

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	61	A MOVEMENT AT A STANDSTILL. By Maurice B. Reckitt	67
Sir George Paish on "world-bankruptcy"—his appeal from the "expert" to the "statesman"—his reference to fiscal tariffs as the cause of the economic impasse—the anomaly of basing the Polish Stabilisation Loan and other loans on import duties. M. Litvinoff calls the bluff of the Disarmament advocates. Fascism and producer-currency—the Fiat Company's scheme for paying wages in its own notes—Signor Mussolini's life-risk dependent on his adopting the Social Credit remedy.		<i>A Short History of the British Working Class Movement. (Vol. III., 1900-1927.)</i>	
THE MIDLAND BANK AND THE BANKERS' INSTITUTE.—II. By C. H. Douglas	64	PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE ARTISTIC BOY. By Robert H. Hull	68
IMPARTIALITY. By G. W. Harris	65	THE LOGOS OF TORYISM. By J. S. Kirkbride	69
MINUTIAE.—II. By J. W. Gibbon	66	<i>Toryism and the Twentieth Century.</i>	
Dr. Bier on Homœopathy. What Shall be our Attitude to Homœopathy?		RURAL LIFE AND LORE.—VII. Stag Hunting. By R. R.	70
		KIBBO KIFT. By Jean Baptiste	71
		<i>The Confession of the Kibbo Kift.</i>	
		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	71
		From C. M. Grieve, G. R. Scott, and Robert H. Hull.	

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Sir George Paish, at Oxford, on November 25, uttered the warning: "The whole world is drifting into bankruptcy," and prophesied that unless the nations began to "act very quickly," a "world breakdown of trade and credit" would come not later than the spring of 1929. He added that the "leading experts" of America, Britain, and Germany "see no way of preventing a breakdown," and urged that it was vitally important for "statesmen" to realise that there was "not much time." From the context of the *Daily Chronicle's* report in which these statements appear, Sir George's pre-occupation was with the "peril" of tariff barriers—the "leading experts'" inability to "prevent a breakdown" being their inability to stop nations erecting higher and higher fiscal barriers. But what on earth is meant by the "world" going bankrupt? In its natural meaning, the "world" must stand for all the people in the world, and the "bankruptcy" must stand for a situation in which they collectively owe more money than they collectively possess. If so, this is the same thing as saying that on the average every person in the world owes to the rest of the population more money than he possesses. Let us apply this to a case where 100 persons owe £200 and possess £100. Each individual, then, owes £2 and possesses £1. But, unless you are going to create an *external creditor*—some person or persons not included in the chosen 100—a reciprocal conclusion is equally valid, namely, that each individual possesses £1 and is owed £2. Eliminating the £1 possessed, which is common to both conclusions, and there remains the final conclusion that each of them owes and is owed £2. Collectively they are solvent, not bankrupt. There is only one intelligible concept of "world" bankruptcy, and that is a situation in which the debts of the world are due to creditors outside the world. We invite Sir George Paish either to repudiate his warning or, if he persists in it, to tell us who these external

creditors are. If he is frank in his reply and names the bankers, we shall have no difficulty in showing that the money which the "world" owes them was once the world's own property, and has been prematurely destroyed by the bankers themselves. In a word, the "default" of the world is the consequence of the prior default of the system which administers the world's credit. There is only one way in which the default can be made good; and that is by the creation and issue of new credit which shall not be accounted as new debt, but, on the contrary, shall be applied wholly to the defrayment of existing debt. That rules out the principle of *loans to industry*, and necessitates that of grants of *free credit to individuals* conditionally upon their using it exclusively for the purchase of consumable products. The fulfilment of that condition can be ensured by making the grants to industry as part of an arrangement whereby industry cuts retail prices to an equivalent aggregate amount.

Sir George Paish says that the "leading experts" see no way of preventing a breakdown, and calls upon "statesmen" to realise that there is "not much time." We congratulate him on saying this, because when doctors give the patient up the patient must obviously treat himself. But will the patient stand by this implied appeal from the Sir George stand to the politician? By no means. There "expert" to the politician? By no means. There is no doctrine more rigidly held by the interests which he supports than that credit policy shall be immune from "political interference." The Press extracts published in this journal from week to week have provided abundant proof of that fact. So it comes to this: although the "experts" cannot see a way out, they will not allow statesmen to take over their functions. So if Sir George means anything at all he must mean that it is up to statesmen to "think of something," and submit it to the experts for their approval. We pass over the ludicrous spectacle of a group of people specially trained for



exercising certain functions calling upon untrained people to teach them their own business. What we are concerned to emphasise is that these experts refuse to give a hearing to the ideas which Sir George seems to be inviting on their behalf. The Social Credit theorem was offered to them seven years ago. Major Douglas did all he could to save their face. His first book, "Economic Democracy," was written, not for the purpose of raising a public agitation, but rather as a Memorandum for their private consideration. If they had refuted his analysis and arguments, neither he nor his supporters would have persisted in pressing them. There would have been no reason; for neither he nor they were, or are now, seeking the prestige and power of a public career. Their whole attitude has always been consistently this: "Here is a scheme of economic recovery which, by all physical and psychological tests, appears certain to work. If it will not, let the experts explain to us why. Even in confidence if they like, so long as we are told the reasons. But if it will work, let them adopt it. We ask them for no acknowledgment: they are welcome to all the *kudos* for the discovery." This is the fundamental distinction between the Social Credit Movement and all other reformist movements. Speaking now for ourselves and the conduct of THE NEW AGE: we are looking forward with one hope, and that is for the day to come when we can lay down our pen and be henceforth forgotten like the last flicker of an expiring epoch.

If statesmen were worth their salt they would take Sir George Paish at his word, and claim the right to take up the task which the financial expert has confessed his inability to perform. Some years ago, when in Ottawa, Major Douglas made this point: he said that if functionaries trained to control economics in the general interest failed to do so, they would sooner or later be superseded by people not so trained. Since then events have been slowly but unmistakably driving the non-financial classes to work and trembling. It is sure enough that if the "science" of the financier tends to economic death, men will not hesitate to seek survival even by "unscientific" means. The recent quickening of interest in basic financial theory on the part of engineers, accountants, and commercial leaders is a matter of common observation. The non-financial classes are undoubtedly beginning to qualify themselves for superseding the financiers, though that objective is not yet more than faintly realised by them. And not only in education is that so, but also in action. The very tariff-building which Sir George adduces as the outstanding danger to the world is an unscientific attempt to escape scientific perdition. The banker's doctrine that all must sink before any may swim will never prevail so long as the Noahs of industry can gather timber to build them arks.

