THE
NEW AGE
INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On Thursday, January 10, the High Council of the Salvation Army at Sunbury arrived at its decision to request General Booth to resign. Early on the same evening we despatched a telegram to Miss Catherine Booth at Southwold, in these terms:—

> "Urgent General should not retire unless advised by Austen Chamberlain and Reginald McKenna suspect Wall Street financial ramp behind this movement."

The telegram was sent in the name of THE NEW AGE, in the hope that it would strengthen the hands of General Booth's family at Southwold, should they be in sympathy, as was alleged in the papers, with his reluctance to resign his leadership. It was couched in the above terms in order to convey the suggestion that wider issues were involved in the decision to be made than the efficiency of the Salvation Army's work. We had no positive reason for supposing that those wider issues were being overlooked by the General's advisers, but having seen no specific evidence that they were recognised, we thought it our business to indicate them in the semi-public form we did, for the benefit both of the recipient and the official transmitters of the message.

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A day or two previously the *Daily News* had been saying in a leading article that if the General did not consent to resign there would be a split in the Army, with fatal results to its efficiency. But this depends entirely on what is meant by efficiency. The efficiency of the Army rests on the enthusiasm with which its multitudes of petty officers and privates preach Christ, sell the *War Cry*, and succour the destitute; and in our judgment no alteration in the form of leadership would in itself affect the intensity of these efforts. Since, further, the disagreement at the top has nothing to do with theological doctrine, there is no menace to unity of effort down below. But there is a way in which this spiritual credit of the Army can be paralysed; and that is by the refusal of financial credit. The Salvation Army is a business organisation, handling and disposing of revenues in the same way as any capitalist enterprise. Like the King's army, it marches on its stomach, and its stomach has to be shod with money. It begs money, it collects savings, and it earns revenues industrially. Commanding, as it does, a multitude of loyal servants, working hard for self-sweated wages, it has built up an enormous mass of property computed to be worth from £25 to £30 millions. In doing so it has been substantially assisted by donations from the most eminent financial houses in London, and every other important capital in the world. The reason is that the Army is perhaps the most potent factor in allaying industrial unrest, and is therefore a business asset. In England its leaders have explicitly urged this consideration when combing out the City for annual subscriptions (we have ourselves seen the evidence in their private appeal-letters), while in the United States we are told that they openly claim that the Army is "Father Knickerbocker's Friend," meaning to say that it is a buttress of Big Business. Jewish houses are among the most generous subscribers—evidencing the fact that the Army's theology is a matter of no consequence compared with the applied morals which it associates with its religious doctrine. In business there is neither Jew nor Gentile: they are reconciled in the policy of exploiting the dissemination of the injunction "Blessed be ye poor." We shall not be suspected of wishing to disparage the Salvation Army. So long as the control of its resources is self-determined it is entitled to take money from whence it comes irrespective of the private motives of the donors. We should do the same. If the Governor of the Bank of England offered us £10,000 unconditionally we might wonder what the game was, but we would not wonder whether to take the money.

* * *

Now General Booth administers the policy of the Salvation Army; and seeing that that policy is a valuable safety-valve against revolution, and seeing also that there has never appeared the most remote suggestion that the policy is to be altered, it appears most unlikely that its larger business subscribers, taken as a body, are particularly concerned

whether the General resigns or not, or with the mystery of whom he has designated as his successor. On the other hand, it appears equally unlikely that the present challenge to his leadership has been undertaken solely through jealousy or ambition among his entourage. But once assume the hypothesis that high politics come into the game, and the events at Sunbury become explicable. As against the *Daily News's* suggestion that General Booth's refusal to retire would split the Army, we will suggest that his retirement would mark the virtual splitting of the Army's capital and financial assets. These assets are distributed all over the world, but one half of them are in United States territory. While the British and American Foreign Offices have been pursuing parallel policies the location of undivided control under General Booth in London has not mattered. But now that these policies are manifestly divergent, and at a perceptibly widening angle, it is natural for America to wish to alter the arrangement

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In the nature of the case there is nothing that can be called direct evidence available, but there are two facts consistent with our hypothesis. The first is that the question was raised by Commander Eva Booth in the United States, and that it was she who undertook the responsibility for inviting the High Council to assemble. The second is the delay in publishing the doctors' bulletin on General Booth, written on December 29. This was not communicated to members of the High Council until two or three hours before its first meeting on January 8. It stated that the General's mental faculties were unimpaired. Whatever the motive of the General's advisers in delaying the communication, their action obviously had the effect of preventing overseas members of the Council from consulting their advisers abroad (whoever they may have been) and compelled them to improvise a policy on their own initiative, or in consultation with their British colleagues. The atmosphere of the Sunbury-Southwold comedy smells strongly of high political diplomacy. Some of its features, moreover, would make a typical American screen play—for example, the High Council's stealing off to Southwold to reach there at ten o'clock, as if they suspected that the family intended to kidnap the General; Commander Eva Booth's dash to Southwold by car (she ought to have ridden Black Bess) and her arrival after the Council's surprise visit had been paid and postponed, and her mystification at their absence, as though she suspected that the family had kidnapped them; also the confiscation and burning of 20,000 copies of the *War Cry*, containing the General's first counter-proposals. At the moment of writing the General's decision has yet to be given, but it will be known before these Notes can be read, and subsequent developments will doubtless afford our readers indications whether our guess about origins is on or near, or right off, the mark.

* * *

We received at the end of December an advance copy of an article which Mr. J. F. Darling had written for the *National Review* of this month. The article is entitled "An Over-Valued Pound." In it he affirms the necessity of an altered credit policy along the lines laid down by himself in his *Economic Unity of the Empire*, and by Mr. McKenna in his annual speeches; but links this with a demand for a "Scientific Tariff." He says: "Our fiscal policy and monetary policy are complementary, and should be studied together." He recognises that production costs must be brought down, but correctly points out that there is no margin for cutting down labour costs. He advocates protection as a means of providing employment. He says that although in the long run it may be a sound argument that limited imports are answered by limited exports, it does not happen that the answer is made immediately. There is, so to speak, a time-lag between the cause and effect; and his proposal is founded on the consideration that *at this particular time* the depressed state of industry justifies the ignoring of ultimate theoretical consequences, and the application of an immediate practical stimulus.

* * *

We need not stop to survey the Free Traders' well-known counter-arguments. The significance of the article lies in its authorship. Mr. Darling's connection with the Midland Bank must necessarily lead to the assumption that he is writing in consonance with that bank's policy. In that case we have a situation in which the largest single bank of the country has renounced the traditional Free Trade attitude of bankers in general. What remains in doubt is how far the Midland Bank and the industrialists associated with its policy (of whom Lord Melchett is the most influential) really intend to secure a substantial measure of Protection—as distinct from exploiting the vote-earning value of that programme in the next election with the intention of using the mandate to secure credit-expansion. In spite of all the education going on among the public in the subject of credit, the time is not yet near when candidates for Parliament can sufficiently mobilise working-class voting-power for financial reform to rely upon that alone for their success. Moreover, whatever emphasis is placed on such reform in the election, there will be at least two brands of it hawked about and these will split the vote. But if the Conservatives make a synthesis of Protection and Credit-expansion they would seem to have a sporting chance of getting away with it. "More Work from the Foreigner and More Money from the Bank" might easily catch on with the masses. Of course, the new girl-voters are a dark filly; but that is a snag for all parties alike. Protection, as an issue, has not had a clear run. Its apparent rejection in the Election of 1900 was due to the hostility of the whole of the working classes to the Government's sanctioning of Chinese labour in South Africa at the end of the Boer War. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain brought out his Tariff Proposals to side-track this hostility, but was beaten hollow. To-day the Government does not suffer under such a tactical handicap. It might have incurred one in respect of the General Strike had not that valiant heavyweight, the Trades Union Congress, knocked itself out by the force of shaking hands with its enemy before the fight began. Again, the banks were solidly aligned against Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's new policy: he had made South Africa safe for the gold-mining monopoly, and they had no particular reason for keeping him in office. To-day, as we have said, the financial powers are divided; and the Party of Sir Austen has a chance that was denied the Party of his intrepid father.

