

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The proceedings at the Annual Conference of the Independent Labour Party may be considered from two angles. One is: How far, in form, do the resolutions passed fulfil the requirements of New Economic principles? The other is: How far will the application of the policy embodied in those resolutions further New Economic objectives? Take the Wage Policy endorsed by the conference. In its form it yields little satisfaction. "Wages must give place to a living income taking the form of higher monetary wages and the development of social and educational services." If this passage had stopped at the eighth word it would have amounted to a restatement of Major Douglas's attitude—that the dividend must progressively supersede the wage. But in its extended form it is self-contradictory; it demands that wages must give place to more wages! (We are relying on a *Daily News* report of the above passage). So the phrase "living income" must be regarded as either an accident in drafting or else a tactful verbal concession to the views of certain delegates. That it is not really intended to mean anything wider than wages is evident in a further passage, which says that the wage-earner must be given a "statutory right to work." The worker has a right to money; he can get money only through work; therefore he has a right to work. All question of his getting more money than he earns by work is ruled out—but when he does no work at all he is to have "full maintenance during unemployment." It is an ironic reflection that this implied Socialist principle that work is the only legitimate claim to an income is precisely what imparts to unemployment maintenance that colour of charity which so maddens the Socialist himself. But the real indictment lies in the fact that the demand for work for everybody is economically a demand for the discontinuance of applied science in industrial affairs. The inventor constructs a machine which will do the work of fifty men. Where is the sense of urging that if the machine is used (and the Socialist welcomes its use) jobs shall be found for the displaced fifty men? There is a plausible answer, but it is one that we should not expect Socialists to

be hypnotised by. It is to the effect that labour-saving devices lead ultimately to more employment. They do not. They may lead *intermediately* to more employment—*i.e.*, on the construction of the devices themselves—but the time for the final test is when the construction is finished, and the devices commence to function. By the time a new plant gets to work the only extra employment it can give has already been given—to the people who made it. Having sown toil, its proper function now is to harvest and distribute the fruits. To suppose that it is possible (let alone right) to effect the distribution other than as a free gift (*i.e.*, a dividend, not a wage) is equivalent to supposing the possibility of making a second sowing of wheat in a field where the harvest from the first is still growing. The whole of our economic distress arises from the trampling down of the ripening harvests in an attempt to do this. The right to sow! Why, the trouble is that there is no room to sow—nor will be till you eat yourself a space for your seed-drill.

The I.L.P., then, is committed by the form of its resolution to perpetuate the evils it is attacking. But we take little notice of that. In all its formal resolutions the National Administrative Council must get the endorsement of delegates; and to do so it must phrase them in consonance with the mentality of the mass of the Party. The N.A.C. may know better than it talks—in fact, some members of that body do. (An instance of the way in which the Council has to mind its language is afforded by its action in leaving the issue of Compensation or Confiscation an open one *in form*, while knowing full well that in fact Confiscation is impossible.) But even if not, the "rapid transition from the old to the new civilisation," which it announces as an urgent need, will not be impeded by its miscalculations. It is not what the N.A.C. now thinks about economic evils, it is the manner in which those evils themselves will develop which will govern its administrative policy. If the energy and enthusiasm of Socialists throughout the country are mobilised behind the Council's lead—"Policy should be concentrated on a direct attack on poverty"—we shall be content.



The resolution goes on to suggest that the whole Labour movement should at once set up a commission to estimate what should be the living income representing "the minimum standard of civilised existence which should be tolerated," and that the next Labour Government should sponsor the programme arrived at. This is hardly a rapid way of abolishing poverty. However, if there is to be a commission, anything is better than a Royal Commission. As to what will happen afterwards, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's hostile attitude must be taken into account. We referred to this a fortnight ago. Mr. MacDonald is a Responsible Statesman now—*Punch* is investing him with Weight and Dignity in whole-page cartoons. Therefore it is not surprising to hear that during the Conference some very uncomplimentary views about Labour's parliamentary leaders were expressed. Mr. Oswald Mosley, as one would expect, takes sides with him. He warned the Conference that "the party would take a risk by fixing a living wage without reliable information on the time that would be required for the reorganisation of industry." Apparently then, a living wage is not possible before the reorganisation. Gosh—but this "attack on poverty" is going to take some time preparing. Mr. Mosley comes up to the crowded cornfield of production with yet a larger seed-drill. If this is what he calls "Revolution by Reason," we can only justify its title by reflecting that his reasoning is well calculated to bring about a revolution. As Mr. Wheatley quickly pointed out—"If the workers have to wait for the complete transformation of society, whatever that may mean, it will be a long time before they receive an interim dividend from the Socialist State." Mr. Mosley is reported to have said recently that he will refuse to use or allow himself to be addressed by the title "Sir" when it descends to him, thus admonishing any Socialist Cornelius—"Stand up: I myself also am a man." It would be better if he looked upon the distinction as something to deserve rather than to despise. As it is, his attitude to the wage problem is faithfully duplicated even in the *Daily News*—"They (the I.L.P.) seem to have forgotten that it is necessary to create a cake before it is possible to decide what proportion each one has a right to eat." So you have to know the exact weight of the cake before you can decide how many parts to cut it into. Marvellous. How is a slate club conducted?

Politics is to economics as the moon to the sun. Political Labour has to reflect what industrial Labour demands. Hence all speculations on what the I.L.P.'s political ideals are likely to achieve are idle until we know how far trade unionism will endorse them. And here it is significant that, just when the miners are face to face with a specific attack on the I.L.P.'s fundamental principle of a living wage the Industrial Committee of the Trades Union Congress is advising them to continue negotiations. Reading between the lines of Press reports, it is plain that the Committee would be only too relieved if the miners would give way. Worse than that Mr. Frank Hodges himself is advising them to accept one of the owners' alternatives, the longer working day. And one may be quite sure that Mr. Thomas is in the background fumbling for his porter's uniform in case the N.U.R. redevelop a disposition to ignore the larger rights of "the community," and to stand by the miners. So far the attitude of the miners' Executive is firm—No wage reductions, no increase in hours, and no variable district percentages—and the delegates in conference have unanimously endorsed it. The *Morning Post's* Labour Correspondent asserts that "the miners are playing for a renewal of the subsidy, their plan being to delay any settlement until the last moment, and then to present a pistol at the head of the Government with the demand 'Pay up or fight.'" If that is so, it must

be pointed out that the *Morning Post* is partly responsible, for it stated a week or so ago that in ministerial circles the continuance of a subsidy was considered unavoidable. What is the use, after saying that in the hearing of Mr. Cook, to bluff him with references such as "Only eighteen days left"—after which "ruin"? Mr. Hodges mentioned the subsidy (his address was to the City Business Club), but only to say that it had been a bad thing because it had "corroded the initiative of the industry." (The audience purred like pneumatic drills.) Nobody asked—"initiative for what?" It was as well, for the answer in the final analysis always must be initiative in cutting costs (i.e., incomes) at home to reduce export prices of coal—initiative in depleting national coal resources.

Even the *Observer* finds itself able to say something for the subsidy, namely that to some extent it may be regarded as an investment in industrial peace. This sound observation is all the more apropos in view of Mr. Hodges' statement that "the coal industry cries more loudly than ever to-day for peace and tranquillity in order that it may adjust itself to world conditions." Precisely. It began to cry directly the Coal Commission pronounced against the principle of investing new credit in industrial peace. Yet this one thing that the Commission was most emphatic upon was the one thing in regard to which it called no evidence. We hope that the Miners' Federation will concentrate their attention on this fact, that they not merely let it be implied that they are counting upon a renewal of the subsidy, but will openly demand its continuance at least until a public inquiry on the question of its economic soundness shall have been instituted. Mr. Hodges' idea of adjustment to world conditions involves finding fresh dumping places for British coal. At whose expense? Even if the miners were to accept cheerfully all the owners' conditions, and to redouble their energies without any subsidy, the resulting improvement in our power of competition would necessitate fresh armaments of a higher cost than the saved subsidy. Is it likely that a group of coal-producing nations, whose common necessity of finding and maintaining outlets for their own surplus production is making them rub their hands at this moment at the prospect of the withdrawal of British competition through a strike, are going to allow Britain to deprive them of some of their markets without a struggle? The Russian correspondent of the *Morning Post* reports that Soviet coal production is being increased—what quantities the Germans from the Donetz basin. What quantities the Belgians and Belgians have got in hand we are unable to say. For these reasons we do not believe that a strike will occur. There is a bare possibility that it may; but since that possibility is contingent upon there being a dominant interest working in or through this country with the intention of using the strike to divert trade from Britain elsewhere, we are not warranted in taking it into serious account at the moment.

