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EDITED BY ARTHUR BRENTON.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Observer's leading article last Sunday surveys the present position of the miners. It enumerates rates several reasons—all of them familiar—why the battle is now lost to them. It regrets the "bad generalsnip" which has let them down. But this is no time for "recrimination"; the question is, "What will end the trouble?" Let the miners accept the inevitable, and go back to work on various district agreements as to make the lower and them—and agreements as to wages and hours, and then—and then!—the Government "could bring the owners within the control of the law if they were foolish enough to the control of the law if they were for the enough to stand out for the utter disruption of the Miners' Federation." Evaporating this and much other euphemistic gush down to dry fact, it means that if the miners will eat smaller dinners and work longer to get the will gugarantee longer to get them, the powers that be will guarantee to preserve the integrity of the organisation which collects the integrity of the organisation which collects their weekly contributions. Economics, says the writer of this article, cannot be considered apart from apart from psychology, and then he argues that the miners' dominating fear is lest the "existence and function of the Miners' Federation", will be successfully attacked. That is to say, the miner will eat less rather than some the rather than scrap the organisation which has failed to protect his meals. Curious fellows, these miners; are they not? they not? But even more curious are newspapers which ad which admonish them in mixed logic. For instance, on the same page of the Observer Mr. Garvin contributes are page of the Observer Mr. Garvin contributes tributes a sermon on "Empire and Life," in which he delivers himself of this sound aphorism: "Humanitan himself of this sound aphorism: "Humanity ought to know no contradiction between its dinner and its prayers." One can only suppose that "humanity" does not embrace miners—unless, of course Mr. C. does not embrace miners—unless and manifest miners—unless miners—unles of course, Mr. Garvin is subtly reproving his brother leader with the course of course, Mr. Garvin is subtly reproving that God leader-writer for suggesting to the miners that God helps those with helps those who starve themselves.

Mr. Garvin's article is on the same text as we camined and article is on the same text as we examined a short time ago: the development of the

Empire. He quotes Mr. Layton of the *Economist*, who says that the British Empire produces 60 per cent. of the world's wool and rubber, 70 per cent. of its tea and gold, 89 per cent. of its nickel, and 99 per cent. of its jute; while Great Britain alone owns over 30 per cent. of the world's ships, and 40 per cent. of its cotton spindles. Here, surely, are conditions for a "great upswing" of British trade. All that is required is "organised co-operation" between the "Mother Country and the Overseas partners." the "Mother Country and the Overseas partners (Mr. Garvin is a diplomat plus psycho-analyst—the Dominions won't be called sons any longer; they would be husbands). But "organised co-operation": what is that? What are the conditions conditions to it. In there are first step towards it which ducive to it? Is there any first step towards it which can command common agreement? If so, Mr. Garvin does not specify it. Instead, he lets out on to the satiated political market a little more of his enormous over-production of moral sentiment.

 $^{\prime\prime}$. . . Empire . . . like all human life . . . is broadly founded on bread and butter."

Except, of course, in respect of the British coal

"To make two blades of grass grow where one grew before has never been thought unworthy of a good man. If that is materialism it is part of the soul of idealism."

Very moving indeed. But before we gaze into the crystal of sodden pocket-handkerchiefs we shall do well to turn our moistening eyes to the examination of what is becoming even now of the second blades of grass when they are grown. For example, cotton, grass, and cauliflowers. Do "good men" advance grown and cauliflowers. financial credit to prevent the sale of an abundant cotton crop? Is it "idealism" which rubs its hands at the destruction by hurricane of 500,000,000 lb. of sugar in Cuba, a quantity which—to quote from a Press report—"is more than the amount by which the Cuban Government reckoned to reduce the crop when it passed the recent law restricting the output. (Our italics.) What sort of system is it which can regard

God the Destroyer as an economic asset? Then cauliflowers. Mr. Tom Johnston in *Forward* quotes a Reuter cable to the *Manchester Guardian* of September 200 days to the Manchester Guardian of September 200 days to the Manchester 200 days to the Mancheste ber 22, describing how in Brittany farmers were ploughing their cauliflowers back into the soil, being paid for the whole crop on condition that they immediately destroyed it.

"There were too many cauliflowers in Paris, and if any more were sent prices would fall." (Our italics.)

Here we are at the crux of the matter. "Prices would fall." The incentive of the producer is not to make The incentive of the producer is not to make two things grow where one grew before, but to get two prices where one was available before. Garvin is apparently not yet aware that under the existing system of financing production there is not the remotest practical relation between the quantity of output and the quantity of money available in the hands of consumers to buy it. The producers throughout the Empire, for instance, might add, between them, say, 50 per cent. to the present volume of Empire production, only then to find that the total volume of money brought to their markets by purchasers was even less than before the increase in outchasers was even less than before the increase in output took place. In that case, not only would they get nothing for the extra output, but might, precisely because of that increase, lose money on the rest. Their five-talent enterprise would have earned a one-talent recompense. The reason for this is because there is no co-ordination of financial policy and production policy. The bankers may, and do, create credit for stimulating preparations to produce, but whether they similarly stimulate the sale of the whether they similarly stimulate the sale of the resultant production is entirely problematical. "Organised co-operation"—to use Mr. Garvin's term—cannot begin until such uncertainty as this is avoided. It can be avoided by a definite under avoided. It can be avoided by a definite understanding between the financier and the producer as to financial facilities for ultimate marketing. The issue, for instance, of £100 credit to increase production within industry might just as well not be made if that £100 is going to be recalled and cancelled before it has caused the new production to be transported right out of industry, i.e., into the possession of the consuming public. The premature burial of credit is the root cause of the premature burial of cauliflowers. There was much hilarity in England when a French publisher translated Mr. Brilling Sees It Through, by the rendering M. Brittling Commence à Voir Clair. But we are not so sure that the Frenchman was not right. At any rate, we are quite certain that Mr. Garvin will not be able to see the Empire through unless he commences to see clearly.

The insidious blockade of non-Gold-Standard countries widens. Belgium is the latest nation to go over to the enemy. The Belgian franc is now detached "(as one report puts it) from the French franc. It has no connection with the france of the standard deep. franc. It has no connection with the firm next door. France is approaching a situation of complete isolation. The Belgians' new unit of international currency is called the Belga, thirty-five of which will be equivalent to the £ sterling. Each Belga, mystics and magicians will be intrigued to hear, will represent 0.209211 gramme of gold. Metaphysicians will be all agog to know that the "cover" for notes at the Belgian Bank will never fall below 40 per cent. Royalists will receive pleasurably the news that all Royalists will receive pleasurably the news that all this has come about as the result of the Belgian Parliament's having, last July, vested in the King power to take all necessary measures for the stabilisation of Belgian currency. Belgian currency. Democrats will doubtless see in this episode a complete rebuttal of the idea that an

Meanwhile the Industrial Christian Fellowship should note that while the state of British finance is such that blue ruin would follow upon a penny addition to the Mining Subsidy, a nice little block of £7,250,000 is being lent to the Belgian Government. It is only fair to add, however, that Belgium will not get all this: £435,000 will be retained as capital remuneration to investors in addition to their 7 per cent. interest, not to speak of their further advantage in the fact that Belgium is privileged to repay them, on or after November, 1936, £105 for every £100 nominally borrowed. If, in the process of earning the money to repay them with, Belgium captures a slice of British trade in the world's markets that is a consequence which is held not to conkets, that is a consequence which is held not to concern British manufacturers. The gold standard is not worth having if nobody makes a sacrifice for it.

The Bankers' manifesto on Free Trade appears to be meeting with a mixed reception. News comes from all quarters of signatories explaining that they did not mean what they signed. There are rumours that even stars like Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Herr Schacht have not signed although there and Herr Schacht have not signed, although there is gossip that their authentic signatures are in possession of a "Great City bank." The brother of Signor Mussolini, in the *Populo d'Italia*, attacks the financiers and threatens "a great coalition of proletarian countries face to face with the plutocratic nations." French industrialists, represented by M. Loucheur, insist that there cannot be any reduction of French tariffs. The chief interest in reduction of French tariffs. The chief interest in the scheme is directed to the question of who promoted it and who drafted it. The general opinion is that the suggestion came from London. When the international financial conference meets in the international financial conference meets in London perhaps the authors will respond to the call for a speech: and perhaps not. In the meantime this month's issue of the Bank of Liverpool and Martins Review discusses this conference, saying Martins Review discusses this conference, saying that "already the dream of a Customs Union for Europe has been already the dream of a Customs Union Europe Europe has been mentioned by a prominent European banker as an ideal to be worked for." Like all other financial commentators, the writer calmly assumes that customs duties in Europe are the main cause of ill feeling and constitute a menace to peace. On the contrary, they cause off the open peace. On the contrary, they stave off the open warfare which would break out if fiscal barriers were thrown down. If the free interchange of goods between country and country under the existing economic system were in itself a factor in increasing and diffusing pressent in France one may be ing and diffusing prosperity in Europe, one may be quite sure that industrials, who are constantly exploring the whole attention, who are constantly exploring the whole attention. ploring the whole structure for some frictionless means of working together, would have found it out for themselves. They have not only done so, they can prove by accurate the sound in own they can prove by arguments drawn from their own experience, that there is no practical alternative to tariffs as things are at present. tariffs as things are at present. If, as we have pointed out in a previous Note, even production it self is no guarantee of monetary affluence (and under this system all benefits have to be realised in the form of money) how can the more change of the form of money) how can the mere change of ownership of that production ownership of that production improve matters? long as general consumption cannot keep pace with general production. general production all international swapping of particular production is so much conjuring. particular production all international swaper Once postulate that the progress of Europe must achieved as best it may under Old Economic financial principles, and the logic of the situation not to the abolition of tariffs within the European continent but rather to a guaranteed tariff impost continent, but rather to a super-added tariff impost round the whole continent diversal America. round the whole continent directed against America. Europe being in debt to America the balance of trade between the two should be in forces. That elected government needs be unbusinesslike. Wall its surplus gold. In fact there is something for everybody—if one makes an exception of the ordinary Belgian citizen who thinks about his dinner.