* * *

Our forecast of a blow-up in greyhound-racing finance has come true with a vengeance. The pioneer company, which did so well in 1927, was converted into the Greyhound Racing Trust at the end of that year, with an issued capital of £987,216. In its prospectus it said that it expected to make a profit of "at least £350,000." Its Report, just out, for 1928, announces a balance of revenue, after payment of managing expenses, amounting to £68,000. After further deductions for payment of dividend on the Preference shares, and for income tax, there is just £3,267 left for the Ordinary shareholders. This result has, of course, been promptly reflected in stock values. The G.R.A. Ordinary share, which has been so high as 6s. 6d., is to-day worth 6d. The *Daily News* publishes a table showing the highest and present quotations of the shares of this and eight newer companies; and it shows that if anyone had

bought one each of the nine shares at their respective top prices, he would have paid 83s., and would get for them to-day 11s. 1½d. He would have lost 90 per cent. of his capital inside a year. It is a tragedy that this kind of investment was largely taken up by the working classes—the people who patronised this "poor man's sport" as it was advertised. They thought they could the more prudently invest their wages in these concerns, because they themselves were regular customers. They did not see that while they were looking to get fat profits out of the companies, the companies were looking to collect the profits from them first. That, of course, is the fate of private investors generally—they have to contribute towards their profits, and if everybody invested, the investors would have to pay themselves the whole profit in prices.

* * *

The increasing efforts now being made to popularise working-class investment render it important for the cost-of-living index computation to be modified. If the working classes divert wages from consumption to investment, there is so much less demand on consumption goods; and the immediate consequence is the forcing down of the price-level. When that occurs the Government's statisticians mark the index down accordingly, and wages fall. Coincidently, the producers of consumption-goods reduce their manufacturing programme, because, having the same standing charges to meet out of a reduced revenue as on the previous revenue, they must save on their direct charges generally, and not only on the official cuts in wages. The next consequence is that some workers are sacked. The law and trade agreements bind employers to pay certain minimum wages, but there is no law or agreement to compel them to employ a minimum number of workers. This is bad enough even when the investments earn fair dividends, but when the money is lost, the position is too absurd for words. A just system would count those losses as part of the cost of living. The act of investing in such cases is virtually a part of the cost of ensuring a safer living, and the authorities deliberately encourage the act as one of the means of saving. "Consume less and invest more" ought, at least, to be a safe injunction for the impecunious to obey. The idea that such obedience can lose a man his savings, and then lose him his job, because his savings are gone, wants some digesting by the most callous defender of the economic system as it now operates.

* * *

Mr. de Valera is reported in the *Evening Standard* to have announced that it is the intention of Fianna Fail to erect a Tariff round the Free State, repeal the Currency Act, and control the currency. He is going to ensure that the whole of the home market shall be supplied by Irish agriculture. Extensive import duties are foreshadowed on manufactured articles. As we pointed out lately in connection with the Bolivian loan, and the security of the customs, the central bank of a country is the real arbiter on tariff policy. Both Free Traders and Protectionists are agreed on the proposition that the immediate effect of a ring of import duties is to raise prices inside the ring. Since wages are widely based on the cost of living, wage rates will rise too. And if the Protectionists are right in promising extended employment, aggregate wages will increase. Therefore more currency will have to come into circulation. So, if the private financial monopoly can refuse to supply more currency, it can effectively block the proposed tariff.

* * *

Mr. H. G. Williams, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, has intimated that during the election campaign he will refuse to pledge himself to details of policy, but only to broad issues. The answering of questionnaires he holds to be a "complete perversion of popular representative government." The principle is sound in theory, but as things work at present, the broader the issue the broader the successful candidate's interpretation of his mandate. It is only on points of detail that an electorate can attach a precise meaning to a political promise. Mr. Williams justifies his decision by pointing out that after a candidate has been elected on a precise pledge, sooner or later "circumstances may have so altered that a pledge ought not to hold good." Quite so; but this argument applies just as pertinently to the "broad issues" to which he is ready to pledge himself. Circumstances may defeat any promise at all; so strict logic would require politicians not to make promises, and as a corollary, not to appeal to an electorate at all. Mr. Williams is not the first man to raise this objection. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, when Premier, gave it its first authoritative expression. Party politicians will find it difficult to carry it into operation. In a vote-catching competition Party programmes have to be precise enough to exhibit differentiation to the minds of the voters. It would be no use for all three Parties to say, "We pledge ourselves to pass just legislation," and leave it at that. So far as the voter would be concerned, the Party managements might just as well draw lots for office. The Programmes in the next election must contain, and will contain promises of a detailed nature; and candidates standing for the Programmes will make the included promises. What it all comes to is that politicians may pledge themselves on narrow issues of their own choosing during the election, but may fulfil them in a broad manner—a system of pledge-inflation under which a candidate might even say "I am a Conservative" before the election, and join the Labour Party immediately after. The real doctrine behind Mr. Williams's verbal principle is not that politicians must not pledge themselves to their own narrow issues, but that they must not say "yes" to those of the electors' choosing. "Promise them what they ought to have, not what they ask for."

* * *

Mr. Arthur Young, Director of the Economic Division of the State Department in Washington, has resigned in order to go to Nanking with Mr. Edwin Kemmever, of Princeton University, where they will "serve the Chinese Government as experts on public finance." They expect to stay at least five years. (Reuter.) This supports our statement last week that the European Powers would have to make room for the United States at the table where the melon was going to be cut up. In *The Times* of January 10, it was announced that the Chinese Government had accepted the resignation of Mr. Edwardes, Acting Inspector-General of Maritime Customs administration since the dismissal of Sir Francis Aglen in 1927, and had appointed Mr. Maze, the Senior Commissioner in Shanghai, and nephew of the late Sir Robert Hart. *The Times* points out that the Chinese Government has the right to make what appointments it likes to this post "provided its nominee is a British subject." In referring to the internal struggles in China, it says that when the North and South were fighting, Sir Francis Aglen refused to pay the Cantonese any part of the customs surplus, but later helped the Pekin Government to use this surplus as security for consolidating a number of domestic loans. This is a clear example of how under the cloak of political neutrality there can be financial partisanship. Since Mr. Edwardes was associated with Sir Francis, his replacement by Mr. Maze probably reflects an attitude of increasing suspicion as to the use made of powers residing in foreign control of the customs. As *The Times* remarks, the new appointment need not be interpreted as foreshadowing the destruction of the

"international character" of the Customs administration." But it does suggest that there will be a little less of Britain in the policy of the administration. Mr. Maze will have to deal in form with the China Government, but in reality he will have to account to Mr. Young and Mr. Kemmever, for the next five years. A third item of news is that the League of Nations has sanctioned the shipment of 12,000 tons of ammunition from Rotterdam to North China. One assumes that it will be used by the Chinese Government to keep Japan quiet in Manchuria.

Muddling Deeper.