The writer of the City column in the *Daily News* has been quoted by us on more than one occasion. On April 5 he published a letter addressed to him by Mr. Samuel Gleave, secretary of the National Association of Merchants and Manufacturers. The letter is a criticism of the writer's remarks in the same column of the previous Thursday, when he had argued against a threatened further restriction of credit which seemed likely to take place as a result of the heavy loss of gold during the first year of the resumed gold standard basis. This restriction, he had complained, would compel another reduction of prices and should be resisted by Parliament and the people. Mr. Gleave asks what reductions "you want us to resist."

"Must we resist a reduction in the price of building

materials, or houses, or coal, or foodstuffs, . . . in the prices of raw materials or manufactured articles which we import? . . . You support the Food Council in their attempts to force a reduction in the cost of living. . . . Must Parliament and the people support efforts to force a reduction in prices on Press instructions and oppose such efforts only when the instructions are supposed to come from the Bank of England? If reductions in prices will be so fatal as you suggest, why don't you join the Protectionists and ensure a rise? . . ."

This letter does not reflect the natural reaction of manufacturers and merchants to the idea of higher prices. They like to see them rising. It suggests that the *Daily News* upset a bank chairman somewhere, and that Mr. Samuel Gleave was wakened out of his sleep in the temple of the manufacturers one night and told by a mysterious voice to prophesy disaster to the house of Eli. However, the *Daily News*, in a less submissive spirit than its prototype, argues with the Voice.

"Let us first point out that to resist a reduction of prices by monetary policy is a totally different thing from wishing either stabilised or rising prices. . . . We desire to see a reduction of prices based on economic factors. . . . The Bank of England can only influence home prices. It has no power over the prices at which we obtain our food and raw material from abroad. The effect of its policy, when it enforces credit restriction and deflation, is to reduce the value of goods already in existence, which have been manufactured at the ruling costs. Obviously the producer, who bought his raw materials and paid his workpeople on the assumption of a certain scale of prices, loses when prices are made to move downwards in the level of world prices. . . . (and) industry loses its incentive to go on producing. Unemployment is increased, and by that very increase further charges fall on production.

"Where a fall in prices takes place in an economic way, the whole course of events is different. The fall may arise from abundance and cheapness of raw material; from more efficient modes of production, . . . from less expensive marketing; or from less costly financing. All these are beneficial influences. . . . But we emphatically do not want to see any renewal of the monetary policy which has caused immense loss to the prime industries, whilst handing bigger and bigger rewards to banking financing. . . . Judged by recent world levels, our prices, as a whole, are now low enough, and industry would benefit by being left to produce its manufactures in the assurance that no artificial pressure will again be put upon it.

"Mr. Gleave might ask why this country, which paid £305,769,000 in interest on the National Debt of £7,680,000,000 in 1923-4, should in 1925-6 pay £308,229,000 in interest on a similar total of debt, which, however, should be of less burden owing to recent conversions. . . . Why is Mr. Churchill's first Budget disappointing in its tax revenue figures? The reason is the Bank of England and the Cunliffe Committee policy. The pre-*vision of the people who rushed us back to gold is to-day known to have failed*, and even some of those who advocated haste are now repenting at leisure."

The *Daily News* banks with the Midland, we imagine.

How do the French people think of these things? They have conceived the idea of saving the franc by means of voluntary subscriptions. Englishmen who recall the old habit among parsons of citing the notice on the hospitals "Supported by Voluntary Contributions" as a proof of the existence of God will be able to imagine the moral uplift felt by the French peasant when he sees M. Doumergue subscribing 50,000 francs and the Finance Minister scribbling 10,000. It is proposed to pay the money so raised into a Sinking Fund, when it will be used to redeem short-term loans. Nobody with a soul would look behind this *beau geste* to measure its cost. It is the way these things are done that matters. Perhaps we ought to say that the Sinking Fund has not yet been created. But—as in the case of the *Daily News* with its cake—how can you create a Sinking Fund until you know what amount you can put in it?

## H. G. Wells.

By E. Zamyatin.  
(Translated by S. K.)

### II.

Naturally, scientific fantasy could only enter the domain of imaginative literature during the last few decades when, indeed, fantastic possibilities opened out through the discoveries in pure and applied science. That is why in the literature of the past the only instance of scientific fantasies is to be found in Bacon's "New Atlantis," in the passages describing the house of Solomon, the house of learning, and where Bacon's genius anticipates some of the modern achievements of exact science, which for their time represented sheer fantasy. But genuine scientific fantasy, embodied in an artistic form, we find only towards the end of the nineteenth century. Indeed, at that period—and this is not an accident, but a matter of sheer logic—almost simultaneously there appeared Kurt Lasvitz, Bellamy, Hercka, William Morris, Flammarion, Jules Verne, and others.

In the works of these authors we find many details of a fantastic future, almost similar to those visualised by Wells. But all the seeming parallels are explained by the fact that the source of the fantasies in the case of all these writers, including Wells, was the common realistic source—science, the logic of science. And certainly none of the authors here mentioned has Wells's steely, cunning, bewitching logic; none of them has Wells's rich and daring imagination. The only writers who, in the domain of scientific fantasy, might have given an impetus to Wells, were Flammarion and Jules Verne. Yet, apart from the fact that Flammarion is no artist, neither of them can be placed on a level with Wells. Verne's fantasies may throw a spell, give an illusion of reality to a child's mind; but Wells's fantasies, so clear and logical, with their spice of irony and Social satire, with their fascinating humour, carry away even the most sophisticated reader.

A good deal of this is due to the form of Wells's social and fantastic works. As I have pointed out there is no element of the classical utopia in Wells's novels. Ice-bound happiness, and paradisaical petrifaction, social equilibrium are logically bound up with the contents of a utopia; hence the natural concomitant of the form of utopias in which the subject is static, the plot absent. In Wells's fantastic novels, however, the subject is always dynamic, is built on conflicts, on collisions, on struggle; the plot is always complex and entertaining. His social and scientific fantasies Wells models on a sort of Robinsoniad, on the typical novel of adventure. In that respect Wells continues the tradition created by Daniel Defoe, and followed by Poe, Cooper, Stevenson, and even by Conan Doyle and Jack London. Taking the form of the novel of adventure, Wells has deepened it and heightened its intellectual significance, and has brought into it the elements of philosophy, sociology, and science. In the domain of the novel of adventure—but on a proportionately smaller scale—Wells has done the same as Dostoevsky, who took the form of the common detective novel and infused into it the subtlest psychological analysis.

An outstanding artist, a brilliant and subtle dialectician, the creator of the models of the most modern literary genre, the originator of the myths of the modern town, the creator of the models of social and scientific fantasies, Wells will have many literary successors and descendants. He is the pioneer. The stream of social and scientific fantasies is only just beginning in literature; and all the fantastic history of Europe and of European science during recent years permits such a prediction to be made with complete confidence. Yet of colleagues and equals H. G. Wells has none.



## On the Spanish Renaissance.

By Grant Madison Hervey.

### II.—A WORD OF WARNING TO ENGLAND.

It should be obvious to the meanest understanding, at all events, what perils for England a policy of national Catastrophism must entail. And is there such a policy? Is there such a Destructivistic drift? If so, whom will it benefit? And why?

Examine, in the light of these questions, Philippe Mairet's article in THE NEW AGE of October 22, 1925, entitled "The State of Denmark." What appears? Why, according to M. Mairet, "there is a deep, unconscious desire for bloodshed, a longing for catastrophe, in the soul of England. Counter-revolution threatens"—this is a summary—"before revolution comes. It is useless to hide the fact that there is a murderous desire suppressed—in the heart of the nation—which, if it cannot be sublimated in some apparently needless, quixotic truthfulness of confession, must issue soon or later in evil deeds."

H'm! Is it not Jules Romains who comments, somewhere or other—I think in "Lucienne"—that the two good things about a convent are its poverty and its peace? All the past year or more, then, in my Pacific prison, I have been wanting to say to THE NEW AGE—and to England: "In God's name, when will you invest in a little poverty and a little peace? When will you try, manfully, to discover what it is that is the matter with you, and give over these futile bawlings at the Vatican door? As if they own all the poverty and all the peace in the world! As if they must be appealed to to save the British Empire from the insatiable countrymen of Mr. Henry Ford! Damn Cardinal Ford! Damn him and Detroit and all his works. Englishmen, you are upon the brink of the abyss. Why leap over for the amusement of Cardinal Ford?"