Sir George Paish's explicit objection to tariffs is that they impede the rate, and restrict the volume, of goods which nations exchange among themselves. He says that no nation can expect to export more goods if it be unwilling to import more goods. Putting this formula into financial terms, it means that no nation can receive more revenue for exports unless it pays away more revenue for imports. But he says not a word to explain, if the total pool of revenue collectively possessed by the nations is a less sum than their collective debt to the money-system (which is what "world bankruptcy" must mean) how the exchanging of products—even at a twenty-fold speed and volume—can bridge this monetary deficit by a farthing. It is a fundamental axiom of the Social Credit analysis, and has been repeated again and again by Major Douglas, that

when you manufacture *goods* you do not, by that act, manufacture *money*. The two functions are under separate controls, and are exercised under separate sets of laws. Not only, too, are these sets of laws not co-related, but they are mutually destructive. Look at the cotton problem. According to Sir George Paish's doctrine, all tariffs against American cotton ought to be abolished, because they impede the inflow of cotton to cotton-using countries and so impede the outflow from them of, say, cotton manufactures. But if it is injurious to these nations to impede the movements of cotton in this way, what is to be said of acts which strangle the very growing of cotton? Here is a picture of consistency!—an international credit-monopoly is lending American cottongrowers money on condition that they hold back part of their crop from the market and agree to sow less acreage; and then it turns to bully Europe for restricting the importation of cotton. "Produce less and exchange more"! How is it done? We have heard of the twin slogan to this: "Produce more and consume less." It remains for the financial experts to integrate them in a single formula. If we must do exactly as they tell us, at least let them tell us exactly what to do.

Then again: is this financial attack on tariffs sincere? Let us have a look at the Prospectus of the Republic of Poland Stabilisation Loan, 1927. Messrs. Lazard Brothers have been issuing on behalf of Poland £2,000,000 7 per cent. Sterling Bonds. That this loan had the approval of high financial interests in general will be evident when we say that the *Banker* for November contains no fewer than forty-five consecutive pages devoted exclusively to favourable reviews (interspersed with advertisements) of Polish affairs. The first ten pages are occupied by an article written by the Rt. Hon. William Graham, M.P., the Financial Secretary to the Treasury during Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Administration. It is a fortunate coincidence that this gentleman happens to have such a profound knowledge of Poland's economy. He could not have done the job more thoroughly if he had been briefed for the purpose. Following his article there are others by St. Skonieczny, Secretary-General of the Polish Banking Association, and F. Mlynarsky, Vice-President of the Bank of Poland. Among the advertisements are enumerations of the various claims of Poland on the benevolent consideration of investors, to wit: "The Polish Tobacco Monopoly," "The Government Spirit Monopoly in Poland," "The Polish Match Monopoly," and "The Polish Salt Monopoly." These, of course, go to show how thoroughly Labour principles have permeated Poland, and explain Mr. Graham's enthusiastic sponsorship of the Loan. Asking pardon for our little digression into the atmosphere of this transaction, we proceed to our main point. "Specifically," according to the Prospectus, is "Customs revenues charged" on Poland's "Customs revenues with Messrs. Lazard Brothers, their eyes glistening with emotion, tell us that whereas the "service requirements of the Loan" (for which the non-expert will please read "pickings out of the Loan") amount to £1,641,300 per annum, the average Customs revenue for the last three fiscal years has been £8,270,000 per annum, being, as they point out, "over five times the pickings contracted for. This sort of security is not peculiar to the present Loan: it is a conspicuous example. What, then, is to happen if there is a general abolition of tariffs? Do the high financial interests really intend thus to destroy the fiscal security they have exacted from borrowing nations? Or will only those nations whose debts are not guaranteed by tariffs be required to adopt Free Trade? We are, of course, not suggesting that this

involves the credit-monopolists in any dilemma. There are plenty of ways in which they can preserve their interests. One would be to exact alternative securities from the Governments: or another, sanctified by many precedents, would be to unload the "Definitive Bonds" (as Messrs. Lazard Brothers baptise them) on the general public in good time for the slump. When the theatre-roof begins to crack there are always early doors opened for the little playgoers. As the bank manager once told the judge, the banks always take care to appear on the scene for their overdrafts and loans "before the bottom falls out of the market."

M. Litvinoff has called the bluff of the Disarmament sharpers. He has got the leader-writers of the Press into such a state of wriggling that the public must have felt seasick to watch them. To solve the problem of armaments, he declares, the first thing to do is to disarm. Beautifully simple, is it not? So self-evident as to be exasperating. So undeniable as to be mischievous. It is comparable to that other and far more pregnant axiom inspiring Social Credit policy, namely, that since economic activities are everywhere held up because there's "no money about," what you have to do first is to put it about. And the reaction in the Press is the same in both cases. Listen to the *Daily News*:

"It [M. Litvinoff's proposal] is a dream, an aspiration, to which millions of intelligent men and women pin their faith in the future; but intelligent persons know, too, that it can only be translated into reality through infinite patience, infinite faith, infinite labour . . . infinite Chadband,

. . . and the continuous application of the best and most disinterested statesmanship of this and succeeding generations."

This is so dispiriting a prospect that one would be glad to know who are the "intelligent persons" to whom the *Daily News* has applied for its information. To demand an infinitude of virtue as the condition of emancipation is to demand a miracle. In a word, all that this newspaper's rhetoric amounts to is that we are all in God's hands: in which case the first thing to do is to call a prayer-meeting. But no: we are told to be more practical than that. To merit God's assistance we must do something ourselves. It was at least an achievement, the writer of the article comforts himself, "to induce Russia to go to Geneva at all."

"We hope she will now be induced to settle down to solid peace work in practical co-operation with every member of the League."

"Solid peace work" sounds promising—especially to political and journalistic careerists who are paid time rates for settling down to it. The infinite labourer is worthy of his infinite hire. That, at any rate, is a truth that intelligent people can pin their faith to.

The world cannot disarm, proceeds the writer, until it is "governed and policed" by an international authority whose law and whose sanctions are universally recognised (our italics). So it appears that even after waiting through "succeeding generations" the "disarmament" that takes place will turn out to be simply a transfer of armaments. There is no need for an infinitude of virtues on our part to bring about that result. The financiers themselves are planning to do it; for it is they who propose to take control of the policing implements which the statesmen of the nations relinquish.

The *Evening Standard* has been moved by M. Litvinoff's gesture to announce the discovery that armaments are not themselves a cause of war. What causes war is the greed and rivalries of the nations.