During the last week or two a great Press outcry has been made for the development of the roads, the construction of the Channel Tunnel, and similar schemes. Various signs of an expansion of credit for capital development have been recorded in THE NEW AGE as they have appeared. The source of the outcry leaves no ground for supposing that the object of the credit expansion is to become independent of the United States. The object is apparently the return to office at the General Election in May of the present Government. Thus the political Government will continue unchanged, and thus no benevolent but untutored hearts will be able to cut across the perfect unison which now works the financial and political Governments. Just at the time that the Tory Press comes forward with gigantic schemes for absorbing miners and other unemployed, Lord Beaverbrook announces that the Labour Party's election "call-bird," under the leadership of Mr. Thomas, may be the export of 250,000 men and their families, a policy which must discredit the Labour Party among its own supporters. Thus it is apparent that the financial Government is trying to buy two horses with one lot of credit; the support of the restive industrialists and the right of political way for another five years.

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In his New Year address Lord Weir suggested the construction of a 10,000 acre model farm, to be run on the most up-to-date co-operative lines, as a sort of tutorial object lesson to British agriculture in general. No details of the method of capitalising this model farm have apparently been published. The chief reason for the backwardness of British agriculture, as everybody knows, is that, under the attraction of high profits on investment in manufactures, capital has left land to starve. The farmer, with the help in many cases of the declining aristocratic landowner, has tried hopelessly to compete with virgin countries and plentiful capital. If the financial Government has now decided that English agriculture needs encouragement there is plenty of labour available. But a model farm merely to show agriculturists how their work should be done is only half the effort required, since what they most need is not teaching, but the means of putting into practice what they already know.

* * *

All the time that thousands of workers are unemployed on terms which demoralise as well as starve them, the real credit of the country is being depleted. A million unemployed do not injure themselves alone. It is not merely that the loss of their buying power slows down other industries. It is not merely that meeting their necessities on credit brings bankruptcy to the shopkeepers in their locality and debt to the local governing authorities. The unemployed's loss of self respect causes them to fail in that cultural and technical development of their children which the future of England requires. Their lack of co-operative participation in either production or consumption slows down the development of the country from the coal to the electrical age. It would be possible, if there were any national policy for the economic future of the country, to engage in something akin to town-planning on a national scale. At present there is only chaos.

* * *

Take, for example, the proposal to extend the system of arterial roads. At present there is an immense arterial system of railways. The roads are being constructed mainly where there are railways, and little or nothing is being done in the places where some roads instead of none would be a boon to the farming industry. The new roads are ugly, rigid constructions that make a journey nothing better than a getting there, or an opportunity to pass other cars on the road to prove one's superiority over the people in them. We do not know what we are going to do with the railways when we have put all the transport on the roads. We do not even know what industries England in future is to depend on, nor whether they are to be carried on in Scotland, the North, and the Midlands, or all round London in the South. The grid system of electrical distribution is to take far longer in completing than a better system would, and when completed it will simply stand as a reason why a better system should never be installed. For bringing England up to date as war demand brought munition works up to date, a hundred tasks from re-afforestation to electrification of all possible services need to be performed. Yet the leaders of the country take no policy. They go on in the muddle-through method which was permissible only when there were room and time to make blunders and set them right afterwards. Only preliminary agreement on the communal purposes of industry and the fundamental objects of credit and money will ever make it possible to convert England from this system of industrial anarchy. It used to be said that the English farmer was a back number. The statement now applies to the governing mind as a whole.

BEN WILSON.

An Outline of Social Credit.

By H. M. M.

XIII.

Conscious reasoning has not yet proceeded far enough however. If it had, it would have been seen that the organisation of power and knowledge had destroyed the validity of the above-mentioned conditional truths. It would have been seen that there is no longer any *real* scarcity, and that insistence that everybody must work as a condition of being granted a living, far from helping the civilised world out of its difficulties, is the very thing which, in face of the competition of more efficient machines, will ere long smash it up completely.

Unfortunately, the subconscious instincts of a million years' growth are not easily uprooted by a few thousand years of civilisation.

And what of the League of Nations? Can it do nothing to prevent war?

The League of Nations has, no doubt, the *instinct* to prevent war; but it is not using its *reason* to that end. Insead of seeking for the cause of wars, and working to have it removed, it plans only to bring about general disarmament, hoping, by thus clipping the wings and claws of possible belligerents, to make war impossible. It is a vain hope. Deadly and destructive wars can be fought with improvised weapons and means of attack, and will be fought as long as one nation endangers the life of another.

Moreover, supporters of the League are not all animated by humanitarian motives. The well-meaning, if somewhat unthinking, majority want quite

genuinely to make the world safe for mankind in general, it is true; but the cleverer minority who determine the policy of the League are more concerned about making it safe for International Finance; and this they hope to do by taking from the nations the capacity for effective resistance, and reducing them to a state of impotence.

The League's policy is a banker's policy: the record of its activities proves that. One of its main functions, so far, has been to bring pressure to bear on any nation which showed a disinclination to be bound by the gold standard or the rulings of orthodox finance. Austria, for instance, after the war, was reported to be making a very interesting financial experiment. Like other countries which had been engaged in the war, it needed money to carry through its schemes of reconstruction; but, instead of putting the new money it created into circulation in the ordinary way, as they did, and so inflating prices, it made free gifts of it to merchants on condition that they reduced their prices to the public in proportion to the amount of money they received.

By acting in this enlightened way, Austria was rapidly getting over its economic difficulties and becoming the most prosperous country in Europe: but, at that point, the League stepped in, and, by persuasion or pressure, induced it to return to the strait path of "sound" finance and the gold standard, whereupon it sank to the poverty-stricken level of the other "faithful" nations.

As International Finance alone had anything to gain by the abandonment of the experiment, the only possible inference is that the machinery of the League was set in motion to that end by International Finance.

To anyone who has followed the arguments here presented, it should be clear that orthodox finance can offer the world no alternatives but war or starvation; and, as no nation will accept starvation if it can avoid it, all the nations are doomed perpetually to war until they either exterminate each other or acquire sufficient intelligence to reform their financial system. Until then, the League of Nations, despite the good intentions of most of its supporters, must be regarded as a menace to the peace of the world.

It is not necessary to assume that the bankers set out deliberately to will bad trade, unemployment, poverty, revolution, or war. They are probably, in their way, humane men, good husbands and fathers, and hate these things quite genuinely. Nevertheless, they will the policy that brings them about, and must, therefore, accept responsibility for them. At present they have power, supreme power, without responsibility; and the blame for the evil results of their policy is successfully thrown on the Government, or the employers, or the workers, or the Communists, or on foreign competitors—on everybody, in fact, but those on whom it properly lies: themselves. The truth is, their operations are so hidden from view that the bulk of the people, not being given to the practice of hunting for ultimate causes, do not connect them with their own misfortunes. But if the bankers persist in disclaiming responsibility they must make way for men who are prepared to accept it.

If, in order to get to the bottom of this business, the Government were to have the leading bankers detained in close confinement—in not too comfortable surroundings—until they devised a scheme such that it would remove the fetters from industry, and ensure that what the consumer wanted produced would be produced, that it would be produced in sufficient quantity to satisfy him, and that he would get it when produced, there is little doubt that a suitable scheme would be forthcoming in a few days' time. They know quite well what is wrong with their system; and it is unlikely that they would care to defend it in the face of an awakened, and very possibly incensed, public.

