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INDEX.

VOLUME XLII (New Series).

A

Adlerian Economics. 79.
Art. 22, 188, 210.
Autolycus. 270.

B

Bolshevism Psycho Analysed. 9.
Bone to Pick, A. 77.

C

Cave Man Critic, A. 220, 233.
Chinese Art. 118.
Colour Block Print Making. 47.
Concertina, The. 56.
Cruel Sports. 160.
Current Political Economy. 103, 112, 124, 137, 197, 234, 259.

D

Dalcroze Eurhythmics. 284.
Dancing Girls of the Desert. 42.
Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance. 296.
Defect in the Costing System. 184.
Defence of Englishmen, The. 4.
Denis Saurat. 176, 187.
Destiny of Nations. 212, 225.
Drama. 8, 21, 33, 43, 54, 80, 90, 105, 126, 140, 152, 163, 174, 189, 200, 211, 224, 235, 249, 261, 272, 285, 293, 312.

E

Eternal Problem, The. 282.

F

Feodor Sologub. 102.
Films, The. 53.
Financial Structure of Industry. 245, 256, 268.
Financing Production. 165.
Fruition of Salesmanship, The. 222.

G

Gaelic Poetry. 164.
Ghost of Twopence, The. 186.
Go to the Ant. 161.
Government and the Soldier's Pension, The. 135.

H

How the Sheikh Really Lives. 32.

I

Impartiality. 65.
In Memory of Freedom. 19.

K

Kibbo Kift. 71.

L

Last Trousers of the Romanoffs, The. 118.
Letters of Gertrude Bell. 45, 59.
Letters to the Editor. 11, 24, 35, 47, 71, 83, 95, 107, 119, 131, 142, 155, 167, 178, 190, 203, 215, 227, 239, 250, 263, 274, 287, 303, 314.
Liberalism and Agriculture. 148.
Liberty. 28.
Light for and from the Blind. 165.
Logos of Toryism. 69.
Lord Rothermere on Naval Policy. 106.
Lunacy for All. 88.

M

Manipulative Surgery. 138.
Medicine Myth and the Mass. 144.
Midland Bank and the Bankers' Institute. 40, 64, 100.
Minutiae. 52, 66.
Motion Picture. 185.
Movement at a Standstill, A. 67.
M.M. Club. 295.
Music. 22, 32, 45, 81, 94, 117, 128, 149, 175, 198, 236, 281.

N

New Adelphi. 238.
"New Age" and the Approaching Crisis, The. 207.
Note on Criticism, A. 41.
Notes of the Week. 1, 13, 25, 37, 49, 61, 73, 85, 97, 109, 121, 133, 145, 157, 169, 181, 194, 205, 217, 229, 241, 253, 265, 277, 289, 305.

O

Open Letter to Labour Leaders, An. 104.

P

Passing of Anglicanism, The. 3.
Pastiche. 10, 83, 214.
Paul Valery. 54.
Penny Gaff, The. 310.
Pest. 246.
Poetry of Robert Graves, The. 34.
Polite Conversation. 30.
Problem of the Borot. 16.
Prophets, Peas, and Rings. 248.
Public Schools and the Artistic Boy. 68.
Purpose. 153.
Pyre of Redemption, The. 129.

R

Reviews. 11, 23, 29, 46, 56, 82, 95, 107, 119, 130, 141, 154, 166, 190, 202, 215, 226, 239, 262, 273, 286, 302, 313.
Road to Plenty, The. 202.
Rudolph Steiner. 226.
Rural Life and Lore. 7, 20, 31, 56, 70, 82, 92, 116, 128, 150, 201, 209, 223.

S

Sabotage of the Spirit. 213.
Scottish Banking on the Defensive. 129.
Senescent British Fiction. 18.
Shipbuilding Industry, The. 10.
Social Credit in Australia. 46.
Social Credit Policy. 232, 244, 258, 267, 279.
Social Failure, A. 237.
Something for Nothing. 76.
Spacious Days. 172.

T

Tale of a Tubthumper, A. 90.
Truth about Scotland, The. 16.
Twelve O'clock. 177, 214, 227, 239, 257, 269, 309.

V

Vanishing Shop, The. 94.
Verse:—
F. R. Angus. 18.
Jean Baptiste. 309.
A. Newberry Choyce. 5, 107, 117, 177, 186, 191, 210, 270, 286.
Joe Corrie. 11, 150.
Samuel F. Darwin Fox. 31, 107, 114, 191, 210, 281.
D. R. Guttery. 11, 20, 31, 42, 107, 119, 154.
Dorothy Hayes. 102.
W. H. H. Helby. 203.
H. B. S. L. 303.
Geoffrey Johnson. 236, 256.
L. S. M. 100, 130.
H. E. B. Ludlum. 303.
Duncan S. McMillan. 258.
Edna Hylda Morgan. 191, 210.
Helen Mullins. 141, 142.
N. B. R. 270.
O. J. Wyndham Nowe. 130.
Chas. R. Proctor. 303.
Joyce Reason. 223.
Muriel Stevens. 167.
A. S. J. Tessimond. 11, 107. 246.
H. T. D. Thompson. 303.
Views and Reviews. 6, 44, 78, 91, 115, 127, 139, 151, 162, 199, 247, 260, 271, 283, 292, 311.

W

Whitewashed Cat, The. 141.
Women and Money. 302.

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

A

A. B. 106
A. N. 214, 284.

B

Banks, Paul. 8, 21, 33, 43, 54, 80, 93, 105, 126, 140, 152, 163, 174, 185, 272, 285, 293, 312.
Baptiste, Jean. 71, 238, 261.
Bethesda. 114.
Brenton, Arthur. 76.

C

Coleman, A. W. 16.
Cousens, Hilderic. 246

D

Demant, V. A. 283, 311.
Douglas, C. H. 40, 64, 88, 100, 245, 256, 268, 295.
Durak, Ivan. 9.

E

Ewing, J. M. 165.

F

Fisher, R. 32, 142.
Fox, S. F. Darwin. 19, 28, 161, 213.

G

Gibbon, J. W. 52, 66.
Goldsby, Walter. 77.
Grieve, C. M. 16, 102, 129.

H

H. 148.
Harris, G. W. 65.
Hill, R. H. 68.
Hope, Wilfred. 22, 188, 210.

J

Joyce, Michael. 237.

K

Kennard, A. E. 138.
Kirkbride, J. S. 69, 248.

L

Lister Harold. 302.

M

M. B. R. 222.
McIlwain, John. 129.
McKenna, W. H. 4.
M'Diarmid, Hugh. 54, 164.
Montgomery, Niel. 176, 187.
Moore, Wm. 270.

N

N. 103, 112, 124, 137, 197, 234, 259.

O

O. B. 226.
Old and Crusted. 172.
One of the Rank and File. 104.

P

Paine, Thomas. 296.
Plinge, Walter. 46.

R

Reckitt, M. B. 67, 271.
Repton, Wm. 56, 141, 186.
R. M. 6, 30, 44, 78, 91, 115, 127, 139, 151, 162, 199, 260, 282, 310.
R. R. 7, 20, 31, 56, 70, 82, 92, 116, 128, 150, 201, 209, 223.

S

Sagittarius. 177, 214, 227, 239, 257, 269, 309.
Scott, Curfew. 90.
Scott, George Ryley. 18, 41.
Shipbuilder. 10.
Soden, W. N. 153.
Sorabji Kaikhosru. 22, 32, 45, 57, 81, 94, 117, 128, 149, 175, 198, 236, 281.
Spero, Leopold. 45, 118.
Symons, W. T. 79, 292.

T

Trenamen, S. 94.

W

W. H. H. 53.

THE
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . . *John o' London's Weekly* on Mr. Montagu Norman. Craven Hill's anti-American cartoon in *Punch*. Biographical details about Mr. Walter Stewart, the American adviser to the Bank of England. The *Daily Dispatch* mentions the Douglas Proposals. Mr. Frank Morris defines "National Credit" in the *Spectator*.	1
THE PASSING OF ANGLICANISM (Editorial) .	3
THE DEFENCE OF ENGLISHMEN. By W. H. McKenna	4
VIEWS AND REVIEWS.—Oxford. By R. M. .	6
RURAL LIFE AND LORE.—III. How I Became a Kennelman. By R. R.	7
DRAMA. By Paul Banks . . . . . *Woman's Honour. Where the Cross is Made. Catherine Parr. The Kingdom of God.*	8
BOLSHEVISM PSYCHO-ANALYSED. By Ivan Durak . . . . . *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism.*	9
THE SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRY. By "Shipbuilder"	10
PASTICHE . . . . . *A Sketch of Actuality.* By "Conclavist." *Paris Theatre.* By W. H. H. *Pacifism.* By J. G.	10
REVIEWS . . . . . *Wit's End. Bristol.*	11
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	11
VERSE . . . . . *Sed Amor Manet.* By A. Newberry Choyce (5). *Lovers of a Broken Race.* By Joe Corrie. *Taking Breakfast.* By D. R. Guttery. *Classics.* By A. S. J. Tessimond (11).	—

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It looks as if the Prince of Wales is going to lose his place as the star turn of the popular Press to Mr. Montagu Norman. The latter gentleman figures in an unsigned article in the current *John o'London's Weekly*. "He is a born diplomat," says the anonymous author, "and something more than that, for one feels that with him the stability of the world-state counts more than the economic climb of any unit of it, not excluding Great Britain."

