

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 1754] NEW SERIES Vol. XXXVIII. No. 25. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1926. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE**

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE	PAGE	
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	289	AN EDITOR'S PROGRESS.—Part IV. In Quest of God. By A. R. Orage. (Concluded.) . . . . .	295
The <i>United States Gazette</i> —the "perfect newspaper"—propaganda by elimination—Colonel House a sponsor of the new journal— <i>Dearborn Independent</i> on its editor, David Lawrence—Barney Baruch as Chevy Chyve. Air raids on the boll-weevil and other pests. The new Bill to curtail divorce-court reports. The <i>Church Times</i> on the mining crisis—and on the betting tax. Sir Curtis Lampson's wireless talk on "Heroes of Commerce: Lord Rothschild." The Women's League of Empire demonstration against strikes. The fire in the cinema.		QUESTION TIME. Administering the "Just Price." (Editorial) . . . . .	296
ENERGY FROM COAL.—I. Politics. By C. H. Douglas . . . . .	292	PASTICHE. A Contribution to the Unemployment Problem. By P. M. . . . .	297
TOWARDS THE IDEAL. (Tchoang-tzeu) . . . . .	293	DRAMA. By Paul Banks . . . . .	297
A VAGABOND IN DENMARK.—VII. Baa Baa, Black Sheep. By Leopold Spero . . . . .	294	Conflict. The Marvellous History of St. Bernard.	298
		REVIEWS	
		The 'Varsity of the Under-dog. The Truth about Borstal. "Neilson." Naphtali. Justice and the Poor in England.	299
		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . . .	299
		From M. B., Oxon, W. Durran, S. G. Hobson, and M. B. Reckitt.	
		VERSE . . . . .	
		"Mine Host is Angry." By Morgan Tud (293).	

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The "ideal newspaper" has made its appearance in Washington. Its name is the *United States Gazette*. Mr. Wilson Midgley, the American Correspondent of the *Daily News*, gives particulars in the issue of this journal of April 13 from which we extract the following passages:—

"Its motto is 'All the news; no views.' The second part it carries out almost fiercely . . . . The theory that even an adjective may involve the moral turpitude of 'comment' forbids even such a headline as 'Valuable suggestions'—though the suggestions be those of Senators of the United States. It has been officially decided that to describe a report as 'important' is to break the neutrality rule."

After pointing out that the Parliament of the United States is probably the worst reported in the world from a national point of view—that even the metropolitan papers in New York are scarcely read outside the city—that journalism in America is "local journalism," he proceeds:—

"The new paper is trying to bring the Government and its doings home to the people. It is sponsored by a long list of people of importance including Colonel House, Mr. John W. Davis, and others. The directing editor is Mr. David Lawrence, a noted White House Correspondent, and friend and biographer of Woodrow Wilson. . . . The *Gazette* even in its infancy contains more news than any other paper in the world. . . . In each issue it is printing 135,000 words of news matter. Its price is twopence half-penny. Its promoters believe that it will soon be the most quoted paper in America, and will attain a world-wide circulation."

In fact, an international newspaper. Mr. Midgley appears to write with his tongue in his cheek, for he advances the comment:

"It . . . displays reports of commissions and other official pronouncements with large American headlines; it is not considered, perhaps, that to give one item a heading of six lines, and another a heading of twenty, is to indulge in the forbidden 'comment' in indirect form";

thus completely shattering the pretence of impartiality claimed by the sponsors of the new journal. He concludes with the reflection:

"The question about which some doubt still exists is

whether they will find in sufficient numbers that other party to the equation—the perfect reader."

Older readers of THE NEW AGE will be familiar with the fallacy in the suggestion that a journal needs to express its views explicitly—or even implicitly in adjectives—in order to impose them on its readers. All it has to do is to select the news that accords with its views. In fact, so enormous is the proportion of potential news to published news that the daily contents of all the journals in America taken together represent but a meagre fraction of the total. It is the scope for elimination which gives an editor his power of education. There is no damned error, but some impartial news-exchange will bless it with a cable. We are not indicting the principle of selection. We practise it ourselves. We have frequently been told so. And we are doing it at this moment. The surplusage of facts over the utmost conceivable possibility of using them is as old as the Gospels. Did not John write—"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written"?

A very striking instance of the power of selected synthesized facts was exhibited by Ford in the *Dearborn Independent*. Even when all Ford's views are eliminated from his series of articles, *The International Jew*, there remains a mass of "news" (which in the main there seems no reason to regard as inaccurate) which of itself is sufficient to establish his case in the minds of all who do not look outside the synthesis he offered—the "Jewish World Program." As readers of this journal know, we are not interested one way or the other in the truth of his conclusions. We have not yet found evidence that the attitude towards our economic policy is conditioned by racial considerations, and until we do we remain neutral as between Jew and Gentile. Nevertheless, the facts assembled by Mr. Ford must come under any public survey which aims at efficiency. So we will now link up the *United States Gazette* with certain information which the



doubt the sincerity of the women who were brought to town by the organisers. Going on strike is the modern method of hunting for food. In primitive days the woman had to put up with her husband's absence while the hunt proceeded. To-day she has to have him at home.

\* \* \*

A fire broke out in the Empire Cinema at Bethnal Green on Saturday afternoon while 700 children were watching a film. A report says: "The children displayed remarkable calm, but anxious mothers clamoured at the doors and tried to gain admission." Mr. Hardy, the manager, told a *Daily Mail* reporter: "We did not let them in, as the children were not in danger, and we were afraid there might have been a stampede if they had been admitted. The band played lively tunes which the children sang." Imagine the zest with which the small boys inside drowned the noise of the weeping Rachael's outside with their ironic—

I want . . . to BE . . . happy,  
BUT I . . . can't BE . . . happy,  
TILL I've . . . made YOU . . . happy  
TOO.

But we are afraid these youngsters found that the "calmness" there was a prelude to a storm at home. It so often happens to them that the price of a narrow escape is a good hiding. It is riddles like these that make them masters of experimental psychology and the only philosophers worth listening to. There is a moral somewhere. It has to do with the Women's League of Empire. What if "General" Flora Drummond and her "Four Horsemen of She-Politics" had been there to charge down the doors of the picture palace!