Such a step would put an end to and prevent untold misery, and, in the long run, might be doing the bankers themselves a kindness; for, if nothing is done—and they show no sign of making a move—and if a knowledge of their culpability in respect of the world's sufferings penetrates to the masses, and it is penetrating, the consequences for the bankers are likely to be unpleasant.

Bankers are like fire—good servants but bad masters. Let us raise them to the level of servants.

(The End.)

An Introduction to Zoology.*

Prof. Graham Kerr has compressed within the scope of 78 pages an extraordinary amount of zoological information, which anyone can acquire for the modest sum of 6d. The only danger is that the lay reader may be overcome by an "embarras de richesse," but to help him to avoid mental indigestion a short but excellent bibliography is appended.

As an example of the extreme concentration of this little book, I may mention that the author modestly relegates the discussion of the evolution of lungs and gills to a single paragraph, from which no one would guess that he spent several years in elucidating the matter. His search for, and ultimate discovery of Lepidosiren, one of the almost extinct species of lung-fish, entailed several journeys to the heart of South America, in the teeth of dangers from starvation and disease, from wild animals and savage Indians. With the latter he ultimately made friends and was ceremonially admitted to membership of one of the tribes.

On all questions of zoology, so great an authority as Prof. Graham-Kerr must be given a respectful hearing, but when, as in his last chapter, he invades the domain of sociology, we are entitled to debate the ground with him.

The conclusion of his plea for a more extensive education of the community along zoological lines is as follows:—

"To the citizen who shows a proper appreciation of what he owes to the community, who does his best to express that appreciation by carrying out smoothly and efficiently his daily work. . . . ; to such a citizen the widest liberty would be accorded. But to the loafer, the person who thinks everyone "out of step" but himself, the fisher in troubled waters, the individual who drops sand into the bearings of the delicate communal machinery, the criminal; to all these the extension of zoological training will undoubtedly mean a restriction of personal liberty."

The somewhat narrow authoritarianism of this paragraph can hardly be supported on biological grounds.

It may well be argued that the direct impact of natural selection upon the isolated organism became so stringent as to threaten to restrict variation within exceedingly narrow limits, and that the combination, first of single cells into a colony, and later of individual animals into a herd, was the means adopted to counteract this tendency, and so permit of variations not immediately profitable. In a word, such a community could, for a while, at least, support "loafers," and it sometimes happened that such loafers finally turned out to be exceedingly valuable.

In the human body there are many examples. The appendix vermiformis is often considered a useless appendage, yet the late Sir William McEwen used to teach that it performed a useful function. The pineal gland, originally a median eye, seemed of so little use physiologically that Descartes concluded that it must be the seat of the human soul. Nay, what is the central nervous system itself, that crown and blossom of man's organism, but an ancient and disused alimentary system? In this case the stone that the builders rejected is become the head of the corner, with a vengeance

The potentialities of the vast organism of human society include the possibilities of future splendours which even our greatest mines can only dimly envisage at present. And it may well be that the seeds of such greatness lie precisely in those individuals who to day appear the most out-of-joint, uprooted, and worthless.

No doubt Society must segregate the obviously dangerous criminal or lunatic, but as for the "loafers" and "cramks," the only geological principle of general application is not to judge lest we be judged.

N. M.

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*An Introduction to Zoology. By J. Graham Kerr, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S. (Ernest Benn, Ltd. 6d.)

Aspects of Leisure.

I.—THE GOSPEL OF LEISURE AND OF YOUTH.

By W. T. Symons.

"The form of equality which matters most is the right to leisure."
(Quoted by "Kappa" as "the most suggestive saying" from an address by "the historian of the Industrial Revolution." "The Nation and Athenaeum," February 19, 1927.)

Leisure is both the expression of the soul and the urgent need of the body in modern civilisation. It is the gesture of assurance that man is at home in his own world. The creative force in the human soul demands release from mere toil, not that it may be idle, but that it may be active in its own mode. It has won the right to leisure by the intensity of labour and of invention through the ages.

Aristotle insisted upon the provision of leisure for every citizen as the prime function of the State, but that was on a slave basis. Leisure for every citizen without qualification is not only possible to-day; it is at once an economic necessity and a human need.

We live under a dispensation which identifies leisure with lack of occupation and tortures men by the alternation of excessive toil and indigent idleness. This is the denial of human dignity. In leisure that slavery can be ended, and the horrors of the servile state averted.

The physical world has been brought to such fruitfulness that the values of civilisation can be maintained and extended indefinitely with a minimum of toil. The mechanical conquest of the earth has been achieved, but we have permitted the operation of all our majestic achievements to be controlled, to our damnation, by the most sinister tyranny—the tyranny of an impersonal and artificial power, which limits and perverts the stream of our productivity, in the name of virtue and of natural law. Finance is that power. Its greatest cultural evils are seen in poverty, shoddy and adulterants, which have corrupted our civilisation to the point of despair. Creativeness is denied, and therefore disease is general. We are burnt in the fire.

But from the flame of self-destruction leisure will enable the soul to rise phœnix-like from its own ashes. At first the great need is for stillness, quietude—the first aspect of leisure. In this aspect, the "perfect work" of leisure consists in accustoming the soul to mere abstention from toil—and its respites in "pleasure." Mere relief from the agonising fear of poverty and starvation, and mere abandonment by the organism of its destructive tension, is enough. For this will enable men to recover their humanity, to become responsive to normal sounds, sights and contracts; aware of fellow-man. When quietness is gained the second aspect of leisure is reached, in which the soul builds a new life, the life of *impulse*, flowing directly from the centre of each man's creative energy.

In this aspect men reflect upon their interior resources and consider calmly and thoughtfully what to do with the surprising powers brought into the earth life by the labour and invention of the ages. Relieved of the insane drive to use our power to *any* ends rather than leave an unoccupied moment, and disillusioned of the moral code under which that course has been imposed, human life may be filled with that creative activity, each man acting in his own mode, with Idleness left behind, and Leisure expended in restoring Pleasure from its humble modern role as intoxicant, to its rightful place as the happy condition of a soul engaged in work performed with hope—hope of rest, hope of the product, hope of pleasure in the work itself; the threefold hope thus expressed by him who throughout a life of intense and varied activity, derived his force more consciously than any other in our epoch, from the ground of leisure in which it arose. "A man at work, making something which he feels will exist because he is working at it and wills it, is exercising the energies of his mind and soul as well as of his body. Memory and imagination help him as he works. Not only his own thoughts, but the thoughts of men of past ages guide his hands; and, as a part of the human race he creates. If we work thus we shall be men, and our days will be happy and eventful."*

Rest we must have; but rest is only worthy to be called leisure when it goes beyond the mere recuperation of expended nerve and tissue. If after the period of rest we are to rouse our Titan from slumber, to overcome his resistance to action and to change, he must have that triune *hope* of which William Morris speaks. How utterly perverse is our civilisation, which perpetuates unseemly toil for mean ends, bestowing anxiety and poverty for reward, mere recovery of exhaustion for rest; and degrades leisure to the abyss of "unemployment," giving that condition an almost criminal status; whilst the poisoned body and mind are tortured by frustration of desires—wholesome and unwholesome!

* * *

Leisure, therefore, is seen to be that condition in which men's activity springs from the depth and not from the surface of being. It has positive value; for in leisure the wonderful variety of the human soul will flower, accomplishing not merely the arrest of our descent into the degradation of standardised thinking and standardised products, but the positive inauguration of the new era for which every normal individual craves, in which his unique contribution may be given freely to the world.