We are getting on. Greed for what? Let us suggest, *credit*. Rivalries for what? Let us suggest, *markets*. Very good. Next let us inquire where they are seeking both. The answer is, in each other's territory. And why there? Because not one of them can maintain financial solvency on its internal credit and market. Each is bankrupt. Therefore the first step towards disarmament should be an investigation into why they are in that position, with the object of discovering whether it is inevitable; for it should be obvious that neither by fighting, nor by negotiation, nor by being policed by the League of Nations, can they all become solvent. In respect of the internal production of any country it is good orthodox doctrine that all costs must go into prices; and the reason given is that since all costs of production ultimately find their way into people's pockets, there must be an equilibrium between total price and total personal income. Therefore, say the experts, an adequate home demand by consumers must arise automatically from the disbursements of producers. They do not say this explicitly, but they assume it, and assume it so confidently that, to apply the language of the *Daily News*, every intelligent person knows it. But every intelligent person in business knows from actual experience that it is not true. There is nothing like an equilibrium between aggregate costs and aggregate demand. If there were, one would not witness America resorting to the instalment system for getting current production sold. Now, to get this matter right, there is no need to send busybodies to Geneva; every nation can make the necessary investigation at home, where the monetary disparity originates and is manifest. In this country the Cabinet, the Federation of British Industries, the Treasury and the Bank of England could nominate representatives to solve the puzzle, and with it the armaments problem, if they brought to bear the disinterested statesmanship which the *Daily News* calls for. Comprehension of the Social Credit remedy needs patience, but fortunately not infinite patience.

The *Daily Herald's* Correspondent is responsible for a report on November 30 that the Fiat Company and other big industrial concerns in Turin have been authorised by the Fascist Government to pay wages and salaries in notes issued by themselves. In an interview with local Fascist papers, the secretary of the Fascist Trades Union Council said that the workers could not help but give a "sympathetic welcome" to the owners' decision, but thought that the come "to the owners' decision, but thought that the now system of payment would inconvenience certain categories of workers whose wages were not sufficient to enable them to live in Turin. The report says that Signor Mussolini has discussed with the president of the Italian Bankers' Association ways and means of facilitating the acceptance of the producers' notes by the banks from shopkeepers, etc. The Correspondent concludes with a comment—whether of his own, or derived from some authority or other is not clear. It is as follows:—

"The decision by the Fascist Government to allow employers to pay wages in their own paper money amounts to a camouflaged form of inflation. Instead of itself printing paper money to meet the urgent needs of Italian industries, the Bank of Italy will discount the notes which the industrialists are authorised to issue. In this way the banks will be able to tighten their grip on the Italian industries. What is not yet clear is the rate of interest which the banks will take from the workers for changing their employers' notes."

On the other hand the Secretary of the Trades Union Association welcomes the change on the ground that it is an attempt "to facilitate the victory of the great battle now in progress"—"the economic battle."

It is too soon to say whether this scheme is to be interpreted as an initial move in the direction of in-







## Minutiæ.

By J. W. Gibbon.

### II.

Surgeons are apt to despise the art of the physician, and it is the exception to find a surgeon high in his profession genuinely interested in drug therapy, much less mastering any branch of it. This makes Dr. Bier's achievements the more remarkable, for one could not have wondered had his pre-eminence in surgery driven him into neglect of the physician's province. Happily it has been otherwise, and it is obvious that Dr. Bier's surgical achievements have caused him to ponder with considerable concern one of the banes of surgery—mortality from post-operative bronchitis and its frequent sequel pneumonia, the aftermath of ether anaesthesia. The writer's strongest terms are reserved for this problem. We find the phrases "dangerous disease," "scourge of the surgical hospitals," and "the murderous sequel of pneumonia." Here the benignant healer alive to the sufferings of his patients is obviously speaking from the depths of his being, and his conclusions cannot be lightly thrust aside, for he has devoted considerable attention to this spectre lurking in the background of the operating theatre.

For major and minor operations alike the only pre-operative treatment usually undertaken in allopathic practice, apart from enemata and local aseptic measures, seems to be anti-tetanus inoculation. Post-operative effects of inhalation of ether, i.e., the distressing sickness and vomiting, and in major operations, the all too frequent risk of bronchitis and pneumonia, are accepted as inevitable. In major operations the retching alone may tear stitches and retard healing of incisions, while the bronchial and pneumonic sequelæ have an incidence of fatality that is disturbing, though hospital statistics reveal little if any information on this very important point. Dr. Bier states that he tried everything possible without success, and adds, "particularly the much-heralded Optochin failed completely." Faced with the failure of orthodox measures, Dr. Bier turned to the Arndt-Schulz law that large doses inhibit, while very minute ones stimulate. Reasoning from the knowledge that ether is the foremost noxious influence causing post-operative pulmonic disease, he administered ether in small doses to stimulate the threatened or already diseased tissue, with satisfactory results. Though this is strictly isopathy (treatment by incidentals) and not homoeopathy (treatment by similars) the outcome will not surprise anyone familiar with the law of similars. It furnishes another example of successful application of the law of similars by means of thorough knowledge of drug action unaided by clinical precedent or text book authority. Such an achievement is impossible to any school of medicine but homoeopathy, for it alone has a fundamental law by which the symptom picture exhibited by the patient is related to the appropriate remedy. The law is immutable: its successful application depends upon the knowledge and skill of the practitioner.

Homoeopathic physicians, while stressing the importance of medicine as such, have not by any means overlooked the corresponding importance of medicine as an accessory to surgery where resort to the latter is necessary. The British School of Homoeopathy, therefore, has not been behind Dr. Bier in devoting attention to the incidence of post-operative pulmonary and other complications. One homoeopathic work of reference states: "In the bronchitis which frequently follows ether anaesthesia, Belladonna is the best remedy." Here is a sphere, however, in which undoubtedly preventive measures are more valuable than curative, and

"What Shall be our Attitude to Homoeopathy?" Dr. August Bier. (Boericke, and Tafel, Philadelphia, Pa.)

another work states that phosphorus "checks post-anæsthetic vomiting; best given twelve hours before." Although a difficult subject for lay investigation, I understand that in addition to its use as a preventive of post-anæsthetic vomiting, homoeopaths also successfully use phosphorus as a preventive of the more dangerous post-anæsthetic bronchitis and pneumonia. Such a measure is, of course, quite foreign to orthodox surgical practice, and undoubtedly makes homoeopathy far superior to rivals in accessory medical treatment of what in non-homoeopathic hospitals would be regarded as purely surgical cases. Unfortunately, no comparative details are available for analysis. If they were they would in all likelihood disclose that the preventive measures in use had considerably reduced the mortality from post-operative bronchial and pulmonary complications in homoeopathic hospitals, just as in the cholera epidemic of 1854 the London Homoeopathic Hospital demonstrated its superiority over the allopathic hospitals by its low cholera mortality during the outbreak.

