives at their decease should also be redeemed by work. If the contributors to the unemployment insurance scheme are to draw their benefit only provided they work for it, a new turn is given to the saving theory. The workers are to be subject to compulsory saving that they may work for nothing, for the sake of annihilating costs. We can either apply the idea all-round and thus instal the work-state logically, instead of paradoxically as at present, or we can examine other possible ways of making purchasing power exceed cost.

The suggestion of these signatories is, of course, as they intend it, puerile, though that is rather in favour of its gaining support than otherwise. It is puerile because it supposes that a particular class of society can be demoralised by leisure, whereas it is only the lack of opportunities for enjoying leisure that demoralises. It is puerile again because it takes no account of the demoralisation that the working-classes suffer when they are degraded, especially by being treated as of a lower than human species. Under the compulsory insurance schemes the working classes have already lost *morale*, partly because of the taint placed upon benefit by the Press and partly because of the element of regimentation and bureaucratic prying imposed upon them to prevent suspected malingering. When a salaried manager receives insurance against a lapsed or lost situation, he is not expected, either for conscience' sake or for preserving his employability, to offer equivalent service at the nearest workhouse. The adoption of this proposal would mean compulsory task work, especially in municipalities without schemes. Such proposals for saving the unemployed as suggested would either damn them or stir them to revolt. All this notwithstanding, the signatories have advanced beyond the mental range of their government. They can at least perceive the ludicrousness of hands being idle while the house tumbles down. Slum clearance is necessary, playgrounds are desirable, and one of these days, when the virgin tracts of earth have been cultivated, land will have to be reclaimed. The signatories see that the chief component of production is available. They may even see that, in addition to labour, machinery and raw materials are available. What they surely do not see is that the only factor missing is the paper that sets the wheels going round.

Constructive control of the money system is at present wholly directed by reference to stability of exchange-rates, a desirable enough thing in itself, but neither a unique nor an all sufficient thing. True constructive control would be directed only to ensuring the effective distribution of the total possible product equitably over the whole of the people. The necessity for stability of exchange rates would not then be at the focus of attention, but merely one of the radial considerations. Without such a change of orientation, which bankers generally, if only by reason of confirmed bad habits, appear un-

able to make, all suggestions for dealing with unemployment will continue to be puerile. On the question of the relationship between credit and the two factors of production and distribution hard thinking has been done. Orthodox economists regularly express clear and crisp views, as far as they go, while the question remains one of pure logic. The moment the problem of application arises they are afraid to trust their thought. They prefer to advocate trivialities, as though anxious for the reputation of being of good-will while terrified of doing what their own thoughts prescribe.

Mr. Edward Price Bell, well known to readers of the *Observer* as the American mouthpiece of English-speaking amity, has published replies to typical letters addressed to him on the subject of Anglo-American relations under the Hoover presidency. His replies to such questions as

"What about the American attitude to the League, the debt, the Navy programme?"

are friendly, frank, and have a kind of common sense. But it is common sense in the air, not on the ground. It is common sense of the order used when a child afraid of the dark is told not to be frightened. Not one of Mr. Bell's questioners can be satisfied or eased by his replies. The facts that matter are kept in the background. On behalf of America Mr. Bell pleads the Kellogg Pact; that America repudiated "Big Bill"; and that she has no territorial designs on the British Empire. "America," says Mr. Bell,

"does not believe in this sort of supersession,"

though the sort of supersession in question has not been clearly specified. Later Mr. Bell says that:

"America will listen to war debt cancellationists when we have no further threat of war."

Thus, in spite of all his breezy friendliness, Mr. Bell talks until the cat is out of the bag. His polite chatter is that of the man with the gun. America does not contemplate debt cancellation for the reason that she prefers to contemplate the impregnability which, she fancies, she secures by having the world in her pocket.

THE NEW AGE has not agitated for Anglo-American debt cancellation. It could hardly expect to stir up international common sense when it found so great a task in stirring up common sense in one nation. THE NEW AGE was not able to persuade the British Government to suggest payment to America in goods instead of in gold dollars. By Mr. Bell's explanations of America's outlook the touch of cynicism in our realism is justified. All his talk of peace is the geniality of the employer telling an employee, to use the picturesque American phrase, "Where he gets off." It is designed to avoid stating with brutality disturbing to the speaker, that war goes on all the time; and that America has the advantage. Britain cannot get level with America unless she invents new weapons of self-protection, a new money-system, or the engines of war. In rubber, cotton, oil, copper, shipping, and exchange, war goes on ceaselessly, and America smiles, because, in spite of Britain's oil and rubber victories, the campaign as a whole goes her way. Talk of peace and friendliness is cant. As men we like some Americans and dislike others, precisely as we like some Englishmen and dislike others. But the emotional tone concerned in these friendships has little or nothing to do with the financial, economic, and political relations of the two nations. Economic imperialism is followed by each of them because neither can solve its distribution problem at home. Between England and America, as long as they both remain economic imperialists in a world not big enough for both, enmity is inevitable.