Now that I have said it I feel better. But I propose to do more than that. One proposes, flatly, to teach Englishmen how to walk above the abyss—how to master Catastrophism, and how to keep their heads. Confession, is it, that M. Mairet demands? Quixotic truthfulness of confession, eh, will help to sublimate those murderous desires, suppressed in the heart of the British nation, and will save England from going off its head? Well and good! England shall have her quixotic confession here and now. But, gentlemen, let me tell you that what England really wants—what every Catastrophist finally wants, as part of his cure—is a wilderness and an axe. Australia can supply both. Make a note of that.

#### Confession?

My story begins at a prison's gates. I was convicted, wrongfully, in Australia in 1914, on a charge of forgery—of forging a telegram, to be specific—and served a sentence of four years. Amid the stony walls of Goulburn Gaol, whose iron doors attached to every cell—so soldier-prisoners told me—crashed upon a human being's nerves with worse effect than shells, I spent four years. When I came out again a queer thing had come about. I—the quietest of men, studious, reserved, absolutely sober—yearned for blood-drunkness and destruction. If I walked, for instance, near the edge of a pier attached with the desire to jump over. And if anybody came near me—my own wife even, let alone a stranger—I longed to throw her headlong. And why? Because four years of silent war, in short, variegated with eternal iron cell-clangings, in that stony hell on Goulburn Hill, had converted me into

a Catastrophist—had converted into a potential murderer a quiet and, I believe, a reasonably cultured man.

Now, multiply my case by about forty millions, and you have the psychological key to the real condition of England. As I, in 1918, ached for blood, as I wanted to hear somebody splash and yell, drowning, in some abyss, as I should, in that unspeakable state of post-prison suffering, have satanically smiled at the spectacle of that victim's misery, so England now, with her ten-million-tonner coal-magnate Markhams, longs to fling a few thousand of her miners to death. It is the same neurosis. Let it be known that England has been in prison—in the war-prison—even as I. Let it be known that England has been in the war-prison. Within me, after forty-eight months of murderous repression, the whole four years of suppressed revolt came boiling up, unspeakable with pain. My wife, at night, thinking to bring me peace, would take me for long walks. With what result? The tears of nameless grief and humiliation rolled down my cheeks. The anxiety, the passion, the sore meaninglessness of the Universe, seemed to be sweeping and roaring in my heart. Only one thing—one act—could cure me. I must either leap off some lofty place, a hundred feet or more in height, and smash my own life to pieces; or else I must commit—against some utterly innocent person—an act which, at my own criminal's death cost, would enable me to say to myself: "There! I have destroyed a living being. I am again a dynamic man."

Dostoevsky does not explain it at all in "Crime and Punishment." But he did know what he ought to have known. Raskolnikoff, when he killed the old woman, was demonstrating his own dynamism, in fact, to himself. "I can kill, therefore I am alive." That was his criminal idea. And that, too, is England's idea to-day. The coal magnates—what else are they actually but Raskolnikoff writ large? I do not blame them; I do not accuse them; I simply diagnose the condition of those mad men. They think: "Ha! If we can bring about the hell and death of fifty coalminers—nay, a thousand coalminers—that will prove that we are nobly and intently alive. Death? Splashing of blood? Communist blood? Yes. That will be soothing. In the presence of that blood we shall be delivered from the ignominious horror of doubting our own existence. We shall know, by the shrieks of the dying—by the descriptive articles in the newspapers—that we are intensely, conscientiously alive."

England feels as Dostoevsky's superman felt. Because she is Raskolnikoff herself, raised to the power of a nation, she lusts for criminal super-humanness and for blood. Baldwin is abused, even by the gods of the ultra-imperialist and killing he is so slow in letting incendiarism and killing begin. There is a wild desire, in certain quarters, even, to borrow a lord of hosts, a Mussolini—a Man to Show Them How. Now let it be known that this is pathetic. It is imbecile. Why, her those are real tears of insanity that are rolling down old mother's face. Sad, mad England! She, herself, even as I once knew, to-day knows all about it. Her own four years of Imperial Gaol-Repression are boiling up, are seething within her ancient heart. It is the whole crushed-downness of her nationhood which yearns for blood of the unrighteous, as a proof that she—the over-soul—is still alive. She doubts herself. She feels that England is not an island; that it is only a dream—one vast illusion. "There!" she longs to say, "I have annihilated somebody, something—Communists—Ireland—India! I have killed the Danger. With counter-revolution—at horror's cost—I have proved to myself that I am still great and alive. I have prevented the Revolution!"

It is a terrible neurosis!

## Education and Eurhythmics.

M. Jacques Dalcroze, the founder of the system of eurhythmics in whose title his surname has been incorporated, gave, with the assistance of a large body of students, two lecture demonstrations of his method at the Scala Theatre on March 29 and 30. The exercises exhibited, the audience were assured, were mainly improvised, the performance of any prepared studies being duly announced. One cannot withhold admiration for the high degree of self-control and quickness of response displayed in the course of the demonstrations. To move rhythmically to improvised music, giving each note, beat, and phrase its proper time and emphasis, instantaneously as played, is a greater achievement than may appear evident at first consideration. To perform the movements and gestures one bar behind the actual playing, so that the exercise has still a bar to run when the music finishes, implies remarkable nervous and muscular co-operation.

Such exercises as these, however, were merely the overture to others which excited the audience to wonder. I do not refer particularly to the exercises in which students exhibited their powers of beating one time with the right arm, say four-four, and a different time with the left, say three-four. Grouping themselves in fours, the students were able to reproduce vocally, each one selecting her proper note, any four-key chord—within reasonable register—struck by M. Dalcroze on the piano. This would have indicated, at the least, a noteworthy capacity for minding one's own business; but it was immediately followed by the students individually repeating any chord at a second piano, and repeating an improvisation or completing one. The occasional error merely served to show that we were really witnessing the expression of cultivated musical power, and not a trick; the failures, in short, proved the successes.

Lest the audience be wearied by too sustained a concentration on method, the exercises were interspersed with a number of set studies from Beethoven, Brahms, and others, and the lecture brought to a close by an eurhythmic interpretation of Holst's ballets, "Fire" and "Water," from "The Perfect Fool." These ballets were performed with such spontaneous grace and sincerity that the audience forgot M. Dalcroze's exhortations to remember that the occasion was the demonstration of a method, and entirely abandoned itself to the enjoyment of an aesthetic entertainment.

M. Dalcroze was moved to design his method of eurhythmics as an antidote against the modern European proneness to intellectualise the whole field of education. He perceived that the execution of music and the dance, his own especial province, threatened to become the mere stereotyped reproduction of mental forms and bodily tricks, and to develop in consequence a human being little better than a highly trained performing animal. He chafed at the idea of music regarded as a subject, and articulated his conviction that it should be a complete experience of the whole human being. The execution of music and the dance, according to his vision, ought to ensure complete and spontaneous self-expression, and to contribute to exalting the spirit to its lawful throne. Through the mastery of rhythm, the interpretation of melody, and the ordering of harmony, all being simultaneously though gradually accomplished, the student should be so saturated with music and endowed with the power of expression as to come ultimately to spiritual realisation. To this end the gestures are large and sweeping. Students are called upon to regard their exercises not as the reactions of marionettes to the drill-sergeant; although responses and decisions to suggestions made from

outside may be necessary, and have to be given even more swiftly than the soldiers, they are intended to spring from the students' own fundamental temperament and character. The movements and gestures, in fine, are the external endowment of letters, words, and signs, of a language to be spoken with the body, through which the student is to utter what is essential of himself.

The aim is high, and its attainment beset with risks. M. Dalcroze, being French, is aware, for instance, of the weakness of the world for calling the old chaos by the name of the new order. He spares no pains to convey to his audiences and students that eurhythmics is not an erudite term for a new mode of dancing and deportment, not a school for training aspirants to give a novel kind of display. Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things, including grace, shall be added unto you. And the way to the kingdom of heaven, M. Dalcroze claims justly, is not to consider the contents of the field of education as things to be mentally photographed or recorded, and carried about as so many impedimenta of the mind, but as so much related experience, the results of apprehending which constitute additions to the power of the mind.

But misgivings may arise from one's speculations on the background of what appears superficially to be a delightful game. If education has in any branch reached the altitude of a sport, indulged in for the love of play, eurhythmics, the beholder feels, is that branch. It is not, perhaps, an easy game, but no game worth earnest pursuit is altogether easy; the difficulties are overcome by spontaneous interest. Yet one wonders whether, as a preliminary training for musical education by the method of eurhythmics, it is not just as usual as ever to chain the child to the piano-stool, or to lock him in the attic with the violin. Is it possible, in short, by any ideal, to dispense with the drudgery of mastering, by incessant practice, the primary rudiments of any accomplishment? I am aware, of course, of the obvious answer: that when the desire for mastery is aroused, provided the vitality is there, the drudgery is positively sought; a youngster will spend a whole day cultivating a leg-break, or practising a back-hand drive. But it is just the success of the method in bringing about willing submission to the necessary drudgery that I would like to see demonstrated; and by children rather than by youths.