burden of interest. We say this with adequate know-ledge of the Free Trade case. We agree with the Free Trader who says it would be a bad thing for Britain to all the about the says it would be a bad thing for Britain to all the says of the says Britain to change over to Protection. But we agree as much with the Protectionist who says the same against, let us say, France adopting Free Trade. There is nothing to choose between the two systems, as systems, under present financial rules. But there is everything to be said against the proposal for a country organised under the one to change to the other. In each case the final general gain would be nil, while the disturbance occasioned would be awful. As we have said before, Free Trade will follow the said before, the said will follow the said before, the said will follow the said before, the said before the said follow naturally upon the general adoption of Social Credit finance. For then, and for the first time, the producers in every country will be able to say to producers in every country will be able to say to themselves in respect of every grain, gallon, or yard of goods they propose to export—"Here is something which the home consumer has the money to pay me for; but he wants something else. So I will exchange these things abroad for what he wants, and sell him those instead." What producer could fear imports under such conditions? International trade imports under such conditions? International trade would simply be a convenient method of diversitying salegable. saleable stock in every country. Nobody would export under compulsion to make a sale abroad, but volitionally to change the character of an already assured sale at home. When the bankers to-day exhort men to regard international trade as exchange they are unwittingly leading the world to adopt the they are unwittingly leading the world to adopt the financial reform which would make it so. Try as he will, the Old Economist cannot avoid preaching the New Economics.

NOVEMBER 4, 1926

A correspondent informs us that a firm in which he is employed has recently submitted to its employees a superannuation scheme. If they will pay in 5 per cent. cent. of their incomes per annum (whatever these in comes may be from year to year) they will be entitled to draw, upon retirement, an annual sum equal to half the thalf the income they happen to be receiving at that time. So far so good. But our correspondent, waiving any criticisms he might make on the money return for the yearly levy, fixed on the point that there was no guarantee that the cost of living when he was sixty five (the retiring age) would not have he was no guarantee that the cost of living when he was sixty-five (the retiring age) would not have advanced to a disabling degree. He therefore wrote to one of the most celebrated London insurance companies, stating his difficulty and asking if they could quote him a rate to cover this risk. This was their reply—sent by the Secretary:—

Deer Signature of vesterday,

Dear Sir,—I am obliged by your favour of yesterday, and have pleasure in enclosing a leaflet setting out a Staff Scheme which has been applied to the employees of many important under the control of th important undertakings.

You may find that this scheme will interest your employers, and if it could be officially adopted by them the terms stated would be available; they are a little better than those applicable to the general public, the arrangement being made in the hope of securing a large number of cases from one firm of cases from one firm.

The further problem you set us of guaranteeing in some way that the purchasing power of money shall be somewhat similar thirty years hence to what it is to-day, is, I fear, beyond our some Western beyond our some way that he assurance, beyond our scope. We are concerned with life assurance with different—little oeyond our scope. We are concerned with life assurance, and your proposal contains something quite different—little short, in fact, of the state of National Credit many years hence. This would be beyond the power of any insurance company, and even insurers of a speculative kind, such as Lloyd's, will give only an annual contract. I am afraid, therefore, that your idea of guaranteeing purchasing value is impossible of realisation.

Kindly advise me if I am he of further service to you

Kindly advise me if I can be of further service to you in the matter of providing an annuity, with life assurance in the meantime. It occurs to me that one of the very best ways of backing up what is done for you by your firm would be to take a substantial endowment assurance on your own behalf, thereby making certain that you will have a reasonable amount of annual income after age sixty-five.

Our correspondent, taking the hint from the allusion

to Lloyd's, wrote to that institution with a similar proposal. The reply was as follows:—

Dear Sir,—We regret having to inform you that there is no possibility of getting any underwriters to interest themselves in this matter, since the manner in which business is done at Lloyd's makes it impossible for any contracts to be entered into for a longer period than about twelve to eighteen months.

There is of course nothing in these letters derogatory to the institutions concerned. They have to fit their rules of business into the general structure of the existing financial system, just as does every other business organisation. The import of their replies goes much deeper than that. It suggests that insurance experts regard the contingency of a decline in the home purchasing power of the \mathcal{L} as a risk—otherwise it would not fall under their rule of exclusion. In this case the risk of the \mathcal{L} not buying the result of the factor of so much is dated for thirty years hence—thirty years of industrial development under the consolidated guidance of the financial experts of the world. The financial doctrine of *Present Sacrifice for Future Benefits*, to be of any practical value, ought to have some time limit. And when one finds it suggested that incurred the suggested that the suggested that incurred the suggested that incurred the suggested that the suggested that incurred the suggested that the suggested th that insurers are not certain that these benefits will not still be a matter of futurity in thirty years' time one wonders how long the high financiers really do require to declare a dividend of extra purchasing power. A man contributing to a superannuation fund is really investing money in the development of industry—that is, in increasing its capacity for output. He is to go on doing this for twenty, thirty, even forty years, and yet there is no expert in risks who will gamble on his then getting a scrap more out of industry for £1 than he does now. Of course, to readers of THE NEW AGE this is no puzzle. But what of those who thereughly believe that industry of those who thoroughly believe that industry expands on savings of this sort? One can draw two alternative conclusions. The credit monopoly either has a faith in it. has no faith in its own system for promoting pros-perity, or it is not sure it will be allowed to carry it out. Our money goes on the second.

Educational propaganda conducive to financial interests is stealing into the schools. *Punch* had a joke about it a few weeks ago, remarking that the teaching would prepare young children for the time when they had overdrafts of their own. A few days when they had overdrafts of their own. A few days ago an interesting account appeared in the Morning are post from a schoolmaster (anonymous) who described the working of a bank at his school. Instead of even points outsides as in the old days, the boys of swapping articles as in the old days, the boys all have their cheque books and pass books. They regard it all as great fun, he says; as doubtless it regard it all as great fun, he says; as doubtless it is. Unfortunately, the boys can only draw out what is first put into the bank. They are not let into the secret of how one may put into the bank by first drawing out. But to teach them that would be superfluous to the intention of the scheme, which is superfluous to the intention of the scheme, which is satisfied to get them into the habit of using cheques. Overdrawing accounts sometimes happens, so the writer says, adding that on the last occasion when it happened and the cheque was returned endorsed R/D, the drawee happened to be the Senior Prefect, it happened and the cheque was returned endorsed R/D, the drawee happened to be the Senior Prefect, who "referred to drawer" the same evening, with unfortunate effects on the latter's subsequent ability to sit down in comfort. All this is good fun. School tuition in banking is good advertising for the banks; and the National Union of Teachers ought to apply for a subsidy on the strength of it. the banks; and the National Union of Teachers ought to apply for a subsidy on the strength of it. We shall perhaps soon see advertisement posters hung up in schoolrooms—"Ask mother to take you hung up in schoolrooms—"Ask mother to take you hence hook habit. A cheque book, by itself, may cheque-book habit. A cheque book, by itself, may encourage the holder to extravagance. So one is encourage the holder to extravagance in thift" being included in the curriculum. As his "thrift" being included in the curriculum. As his audience was composed of members of the Institute of Actuaries, the form of thrift chosen was insur-

ance. "Insurance should be taught in schools and proclaimed by every means of publicity." He went on to say that a man, at the time of his marriage, ought to be required to answer the question whether he had "made proper provision by way of insurance." He challenged anybody who read the Marriage Service intelligently to give a good reason why he should not. An insured country had an overwhelming advantage over an uninsured country. All this is nonsense. Carried to its extreme end insurance would stop consumption entirely, and so bring production to an end. Sir Joseph Burn would probably prefer that the money spent at the Motor Show should have been employed in insurance. But what about the motor industry? It is the thriftless who make the world safe for the thrifty. When the death of a thriftless man lands his family into ruin, the ultimate responsibility for that result lies with a system which unnecessarily visits that penalty on his family. We do not quarrel with the view that while this system lasts it is necessary for a man to insure his life, but we object on economic grounds to authoritative suggestions that this system is inevitable. There is enough reserve of credit to insure automatically and adequately every man and woman in this country without any deductions from their present incomes nor any increase in the cost of what they buy with them.

The fifth attempt on Signor Mussolini's life took place on Sunday. It is significant to notice the progressively shortening intervals between these acts, namely fourteen months, five months, five months, and one and a half months. The man who, in these days, would be the sole political dictator of his people incurs superadded risks to those of his predecessors; for while exercising full power to repress his subjects he has no power at all to distribute the recompense which might make that repression tolerable. Whereas the Statesman can impose discipline, only the Financier can reward it—but chooses not to. Hence the sole political dictator becomes the sole lightning conductor placed on the topmost pinnacle of the financial system. He is born to trouble as the sparks of discontent fly upward. On him are laid the iniquities of us all. The only safe dictatorship is a benevolent dictatorship. And a benevolent dictatorship is impossible if it does not include power over financial policy. Signor Mussolini, financially impotent, dies daily—though he look down on a firmament of Fascist bayonet-

But the hurrying frequency of violence previously noted is of deeper import than first appears. It is a symptom of something ugly in the air. It is even repeated, in a qualified form, in England. Certainly nobody has tried to murder Mr. Joynson Hicks for stopping the leaders of the Miners' Federation from exercising the right of free speech, but then, this gentleman, unlike Signor Mussolini, avoids the responsibility for what he does. When tackled, he makes the excuse that he acts by the advice of Chief Constables. In democratic England the edifice of finance bristles all over with political lightning conductors — responsibility is diffused among innumerable functionaries of all degrees and kinds, so that murder would have to take on wholesale dimensions to achieve any object. Hence it is not surprising to find violence directed to things. "Let us wreck the pits, for the politicians are not worth murdering," seems to be the control of th to be the attitude of the revengeful miner in this country. But however expressed, the spirit is the same as in Italy. The portent is world-wide. Judge Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, recently quoted a prominent banker as saying: "The only unfortunate development that could alter

the favourable status of business affairs would be war with England, or failure of the crops." (Wall Street Journal, October 6). How long ago was it—three years?—when THE NEW AGE affirmed this danger, while every publicist from California to Kent rolled up his eyes and thanked his Maker that war was "unthinkable"? To-day, the "unthinkable" has become a business risk. Over here the Dominion Premiers are assembled to deal with that risk. They count has become a business risk. risk. They spent last Saturday on the Revenge (absit omen) watching our naval preparations for meeting it. Slowly, all too slowly, are the world's rulers beginning to divine the truth that the morally impossible of yesterday is the logically inevitable of to-day. Their opportunities for altering the premises underlying that logic are getting slighter and slighter. They had better study the magic numbers 14-5-5-1½; for the measure of Mussolini's expectation of life is that of the life of Western civilisation under the law of the financiers.