Having indicated three conditions of ill-health always available to the physician as affording a ready means of putting the homoeopathic law of similars to the test, Dr. Bier concludes his treatise with a plea for reconciliation and co-operation between the two schools: homoeopathy and allopathy. Probably he has his own country, Germany, uppermost in mind; but we must consider primarily the situation in Great Britain. If the result of such a reconciliation were to be the use of more effective therapeutics the public advantage would be considerable; but the barriers to such a desirable outcome are great. Numerically the homoeopaths are relatively small in this country; and before merging their identity into that of a larger body, they naturally require some solid guarantee that their system will be adequately recognised and taught, and not suffer extinction through neglect by the administrative and tutorial hierarchies of the numerically predominant school. It has been stated that in Great Britain the allopaths have expressed willingness to recognise and accept the homoeopathic doctrine if its adherents in joining them will abandon the term homoeopathy. Whether this statement is authoritative or not, I am unable to say. It is comprehensible, however, that the allopaths do not wish publicly to swallow the pill they affect to find so noxious. On the other hand, homoeopaths have to look several generations ahead. If they allow the identity of their system to be lost, who is to say that a decade or two hence homoeotherapy will have endured in its full effectiveness? In many branches of medical science allopaths and homoeopaths are on common ground; but the materia medica is the real obstacle to amalgamation of the two schools. Where the same drugs are used, the difference in their respective strengths causes a radical difference in function, and therefore also in purpose. Thus the respective materia medicas are incompatible, being based on a waste of time to master both, and the lecturers, demonstrators, and tutors of the universities and orthodox medical schools are not qualified to teach the reconciliation of the materia medica. If as a condition of reconciliation and unity allopaths insist on abandonment of the term "homoeopathy," are they in turn willing formally to abandon their materia medica, as many of them have largely done in practice, and substitute the homoeopathic materia medica, ensuring that the latter is taught officially in the medical schools? On the answer to that question depends the possibility of unification of the two schools, for on no other terms could adherents of homoeopathy honourably agree to sink their identity and hand over their healing lore and traditions to what is at present an alien and somewhat hostile body.

## A Movement at a Standstill.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

There are two conditions by which a historian may find himself handicapped—to know too little about his subject and to know too much. The latter circumstance is probably the more embarrassing. Certainly Mr. Cole, in writing the final volume of his Labour History,\* has been made conscious of this difficulty. "The unsifted mass of facts presented by memory and current record" almost defy disentanglement. Emotional detachment is scarcely less difficult. "It is hard, here and there, not to lose one's temper over a controversy fresh enough to arouse passions." Mr. Cole was never one to suffer fools gladly, but there is much of this suffering to be undergone by the historian of the Labour movement. On the whole, Mr. Cole must be admitted to have emerged with a good deal of credit. He does not lose either his temper or his perspective. He has his blind spots, but what he does see he sees steadily and whole. He can appreciate the difficulties of a situation even when he disagrees with the handling of it. He shows himself aware of the reaction of economic conditions upon ideas and *vice versa* without falling into the superficial trick of dismissing either as solely the product of the other. Similarly with leadership, he neither magnifies nor belittles its influence. He is free from illusions about "the irresistible march of progress," but he does not surrender to the usual alternative of making out matters worse than they are—indeed, his concluding pages induce the suspicion that the author is whistling to keep up the courage of his readers—and perhaps even his own.

This, then, is a level-headed book, and perhaps necessarily so since enthusiasm and exuberance are apt to demand more space than Mr. Cole allows himself. There is scarcely any attempt at character-drawing, and though this period is assuredly not one of great figures, the temperaments, qualities, and limitations of such men as Keir Hardie, Sidney Webb, Ramsay MacDonald, Jim Larkin, George Lansbury, Jim Thomas, Frank Hodges, and Arthur Cook have counted for at least as much as their ideas. Without some estimate of personalities it is difficult at times to account for affairs taking the course that they did; yet it is understandable that Mr. Cole should feel that this was a sea that had better be left uncharted, even if space had given him the opportunity to embark on it. At the same time, it is this omission perhaps which tends to make Mr. Cole's history lapse at times into mere chronicle, and leave the impression that the life of the movement he is describing has been merely one damn strike after another.

Mr. Cole is in general so inhumanly accurate that the temptation to point out even minor errors is irresistible. Two dates appear to be—let one boldly say are—incorrectly given. The Triple Alliance was not actually *ratified* until 1917, though its constituent executives had been in collaboration for two years previously. Again, the Building Guild was founded, not "at the end of 1920," but in January of that year. A further statement of fact appears to be disputable. Mr. Cole asserts in two places that disgust with the official leadership in the General Strike drove "a good number" into the ranks of the Communist Party; yet this year's annual conference of that party reported a notable decline in membership which makes the accuracy of this statement at least improbable. It seems to be

\* "A Short History of the British Working Class Movement." By G. D. H. Cole. Vol. III., 1900-1927. (Labour Publishing Co., 6s.)

rather what might have been expected to happen than what actually did.

The period of which Mr. Cole writes begins with what he describes as an "amazing recovery" of British Capitalism. This took the Labour theorists by surprise, for "in face of the great and recurrent trade depressions through which Great Britain had been passing, the early Socialists were sure of the essential instability of the Capitalist system. The great days of capitalism, they believed, were over; the system was declining and would speedily and inevitably pass away . . . and the mantle of the capitalists would soon fall upon the broad shoulders of the working class." The British Labour movement prepared to qualify itself for the responsibility by a judicious and characteristically national blend of social uplift and practical efficiency. The former, incarnated in Keir Hardie, the latter in Sidney Webb, gave birth to that Labour Party in which Socialist notions were to permeate in a deliberately anonymous way. The device appeared to succeed, and 1906 convinced Labour politicians that what they had to offer was after all "what the public wants." The flowing tide was with them; but as a colonial orator is reported to have remarked, "you cannot sit down upon the flowing tide," and this was just what the Labour Party were attempting to do. Instructing their supporters to open their mouths and shut their eyes and see what the Liberals would give them, they wholly neglected to observe that amidst all their political junketings, "the long-continued advance in the standard of life" had come "decisively to an end." Yet for the workers this was—and still is—the cardinal reality of the twentieth century.

The situation soon became transparently worse. By 1908 unemployment began to increase sharply and real wages began to fall. Before long the quiescence of the Labour men in Parliament—which was not wholly without justification, as Mr. Cole makes clear—began to get upon the nerves of those whom they were elected to represent. The period of "Labour Unrest" set in, one of those rare periods in which the British worker showed himself industrially active and intellectually receptive at the same time. The industrial agitators of twenty years before re-emerged, and if they had no new ideas were to be own, they at least knew where new ideas were to be found. Mr. Cole is at his best in describing these years—the years of his own adolescence as a revolutionary thinker. "These were stirring times. They were; times in which men's minds really stirred, and in the stirring of them this paper played what will ever be a memorable part."