The great majority of human beings pass from birth to death without ever asking the question, who am I, and what is my part in this play? Of those who reach the point of asking, the greater part, preferring not to wait for an answer, apply themselves more strenuously than before to what they were already engaged in. Most of us are hypnotised by some bright disc, some ambition set before us in childhood by another, or merely by the good opinion of someone possibly unworthy to have an opinion, and awake, if at all, when the day is too far gone. The normal curricula of education do not yet include much preparation for determinedly demanding answers to these awful questions. Possibly the earth is not firm enough in its course to bear the consequences. Some echo, however, of these questions reverberates behind, no matter how far behind, the method of M. Dalcroze. If all the resistances, emotional and instinctive, which bar the path to self-command can be enticed, by exercises in self-discipline, decision, and controlled power, out of the way, the student is likely at some stage to find himself—or herself—in a novel predicament. It is impossible to endow ordinary persons with the attributes and faculties hitherto reserved for genius without at the same time burdening them with the tasks of genius.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY.



## A Vagabond in Denmark.

By Leopold Spero.

### V.—THE NOBLE LORD.

"I prefer the works of English authors to those of all other nations."—*Polyglott-Kuntze, ad finem.*

One is accustomed to hear Denmark spoken of as among the highbrow countries. Rugged intellects, extracting a sombre moral significance from the daily life of peasants in their tiny hamlets, prepare for our more genial consumption romances which we are fain to admire even if we do not read them, such is the bondage in which we are held by Chelsea and Bloomsbury and Bedford Park, and those other fastnesses wherein the vegetarian critic reigns supreme. But a careful inspection of the neat little newspaper shops of Varde compels me to believe that the foremost character in fiction is after all not a Dane, but an Englishman. His name is Lord Kingsley, Gentleman Thief, and some day when my Swedish improves, or my Danish begins to acquire an assimilable form, I shall learn all about him. Already I know that he is never without a silk hat and a small revolver, and he seems to spend a great deal of his time peeping round corners in the light of a street lamp, waiting for the victim who walks all unsuspecting in his dread direction. This much I have gathered from the pages of various popular publications, and I accept it not only as a tribute to English literature, but to the versatility of our English aristocracy. I would like to think that Lord Kingsley got a holiday sometimes, but I have watched him at work week after week, always lying in wait, always in full dress, always with that clean-shaven jaw of his set in the determination to do something definite and get to the last instalment. But the poor fellow has not reached that happy stage. He is still at work, pioneering English thought and social life among the Danes. And on consideration, I do not think he could be better employed.

A great deal of the rest of Danish contemporary literature, as gathered from the weekly magazines, is devoted to the discussion of how to make a house look as bare and uncomfortable as possible. In reality, I believe Danish domestic life runs on oiled wheels. But you would not gather as much from these magazine articles. No wonder their readers seek relief from such deadly serious fare in the study of magazines which consist entirely of translations from English short-story writers, foremost among them that abiding genius, Miss Ethel M. Dell, who is enshrined in the hearts of Danish girlhood, not only with the affection which is her due, but with the additional exotic veneration of the translated. What Lord Kingsley, Gentleman Thief, does not expound to young Denmark with regard to social life in the United Kingdom and the British Empire, Miss Dell amply supplies. It is her romantic scenes which have the direct responsibility for the great, round, wondering blue eyes of Danish girls. Your eyes develop that way after reading Ethel M. Dell in the translation for a sufficient period. Small wonder, then, that the journey to London in the summertime, now invested with a sort of ceremonial sanctity for every Danish family that can afford the fare, gives rise to such fearful, shivering, delighted speculation. In less than forty-eight hours one may be translated, at the cost of a mere five pounds, from the perfect respectability of King Christian's domains to the sort of thing that is always liable to happen in England at any time of the day. Lord Kingsley himself may be waiting round a corner in Harwich. And only Miss Dell, or one of her strong-armed representatives, can be expected to save a poor girl from his clutches.

Even Varde enjoys the thrill of such possibilities. "A new Dell" shouts itself from all sorts of windows. Not from the boghandel alone. Not even

from the more important bogtryckeri, the papperhandel, or any other of the amusingly-named industries connected with the product of the written word. No; the name of Dell is magic. You can get one anywhere, like a pick-me-up at a chemist's.

### VI.—HURTIGTOGS AND THINGS.

A forneit ago ei left mei frends in London and tu deh forneit ei sjal bi in Mansjester.

(*Polyglott-Kuntze at his best.*)

The railway-station at Varde is a spacious affair. The station-master has a nice little flat over the clock; tea is always laid in each of the two waiting-rooms; there is a tap of drinking water on the platform near the booking-office; and you may walk across the line and up and down looking for your train all day if you please, and pick out any one you fancy.

It matters very little. In Denmark they tell you that their trains are much faster than they are in Sweden. This explains the fact that large numbers of people never get to certain parts of Sweden at all, and the few that do seldom come back. Again, Denmark is such a small country that any train that was at all reckless might very reasonably fall over the edge or into one of the numerous lakes that are scattered about the countryside. But there does exist in Denmark a ferocious monster known as a Hurtigtog, and it is worth waiting and hour or two on Varde platform to see him.

"Hurtigtog" means "express," only it is much more expressive.

You can picture the Hurtigtog hurtling along through the rye and sugar-beet at well over twenty miles an hour. Dogs come flying out of farmhouses at the sight of him, and pursue him fiercely along the line. Horses cock up their tails and dance with rage at his appearance. For himself, Hurtigtog cares little for these demonstrations. He has his duty to perform to the State, and that duty must be done. For be it remembered that there are two kinds of railway in Denmark; the State railway, which is proud and goes where it likes, and the private railway, which will come anywhere if you ask them kindly, and never encourage a Hurtigtog within their quiet little circle.

We in England waste a good deal of time and temper on the subject of trains being late. But in Denmark no train is ever late. Passengers are frequently early, anything from half-an-hour to an hour and a half early. But as no Dane is ever to be found without sandwiches on him, this doesn't matter; and there is always Lord Kingsley. So after sitting about on Varde platform, fretting to be away somewhere else, not that there is anything to be said against Varde, but because there is so little and down the line—after all, it is a State railway, and the property of you and me and the rest of us—and see for yourself that everything is in order. A warning whistle may sound, and then you will know that in the next hour or two your train may be there. And when it does come, and you climb into it, and rattle away once more over the flat expanses of Jutland, you will realise that although Denmark has not been infected with the virus of speedmania, the Dane knows how to make himself comfortable on a railway journey.

"And we're all good fellows together."

"At Middlesbrough to-day the Cleveland mine-owners and ironstone miners met to discuss wage revision under the sliding scale, which fixes wages by the realised selling price of iron. The employers were entitled to claim an 11.4 per cent. reduction, but, out of consideration for the miners' hardships, decided to forgo the claim. The miners' representatives warmly thanked the employers.—*Evening News.*"

## An Editor's Progress.\*

By A. R. Orage.

### PART III.—THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF REFORM.

If men were intelligent would they not say that the most important thing practically in life is money? This is not, of course, to rank money above health or virtue or happiness; but only as the supreme value among material means; and it is naturally first among means since it is convertible into any or all of them. Nevertheless, as much as men love and realise the value of money, not more than one person in a million—and this is even a generous estimate—either knows or cares where money actually comes from, how it is actually made, what it is actually composed of, or what forces actually regulate its circulation and amount. Nearly every Labour, Socialist, social and international dispute during the last few centuries has been about money; yet scarcely a soul in any class or community is concerned to know what money is. Professors and bankers are given credit for understanding the mysteries of the subject, though it is quite certain that their ignorance is only greater than that of the general public; in short, their ignorance has been specially cultivated. And, in any case, to leave to interested persons the sole discretionary control of a matter so universally vital as money is to gamble our lives on dangerous odds.