Major Douglas will deliver an address at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Monday, December 6, at 6 p.m., on "The High Wages Policy in Industry and its Defects." Tickets 2s. Apply to the Secretary, Economic Research Group, at 70, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

"The Times Paris dispatch says International Chamber of Commerce at council meeting, where U.S. is represented, sounds warning on 'extremely critical' situation existing in Europe. Adopts resolution that economic conditions are rapidly becoming unbearable and property remedies are rapidly becoming unbearable and prompt essential if eventually an economic disturbance, which would affect all countries in the conomic disturbance, which would affect all countries in the countries in the conomic disturbance, which would affect all countries in the conomic disturbance, which would affect all countries in the conomic disturbance, which would affect all countries in the conomic conditions are affect all countries in succession, is to be avoided."
"Wall Street Journal," June 1, 1926.

"Unhappily, some of the leaders of Labour seem to be oblivious of the resources which the modern State, can manding and supporting the machinery of banking and credit, can bring to bear by way of resistance to any irregular form of attack. The return to the gold standard gular form of attack. The return to the gold standard was, of course, a part of the plan for making ready against the mining dispute and a threatened general strike. By guaranteeing the free movement of gold Britain made it certain that the Argentine, the United States, and Canada would take British bills in payment for food-stuffs at, or about, their face value in sterling. So long as that continues, the English pound will fetch 4.86 in dollars and the price of food-stuffs will remain normal."—"Sales Promoption," the house organ of Facsimile Letter Printing Co.. the house organ of Facsimile Letter Printing Co.,

"For centuries it has been known that consumption can be accelerated by supplying goods on credit. The bill of exchange was invented, probably, 2,000 years ago, in order that the supplier might continue to make goods while exchange was invented, probably, 2,000 years ago, in order that the supplier might continue to make goods while allowing credit to the person making himself responsible for their purchase. What the business world has done for centuries can hardly be reprehensible when applied in the continuous could receive progressive additions, in the same promunity could receive progressive additions, in the same proportion as we added to the means for increasing output, there is no obvious reason why we could not, by the system there is no obvious reason why we could not, by the system of deferred payments, enormously raise the standard of human consumption."—"Sales Promotion," July, 1926.

"For the last six months capital has been accumulating pidly in Germany The ror the last six months capital has been accumulation. One is rapidly in Germany. The reasons are two-fold. One is the unsatisfactory state of trade in Germany. The other is the accumulation of reparation funds in that country. Owing to the improvise library to debtor. Owing to the impracticability of transferring to debtor countries the indempity of transferring to required Owing to the impracticability of transferring to debtor countries the indemnity money which Germany is required to pay France and other belligerent countries, the funds as they are collected are sequestered in German banks, where naturally they are put to work."—"Commerce Finance," June 30.

"One of the best guides of the increasing public use of banks is obtainable from the cheque duty receipts. For 1912-13 the cheque stamp duty collected in Great Britain yielded about £1,150,000, whereas in 1924-5 the sum collected was about £3,250,000. As the pre-war duty was penny per cheque, and is now twopence, the above from, would indicate an increase of 56 per cent. in number, the say, 250,000,000 to 390,000,000 a year, notwithstanding or say, 250,000,000 to 390,000,000 a year, notwithstanding the fact that people now carry in their pockets more currency than before the war."—"The Daily Telegraph," July 22.

The Imperial Conference and the Bankers' Manifesto.

NOVEMBER 4, 1926

By C. H. Douglas.

It should be borne in mind that the high policy of such immense organisations as, for instance, Ultramontane Roman Catholicism and political Judaism, bears about the same relation to the views or the thoughts of the average Roman Catholic or the average Jew that British Policy in the Hindu Kush does to the thoughts and aspirations of Tom Jones, the butcher's boy. The only nexus between the two is that if it should happen that Tom Jones should enlist in the British Army by virtue of his British nationality, and find himself drafted to service on the Indian Errontier, he will automatically find himthe Indian Frontier, he will automatically find himself carrying out high British policy, and it will be a matter of no consequence, except perhaps to his own peace of mind, whether or not he understands and agrees with it. It is probably true to say that there is no Nation in the world which, as a Nation, can grapple with grapple with certain great International organisations which exist; for the simple reason that the personnel of all National organisations is interpenetrated by these International interests. This is probably true of the Imperial Conference, and perhaps also of certain signatories of the Bankers' Manifesto.

There are however the fairly clearly defined

There are, however, certain fairly clearly defined differences of policy which can be discerned between the two organisations, which render them true to type. The Imperial Conference aims at the promotion of a group consciousness based upon political and, in a wide sense, National considerations. It aims at a unit called the British Empire, whose common characteristic can be symbolised by a Flag, and it is not without int. without interest that the Conference should have been preceded by what is known as the "Flag controversy" in South Africa, which aims at the elimination of the Union Jack. The Banks clearly envisage the absorption of Great Britain in the United States of Famour Philipsed by of Europe, such absorption being accomplished by the removal of tariff barriers, and the creation, as explained by the Editor of this paper, of a Central Bank of Europe, which should be the effective ruler, through the

through the agency of credit rationing.

No sober student of events would permit himself to dismiss either of these schemes as fantastic. They must be taken seriously, because of the immense capacity for action which lies in the forces behind them. If I, as an ordinary member of the public, seriously propose a scheme by which the lion of Prussia is to be asked which the lion of Prussia it is be asked to lie down with the lamb of France, it is matter pour rire, because everyone knows that it will not happen. But everyone knows that there are forces in the weel. in the world which can pitch the lamb into the lion's den, and the success which would accompany an attempt to draw the lion's teeth, or provide the lamb with a fleece as in the lion's teeth, or provide it to survive with a fleece so indigestible as to enable it to survive

the experiment, is largely a matter for estimation.

There is, however, an inductive method of estimating the result of the control of the co ing the result of such an experiment, and it is contained so the result of such an experiment, and it is contained, curiously enough, in that organisation which both parties point to as the outstanding and compelling reason for the unification which they propose. I mean the United States of America, which in itself represents both a Flag prifection and also a credit represents both a Flag unification and also d States unification. Certain aspects of the United States have been examined before, but at this time they will bear recapitulation and perhaps amplification.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW AGE is on sale at Henderson's, 66, Charing Cross Road (close to Leicester Square Tube Station) Station) and at the news stand on the corner of Holborn and Chancery Lane (opposite Chancery Lane Tube Station).

On the Bummel.

The day was quietly spent ploughing up against the great stream of the Rhine. It was Sunday; crowds everywhere thronged the river and eagerly visited the charming little towns and the famous legendary points along its banks and in the hills. We soon passed out of sight of the "Frothenstein," as Lucien dubbed the romantic hill crowned with a white-washed inn, where within a few hours of leaving Cologne we first brought a proper thirst to the joy of the amber liquid in the long glasses. We had peeped at the house chosen by Beethoven for his birth—we could but commend his choice. We had journeyed by river; climbed up through sundappled woods to Petersberg for the immense view of hills and the plain, with the faint suggestion of the great twin towers, looking like hop kilns in the far distance. On in the dusk, until in velvet darkness, in the country beyond the "Frothenstein," we found a Gasthaus to our liking, and slept that first marvellous sleep in deep quietude that is almost too-good-to-be-true to town dwellers. How the wind rose in the early morning and sang in the pine trees, and drove the rain in upon us! But of the rainy day that followed I have told you, and the joyous events of the evening.

On the steamer were notices warning passengers to refrain from patriotic songs or political conversa-tion, as the staff were liable to punishment for any such indulgence; and as we journeyed, the French Occupation was brought home to us forcibly by their stopping the whole of the immense traffic of the river for about two hours whilst the military manœuvre of building and rebuilding a pontoon bridge was executed.

It grieved Lucien greatly to pass the mouth of the Mosel at Coblenz. He said it sounded to him a river that ought to be explored. We all felt with him: we drank it with tears at Abendessen and him; we drank it with tears at Abendessen and passed on. The wonderful castle of the Rheinfels came and went, showing ruddy in the setting sun.
We passed the Lorelei rock, where the river flows narrow and swift between great heights; we were enchanted by the lake-like width of the stream at Bingen, with the lights now coming out and seeming far distant across the expanse of water. And ing far distant across the expanse of water. And so to Mainz, where, after wandering all round the town, we were laughingly captured by a waiter, who insisted on our staying at his hotel. He had been a prisoner of war in England, and wanted to talk with us! He was hymorous about the Occupation a prisoner of war in England, and wanted to talk with us! He was humorous about the Occupation. "Good gracious, man," I said, "you don't want all those particulars from guests of a night?" "Well, well," he said, "it amuses the French!"