PRESS EXTRACTS.

(Selected by the Economic Research Council.)

"Mussolini succeeded in coming to an agreement on the debt negotiations with Washington, and placed a loan of \$100,000,000 through the Morgan interests in New York City against the opposition of some of the large Italian banks and a number of prominent economists, who claimed that the advent of American capital in Italy would mean the economic subjection of Italy to American capitalists. These people little realised that American capitalists had no political designs in Italy, but America has the capital and the raw material and Italy has the man-power. Italy will thus provide an important outlet for American raw materials. . . . Everybody will agree that the enforcement of law and order in Italy by the means used was better than if there had been a bloody revolution. What happened in Russia did not happen in Italy, because there was a firm hand at the helm. . . . There is every indication that the Mussolini Government will continue to remain in power. . . . The fact that American investors can feel that there is a responsible Government in Italy should be reassuring to them as to the intrinsic value of Italian securities. . . . I have every confidence in the future of Italy from a political or financial standpoint."—Luigi Crisculo, Italian American financier, quoted in the *Wall Street News*, January 26.

"France has at the present moment more power and more prospects on the Foreign Market than she ever before possessed."—*Wall Street News*, February 1.

"In the matter of debts, the trouble is that few people in any country understand the practical difficulties which attend upon the payment of great sums of money from one country to another. . . . Except from Great Britain, America can expect little to aid in doing away with her own heavy taxes. Whatever is collected from the Continent of Europe can come only a long time ahead. It would not be logical or normal to have a movement of capital from Europe to America at this time. It would be reversing the national current, increasing the stringency in Europe and stimulating a return flow by private channels."—G. E. Roberts, Vice-President of National City Bank of New York, in *New York Herald*, February 25.

"In Germany on February 1, 1926, the number of unemployed had risen to over 2,000,000, while 2,500,000 more were working only part time. The Government had, therefore, decided to grant the railways credit of 100,000,000 marks for ordering rolling-stock which was urgently needed."—*Financial Times*, February 19.

Energy from Coal.\*

By C. H. Douglas.

I.—POLITICS.

It will not have escaped the attention of those who are interested in these matters that the Home policy of the present Government is primarily, if not entirely, concerned with the twin problems of the mining industry and the supply of electrical energy. In themselves these subjects are sufficiently important and interesting. But they have an importance and an interest which is extrinsic as well as intrinsic, and this extrinsic importance may very possibly outweigh that which attaches to these questions considered by themselves.

For many years past it has been recognised that, at any rate in Great Britain, the principles, theories, and philosophies which have been discussed as alternatives to those by which industry and society are governed at the present time, would very probably find their first battle-ground, if at all, in the organisation or re-organisation of the coal mining industry.

It is interesting and useful to consider why this is so. The obvious and superficial reasons, as usually given, are not the true reasons. Coal mining, to the average individual, seems to possess special attributes of repulsiveness as an occupation, an idea which largely arises from the fact that the coal-miner's occupation is carried on in a world of which the ordinary individual knows nothing. It appears horrible to be lowered thousands of feet into the centre of the earth. The spectacle of mine-workers returning to their homes begrimed and at unfamiliar hours of the day suggests barbarous conditions. It is certainly not my intention to suggest that coal mining is an ideal pursuit for everyone, but the fact that it is not an intolerable pursuit can perhaps be most easily realised by considering the fact that the problem is not to get men to work in coalmines, but to keep them out. The coal-miner is a skilled worker. He refuses, and quite rightly refuses, to allow men unused to the technique of getting coal to work at the coal face. But in spite of the qualifications required, which are not obtainable except through a considerable apprenticeship, it is estimated that there are close on 100,000 too many skilled miners available in this country at the present time. The housing conditions of some districts, particularly in Scotland, are disgraceful, but on the other hand many modern mining villages are models of what a working-class village can provide in comfort.

Nor is it because the mining industry employs so many men. It is a large and important industry, employing over 1,150,000 persons in 1923, but so far as the number of its personnel is concerned, it is doubtful whether this exceeds or even approaches that of many other industries, such as, for instance, the textile trades, or the railway and shipping trades. Nor is it even because of low wages or non-existent profits. At the present time there is greater distress in the cotton trade of Lancashire, as far as it concerns the operative; and as far as the capitalist is concerned, the financial losses are of far greater magnitude than is the case in regard to coal.

The reason for the persistent limelight thrown upon the coal industry is more fundamental than any of these. It is that our modern industrial civilization is founded and bound up with the use of coal and power are interchangeable terms. power, and, so far as Great Britain is concerned, coal and power are interchangeable terms.

Now, the average miner or even the mining trades union leader is far from being an unintelligent man, but I do not think that he speculates very much about the relation of coal to the industrial system. Any thoughts that he may have on the subject are most

\* Copyright by C. H. Douglas

Towards The Ideal.

(From the Philosophy of Tchoang-tzeu.)

An ancient Chinese tale tells of the annual ascent and descent of the Dragon. Clouds from the North fall as rain in the South. The rain is given back in the form of vapour from the South to the North. The same idea is expressed in the following allegory.

If we are to believe ancient legends, there lives in the Northern Ocean an enormous fish which can change its shape into that of a bird. When this bird rises, its wings spread across the sky like clouds. Skimming over the waves in the direction of the South, it takes its flight for a distance of a thousand miles. Then it flies with the wind to a height of thirty thousand miles in the space of six months.

What is to be seen up there in the blue sky? Are they troops of wild horses running about? Is it simply dust being blown to and fro? Is it the great breath of life which gives birth to all living things? And that blue is it the sky itself? Or is it only the colour of infinite distance, in which the sky, the personal being of history and of poetry, hides itself? And from up there, can this earth be seen, and, if so, under what aspect? Mystery.

Whatever the truth may be, rising from the vast ocean and borne up by the great mass of air (ocean and air being the only supports possible for its vast size) the great bird flies up to an enormous height.