> "The assistance he has frequently rendered to European nations to establish their fortunes proves that he recognises more clearly than most men that the fabric of international finance is so delicately interwoven that one weak thread cannot with safety be left unrepaired. In England his position and prestige are unique. He acts as liaison officer between the City and the Treasury. Political and financial problems are so closely related that it is of the first importance that the relations of the Governor of the Bank and the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be frank and intimate. And it is safe to say that every Chancellor of the Exchequer who has served since 1920 has hailed with delight the continued and unprecedented stay of Mr. Norman in the Governorship."

Together with other testimony the writer quotes Mr. Snowden who has stated that—

> "He might have stepped out of the frame of the portrait of the most handsome courtier who ever graced the court of a Queen" . . . "one of the kindliest natures and most sympathetic hearts it has ever been my privilege to know."

There is some information which we have not seen before:—

> "His grandfather, Mr. G. W. Norman (1792-1882), was a Director of the Bank for fifty-one years during the stormy period immediately prior to the passing of the Bank Act (1884). His grandfather on his mother's side, Sir Mark Wilks Collet, was a Director of the Bank for twenty-three years and its Governor for two years."

The other particulars narrated have been published in *Who's Who*—namely that he was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge (the first University to show tolerance for industrial capitalism in its aspect of Nonconformity) and then joined the Army. In 1899 he fought as a volunteer in the 4th Battalion of the Bedfords in the South African War, which our older readers will remember was fought to make the gold mines safe for democracy. Besides mention in despatches, he won the Queen's medal with four clasps and the D.S.O.

> "His house," says the writer of the article, "on Campden Hill is filled with furniture, crockery, and artistic trifles of his own design."

Adding these to former eulogies, we now have presented to us a financier, diplomat, scholar, statesman, soldier, artist, and philosopher. We do not set these matters out to scoff. They are probably an understatement of Mr. Norman's qualities, and it is necessary that they should be taken into account by all who interest themselves in the policy and strategy of the Social Credit Movement.

* * *

The paramount factor in the situation is that Mr. Norman not only has a complete grasp of the Social Credit Theorem and its implications, but probably knew all about it before it was independently discovered by Major Douglas. Nobody at the head of affairs in this country could have brought the ship of State to port (uneasy as the harbour waters are) through the storm of war-economics without knowing perfectly the nature and measure of the fundamental risks of navigation which we have shown to exist in the vessel. Secondly, nobody who was not alive to the implications of Major Douglas's announcement would have taken such prompt steps as were taken to insulate it from public discussion by imposing a Press and Parliamentary boycott on it. A fool would have gone out bald-headed to procure it universal advertisement, thinking he had got a smashing answer to it. But the financial system is not run by fools. Mr. Norman knows that Social Credit will work. The trouble is that he does not propose to set it to work. Nevertheless, we have no right to say that he intends never to do so. In fact,

it would be wrong to assume the latter as the explanation of the negative visible results of our propaganda in the absence of clear, authentic evidence to that effect. The writer of the article in *John o' London's Weekly* tells a story of how when Mr. Norman returned from the South African War he was met at his station by an enthusiastic crowd who bundled him into a carriage which they proceeded to move towards his home, some pulling in front and others pushing behind. After they had gone a little way the crowd in front looked in and saw the carriage was empty. Ultimately it was discovered that Mr. Norman had slid out and was helping to push behind. We hope the story is true, and that Mr. Norman still retains the quality of spirit which it reveals. One touch of humour makes the whole world kin. (So, some day, will one touch of leisure). It seems almost too incongruous to be true that Mr. Norman can be, in his soul, an assenting party to the sordid, inhumane, unscientific, inartistic, inefficient, incoherent policy of which he has so far been the prime administrator in Europe. On psychological grounds we ought to be optimists. It is not impossible that his old joke against his local admirers may not be repeated on the grand scale against his American adulators. Washington and Wall Street may think they have got John Bull safely locked up in the carriage of the existing financial system, bound for the dungeons of the Federal Reserve Board, but it is not certain that John will be there when the doors clang.

* * *

Strange things are happening in high political parlours and club rooms when *Punch* can publish a cartoon such as appears in its issue of October 26. Mr. Craven Hill has a full-page drawing there portraying an immense American Veteran in military uniform contemptuously addressing a small cowering John Bull as follows—"What (if anything) did *you* do in the Great War?" The artist calls the picture a "suggested design for the frontispiece of a text book to be used in Chicago schools."

* * *

According to a Press report, Mr. Walter Stewart, who assumes his new duties as American advisor to the Bank of England, began his career as a lecturer in Economics at one of the New England colleges. He resigned his lectureship to become the head of the Department of Statistics of the Federal Reserve Bank in Washington. About two years ago he joined the firm of Case, Pomeroy and Co., who conduct a private investment banking business. In New York he is considered an authority on the inner workings of the Federal Reserve System. Shortly after joining the firm mentioned he came to England and was accorded special facilities for studying the central banking system of this country. Mr. Stewart was recommended by Mr. Benjamin Strong, and backed by Mr. J. P. Morgan. It is said that he will probably work in co-operation with Sir Otto Niemeyer, who was appointed to the Bank of England a few months ago. The report states that probably a British adviser to the Federal Reserve Bank will be appointed. No name is mentioned, so we take leave to suggest to Mr. Solly Joel that he might get the job for his friend Mr. J. H. Thomas. He would be in a home from home, and would be well along the road to the American Ambassadorship, which some newspaper once credited to his ambition. It is suggested that Continental advisers will be appointed to the Bank of England later on; and since everyone knows that unless they recommend to the Bank its own pre-determined policy they will not be listened to, it does not matter much who they are. On the same reasoning there need be no qualms about the selection of Mr. Thomas for America. His sole function will be to tell the British people to face facts and keep quiet. And after his long exercise of it at Unity House, we are sure he would do it very nicely.

* * *

A gossip writer in the *Daily Dispatch* of October 26 says:—

> "It is now very unlikely, I am told, that Professor Lees-Smith's 2s. super-tax on unearned incomes of over £500 a year will be adopted as part of the Socialists' next election programme. Mr. Oswald Mosley's specific for banking reform, or possibly a mild dose of Major Douglas's drastic plans for reducing bankers to the position of ledger clerks, is much more likely to be adopted. Truth to tell, the Socialists are looking forward to a middle-class vote from the people most hard hit by the income-tax. It would be extremely unwise to expect these patient sufferers to commit suicide to relieve their burdens."

We are always cheered to see Major Douglas's name in the daily Press. Journalism as a whole "don't believe there's no sich a person." The present writer's implied condemnation of Major Douglas's plans is amusing. There is nothing more demeaning in the position of ledger clerks than that they carry out policy and do not impose it. They are the servants of the directorate. Very well. In a national economy banks are nominally the servants of industry. We have often heard their chairmen claim to be so in actuality. But here we see it claimed that to take them at their word is "drastic" and will "reduce" them. Imagine a business office. A ledger clerk comes one day before the Board and announces: "I have bought a ledger out of my own salary. I am going to sit at home with it. In future you gentlemen must wait on me there, and I'll tell you what your policy must be. I am clearly the judge of what should be entered in my own ledger, and you must shape your transactions according to my rules." If the Board argued at all, it would say: "Yes, but firstly we are not dependent upon you for a ledger: secondly, even if we were, the only thing which would be *yours* would be the ledger and ink; the entries would represent *our money*: thirdly, we can write up a ledger as well as you: fourthly—Good morning!" This is not a distorted picture of the fundamental issue between banking and industry. The Big Five are simply five clerks who have bought ledgers and gone home to their corner sites. But because they have done so there has grown up a superstition that they are the rightful directors of the economic system. On no other ground than that they record economic acts they are allowed to control them. When will our industrial administrators and workpeople wake up and tell these Cuthberts where they get off?

* * *

Mr. Frank Morris discusses "National Credit Delusions" in the Banking and Insurance Supplement of the *Spectator* of October 29. He has at least the courage to state his view explicitly.

> "I venture upon a definition. 'National Credit' is the expression of the taxable capacity of the nation plus national intergrity.
>
> "Now this definition of national credit, if it be accepted, should be sufficient to differentiate it from the credit which bankers deal in. They deal in and supply, first and foremost *their own credit* . . . [partly] their paid-up capital . . . [partly] capital loaned to them by their customers and depositors" (author's italics).

Taxable capacity represents the margin of industrial and private incomes available for collection by the Government. So the "National Credit" is a fraction of the national income. But all these incomes are derived in the last analysis from bank credits. So "National Credit" is a fraction of a fraction of Bankers' credit. And since Bankers' credit is declared not to exceed the banks' capital plus their customers' deposits, the "National Credit" is a fraction of a fraction of the nation's store of credit. If Mr. Morris can see any practical relevancy to the

problem of nationalisation in his definition, we do not. It does not dovetail in anywhere. We know of only two bases of fruitful argument. One is to consider credit in its physical sense—say as the power to exert energy, and the other to define it in its financial sense—say the power to pay money. To argue that the particular portion of total financial credit which the Government prevents people spending themselves needs a special definition in this context is what is vulgarly called "piffling about."