BEN WILSON.

Drama.

Captain Banner: Little.

Mr. George R. Preedy's "Captain Banner" is based on history. Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. of England, and wife of the imbecile King of Denmark, was accused of adultery and treason by her enemy, Count Goldberg, and imprisoned at Kronenberg. His intention was to have her murdered and to publish a verdict of natural death. Such is the situation of a play the rest of which, as the programme says, is fiction. It would hardly have been possible for God to create Captain Banner, since Satan would not have allowed it. It required an artist. Captain Banner governs the lonely fortress of Wisberg as a reward for offending powerful enemies. If he will efficiently see the plot through, however, he shall return to Copenhagen for advancement. He receives his royal prisoner as a man who can contemplate a crime only if he can see it as a duty. With the normal possessiveness and ambition of the human male, he is flattered by learning of the queen's idea of seducing him to command him; and at the same time anxious to receive his promotion for killing her. Angel is in Banner's make-up, however, as well as conflicting devils; and he finds himself longing to serve the woman in the queen as much as he longs to command the queen in the woman. She also falls, and loves him only a little less than she loves authority; while the servant-girl, previously Banner's mistress, loves both Banner and the queen deeply enough to die for either. Out of this relationship Mr. Preedy has created a beautiful romantic drama, romantic in Heine's sense, not in that of Professor Abercrombie; not, that is, as the opposite of real, but as the opposite of cynical.

At the moment of the queen's recall to her throne the cloud of a happy ending crosses the sky. But Mr. Preedy blows it away. Captain Banner, in the tradition of all true romantic heroes, refuses to go back with the queen as her puppet, and is condemned to govern the lonely, insanity breeding fortress for the rest of his career. His only reward for virtue is that the world would applaud if only it knew. Technically the play suffers from the eighteenth century necessity for getting characters on and off the stage so that a succession of secret *tête-à-têtes* can be overheard without multiplication of curtains. This fault also is compensated by the depth and beauty of the play. If Mr. Godfrey Tearle's first essay as actor-manager indicates the standard of taste and judgment to which he proposes to conform, and the standard of opportunity that is to come his way, may his term of managership be the duration of a long life. Whether the production will "succeed" is an open question; but if it does not, damn the public, not the theatre. As a presentation of romantic character the play is convincingly true, and refreshing in its clean attitude to love and sex, about which it is as frank as the naturalistic stuff obsessed with sex. As a production the play is magnificent theatre. Its Gothic fortress setting, with eerie play of light, not overdone, furnishes a perfect background of wracking loneliness for the passion and despair of the characters. As for the acting, very rarely in London or in England is English speech, the most powerful vehicle of imagination and passion arisen out of all Babel, treated with such respect. Rarely is a theatre piece so distinguished by the speaking of clear, round, unconvoluted, and unaffected vowels. Emerson praised the Norseman for the kingly deed which accompanied the kingly word; here the royal word fits the royal deed. Godfrey Tearle's Captain Banner is fine work; Dorothy Green's queen is royal and human, and a jewel in the crown of the theatre. Once or twice it seemed as if she might be deliberately cultivating Edith Evans's voice, which I pray

she will not do, for the reason that she is in the theatre of her own right. H. A. Saintsbury's Pastor Oder displeased me. He was too slimy and too fawning; Banner could not have told this Oder not to fawn, since he must already have grown used to his fawning before the curtain rose. Prudence Vanbrugh's servant girl, and Violet Farebrother's attendant on the queen, were both sincere performances carrying more conviction than the theatre usually does of the equality of man beyond the accidentals of rank.

Mariners: Wyndham's.

Because Miss Clemence Dane's "Mariners"—sea of life implied—contains photographic and cruel naturalism it also contains the lower order of romanticism. Joan Shepperley, young, artistic, and modern, earns £300 a year in her own right. She has to settle whether she will marry Gerry Despard, war-broken, discouraged, and shiftless. Joan's moral object lesson is provided by the married life of the Reverend Benjamin Cobb and his wife. This parson had been the most brilliant student of his college, certain of a bishopric. His wife was an ex-barmaid whose only attainment was financial ambition. Inevitably her resentment of his superiority and his command of respect where she was ignored caused her to hate him. He suffered humiliation from his wife at home and sheltered her behind invalidism in the village. Her self-confinement to the house, her alternation between periods of hatred and spasms of tenderness, are presented by Miss Dane with the fidelity of a neurotic specialist's case-book. When the parson dies of an impossible situation and influenza, his conscience stricken wife dies on his grave of grief and exposure. In deciding, however, that this pathetic testimony of love morally justifies Joan's marriage with Gerry, Miss Dane falls with Miss Joan into sentimental romanticism. They accept the dominion of the unconscious over the conscious mind. The parson was compelled by his religion, morality, and honour, to live out his mistakes, though he were crucified. His compulsion, however, was no reason for Joan's making a mistake. The growth of consciousness, as Miss Dane seemed at one time to believe, depends on avoiding the mistakes of others. The parson is a deeply moving study of submission to what, though hitherto called God's will, Joan will call her own folly. Miss Dane's sentimentality has led her to a far more serious artistic crime. The parson's tragedy is the whole play. Joan's presence in it is an impertinence.