A very young grasshopper and a very young pigeon, having seen it, laughed at the great bird and said, "What is the good of flying up so high? Why risk so much? We who are content to fly from branch to branch, without ever going far from home, do not hurt ourselves when we fall to the ground. Every day we find all we need, without fatigue. Why go so far? Why fly so high? Do not anxieties increase in proportion to the distance and the height?"

Thus did two small beings discuss a subject far beyond their comprehension. A little mind cannot understand that which means much to a great mind. A short experience cannot include far-away things. A mushroom, which only lives for one morning, cannot understand the duration of a lives for one season, cannot understand the duration of a month. An insect which only lives for one summer, cannot imagine the four seasons. Do not ask short-lived beings for details concerning the great tortoise which lived five hundred years, and the great tree which lived for eight thousand. Even the old P'eng Tsou can tell you nothing beyond what took place during the eight hundred years that he lived, if tradition is to be believed.

There are men almost as limited as the grasshopper and the pigeon. They can understand nothing beyond the routine of ordinary life and are only fit to be the mandarines of a district, or, at the most, the lords of their manors. Master Young of Song was superior to such men and more like the great bird. He lived as indifferent to praise as he was to blame. Relying upon his own judgment of others, he never saw any difference between glory and shame. He was free from the bonds of ordinary human prejudices.

Master Lie of Tchong was superior to Master Young, and still more like the great bird. His soul soared on the wings of contemplation sometimes for a fortnight, leaving his body inert and unconscious. He was almost free from the ties of earth, but not quite. He had to wait for this ecstatic rapture and this showed that he was still a little dependent. Now let us suppose a man entirely absorbed by the great cosmic movement, and moving with it, in infinite space. Such a man will depend upon nothing. He will be perfectly free, in the sense that his person and his actions will be united to the person and the actions of the great All. It has been very truly said the superman has no longer any Self. The inspired man performs no more actions of his own. The wise man has no longer any name; for he is one with the All.

[From the French translation of Dr. Wiegner. Done into English by A. L. M.]

MINE HOST IS ANGRY!

"The Feeble-mind increase!  
O damn your squeal!  
My millionaires must feed  
On imbecile.

Think you Posterity  
Would pay me pence?  
The Devil take your State.  
Go! Get you hence!

MORGAN TUD.

probably put into his head from outside. As a matter of fact, most of the ideas which have been put forward as being part of the mine-worker's policy in regard to industry have been put into his head from outside, simply because he is almost the worst judge of the reasons for his troubles that it would be possible to find, owing to his highly segregated life. So that the first consideration to be taken into account in connection with the coal situation is not only that coal as representing power is in truth a very important foundation stone to our industrial edifice, but also that a number of interests quite outside the ranks of either the coal-mine worker or the colliery proprietor recognise that this is so, and intend to make this industry the battle-ground of their policies.

Nor are these policies by any means solely internal policies. It is probable that their international aspect is at least as important as their national aspect. It is fairly well known that, not to put it in stronger terms, the Sankey Commission which reported in favour of nationalisation of coal-mines in 1920 received strong covert support from the United States, and there was current in New York at that time a circumstantial rumour that a certain well-known witness was paid £10,000 to advocate nationalisation. The explanation of this was simple enough. Financiers in the United States held large quantities of British Government loan stock, and were nervous about their security, and considered that it would be sensibly improved if the assets of the British coal industry and, incidentally, the railways were attached to their risk.

The Sankey report missed fire. But we have just had another Coal Commission, presided over by Sir Herbert Samuel, a member of an international race, whose qualifications as a witness would have been excellent had the Coal Commission dealt with the subject of finance, which it did not. The two outstanding features of this report are the support given to the nationalisation of minerals, which are obviously the key to the coal industry, and its condemnation of the coal subsidy.

Now, there is absolutely nothing to separate private property in coal from any other form of private property which is not directly used by its owner. That is to say, private property in coal is simply a source of financial credit to its owner like any other sort of private property which is a source of income. Incidentally it is taxed to an extent to which no other form of private property is taxed.

But this Commission went out of its way to put on record its condemnation of private property in coal, although the financial results, even of absolute confiscation of Royalties, would not affect the cost-price of coal by more than a few pence per ton. But the removal of coal from private ownership to so-called public ownership would give absolute control of the coal industry to whatever influence may be said to control the State. I do not suppose anyone is foolish enough to imagine that the influence of the British public is paramount in British policy at this time.

The recommendations of the Coal Commission in regard to the ownership of minerals, therefore, have a political basis and not an economic basis, and that political basis may conceivably be international.

The condemnation of a subsidy in aid of wages is not, I think, wholly unconnected with the fear that it might develop into a subsidy in reduction of prices. A subsidy in reduction of prices which was not collected in taxation and it will be remembered that the present Coal Subsidy has not, so far, been collected in taxation) would amount to a recognition of public property in financial credit.

Obviously no Commission presided over by an international financier could fail to oppose that.

(To be continued.)

## A Vagabond in Denmark.

By Leopold Spero.

### VII.—BAA-BAA! BLACK SHEEP!

You're talking nonsense.  
I beg your pardon!

(From Hill's *Dano-Norwegian Vest Pocket Dictionary and Self-instructor.*)

All Danes do not speak English. Hardly any Danes speak French. And those Danes who speak English nor French very often do not speak German.

There was a character in Dickens who had a short way with foreigners. All he did was to shout very loud, and put his special comic-paper hat on a word or sentence here and there, and the foreigner understood. That is, if he had any sense. But here in Denmark, where nearly everybody speaks halfway down the middle of his mouth, like a muffled machine-gun, speaking loud is of little avail. This stout, good-natured business man, for example, is merely staring in polite surprise, as you repeat, louder and louder, the enquiry you are making of him.

He answers with a word or two in English. But that dries up so soon as you try him in German. And here you begin with the best of intentions, but the mathematical truth soon manifests itself that if you multiply one fraction by another you get a smaller fraction still. You find yourself flat up against a blank wall. Not only do neither of you know the word you want to use, but it is very doubtful whether you are *ad idem*, as the lawyers say. And you see by the gradual glaze that comes over his blue eyes that his spirit is gradually breaking under the strain.