Leisure has the deep quality of all forms of social credit; that it must be *given* by all in their corporate capacity and consciously accepted by each in his personal capacity. It establishes the rhythm between community and the individual. It is the acceptance of both as of superlative value, and their interchange as the unending process by which life is continually released in new forms. It is the end of moralism and the induction of life. It is the ground of hope for a new civilisation, based upon full acceptance of the past. It is the note of conquest. It is the baptism in Jordan from which the new life starts. It is the union of spirit and sense; of the soul and of economic fact. For the actual condition of the modern world compels unqualified glorification of leisure. Its extension affords the only immediate hope for averting Wars and Revolutions, and for the cure of psychic illness.

Leisure is the act of faith which the modern world most needs. From that act of faith, a broadening stream of benefit would flow through all the ways of men. And if proof be needed that this is so, Youth proclaims the new era in no uncertain manner. Whether it be that they have suffered toil in their own bodies or in the bodies of their progenitors, they can no longer be spurred to the feverish activity of the Victorian Age. They know in their bones, and their faces announce the knowledge, that a new direction of energy, not of labour in the outer world but of clarification in the soul itself, is the appointed task of this time.

The stream of human effort cannot be turned back into the laborious material channels which it has overflowed with such prodigal inventiveness. Man will not repeat his triumphs. The heightened sensitiveness of to-day will dance and flash where it tramped and sweated; and no forces of reaction, whether masquerading as moral or economic law, will be able for long to resist the bright sweep of energy in that living tide which hides itself in leisure as the deep river hides its immense force in stillness.

* Collected Works of William Morris, Vol. XXIII., "Signs of Change," p. 100.

Drama.

The Lady With a Lamp: Arts.

"The Lady with a Lamp" signals that Captain Reginald Berkeley, after many attempts, has found his métier; and the character of the "Lady," Florence Nightingale, provides Edith Evans with the part to which the gods appointed her. In "The Beaux' Stratagem" and "The Way of the World" she displayed the perfection of comedy acting. Such heavenly touches, was all one could say, ne'er touched earthly faces, voices, gestures, or wit. Her acting elevated Restoration comedy to the purest of all sublimations. So beautiful were those two creations that the memory of them is enough in itself to put off all question as to why we were born. In anything but comedy, however, Edith Evans was unsatisfying. Her performance as Florence Nightingale, however, makes it evident that she was too great an actress for the part. The trivial job of generating sex appeal may be left to lingerie mannequins with a smattering of elocution. For the great character of Florence Nightingale, from her childhood to her old age, an actress was necessary.

Although the play is based on the life of Florence Nightingale, and the characters represent the historical personages with whom she came into contact and conflict, the author recognised that his role was that of dramatist, not historian. "The woman of to-day is the child of the Victorian girl who rebelled against convention and parental authority, and, by her example, made possible the equality of the sexes. Such is the theme of 'The Lady with a Lamp.'" So says the programme, no doubt with the co-operation of the author. Fortunately the play has in it next to nothing of feminism as a political attitude. Florence Nightingale shines out in it as a woman of the governing class who responded to her human responsibilities when her class as a whole was hypnotised by the aim of economic imperialism. In a sense she also was imperialist, in that her cleaning up the military hospitals brought efficiency to the most wasteful branch of the imperialising forces, and rendered modern war possible. But her passion was humanistic, and she performed a greater work for peace than for war. She gave up the lazy life of the rich Victorian female not for feminism but for mankind, to ennoble a profession which tyrant man has not denied to woman. That the hospitals needed such sacrifice as she gave was a reproach against the well-to-do as a whole, just as the need for hospitals to engage "princes for beggars" and to send doctors and nurses on the streets as busking clowns is such a reproach to-day. Although the programme mentions that "official recognition" of her work "was long withheld because she was a woman" the magnificently satirical production of the investiture scene in the play demonstrates unanimous contempt for all "official recognition" of the services of genius, which is often enough neglected when it does not happen to be manifest in a woman.

The first two scenes of the play enact Florence Nightingale's conflict between the inclination of her womanly nature to love, marriage, and children, and the call of a mission. When she decides for the mission a play ends. The curtain comes down on a finished work of art, executed with the most delicate imagination. Were there no more, there would have been enough. When the play proceeds it is evident that the author is creatively prodigal. In the second act we go from the Harley Street hospital to Scutari, where Florence Nightingale's work amid the disorder and death sanctioned by army regulations is finely portrayed. Again, as she goes back to her job after the dramatically licensed death of her lover, a play ends. Is it possible, one asks one's self, realising that the play is only half through, for anything to happen at Burlington House in 1861, or at South Street in 1886 and 1907, that will not be anti-climax after this? But the play marches to its end a rhythm of climaxes. Even the belated investiture in 1907, when the old woman could neither see nor hear the personages, and the rot they talked, is dramatic. This scene, with its change of mood to irony, clinches the inspiration of the character of Florence Nightingale by the terrible realism of its comment on civilisation in relation to its benefactors. May the play, in almost the fullness of its three hours and more, be transferred to a public theatre to inspire big audiences.

It is not merely that Captain Berkeley has provided a part worthy to engage the mind as well as the talents of Edith Evans. Every one of the thirty-eight characters has body, though some appear only for a minute or two. In addition the production, jointly by Edith Evans and Leslie Banks, is an object lesson in bringing out meaning. They have treated every line of the play as they are accustomed to treat their own parts. Each epigram is a rapier; if a character has to speak a platitude, it is curled into a whip. The pathos is suggested with such restraint that the audience's imagination volunteers to drink it to the depths. To mention all the good performances would entail recording the whole cast. Muriel Aked's Mrs. Nightingale was a study. All the Victorian parent's hard, authoritarian, interior, hidden under the cloak of gentle persuasion, was beautifully brought out, and the changes in mental attitude were manifest not only in externals, but in the lines. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies has probably not done anything before as good as her performance as Elizabeth Herbert. Leslie Banks as Tremayne, the lover, and Henry Oscar as Dr. Sutherland, were both magnificent. The death scene at Scutari was that rarity among stage death scenes, brief, but of full effect. The excellence of the production is maintained to the end, the delivery of the speeches at the investiture being loaded with just satire.

Fashion: Gate.

"Fashion" (or "Life in New York"), written by Mrs. Mowatt in 1845, was produced in New York in the same year, and in England in 1850. It is well worth reviving, especially in the manner of subtle burlesque adopted by Mr. Peter Godfrey. The play is, of course, very light comedy, a mixture of film-age moral fervour with English eighteenth-century comedy. As a criticism of morals and manners it holds the face of twentieth-century America no less than the nineteenth to the grindstone as well as the mirror. Mrs. Tiffany wants her house in New York to be the focus of an American Paris. With a French maid and arm-chairs of French nomenclature, she will marry her daughter to a French count. Her husband will do as he is told, and reap the benefit when his money and her brilliance have made the name of Tiffany resound through the social world. Round the fact that the count is an impostor a plot is constructed that would do credit to a medieval novelist. It is America, however, so Adam Trueman, man of his name, arrives opportunely from his farm at Catteraugus to save all souls, cleanse all reputations, straighten out all compromises, and deliver the moral. That magnificent American moral ideal, "an honest man," marches easily through the sinful and iniquitous world, whereas snares and pits await all intriguers, liars, cheats, and aspirants. Mr. Godfrey takes full advantage of the hollowness of the honest man. His production does not encurage the guffaw. But it makes one smile throughout. It is as though we and the Victorians together had out before us all the anti-macassars, albums, and ideals, and were amused in good company. With such songs, also rendered as delicate burlesque, as "Not for Joe," "A Little Bunch of Whiskers on his Chin," "Why Did They

Dig Ma's Grave so Deep," and "Come, Birdie, Come and Live With Me," the affair becomes a Gate Theatre Saturnalia, a sort of Lord of Misrule festivity for twelfth night. "Fashion" is a delightful revival that ought to go to a big theatre.