Out of this ferment was slowly shaped the doctrine of Guild Socialism, while to it there rapidly succeeded the vast industrial and economic transformations of War and Peace, the hugely accelerated pendulum of boom and slump, which gave that doctrine a remarkable opportunity and an artificial relevance, only to snatch it away again in the new "normalcy" established by the deflation of 1921. Mr. Cole writes with insight not only of those features of the war situation upon which he is an authority, and in some respects a unique authority, but of the phenomena of the post-war world also. He observes that while Socialists were crowing over the decline of Capitalism, "Capitalism did not die; it only rotted. And the forces which weakened it still more weakened the workers for any frontal assault upon it." He notes that "in relation to productive capacity for other goods, the world's capacity to produce machines was grotesquely exaggerated." In an admirable paragraph upon the problem of Britain's decaying agriculture, he acutely remarks that "almost everybody said the more for not knowing what to say." He admits the bewildered "floundering" of Labour policy,



and excuses it by saying that events developed new situations too rapidly for them to be effectively met, and that everyone else floundered, anyway. He reminds us that "we have not all time before us. Within a brief space of years it will have been settled whether or no Great Britain is a decaying country." Despite some unconvincing efforts at optimism, the book ends upon a note of diffidence and subdued alarm.

And well it may. For Labour in this country has opened for itself every door but that vital one forbidden to it by the Bluebeard of Finance. Such an abstention Mr. Cole would seem to approve. He speaks of his former guildsmen colleagues going astray "after Major Douglas, a currency fanatic." This is a strange word for a "revolutionary" thinker to belabour another with. How many people have not dismissed Mr. Cole as a fanatic; yea, and greater than he? Does Mr. Cole thereby betray an invincible determination to remain ignorant of a subject that happens to be distasteful to him? If Major Douglas is a fanatic, at least we may hope that he will bite some of Labour's generals before Mr. Cole has occasion to write another volume of the history of this bewildered and dispirited movement.

## Public Schools and the Artistic Boy.

Whether the individual is concerned with creative or appreciative work, the term "artistic" is employed, in the present context, as having possible reference to all forms of expressive art, though for practical discussion these may be limited to music, drawing, painting, and literature.

As a means to a synthetic conclusion, two points of view, equally erroneous, are here held in dispute. The first insists that an artistic boy is hopelessly out of place in a public school; the second emphasises that such boys are too exceptional to be accounted considerable factors. That one or another of the above opinions is held and expressed very generally by house masters at public schools is indicative of the prevalent attitude.

Let us examine the first argument. The reasoning is that in essentials, which include athletics, a conformity to the requirements of public schools is expected. The artistic boy is ill-adapted for such conformity. It is exceptional for him to have any predilection for athletics. This debars him, to a considerable extent, from exerting influence in his house. Consequently he is unfitted for the office of prefect. Wherein, then, lies his value? In nothing except a partially developed talent which, at the best, is directed to personal ends rather than those of the house. At all events, the outcome is not a silver cup for the mantelpiece. There is the legend, too, that artistic boys are by disposition afflicted with unhealthy minds. Such boys must necessarily form a useless and undesirable element in any house, and therefore should have no place in public schools.

So runs the peculiar logic of less enlightened house masters. Their name is legion.

Categorical reply will afford, perhaps, the clearest examination. The premise that the artistic boy is ill-adapted for public school life is only a half-truth. Admittedly he may be handicapped by undue sensitivity. But if he has any worth as a potential artist, his talent will survive the comparative rigours of a public school. Genius is not so easily crushed. It is argued sometimes that public schools stifle artistic impulse, but this is equally true with regard to alternative exterior circumstances, against which there is no protection.

One readily admits that it is exceptional for artistic boys to be predisposed generally for athletics, but this does not signify, as the disputed argument suggests, that there is no point of coincidence. More often an artistic boy begins his public school career by concentrating upon a single branch of athletics to the exclusion of others. By reason of his nature his immediate concern is individual distinction. The artist is, first and foremost, for himself. It is here that he runs counter to the doctrine of "team spirit," which is the essence of school athletics. Proficiency at racquets, for instance, is not considered adequately to compensate for an incapacity to play any other game. In the end the individual generally succumbs to the system and devotes part, at least, of his energies to statutory athletics. Artistic vanity is a responsible factor in this conversion. The house master regards the occurrence, sometimes prematurely, as a welcome if unexpected step towards normality.

This compromise with the athletic system brings to the artistic boy what hitherto he has lacked—now influence. His talents, formerly a handicap, now become an asset. Boys are inclined to respect what they do not understand. Athletics come within their normal horizon; art, as a rule, does not. If they see capabilities for athletics and art combined in one individual their tendency is to revere rather than to scoff. This instinct is entirely primitive, but the resultant attitude makes influence possible. It means that, given certain conditions, the artistic boy may be made a prefect, and his authority will be respected.

The assertion that artistic boys are less healthily-minded than their fellows is as difficult to disprove as it is to substantiate. For this reason one's argument must be, at the best, dogmatic. An adolescent diet of Keats, Swinburne, and Baudelaire, absorbed unofficially, may produce a mind susceptible to exotism, but rarely anything worse. I do not admit for a moment that the athlete is less prone to, or more proof against, normal adolescent difficulties than is the artistic boy. Such evidence as can be gleaned favours the artist rather than the athlete. But on this point few essayists will concur in their opinions; disagreement has become famous in connection with the moral question and seems likely to remain so.

The argument that, numerically, artistic boys form a negligible factor in public schools is more easily dispelled. An estimation, based on a school of approximately 500 boys, showed that roughly 100 of approximately 500 boys, showed that roughly 100 were potentially artistic in the more obvious and limited sense referred to in the opening paragraph. Music and literature were responsible for the majority. Another school of equal size yielded a slightly higher figure. This evidence is indicative rather than conclusive, but the schools were selected at random and are fairly representative of the prevailing conditions.

The purpose of this examination is to show that the artistic boy is not to be regarded as abnormal. The degree of his talent certainly varies, and not all artistic boys are capable of positive expression. The majority, however, can and do express themselves in one medium or another. These gestures must be recognised and welcomed. The legend that there exists nothing between athletics and non-athletics is at last beginning to die. Schoolmasters of a new generation are bringing knowledge to bear upon this subject which hitherto has been treated by ignorant suggestion. Art and athletics can be combined, despite a contrary tradition. Such intelligent unions themselves form the best evidence that the theorist can require.

ROBERT H. HULL.

## The Logos of Toryism.

By J. S. Kirkbride.

"Toryism, like every profound and vital principle, is capable of continuous adaptation to the ever-changing facts of social life."—(Stanley Baldwin: Introduction to "Toryism and the Twentieth Century.")

There was indeed a considerable shouting about what they called Conservative principles; but the awkward question naturally arose, What will you conserve? The prerogatives of the Crown, provided they are not exercised; the independence of the House of Lords, provided it is not asserted; the Ecclesiastical estate, provided it is regulated by a commission of laymen. Everything, in short, that is established, as long as it is a phrase and not a fact.

Conservatism was an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government. Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress; having rejected all respect for Antiquity, it offers no redress for the Present, and makes no preparation for the Future. "A sound Conservative Government," said Taper, musingly. "I understand: Tory men and Whig measures."—(Coningsby.)