The Passing of Anglicanism.

We imagine that, profoundly as the two parties to the present controversy about the Sacrament differ, they must at least agree on one thing: and that is that the secular Press has done them both an extreme ill-service in so thoroughly broadcasting their disputes. It was a sure way to mobilise scoffers. The proportion of newspaper readers who take an interest, however feeble, in the meaning of the Sacrament is numerically negligible. So when one sees the great Press magnates clearing their secular decks for a polemical battle on this subject, he will do well to ponder the significance of it. These magnates are quite aware that they are thereby undermining the authority of the whole church.

Consider the evolution of Leadership in general. There was a time when the Pressman, the Politician, and the Priest controlled, each for himself, a specific share of that function. They were, so to speak, a Trinity of Authority, in which the three "Persons" were co-equal. The social, political and spiritual aspects of life were given distinctive valuations. What was desirable, what was wise, what was good—these were the points of an equilateral triangle of national polity.

The situation to-day is entirely changed. To readers of THE NEW AGE it is unnecessary to describe how the Press and Parliament became the agencies of Financial Government. We speak of these matters every week. But the authority of the Church has been filched from it in the same way and by the same subtle process. Authority can only be exercised where there is power; and all power now resides in the control of financial credit. The monopoly of the power to create and distribute money includes the power to create and impose a code of ideals and conduct on the whole population. Fleet Street, Westminster, Canterbury—these are become merely agencies of high finance. All three are maintained as centres of *subservient* authority, which is to say, visible centres of departed authority. Only one tongue now speaks. The world is thrust back to the ante-Pentecostal epoch.

But the story is not finished yet. The economic policy of the banking monopoly is to discourage consumption in the interests of production; to restrict the flow of material wealth into the homes of individuals in order to expand the accumulation of productive machinery. It is not our purpose now to repeat our disproof of the supposed necessity for such a policy. We reaffirm our denial of the necessity. Our present point is that to carry out the policy with the least social friction an accompanying moral philosophy is required in which personal abstinence is exalted as a virtue, and impatience under its rigours reprobated as a vice. Accordingly the credit controllers favour and subsidise the propagation of such a philosophy. But on business principles only.

This leads us to our main point. The financiers' policy necessarily implies economy of means in its administration. In the industrial field this is manifested in the familiar process of closing down redundant factories and plants to save costs. The inevitable extension of the process will be to close down redundant moral agencies. In a word, *to scrap the Church*. Now that the bankers, by reason of their completed control of the Press and Parliament, can convince the nation of the inexorable necessity for submission to economic hardships, they do not require the services of a paid Priesthood to add the superfluous information that God wills it. Theology is, for them, an obsolete implement of economic discipline—and that aspect of it is all they are interested in. They regard the Bishops and Clergy as equivalent to redundant State officials, whose emoluments, together with the cost of maintaining "departmental accommodation"—church property—could be applied to more remunerative purposes in other directions.

For evidence of this tendency, look at the valuation placed upon the services of the lower clergy by contrast with the ordinary journalist and the politician. We speak particularly of the Established Church—"established" politically, yet virtually disestablished financially. Not only are these clergy scandalously underpaid, but under the system of the centralised official pooling of tithes they are frequently kept waiting months beyond the due date for the pittances doled out to them. If the Church complains, the answer, if frankly given by the high financiers, would be that the spiritual edification of the people is now provided for by the British Broadcasting Corporation and Lord Rothermere; that now they have financed loud-speakers and broadsheets which have to earn profits on their tremendous capital, it is economic waste to subsidise a non-revenue-earning mechanism, like a rectory or vicarage. It is true that the City—Gentile and Jewish alike—banks, insurance companies, and investment trusts—continue to pay their cheques of thousands of pounds each to the Salvation Army every year; but the Salvation Army, in its annual appeal for donations, never omits to emphasise that it is the most potent voluntary agency for abating industrial unrest. And it is. In a jazz age, bands, blood and fire are required to "bring results." In the commercial sense the sedate contemplative services of the Church do not attract the under-dog,, who reacts only to a din. There is no "pep" in Church "salesmanship." Its percentage of "orders" to the total of "prospects" is so low that to sink more money in it is not a "business proposition."

Added to the Church's inability to compete for financial support is its inability to command political respect. Speaking at Norwich soon after the General Strike, Mr. Baldwin made a flippant reference to the Archbishop of Canterbury's statesmanlike Manifesto issued while the Strike was proceeding. It will be remembered also that Mr. Churchill had denied it publication in the Government's emergency newspaper. Mr. Baldwin joked about this document by comparing it with a hypothetical intervention by the Federation of British Industries to settle a difference between "Particular Baptists and Anglo-Catholics." That was as much as to say that the Churches had no more concern with the moral aspects of a national social upheaval than, let us say, Sir Alfred Mond should have on a question of Christian doctrine. This was not only an irrelevancy and an impertinence, but it showed complete disregard for the long-established constitutional position of the Head of the English Church. The explanation is simple. The Archbishop's Manifesto contained, among other things, a reference to the possibility of a continued subsidy to the miners to tide both parties over another truce. That was quite sufficient. For the high financiers had precipitated the strike on the very principle: "No more subsidy." It was nothing to them that the Bishop of Lichfield had got the Miners' Federation to agree to

go back to work on terms including a four-months' subsidy—as the Bishop was promptly told by Mr. Baldwin when he asked him to receive a deputation of Church leaders. "This is a suggestion to which the Government could not possibly assent," wrote Mr. Baldwin before he met the deputation, thus ruling out the very factor on which the Bishop of Lichfield was resting his hopes of peace. Mr. Baldwin had been told his own mind. It is not to be supposed that the financiers have forgotten what they regarded as the Church's meddling with financial affairs; and we feel, in some measure instinctively, that the present doctrinal explosion within the Church, together with Sir Arthur Keith's oblique external attack on its authority as a Church, is not disconnected with the incidents we have been describing. At least we know that the extensive publicity given to this controversy was within the financiers' power to restrict if they had chosen.

* * *

Bankers are internationalists, because the controllers of an international organisation are so much the further beyond control by national electorates, who, of course, can only vote within their own country. For the same reason bankers encourage the international organisation of all other institutions on which they have to depend for co-operation. They have allied themselves with Jewry on the one hand, and are in process of allying themselves with Catholicism on the other, in order, as it were, to control commerce from Jerusalem and conscience from Rome. We happen to hold no views on the doctrines of Anglicanism or Romanism; so what we are saying is an impartial political analysis. Now, if during the general strike the Archbishop of Canterbury had been obliged to wait for authority from Rome to put forward the Church's views, we are certain he would not have received it. Not because Catholicism is less humane than Anglicanism, but entirely because the supreme discretionary authority would have been located far away from the war and the wounded. Distance is as strong a soporific to conscience as is time. Now, by whatever cause or coincidence it has come about, Sir Arthur Keith's Address must tend to drive the Church back on her most uncompromising, super-logical base, that is, upon her stewardship of a "mystery," while the controversy recently ignited at St. Paul's must warm the hands of the financiers, the ultimate arbiters who will award the stewardship to one of the disputing parties. And if they think a Cardinal will conform to their policy better than an Archbishop, a Cardinal it will be. The State Church will have become an inter-State Church, and the "national" Anglicans will be dispersed just as were the Chosen People.

* * *

The Church has misconstrued one of her functions. In keeping out of politics she has renounced her right to interfere in politics, just as politicians, by keeping out of finance, have renounced theirs to interfere in finance. The Church should now repent, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. She should find a social policy and should interfere without hesitation in politics to promote it. The trouble in the past has been that no one could conceive a social policy which did not exacerbate party controversies and thereby divide the Church. The Church was conceived as the spiritual mother of all the Parties. A fine concept. Now to-day there is ready to the Church's hand a social policy which is non-party, non-sectarian, moral, humane, and demonstrably practicable. It is one which would, if boldly preached, water her roots with the revived hopes and affections of the people. Show us a Church whose social benefactions are clearly manifest and we will show you a Church whose hidden mysteries are adored.

Let us quote from "A Book of Christian Prayers" dated 1578, a "Prayer for them in Poverty":—

> "They that are snarled and entangled in the extreme penury of things needful for the body cannot set their minds upon Thee, O Lord, as they ought to do: but when they be disappointed of the things which they do mightily desire, their hearts are cast down and quail for excess of grief. Have pity upon them, therefore, O merciful Father, and relieve their misery through Thine incredible riches, that by Thy removing of their urgent necessities they may rise up to Thee in mind."