Norman Shelley's Adam Trueman was perfect. The earnestness of the original production in 1845 could not have pleased its patrons more than this deadly earnest but conscious burlesque pleased the Gate audience. Harold Young, as the henpecked Mr. Tiffany, and Betty Potter, as his crowing wife, also gave excellent performances. Gertrude, the orphan governess, who turned out to be of Trueman's line, and who, black as her morals looked, proved to be shining white, was well played by Viola Lyel. Let the actress be warned, however, against any temptation to imitate the enunciation of Sybil Thorndike. One actress spoiled by drawled vowels is one too many.

PAUL BANKS.

The Press and the Theatre.

It has been observed by those who read the *Evening Standard* that for more than a month now the usual list of theatres and the plays being performed thereat has been omitted. A few theatres are using what are called "display" advertisements, but "the rest is silence." Silence, indeed, surrounds those theatres whose names have mysteriously disappeared from the columns of this newspaper. Since their advertisements ceased all the usual news items about their plays and players, including a weekly page of theatrical gossip, have also disappeared. On the other hand, those few theatres which still continue to advertise have received an unusual amount of attention in the news columns. Owing to the well disseminated tradition that in our great and glorious British Press there is no relation between advertising and news, this lack of the usual gossip about those theatres which are no longer on the list, and this plentiful supply of information about those which remain, must be regarded as one of the many miracles due to the law of coincidence.

As I am concerned with what happens in the theatre, I have been trying to find out some facts about this omitted list of plays. I do not say that what follows is the truth, but I may safely conjecture that it *may* be founded in fact. The theatres which no longer advertise are all managed by people who belong to the "Society of West End Managers," a protective association which covers a large majority of London theatres; and this fact is called to the attention of the public by placards issued by the Society, which announces that the only complete guide to plays now running in London will be found in the *Star* and the *Evening News*. The *Star* has also seized the opportunity to announce that one of its rivals does not carry a complete guide to amusements.

It is said that this development arose through the *Evening Standard's* suddenly putting up its rates for theatre advertisements to so high a figure that no less than thirty-five theatres declined to pay them. I have heard that the rise was as much as three hundred per cent. Whether this is so or not, or whether the rise was three rather than three hundred per cent., I recognise that this newspaper has a perfect right to ask what it likes; but the theatres have the same right to accept or refuse to pay what is asked. It is a mere case of buying and selling, and does not concern the public except in so far as one may pay a penny in order to see "what is on" at the theatres, and not see it.

But there is another aspect of the position. I have already pointed to the coincidence of the vanished news and the vanished advertisements, and the appearance (in terms of space given) of very valuable news and gossip items about the theatres which still advertise. I may as well point out, at the same time, that these "display" advertisements take up a good deal of room, almost as much as was hitherto given to the missing thirty-five theatres, and must come very expensive, unless, of course, they are being charged at specially reduced rates. If that should be so, the thirty-five theatres might justly hold themselves to be discriminated against for having offended the advertising department of this newspaper. And although outsiders may hold the theory of coincidence with regard to the above phenomena, such interested parties as the theatres concerned may be forgiven if they are not so credulous.

They have probably noticed, too, that the cinemas, which are such a fine source of revenue to American investors, can afford to buy an ever-increasing amount of space in which to shout their wares; and that coincidently with the cessation of the aforesaid theatres' advertisements there has commenced in this newspaper a competition for the best criticisms of films seen by its readers, a competition which, according to a published correspondence, has been filling London cinemas with large audiences all eager to win the sum of £200 offered as first prize. Once again, one may regard the appearance of this competition as a coincidence, but the non-advertising theatres might regard it as deliberately designed to remind the readers of this newspaper that there are films, as well as plays, worth seeing in London.

Now if these theatres really do believe that they are being punished for their refusal to advertise, let us hope that (a) they are wrong, or (b) if they are right, that they will not sustain permanent damage. Indeed, the boot may be on the other leg, for the theatres may discover through this experience that they do not need to use all journals to reach all their

DRAMATIST.

public.

Music.

The increasingly prevalent habit of musicians in wasting energy and self-respect upon drawing room and parlour tricks and carpet-knight-errantry is one of the most unpleasant and discouraging symptoms of post-bellum times. It appears to be manifesting itself in fiction if "Gallimaufry," by Mr. Hugh Wakefield (whose very clever collection of eerie tales *They Return at Evening*, is one of the best of its kind that I know) is any indication. In this book we are shown the spectacle of the training process of a budding musician into a social performing ape, and not only that, but invited to consider the process a necessary and desirable ingredient in the young man's training as a musician, the book closes with the young musician, now adept in all the tricks of the town—unlimited capacity for lowering cocktails, a supply of cheaply smart back-chat—*genre* Beverley Nichols and Noel Coward—ability to take part in that lugubrious shuffling that is called dancing, not omitting some winter sportiveness to set the seal of good form on the healthy normal young Englishman that is our musician—the book, I repeat, closes with the final attainment of Parnassus in the form of a marriage into Grosvenor House—a fate, all things considered, richly deserved. I am not so dense, I think, as to overlook a satiric or ironic intention, but I confess to having been unable to find a trace of either in Mr. Wakefield's book. But perhaps I wrong him, and others may be more successful . . . and less dense.

Dinh Gilly. Grotrian.

The second, this, of two lectures, the first of which I unfortunately missed. M. Gilly recapitulated with power the profound truths he has enunciated in former lectures, which cannot be too much or too forcibly repeated. With especial vehemence M. Gilly

on this occasion denounced the monstrous state of affairs that prevails to-day, whereby some incompetent, voiceless charlatan can win enthusiastic recognition merely on the strength of a certain *flair* in making up interesting programmes, and when people set up as "interpreters" before they can produce two consecutive sounds of moderately good and homogeneous tone quality—and not merely set up, but worst of all, succeed in foisting themselves upon the public backed up by the ignorance and incompetence (if nothing worse) of professional criticism. And on the topic of singing it is safe to say that there is not one of the regular London critics who is qualified to express an opinion, or whose opinions, being expressed, can possibly be considered responsible and authoritative. In fact, so incompetent is ordinary Press criticism in this matter that on those rare occasions when a singer turns up who is a real master or mistress of the art, they are not recognised, or are adversely criticised, because they do not employ the vitiated methods to which a depraved taste is accustomed.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Some Woodcuts.

By Leopold Spero.

Various prices were marked against their respective works by the artists who exhibited recently in the English Wood-Engraving Society show at the St. George's Gallery. But they were all reasonable, and some of them were worth a speculator's attention. For example, I should think that the set of illustrations to the Cresset *Pilgrim's Progress*, by Blair Hughes-Stanton and his wife Gertrude Hermes, would be a good buy. Clare Leighton has a vineyard picture which ought to have caught the eye of the Empire Marketing Board. Agnes Miller-Parker's *Polar Bears* was studded all over with little red seals, and deservedly so. Grace Golden has a good composition in her *Reading Room*, and we like T. Garwood's interesting caricature of a seance, somewhat in the cruel Hogarthian manner of Molly Campbell. Elinor Lambert's *Flower Sellers*, Dorothy Fairley's *In Richmond Park*, a Constable-ish piece called *The Road*, by Dorothy Hirst, and George Wood's crisp and coldly pleasant *Oakwell Hall* are all worth notice. But we must be more generous in our praise of C. W. Taylor's *Meadow* and *Harvest in Kent*, which are first-rate. Altogether, there are several pieces in the show which must appeal to all intelligent lovers of this difficult craft, and now and then one is warmed by a flash of genius.