Lewis Casson's parson was played with deep sympathy, understanding, and complete communication. Sybil Thorndike treated the ex-barmaid wife cruelly. The wife's problem, as the author's scrupulous reporting—doubtful only in the barmaid's reason for marrying the parson—showed, was more tragic than the parson's, since her lack of education forced her to suffer as a dumb animal. Miss Thorndike ought also to note that ever since her Grand Guignol days her sobbing on the stage has repelled her audience into self-protection against display, instead of melting it into sympathy with grief. Apart from the parson, who is modelled from life, all the men are the half-modelled creatures that women dramatists habitually offer. Unless Miss Dane's village "within an hour of London" differs more than I can believe from the villages I know, the choir scene was a cockney parody totally out of spirit with the real thing. Alison Leggett, who played Joan, is being rendered metallic in type by too much work of the same sort. Clare Greet's Mrs. Bewley, and Ann Casson's child were two fine performances. The latter is a rose in the bud.

Rope: Ambassadors.

Whispering goes on so long in the dark at the beginning of "Rope," that impatience is aroused as

to when the "thriller suggested by de Quincey" will begin. Would that Mr. Patrick Hamilton, the author, could have been surgeon enough to cut out this part of the play along with one or two other things that leave an unpleasant flavour. The half-witted Mrs. Debenham, for example, has no right in any play written by a man. It is the work of feline temper. Apart from this fault the play develops into brilliant social satire. It gives intellectual thrills; it has comedy, tragedy, and profundity. It could be interpreted as pro-capital punishment—or pro-execution, since "punishment" is out of fashion—but for the fact that support of the existing state of affairs never is propaganda. Mr. Hamilton presents a brilliant case for responsibility. His case for the inevitability of detection is not so good. Brandon, the murderer in the play, was detected through choosing a white-livered fool as accomplice. Murderers do escape detection; otherwise murder would cease.

The plot, the thrills, and the epigrams, however, are worked out with extraordinary cleverness. One character and performance—though all the acting, under Mr. Reginald Denham's able guidance, is good—will ensure the play's success. Mr. Ernest Milton has several times annoyed me, and once delighted me. This time he has enchanted me. As Rupert Cadell he is the intellectual private detective by mere accident. He is less related to the clan of Holmes than to the thinker who solved "The Case of the Purloined Letter." He is, besides, related to Byron and Oscar Wilde. When Cadell says that he writes poetry, one believes him, in spite of one's knowledge of the period. Every word and pause of Mr. Milton's languidly delivered epigrams is measured to surprise and delight. He plays the part of one of those few *poseurs* whose flight to mere sincerity would impoverish the theatre of the world. Such a performance is exquisitely creative.

PAUL BANKS.

Votes for Character.

Last month the clergy of South Kensington passed the following resolution:

"That this meeting of the Kensington Ruridecalan Chapter regards it of the utmost importance that the private character of the legislators should be beyond reproach, and therefore condemns the candidature of anyone against whom a decree of divorce has been pronounced."

This has reference to the candidature of Sir William Davison, the sitting Conservative member for that constituency, who has been through the divorce court. The *Daily Express* pokes fun at the resolution, saying:

"This election issue is almost a tragedy for South Kensington. It is attached to the foundation of the English character, which is keeping up appearances: and in no other place is an appearance so desperately kept up as in South Kensington."

We should say that Parliament itself is the place where appearances are kept up most desperately of all. We see there over six hundred people functioning as instruments of an autocracy and pretending that it is a democracy. But the *Daily Express's* charge against the clergy is not strictly correct. It insinuates that they are hostile to the gentleman in question, not because of what he did, but because he was found out. But they did not know what he did until he was found out—or, to put it another way, they had no legitimate basis to attack him until the occasion was judicially proved by an impartial court. If the *Daily Express* wishes to argue that because the clergy do not attack a man's character on the basis of private gossip, they are in-

consistent or prejudiced to do so on that of a legal pronouncement, let it say so plainly.