For, as has been already remarked, the Danes really don't understand their own language. For example; you go to your hotel, ring the bell, and when the tall and buxom chambermaid appears, you ask her for a bath. You say "Baahd." She looks at you. You repeat it. She smiles, disappears, and nothing happens for three-quarters of an hour. Finally, you ring again, thinking she has forgotten you, and she reappears, as happy as ever. You take her gently by the arm, lead her along a corridor, and point to a door upon which is written up the extraordinary word "Badvalse."

"That's what I want," you say, in quiet and self-possessed English.

Whereupon the young woman says, "Oh," which is an international exclamation denoting surprise, pleasurable or otherwise, and emits a sound like that made by a young sheep torn from its companions.

"B-a-a-a!" she bleats.

You nod, go back to your room, and in an incredibly short time she reappears, and leads you to an extremely comfortable and well-appointed bathroom.

Thereafter, whenever you want a bath in Denmark you make a noise like a deserted sheep—and you get what you want.

Now, in the ordinary traveller's repertory, there simply cannot be enough zoological sounds to supply the various daily necessities of existence. Yet you need quite a few in Denmark, and you realise that if you could think of one or two to say to this stolid business-man, you and he would get on very much better, instead of being utterly stuck because neither of you know how to say "unemployed" in the language of the other.

Nevertheless, you can exchange smokes and grunts, sleep a bit, awake and nod at each other. He is quite able to understand and to be complimented, when you wave your hand at the flat landscape, exploited to the last inch, and at the neat, red-tiled cottages and comfortable farmhouses, and

express your approval of the scene. Over one-third of the population of Denmark earns its living from agriculture, and this depressing fact is evident everywhere you go. Not a golf-course to be seen. Not a pair of plus-fours.

The train stops at villages and small towns, all remarkably well-appointed and incredibly uninteresting. Now and then one of them flaunts a Gothic church with a pointed green copper roof, by way of delighting the architectural eye. But the home counties and suburban atmosphere are not disturbed even by this impropriety, and you are relieved when you realise that you must get out of the train and let it go on its northward journey to that distant crooked finger of the Skaw, where the waters of Skager Rak and Kattegat meet in a tumble of foam, leaving you here on the platform at Skjaern, where you get your connection for Silkeborg.

The train for Silkeborg is in the station, and you are about to board it, when the apprehension seizes you that it may not be going just yet. You enquire, and discover that it is a true Danish train, in no hurry whatsoever for at least an hour. So you make your way into the neat waiting-room and call for a lager beer and a Butterbread with Side-lay, and join in the popular sport of examining the permanent way until your attention is distracted by a small crowd up the platform at the exit. And here you find you are on international ground, for a friend of the ticket-collector has a twelve-pound salmon lying on a sack, and is lying more serenely than the salmon itself. Anyone can see what it weighs, and he has even got a scale-balance upon which he sets it affectionately every few minutes, as a fresh coney comes up to be lied to. For although you cannot understand him, you know very well that when he looks at the scales he records no mere *avoirdupois*, but right fisherman's weight.

The history of Skjaern is no doubt wildly exciting, but nobody has ever written it. It has a windmill, several streets, and about a million chickens. It is better to be a rooster in Skjaern, than a polygamous township, than a rajah in Bengal. So much you can see from high-strutting feet and ruffled feathers. But the human population sits about such lofty pretensions. The male portion sits about on benches reading last week's paper. The female portion gossips in the roadway, or watches at windows through the double mirror fittings, which every good Dane affixes outside his flat, whatever floor he lives on, so that he may see the whole world before it comes to call. On a dark night, these objects can be unpleasantly prominent, and at such times the householder hears you before he sees you. But there is no inhospitality about these mirrors. They denote a curiosity that is quite generous. A Danish burglar, if such a person exists, would no doubt discover that his reception was just the same, even though the whole village knew he was coming.

What do they do in Skjaern, or any other of the hundreds of similar little places which live so comfortably and uneventfully? Knut Hamsun obviously knows; but I defy any less introspective intellect to discover the secret. There must be human passions, glories and miseries, hidden behind these formal, stiff, upstanding walls, or in the little wooden crockery, grocery and stationery shops, with the jargon of glass and gold glittering, and those incredible consonants tumbling over each other in such confusion. But a stranger would be better occupied in contemplating the cows, the sniffing dogs, and that rare bird, the Danish cat. For in these, to the outward, visiting eye, there appears to be more life, more romance, more motive, more reasoned or impulsive activity, than in the whole citizenry of this town that dreams of nothing in the summer twilight.

## An Editor's Progress.\*

By A. R. Orage.

### PART IV.—THE QUEST OF GOD.

Selling THE NEW AGE and leaving England was, of course, no solution. At the same time, it was not altogether a surrender of the problem in despair. Certainly, reason had, in my best judgment, completely failed against human nature. There had been the tremendous problem of economic distress which for centuries had provoked every species of misery; and here, with the Douglas synthesis, was the satisfying solution of it. Yet, on account of the inadequacy of human reason, that solution could never be understood by a sufficient number of people to get it adopted. What else was to be done but to give it up? But was even that possible?

From out a remote past a phrase recurred to me—a change of heart—or, more poignantly, ye must be born again. How many times had I encountered the idea in polemics and left it, as I thought, for dead? Yet, here it was alive and walking in my waking mind, and this time as a possible friend. There came back to me, also, my first associations with the guild idea, and subsequently with the extremely able and personally congenial group that became responsible for the Catholic weekly which in England is the counterpart of the "Commonweal" in America; I refer to the brothers Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, Father McNabb, Mr. Penty, Mr. Eric Gill, Mr. Theodore Maynard, and let me not forget my old Anglo-Catholic friends, Conrad Noel and Maurice Reckitt. Even while triumphantly controverting, as it appeared to me, the arguments against the possibility of radical reform in the absence of something greater than reason or self-interest or humanitarianism, my own essential uncertainty and the precariousness of my foundation must have been suspected by my Catholic friends. At any rate, they were kind to the degree of indulgence; and throughout my whole editorial adventure they made themselves as much at home in THE NEW AGE as I, on my side, certainly made them welcome.