One of the first things to which Douglas drew attention was the difference between real and financial credit. Place a wet towel round your head and consider the following: A community has all the actual means necessary to production—land, raw materials, factories, machinery, power, skill, organisation, and labour. A year or two ago this same plant was turning out goods at an enormous rate; and there is no obvious reason why it should not have continued. Yet to-day the whole of this plant is virtually idle, including, of course, the labour which is now said to be "unemployed." What has happened to stop the wheels? Plainly not a breakdown of the productive system, since to-morrow it could be set in motion again without the smallest difficulty. All that has happened, as we know, is that "orders" have ceased to come in; in other words, demand has ceased. But why has demand ceased? Certainly it is not because the products in question are no longer actually needed. Demand has been satiated, perhaps, but not real need or appetite. No, the truth is that need has ceased to have money in its pocket, with the result that it is no longer what is called effective demand. But why, again, has it no money? Why is money at this time plentiful and at another time scarce? Productive capacity certainly does not jump up and down every month. On the contrary, the world's productive capacity steadily and rapidly increases practically daily. The productive capacity of any modern industrial community is hundreds of times to-day what it was a century or even fifty years ago; and with every new invention it increases. Emphatically, then, it is not the case that the variations of money circulation are due to variations of productive capacity. They not only move independently of the latter, but are scarcely related to production at all. The production of goods depends, it is obvious, on the factors named; but the production of money depends on factors over which the production of goods has little or no control. This discrepancy between goods and money, between productivity and currency, is the difference between real credit and financial credit. Real credit rests on real factors—materials, power, and labour; financial credit rests, in the ultimate, upon one thing and one thing only—gold.

\* Reprinted from the "Commonweal" (U.S.A.) by the courtesy of Mr. Orage and the Editor.

It is an astonishing phenomenon that is presented to the mind as it realises the place and power of this metallic element in modern life. We see very little of it in circulation; yet secretly it controls the quantity in circulation of every other form of purchasing power. Move a hundred millions of gold from England to America or America to England, and the effect on both countries will be startling. The importing country will experience an immediate increase in the circulation of every other form of currency; while in the exporting country, every other form of money will at once begin to diminish in quantity. Prices in both countries will be equally affected, but in opposite directions. Various other phenomena of universal importance are accounted for by the vicissitudes of this strange metal; but the only thing that for the moment concerns us is its control by factors outside the directly productive system. In a word, if the ownership of the means of direct production is in the hands of capitalists, the real control still lies with money whose ultimate ownership is vested in the financial and not in the productive system.

Major Douglas, however, was anything but one of the usual money-cranks. Heavens, after thirty years of public life I think I recognise a crank at sight! He had no such absurd notion as demonetising gold or denouncing the financiers, or nationalising banks. His constructive proposals, when they came to be clearly formulated, concerned mainly the only practically important question asked by every consumer—the question of price; and beyond a change in our present price-fixing system, there is in his proposals nothing remotely revolutionary. For the rest, everything would go on as now. There would be no expropriation of anybody, no new taxes, no change of management in industry, no new political party; no change, in fact, in the status or privileges of any of the existing factors of industry. Absolutely nothing else would be changed but prices.

But what a change would be there! Major Douglas's calm assumption is that from to-morrow morning, as the shops open, the prices of all retail articles could be marked down by at least a half and thereafter progressively reduced, say, every quarter—and not only without bankrupting anybody, but at an increasing profit to everybody without exception. Absolutely nobody need suffer that everybody should be gratified. All that would happen to anybody is that the purchasing power of whatever money they have would be doubled to-morrow, and thereafter continuously increased.

Not to put too great a strain upon credulity or suspense, I may explain here that the principle of the proposal is perfectly simple; and it consists in this—that prices ought to fall as our communal powers of production increase. Let me illustrate: Imagine a theatre whose seating capacity doubles every year—ought not the prices to be halved every year? If that is not natural for a single theatre, imagine that every theatre automatically grew in time its prices of admission rose? Yet the latter is precisely what takes place in industry to-day. As fast as a nation's productive capacity increases, its prices rise, with the absurd consequence that the wealthier the nation is in resources the more difficult is it for its members to utilise them. Major Douglas's proposal was simply to regulate price by productivity; by relation, that is, to supply. Since price is, strictly speaking, only the regulator between supply and demand, its reference to supply is perfectly logical. And if it is more than true that our present potential supply is twice our present demand, it stands to reason that halving existing retail prices would begin to equalise matters by doubling effective demand.

My first reaction to the astonishing proposal to "sell goods under cost"—and not merely as a temporary expedient but permanently and progressively



—convinces me, as I look back upon it, of the utter impracticability of the suggestion. Not only its first shock must be fatal in the majority of cases to any further interest in the "crank" who would propose it; but the time and thought and labour necessary to understand and appreciate it are beyond the command of more than a very few. In short, I am as much convinced that the suggestion will never be put into practice, as a result of reason, as I am that reason would, nevertheless, dictate that it should be. The world has not free brain enough to comprehend the simple cure for all its economic ills.

I certainly worked hard enough to satisfy any possible doubt I may have entertained. For three years, in the closest working association with Major Douglas, THE NEW AGE week by week laboured to expound, explain, simplify, and illustrate the theses upon which the practical scheme rests. There was organised a Credit Reform league with branches all over the country. Major Douglas gave up his profession of engineer during these years to be at the service of the cause. We saw everybody we could, and did our best to see everybody we should. The national situation from the conclusion of peace was plainly going from bad to worse. In short, if there ever was a time when a novel, non-revolutionary, simple, and effective scheme of reform might hope to command a reasonable hearing, the period following the peace was that time for England. To say that we had no success would be untrue. The idea is more alive than ever in England at this moment. But for any practical result, search might be made with a microscope without result.

The conclusion my mind inevitably reached after these experiences was that reform in any drastic sense is impossible. Douglas, to the best of my consideration, has got to the very bottom of economics. There are literally no more insoluble or even doubtful problems in the whole range of economics; and this, needless to say, includes the daughter "science" of politics. Everything is as clear as daylight in the light cast by Douglas's analysis of the nature and rôle of finance. At the same time, his analysis did not leave the situation hopeless theoretically; it was only hopeless practically. The Douglas positive proposals were as impeccable as his analysis; only they could not be carried into effect owing to the stupidity of the community that needed them. What was I to do? I was again at an impasse. The first arose on account of the combination of interests against us; but this second was worse, since the combination against us was unconscious and irremediable. There was nothing to be done but to die with THE NEW AGE, or to hand it over to a fresher soul. After fifteen years of editorship I sold out and left England.

### PRESS EXTRACTS.

(Selected by the Economic Research Council.)

"The idea that American workpeople are better housed, fed, and clothed than workpeople in this country was not borne out by what I saw. There were as many untidy boots and carelessly dressed folks as over here."—Mr. F. Gibberd, in the "Footwear Organiser."

"It is the general level of commodity prices, that is to say, the internal purchasing-power of money, that is sought to be controlled by all conscious national monetary policies. In any scientific monetary policy this factor, the price-level, must be the ultimate object of control. . . . The control of the price-level, or purchasing power of money, becomes a question mainly of control of the volume of banking credit."—The Statist, February 20.

"The United States have been impoverished, not enriched, by the war. That is the remarkable conclusion at which the National City Bank arrives in the course of a lengthy discussion in its current monthly Bulletin, which the Bank appears to have been goaded into entering upon by foreign suggestions that diametrically the opposite is true. . . . It only shows how fallacious it is to judge wealth by counting motor-cars!"—Manchester Guardian, February 23.

## Drama.

### The Paper Chase.

For stimulating people not sociable enough to play hunt the slipper, nor unsociable enough to play chess, into exercising their faculty for deductive logic, crime is probably indispensable to civilisation. The world is peopled by detectives. The inference that society is in league against the criminal is altogether wrong; society is simply pleased to know him, in the same way that it is pleased to spot a winner. If it wants the malefactor to be caught and proved guilty, society's motive is merely that it enjoys telling its friends it told them so, or that they told it otherwise. The moment the hares are caught the hounds are ready to sign a petition for their reprieve.

Authors of plays designed to cater for this humane sport of criminal identification by staging test cases have as much right as genuine criminals to mislead us, and, like the L.C.C. examiners, to put things in just to make the problem more difficult. It does good all round if we are sometimes exposed as helpless as the professional police. In the "Paper Chase" we were not helpless, however, and it was fortunate for the criminals as well as England that the police consisted of one country bobby. It looked at first as though Crawford had stolen those papers. But he was engaged to mine host's daughter, so that in spite of his pack of lies to explain his late arrival to dinner, we knew that he must be speaking the truth when he denied the theft. Although we were told frankly why he wanted the papers we refused the decoy.

That this Crawford was later promised, in return for his aid in getting the papers to London, a half-share in the profits by the fellow who had stolen them—another business man also inspired by something in him not himself that strove for the welfare of his country and the monopoly of a new invention—only proved that luck for him was as good as riches. He had the papers in his possession—he hadn't really, but both he and we were led to believe he had—less than a minute, in which he contrived carelessly to lose them, letting still another into the secret. We congratulated ourselves at that point on never having suspected him of anything either venturesome or brainy. Crawford's apparent outlook on life, that the best policy is to "be good, and let who can be clever," must have been greatly strengthened by his experience in "Paper Chase."