Painting.

Queensberry Rules. Goupil Gallery.

Lady Queensberry, better known as Cathleen Mann, is improving all the time. Her show of forty-seven portraits and studies at the Goupil takes in hardly any duds at all. It is full of evidence that she has studied her job, and is always ready to learn. Her *Gipsy Lee*, the charming portrait called *Master Peter Freudenthal*, and more particularly the finished and delightful portrait of *Donna Irène Straneo*, are the first to catch one's eye, though this last piece is most deplorably marred by the faulty drawing of the right forearm. But it is beautifully posed, and the colouring is first-rate. Similarly her *Phyllis* has merit of many kinds; but why give the lady goitre? There is a touch of greatness about the *Model Seated*, a nude of rare texture and glossiness in the flesh tints. By contrast with this, and a very fine coster girl study, *Mrs. Smith*, we would note the highly priced *Irene Dinely*, which is merely slick.

At the same gallery Mr. A. C. Bailey is showing a number of water-colours. They are fresh and bright, but much too samey. This artist has a shimmering style, which affects the eye somewhat tiresomely when you look at a number of his pictures together. One or two scattered here and there amongst the work of other artists, or with work of his own showing a more varied method and style, would have created a much better effect and done him more credit.

LEOPOLD SPERO.

Our Old Dutch.

By Leopold Spero.

Such a storm of praise has greeted the Burlington House Exhibition of Dutch Old Masters that the first impulse of the critic whose comment could not appear until late in the day, exasperated by finding that all the clichés were already used up, might well have been an impulse of the old Adam within him, to pick out all the faults. But although it is impossible to review the show completely in one visit, or even a half-a-dozen, it is obvious from one visit that it is the most magnificent event of its kind within living memory. There can be no sort of doubt about that. And it was patent, as far as the opinion of the public was concerned, not only in the immense crowds which thronged the galleries, but in the way they looked at the pictures. That is to say, many of them who obviously knew little about the history and mechanism of pictorial art, and certainly would have shrunk from using any jargon of the critics or their imitators of the drawing-room, looked at pictures, this or that one, a Rembrandt scene, a Hals portrait, a Ruysdael landscape, a Steen interior, a Vermeer vignette, as if a stranger had just come up to them and told them some great secret about life and their fellow men, and rooted them to the spot with tense attention. There was hardly any of the posturing and posing you see at so many exhibitions, this craning of the neck, twisting of the shoulders, flirting of languid hands, to express the sense of one's own importance at the expense of the occasion. But men in country tweeds stopped and said, "By Jove!"; and small uniformed schoolgirls became live and eager little individuals, as they stopped and looked and looked again, and came back to see if it were true that a picture, a mere picture, had touched something within them which they could not name.

It will have to be reserved for a later occasion to deal with the pictures adequately and in any detail. For the moment—after all, we have found something for complaint—we may note that the Van Goghs were a mistake. There are twenty-one of them, and the only one which really pleased is the *View at Nuenen*, with its wonderful sunset streaked behind the background of trees. No doubt his *Vase of Blue Flowers* has great merit, and the *Cornfield* is bold and effective, and even serene. But when the work of this modern "master," who takes so much for granted and leaves so much to be supplied by the eye of the beholder, is compared with that of the giants of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or even with his own contemporaries, the Marises and Anton Mauve, it seems to be rather a hopeless comparison. For they conceived grandly, they saw with genius or ever they laid hand to brush. And when they did take up the brush, they left nothing unsaid, no detail too small for perfection. If ever it was plain that genius is, at least in one aspect, the infinite capacity for taking pains, it is plain here.

Of course, such a collection of great pictures could never have been made save by men in whom something of the Divine spirit was moving. Professor Martin of the Mauritshuis, and Dr. Schmidt-Degener of the Rijksmuseum, with their brilliant colleagues, and that restless organising genius of our own, Major Longden, have done their work in such a way that it has punched the British public right in the midriff, and left us all gasping. Only a fool would lose an opportunity of going to see this rare show. We shall return to it.

Reviews.

Lyrical Poetry from Blake to Hardy. By H. J. C. Grierson. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

This is No. 5 of the Hogarth " Lectures on Literature." It is a competent piece of work, neither offending nor gratifying the reader by any heretical opinions or swift strokes of wit. For those who like this sort of thing this is the sort of thing they would like. In the chapter on Arnold and the pre-Raphaelites, it is decided that " Arnold's poetry is essentially a poetry of thought; everything of which he sings is seen through a medium of reflection. . . . And so Arnold does not exactly sing."

J. S.

The Policeman of the Lord. By Beresford Egan and P. R. Stephensen. (Sophisticles Press. 2s. 6d.)

Here is another illustrated satire by those who were responsible for the " Sink of Solitude," which ridiculed the " Well of Loneliness " prosecution. The drawings by Mr. Egan are drawn in the same style as before, a style after—a long way after—that of Aubrey Beardsley. If these drawings have any point, it is too subtle for me. The preface and lampoon by Mr. Stephensen are well enough, but do not deserve to be published so expensively, as he himself is aware, since he excuses it by saying that posterity will be amused at the antics of our present Home Secretary, and will be glad to find them recorded on paper less impermanent than newsprint. I expect posterity will have something better to do. The lampoon can be a most effective form of criticism, but it is generally as ephemeral as the thing it attacks, and does not deserve the dignity of fine printing, good paper, and stiff covers. I would pay a few pence for this satire on Sir William the Book-Censor, but half-a-crown is two shillings too much for it.

J. S.

Yesterdays in the Green Country. By Frances Woodwright. (Fowler Wright.)

A pleasant, unsophisticated work, if not of art, at least of artlessness. At all events, one can read it without offence.

The Quest of the Nepal Border. By G. M. Guinness, M.A. (Marshall, Morgan and Scott.)

This little book is illustrated with half a dozen of the most brilliant amateur photographs I have ever seen—real pictures. It is otherwise undistinguished, but contains a good deal of useful information. We wonder, by the way, exactly how far our missionaries would go if they knew they could get the Indian Government behind them in their claim to force an entry across the Gurkha frontier. We would like to think there was no mischief in the possibilities of the situation. Unfortunately, we think there is plenty.

L. S.

Britain and Germany. Edited by Rolf Gardiner and Heinz Rocholl. (Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.)

This symposium is " the by-product of a series of activities " undertaken in order to enable members of the two nations, so recently in conflict, to meet in frank discussion of the issues between them. The activities, described in an Appendix, have included the interchange of visits between various Youth Movements, joint camps, and hikes (notably a large British-German Camp on the Scottish border), and festivals of music, dance, and drama, culminating in a circular tour of England by the " German Singers." Hence has been produced this series of essays on such matters as the origin and development of the Great War, and the political relations and national characters of the two peoples. They are valuable, not only as describing recent events from the unfamiliar German point of view, but also in enabling us " to see ourselves as others see us." The future, which the compilers seem to regard as probable and as desirable, is not so much a world unity as a sort of pan-Nordic federation of the two combatants and the other " fair whites " to the exclusion of the greater part of the earth. When people find, as these writers have found, that there is nothing either in national character or political relationships to render conflict inevitable, they may be tempted to inquire why the conflict has taken place. And this is a line of thought that, if logically followed out, can only lead in one direction.