With Mr. Belloc's distributivism I cannot, however, say that I had then or have now any sympathy. In aim yes, since our aims were the same; but the actual mechanics of the idea seemed and still seem to me to labour under the fatality of impracticability. In short, if national guilds are not viable, and Douglasism is not viable either. And, reasons, distributivism is not viable either. In fact, I doubt whether Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton really believe it. Distributivism as a potential weapon of criticism is a very good stick with which to beat the capitalist dog; but the State would totter if the stick were called upon to take the place of the dog.

To return to the historic origin of the English guild system, it appeared to me on reflection that its background was undoubtedly religion. The guilds were the creation of the Church; or, if not the creation of the Church, at the very least the creation of the Church, in which they flourished. What we had done when formulating a modern guild system applicable to modern conditions was to take the mediaeval guild out of its original setting and try to make it grow in a soil quite barren in respect of religion. No wonder that the seeds so transplanted failed to germinate; they were sown upon stony ground.

It must not be assumed, however, that our disillusionment immediately brought us to the realisation of the necessity of a change of heart in the religious sense. Religion for the so-called modern mind is the last, rather than the first, resort of despair. Remembering the cultivated intensity of the anti-religious movement among the intelligentsia

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

of twenty and even ten years ago (it is rapidly losing its momentum to-day even if it is not entirely dead) nobody will wonder that our first thought was a change of heart by means of brotherhood or chivalry or art. All these, indeed, had a pretty long trial to see if they could effect such a change in men's hearts that social injustice would be established as a mere matter of good taste. Ruskin, Morris, and Leathaby were the pioneers of this experiment; and nobody can deny that if their hypothesis had been workable, they were the men to make it work. Alas, it happened in nine cases out of ten, as it still happens wherever the experiment is tried, that exactly in proportion as individuals began to cultivate a taste for art, their social feelings in respect of faith, hope, and charity degenerated. I know this is heretical according to the gospel of Ruskin and Morris; and blasphemous in the ears of the modern dilettantes of art. But it is my emphatic opinion that art as we know it to-day has no power over the conscience of mankind; and that it was not because of barbarism that beauty was not named among the things that abide.

Chivalry may be said to have made its trial with the emergence of the gentleman in social reform; and it must be allowed that there were acknowledged gentlemen in English socialism even before the cavalier days of Mr. Cunninghame Graham. I recall many articles and even whole volumes addressed to the aristocratic tradition. The presumption was that the breed of the barons who forced the king's signature to Magna Charta, and of the gentlemen who fought for the Bill of Rights, the reform of the poor laws, popular education, and the eight-hour day, was not extinct, but only sleeping. An appeal to these slumbering lions would surely be heard and answered. But, again, a reckoning had been made without the host. The ancient chivalry of England had been fed upon other bread than that of "modern ideas"; and modern chivalry was indistinguishable, save in external manners, from modern finance and industry, and was fast losing even that distinction. English aristocracy, in short, was for all practical purposes only a memory; and a social reform that depended for its support upon a fading recollection had but a very short career to failure.

There remained the brotherhood and the humanitarian movement, which, it may be recalled, we had before dismissed with Mr. Edward Carpenter's sandals. Was it to be the brotherhood of man, after all, that could create the emotion in which reason would be felt if not seen? Here was Douglas's idea, which, if I may repeat myself, promised a way out for everybody from the economic morass. All that was needed was that everybody should sufficiently wish to be out of the morass to be willing to try Douglas's way. But how to make everybody really wish—that was now the question for me. The poor, it goes without saying, wish they were rich. The rich wish sincerely enough that the poor were better off. But where is the wish on either side for justice, mean it poverty or riches? Where is the love that counts everybody's gain as his own?

Carpenter undoubtedly had a vision of this in his "Towards Democracy"; and the varieties of brotherhood churches that sprang up in his wake bore evidence to the fertility of that soil and the vitality of the seed. But alas, it, too, fell, if not upon stony ground, upon ground thick with thorns. I never saw a brotherhood church that did not cease in a year or two to bear any relation to its name. Quite seriously, there appears to be no hope in the brotherhood of man secularly conceived; nor, I may add, in any system of morality, transcendental, naturalistic, or rationalist, taken by itself—no hope, I say, for any radical social reform. The reason is clear. Every such system assumes that man is accountable

only to man, and has only social obligations. In the end, every individual must, therefore, owe duty only to his neighbour. His neighbour is his only *raison d'être*; and society is the Moloch of us all.

The alternative of individualism is, however, quite as unthinkable. A community of Ishmaelites is a contradiction in terms. But, between a society containing only "individualists" and a society containing no individuals, the choice was difficult to make. And, fortunately, the choice proved to be unnecessary.

What was the missing factor, the neutralising force that alone keeps the world on the middle way—when it is so kept!—between the extremes of imbecility and madness? Simply religion. Yes, but what is the essence of religion, that distinguishes it from even its most colourable imitations in the form of morality, neighbourliness, humanitarianism? I reply quite simply, God. Religion without God is, strictly speaking, as ridiculous as science with nothing to know. There is and can be no religion in the absence of God, though there may be God in the absence of religion! Religion I venture to define as the attempt to establish an ideal and conscious relation between man and God; and since, in my experience, every attempt to establish an ideal and conscious relation between man and man, without taking God into account, has failed, the only remaining hope of the serious social reformer is to "find religion," that is to say, find God.

It would be saying too much to affirm that I resigned from THE NEW AGE and from active participation in social reform in order to find God. I only wish that my motives could be as clearly conscious as that would imply. But at least I am clear now that no other end will end my search.