Congratulations must also be rendered to the author, Mr. John McNally. He chose to play himself the part of the only person in the play who conducted his affairs, except in the choice of a partner who went about choosing new partners, intelligently. He had sense, however, to keep his partner in well-doing, who had taken the risk of committing the actual burglary, from knowing too much, and to depend for getting away with the papers on himself. It was a pity that he had to stoop to so mean a disguise as that of a detective. The game of crime, where played fairly according to the rules, allows neither policeman nor burglar to disguise himself as the other. When Clayton—Mr. McNally's character—returned to see the school-boy privy created by the combined brainwork of the other parties, who by this time had made the paper chase resemble one hare after a pack of hounds, for getting the plans away, he must have been amazed to realise what a crowd of nincompoops he was in with. It is to be hoped that they left the future management of the business to Clayton, consoling themselves for their inactivity by the regularity of their dividends.

The papers, it ought to be mentioned, were the property of an unpatriotic inventor of a perfect helicopter, who was contemplating the sale of the mastery of the air to a foreign Power. No loyal citizen of a nation at home than abroad men all ready to sell more cheaply a traitor. When every-thing could show much sympathy with a traitor, the invention is produced there—the lady of the house, who had been in somewhat of a fuss at the unusual goings on, announced that there would be hot soup for lunch after all. But for this happy climax the play could have been effectively entitled "Too Many Crooks Spoil the Broth."

Notwithstanding the pins which exposed the holes in the plot—the best criminals, I am told, overlook something, while lawyers leave room for a similar theme. Mr. Sutton was as good as others on a similar theme. Mr. Sutton Vane's fatuous idiot, who was deeper than he sounded, brightened the show. The play has some negative virtues—the host and his wife had no erotic discontent to voice, and their daughter and future son-in-law had no remorse to expound. Positively there are many witty lines, together with a good deal of fun. Muriel Aked's servant girl merits especial mention.

## Art.

### The Study of Modern Foreign Art.

"The New Gallery of Modern Foreign Art, to be erected at Millbank as soon as possible after the war, will also make a compelling claim upon the wisdom and patriotism of Art lovers." ("A Plea for Readjustment in the Art World," by Robert C. Witt. "Nineteenth Century," August, 1917.)

The provision of a Modern Foreign Gallery was urged in the "Report of the Committee of Trustees of the National Gallery," issued in 1915, and it is largely owing to private generosity that such a gallery is now nearing completion, and that a nucleus of pictures and sculpture is ready for exhibition in it.

The war emphasised the fact that modern foreign politics had been little studied in this country: modern foreign art has been studied less. Thus advantage has often been taken of insular ignorance; and the dictatorship of dealers (to many of whom gratitude is due) has been largely responsible for transfer of affection from the Dutch School, fashionable about thirty years ago, to the French Impressionists and now to the Post-Impressionists. Such an interesting exhibition as that "Illustrative of the Evolution of Painting from the Seventeenth Century to the Present Day," devoted exclusively to British, French, and Dutch work, which was held at the Norwich Museum last year, shows that enlightened narrow way on which lovers of painting have been urged to move. Some critics have supported the dealers' points of view; but the banter and persiflage of such enthusiastic missionaries as Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Clive Bell may be tempered by the cautious words of such writers as Sir Charles Holmes and Mr. D. S. McColl and the uncommon sense of such more adroit controversialists as Mr. W. R. Sickert and Mr. Wyndham Lewis. The last-named has justly diagnosed that morbid state which has turned well-deserved homage to France into the setting up of a painted image before which all must bow.

No one will dispute the position of France, both by reason of her own achievement and the encouragement so freely given to the artists of the world. However, despite the cosmopolitan tendencies of such centres as Paris, Vienna, and Munich, each nation brings its own contribution to modern art, and the comparative study of individual character is at least as worthy of attention as the exploitation of a narrow international aesthetic canon.

The opening of the new gallery might focus attention on this point. In view of this country's backwardness it is natural that the authorities' first aim should be to secure adequate representation of French work; but it is to be hoped that they will be encouraged to aim at the development of a real centre of interest in modern foreign sculpture and painting generally.

Many artists, other than French, have exhibited here during the last quarter of a century, and much has come and gone without close study or assimilation. True pioneer and often against difficulties, has been done by "The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers," founded in 1898, and, among individuals, by such an enterprising public art-gallery director as Mr. Henry D. Roberts, of Brighton, who introduced the Post-Impressionists to England in 1910, and has since arranged ten further exhibitions of modern foreign painting and sculpture. The encouragement of a broad view of foreign activities has also been one of the chief aims of the monthly, *The Studio*, first published in 1893.

The field to be explored is very wide, and Europe will naturally have attention first. It may be thought that a good deal is known of the French and the Dutch as artists. What of the others? The Swiss, for instance, possess a vigorous native school of painters, the outstanding figure of which is Hodler (1853-1918), almost entirely unknown here. The Finns have a master, too, in Gallen-Kallela. There are several other nations.

Perhaps some wisely patriotic Briton will endow a travelling scholarship for the necessary study of modern foreign art in all its branches, for if, in writing the above, I have had in mind, chiefly, gallery preserved sculptures and paintings, how much more desirable is that study which will first seek a nation's architectural activity and then consider the supporting arts and crafts.

ERNEST COLLINGS.

### TO A DANDY.

By D. R. Guttery.

Take care your valet's soul is saved,  
My dandy, ere his corpse be graved;  
So that in heaven when you die  
Your angel robes hang not awry.

## Question Time.

### Social Credit, Dumping, and War.

*Modernist.*—Your point that there would be difficulties in applying the Just Price to a single industry is not, of course, a new one. But in arguing it you have rather strained the probabilities in assuming that such an industry as the tyre industry would be selected for the initial experiment. However, let us take tyres. Your difficulty is about the price of raw rubber, which, as you say, is controlled by external producers. As soon as the Just Price exerted its effect of causing a quickened home demand for tyres, the foreign producers of raw rubber would raise their prices by an amount "equivalent to the whole of the consumers' benefit." That is your main argument. Our main argument in reply is that the price of the raw rubber does not matter. The whole point is—*Would Britain get the rubber itself?* You assume she would. (In so assuming, by the way, you rule out the chief objection urged by other critics of the Douglas Proposals, namely, that Britain would not be allowed to get the rubber.) Let us take the case as you put it, and illustrate it with some small token figures. Britain has been importing 1,000 lb. of rubber a week at 4s. per lb. Total cost £200. Now she imports 2,000 lb. a week, and gets squeezed at the rate of 20s. per lb. New total cost £2,000. For simplicity's sake let us assume that 10 lb. of rubber make one tyre. If so Britain's production of tyres goes up from 100 to 200 a week. Now, leaving money figures out of view for the moment, look at the physical facts. Fact 1.—Britain's real wealth in the first week (leave the succeeding weeks out of the question) is increased by 1,000 lb. of raw rubber. Fact 2.—Britain's real wealth will be decreased by the cost of turning the rubber into 100 tyres. That cost will be represented by the quantity of goods (a) consumed by the individuals (master and man) engaged in the tyre industry, and (b) used up or wasted in the process of conversion. What that quantity will be cannot be definitely computed; but at least we know this—that in modern industry the cost of converting extra material into extra output never rises in anything like the same ratio as the output itself. In fact, it is quite probable, in the case under discussion, that the consumption and waste together might not increase more than an extra 10 per cent., while the output of tyres went up 100 per cent. The exact figures do not matter to the argument. The central fact is that this tyre industry gets 100 extra tyres at an internal cost in consumption equivalent to, say, 10 of those tyres. On balance *Britain has thus got 90 tyres for nothing.* That is the physical aspect—the reality—of the situation.

Now for the monetary—the artificial—aspect. Britain owes the foreigner an extra £1,800 in respect of the extra rubber imported (i.e., £2,000, less the £200 hitherto paid). So, although, internally, the above 90 tyres *have cost* Britain nothing, externally, they *are going to cost her* £20 each! Notice the differentiation of the tenses—for this is where the artificiality of the money figure is going to reveal itself. How will Britain pay this £1,800? Obviously, if at all, by exporting goods. Suppose she commences by exporting the 90 tyres. "Ah, but then the home consumer won't get them, and the very object of the Just Price will have been defeated," will be the reply. Quite so. Let us concede that that is what may *immediately* happen. If so, the home consumer is yet a bit better off than before, and, at the same time, Britain has 90 tyres which she can dump into the foreigners' market at any price (down to zero) necessary to secure the business. Assume that the foreign tyre-makers' price is £3 a tyre, and that Britain cuts them out of their own market by asking, say, £2 10s. The total value so dumped will be £225. It is true that this will now leave Britain still owing £1,575 to complete the £1,800, and with no tyres left to show for it. But, on the other hand, consider the situation produced abroad at this point. *The foreign tyre-industries would have lost orders nearly equal (90) to the whole quantity of tyres (100) produced by Britain before the Just Price régime.* Then, to add insult to injury, Britain could begin again, and give another order for rubber to the foreign producers—for a larger quantity still perhaps.