It was in Mainz that Perdita nearly committed the walking party to a removals van. A great travelling fair was in the town, and Perdita wanted travelling fair was in the town, and Perdita wanted to sling dozens of pots and bowls around her; enchanting things being sold for a song. The fury grew upon her. She wanted grosses, she wanted them all. She saw the public of England waiting for them. Oh, for a pantechnicon! We found out that the Fair was going on to Frankfort. We specitually and vaguely suggested going there on the journey back. We beguiled her away, but it was a jear thing, and nothing less than force majeur and close formation got her past the pottery shops after that.

We left for Heidelberg the same afternoon. But I'll tell you about Am Neckar another day.

Views and Reviews.

EPITAPHS.

II.

Both Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc are poets. Both have written verses that make their juniors weep with chagrin. Both have knocked off the Fabian policeman's helmet without ever appearing to weary of the joke. In Genesis it is the poetry that each is in love with, and it is the poetry of Genesis that Mr. Wells hates. Not only has poetic expression ever preceded prose, but, as with young and old plants, it is more sustaining. The life is still in it, and once it becomes prose it is near its winter. In the youth of man, in the youth of the world, in the youth of the year, poetry is triumphant. It is futile to cry for prose, which may succeed poetry, but never supersede it. This generation cannot create poetry because it is prematurely old with the consequences of war; that is why the poetry of the war is not yet, if it ever will be, written. Precisely as the gentleman is the last stage of a man, from whom nothing more is to be expected, so prose is the end of an organism of expression, from which no new creation can proceed without death and rebirth. This generation is still dying, miserably and vulgarly, its delirious prattling being mistaken by such as Mr. Wells for philosophy. Philosophy itself grows out of religion at the age when learning to live has to give way for learning to die.

Mr. Wells, with his demand that all mysteries be stretched naked on a rack of prose, is a much more truthful reflection of his age than the work of either Mr. Belloc or Mr. Chesterton. The poet always lives out of his time to the degree that he lives in the eternal. We who live in this time may see our disease reflected in Mr. Wells more clearly than in Mr. Belloc; our despair more clearly on the face of Mr. Wells than on the face of Mr. Chesterton. Yet there is more that is contributory to our health in Messrs. Chesterton and Belloc, not in their philosophy or their theology, not in their attitude, as a whole, to science, but in their positive attitude to poetry. In Mr. Chesterton's "Everlasting Man," itself practically a reply to Mr. Wells's "Outline of History." History," the mystery of Christ is justified as an aesthetic phenomenon, a justification perilously near to that which Mr. Chesterton finds for all things. The origin of Christianity is true not because it can be said convincingly in the historian's prose or the psychologist's jargon, but because the more dra-matic, the more poetic, it is realised to be,

the more inspiring and sustaining.

For this generation to be born again may exact its return to the spiritual origin; to the source of life at which all prose has crumbled to emptiness, and poetry has begun to grow again; at which Genesis is experienced as an overpowering and true vision of a spiritual reality enacted on every plane, in every sphere. We need to sink to a depth at which Mr. Chesterton cannot help us, his office ending when we have summoned courage for the plunge. Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is behind you may be in a paradoxical and awful sense true of the child about to be born. Mr. Chesterton, with his heart in Eden and the Middle Ages, sometimes appears to mistake it for the whole truth. That paradox has to be forsworn. Awake, for the Kingdom of Heaven is to be created; though Hell has first to

Mr. Chesterton, refusing to be the child of his age, has been the child of all time. His central characters display the wisdom of children as Mr. Wells's display the itch for power. Yet Mr. Chesterton hardly days to hope for the maturity of childterton hardly dares to hope for the maturity of child-likeness, but perpetually laments in loving memory

of it. Somebody once remarked of Chesterton and Shaw: "What a man they would have made!" Mr. Chesterton suggests that the spirit of childlikeness, of the comic, of the poetic, which the Victorians were too giant-like to encompass, has continued to play in the garden while the great teachers and preachers made themselves ridiculous for the lack of it. The Love of God played alone with nature while the Explanation of God concluded that Love of God was dead.

When Mr. Chesterton speaks to the sophisticated and disappointed philosophers, constitution-makers, and universal explainers; when he tells them about the garden, about the understanding which the old poem brings, albeit without explanation; when he makes a gesture on behalf of a family and a garden against a logical state and a crèche, against an organisation like a machine built up of men that does not make good in efficiency what it has forfeited of soul, love, and poetry; no-body understands him. Mr. Wells has not an earthly chance of understanding him. The pagan half of Mr. Chesterton is too alive, the Christian half of him too poetic for any description. him too poetic, for such as Mr. Wells to understand. The pursuit of omnipotence—including omniscience —does not lead to understanding; it leads to the

While the Great Victorians were pursuing their plans for the logical work-state, Messrs. Chesterton and Belloc were repeating a number of obvious truths about the people who were to live in it. Mr. Belloc perceived that an order and a polity were indispensable for the assurance of freedom; that the more anarchic opinion became the greater would be the constraint placed upon actors. In England any man may think as he likes, provided he be moderately careful what he says, and extremely careful what he says are says as the same says are says as the says are says as the same says are says as the same says are says as the says are says what he does. Men can be free, as Mr. Belloc has realised, only provided they keep the peace, the Pax Christi. Once men agree upon their value in the sight of the eternal and their standard of conthe sight of the eternal and their standard of conduct and aim, they will effect that escape from fear of their fellows which will constitute the great emancipation. Do not let me create a misconception that Mr. Belloc has yet provided the vehicle for this freedom. But I do affirm that he and Mr. Chesterton have furnished the chief voices which Chesterton have furnished the chief voices which have whispered in this have whispered into our ears the necessity for this freedom. When the Vice the recessity for this bound freedom. When the Victorians would have bound us in our sleep these two kept us awake. The only intelligent criticism of National Guilds which I can recall was inspired by the recall was inspired by them.

The only resource against corruption and deceit which Mr. Wells can conceive is to refuse to delegate anything; to manage the universe himself.

accept pathian and degate He will accept pathian accept pat accept nothing, take nothing for granted, respect no man's word. He must find out for himself, come to his own opinion. to his own opinion—on the universe, history, politics, the pre-history, science, the future, the planets, the firmament, and all that in them is—with such haustive and prosy detail that the last splash of poetry is bleached out of them. He wants a Bible poetry is bleached out of them. He wants a Bible that would inventorise and diagrammatise the wole contents of God's workshop. Because he demands and gives everything pat and bald in literal prose, like a laundry-book or like a real-ray describing like a laundry-book, or like a cockney describing how he brought the car home, he is, as I repeat, a more accurate reflection of his age than any poet of any age, and a less truthful reflection of eternity.

Mr. Wells is a society for fact that a supplier of the supplier Mr. Wells is a sacrifice for mankind, an awful example of the average man required for the working of democracy. of democracy. His place in the universal purpose is to warn us against the scheme that he stands for Mr. Wells knows the universe, but he does not know Mr. Wells. He cannot understand the fall and shame of man, although in "Kipps," "Tono Bungay." and elsewhere he was required for the working of the working to work the stands for the working of the working the stands for the working of the work gay," and elsewhere he experienced it.

The Universal Stone.

NOVEMBER 4, 1926

It was a queer substance that alchemists were studying to prepare. A grain of it, in the pure state, could transmute a million times its own weight of metal into gold, and lose none of its virtue. From dead matter its and lose none of its virtue. From dead matter it could generate life. As the Divine Water it conferred immortality. It could change glass to diamond, and night to day.

According to the masters of the art, the first difficulty, which misled almost all would-be practi-tioners, was to determine the nature of the material from which the elixir, or the powder of projection, or the seed of germination, could be refined. It was called Eve, medicine, mother, spirit, poison, dew, shadow, virgin's milk, burning water, egg of the basilisk, blood of the lion, the true universal androgynous matter of the Sun and the Moon. The material was to be feel and have and nowhere. material was to be found everywhere and nowhere. It was beyond price and could be bought for thirty

The process, too, was a mystery. Laceration, trituration, decomposition, rectification, ignition, and a hundred other stages are mentioned. It was of first importance to understand what crucible should be used; for it was no ordinary crucible. The mercury, or spirit, of the matter should be extracted from it; the sulphur, or body, of the matter should be washed from all impurities; the two should then be married in an indissoluble union by keeping them constantly in a uniform gentle heat. But mercury was no common quicksilver; it was the mercury of the philosophers; sulches phers; sulphur was that sulphur contained in all the elements of the earth.

The work must be undertaken with a pure and fasting heart. Only the children of light, who live in the presence of God, are fit to know and to guard the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fit to know and the Great Screen God, are fi the Great Secret of adepts. He who would pursue the scient Secret of adepts. the science, says a Byzantine tract, must first love God and man, be temperate, disinterested, opposed to falsehood, fraud, evil actions and every feeling of envy; he must be a sincere, faithful child of the Holy, Consubstantial and Coeternal Trinity; otherwise he will deceive himself in seeking things unattainable. attainable.

And the result? We shall quote Mr. Waite's abridgement* of Zosimus, an alchemist of the fourth century of our era:

This is the uncommunicated mystery which none of the prophets has dared to divulge in speech, except to initiate. to initiates alone. It is the Mithraic Mystery, and is said to said to govern matter. It is unique as to nature, and its name is also unique. The soul is in the heart of the Stone. But Divine Water is the Divine and Great Mystery, the Divine water is the Divine determined the stone. Great Mystery, the object of research; it is indeed the object of research, for he who possesses this has also gold and silver. In a word, it is all in all. All comes forth therefrom and all exists thereby. The world does not know it, and contemplation with difficulty can comprehend its nature, because it is not a metal, is not moving water and in fine is not a body."