## Question Time.

### Administering the Just Price.

F. G.—We have read your suggested standard method for accounting the consumer discount in the books of business houses. No doubt its simplicity would make it more attractive, as you say, to the ordinary business man, than a scheme of discount vouchers to consumers at the time of purchasing. But simplicity is not the chief consideration. Even so, we do not agree that, because the business man is obstinately conservative about his accounting routine under present conditions, he will not be willing to make any changes required directly he can be satisfied that there is *extra money to be made out of it*. You instance his present irritation at the accounting modifications imposed upon him by the procedure laid down for getting the Artificial Silk drawback. Yes, but this is because he is being given extra trouble for nothing. It does not bring him more trade. Would the irritation continue suppose he were actually increasing his prosperity by altering his accounting?

An important point to be considered in framing any scheme to take effect *immediately upon* the adoption of Social Credit is that although you will have changed the governing economic principle you will not have changed the "Old Economic" mentality of buyers and sellers who will be required to co-operate in applying it. There will be some on the look-out to exploit the "Just Price" by illegitimate methods. The weakness of your scheme is that in letting all and sundry issue and recover the consumer discount you are offering the widest scope for cheating. A merchant, "A," acting in collusion with two others, "B" and "C," would buy £100 worth of, say, furniture from the manufacturer, and would get it for £75 (i.e., a consumer discount of 25 per cent. would be allowed him by the manufacturer). "A" would enter this in his books at its cost of £75. He would add, say, £5 for profit, making his price £80. He would sell it to his friend "B" for £60 (i.e., £80 less 25 per cent. consumer discount). "B" would add £5 and then sell for £48 15s. to "C." "C" would sell to a consumer for, let us say, £90. In such a case the Credit Authority would pay out the following series of consumer discounts in addition to the original £25 to the manufacturer—£20 to "A," and £16 5s. to "B." Total, £36 5s. The group would have cheated the Authority out of £36 5s. Add to this the £90 which "C" gets from the consumer, and the total takings of this group come to £126 5s. in respect of the transfer of furniture actually costing them £75. You can extend the illustration and suppose the

group to multiply the transfers between themselves to such an extent before finally selling to the consumer that they draw within a fraction of the whole £75 from the Credit Authority as consumer discounts, and yet get £90 from the consumer in addition.

Of course, arrangements could be made to detect and punish swindling of this sort, but since they would necessarily involve a system of scrutiny of traders' accounts, they would raise in a new form the very vexations that your scheme is devised to avert.

On the whole subject of discount schemes, we realise the advantage to the student of exercising his mind on their formulation, but for ourselves, if we were asked by critics, as you have been, "How will you do" this and that, we should reply at once that what "we" will or will not do is not to the point. "We" shall never be in a position to do it, whatever it is. "We" are not a Party bidding for power. The utmost that "we" can do is to attempt to forecast how it will probably be done. On these lines, taking the mentality of our ruling classes into account, and considering how late they are leaving the adoption of the Social Credit principle itself, our own expectation is that they will "blunder through" to the best method of applying it. In fact, they have already begun. They are giving away subsidies. So our attitude to the aforesaid soundness would be to say to them: "Are you convinced of the soundness of the governing Social Credit principle?" If they replied: "We can't say yes or no until you explain how you would work it," we should say: "That proves that you are not yet in a position to pass judgment on methods"; and if we continued the conversation it would be with the object of further explaining the governing principle—not any critical application of it. If, on the other hand, these critics said: "Yes, we are convinced of the soundness of the said principle"; we should then say: "Very well; then you are as well able as we to think out methods of applying it. We will give our views, but only in the non-committal spirit in which we might discuss the result of this year's 'Derby,' telling you our fancies, but not guaranteeing a winner. You are as likely as we are to guess right."

In this spirit we will put down our own "fancy." We think that the consumer discount may probably be distributed not in one way but two. (1) All the properly organised retail businesses will buy at the *financial price* and sell at the *Just Price*—claiming the difference from the Credit Authority. (2) All the multitude of little shopkeepers will buy at such prices as will show them a profit when they sell at the *Just Price*. In Class 1 would be such businesses as Gamage's, Selfridges, the Home and Colonial Stores, and so on at one end, and smaller businesses capable of dealing easily with the accounting of the discount at the other. In Class 2 would come all the rest down to the old lady in a side street, who puts up pennyworths of tea and half-pennyworths of sweets. Retailers in Class 2 would buy from retailers in Class 1. Take two cases. Suppose the financial price of a toy at the manufacturers is 6s., Gamage's buy it for 6s. and add 2s. profit, making their *Just Price* price 8s. They sell to a consumer for the Credit Authority, 6s., and collect the 2s. difference from the Mean Street. But Mrs. Jones, who keeps a little toy shop in Mean Street, Nowhere, lives in terror of Credit Authority. She wants a similar toy. She orders it from Gamage's, who charge her, let us say, 6s. (i.e., the *Just Price*), less a trade discount of say, 1s. Gamage's get 2s. from the Credit Authority, thus making 1s. profit.

Under this scheme the scope for "profiteering" is greatly lessened, for the only traders who might practice it—namely, those in Class 2, who would be receiving the benefit of the "Just Price" discount before they had proved that they had passed it on to a bona fide consumer—would all be little people, and therefore in keen competition with each other in their various localities as well as under the check of competition from the very firms from whom they procured their supplies. Thus, in the case imagined, Mrs. Jones would have to reckon with the fact that her customer could go and buy the toy for 6s. from Gamage's, or could write and get it delivered C.O.D. for, say, 6s. 9d.

Collusion among firms in Class 1 on the lines we have illustrated would, of course, still be possible, but at least the scheme limits the possibility to those firms only; and they, in number, would be only a fraction of the total of all firms. Nevertheless, at the inauguration of the Social Credit scheme, this question is bound to be uppermost in the minds of business men; and for that reason—whatever the ideals of the New Economists in regard to "freedom" and so on—we can foresee the possibility of large dimensions of restriction of the Class 1 firms to those of Class 1 firms and known integrity. Or, if not, the sales of Class 1 firms to other firms in the same Class might be required to be separately accounted, and might, moreover, be ruled out as

a basis of claim for recovery of consumer credit from the Credit Authority, at least until a satisfactory explanation why the purchaser did not buy from a manufacturer was forthcoming.