"By Thy removing of their urgent necessities they may rise up to Thee in mind." That is a profound saying. There is another equally profound: "Production is indefinitely expansible: Consumption is not." The one thing wanting to-day is to make the "incredible riches" accessible to those who are "snarled and entangled in penury." That is the manifestation for which "the whole creation groaneth." In the economic situation to-day Science, despairing of finding an outlet for the incredible product of its useful discoveries, is perfunctorily arguing with the Church about the descent of man. The Church, by mistakenly perpetuating the doctrines of patient self-sacrifice *on a plane where Science has now made it unnecessary*—that is, in regard to bodily necessities, has been an unwitting party to the Scientists' frustration. They both suffer under the same condemnation—the poor blaspheme against the machine and deride the Church.

* * *

The key to economic emancipation is in the hands of the banking system. In this fact lies the opportunity of the Church. She can make herself the champion of the poor by the comparatively simple act of publicly petitioning for an inquiry into the relation of banking to the evil of under consumption. It need not be her task to explain that relation; but to call attention to the fact that there is a body of economists which is waiting to bring forward a considered plan for abolishing poverty and to argue it against authoritative exponents of the existing financial policy. The fortunes of the Church herself, as a subsidised institution, are vitally involved in such an inquiry. The Church's one hope of preservation is to sponsor the policy of Social Credit Movement. Threatened with oppression above, and indifference below, how shall she escape if she neglect so great salvation?

A Defence of Englishmen.

By W. H. McKenna.

A serious study of the English national character should begin by pointing to the failure of most other attempts. For one thing, it is pleasanter to feel you are failing where others have failed than to feel you are failing where they have succeeded. But a more important reason justifying this preliminary sneer at wiser men's work is that they have done everything with the Englishman except explain him. They have tracked him down to the most obscure and humble of origins; they have examined his customs, manners, dress, and language; they have measured the size of his skull and compared it, to his advantage, with the skulls of other animals; they have noticed that he has blue eyes, fair hair, an easy temper and an awkward obstinacy. With keener insight, they have noticed that he is congenitally democratic, and yet can be imposed upon by political humbugs to an almost unlimited extent; devoted to sport, and yet convinced that a spirit of sportsmanship is useless in business and international affairs; and sympathetic by nature, and yet impervious to appeals from anyone outside his own class. They have praised him as uncritically as Professor Santayana, and have denounced him as heartily as Mr. Bernard Shaw without having succeeded in congratulating him upon his real merits, or in bringing him to a conviction of sin. Least of all have they succeeded in relating his character to his country. He cannot point to their caricatures and say, proudly or shamefacedly, "That is me."

How much of the popular caricature is true? The blue eyes, fair hair and robust physique can be dismissed at once as a dream of deluded foreigners misled by the English habit of illustrating magazines and advertisements upon a few stereotyped models of excellence. John Bull, the ideal Englishman, is like few real Englishmen that I have seen. In appearance, he is no more typical of the British people than a lanky frame and a goatee beard is typical of modern Americans.

But pause for a moment upon John Bull, for there is something real behind his appearance. The solid, upright, immovable figure suggests a brick wall, against which enemies may dash themselves in vain. Whether it is unbreakable may be doubted. What cannot be doubted by anyone acquainted with Englishmen is that they imagine it to be unbreakable. This pugnacious complacency is the quality which led them to annex half the habitable world and then to build monuments celebrating their triumphs; to boast that they were a peace-loving people after a century spent in fighting the French, Russians, Indians, Boers, Zulus, Irish, and Germans; and it has enabled them to bear almost universal censure without doubting for a moment they they are in the right.

Comparisons are often useful precisely because they are odious, and in this matter it is useful to compare the Englishman with the Irishman. Make no mistake; it is the Irish who are a peace-loving people, and the contrast usually drawn between English tolerance and Irish pugnacity is part of the self-deception every English patriot practises upon himself. It is not at all strange that those Irishmen who despaired of peace in their own country migrated to America to join its police-force; it illustrates their instinct to uphold law and order somehow. The illustration is not as absurd as it seems, for although patriotism has been the cause of the trouble in Ireland, it has not been Irish, but English, patriotism, and the demon which is supposed to have provoked the Irish into leaping at each other's throats is really a pacific sentiment prompting them at all hazards to become law-abiding citizens. There is nothing remarkable in this. Patriotism may demand of an Englishman that he hate the Germans or the Russians, but it does not prompt him to hate other Englishmen. It may say to him, "You must defend your country against invasion by foreigners," but it does not say to the man of Kent, "You must defend your county against invasion by the men of Middlesex." The last debased vestiges of that older loyalty may be found at a football match or in county cricket, but not in politics, and certainly not in Irish politics.

Now the Englishman, too, is patriotic, but in a very different way. Since the Armada—for one may disregard the momentary scare inspired by Napoleon's flat-bottomed boats—he has never felt the need of resisting an invasion; he has felt only a dispassionate desire to be the invader. This characteristic cannot be better illustrated than by the national habit, so carefully developed during the last hundred years, of bringing the benefits of civilisation to barbarians and especially of bringing the benefits of England to Ireland. British colonisation has been nourished upon the belief that to exchange the Christian religion and imperial administration for the property and labour of the natives is a bargain an Englishman may make without a qualm of conscience. He is surprised when he finds that they are not always eager to barter their freedom for the spiritual consolations and dubious political benefits offered to them; and just as surprised when Irishmen turn upon him with the outrageous request to be left alone to fight their own battles.

I have suggested that it was not Irish patriotism which caused the trouble in Ireland, but English patriotism embalmed in the serene belief that they can govern any foreign country better than it can govern itself. But there is, of course, a good deal to be said on the other side. It may be said that Englishmen really have a capacity for governing other people; and certainly they are misjudged unless one realises they assume their moral right to other people's property because they have a practical capacity for making use of property. The Englishman is not, I fancy, intentionally callous of the sufferings of those he misuses, for he is incapable of realising that he is misusing them. He has achieved the paradox of being guilty of every crime while never being guilty of an evil intention. As a consequence, his reputation for humanity and moderation stands above that of every other European.

A logical defence of him and his attitude of mind can be made in many ways, but not better than by admitting the truth of the criticisms commonly urged against him. For instance it is said, quite rightly, that he has no sense of humour. This lack of humour is an obvious characteristic which every Englishman denies, although even the gravity of his denials has the effect of confirming the case against him. But it is a mistake to suppose that it is a defect, for in point of experience it has always proved very much to his advantage. If the English are a great people, it has made them so. To it, they owe all their success in business and foreign politics. Their capacity for taking themselves seriously has given them, during many centuries, a stability of government unknown to the more humorous and sensitive nations, and in comparison with this advantage, the fact that it has prevented them from ever being a civilised people is of no particular importance. Only recently have they been outpaced by Americans, who possess the same faculty in a greater degree, in its puritan quintessence. I doubt whether anyone else will outpace them in the fields of commerce and government, for the humorous nations are also the nations who criticise their politicians and millionaires. They are never completely self-satisfied; and at times may almost be said to have a conscience. Irishmen under-rate their sense of humour, for it is all that saves them from suicide. While Englishmen are resigning themselves to fraud and treachery with the reflection that they are inseparable from human nature, other people are assassinating their rulers and blowing their own brains out to disprove it. But at least, when they denounce themselves, they do so without pitying themselves. There is no pity in Swift; at times, one is tempted to say that there is too much of it in Dickens. Undoubtedly, the English were born to conquer the world, but it must be left to other people to civilise it.

SED AMOR MANET!

We seek no more the riverside,
The winds have worked such grievous wrong
That stripped the willows of their pride
And thieved the thickets of their song.
Now comes the seal of many things,
The shutting-to of lovely doors.
Since chilly hand of Autumn brings
Bright litter to the earthly floors.
The swallow-dam has sped her brood;
The sun's amazing zeal is over;
We walk no more the Summer wood,
Yet still I stay thy lasting lover!

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

Views and Reviews.

OXFORD.

King Charles is said to have derived much of his intellectual fun from setting problems to scientists and philosophers that either common-sense or experiment would have dismissed as ridiculous. How is it, he is reported to have asked the wiseacres, that a pint of water can be poured into a pint-mug filled with sawdust without spilling. Naturally they put their heads together to educe the reason, but less naturally, they are still doing so. The learned men of Oxford still have the impression, to judge from their conduct, that the thing can be done. With the help of thirty thousand pounds and the ingenuity of Oxford they are going to have an England both medieval and modern. Mr. Morris is going to be advised how to develop Cowley, while Oxford remains what and where it was. England, whose nervous system is centred at Oxford, has awakened, let it be recorded, in the year 1927—though late in the year—to the danger threatened by the invention of machinery to her beauty.

* * *

What a noble plan the Oxford Preservation Trust has invented for resisting the progress of the shade of ugliness. Under the spur of Mr. Fisher's terror lest Mr. Morris, the "genius" who is going to recover Britain's lost trade, should convert Oxford into "a modern Detroit," the Trust proposes to save from desecration those beauty spots which can be seen from Oxford, together with some from which Oxford can be seen. Since, for the preservation of England, Mr. Morris must build his cars, he will be directed by the brain of England to pile up his hive of industry with its barracks of slums where his gnomes can neither see Oxford nor be seen from Oxford. By the peculiarly English foresight of the Trust, "development," as Mr. J. C. Squire remarks, "will proceed apace, and comparatively harmlessly, out of sight of the city"—and presumably out of mind. England is to become the exact reproduction of the chess board that Bishop Blougram used as a simile for the universe; for Mr. Morris's motor car makers it may be all black, for the dons of Oxford and England's future rulers it must be all white. Let not the medieval contemplation of learning be disturbed by the hideousness of the industrial revolution.