It will be noticed that Britain, not being a producer of rubber, cannot suffer (in terms of bankruptcies and unemployment) by receiving the foreigners' rubber; but that the foreigners, being also producers of tyres, can, and do so suffer by receiving Britain's tyres. Hence, what is called "utter dependence upon foreign supplies of raw material," has its strength as well as its weakness. Utter dependence upon these supplies means not only utter independence of upon these supplies from receiving them, but even the probability of beneficial results therefrom (more people employed and more trade). In the circumstances outlined above



nothing could prevent a "Social-Credit" Britain from capturing the whole tyre trade of the world.

It may be argued that the foreigners would not allow Britain to dump tyres—that they would erect tariffs to keep them out (although what sort of tariff short of actual prohibition is going to keep out tyres which could if necessary be given away one cannot envisage—and, moreover, one would not envy the lot of the consumer shut in behind such a tariff). Or it may be argued that the foreigners would bring pressure on Britain to clear off the balance of the debt promptly by some other means than delivering more tyres—say, by ceding them some territory or a dominating advantage in some of her overseas markets. That, of course, would be feasible, provided Britain was a weak military power, or its Government fell into the hands of pacifists with their policy of "refusal to fight." But either contingency can be ruled out; for statesmen, however inefficient, at least realise the truth that military power precedes economic power just as economic power does political power.

On the purely economic plane there is no answer to Social Credit. Once a nation adopts it there are only two alternatives open to its rivals, to declare war on it or to follow its example. And as it is not certain that the first alternative might not be resorted to in case Great Britain took the lead, readers of THE NEW AGE will realise what is behind the "militarism" sometimes apparent in our comments on international affairs.

## Let Egypt Speak.

By C. Daly King.

Strange is the desert's silence, for it is not empty. The living of unspoken words is in it, the power of wisdom withheld. Speak not of dreams and madness, ye who slumber; over the sands is pale glory, beneath the stars.

And Thoth is Lord of the Moon.  
Salute ye the God in the Hour, for he is mighty. He comes with the ranks of the Bright Ones when, serried, they rise from the east. He is a Guardian, powerful; his are the Portals of sleep. And well has he kept them whose answer confounds the keenest of questions. For men are his, and their measures.

And Thoth is Lord of the Moon.  
Would ye escape from the Fate? Would ye enter the door that is open? Homage to him, to the God who dwells in the Hour about ye!

For Thoth is Lord of the Moon.  
Now is the way prepared for ye who dare, the dusty way thru bleakness and despairing. Come, if ye would trust the Lady Neith who gives the thirsting mummy longed-for waters.

Can ye defeat Apepi, that dread serpent? Can ye foretaste the maddening food of gods?

Ye must be Ptah, the spirit of very fire—Hat-Hor, the lovely cradle of the Child. The star shines pure and high above the wasteland; follow it backwards as it leads ye on.

Well done! Ye have passed the darkness. Bravely done! Thoth is Lord of the Moon.

Across the land of death where'er ye passed, look back and see the blunder-teeming gloom. Behold ye now the hair-breadth deviation which sunders true from false, and how the half-light must ever make his hand to err who aims; and ever aiming truer, to err the same.

Shine forth as Atom shineth at his rising. Yet this remember, that where the shades are densest, there must the light be introduced most slowly, lest blindness follow close upon the disk.

Make splendour then, that he who knows, may know. Awful is Ra in glory!

And Thoth is Lord of the Moon.

Only in beauty may ye paint Aahlu; Isis is Lady of the Night indeed. Silverly tender sounds her voice in singing, sweet the caresses of the virgin-queen. Then let her joy be half revealed in darkness, speak ye her love-song to the ears of lovers, the Isis-beauty of the waning night. Gleamingly happy goddess, take thine own.

Thoth is Lord of the Moon.

What! Is the desert vanished? Are the shadows swallowed in light, the light in shadows swallowed?

Cry out exultantly, who strove and conquered; the striving and the winning are but one, ye who have triumphed the same with them who failed. The gods themselves unite.

Isis the lovely is mistress of Thoth and they are one who are but one with all the shining Beings, the shadow, the desert, the day, the dark, the light.

Each spark is one with the Brilliance, each spark is its brightness itself; all flames have become all flaming, but forever shall guard their flame.

And Thoth is Lord of the Moon.

## Reviews.

**The Complete Jam Cupboard.** By Mrs. C. F. Leyel. (G. Routledge and Sons, Ltd. 1s. 6d. net.)

This collection of toothsome recipes has been submitted to a lady of great experience in these matters and pronounced good. They who are beginners in the sticky art of jam making will do well to take counsel with Mrs. Leyel and follow her instructions to the letter. It is that casual "more or less" attention to apparently insignificant details which spoils not only much jam, but many other kitchen products. The selection is comprehensive, but there is one curious omission; no direct reference is made to damson jam, which is one of the best, a good keeper, and the finest stuffing for a "roly-poly" imaginable. This lapse should be made good in a subsequent edition.

**Education, in its Relation to the Common Purposes of Humanity.** By E. T. Campagnac. (Pitman. 5s.)

Is education for all—or for some? Professor Campagnac makes a strange show among the writers on education. He does not attempt a definition of education, he is not interested in intelligence tests, he is not dull. He speaks about education as though it might conceivably interest others than those who must make their living by it. He brings it back from barbarism and the language of men. New restores it to humanity and the language of men. He is fangledness in these matters does not appeal to him, but is he who asks us to "note that it is one thing to secure, for a comparatively small proportion of the people education of a type which will both enable them to do the business of government and give them largeness of mind; it is another thing, and much harder, to secure for a multitude an education which achieves both these ends. We need not say that this other and harder thing cannot be done; but we are bound to say that it never has been done." To secure education for all, we need a common language, something larger than the language of occupation, "something better than the language of exchange and barter. . . . A language to express what human beings have in common, such an ideal broadest possible use of the word language be taken to is one that everyone must accept—if language be taken to mean not merely a mode of intercourse but also a sympathy underlying intercourse, an attitude of man to man. Language then comes to mean culture—the growth of personality to embrace the highest manifestations of the human spirit. But such a broad use of the term is very dangerous. It leads us back once more into the quagmire of school learning from which we must struggle to free ourselves if ever we are to secure true education for all. It is natural to feel that culture may be best found in books, that we need only teach our children how to read in order that they may be educated. But the whole of modern education is a terrifying monument to this fallacy. We have said, Language is the key to knowledge, and presumed that the tongue would fly open at the mere touch of human thought. Most of us are taught in a rather pleasantly naive first few syllables of the varied language of human understanding while all the rest remains very surely a closed book. The truth is that books must mean little to the man who is not already educated, the man who has not already some understanding of life. Some few men, it is true, can reach this understanding in books; but most can only obtain it in other ways, through the work of their hands, through daily human intercourse, even through exchange and barter. It is only when they have begun thus to be educated that language can proceed to educate them. We may ask with one of Shaw's characters, "How dare you teach a man to read until you've taught him everything else first?"

**The Call of Empire.** By Alfred Bigland. (Cecil Palmer. 5s.)

After the first agonies of Kipling quotation and moral stories, showing how inevitably the star of British Dominion was destined to lighten the dark places of the globe, this little book settles down into a rather pleasantly naive exposition of that kind of Socialism which consists in getting the Government in on the ground floor of the Great Undeveloped. Mr. Bigland wants us all, even you and me, to take shares in a vague, but generous, Government farm in Canada, the Big Land, so to speak, and go into the fish trade in the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, where there are good profits to be made from the unsuspecting proletariat of the deep. How Mr. Bigland establishes an exclusivity of British claim to what would seem to be an international fishery is not easy to understand, but we forgive him for Imperial lapses in our amusement at his stark terror when he suddenly realises that he has stumbled into the region of deplorable Socialism, and hastens to explain it away by assuring us that we shall not be asked to benefit in any region, however fantastic, where the private speculator can push us out. Curiously enough, the best part of this book

is where Mr. Bigland tells us what he did in the Great War. He was the Grand Protector of Oils and Fats, and we do not get the slightest impression of conceit on his part when he tells us in detail how he did his job. Which makes us conclude that there must be honesty of purpose shining out here, as well as a good deal of sound horse-sense. Our chief quarrel is with the title of the book. Mr. Bigland wants the nation of shopkeepers to stimulate business by opening new branches. It may well be that by the expeditions which he recommends, and even by his British Commonwealth Finance Bill, we shall be able to reduce the War Debt, provided, of course, that the usual crooks are not invited to intervene and take all the first fruits as soon as the Government has spent its money on the planting. But such pleasant prospects do not call for the high falutin with which Mr. Bigland ennobles them.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### SOCIAL CREDIT AND WAR.