In any case the real issue here is whether a person who has infringed a popular moral convention should be admitted to the legislature. Only a generalised judgment is possible. To begin with, the repugnance generally felt to marital infidelities may be justified on the ground that it arises from the instinct to preserve the integrity of the family, whether or not this involves a limitation of individual freedom. In the case of such married individuals as make it a practice to seek changes we suppose that even the *Daily Express* would refrain from chanting "prejudice" if the electorate kept them out of Parliament. But what of those who marry in the conviction that they have chosen rightly, and find out afterwards that they have chosen wrongly? They are unlucky, but they should put up with it. If they do not, there is no guarantee that society will be generally happier because of their separation. The more honestly such persons make their first mistake, the less reason there is to assume that their second venture will not be the prelude to third and subsequent ones. And this consideration has more force still where the initial mistake is mutual, and both parties wish to get out of it. It is no use talking of special exceptions. There must be a working rule one way or the other; and no rule can be founded on exceptions to itself.

If the *divorcés* alone were capable of legislating efficiently, it would be stupid to keep them out of Parliament. But the fact is that for every one of these people who have, as Falstaff puts it, mistook their erection, there are dozens equally competent who have not. If keeping up appearances penalises some, it can equally reward others; and the electorate need not worry about being called prejudiced if it prefers the others. There are alternative men whose sexual instincts have led them right first time, who have "settled down," founded families, and later in life have been trained into practical all-round judgments on things because their homes have been microcosmic Parliaments in which wife, sons, and daughters, have put Pa right on all sorts of subjects from a bewildering number of view-points. Contrast these men with those lonely, restless, intellectualised frequenters of "circles" and tasters of cults who cannot settle down, but must spend their lives waiting to see which whim for which woman is going to be right. The choice of a wife is intuitive—so much so that it has been held that a man could know his destined woman by the sense of smell were it not that his perceptive faculties have been rotted by the over-development of his reflectives. In Russia they have rejected the keeping up of appearances. If you want to get a divorce for any reason you can do so. Whether this facility for rectifying marital mistakes reflects the instincts of the Russian people, or whether it is the outcome of the "Pola-Negri" logic of the intelligentsia remains undecided. But if so, it further remains to be seen what comes of it. To see the medicine tried on the foreign dog is a useful thing; and the British people may as well sit back and watch this experiment through before tampering with the "foundations of their character."

JOHN GRIMM.

* See the *Sunday Express*. "Men I Have Loved and Lost"; Series by Pola Negri, last instalment May 5. "If he had only tried to understand me"—"artists should not marry"—"my life in a gilded cage"—"I must be free"—"shall I ever have a baby?"—*et sic seq.* Note that Lubitsch, the German producer, about fourth on the list, was "a friend" and "never anything else." Perhaps it will be he who will father the BABY in the end.

An Unbalanced Masterpiece.

By Michael Joyce.

Mr. Shiel's novel* is one of the few that the dust-cover critics are justified in calling "amazing." The story is wildly romantic, and the prose has a lunatic beauty which has rightly been compared to Poe's. Just as Adam Jeffson reaches the North Pole—neither of the poles had been reached when the book was written—a purple cloud issues from a volcano in the East Indies and spreads slowly over the earth, taking a north-easterly direction and wiping out humanity as it moves. Jeffson, lost for months in the Arctic, discovers, when at last he makes his way southwards, that he is the last man left alive. So far there is nothing extraordinary; the situation might have been invented by any imaginative writer. It is the effect on Jeffson of his discovery that shows the peculiar twist of the author's mind.

"I have said to myself: 'I will ravage and riot in my kingdoms, I will rage like the Caesars, and be a withering blight where I pass, like Sennacherib, and wallow in soft delights, like Sardanapalus; I will raise me a palace wherein to stroll and parade my monarchy before the gods, its stones of gold, with rough frontispiece of ruby, and cupola of opal, and porticos of topaz: for there were many men to the eye, but there was One only, really: and I was he. . . . And they are gone—all! all!—as, no doubt, they merited; and I, as was meet, remain. And there are wines, opiums, hashish; and there are oils and spices, fruits and oysters, and soft Cyclades, luxurious Orientals. I will be restless and dreadful in my territories; and again, I will be languishing and fond. I will say to my soul: 'Be full.'"

After seventeen years of lonely empire Jeffson meets, in the ruins of Constantinople, a woman who has been preserved by the one possible combination of circumstances. He makes her his slave, persuading himself that he educates her only to increase the value of her service. In her the creative impulse is strong; in him it is balanced by his hatred of what mankind was before the Cloud. "No, not a good race, that small infantry that called itself man; and here, falling on my knees before God and Devil, I vow: Never through me shall it sprout and fester afresh." The ending is inevitable, but the author saves it from being obvious by working up to a terrific pitch the struggle in Jeffson, who is slowly beaten back and back by the woman's gentle cunning, until the story ends with a crash in perhaps the sublimest climax of romance that has been written in our time.