A prominent chemist who had studied the documents of alchemy wrote to Silberer, the psychoanalyst

Whosoever desires to make a chemical preparation according to a hermetic recipe seems to me like a person who undertakes to build a house according to the ritual of E

to the ritual of Freemasonry."

And yet, if the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely an allegary and the science of alchemy is purely and alchemy allegory of spiritual discipline, how does it happen that such that such a multitude of men devoted themselves in its name to its name to research in their laboratories? How does it happen that it happen that so many physical discoveries were made, and that, through alchemy, the foundation of our modern soil. our modern science of chemistry was laid? To offset Silberer's authority, there is Berthelot, the French by a constant ingenuity of interpretation, he a constant ingenuity of interpretation, "The Secret Tradition in Alchemy." By A. E. Waite. (Regan Paul. 15s. net.)

managed to find parallels to modern chemical processes. Certainly he did not find any secret of actual gold-making; but he found methods of "tincturing" metals to look like gold, methods of extracting gold from ores, methods of gilding and plating with

Mr. Waite offers no explanation of this twofold nature of alchemy. Indeed, he almost denies that the spiritual science of alchemy has anything to do with the physical science. He goes through many pamphlets and books, separating mystical from physical and refusing them any connection. He is far more inclined to conceive the religious fervour of the alchemists as a veil for chemical experiments, a mystification and adornment of matter-of-fact practices, than to conceive the chemical experiments as illustrations and symbols of a diviner practice. And so, when he has finished with his subject, we are left with two incompatibles, and a feeling of amazement that human beings should ever have been so stupid as to confuse them. The more imaginative of the spagiric philosophers Mr. Waite quite openly rebukes. He can put no faith, he tells us, in people who tell lies.

Suppose we take it otherwise. Suppose we hold to the belief that the greatest and most logicalminded of the alchemists were seeking, in the laws of Nature, for parallels with the laws of the soul. One alchemist set forth as the object of study: "that man shall macrocosmically and magically work out the image of God, all God's kingdom, in himself." It is an opinion that seems nowadays to commend itself to few people—that Nature can be illustrated from man, and man from Nature; that the modes of human regeneration find an appropriate and thorough analogy in the physical workings of the universe. None the less, it was with the intention of finding out the destiny of the human soul, and the means of bliss, that the true masters of alchemy set themselves to chemical experiments.

"The voice was to each one as each one had the power to receive it." If the promise of the fulfilment of the heart's desire meant wealth and material prosperity to an alchemist, he conceived that his prosperity to an alchemist, he conceived that his science was the science of material transmutations. If it meant wholeness of knowledge to him, he followed that aim alone. The symbol could be interpreted in an infinite number of ways. It gave opportunity for frauds and charlatanry, for fantasies and dreams. Offer a man his heart's desire, urgently and seriously, and what must happen? If his heart is muddled his response will be confused. heart is muddled, his response will be confused. If he seeks for his own bliss, without understanding what he wishes, he will seek in contradictory and feeligh ways. The literature of alchemy is one of foolish ways. The literature of alchemy is one of the richest stores of human confessions, of human visions of realisation and power. But it is truly to the clearest and most spiritual expressions of the search for blies that we must go to understand the search for bliss that we must go to understand the justification of alchemy. It is in Jacob Boehme, in Robert Fludd, in Thomas Vaughan that we see the wisdom of the art. And, for all Mr. Waite's half-boundary is the photography of the process of the photography. heartedness, it can be observed, even from his own book, that there has been a continuous succession of men who knew the secret of alchemy, from the days of Chinese experiments till our own day.

His new history of the alchemists is probably the most erudite work we possess upon the subject in English. He plays fair in displaying the evidence; it is only the tone of his commentary and his conclusions that is at fault. It is surprising that he does not appear to have read Silberer's Problems of Mysticism and its Symbolism, in which the psychology of the alchemists is examined with an unusual insight and knowledge. But psychology seems to be out of Mr. Waite's range of considerations: it can hardly have occurred to him to think that alchemists were men.

Short Story.

LONG PIG.

By L. Archier Leroy.

Crossing Siberia by train, even before the Revolution, could certainly never be described as without interest. And the greatest interest, especially for the English traveller the greatest interest, especially for the English traveller with a taste for punting on improbabilities, lay in speculating on when the destination would be reached. The train would start. Some time. It would stop. Any time. Then it would start again. Any time. The man who made a book en route had infinite possibilities upon which to accept hazards. An exciting institution, the Trans Silveing real hazards. An exciting institution, the Trans-Siberian railway. Day after day, over steppe and through forests. An occasional village, rarer regulation halts. The traveller acquires, if he had it not before, the acquires cameraderie of old Dan's pilgrims on such a journey. But most of those who make the trip are seasoned world-farers. Taciturnity breeds suspicion. On board ship a fellow may keep himself to himself. But there was no deck to pace on the Trans-Siberian. Just a window through which to stare at steppe and forest. That way monotony. Sooner or later you relented to any company, tried your tongue at any language or blend of lingos.

Two of the three occupants of the first-class coupé had struck up an acquaintance within a few minutes of the train's starting out eastward. Ned Carruthers, bored with home after an enforced idleness of weeks due to a cropper home after an enforced idleness of weeks due to a cropper while out with hounds, had taken a pot-luck journey, going as whim dictated, making a chance trip for fun. It was an old habit. He just told his man to pack a small mixed kit, went to any old port, sailed anywhere. This time to Libau. Libau. Petrograd. Petrograd proved tedious, but a young French novelist had raved about the steppes. So a young French novelist had raved about the steppes. So Ned was aboard the Trans-Siberian. If he felt disposed he would get off at some unheard-of township. If he felt disposed, on to Vladivostok.

Wilberforce Tooney professed himself tickled to death with the Englishman's plan, or lack of plan. He guessed that would just about fit him. Claimed originality because he always combined business with pleasure.

"Sure, if I stop off at Omsk or Minsk or Pinsk or Tomsk, why shouldn't I?" he queried, replying to his self-imposed question. "Jest no reason why, since they need hardware here as anywhere, you bet your life on that, Mr. Carruthers. Schenectady Products Incorporated oughter find a market in any burg east of the Statue of Liberty. Say, but that's only considering you feel like breaking the trail too. I've only considering you rect like breaking the trait too. I we no inclination to moon around any of these one-eyed half-cleared pitches on my lonesome. No, sirree. Schenectady Products Inc. can wait orders from Pinsky, Omsky and Co., until the crack of doom, unless you—." Etc., etc.

Carruthers thought it would have to be Vladivostock. The steppe sunsets, even if they lived up to the French novelist's advertisement, with this Yankee drummer—he thought not. All the same, he found the friendly hardware salesman a pleasant train companion. They swapped talk over a hundred things—business, sport, shows. Both had seen the world from many angles. They found they had fought in the same Mexican squabble, both visited scores of ports and cities. 'Frisco, Kiau Chow, Sourabaya, St. John's, Rio, Durban, Cairo, Pernambuco, Aden, they had anecdotes of all these

"There was a girl at Port Said—," Ned told the story.
"Gee, that's a beaut.," the drummer would exclaim.
"Talking of 'smokes,' did you hear that one about the two coloured girls in the charge of 'Shuffle Along'? Well. Yanking of 'smokes,' did you hear that one about the coloured girls in the chorus of 'Shuffle Along '? Well, one night...' Tooney's nigger bawdry was ripe, characteristic and limitless

istic and limitless.

The third man in their section never laughed at the American's Rabelaisianisms. He seemed indifferent to his eyes always acknowledged the little attentions paid him by friendly gleam of teeth and a little refusing gesture of Tooney closed the window against a sudden shower of Spanish, French, German, Russian, Dutch, Italian, bits of Slav languages. The stranger always eluded him with that Slav languages. The stranger always eluded him with that disarmingly gracious display of sharp white teeth, that regretful spread of delicate fingers.

"That little fellow is sure some vaudeville headliner in the mystery goods," confessed the baffled hardware-salesman.

They had been travelling four days then, and never a word from the stranger, who had just left the compartment. "Queer fish," Carruthers replied. "Looks like a dago, with that aquiline face and ivory skin. Notice he wears a

single ear-ring. Might be an eighteenth century pirate off the Spanish Main but for his London tailoring."

"That's so. And I've a hunch he knows every word we say, although he never replies. I saw him reading an English magazine in the diner yesterday, anyway." "Well, I suppose he knows his own business best," said

"Darned sticky business, if you ask me."

They talked of other things. By the time the stranger had returned they were discussing food. Tooney had a theory. Wherever you went, it was better to take the food of the country not to ten the food of the country not to the food of the country and the food of the food of the food of the country and the food of the food country, not to try to get sweet-corn in Bordeaux or clamsbake in London or-

Bass in Malta or a decent steak in Marseilles," put in the Englishman.

Tooney agreed. "I've eaten shark's fin in Pekin and zakuski in Moscow—I never could eat caviare outside Russia; its a travesty. I've poured the most extraordinary mixtures of oil and what-not down my gizzard when I've been selling gues in the P. P. been selling guns in the Balkans. But wherever I go now, saving in the big cosmopolitan hotels, I take the grub and the liquor of the north selling the liquor of the north selling respectively.

the liquor of the natives—and I enjoy it."
"So do I," Ned Carruthers agreed. "Provided the cook-

ing is good, any national fare suits me, I find."

"Yes, that's understood, naturally. Everything depends on the chef. There's one dish, though, I've never sampled. Long pig. . ." There was something reflective, something confidential in the Area something reflective, something

confidential, in the American's lowered tones.

"You mean—?" inquired his companion. "Yes. Human. Cannibal grub. I've been down in the South Seas and I've often wondered—"

"So have I," confessed the Englishman.
"You will excuse me, gentlemen," said the stranger, breaking a hundred odd hours of silence with a mellifluous voice scarcely tinged with foreign accent. It is with the long pig exactly as it is with all the rest. "It is with the everything."