Between the lofty ideals of Toryism and the huckstering opportunism of Conservatism there is a great gulf fixed. Some inkling of this must have been at the back of Major Elliot's mind when he wrote:—

The survey of a political philosophy in action, or a consideration of its immediate problems, must rank as of secondary importance to a survey of the ideas by which its thought has been moulded.

According to the gallant and learned author, "there is certainly no explicit philosophy consistently put forward and consciously defended." Perhaps not, but the whole of this brilliant essay\* could justly be summed up in the words of Disraeli as a very successful attempt

"to vindicate the great claims of the Tory party to be the popular political confederation of the country."

That there is, as yet, some undefined cause in the nature of things to account for the perennial vitality of Toryism which Major Elliot describes as

the beliefs of a great mass of people held for hundreds of years, based on the observation of life and not on a priori reasoning,

is self-evident, for neither the ridicule and hatred of its enemies nor the folly of its protagonists have been able to kill it.

Now there is no better test of the vitality of a principle than the use and abuse of its nominal label in everyday language. It is a curious fact, worthy of more attention than it receives, that whereas most party names are either obsolete or obsolescent it is not so with that noble designation "Tory."

When a potential dictator of the proletariat is seriously annoyed and wishes to give vent to his exasperation, he finds immediate relief by damning his opponent as a "b—dy Tory"—which is a round, mouth-filling expletive and a very safety-valve for communistic emotion—but what satisfaction could he get by tacking the national adjective to "Liberal Unionist"? It would only evoke howls of hilarious derision. "Conservative" fares little better; it is not until you reach the extreme Left and combine it with "Bolshie" that you get the true ring again.

Moreover, when a man is dubbed a "b—dy Tory" he is secretly flattered. It is a tribute to his success in life; an acknowledgment that he has, more or less, arrived; he, also, feels that pleasant glow which suffuses the breast of the war-profiteer inhabiting the Manor when a syncopantic yokel calls him "Squire."

But, alas! although the name persists there is no longer a Tory party—yet, a shrewd observer, stand-

\* "Toryism and The Twentieth Century." By Walter Elliot, D.Sc., M.P. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P. (Philip Allan and Co., Ltd., 3s. 6d. net.)

ing outside the party game, might perceive a tendency amongst people of the most diverse type in every stratum of society to seek counsel and leadership in quarters where tradition lingers and the knee has not been bowed in the temple of the financial Rimmon. They are sick unto death of the dull and as devoid of imagination as the magnates of the F.B.I. Try to imagine for one moment society moulded on the political ideals of Sir William Joynson-Hicks, of Sir Herbert Samuel, or Mr. Philip Snowden! When one realises how insufferably dreary such a social order would be, it is not necessary to seek any further for an explanation of the steady disintegration of political parties, for without a genuine sense of humour and a touch of human weakness to create an atmosphere of brotherly kindness the evolution of a sane policy is unthinkable.

What are the alternatives? Toryism or Bolshevism, in the popular sense of the words? Well, probably neither, but something quite different, if Major Elliot's analysis is correct and his explanation of the vitality of Toryism finds acceptance with his brother scientists. Where, then, is this initial vital force to be found? Well, here it is:—

"The origin of the family is the origin of Society, the origin of Authority. The origin of the family is not in the brain. It is in the loins. The origin of Society can be seen."

When a new cell is fertilised and the *Homunculus* sets out on its stormy passage to life eternal, what is its first task?

"It marks the tissue for yet new fertilisation and reproduction, for carrying on the race when maturity shall have arrived, it may be twenty, thirty, forty years ahead."

What a flood of light that throws on Mr. Shandy's lamentation, "My Tristram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world!"

For further details the earnest seeker after truth is referred to the first three chapters of "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy." After careful assimilation of these and Chap. 5 of "Toryism and the Twentieth Century," he may perchance come to agree with me that we are all Tories begotten, and only some untoward influence during the embryonic stage of our existence predisposes us to that form of infantile paralysis known as Conservatism, the rickets which is Liberalism or the hydrocephalus endemic amongst Fabian Socialists.

Yes, Major Elliot has made a scientific discovery of the first rank: "Biology is the logos of Toryism."

But let us get down to brass tacks. This scientific Tory has the root of the matter in him, so let him speak for himself. When a politician who may be credited with more than a passing influence in the councils of his party holds that

"the principle that no one shall be allowed to go hungry (which carries all the rest) was enshrined in English practice and theory as far back as the Norman Conquest, and when he goes on to affirm that

the great problem of the twentieth century is the fitting of the machines into the social scheme,

also that

the key is seen to lie in the policy of high wages, the policy of lifting the consuming power of the masses, the revelation of an almost unlimited power of absorption of the home market, and the indefinite removals of the saturation point,

it is but a step to acclaiming the Cultural Heritage. Finally, Mr. Baldwin sums up the whole matter in the concluding sentence of his "Introduction" in these words:

"The future lies with that party which, while holding fast to the proved lessons of the past, is prepared to incorporate the increments of new truth vouchsafed to us by modern science."

Of course it does—and the sooner its members set about the study of Social Credit the better.



## Rural Life and Lore.

### VII.—STAG HUNTING.

You hear a lot about cruelty in hunting the stag, but if the real, wild stag that is found in Devon and Somerset is hunted according to the rules which proper hunts follow, the only "cruelty" is in cutting the animal's throat. All I can say is that people who object to that should not eat meat. Animals are not like human beings. They do not worry themselves about death. If they show fear when they are going to be killed it is when they are taken to a slaughter-house: and even then only when the slaughter-house has not been thoroughly washed out and they smell the blood of animals that have been slaughtered there before.

When a stag is brought to bay he will take no notice at all of the huntsman when he approaches with his knife: all his attention is on the dogs. And as for the dogs hurting him, they are lucky if he does not hurt them. So death comes to him without his knowing it. Now you take the other way of killing stags: I mean shooting them. There are many gentlemen, never brought up in the country, who make some money in the City, and then they think they will take up this sport. Well, they go and have a shot; and the consequence is that for every stag they kill they will likely wound ten; and these will go away and die a lingering death.

A stag in his wild state lives on vegetation, generally moss. He is destructive from a farmer's point of view. One of the things he will help himself to is turnips. It would not matter if he would take a few and eat them all up. But no, what he does is to go from turnip to turnip, fixing his teeth a little way in the side, and then tossing his head back and flinging the turnip behind him with a little bit left in his mouth. Let three or four of these stags get in a turnip-field for a little while, and when you go you are likely to see the whole field rooted up and covered with spoiled turnips.