We will stop here. The subject would need volumes to exhaust. Readers' comments will be welcome. We shall not be able to publish them all, but all will be studied carefully and discussed. But let the comments be confined to this: How is (a) *the business world* (b) *likely to deal with the problem* (c) *at the transition point* from the Old to the New system? Thus: "a" rules out suggestions based on the assumption that New Economists will be able to dictate methods: "b" rules out comments based simply upon what New Economists think is the perfect method: and "c" rules out speculations as to what may happen in years to come after the change.

## Pastiche.

### A Contribution to the Unemployment Problem.

Consider the ox. His life is beautiful to behold. Before he is ushered into the world the greatest care is taken of his mother. He is born under the best conditions. Thereafter he is an aristocrat. He is fed upon fresh milk when he is very young. A soft bed and an impervious shelter are provided for him. When the weather is fine he is sent into the fields, where he can run, walk, or leap, according to his athletic tastes. He is much admired for his charm. Much affection is lavished on him by men, women, and children, who stroke his nose or his neck, or brush the flies from his back. He has no school to go to to suffer the torture of lifeless books and systems. There are no parents to nag him into doing what they think is for his benefit. Nor is it necessary, for, being an aristocrat, he knows instinctively when he has had enough to eat or when he has exerted himself sufficiently, or when it is time to sleep.

Thus until adolescence he grows in strength and beauty. Thereafter his sexual impulses are catered for; he has the finest grass in summer and the most luscious swedes in winter. Being an aristocrat, he is not allowed to degrade himself by hard labour. His efforts are of the spiritual order only. He rejoices in the open air, the blue skies and the green fields, or spends his time in rumination. He is not harassed by the sordid cares of life; his feeding and housing are in the hands of stewards, who take no reward for their services during his life. And so he grows into a pattern large-eyed sturdy virility and becomes admired as a pattern of strength. Proud aristocrat as he is, he allows others to violate his privacy as a privilege only, not as a right; woe betide those who do so when it does not please him; his wrath knows no bounds, and he tosses Indiscretion to the winds. Were it not for the flies in summer his life would be perfect.

Truly a wonderful creature, this splendid specimen of strength, leisure, and reflection! No wonder people love him! They love him so much that they exclaim that they would like to eat him, as fond mothers do when they are talking to their babies. And he, as an aristocrat who knows that self-sacrifice is sometimes necessary, ends his days by gratifying the wishes of his admirers and allows himself to be eaten. An aristocrat to the end, he leaves the arrangements for the eating of himself in the hands of his stewards; but they do not always perform the last rite skilfully.

Of how many human beings can it be said that their only serious trouble is the flies in summer? Of how many are the spiritual and physical desires catered for as well as those of the ox?

Why is this? *It is because the human being is not eaten.* If the human being were eaten his life would possess the same dignity as that of the ox. He would be properly cared for before birth, properly housed and fed, properly amused, be afforded suitable leisure and employment. His flesh would be protected from all contamination. The grand crowning act of his life would be his death, not at the hands of blundering stewards like those of the ox, but at the hands of competent physicians, who would cause him no pain, and he would be eaten by his fellows as a reward to them for their kindness to him during his life.

Thus the unemployment problem would lose its terrors for our statesmen. Any party of politicians could remain in power for ever. Once a man lost his employment and could get no other he could be eaten. He would have reason to object. For until this moment his life would have been pure pleasure. Moreover, he would certainly rejoice that he was about to yield himself up for the sake of his fellows.

I do not doubt that the plan could be made financially profitable. P. M.

## Drama.

### Conflict: Queen's Theatre.

It was early morning. Lord Bellingdon, who was growing old, had retired to bed, leaving his daughter, Lady Dare Bellingdon, and his friend, Sir Ronald Clive, free to conduct their affair in the drawing-room. Amid excitement the evil looking stranger who had been observed loitering about the grounds for several hours, was decoyed inside, my lord by this time having risen again. The intruder was cross-examined—in a dialogue stuffed with good satire—with his hands above his head. But the miserable fellow was only begging. He was down and out, and having been at Cambridge with Sir Ronald, he was making an appeal to class-consciousness. He acted as his name would lead one to expect. He apologised for it, with notorious English snobbery, and insisted on telling the story of his life. In spite of the true romance of his surname he had a very peculiar immediate heredity manifest in the fact that his father, at one time wealthy, had lost all his money during the war. Under the influence of plentiful whisky on an empty stomach he foolishly told more than was wise, and finished off the narrative of the jobs he had struggled with—song-writing, journalism, and acting—with how he had once nodded to a pound note on a coffee-stall and walked off with the change while the man who had put it down was engrossed in conversation with his fair companion. Lord Bellingdon, or the whisky his guest was drinking, magnified the crime far beyond the capacity of double vision, but he put up twenty pounds towards giving Smith a new start.

Eighteen months after, Sir Ronald having accepted the Tory candidature in an election to smash the Socialists, a stranger knocks at the door, introduces himself as the Labour candidate, and gives his name as Tom Smith. He wants my lord and Sir Ronald to pledge that his criminal past will not be reaped up against him. Toryism for some reason having to rely entirely on the past my lord gave the pledge reluctantly; Sir Ronald, with the sportsmanship with which universities try to make Toryism palatable. In the interval in which the two talk over whether they will pledge or not, Tom Smith is sent into the garden, where he meets Lady Dare, who apparently bids him good morning. If the Empire is by this time lost I blame Lady Dare Bellingdon. She began to read the newspapers.