* * *

Would that the learned men of Oxford, past and present, realised—the few who do are hardly dear to Oxford's heart—the situation to which they have just awakened. Unfortunately, Oxford is apparently concerned only for the preservation of her own loveliness. As England's watch-dog of culture, Oxford has allowed the house to be ransacked, and awoke only when the kennel is threatened. Manchester and Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Birmingham, had fair features once; so had Hackney and Islington. Among all the heart-stirrings which the Oxford case has stimulated there has hardly been a whisper to the effect that anybody outside Oxford was concerned. Oxford made no considerable protest at the idea of converting Kent into a place like Swansea, and destroying apple-trees and hop-fields to dig up coal for a world not only overstocked with coal, but anxious, in its saner moments, to cease using coal, except as a precious stone with a thousand finer virtues than the capacity to give up heat. Instead of putting up a paltry scheme of countryside camouflage for hiding an industrialised valley in which ugliness may ramp to the economists' hearts' content, Oxford should be putting forth schemes for the redemption of Staffordshire.

* * *

Reflection to a constructive end on the present attitude of men and women to the motor-car, as well as on the economics of the question, is more the obligation of Oxford than of any other institution. Why, for example, does Mr. Morris want his works at Oxford and not at Leeds, Birmingham, or Sheffield? The answer is amazing: he was born at Oxford. Precisely the same sort of inert conservatism makes the engineering genius choose Oxford as keeps the miner's son in Barnsley. But industry in general now tends to move from the north to the south, not in search of a better climate for the workers, but to be nearer the market. Labour, at the worst—that is, if it cannot be found and bred on the spot—need be transported only once; every lot of goods must be moved. Yet industry does not find a place within the market. Rent and food, and as a consequence, wages are uninvitingly high in London, with the consequence that England is threatened with a tide of new industrialisation spreading from the market of London. Thus the desecration of Oxford is hardly an empire or a world problem; beyond the Fate which directed the soul of Mr. Morris to be incarnated near Oxford—to awaken it from its century-long sleep, one would guess—the problem of Oxford, of the threat to enclose its turrets and spires, its peace and wisdom, amid the noise and squalor of financial capitalism, is a problem of metropolitan civilisation.

* * *

Dulwich College has just lodged an objection to the Camberwell Council against the proposed arterial road that casts its shadow there. For whom are these million motor-cars, this network of straight, cruel roads, these oceans of petrol, mountains of india-rubber, and all they imply required? They are demanded, to be brief, to get the population of Britain to London—and away from it: to it, because Britain has committed the abomination of pretending to concentrate culture in one place; and away from it because life withers there. The Oxford don demands his village complete with garage. His motive is not to reach the preserved beauty spot, from which to gaze in reverence on the stones of the University, soaked with the contemplative tradition. Can it be that he wants to get to London, to join in the whirl of excitement that furnishes an escape from both contemplation and individuality? He wants a motor-car because he cannot be content in Oxford. He is a metropolitan. It is not the country folk who call upon the Government for arterial roads. It is not the fishermen who want them, or who want the seaside hotels, esplanades, and boarding-houses. If the Oxford dons want motor-cars, the straight course is obviously to invite Mr. Morris to take over one of the colleges for their manufacture. If we favour a chauffeur culture, let us not be sentimentalists; let us accept the consequences.

R. M.

"Many will see in the present controversy over tariffs between France and the United States a wider significance still than the one which concerns the relations between the two great Republics of the world. In a real sense, France has now the occasion to represent the new industrial Europe which has arisen since the World War, a Europe now equipped for competition in world markets as it never has been equipped before. Plants and personnel, factories and selling organisations have attained impressive development under the impulsion given by the World War. European 'cartels' have emerged in aluminium and steel. Another is taking shape in the chemical field. Economically, a sort of Monroe doctrine for the Continent of Europe is evolving. If a world organisation of industrial production by Continents is to be the ultimate consequence, rivalry between such groups is likely to develop first between the Old World and the New."—Paris *Times*, October 6, 1927.

Rural Life and Lore.

III.—HOW I BECAME A KENNELMAN.

Some years before the war there was a gentleman, called Mr. Gordon, lived near our village. He was a great lover of dogs, and had the finest kennels in our part of the country. Dogs would be sent to him from places far away, even Scotland, where he came from, to be trained and tried out. At the time I speak about he had a fine pack of badger-hunting dogs. Beauties they were—thirty-five of them.

One morning when I went over from the forge—I was a blacksmith by trade—to the Railway Hotel, and was sitting there having a glass of home-brewed, I saw him come in the saloon bar. "Hullo," says I to myself, "there's something wrong with *him*." He looked that miserable—well, there were tears down his cheeks. He says something to the landlord, and the landlord comes over to me: "Bob," he says, "Mr. Gordon wants to speak to you." So I go round to him.

"Good morning, Bob," he says. "What'll you have?"

"Thank you, sir; I'll have a glass of ale."

"Now," he says, "I want you to do something for me. Take these keys. . . . Go up to my kennels. . . . And . . . . kill all the dogs."

"Very good, sir," I answered.

"Call in at Mr. Stott's on your way: he is expecting you. He will give you a syringe and sufficient poison for the job. You'd better do it at once."

"I understand, sir," I said.

So up I go to Mr. Stott's. He was the chemist, and a close friend of Mr. Gordon's. "What's the matter?" I ask him. Then he told me. The old kennelman had taken on an insurance agent's job while Mr. Gordon was away, and thought he could run both jobs together. The consequence was he neglected the dogs, and they got the red mange, all of them.

And sure enough, so it was. When I reached the kennels, dear, dear, what a sight it was. Them poor animals. I go and open the first pen, and fetch the dog out. For I'm not feared of any dog living. I lead him into the tiled yard. There he stands, with great patches of inflamed skin on his back where the hair had fallen out, looking so ill and just so sad as I'd left his master. . . . I put him back in his pen, and take out the other dogs and put them back one by one. All in the same condition. Not one of them had escaped. "Dear, dear," I say, "what a terrible cruel affair." I stand there for a little time. Then a sudden thought comes to me. I say to myself, "I'm not going to kill them dogs. I believe I can save them."

The thought came like this. I called to mind an old country doctor by the name of Dr. Stoneham I once knew. He never had no patients—at least perhaps one every month or two. So he used to fill up his time calling on folks that were well. He always came on horseback. He used to tell them there were only two medicines they wanted, flowers of sulphur for the inside and boracic acid for the outside. Let them take sulphur at the spring and fall of the year, and they would never need a doctor, he told them. And when some of them tried other medicines, because they didn't think these cheap things he told them about could do them any good, he always used to say: "If flowers of sulphur and boracic acid were a guinea an ounce you damn fools would buy them."

So now I go and get three pounds of black sulphur. Then I call at the slaughterhouse and get some pig's flair, which I render down, and mix the sulphur in to make an ointment. You must not have any salt whatever in this ointment. Then I divide it into two pots, one for rubbing and the other to make into pills. The reason is that if you use the same pot for both purposes you are apt to get hair in the dogs' throats, which will give them a cough.

When I returned to the kennels the first thing to do was to clean out the pens. So I off with my coat and get to work. I do it thorough. It takes me all that day. And some of the things I am telling you I had to do on other days. I scrubbed out the pens. Then I disinfected them. I got hot lime from the lime kiln—a thing you do not see very often now—and washed down the walls. At last I got them kennels so sweet as hay. Then there was the new bedding. In proper kennels the dogs only come on the floor to feed; they rest or sleep up on a bench about two feet wide at the back of their pens. On these benches I strewed beautiful fresh pitch-pine turnings, with a sprinkle of cedar oil. No fleas can live in bedding like that. That is a proper bedding. Then I start to treat the dogs. I give each one a thorough good bath. Then I work the ointment well in all over them. After three days I give them another bath and fresh ointment. And so forth, regular every three days.

Now when I first made up my mind to cure the dogs I thought: "I wish Mr. Gordon would keep out of the way till I've had a chance to try out the job." For I would like it to be a surprise to him, you understand. So what should happen that same evening when I take back the syringe and poison to give to Mr. Stott, but he tells me Mr. Gordon is called to Scotland sudden, and won't be back for a month. (I think it was really that he couldn't face the empty kennels.) "What are you looking so pleased about, Bob?" Mr. Stott asks me. Then I tell him my little secret. Excited!—you'd think it was his own dogs. The consequence was he would come down with me that night to the Railway Hotel to tell Richard—Richard being the landlord, you understand. So down we go. And a few pints were drunk that night.

As the weeks went by the chemist and the landlord often came up to see how the dogs were getting on. And sure enough the cure began to do its work. The red bare skin started to heal; and gradually we could see the new hair growing over it. It was a proper sight to see every day the gloss coming back to their coats, and to watch the dogs coming to be their old selves again.