Sir,—In your issue of March 11 you say that "Plans to avert it" (the next war) "must not only be conceived now, but carried out now." Your plan, presumably, is Credit Reform, Mr. Eiloart's is Credit Reform plus Pacifism. What makes you assume that the two are incompatible? Surely the creation of a will to peace—and peace mentality—is fully as necessary a preventive of war as a change of economic conditions, urgently as these are required. You say that "nothing can prevent war under prevailing conditions." Possibly; though it is open to question, but can anything ultimately prevent war except the refusal to fight?

Z. C. SMITH.

[When we say that nothing can prevent war under prevailing conditions, our statement includes the proposition that it is impossible to create a "peace mentality" capable of stimulating an effective "refusal to fight." War mentality is an essential property of the present policy of economic scarcity: it is inseparable from it. For example, nothing can prevent silver from being a caustic as long as it is manufactured in the form of a nitrate; and it is no use raising the argument "can any-thing ultimately prevent silver nitrate being a caustic except its refusal to cauterise?"—for directly it does not cauterise it is not silver nitrate. "Peace mentality" is an essential property of the New Economic policy of economic plenty, under which, when it comes, there will be no need for people to refuse to fight: they will not be asked to. Modern war takes place because the economic objectives of nations are vital, and, at the same time, believed to be mutually exclusive. Until their rulers realise that these vital objectives need not be mutually exclusive, their policy will be to fight for them, and of course, to maintain among the ruled the "war mentality" which pacifists rightly condemn. And while the ruling classes and their political agents in the Ministerial ranks of all three parties continue to ignore the Social Credit remedy they will be bound to discourage and even suppress attempts of whatever character to weaken the morale and strength of the nation as a war instrument.—Ed.]

### "THE WHEEL OF WEALTH."

Sir,—As an old friend of the late J. B. Crozier (one time to), I wish to draw attention to the work of that distinguished thinker in his reconstruction of the erstwhile termed dismal science of political economy, in his great work "The Wheel of Wealth."

If you have not read that masterpiece, pray do so. You will find therein the fullest philosophic appreciation of the dynamic factor of consumption and a pre-war anticipation of the Social Credit movement. Whilst honouring the younger generation for their work in connection with what experience derived from the world war, resulting in what is now rather generally termed "the Douglas Theorem," let us not forget the historical preparation and services rendered by the great mind and thinker who is no longer with us in the flesh. I might even go so far as to say that without Crozier the executive work of Douglas would not have been possible or at least lacking in that philosophic breadth which has been provided by the General Thinker.

In the future history of the Social Credit movement and its stress on the dynamic factor of consumption, theretofore neglected or not properly understood, the name of Crozier will stand high as one of the fathers of that movement. Let us honour our fathers accordingly

F. J. SEWARD.

### AN EDITOR'S PROGRESS.

Sir,—I do not want to be tiresome, but Mr. Orage's articles continue to be so interesting—especially to one like myself, who is a regular reader of THE NEW AGE of more than fifteen years' standing—that the temptation to comment on one or two points therein continues to be irresistible.

Surely Mr. Orage somewhat post-dated Major Douglas's connection with THE NEW AGE. Of course, I have no means

of knowing when our late editor met his most gifted contributor for the first time. But reference to back volumes reveals that as early as the first week in January, 1919, the paper reprinted an article by Major Douglas from the *English Review*. On May 1 Major Douglas contributed an article on "The Control of Production," and on June 5 *Economic Democracy*—in which Mr. Orage tells us that he "more or less collaborated"—began to appear. "About a year after the Armistice" (November, 1919) Major Douglas was actually for a time writing the "Notes of the Week."

The Great War did not "put an end" to the guild idea, but rather the reverse. By its economic effect in increasing the earnings of the workers and the power of their unions, it created the appetite for just such a new status in industry as the national guild claimed to embody. What killed that appetite was the destruction of the workers' power and hope by the slump caused by the policy of deflation. With the defeat of that policy the appetite for a new status in industry would revive. This is not the least of the reasons for support of the Social Credit programme.

I have no idea what Mr. Orage means when he says that the guild idea was "based upon the paramount necessity of increased production." I cannot see that the conception of self-government in industry has any relation to its volume of production at all, nor can I recall that any such relation was ever maintained by guildsmen, in THE NEW AGE or elsewhere. At the same time it seems to me clear and worthy of remark that the first effect of the application of Douglas principles to industry would be an immense increase of production to make up the leeway that generations of artificially imposed scarcity has involved. When real demand becomes truly effective, we shall need the most willing and efficient service that our workers can give us, and I believe this will only be forthcoming if we develop our industry on guild lines.

Of course, Mr. Orage is entirely right in emphasising the truth that the control of industry is exercised by a power extraneous to industry itself—viz., finance. But does this involve so profound a modification of guild principles as he suggests? Only, it seems to me, to those who thought of themselves as essentially "Guild Socialists," not to National Guildsmen, for whom the problem of ownership was never a central one to the same degree. The guilds as of a free society in the future would, I suggest, have as little relation to "Socialism" as did the guilds of the Middle Ages. Douglasism, Distributism, and Guildism are not fundamentally incompatible; they are complementary.

MAURICE B. RECKITT.

Sir,—Some other readers of THE NEW AGE must be as surprised as myself to learn from Mr. Orage that "Major Douglas disposed of three of the enormous fallacies under which I and my colleagues, as well as the vast majority of social reformers, had been labouring."

Mr. Orage is, of course, entitled to speak for himself; but it is rather startling to be told that a socialist "professionally interested in economics" was unacquainted with the writing of Sismondi, Proudhon, or Theodor Hertzka. All these and many others insisted that the economic problem was to distribute what could, with very little effort, be produced. The second of the delusions, under which we were supposed to be lingering until 1920, had been queried by George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloan, in 1752, formed the motif of Archibald Allison's "History of Europe to 1852," and had been exposed before the war by Michael Flürscheim, a banker, and a reformer of international reputation; by Mr. Arthur Kitson in the *Open Review*, and by many others, the chief of whom was Silvio Gesell. All these contended that the problem was financial, and that an insufficiently accessible currency strangled a productive capacity which was always in excess of effectual demand.

The third "fallacy"—the power of industrial ownership to control—is partly true. Francis Delaisi, in *Oil*, asserted that financial directors (of foreign undertakings, so anyway) were in the hands of their technical experts, so that, while Frenchmen might own a majority of oil shares, the English engineers had practically entire control of the polity through their knowledge of working conditions.

Two of the fallacies we are accused of harbouring are, in fact, confined to the classical economists, and the third is doubtful. Such claims make Credit reformers ridiculous, and justify A. E. R.'s remark that Douglasism was "sheer ignorance of socialist literature."

E. V. L.

[To establish his case, "E. V. L." must show that one or other of the economists he cites (but does not quote) (a) deliberately singled out the above three fallacies and no others, (b) corrected them, (c) synthesized the corrections, and (d) formulated a practical policy on them. All that he claims is that these economists at different times had discussed various factors



which now form part of the Social Credit Theorem (and many more which do not!). It is quite easy, now that we all know which are the essential factors, for anyone to show that they were all noticed before, sometime and somewhere, in "Socialist literature." We wonder what sort of synthesis these writers themselves would have agreed on, supposing they could have been shut up together in Mr. Orage's office. It is significant that in the only instance where "E. V. L." describes any of their teachings he makes them attribute economic evils on their financial side to restricted access to credit. Perhaps he is not doing them justice; but if he is he presents them as inflationists pure and simple—which Douglas is not. "Douglasism"—in the sense of indiscriminate praise of Douglas—can truly be held open to "A. E. R.'s" criticism. But "A. E. R." would just as forcibly have reprobated indiscriminate disparagement of him.—Ed.]

## 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 mentioned below.

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 un-saleable 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.

Hon. Secretary, W. A. Willox, 83, The Avenue, Moulès-coombe, Brighton.

(Communications may alternatively be enclosed in letters to THE NEW AGE if desired.)

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