One of the critics quoted on the jacket boldly states that *The Purple Cloud* should live as long as the *Odyssey*. This is, of course, ridiculous, but it does raise a most interesting critical point: what is the difference between this magnificent book of Mr. Shiel's and really great literature? Mr. Shiel stands in the same relation to a great romantic novelist, such as the Meredith of *Harry Richmond*, as Webster does to Shakespeare. *The Duchess of Malfi*, for all its puerile melodrama and its wooden characters, flares up into beauty with such lines as

Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.

but although we finish reading the play with a feeling of awe, we find, when a few days have given time for the immediate effect to wear off, that we are wondering whether Webster was a great writer after all. We are similarly carried away by the climax of *The Purple Cloud*, and it is only when we remember the silly clap-trap with which the book opens that we begin to question Mr. Shiel's claim to greatness.

There are two poles in great art: there is Don Quixote and there is Sancho Panza, Hamlet and Falstaff. It is Shakespeare's relish for the coarse basis of humanity that gives power to the flight of

* "The Purple Cloud." By M. P. Shiel. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

his passion; it is the peasant shrewdness and simplicity of the Squire that balances the generous lunacy of the Knight. From this angle we can see that "Jorrocks" and *The Purple Cloud* are each other's complements; neither Surtees nor Mr. Shiel can touch both poles at once, but theoretically their two books rolled into one would make a great novel; it is even possible that the combination might live as long as the *Odyssey*. Written as they are they both have their place in literature, but it is not the highest place; they are good books but not great books. Shakespeare, to round off the argument, stands with his feet firmly planted on the earth, his stature such that his head reaches the clouds; Surtees, a big man but no Colossus, rises no higher from the earth than one of the fences Mr. Jorrocks cleared on Artaxerxes; while Mr. Shiel, determined—and good luck to him for his courage—at all costs to reach the clouds, can only succeed by leaving mother earth in a flying leap.

The Turf Exchange.

V.—THIS SEASON'S FORECASTING.

A correspondent has communicated particulars of an automatic system which is much less complicated than the Form-Weight method described by me a fortnight ago. It consists in taking races for two-year-old horses only. In each of these races, where there is only one runner which won last time out, support it. If more than one runner with such qualification, do not do anything. This correspondent sends authenticated particulars (dates, names, and winning prices) covering the period April 1 to July 31 last season (1928), and these show that 74 bets were made, of which 27 won (80½ points) and 47 lost (47 points)—showing a credit balance of 33½ points. The idea behind the system is based on the fact that two-year-olds are the youngsters at the beginning of their racing career, and are in process of developing stamina and speed. It is not clear whether the records given above cover every flat-racing meeting or only the principal meetings—but the reasoning would apply in both cases. I have tested the system at the principal meetings only for the period April 1 to 30 inclusive this year, and arrive at the following results:

"T.Y.O." System—all principal meetings in April:

1 (2-5) 2 (13-8) 3 (4-7)

Thus: three winners and six losers. Points gained, 2.59; points lost, 6.

I will give particulars of the Form-Weight system this season:

"F.W." System—third race at every principal meeting up to Saturday, May 4 inclusive:

4 (6-4) 4 (2-5) 10 (6-5) 1 (5-1) (11-4) 2 (5-2) (10-11) 2

Thus: 7 winners and 23 losers. Points gained 14.26; points lost 23. This poor result confirms my warning on April 25 when describing the system. Unlike the "T.Y.O." system, it covers horses of all ages, whose form figures are therefore often those of the previous season. As horses do not race under two years old, the youngsters' figures will almost invariably be those of the current season.

On April 18 I referred to the consistent success of the critic, "Safeguard," who writes for the *News of the World*, with his special selections during the last twenty seasons. He has begun this season with a strikingly good record. Here it is:

"Safeguard": Special and other selections combined, for period April 1 to May 4 inclusive:

1 (8-11) (8-1) 7 (1-1) (10-1) (13-8) (3-10) (6-1) 1 (10-11) (6-1)

4 (4-7) 2 (11-4) (1-2) 3 (4-7) 3 (5-2) 5 (1-1)

"Safeguard": Special selections only (included above):