To learn both sides of the election business she invited the Labour candidate to tea, tête-à-tête. Tom Smith, being more Thomas than Smith, came like a shot, and, entirely deficient in Tory chivalry, knocked my lady's arguments for sixes. But she went to his next meeting, and afterwards followed him to his bed-sitting-room, looking sufficiently ravishing to smash the best political arguments in the world, which she did—with a kiss. Being modern, she soon told Sir Ronald where she had been. She confusedly told of his daughter's wanderings he nearly had apoplexy. Tom Smith was at once commanded to his presence, and was there, being a good Labour man, in a few seconds. My lord told him straight that either he must vow never to see Lady Dare again, or his heinous past would be broadcast on the election eve; whereupon Lady Dare threatened to go out and tell the crowd how her father's friend, the Tory candidate, had seduced her, and kept her as his mistress for years. She was quite fair, of course, and told her father frankly not only that she had encouraged it, but she would love where she liked; for free love, as the adage runs, is what the Socialists preach and the Tories practice. Her threat completely routed the opposition, however, and the candidates were consequently able to fight a perfectly clean election after all.

Lady Dare Bellingdon had to be played with subtle restraint to make her fully credible. The blend of innocence and cynicism, together with ignorance and worldly wisdom, which her metamorphosis required, was realised by Isabel Jeans to the limit of human capacity. Fred Kerr's Lord Bellingdon, easier because more consistent, was a creation. For so excellent an entertainment I do not know whether to thank these two or Mr. Malleon the more. The London landlady of Smith's bed-sitting-room, well played by Margaret Yarde, earned our thanks for relieving the tension of debate with her witty, common-sense philosophy.

Mr. Malleon, as might have been expected, has demonstrated himself a master of stage-craft. By this time he will no doubt have decided to spare us a little of the debate. If some of the harrowing and earnestly stated facts were replaced by epigrams—or even lost—we should understand my lady's love a good deal better. Fanatics may in real elections vote Labour from duty. But the majority of



Finance." Mr. Orage is fully justified in saying that our idea "is more alive than ever in England at this moment."

If ever anyone "did his bit" in the field of social study it was Mr. Orage. After a dozen years he lighted on what appeared to him as the Philosopher's Stone in economics. For three years he sought to make clear the significance of this revelation to others, but without "practical result." His impatience is natural; his despair at least comprehensible. But the mills of reason grind slowly; and a reform, however vital, is not "impossible" because it has not been achieved at the end of half a dozen years.

MAURICE B. RECKITT.

#### FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.

LIVERPOOL.—Will all readers who are interested in the present financial problem attend a meeting in Room 13, 49, Whitechapel, on Friday, the 23rd inst., at 6 p.m.? Important proposals will be announced.

## 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 unsaleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.

Further information may be had on application to THE NEW AGE Office, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1, or the under-mentioned:—

Bournemouth: W. V. Cornish, 77, Maxwell Road.  
 Dublin: T. Kennedy, 43, Dawson Street.  
 London: H. Cousens, 1 Holly Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3; Major C. H. Douglas, 8, Fig Tree Court, Temple, E.C.4; E. A. Dowson, 14, Dulwich Road, S.E.24; D. Wemyss Lewis, 176, Camden Road, N.W.1; E. Wright, 38, Bromar Road, S.E.5.  
 Manchester: F. Gardner, 24, Mansfield Avenue, near Blackley.  
 Middlesbrough: Mrs. E. M. Dunn, Linden Grove, Linthorpe.  
 Newcastle-on-Tyne: W. H. Wakinshaw, 12, Lovaine Crescent.  
 Norwich: A. W. Coleman, "Oakdene," Mundesley, via Norwich.  
 Rotherham: R. J. Dalkin, Wickersley.  
 Shipley: Roger Anderton, 51, Carr Lane, Windhill.  
 Sussex: W. A. Willox, 83, The Avenue, Moulescoombe, Brighton.  
 Canada: W. Diamond, P.O. Box 1199, Saskatoon, Sask.  
 India: J. Srinavasa Ras, 991, Jubilee Road, Mysore.

## CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY

**The Key to World Politics.** Chart showing plan of world government now being attempted by the international financiers. Price 1d. (postage ½d.).

**Through Consumption to Prosperity. An Outline of Major Douglas's Credit Proposals.** Reprinted, with additions, from the "New Age" of October 16th, 1924. Written specially to serve as an introduction to the study of the New Economic Theory. Gives a clear account of its distinguishing features, with just sufficient argument to establish a *prima facie* case for further investigation. 16 pp. Price 2d. (postage ½d.). Prices for quantities, including carriage, 6-1/-; 10-1/6; 50-6/9; 100-11/3; 500-50/-.

**The Veil of Finance.** Reprint in book form of a series of articles from the "New Age" by Arthur Brenton. If a banker appeared on an island under primitive conditions, and applied to its activities the present laws of "sound finance"; what would happen? This is the main basis of the author's analysis and its application to the costing and pricing laws of modern industry. 64pp. Price (paper covers) 6d.; (boards) 1s. (postage 1d.).

**Socialist "First-Aid" for Private Enterprise!** A reprint of the "Notes" in the "New Age" of April 17th. A critical examination of the I.L.P.'s "Nationalisation" policy from the "Social Credit" point of view. A useful pamphlet to distribute in Labour and other reformist circles.

**The Monetary Catalyst—Need Scientific Discovery Entail Peverty?** A reprint of the "Notes" in the "New Age" of June 5th. Written with the special object of attracting the attention of business, technical and scientific men.

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

#### SET A.

Comprising:—

Purses and Prices (½d.).  
 The Key to World Politics (1d.).  
 Through Consumption to Prosperity (2d.).  
 Monetary Catalyst (1d.).  
 Socialist First Aid (1d.).  
 Catalogue (gratis).

Post free 6d. the set.

#### SET B.

Comprising:—

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

Post free 1s. the set.

Catalogue of other books and pamphlets free on application

CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY, 70, High Holborn,  
 W.C.1

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Subscription Rates for "The New Age," to any address in Great Britain or Abroad, are 30s. for 12 months; 15s. for 6 months; 7s. 6d. for 3 months.

*Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed and made payable to "THE NEW AGE PRESS."*

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

*"Letters to the Editor" should arrive not later than the first post on Saturday morning if intended for publication in the following week's issue.*

Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and printed for him by THE ARGUS PRESS, LIMITED, Temple-avenue and Tudor-street, London E.C.4.