When old Sir John Amory was the master, and Mr. Sidney Tucker the whipper-in in my county there was no talk of cruelty then. These gentlemen were real sportsmen, and the rules were kept strictly. The stag was allowed to make his own run and in the country he knew. A stag will often outstrip the hounds and get miles ahead, and then double round and come back to a place of concealment close to his early track before the hounds arrive there for the first time. There he lies and rests: and presently he sees the pack go racing past, it may be only a few yards from where he is. He does not move, for he knows that those dogs have got to go all round along the path of his scent before they can disturb him. Now sometimes the huntsman, being on his horse, can catch sight of the stag doubling back in the distance. Does he cut off corners to come up with him? No. That would be a terrible thing. Any gentleman in the hunt who attempted to do that would be disgraced: he would be told he did not know his manners. The rule is that you must follow the dogs and give the stag his chance. It would not matter even if the whole hunt saw him only a field or two away and running in another direction. Still you must follow along the scent, and if it leads you five miles round, you must put up with it: that is the spirit of the sport, which huntsmen, like the gentleman I have named, stick to like as it was a religion.

I expect that that lady who was killed in the hunting-field last week met her death by breaking this rule. She was very likely riding to go through a cattle arch on a short cut to catch up with the hunt. It is certain that the hunt had not gone that way. I should say she misjudged the height of the arch, or else her distance, and didn't duck her head in time.

Being a great lady, you wouldn't hear anything about this at the inquest: it wouldn't be considered good manners to speak about it. Besides, the fault does not seem quite so bad when a lady does it. A gentleman wouldn't wish to quarrel about her having a little advantage. It is like the cocoanut-shies at the fairs: it's always been known that girls must stand nearer to throw than the boys.

Another rule about stag-hunting is that none of the public must do anything to put the stag off his chosen course. It was as good as a law in my part of the country that if you heard the hunt approaching when you were driving or walking along a road you must stop still and be silent. This happened once to me when I was driving some ladies and gentlemen into Barnstaple. I heard the hounds giving tongue away on my right: so I reined in and gave my passengers the warning not to speak or move. Presently the sound came nearer: and then suddenly a stag shot up into sight over a fourteen-foot hedge, and landed in the middle of the road not a dozen yards in front of us. For about five seconds he stood there looking straight at us, and we looking straight in his eyes, all of us still as death, just like the Great Silence on Armistice Day. Then, like a flash, he had decided his course, had crouched, and taken a beautiful leap up and up fourteen feet over the opposite hedge and was gone. I shall never forget that sight; and I shall never see it again. So you will understand why it is that a good huntsman will scorn to get his stag by taking a mean advantage.

Because of this sporting spirit, people who love animals will be pleased to know that in ten hunts the stag may escape so many as six times. That reminds me of a lady, called Lady Smith, who was the owner of an estate by the name of Arlington Beckett. She objected to stag-hunting, and would not permit the hunt to follow the stag into any part of her estate. She even put up barbed wire fencing along the boundaries. The huntsman respected the lady's wishes, and if ever a stag ran into her coverts the hounds were called off, and the hunt was over for that day. Arlington Beckett was like what used to be called sanctuary for those animals. And now, here's a strange thing: the stags got to know it somehow. You might start one up twenty miles away; and bless me if he wouldn't make for those coverts just as if he had been told that the hounds couldn't follow him there.

To catch a stag means that the hounds must not make mistakes in following his scent; also that the hounds and horses must be able to tire him out. In speed of running when he is fresh nothing can come near him. That is why he has time to run round and cross his own track. When the hounds arrive at the crossed scent, there is a hold-up. This is where the turfster comes in. The turfster is a highly trained hound, and the huntsman relies on him to guide the less experienced hounds. Usually there are about eight of them in a pack of about twenty couples of hounds. "Couples" is our way of counting them. There is no reason: it is a custom to say twenty couples where you might say forty. Well, when there's a halt because of a divided scent, the whole pack will be sniffing round in all directions. Sometimes a number of the hounds will dart off along a line they've found; and you might hear one or two followers call to the huntsman: "This way, sir." But the huntsman won't move. He is not troubling about the ordinary hounds—he is intently watching the turfsters. Of course, he knows them like he knows his own children, and can name them as easily. At last aware of the qualities of each one. He sees his best turfsters have decided on the scent to follow; and then, even if all the rest of the pack have begun to go in another direction, they are called back

and set upon the trail chosen by the "old hands"—these beautiful turfsters.

Think, now, of this going on, from time to time, over a distance of forty miles, ah, and sixty miles, without a change; riding for hour after hour with not a glimpse of the flying stag, but putting all your faith in the turfster's nose. There is something about hounds that makes old horses young again. How it happens I do not know. But let any old horse, pulling a plough, hear these hounds giving tongue in a chase—it might be ten fields away—and he will try to gallop after them, plough and all; and an experienced ploughman takes good care to jump off his seat when he thinks the hunt is coming near. What happens to him if he doesn't makes a favourite picture on country almanacks. I have seen a farmer come upon the start of a hunt, and take his old pony out of his milk cart. And that pony would ride to hounds all day and finish up fresh. But horses and riders do not come up to that in these days, I am afraid.

R. R.

## Kibbo Kift.

In all trade disputes there is a missing factor, perfectly well known to students of Social Credit ideas, and, in reading Ruskin, Morris, and the best book of Oscar Wilde's "The Soul of Man," the reader felt that there was a missing factor in the elegant art of these three writers. To make their dreams come true—what to do? Combine, agitate, educate, organise, all these efforts would bring the Jerusalem to our door—but they didn't—for we were always arriving at Utopia, but we never got there. Mr. John Hargrave\* has cast his net widely, and, fast on the heels of Count Keyserling's "The Making of the World," he has made an excellent synthesis of tendencies, movements, the longings of sensible men, and not, thank God, Mike or whatever patron saint the reader wishes, left out the blessed and cursed study of finance—without which, no home is complete. It is very evident that the author has read extensively, and he has succeeded in drawing something useful from St. Paul, Madame Blavatsky, Charlie Chaplin, Cromwell, Lao Tze, Nietzsche, Noah, and Trotsky. In the New AGE, which has inevitably followed the policy of always touching the spot (it would be popular if it didn't) there has been a steady process of clarification going on with its presentation of ideas on finance. This process has given the writer of this book useful material which has been excellently used. The hard, glittering, and inspiring truths about finance have crystallised, and, to vary the metaphor, no student of Social Credit would hesitate to water the shabby lawn of civilisation for fear of giving the poor worms a drink. Kibbo Kift are old English words meaning strength, and the Kindred exist in order to combat Nonentity. The vote is regarded by them as useless; how could it be anything else when electoral issues mean whether "sieves, cullenders, or forks" shall be used to get water out of a well? The Kindred holds aloof "from all philosophies and creeds which tend to place the emphasis upon spiritual values at the expense of physical well-being." The Kindred emphasises the "just price" and says, and rightly so, of the present dispensation: "This is a Charlie Chaplin civilisation." Under the chapter "Personal," to show that a little New AGE truth goes a long way we give three conclusions arrived at by the Kindred:—

- (1) We are not getting our money's worth from the productive organisation of this civilisation.
- (2) There is no economic law governing this artificial poverty.
- (3) The distributive stricture is a financial one.