(8-11) 3 (13-8) (10-11) (4-7) 1 (1-2) 1 (5-2) 2

Thus: for all selections—15 winners and 26 losers. Points gained, 42.45; points lost 26. For special selections—6 winners and 7 losers. Points gained, 6.83; points lost, 7. It is to be remarked that though the proportion of winners to losers in the special selections is the better, the return measured in money is worse. The best price was only 13-8, and the average price less than even money. On the other hand, the whole of the selections taken together show a lower proportion of winners but an average price of 3-1. As the *News of the World* claims a circulation of about three

million, there must be a great number of people following "Safeguard"; and as a large proportion of these would concentrate on his special selections, their demand would necessarily depress the prices which the bookmakers offer. But there are two advantages that appeal to them: (1) there are fewer horses to be backed, therefore not so much money to be laid out; and (2) there is less risk of a long losing sequence—that "vacuum" which backers abhor. Thus, the longest losing sequence with its specials was three, whereas in the general selections there was one of seven. (Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.) HIPPOPHILE.

Eighteenth Century France.

It is an apposite coincidence that the publication of Professor Green's delightful book* should synchronise with this re-issue of Arthur Young's travels.† Of the latter there is nothing new to be said. Young, who was one of those individualists of whom England has always been more prolific than any other country, succeeded by the accuracy of his observations in converting a travel diary into a classic. In a famous phrase, he forecast the Revolution at a period when the professional politician in Europe not only professed but believed that "All was quiet on the Western Front," and would indefinitely continue to remain so.

Special value attaches to this edition, inasmuch as it contains the whole of Young's general observations, which, save for one section, have never been reprinted for well over a century. As a piece of book-making, the re-issue is everything that it should be; there is an admirable index, and a good map of the type essential to a work of the kind, while the typography is a delight. Miss Maxwell has chosen to place her notes in an appendix, a practice which I personally find less desirable than their insertion at the foot of the page to which they refer. In view, however, of a recent erudite correspondence on the subject, I can see that there is much to be said on both sides of this debatable question.

Professor Green is one of those rare authors whose books live up to the "foreword." He describes the aim of his essays as being that of leaving in the reader's mind a "fairly comprehensive picture of the literary, social, and economic movements active in eighteenth century France," and he presents his readers with an extraordinary vivid picture of the period. His subjects range from John Law to Fréron, and from the theatre to that curious Anglomania which characterised the French *haut ton* in the period immediately prior to the Revolution. In each of his varied subjects, Professor Green displays not merely erudition, but also the much rarer characteristics of a warm and juicy human sympathy. He acutely sums up Law as an individual for whom gambling was "a mere distraction and not an occupation." Equally acute is the statement that in the end "the gambler got the better of the financier."

The combination of licence and autocracy characteristic of the latter part of the eighteenth century is amusingly illustrated in the author's chapter on "Playhouses." An actor was at the time automatically excommunicated by the Church, and "could only approach the sacraments as an act of favour and after permission." Even Molière had to be smuggled into his grave. Yet the Church was glad to accept a share of the receipts of the Comédie Française, and on the fact becoming known at least two other religious orders humbly petitioned for a similar dole, which was cheerfully accorded. Evidently a case of *non olet*.

Many of the regulations of the Comédie Française might be applied with great advantage to our present golf-playing "Society" actors and actresses. Members of the Company were fined for not knowing their parts, missing a cue, or failing to attend rehearsals. A player cast for a particular rôle was not entitled to refuse it, and if illness was given as the excuse, satisfactory proof had to be forthcoming that the absentee was not malingering. In order to give beginners a fair chance, regular members of the Company were obliged, under financial penalties, to accept the rôles chosen for them by the newcomers when the latter had the choice of the plays. Best of all, failure to comply with certain regulations involved imprisonment. What the authorities of the house of Molière would have prescribed as a suitable penalty for the West Kensingtonian accent is completely beyond my imagination.

DAVID OCKHAM.

* "Eighteenth Century France." By Professor Frederick C. Green. (J. M. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

† "Travels in France During the Years 1787, 1788, 1789." By Arthur Young. Edited by Constantia Maxwell. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

Reviews.

EDUCATION FOR SPIRIT.

Readable books upon educational topics are few and far between, but in this volume*, a collection of thirteen lectures given by Rudolf Steiner, at Ilkley, in August, 1923, one has a book that is readable and instructive. The name of Steiner is known vaguely to a host of teachers. It is known intimately to too few. But from now onwards there will be no excuse for ignorance of the work of this experimentalist in education; his philosophy, and all that the Wardorf School stands for in education, is ably set forth in this book. In briefest of summaries, the book pleads for "Education for Spirit," and each of the popular school time-table subjects is examined in the light of the need to arouse this Spirit. All parents, and certainly all teachers in junior schools should read Lecture VI.; it would be an eye-opener to all, and hurt most; but would do much to stop the damnable "child-worship" that is so prevalent abroad to-day.