Solitaria.

(Translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky.) By V. Rósanov.

What is the very best in one's past and in the past of one's ago? One's control of the past of and also long ago? One's good or moderately good act. And also a good meeting, i.e., getting to know a nice, congenial, dear man. This, indeed, in old age, flashes out like a bright, bright gleam, and one looks with such comfort at these gleams, also so fow

these gleams, alas, so few.

But noisy pleasures—so-called "enjoyments", and

were pleasant only at the moment of receiving them, and have no importance for "after times."

Only in old age one realises that "I ought to have lived well." In youth this does not even occur to one's mind. well." In youth this does not even occur to one's mind. Nor does it occur in maturity. But in old age the recollection of a good act, of a kind relationship, of a sensitive regard—is the only "bright guest in the room soul).

My soul is aching, my soul is aching, my soul is aching.

And what to do with that pain—I don't know.

But only with the pain I can go on living.

This is the dearest to me and within me (Late at night.) the dearest to me and within me.

A religious man is above a sage, above a poet, above a poet, and onqueror and erector. conqueror and orator. He who prays will conquer all, and saints will be the conquerors of the

I am returning to the Church! I am returning! I am eturning. saints will be the conquerors of the world.

P.S.—Never shall my foot be on the same floor with positivists—never! Never! And never shall I breathe the same air with them in one room!

P.P.S.—Better superstition, better silliness, better ignornce, but with prayer. Religion, or nothing.

It is and ance, but with prayer. Religion, or nothing, struggle and the cross, the staff and the stick, the spear and

But I believe the saints will conquer.

P.P.P.S.—The best people whom I have met, nay, whom I have discovered in life: "My Friend, Mme. A. A. "granny," "uncle," Mme. N. R. Scherbov, Mme. A. the Albov, Father Oustyinsky—all of them were religious most profound intellects—Florensky and Rzy—are religious Surely this must mean something. My choice is made.

Prayer—or nothing.

Or:—

Prayer-and play. Prayer-and feasts.

Prayer-and dances.

But in the core of everything—prayer. If there is a "praying man"—everything is permissible.

If he is not—nothing is permissible.

That is my credo—and may I go down with it to the grave. I shall begin the great dance of prayer. With long trumpets, with music, with everything; and everything will be permissible, for everything will be forgiven through prayer. We shall do everything, because after all that we shall be to the Co. Provided the control of the control shall bow to God. But we shall not do what is superfluous, nothing "Karamasovian"; for even in our dances we shall remember God and shall not want to grieve him.

"God is with us"-that is eternal.

Why am I so angry with the radicals? I don't know myself.

Do I love the conservatives?

What's the matter with me? I don't know. I can't make it out.

(Dec. 14, 1911.)

How hollow is my rebellion against Christianity: I ought to have lived a good life, and I had been given (for 20 years) very favourable conditions. But I spoilt everything with my works." A miserable writer, not needed by anyone—and it serves me right that I am not needed. (Dec. 14, 1911.)

The Church is the only poetic, the only profound thing on earth. God, what madness it was that for eleven years I made every possible effort to destroy the Church.

And how fortunate that I failed.

And how fortunate that I failed.

What would the earth be like without the Church? It would suddenly lose its meaning and get cold.

Chinizelli's Circus, the Little Theatre, the Moscow Art Theatre, the daily newspaper Ryech, meetings and their orators, "one could flirt with an actress," one died, the other was born, and we all "drink tea": and I actually could think that that was enough. Directly I did not think so, think that that was enough. Directly I did not think so, but indicated a second that was enough. but indirectly I did.

(Dec. 14, 1911.)

The Press is a machine-gun fired by an idiotic non-com. And what a number of Don Quixotes he will have killed before the number of Don Quixotes he will never get at before they get at him. Or perhaps they will never get at

Finis and the grave. (Dec. 16, 1911.)

If anyone will say a word of praise at my open grave, I'll get out of my coffin and smack his face. (Dec. 28, 1911.)

* No man is worthy of praise. Every man is only worthy of compassion.

(Dec. 29, 1911.)

Our ideas come we know not whence and go we know not where.

The first: however you may sit down to write a certain The first: however you may sit down to write a thing, you sit down and write an altogether different thing.

Between "I want to sit down" and "I sat down"—there passes a minute. Wherea then come those thoughts. there passes a minute. Whence then come those thoughts, on a new theme, which are altogether different from those with which I passed the mean and over sat down in order with which I paced the room, and even sat down in order to write include to write just them down? . .

It is as though that damned Gutenburg has licked all their souls in print, they have lost their face, character. Writer. This must be the reason why I have a superchilden fear of tearing up between pote-hooks (even my stitious fear of tearing up letters, note-books (even my children's exercise books), manuscripts—and I don't tear up anything. I bow solutions the letters from my anything. I have kept intact all the letters from my school friends; with regret, as the pile ever grows bigger and bigger. I took to the pile ever grows bigger and bigger. I took to the pile ever grows bigger. and bigger, I tear up only mine, and that only rarely. (In a railway car.)

Nina Rudnev (a relation), a girl of seventeen, said in reply to the masculine, manly, strong in me: trousers, only masculine thing in you . . . are your

She cut her words short.

Sine cut her words short.

1.e. 'apart from the clothes, is it all feminine? I never was liked by women (except by "my Friend"), and this explains women's antipathy to me, which always (from my school days) worried me so much.

Contemporary Russian Literature.

By C. M. Grieve.

Prince D. S. Mirsky's "Contemporary Russian Literature, 1881-1923" (Routledge, 12s. 6d.), is a model book of its kind. The author handles his material with exceptional its kind. The author handles his material with exceptional competence. These 330 pages have a readability and, indeed, a raciness any literary historian might envy. I know no parallel to his feat. I am the happier in saying so since, in these pages, I had to pass some strictures on his "Modern Russian Literature" in the Oxford University Press "World's Manuals" series. It is a most uncommon thing to find a book of this kind written by one who is able to see his field "steadily and see it whole."

In passing I note that a suggestion I threw out in my

In passing I note that a suggestion I threw out in my previous review, mentioned above, has here been acted upon—the bibliography at the end details not only English (which includes American) translations, etc., but those available in French and German. The vast majority of Prince Mirsky's French and German. The vast majority of Prince Mirsky's English readers will also know either or both of these languages, and so need not be limited to forming a distressingly British view of Russian masterpieces. In this connection, for example, the author points out that "there exist two English translations of The Twelve (Blok's). They may be read to have a general idea of the 'argument,' but they are inadequate and give no idea of the grandness and perfection of the original. The poem, on the face of it, is untranslatable, and to translate it well might seem an impossible miracle. This miracle, however, has been wrought by its German translator, Wolfgang Gröger, whose version of it is almost on the level of the original."

"I am afraid," says Prince Mirsky, "the Anglo-Saxon intellectual will find certain of my appreciations startlingly queer. The English and American intellectual, in his appreciations of Russian writers, is about twenty years behind the times, and even twenty years ago some of his preferences would be shared only by the less literate. The prominence I give to Leskov, to Leontiev, to Rozanov, to the Symbolists (and among them to Bely rather than to the Symbolists (and, among them, to Bely rather than to Balmont), and to Remizov reflects what has become a commonplace of Russian literary judgment, and is by no means a bid for originality on my part. In the same way my coolness for Merezhkovsky, for Artsybashev, for Andreev's Symbolism, for Gorky's middle period, and for most of Balmont's poetry, is rather a proof of my gregariousness than otherwise.'

Prince Mirsky's work is essentially unreviewable—at any rate, in such space as I have here. I differ from him on rate, in such space as I have here. I differ from him on a thousand points as completely as I agree with him on a thousand others. But however I differ from him in detailhowever his inexpert handling of philosophical issues may seem to me to vitiate some of his most important judgments—philosophical profundity is not what one looks for in a book of this character; it has a thousand and one things to say which are more essential to its immediate purpose; to say which are more essential to its immediate purpose;

His general "tone" may perhaps be most interestingly conveyed by quoting him on the subject of Rozanov's Solitaria, translations from which we are appearing in The

"In 1912 appeared Solitary Thoughts, Printed Almost Privately. The book is described in the catalogue of the British Museum as consisting of maxims and short essents." But these terms give no idea of the extra-British Museum as consisting of 'maxims and short essays.' But these terms give no idea of the extraordinary originality of its form. The little fragments which form it ring with the sound of a live voice, for they are constructed not along the lines of conventional grammar, but with the freedom and variety of intonation of living speech; the voice often falls to a hardly audible, interrupted whisper. But at times, in its unconventional interrupted whisper. But at times, in its unconventional and unfettered freedom, it attains real eloquence and a powerful. and unfettered freedom, it attains real eloquence and a powerful emotional rhythm. . . Rozanov's style is more than any other style untranslatable. In it, it is the intonation that matters. He uses various typographical devices to bring it out—inverted commas and brackets—but the effect is changed and lost in another language; so rich is it in amottonal chedges and overtones. so so rich is it in emotional shades and overtones, so saturated with the spirit of Russia, and so peculiarly Russian are the intonations. . . His genius is feminine; it is naked intuition without a trace of 'architecture' in the André Saurès has said of Dostoevsky that he presented the scendal of paleodoses (le scandale de la nudité). sented the scandal of nakedness (le scandale de la nudité). sented the scandar of nakedness (te scandare ac to matte).
But Dostoevsky is quite decently draped in comparison with Rozanov. And the nakedness of Rozanov is not always beautiful. For all that, Rozanov was the greatest arriver of his generation." writer of his generation.

So far as all but a handful of British readers are concerned, this book must be a first glimpse of a whole continent of

recent literature.

Drama.

The Three Sisters: Barnes.