At last came the day when we heard Mr. Gordon was arriving home. That night we were all in the bar waiting for him. And in a little while in he comes. He wishes us good evening once more, and calls for drinks. After a little talk he turns to me and says:—

"Well, Bob, did you do that little business all right?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "I done it all right."

"Did they give you any trouble?"

"No, sir; no particular trouble, but plenty of hard work."

"Hard work!" he says, laughing a bit. "Surely there's not much hard work about killing dogs, is there?"

Then he must have twigged Mr. Stott and Richard winking and nudging, for he breaks off and says, "What's the game, Richard?"

"Ask Bob there. He'll tell you," says the landlord, pointing to me.

So then I up and tell him.

"Look here, Mr. Gordon, I didn't kill them dogs. Here are the keys; and if you could take the finest lady in the land to your kennels to-morrow morning, or even the Prince of Wales himself, you would find nothing to be ashamed of in your dogs."

While I was so saying his face went blank. He couldn't take in my meaning—not until he had looked round to Mr. Stott and then to the landlord, and their faces told him it was all true.

Upon that he put down his glass and caught me by the elbow. "Come on. We'll go up this instant." And up the two of us hurry to the kennels. He takes out his keys and opens the gate. As soon as he gets in the yard them dogs smell him. And what a greeting they give him. Every one of them on his hind legs barking and scratching at the door of his pen, mad to get out. . . . And that man. He stops stone still. He can't speak. I see the tears come down his face; but what a different sort to a month ago. At last he goes inside, down the centre passage between the pens, greeting each dog by its name, and patting its head, and letting it lick his hand. It was a beautiful sight. The electric light was on (for he had his own little power plant) and there were the brass name-plates on the top of the doors, and their collars and chains hung outside, all in order and shining and spotless; and all them excited dogs with never no blemish on one of them.

Suddenly he says, "Come on," and starts to turn out and lock up all safe. And back he drags me as fast as he could go to the Railway Hotel. Directly we get inside the door he calls to the landlord:—

"Richard! Quick! I've got no money on me tonight. Give Bob here ten pounds for me."

"No, sir," I says. "I don't want no reward like that. I only want paying for my time. I done it for the dogs' sake."

"Time be damned," he shouts. "Give him that ten pounds."

"You'd better take it, Bob," says the landlord, "seeing Mr. Gordon wants you to have it."

So I have it.

The rest of that night I shan't forget. It was "open house" for everybody that come in. Not a villager was allowed to go home sober, you understand.

Next day Mr. Gordon sent for me and made me take a proper good cheque on top of the ten pounds. Then he caught hold of my hand and said:—

"And now, Bob, will you come and be my kennelman?"

And my answer was:—

"Thank you, sir; I will."

Drama.

Triple Bill, Arts Theatre Club.

The first of the three plays, "Woman's Honour," by Susan Glaspell, was worth nothing better than a place in the volume entitled "Trifles," although the play which gave its name to that volume would have been well worth production. Doubtless the Arts Theatre decided that the characterless sketch, "Woman's Honour," trivial as it is, would more appropriately precede the solid play that followed. Eugene O'Neill's "Where the Cross is Made" is a grim, concentrated tragedy. It is full of action, and has meaning in every line. Every property, from the moonlight to the lamp, from the garret in which the scene takes place to the map that the tragedy is focussed on, contributes to heighten the pressure of the dramatic atmosphere.

Captain Bartlett spends his nights and days in the garret or on the roof looking out for the ship which he sent to collect a treasure discovered some years before on an uninhabited island after shipwreck. Nat Bartlett, the crippled victim of his father's passion for the sea, plots to get the old man put away quietly in an asylum, and struggles to get free of the lure of the treasure. He works himself up to burn what is, now that the father's ship is known to be lost, the only map. But his exultation is premature and suspiciously emphatic. The father sees the return of his ship and crew with the treasure in a vision so powerful that the son also sees it, and sees also the last of the three sailors return the other map to the old man. After the father has then died of heart failure, the son goes mad, taking the other map from his hand. John Laurie's Nat Bartlett, the central figure, was a sincere and convincing performance that deserved fully the generous applause at the end, as was also the smaller part of the old captain by Alfred Gray. As the daughter, tortured in spirit in the attempt to rescue the men from going mad, Lila Maravan's performance was not flexible enough. After her first reaction to the obvious shock suffered by her brother when he came unexpectedly into the room, instead of letting her tension down a little, she strained continually to increase it.

The dramatic part of the entertainment came to an end with Maurice Baring's farce on the domestic relations of Henry and "Catherine Parr." Reflecting on the whole evening, one is inclined to offer up a prayer that the Arts Theatre may keep up this standard of work. It is a shameful waste that O'Neill's play should be produced for two evenings only.

On Sunday, November 6, and Monday afternoon, November 7, Mr. Harold Scott will produce at the Arts Theatre Miss Audrey Lucas's comedy, "The Peaceful Thief."

The Kingdom of God.

The connecting thread of "The Kingdom of God" is Sister Gracia, whom we meet soon after her vow of service to the order of St. Vincent de Paul—for a year according to her oath, but for life in her heart—and again ten years and forty years afterwards. In the first scene she is yet fresh from being a great lady, and envied by her poorer sister for the sake of her past. But she, "humbled herself as one of these children," to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Surrounded by the social wreckage of an asylum for the old, she is the fairy godmother of loquacious old revolutionaries with souls only for a chance to get drunk, of worn-out valets as servile and solicitous as ever, of broken-hearted negro outcasts who have lost their self-respect with their country. Ten years later she has to decide between the claims of her own unborn children and the foundlings of the world, born or about to be born. In the midst of the squalour of a maternity home, she refuses a lover; and forty years later she is foster-mothering the children at an orphanage whose funds are too narrow to ensure subsistence for the inmates.

That is all. There is neither plot nor conflict—in the contemporary sense. Yet there is a drama of great power if the witness will refrain from artificially fortifying himself against it. Experience gained from so-called "modern" plays is of no avail before the work of Sierra. No doubt there is a social attitude and a religious motive in the spirit underlying the play. The philosophical critic may deliver judgment against it by the more austere non-Christian values, say, pagan, Nietzschean, or even eugenic. He may affirm with some truth that Sierra lavishes the mercy of God (rather than the love of God) where the wrath of God would be more fitting. The sociological critic may deem the play rather an exposure than a justification of charity. Yet the accusation of propaganda against Sierra fails by reason of the impossibility of counter-propaganda. For better or worse, "The Kingdom of God" is a reality, and its particulars so natural that instead of being able to "place" the characters by their deeds or ideas one is forced to accept them in their essential natures as portrayed. One can say, in short, that these people are repulsive or contemptible; but one cannot deny that they are people. Perhaps the nearest to a formula for distinguishing between the manner of Sierra and that of tragedy in general is that the spirit of the Great Mother broods over Sierra, that of the Great Father over tragedy as usually understood.

All the many folk who cross Sister Gracia's life in the three institutions are observed whole with an artist's eye that is never partial or obscured. Character is not turned inside out to expose the works; it is simply presented. Men and women live here, like the birds pointed out by the Chinese sage to the students, according to the laws of their nature. That one can observe the working of psychological hypotheses in them is not a certificate in psychology for Sierra; it is a tribute to the truthfulness of his vision, to the confidence in it that enabled him to avoid explaining people even to himself, whether he portrayed women who broke their promises or—novel and disconcerting as their appearance on the stage is—women who kept their vows.

Mr. Anmer Hall, who cast the play, Mr. A. E. Filmer who rehearsed it—it has been rehearsed—and Mr. James Whale, who designed the settings, have done their work well. The cast is scarcely a catalogue of popular names, but a great deal of thinking has gone to the distribution of the parts. There are a dozen character studies finished in spite of their brevity. Kathleen O'Regan's beautiful Margarita, for example, and Ivy de Vœux' Candelas, two inmates of the maternity home; or Richard Goolden's old revolutionary who trembled at the Mother Superior's footsteps. Some of the children in the last act require attention. W. E. C. Jenkins as Felipe was incoherent—a fault inexcusable no matter what degree of hysteria he was called on to show, and Ronald Kerr's Vicente did not justify the courage he had displayed against the "ape-like" tailor.

PAUL BANKS.

Bolshevism Psycho-analysed.*

Socialists and Conservatives have been wrangling for ten years over the twin questions of whether Russia has become a communist State, and whether Russia had the right to become a communist State. During that time they have poured out a torrent of literature such as no other European country has provoked in modern times. Yet, apart from Mr. Huntly Carter's valiant attempt to interest his countrymen in the new theatre in Russia, scarcely one word has been said of the cultural significance of the Bolshevik Revolution. Herr Fülöp-Miller, in "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," has made the first attempt to analyse the Bolshevik spirit in all its manifestations; a difficult task, and an ungrateful one. The political complex is still so powerful that a reviewer in a leading (and intelligent) English paper, speaking of this book, could find nothing better to say than that the author was a German.