There are two points that have not received attention, and the omission of which constitutes a serious defect in the book. Steiner argues from the viewpoint that the child is there already waiting for the instructor to "lead him out." Now there are very few cases where that can be possible. Our private school proprietors conduct a never-ending search for children, and when they get them they are hampered by economic pressure, and our State schools are so constituted that the child is ruined before a single teacher handles him. What would Steiner do in this case? How can education for Spirit be applied in a school, the scholars of which have just been transplanted from the slums of London and brought on to one of the new L.C.C. Estates (for example)? Or is the Wardorf School to be taken merely as the model private school that is fortunate to have a backing? The second defect is more serious. Steiner does not tackle the problem of the sex-life of the child. He makes several indirect allusions, and draws his own spiritual conclusions. Was he considering the delicate ears of his audience that he did not admit the driving power, and also the warping power, that lies in the sex-life of the infant?

Taking the book as a whole, it may be recommended to all interested in education; yet one of our New Economists should get hold of Steiner and gently point out that his "human universal" may be a good ideal towards which to strive, but of what use is the struggle if the same economic conditions surround it, as are around the blighted product of all-State schools to-day? That much were kindness to the man.

ARTHUR B. ALLEN.

Forty-One: A Romance. By Alan Downey. (Jamés Duffy and Co., Dublin. 1928. 5s.)

This is the story of Hugh MacMahon, who came over from Flanders in 1641, at the call of the Black Rose, to lead the Irish Rebellion, and who lost his life through his own over-honourable trust and the treachery of his foster-brother. This, with the conventional love interest thrown in, is surely material for a good stirring romance; but the thrill never comes. It is easy to say that a book is dull, but it is the hardest thing in criticism to say why so honest a piece of work falls flat. The first reason that suggests itself is that Mr. Downey forgets that the story he knows so well himself is new to many of his readers—among them the present reviewer—there is too much "dramatic" writing and too little expository narrative for the events to hang together in logical sequence. Secondly, the characters are mere types, the lay-figures of the Romancer; this is the fault of the author's conception rather than of his craftsmanship. A good Irishman who knows his history may be able to infuse some life into the story, but the English reader will not find his sympathy quickened or his interest aroused.

M. J.

The Soul of the Slum Child. By Ethelwyn Rolfe. With a foreword by Frank Briant, J.P., M.P. (Benn's. 1s. 6d.)

This book appears at first sight to be an elaborate attempt to prove that the "slum child" is human. It contains numerous examples, taken from actual experience, of his ideas of right and wrong, sympathy and affections, thoughtfulness and imagination, powers of observation, appreciation of beauty, wit and humour, and his aspirations and capabilities. Examples are also given of his literary and artistic productions. It may be useful in calling public attention to the great waste of wonderful human material that is going on at the base of the present "pyramid," and in refuting the idea, less common than of yore, that there is

* "The New Art of Education." By Rudolf Steiner. (Anthroposophical Publishing Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

something about the poor man that is inferior in essential quality to his more wealthy brother. Unfortunately, Mrs. Rolfe does not trouble to consider where the money is coming from for the reforms that she sees are so essential, and until that question is answered nothing effective is likely to be done.

I. O. E.

Shepherd of Israel. By Leonora Eyles. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Mrs. Eyles has re-told the story of Moses. She takes liberties with the Biblical narrative, and she whittles away the miracles. Moses appears as a water-diviner. The plagues almost disappear. Yet the character of the hero appears more admirable stripped of the miraculous legends which surround it. For Moses is the type hero of the western world, of the lonely creative leader, bracing his mind by ceremony and ritual, but keeping one foot on earth, for he insists on clean camping.—I.O.E.

The Whirligig of Taste. By E. E. Kellett. Hogarth Lectures No. 8. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Kellett's monograph opens with an able survey of the history of taste, embodying a well-reasoned plea for the historic sense in criticism; it closes with these words: "The trump of Aeolus blows 'shrewd fame' to those that may well have deserved good, good to those that have deserved bad, and often none at all to those that have the best right to expect a lasting renown." Aesthetic standards, it seems, are only relative; "the one thing certain is that there is no certainty." If we take clarity and simplicity to be the hall mark of good style we must rule out Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Browne, and so on. Mr. Kellett has lost his nerve; he has been staring at the Whirligig of Taste until the sight has made him dizzy; and so we see the sophisticated point of view running on all fours with that of the illiterate—it's just a matter of taste, dearie. Mr. Kellett's contention is the easiest in the world to uphold by historical examples; it insures whoever holds it against making the hideous mistakes great critics have been known to make; and it satisfies the malicious lust, which not all of us have left in the nursery, for sticking pins into things. Safety first, says Mr. Kellett; I may never be gloriously right, as Leigh Hunt was about Keats and Shelley, but at least I will never be so wrong as Coleridge was about Southey. It is only by the merest chance that Homer and Shakespeare, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Don Quixote," and "Rabelais," are still read for pleasure all over the world, and have been for centuries; and so on, and so on. Well, it is no good trying to beat Mr. Kellett on points; his vulgar heresy is far too plausible. But it is easy to knock him out by reducing him to the absurd, thus: Does he believe that Shakespeare is a greater poet, in the absolute and from every point of view, and always will be a greater poet, than Ella Wheeler Wilcox? If he does, he admits a definite standard of criticism; if not, he has no business to be a critic.