Tchehov at his best is as impressive and provocative as life itself. He introduces the same mood, paradoxically uniting dream and reality, that the observation of actual people induces, the same hovering between brushing the reality away for dream and clinging to the dream for reality. The minds of his characters are not artificially simplified to render them easily digestible by an armchair audience; nor are they artificially complicated to produce the illusion of living faster than time. One comes away from Tchehov's characters questioning one's self about them, about their motives, as though, having in fact met them, one had seen only their external reactions.

One result of this restrained objective method is the presentation of effective cameos; given the acting—and so little is to be spoken that the actor must think and work as hard as the audience-again and again in a line or two life is portrayed in completeness and detail on a sort of relief miniature. Take, for example, the scene between Tchebutykin, the Army doctor, old and cynical, and Masha, young and romantic. The audience knows that the presence of the doctor is mainly due to the fact that, as a younger man, he had loved the three sisters' mother. married to a contented pedagogue, is experiencing a romantic attachment with Colonel Vershinin, himself also blessed with a partner who doesn't understand him. Sitting apart with the old bachelor doctor, Masha suddenly asks him if he loved her mother very much. "Very much," answers the doctor. "And did she love you?" follows Masha. "That, my child, I really do not remember." It is, if you like, a bald, harmless conversation, telling the undience nothing. It is, on the other hand, a complete evelation. Masha's question is the lead she gives to the doctor to invite a confession and to offer consolation. Nothing comes of it, but there is no doubt about its intention. You may, if you like, take the doctor's second rejoinder as evidence of failing memory. The doctor himself behaved at times in a manner excusing that view. had you not better accept it as the doctor's full recognition of what his respect for the dead woman's honour demanded? Possibly the knowledge that the woman did love him was the one thing he cherished, the one memory whose brightness made life tolerable. All that I may fairly call the hidden content of this conversation was communicated by Margaret Swallow and Dan F. Roe, whose performance as the doctor was a beautiful and consistent piece of life.

Continuing this simple incident, these four brief sentences enact in the audience's mind a complete drama. The audience changes places with the artist, and becomes the dissatisfied dramatist, engaged in shaping its own visions and speculations. Tchehov does not later fall to the conventional temptation and give his old doctor the stage so that he may explain himself to the audience, and thus provide them with the artificial climax. There is the conversation, a key to the speaker's mind, but not a window. You make of it what you can. You are no more entitled in drama to have the faces screwed off the characters so that the works and

springs are exposed than you are in actuality. The characters in this play are more intelligible to the Western European than in much of Tchehov's work. Their spiritual problems gain our sympathy more easily. We can feel ourselves in the place of these three sisters longing for escape from provincial dullness, for the brilliance of the metropolis, for the ecstasy of romantic love; one has shared with them the child's reluctance to forfeit his visions for the intractable reality. Yet reality will not be denied, and Tchehov brings it home with no less a shock, though with a Tchehov brings it home with no less a shock, though with a much lighter hand, than Sean O'Casey. The removal of Masha's temptation as she was in readiness to fall offers a psychological theme for meditation by theologians; whether it is better in the end to fall or not to fall. Indeed, one cannot cease from thinking of these people in a play as real it is better in the end to fall or not to fall. Indeed, one cannot cease from thinking of these people in a play as real them. The play is not a basin full of life in a laboratory, I hope that M. Komisarjevsky has now provided a little more light in the second act. The contrasts need not be lost if the stage were a little more illuminated, and the attention

if the stage were a little more illuminated, and the attention of the audience, without weakening in tension, would be spared from strain. A big cast and M. Komisarjevsky's spaned from strain. A big cast and M. Komisarjevsky strain remarkable stage effects have produced a worthy climax to Mr. Philip Ridgway's achievement at Barnes. Martita Hunt and Beatrix Thompson as the other two sisters were at their best. Charles Laughton, Douglas Jeffries, Guy Pelham-Boneton, and Dorice Fordred were thoroughly at home in its atmosphere. The production is one to be remembered, and ought to be brought to the West End.

PAUL BANKS.

The Community's Bank Account.

By Arthur Brenton.

If industry were to borrow, say, £10,000,000 from the banks, the debit entry under the New Economic system of national book-keeping would be offset by a credit entry of the same sum in favour of the community. The principle on which this would be done is that financial credit is the property of the community and not of the banks. Industry would owe £10,000,000 to the banks, but to them only as trustees for the community. The community would stand in the same accounting position as if they had first created and lent the credit to the banking system. In fact, wherever a bank lends money it is really exercising a proxy from every member of the community to create and advance on his helalt credit interests. behalf credit inherently belonging to him. The credit is his in virtue of his willingness to co-operate in production and consumption, without which there would be no value in credit. It is his right to create money himself: the only justification for the intermediary function of a banking system is the necessity for all these individual rights to be co-ordinated scientifically. The banking system has no right other than to advance credit to industry and to receive and register received. and register repayments; it is not its right to decide whether or when to require the credit back, and it is unsound finance automatically to cancel the credit as and when received. But under its existing accountancy forms the banking system, having no credit account in favour of the community, quite logically cancels the credit. The banker is honest. He says, "Hullo; here is that money back. It is not mine, for I created it. But as nobody now claims of the says, it I more than the says it." So it, I must letter keep it for myself or else destroy it. he destroys it. The whole trouble is his lack of wit, or his perverse refused to whole trouble is his lack of wit, or his perverse refusal, to open the missing Community Account which would solve his book-keeping problem. Its omission breaks the greating breaks the credit current. Without it you have this position: the banking system debits Industry with £10,000,000: Industry disburses it and has to repay it. But to repay it, it has to charge it to the community. Even if meanwhile it has disbursed the total current ways and divisors. has disbursed the total sum in wages, salaries and disbursed (which it does not), it will have entered it as a cost to be recovered later on in sales. But in the process of disbursing it the price level has been raised, so that for an unimproved supply of goods it gots book all the extra credit. unimproved supply of goods it gets back all the extra credit. But the credit is obviously not being received by the borrouing section of Industry it is build by other ing section of Industry; it is collected as revenue by other sections of Industry, who are supplying the borrowing some with material or their personnel with consumable The £10,000,000 will now be used by the holders to repay previous bank loans of their own leaving the most recent previous bank loans of their own, leaving the most recent loan uncovered. The money loan uncovered. The community is thus without the money to meet the last loss of the last l to meet the last loan. But now, supposing a system which the community had originally been credited by the bank with the loan when the transfer then the conbank with the loan when lent to Industry, then the community can now do not be stored to the control of the con munity can now demand money and meet its obligations to Industry. True that, in this isolated example, the would not have the money and meet its obligations to would not have the money and meet its obligations to would not have the money and its because it had would not have the money, but that would be because it had had to allow its less loss of the state of the canhad to allow its last loan of £10,000,000 to be used in cancelling old loans to their old loans to the loans to their old loans celling old loans to that amount. But the absorption of new loans to defray old loans loans to defray old loans arises from the book-keeping omission to which references. sion to which reference has been made. With that omission rectified it would never has been made. rectified it would never be necessary for Industry to depend on new loans for paying off past indebtedness to its bankers. Common sense will agree that it never should have been necessary.

Once account the community as the ultimate creditor for all the development costs of Industry and the industrial problem is solved. For the community will take its repayment in goods. It will willingly wine to the community of the community of the community will take its repayment. in goods. It will willingly wipe out its money claims on its producers in return for the products it wants. It will say: "Have all the money you want, and deliver me all the goods you can make."

The question of the amount of credit required would not constitute a problem at all. There would be no limit short of what could be used. That is obvious so far as internal trade is concerned. But it is equally true in regard to external trade. On a low computation Industry can to-day double its present rate of delivery to home consumers, and double its present rate of delivery to home consumers, and still have a substantial surplus for export. accredited, it would not be obliged to sell this surplus abroad in order to recover its costs, for it could have previously got in order to recover its costs, for it could have previously got them all back from the community for the doubled home them all back from the community for the doubled home trest any price down to zero in the world market prinancial loss. It would not, of course; but it could if, for instance, external money-riggers began to play about with The question of the amount of credit required would not institute a problem at all the control of the short short in the control of the contr instance, external money-riggers began to play about with exchanges, and the community assented to this who conreprisal (under Government attention). Critics who we reprisal (under Government supervision). Critics which we jure up nightmares about exchange situations in what might have to export a locomotive for every quarter of wheat

imported, do not stop to consider the fact that each locomotive would disemploy masters, men and machines in the countries to which it was sent.

But, to conclude on the main point of this article, bank ments to producers for their maximum output of socially useful goods. Under the existing financial system the producers are not allowed to discharge their obligation in goods to the community, but are forced to return the money to the bank whenever called upon to do so. The money is then cancelled and the transaction is ended. The community is left in the position of having paid for goods and not having got them. One case in point is the Coal Subsidy. A "New Economic" accounting system would show the community to be in coal it. becoming accounting system would show the community to be in credit to the amount of this £25,000,000, whereas now it appears (in its role as a body of taxpayers) as in debt for that sum; and has not got it. No wonder that popular feeling is against the Subsidy, and that the coal industry is warned that no more prepayments for coal will be made. Yet, at the same time, there is no major industry or economic activity of any sort that does not depend utterly on continuactivity of any sort that does not depend utterly on continuactivity. activity of any sort that does not depend utterly on continuous has

ous bank accommodation—i.e., on community prepayments. The moral is plain. The accountancy of credit must be moulded to the shape of fact. As soon as the home population take their rightful place in the national ledger as industry's only creditors, the end of the economic struggle will be in sight.

NOVEMBER 4, 1926

Music.

B.B.C. Concert at the Albert Hall.