The economic aspect of Bolshevism has so far been most prominent, perhaps because the socialisation of property was what each observer feared or wished for most. This economic aspect is undoubtedly important, and in more than a material way. A generation trained, as the younger generation in Russia has been, to despise property and honour labour (even if only in name), will be very different from our European democracies accustomed to kowtow before rank and capital. But this, to Herr Fülöp-Miller, is a minor charge. The significant fact in the Bolshevik revolution is that "the impersonal mass is now lord of Russia." The Bolsheviks aim at stripping the individual of his personality as ruthlessly as they have stripped him of the trappings which obscured that personality. Herr Fülöp-Miller's insistence on this point recalls a cartoon which appeared in *De Notenkraker* at the time of the Russian famine. It showed the steppe stretching far into the distance. Through the bones whitening the ground walked a grinning skeleton, scythe in hand; the inscription, "My Bolshevism makes all men equal." It is not the famine, however, but the Bolshevik denial of the right to individual development, which has made all men equal. Even in the high councils of Bolshevism there are still men who lean towards the individualist culture of the old world. Trotsky and Lunacharsky are the most conspicuous. But the heresy must be either disguised or kept secret. For the mass-man walks abroad, master of the land, and his very creators dare not say him nay.

The mass-man is master of the land. He is given mass-toys to play with, giant effigies of Lloyd George and Millerand to burn outside the Kremlin. His crude thoughts (or the crude thoughts lent to him) are expressed in mass processions. He invades the theatre, once the temple of individualism. On and off the stage, actors and audience mingle, and are one. The favoured themes glorify, not an individual, but the mass. Mayakovsky writes a play with the title "150 Million," the number of the Russian people. Then he withdraws his name, alleging it to be the work of the 150 million. The bounds of the theatre are broken, and it overflows into the streets. The storming of the Winter Palace and the downfall of Kerensky are enacted in a pageantry rivalling that of the medieval mysteries. In literature the mass-spirit prevails. There are co-operative poems, and literary societies which boast, not of the quality, but of the quantity of their work. In art, everything belonging to the old world is thrown over. The new art must express the new spirit, akin to a nightmare mechanics. Grandiose projects are formed for machine-like monuments to the Third International. Along with the glorification of the mass goes a material philosophy raising to the pitch of divinity the worst features of industrialism. Technical efficiency, which includes the mechanisation of labour, is worshipped as an end in itself. In morality the end justifies the means. The philosophy of the Jesuits, of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor and the Nihilist, replaces the half-hearted Christianity of Europe

Herr Fülöp-Miller illustrates this Bolshevik dream with a wealth of anecdote from personal experience and Bolshevik literature, and with illustrations even more arresting than the text. As yet it is only a dream. The Bolsheviks have done much. They have built factories, established air services, reduced illiteracy over a wide area. But in all their work they have to contend with the immovable mass of the peasants, ignorant, superstitious, fundamentally conservative. The dream is none the less significant. It is in many ways typically Russian. The negation of Western culture is easy in a country where Western culture never had a firm hold; where, indeed, the Slavophils and the Narodniki had already made much show of rejecting it. Tolstoy's successive negations and affirmations are striking illustrations of this psychology. It may, as this book suggests, derive from a national inferiority complex. Realising his poverty in cultural tradition, the Russian denies the value of all tradition. A century behind in technique, he creates in imagination a machine system more perfect than that of the United States. Too weak to support the principled morality of Europe, he makes a virtue of his weakness.

This new spirit of Russia (which in some ways is the old spirit of Dostoevsky's "The Possessed" reincarnated) comes very near to what we imagine to be the spirit of the United States. The Bolsheviks emphasise this rapprochement by boasting that America is their model. There is, however, a fundamental difference between the two. In America mechanisation is regarded as a means to efficiency, which in turn is only a means to the end of greater leisure and greater material comfort. Thus far we are prepared to go with Herr Fülöp-Miller. But there are certain reservations to be made which restrict,

* "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," by René Fülöp-Miller. (Putnam. 21s.)

though they do not invalidate, his theory. In the midst of the Bolsheviks, dominating all by the force of that personality which all deny, stands Lenin, father of the new Russia. That is a contradiction which has not been resolved. Then it must be remembered that the Russian people number 150 millions; and of this 150 millions more than half are peasants, who have scarcely been touched by the Revolution. It is even possible—I have been assured by Russian exiles that such is the case—that within the vast area of Russia there are peasants who have not even heard of the Revolution. These are points which Herr Fülöp-Miller does not mention. Nor does he make clear how dangerous is this militant creed of Bolshevism to a Europe which, to combat it, has nothing but outworn creeds, snobism, and an undecided acceptance of mechanical progress.

"The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," indeed, suggests more possibilities than could be done justice to in a dozen books. It nonetheless remains the most stimulating and intelligent study of Bolshevism that has yet appeared. A word of praise must be given to the translation, which reads like original and vivid English.

IVAN DURAK.

The Shipbuilding Industry.

The shipbuilding industry in this country depends largely upon the demand of the people. If demand is extensive large quantities of tonnage will be required to carry imports and export our manufactures. As demand increases additional ships require to be built, but since a ship cannot be created in a night, often before new tonnage is ready to take its place in the service of our mercantile marine, demand has slackened off, and the ships will either be unemployed or only partly employed.

Because demand has been very much curtailed during the past seven years, due to the adoption by our Government of the recommendations contained in the Cunliffe Currency Commission's Report causing a considerable decrease in the volume of money in circulation, the shipbuilding industry has been very seriously curtailed. Many of our yards, which in previous times were comparatively busy, have been closed for years, and those that are employed are, in most cases, insolvent. To keep the establishments in existence cut-throat competition has been indulged in ever since the slump in 1920 set in. Contracts have been carried through and the price received has only been sufficient to cover expenditure on materials and direct productive labour. At present many contracts are being given out at prices which will only provide for expenditure on the before-mentioned costs and meet a small portion of the establishment charges. As regards profit it is unthinkable at present, and establishment charges not covered by current revenue must either come from reserves, if there are any available, or be met by overdraft and become a debt to the bank. The result is that most of the large shipbuilding yards have been carrying large debit balances for the past four or five years. As there is no surplus money available, very little, if any, improvement in their plant and machinery, so very necessary to keep them up to date, can be undertaken.

This cut-throat competive system is one of the most costly and inefficient methods that could be employed for obtaining orders for vessels, and the only reason why it is indulged in is because shipbuilders as a class of technical men are conservative and hide-bound by rule-of-thumb methods.

Consequently, the industry is hanging on from day to day, week to week, and month to month, having to buy materials in small quantities and being forced to pay higher prices than would be the case if they bought in bulk, in the hope that something will turn up to relieve them of their financial burdens. Because of this haphazard lack of method system work is being done anything from three to twenty times over at a moderate estimate, all of which is time and money wasted. The loss has to be recovered from somewhere, so that prices for future tonnage will have to bear past expenditure which rightly does not belong to it.

As a result of financial stringency, ship designers are being seriously cramped to the detriment of the development of the industry. Good and efficient design is sacrificed in every case in favour of cheap design, and shipbuilders think that if they are simply satisfying the bare requirements of the registration societies they are doing all that is required of them. Seldom, if ever, is much thought given to efficient development from a technical point of view, with the exception probably of naval construction, but even here cheapness is the dominating factor.

At the moment the shipbuilding industry is having a slight boom, due principally to the hold-up caused by the 1926 disputes. In a few months time it will be in a normal period of trade, a period of mild, but chronic, depression.

So long as the present principles upon which money policy is conducted are in operation, the shipbuilding industry will never again be capable of earning sufficient money to pay for the large amount of capital which has been sunk in it. Indeed, shipbuilding will only become a flourishing business again should another war, capable of causing so much havoc amongst shipping as the last did, come about.

Thus is industrial efficiency sacrificed for money economy.

SHIPBUILDER.

Pastiche.

A SKETCH OF ACTUALITY.

He was a Jew, a Baron and Dutch, and, according to his own statement, one of the small hierarchy of finance who can set the exchanges trembling.

We met in the lounge of the Hotel Majestic, Monte Carlo, and over our cafe-cognac struck up a conversation.

"You were in the war, Monsieur. Yes?"

"Oui, Baron."

"You have a good time?"

"No, Baron. No one engaged in the war had a good time, it was only your people who appeared to have enjoyed and profited by the war."

"Ah, Monsieur is mistaken. My people suffered grievously."

"The Press and my own observation, Baron, led me to a different conclusion."

"Ah, the Press—the Press; such stories, such lies—Monsieur must not believe the Press."

"I don't agree with you, Baron. When *The Times* states that Lord Rothschild is helping the British Government financially, I believe it."

"And quite right, Monsieur; it was the duty of Lord Rothschild to help his Government."

"Yes, Baron, and when *The Times* states that Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, is financing Austria, I believe that too."

"Yes, Monsieur, of course, of course."

"And when *The Times,* quoting from the French Press, announces that the Rothschilds of Paris are helping the Allies, that I believe also."

"Yes, yes, Monsieur."