M. J.

Open House. By J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

This little book is just what we expect from Mr. Priestley, who is well known as one of our most charming literary journalists. His essay is, of course, the machine-made article; each one is the same as the last, and all might just as well have been written by several other writers of the period; but the machine works so sweetly that we are compelled to admire, however much we may sigh for the old-fashioned, hand-made product. A real essayist is first of all a man who gives himself away; Mr. Priestley gives away not himself but the watered-down imitation of Lamb that the essayist is nowadays supposed to be. Just as all captains of industry are good to their mothers, so all essayists are "rather timid, respectable, and not unkindly citizens," whose friends tell them they look as if they slept in their clothes, and who always feel at a party that every one there is grown up but themselves. The only time Mr. Priestley makes a slip, the only time he does give us something of himself, is when he admits that he is an intrepid and resourceful motor driver. This is all wrong; he should have written—but, of course, Mr. Lynd did it last year—an amusing account of his fatuous attempts to drive, and the scorn which possessed his instructor. Mr. Priestley is not really a harmless little man with baggy trousers; he is far too competent and successful. I myself, who am, in fact, just like that, picture him as a large, handsome, rather florid man, dressed in black coat and striped trousers, smoking a tremendous cigar, and standing drinks all round.

M. J.

John Galsworthy. A Survey. By Leon Schalit. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.)

This book is evidently addressed to Mr. Galsworthy's many worshippers, to whom we commend it. It contains a brief biographical sketch, and a survey of all Mr. Galsworthy's books and plays. It has no more critical interest

than is to be expected of an appreciation published during a successful author's lifetime. Mr. Schalit finds startling evidence of Mr. Galsworthy's humanity in his turning pale when his taxi ran over a pedestrian; "a human life was in question!" He finds it worth while to tell us that his hero keeps a copy of the "for I shall not pass this way again" quotation on his writing table, leaving us to wonder whether it is balanced by a copy of Mr. Kipling's "If." But the really interesting problem—why Mr. Galsworthy's indignation always dwindles into resentment, his tragedy into pessimism, and his passion into irony—Mr. Schalit does not consider.

M. J.

From Generation to Generation. By Lady Augusta Noel. The Rescue Series. (Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.)

It was worth while to resurrect this distinguished Victorian novel, if only to remind us that the majority of our up-to-date masterpieces will seem quaint and old-fashioned to whatever readers they may find fifty years hence. In its time this must have been a really good novel. It is a conscientious piece of work, written with considerable talent, and it exploits fully the literary and psychological convention of its age. It has not lived, save as a curiosity, because the author never once stepped outside the narrow bounds of that convention to set her foot on the wider domain of the universal. We recommend Mr. Gerald Gould, Mr. Bennett, and the other literary tipsters to read this book with attention and then reconsider the value of their critical eulogies.

M. J.

Portraits and Reflections. By Stuart Hodgson. (Nisbet, 5s. net.)

This book has little distinction and is obviously compiled from a series of hasty journalistic sketches. Here and there, as with Birkenhead and Churchill, there is a touch of art. There is also, in an uninspiring sketch of Lord Melchett, a very perfect exhibition of the typical felinity shown by Liberal stylists when reaching out after former friends who have offended them. The claws are half hidden, but they scratch. Books like this are hardly worth while doing. Very little thought, and certainly no afterthought, has come to this particular compilation.

L. S.

The Russian Church Since the Revolution. By G. P. Fedotoff. (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.)

M. Fedotoff is a Russian Churchman and a theological teacher, who remained in Russia for eight years after the Revolution, and therefore really knows what he is talking about. He gives a very clear and interesting account of the position both of the Orthodox Church and of religion as such under the Bolshevik regime. He leaves no room for doubt of the wholesale slaughter of bishops and priests as such that has taken place (quite apart from any proof of actual anti-revolutionary activity on the part of the individuals slaughtered), and of the severe and manifold forms of repression which the Government is still unintermittently applying to religion and the work of the Church. The shuffling apologies with which the great bulk of the Labour Party and the *Daily Herald* are constantly glossing over this aspect of Bolshevism are blown into shreds by M. Fedotoff's facts and quotations.

N. E. E. S.

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