For the second International Concert at the Albert Hall on Thursday, October 21, the B.B.C. sent me such extremely tremely bad seats (arena), seats so far back, that the music reaches reached me distorted and foreshortened, so my remarks on it must be distorted and foreshortened, so my remarks on the must be distorted and foreshortened. it must be interpreted by reference to my position on the floor of the Hall. These particular seats I always take great care to avoid on the few occasions I go there. It may be useful to others to know that Arena, Blocks B-C, from the eighth or tanth powerful is possable. The fault the eighth or tenth row forward is passable. The fault further back lies not so much in the disconcerting acoustic properties of the Hall (for with its fine shape there seems no reason when the fact no reason why it should not be perfect), but in the fact that the Hall was built and intended for performances on an immense. an immense scale. In 1912 I was present at a concert there at which six combined London orchestras (there were actually six full-blown orchestras in London at the time) performed totallic. performed—totalling some 700 players. The effect was magnificent, not in the least excessive in volume; it was the right countries. the right orchestra for the Hall, and none of the unpleasant repercussions. repercussion and reverberation effects that afflict us so horribly under usual circumstances were present on that occasion. The auditorium itself was full—another important matter—for any holling and the property of the control of matter—for any building, be its acoustics never so perfect, will not sound its best half empty—but will be too resonant, as it was on the

will not sound its best half empty—but will be as it was on the evening of October 21.

The orchestra of 150, with the numbers of which the B.B.C. have been making great play, would have sounded magnificent in the Queen's. Had the B.B.C. really courageously set about doing this series of concerts in the grand manner, they would have got together a real festival grand manner, they would have got together a real festival orchestra like the marvellous body outlined by Sir Henry Wood in the Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians. Enormously bigger audiences would be attracted by the with the Massed Rands at the Crustal Palace—here a justiciant the Massed Rands at the Crustal Palace—here is the with the Massed Bands at the Crystal Palace—here a justifiable sensationalism of the thing—such as is the Crystal Palace—here a justifiable sensationalism of the Crystal Palace—here a justificable sensationalism of the thing—such as is the Crystal Palace—here a justifiable sensationalism of the Crystal Palace—here a justifiable sensationalism of the thing—such as is the Crystal Palace—here a justifiable sensationalism of the thing—such as is the Crystal Palace—here a justifiable sensationalism of the Crystal Palace—here a justif hable sensationalism, since it would only serve the thoroughly right and legitimate purpose of presenting music. The same acoustic deficiencies were malign to Wagner to Callar last Thursday, but arms distinctly the reverse

and Elgar last Thursday, but were distinctly the reverse to Scriabin. The Poème de l'Extase sounded better than have ever not le la last scribe of a horrible I have ever yet heard in London—in spite of a horrible discrepancy of pitch between the Orchestral Brass and Wood good, and the Organ. The last few pages sounded extremely Full Organ to the last chord, swamping the orchestra, was Enperor '' Concerto was, one could easily infer, superb, sion; and the curious placing of the piano—doubtless for transmit the curious placing of the piano—doubtless for transmit. have ever yet heard in London—in spite of a horrible screpancy of pitch between the Control Brass and Wood reperture was, one could diabolical repertures sion; and the curious placing of the piano—doubtless for orchestra seemed too much on a level. I feel convinced that if the floor of the orchestra were twice, or two and a ball the floor of the orchestra were twice, or two and orchestra seemed too much on a level. I feel convinced that if the floor of the orchestra were twice, or two and a half times, as steeply pitched as it is, that a good deal would disappear—a canopy or sounding board (as over might help matters as far as this instrument is concerned

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Review.

The World of William Clissold. By H. G. Wells. Vol II., Books 3 and 4. (Ernest Benn, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

If adverse criticism be the food of the Big Names, then play on, my fellow reviewers, into the hands of those who can gauge your little ways better than they ever gauge the more mysterious "taste" of the public. For the public alone decrees every now and then that a mere creative artist, better or worse, shall make an income that enables him to live in a big, brick-red house in Surrey, just like William Clissold's advertising brother, Dickon, and associate on equal terms with stockbrokers; which must be a grand experience. But suppose the wonderful accident does not happen. Suppose we have no more than that established following which nerves our publisher to risk his outlay in the knowledge that he is bound to make his piece out of it. Will not a few reviewers' attacks, especially if they are unfair, just turn the scale until at last it kicks the beam? Of course they will; and a little of the right kind of irritant, such as Mr. Wells supplies in his perfectly reasonable complaint, through his middle-aged, philosophising mouthpiece, that Royal thanks-giving processions hold up the traffic unnecessarily, brings the welcome shower of profitable abuse, the piffling, peering, pince-nez publicists falling for it every time. And what is the truth? For, after all, why shouldn't someone tell the truth, and about his own brothers if need be? Well, the truth is that the first volume of this Clissold business was dull, and pretentious; and half the critics in London fell over themselves in their eagerness to acclaim it as a work of genius. And when the public, with far better sense and judgment, disagreed, and the critics were "rumbled," they prepared to be right next time. So they have concentrated a stream of venom on Book Two, which is thoroughly interesting, well-written, and a piece of first-rate craftsmanship. Mr. Clissold's little loves are not to be sneered at. He has whispered Mr. Well-so much about them that we comprehend them all Mr. Wells so much about them that we comprehend them all, and are glad of the relief they give us from that muffled big drum of history which was beaten in our ears at the beginning. Like the kisses of the first Mrs. Clissold, these later and unblessed amours are straight out of stock. But the stock is a sound one, and we like it. And suppose the the stock is a sound one, and we like it. And suppose the public likes it, too, and buys Book the Second heavily. What on earth will the pince-nezed find to say about Volume III.? Whatever it is, they are bound to slip up. Most of them would be far better occupied at stockbroking. They would be less wrong less often, par exemple!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. "CATHOLICISM AND EVOLUTION."

Sir,-In your review of Mr. Wells's pamphlet against me Sir,—In your review of Mr. Wells's pamphlet against me (in your issue of October 14), you say that I, in my criticism of Mr. Wells's Outline of History, "admit a sort of evolution by spasms." I can quite understand the error, as Mr. Wells's pamphlet gives no idea of my work, and as that work appeared first in the columns of a denominational newspaper, which your reviewer would, naturally, be unacquainted with. But an error it is, and should be corrected. I had not a word to say against the general theory unacquainted with. But an error it is, and should be corrected. I had not a word to say against the general theory of evolution, nor did I specifically support De Vries and the new Mutationist school which has now so strong a hold, and which is what (I presume) your reviewer alludes to as "evolution by spasms." My criticism was directed against Mr. Wells's ignorance of all the modern destructive work against Darwin's particular theory of Natural Selec-

against Mr. Wells's ignorance of all the modern destructive work against Darwin's particular theory of Natural Selection—a totally different thing, the disappearance of which can in no way affect the general theory of Evolution.

When your reviewer adds that "No Catholic would have When your reviewer adds that ago," he shows himself—naturally enough—ignorant of all Catholic life and teachnaturally enough—ignorant of all Catholic life and teaching: I say "naturally enough," because the vast world of Catholicism is cut off from the bulk of our reading public. Was not Lamark a Catholic? And who but Lamark originated the modern renewed interest in Evolution? Yet Lamark was writing before Darwin was born. Perhaps

Lamark was writing before Darwin was born. Perhaps your reviewer does not count the fathers of the Church (such as St. Augustine) as Catholic. But surely he would admit the medieval scholastics? Then what of St. Thomas's admit the medieval scholastics?

admit the medieval scholastics? Then what of St. Inomas's doctrine of Mediate Creation?

As for, not twenty years, but the whole lifetime of our generation—more like seventy years—an immense mass of biological work, and perhaps some of the best of it, much of it evolutionary in thesis, has come not only from the pens of Catholics, but of priests.

H. Belloc.

[Mr. Mairet rejoins: This letter is certainly more favourable to evolution than anything one could find in Catholic apologetics of twenty to thirty years ago. Mr. Wells presents Mr. Belloc's idea of evolution as one in which species

are transformed by sudden (?) creative acts. If this is a misrepresentation New Age readers would be glad of Mr. Belloc's correction.]

TELEPATHY.

Sir,—Mr. G. R. Scott lays down the law as to the non-existence of thought-transference. I wonder if he is right. Myself naturally matter-of-fact, a doubting Thomas, I have no views on the subject, and no theory. But some-

have no views on the subject, and no theory. But something happened in my house that has puzzled me.

After dinner one night I suggested to the six of us present that we should try a writing game, as we had never amused ourselves in that way. The ladies were not at all anthusication but we started a game in which a word at all enthusiastic, but we started a game in which a word is chosen, and each has to write a telegram or statement, each word of which, in due order, begins with one of the letters of the chosen word, in this case "English." My sister-in-law set to work hard. My wife did nothing, not being very keen on this sort of thing, but when the time was nearly up, feeling that she must write something or other, she scribbled down quickly what came into her head. When later my sister-in-law read out her laborious effort, "Every nice girl loves Irish stew hot," my wife exclaimed in utter astonishment, "Why, that's mine!" Her quick scrawl was the same word for word.

They were sitting on different sides of the table, there was no chance and no possible motive for collusion. Neither of them had ever played the game before. Of course, not

was no chance and no possible motive for collusion. Neither of them had ever played the game before. Of course, not knowing the people personally, Mr. Scott could not in any case be so absolutely certain as I am that there was no trick, but I should be interested to know, if he can get himself to assume for a moment that the above did happen, whether his explanation of hallucination or that of synaesthesia would cover the case.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

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national complications arising foreign markets.

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Creating new money, prevalent during the war, which
currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still
the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulaproduction (as distinct from their apparent financial cost
ander the present system). The technique for effecting
this is fully described in Major Douglas's books.

The adoption of this scheme would result in an unpre-

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 unstable output, and month therefore all minutes the days.

population by the absorption at home of the present un-saleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dan-gerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other sug-gested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial while, on the part of any section of the community, vidual enterprise.

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