"So it appears to me, Baron, that however the war went the Jews were on a good thing: whoever won or lost the war the Jews were bound to win either way."

"True, Monsieur. But Monsieur should remember *that finance has no frontiers—finance has no religion—and finance has no nationality.* If Monsieur will remember these three points he will understand the action of my people."

"Thanks, Baron, I won't forget your three points; but I think you'll agree that it doesn't afford much consolation to the Christians of either side, winners and losers alike, to realise that we are all paying tribute to your people."

CONCLAVIST.

PARIS THEATRE.

(*The following six Plays in Search of a Public, taken from a recent theatre-list in a Paris daily newspaper, throws a modern light on the Judgment of Paris.*)

Bouf.-Parisiens: "Trois jeunes filles nues."
Ambigu: "La Garçonne."
Scala: "La Petite Grue du 5e."
Moulin-Bleu: Ca, c'est du nu."
Th. Moncey: "Je ne trompe pas mon mari."
Gobelins: "Ne te promène donc pas toute nue."

W. H. H.

PACIFISM.

"Nations die of softening of the brain, which, for a long time, passes for softening of the heart."

Aurea Dicta, CI. (Coventry Patmore).

J. G.

Reviews.

Wit's End. By Stewart Caven. (Wishart. 7s. 6d.)

The banal plot of this story is not excusable at all; nevertheless, we shall excuse it. For the humour, the poetry, the philosophy of the author, and even his characterisation, which is full of charm, make this a book to enjoy and study a second time. As a novel, it is silly nonsense. As a contribution to contemporary literature, it stands head and shoulders above most of our daily fare of seven-and-sixpenny rubbish. How is it that so many people who can tell a story can't write, while so many people who can write do not bother about finding a story to tell? We suggest to Mr. Caven the advisability of using his gifts next time to adorn a tale worth the telling.

Bristol. By W. Dodgson Bowman. (Bles. 5s.)

Five shillings is too much for a book as small as this. Otherwise we have nothing against it, for it is bright, well-pointed, with some decent drawings and a nice little index. Nothing indigestible about it—and what a lot that means, when you consider the pompous obscurities, the mock-learning, the aimless repetitions which it might have contained. What about a new edition at three-and-six?

Verse.

LOVERS OF A BROKEN RACE.

She is not apple cheeked, nor cherry lipped,
Nor is her brow like snow, nor are her eyes
Deep wells of mystery; nor is her voice
Like mavis in the spring time, nor her shape
A Venus of proportion; nor her mind
A chamber of high thought. No artist eye
Accustomed to the fair would waste a glance
Upon my Love, one of a broken race

We do not meet by wood and sunlit stream
Where voice of bird is silver with pure love,
But in a corner of a grassless park
Beneath a canopy of smoke, or in some hall
Where flickers on the screen some sensuous tale
Of Yankee love; and to the jazzy strains
Of sickly sentimental waltzes, sit
As happy as the legendary twain
Who met in Eden's garden at the Dawn;
And we will meet when bids the year good-bye!
And drunken men shake hands and wish good-luck!

JOE CORRIE.

CLASSICS.

By A. S. J. Tessimond.

These—in their lifetimes lothest to conform
To preconception, definition, norm
Drawn from the past by its epigoni—
Resistant to attempt to classify:
These same, now, irremediably immortal,
Stand as unwilling sentries at the portal
Of Art's High Pantheon, that none may pass
Who might foil expectation, flout the mass
Of precedent, ruffle habitual sense,
Or disobey *their* disobedience.

TAKING BREAKFAST.

Mother rose late and day's clothes, flung aheap
Last night when father's coming sudden sent
Six urchins climbing breakneck stairs to sleep,
Were hard to find and, found, with haste were rent.
No needle, then, and cotton lost, and O
How stiff her fingers numb with morning's cold!
And bacon burning and the kettle slow
To boil for tea: what woes short minutes hold!
Munching a crust and tugging at the lace
Too short for gaping boots, the eldest swears
With father's choicest oath, the baby's face
Lights as he mouths what with delight he hears.
Muffled, half-choking with his hurried crust
In one chapped hand the boy the tea-can holds,
Kicks wide the door, with envious disgust
Father's warm breakfast in his jacket folds.
Fleet minutes hasten; the stumbling urchin strides
O'er the rough mounds, across the frozen rails,
Dodges the panting engine, risks the sides
Of rattling trucks, and with gay mockery hails
Some fellow schoolward bound; at last, the mill:
The shears shriek loud, the air with sparks is hot:
Above rolls' thunder father's voice sounds shrill;
Then—school, with mill and home and all forgot.

D. R. GUTTERY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FEAR AND JOY.

Sir,—It seems to me a pity that Major Douglas should have introduced into his articles on Anglo-American relations a sentence which apparently identifies the Puritans and the French Revolutionists with Fear and the Cavaliers and the French aristocracy with Joy. "Puritan" properly covers everyone who, in the early XVIIth Century, wished either to "purify" the usages of the Established Church from the taint of Popery, or to worship separately by forms so "purified." Trevelyan, in his "England under the Stuarts," writes that these people had little else in common, except a usual aversion from gaiety and a passionate love of civic freedom. If we take the Independents, the pick of the Puritans, we discover that, however foolish and mistaken the methods they adopted, they were the people who stood for the interests of the common man. They stood for religious toleration, they set up civil marriage, they attempted to provide for the care of lunatics and the relief of imprisoned debtors, they proposed to abolish tithe and the patronage of Church livings, to reform the jungle of Chancery Law. If the Puritans prohibited Sunday games, they also prohibited Sunday work. They assigned Treasury grants and confiscated Church lands to the support of schools and schoolmasters. The New Model Army supported the doctrines of universal suffrage, and equality of opportunity. Whereas I know of nothing social that the Cavaliers supported except stricter game laws.

Nor can I find anything to be said in favour of the pre-revolution aristocracy in France. It had lost its powers under Richelieu and Louis XIV.; it resisted every proposal to remedy the appalling state of affairs, such as Turgot made. The great chance given to the established orders when Law brought a temporary prosperity by his financial devices was completely missed. "The spendthrift anarchy," was an unmitigated curse to the mass of the French people. I cannot think of a single Frenchman of the century before 1789 who has any repute to-day, who was not its unsparing critic—La Bruyère, Fénelon, Fontenelle, Bayle, Vauban, Montesquieu, Voltaire, the Encyclopaedists, Rousseau, Beaumarchais, each attacked some of its hydra-headed abuses, while Saint-Simon, who believed in the system by which he was a duke, was depicting its trivialities and corruption.

HILDERIC COUSENS.

[Major Douglas replies: It is quite possible that Mr. Cousens is correct in his interpretation of Puritanism, although it is by no means certain that the verdict of history can be relied upon in such matters. For instance, Dr. Trevelyan, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, has just said:—

"Men talk of the 'verdict of history.' But on most points of real interest that verdict is not unanimous, and is constantly being reversed. The 'verdict of history' is one thing in France, another in Germany; one thing in the England of 1840, another in 1890, yet a third thing to-day. . . . For example, within two generations the general attitude towards the English Reformation and the Industrial Revolution, respectively, displayed by the leading historical scholars on those subjects, has more than once undergone marked change. . . ."

But, however that may be, Mr. Cousens has not, I think, grasped my point. The keynote of Puritanism and the Fear psychology is *inhibition.* Its economic manifestations are such things as thrift, economy, "consume less and produce more," etc. It has to be recognised that under such a psychology, these things appear as virtues.

The characteristic of what I have referred to as a Joy psychology is *release.* Its economic translation, for instance, is "take no thought for the morrow," "consume more and you will produce more," etc. It has manifestations, of course, which far transcend those of mere economics, but the essential point to realise is that you cannot transplant the virtues of one psychological system into another which is diametrically different.

Similarly, with the best intentions in the world, Mr. W. T. Symons has somewhat perverted my meaning in his letter in your issue of October 27. My conception of the relation between the world of true reality and the world in which we live, is that reality, which is permanent, has not yet succeeded in making this world correspond with it. Purely as a personal opinion, my conception of mortality corresponds roughly to the successive models or drawings that an engineer makes in working out an invention. There never was yet an invention which worked perfectly the first time that it was made. It is our business to make the *concrete* world *correspond* with permanent reality. When it does we shall probably find ourselves immortal. The

present world is so far from corresponding to reality that no sane person would wish to live permanently in such a lunatic asylum, however interesting a visit to it might be. The method of re-modelling the concrete world is purely pragmatic. It seems to me quite unimportant how it is done, so long as it is done.]

HERR TREITSCHKE'S PROFESSION.

Sir,—I am indebted to Mr. Kirkbride for pointing out, in a private letter to me, that in the article of mine published in your issue of October 20, I bestowed on Professor von Treitschke the unmerited rank of General. He was, of course, Professor of Political Economy at Berlin University, and his ideas were "translated" into military policy by General von Bernhardi. It was this composite memory which produced the mistake, much as one is tempted to refer to our respected Prime Minister as Mr. Benjamin-Norman-Montagu-Strong Baldwin.

C. H. DOUGLAS.

The Social Credit Movement.

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

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