In the valley of a mechanical world ruled by anti-social interests we may have to live for some time, but the Kindred are carefully laying their plans, the sun, the hills, the dales are calling, and from these places, all the Kibbo Kift are determined to draw their strength and smash this ugly abortion that is in a violent hurry to go nowhere in no time. The Kindred, according to the author, summarise the mess we are in as follows: "The situation is this: the forces of mechanical production, together with the mumbo-jumbo juggling of High Finance, are absolutely outside and beyond the controlling powers of any House of Commons, King, prince, or president whatsoever." And so say all of us.

\* "The Confession of the Kibbo Kift." A Declaration and General Exposition of the Work of the Kindred. By John Hargrave. (Gerald Duckworth and Co., Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is possible to be critical on many points in this book, but, as Gorki says, "you can't count hairs in a brawl," and as the seething, foaming mass of stupidities in the world gets worse every day, we extend a hearty welcome to this publication that holds fast to common sense and boldly pronounces the truths that have emerged from the titanic work of those who would not be put off in their quest for the major cause of England's woes. For this reason, and believing in first things first, we recommend this book and hope that it will reach a wide public. The secret of Banks is known; their feet are set in the wrong direction, and we are all living on the bottom of hell, only some are less uncomfortable than others. Five thousand of the kindred disseminating this secret and fighting for the aristocracy of its own species will speed the day that will seem like the awakening from the nightmare of this seem like the civilisation that, at its zenith in 1927, sentences a woman to four months' hard labour for stealing four and a half pints of milk. Why she stole it is the answer to the Banks by all the laughing, mocking, irritable, impatient, fierce, tender, satirical, Nietzscheans and Social Creditors. That Kibbo Kift knows the answer too is one of those momentary rays of sunshine that show us the world it is possible to live in, when the counting of currency agrees with the counting of goods, so that no fruit rots in the orchards, no consumable fish manures the land, and a bounteous harvest of cotton and wheat make us treat the old earth as our long-lost parent instead of mistaking him in the disguise of bits of paper—eight a penny to make.

JEAN BAPTISTE.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "THE TRUTH ABOUT SCOTLAND."

Sir,—I do not see that the entertainment of an anti-English "revenge-complex" is as incompatible with the quest for a Scottish master-idea or synthetic principle as Mr. Malcolm makes out, but in any case I have by no means devoted myself disproportionately to the former or disregarded the latter. Least of all have I failed to realise that the emergence of Major Douglas is an extremely important fact from a Scottish standpoint. I seized upon that, indeed, in the final summing-up chapter of my "Contemporary Scottish Studies" (Leonard Parsons, 1926), and I devote still more space to it in my recently-published "Albyn: or, Scotland and the Future" (Kegan Paul). While all my recent writings have been concerned with the fundamentals and the quest of a synthesis dealing with past few weeks I have had several articles dealing with Major Douglas's Economics, and in particular Scottish financial conditions and economic potentialities in—each of them—some forty different Scottish provincial weeklies. Nor am I alone in Scotland in this. A Scottish school along these lines is rapidly disclosing itself. Only to-day I have a letter from an Edinburgh gentleman—a friend of Mr. Malcolm's—suggesting a meeting in Edinburgh of him, Mr. Malcolm, and myself, and perhaps one or two others. "Barkis is willin'." If any other Scottish readers care to get into touch with me in regard to this matter I shall be only too glad. It may be possible now to form a definite Scottish group and organise some activity.

C. M. GRIEVE.

("Hugh M'Diarmid.")

16 Links-avenue, Montrose.

### HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.

Sir,—Readers of THE NEW AGE will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Herman George Scheffauer, a former contributor to, and controversialist in, THE NEW AGE. Mr. Scheffauer, a Californian, resident in Germany since the war, was an able exponent of *l'avant-garde*, and a keen worker in the interests of international intellectual co-operation. His books include a translation of Heine's "Atta Troll" and "The New Spirit in the German Arts" (Messrs. Benn, 1924).

C. M. GRIEVE.

### RURAL LIFE AND LORE.

Sir,—R. R. has overlooked my point, and made an entirely erroneous inference from the fact I pointed out. The physiological reason (which has nothing whatever to do with either telegony or atavism) why a virgin pure-bred female can give birth to mongrel stock after connection with her selected pure-bred mate, while it cannot, of course, provide a universal contradiction for every case of alleged telegony or "sight influence" that R. R. and others have brought forward, would conceivably account for depends many such cases. How others can be accounted for depends obviously on the circumstances in each individual case. It



is impossible to prove a universal negative: a point this which believers in telegony, spiritualism, and other fallacies trade upon.

I have bred thousands of fowls and scores of dogs, and never in my own experience have I come across a solitary case of telegony or of "sight influence." Instances by the score have I had which could by an empiric be laid at one or the other door, but to the scientific breeder these were explainable by well-known physiological facts. The classic case of Lord Morton's mare failed to survive scientific investigation. It is one thing to found a hypothesis on what as often as not are fortuitous circumstances; it is entirely another to substantiate this hypothesis by experiments under adequate control conditions.

R. R.'s statements regarding "sight influence" read to me suspiciously like nonsense. His reasons for destroying a bitch after a messalliance I consider ridiculous. At any rate, if R. R. has a first-class pure-bred bitch of any breed which, owing to having been served by a male of some other breed or by a mongrel, he is about to destroy, and he cares to send her to me, I think I can promise to show him results that will open his eyes.

GEORGE RYLEY SCOTT.

[R. R. will reply next week.—ED.]

### "CONTEMPORARY MUSIC."

Sir,—I enjoyed reading Mr. Kaikhosru Sorabji's review of "Contemporary Music" almost as much as he enjoyed writing it. It is my misfortune, though not his, that our disagreements are too fundamental to make discussion profitable or possible. In spite of his quaint extravagancies, however, Mr. Sorabji clearly retains his sense of humour which makes his article amusing if uninteresting reading. His opinions so clearly reflect those of Mr. Cecil Gray, especially with regard to Stravinsky and Van Dieren, that perhaps we need not treat Mr. Sorabji with greater seriousness than Mr. Gray's pitiable and rather ludicrous sketches deserve.

ROBERT H. HULL.

[Mr. Sorabji replies: For once Mr. Hull is accurate on a point of fact—our disagreements indeed are fundamental—but he cannot keep it up for long. He says that my views "so clearly reflect those of Mr. Cecil Gray . . ." On three major matters, Busoni, Mahler, and Reger, my views are widely different from Mr. Gray's. When Mr. Hull knows as much as Mr. Gray and I, I hope, have forgotten; when also he has learned to be moderately accurate, it will be quite time enough for him to resort to protests against criticism.]

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