I. O. E.

Boston. By Upton Sinclair. (Privately printed. No price.)

Mr. Upton Sinclair sends us another thick volume which he describes as a novel, a " contemporary historical novel." But the fiction is only a very thin coating for a large pill of anti-capitalist propaganda, made up with ingredients from the famous Sacco and Vanzetti trial. The author remarks in the preface that he has " tried to be a historian " of the case, not a partisan for the defence. His bias, however, against the prosecution is obvious, so it seems a pity that he should have made his task as an impartial historian more difficult by mixing fiction with fact. The task for the reader is also made no easier. How is one to judge such a book? As a work of imagination, or as a chronicle of known events? " There is a simple rule for guidance in reading this novel," says the author. " The characters who have real names are real people, while those who have fictitious names are fictitious characters." But the rule is not so simple as he thinks, for unless one knows the case fairly well, how the deuce can one tell a real from a fictitious name? I have heard the names of the two villains—or the two heroes—of the case, but for the rest I don't know t'other from which, as the saying is. But Mr. Sinclair's qualifications as an impartial historian may be judged from the eloquent rant which concludes the book. " . . . And these two [Sacco and Vanzetti], the shining ones, the holy, who died to make freedom for the workers! Already one saw the history of martyrology repeating itself, the process of two thousand years crowded into one. . . . A hundred million toilers knew that two comrades had died for them. Black men, brown men, yellow men—men of a hundred nations and a thousand tribes—the prisoners of starvation, the wretched of the earth—experienced a thrill of awe. It was the mystic process of blood-sacrifice . . ." etc. I am afraid I can hear some corduroyed humorist in an English pub. puncturing this windy rhetoric with a few choice sentences, terse, but to the point.

J. S.

The Story of Hassan. Englished by John Antony. (Nisbet. 7s. 6d.)

I take it that Mr. Antony is the author of this delightful book and chooses to adopt the device of pretending that Hassan, son of an Indian scribe and petition writer, has told him the story. It does not matter; what matters is that here is entertainment of a kind which makes you want other people to enjoy as well. Hassan is a sage with a sense of humour, a man of the people who says things which sum up a situation. " My eldest son," he tells us, " who draws his education from the muddy fountain of the municipal school, says that the world on which I stand is round, not flat; and that when it is dark here, there is another sun shining on the other side. Doubtless this is false, for it is nowhere mentioned in the Koran, which contains all truth. All the same, I do not correct him. It is one of those lies which it is profitable for a boy to believe. They lead to Government service; and when that is attained, a wise man can discard them." Most of his story tells the adventures of his father and mother and the things which befell him while he was a child; he proposes to speak of his manhood in a later volume, which I shall look forward to. The present volume is worth the money just for some of the tales which are told by various characters. There is Ladda, for instance, who comes to Hassan's home to play cards and talk. He has a gift for telling indelicate yarns with subtle delicacy. His story about the Princess Shereen, who was kept so innocent that she lost her virtue without knowing it, rivals the first pages of *Tristram Shandy* in the art of avoiding definite statement and of forcing on the reader the onus of finding the insinuation. It is Ladda, too, who makes a remark which might usefully be repeated to the Home Secretary when he starts to make English literature fit for " the least of these little ones." When Ladda is about to tell one of his naughtiest stories the mother of Hassan asks whether she had better not send the child away. " If he understands it," replies Ladda, " the harm is done. If he does not, it can do him no harm." So young Hassan hears the tale.

J. S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN OUTLINE OF SOCIAL CREDIT.

Sir,—That the " Just Price " is less than the " Cost " is not surprising, when we take into account H.M.M.'s somewhat catholic definition of Cost. This definition at least has the advantage, which other definitions of cost do not always have, of being perfectly clear. But let me point out a consequence of it. According to H. M. M., " Cost " is made up for all " inside " and " outside " payments—and dividends (see Outline, Part II., para. 4) are expressly included. Thus, on this definition of costs, it is *impossible* that goods should be sold either above or below cost-price.

On such a definition of Cost neither " profits " nor " losses " mean anything. This conclusion, which flows from H. M. M.'s definition of Cost is a little difficult to reconcile with the prevailing view, both among economists and traders, that goods *are*, wherever possible, sold above their cost-prices, the difference between the cost and the price constituting the " profit "—a word to which, in H. M. M.'s economy, it seems impossible to give any meaning.

This unlooked-for consequence of H. M. M.'s definition of cost does not, however, prevent him from using the word

" profit," apparently with its full meaning. Are we to understand that this argument is the one which " destroys the Socialist contention that Profit is the root of economic evils, and Professor Soddy's contention that it is Interest which occupies that position ? "

However, let us not be discouraged. The " Just Price " is less than the " Cost " by reason of our definition of Cost. But if we defined Cost in a more normal manner, it would still be contended by H. M. M. that the " Just Price " is not the same as the Net Cost Price. This term is not defined by H. M. M., so let us leave it undefined—I think we know substantially what it means. The " Just Price " is not the same as the Net Cost Price (Part VIII., p. 101), because the aggregate prices are always greater than the aggregate incomes, and, therefore, in order that the incomes may " buy " the prices, the prices must be lowered a fraction. This argument is clearly dependent upon the satisfactory proof of the proposition that aggregate prices are in excess of aggregate incomes.

Now, in my letter in your issue of December 13 (and again of January 10) I have pointed out that H. M. M. fails satisfactorily to prove this important point; and though you, Sir, still do not accept my view, I must hold to it that I have sufficiently made out my case. It seems to me that H. M. M.'s proposition is true, for, say, nine-tenths of the incomes and of the prices, but not true over the whole field, *though the impression may be easily gained that it is so.* I think both H. M. M. and Major Douglas have gained a false impression that this proposition is true, when it is only very nearly true.

Indeed, I contend it to be self-evident that it is *impossible* that aggregate prices can exceed aggregate incomes, if we consider the whole field; because if some goods or services are sold above cost-price then others, *ipso facto*, must be sold below cost-price in consequence. It is axiomatic in the Profit System that a " profit " is counterbalanced by a " loss "—though the point is not widely recognised. Thus if the " Just Price " is to be something less than the Net Cost Price, it is impossible that all the prices shall be just; for they cannot all be less. Hence the " Just Price " cannot rationally be other than the Net Cost Price, and I hold that this is what H. M. M. and Major Douglas really prove. I am thoroughly for this conclusion.

But H. M. M. has a further string to his bow (perhaps not quite, in argument, sufficiently distinguished from the last), namely, that production at any given moment is greater than consumption, and for this reason the Just Price must be something different from the Net Cost Price. This point we can deal with by combining the proportional equations given on pp. 94 and 101, *viz.* :—

$$\frac{\text{Just Price}}{\text{Cost}} = \frac{\text{Actual Production}}{\text{Potential Prod.}} = \frac{\text{Tot. Nat. Consump.}}{\text{Tot. Nat. Produc.}}$$

remembering that we have to convert Cost (here) from gross to net. Thus, if the Just Price is *something less* than the Net Cost (which is H. M. M.'s argument), the actual production can never be as great as the potential, nor can the national consumption ever be as great as the national production—at any moment. But neither of these conclusions is in accordance with horse sense. For clearly it is possible at a moment of falling production for consumption to be in excess of it. And, since potential production is never *infinite*, actual production can, on occasion, be equal to it. Thus the equations are not reasonable except on a [illegible] interpretation. Hence the " Just Price " must be the Net Cost Price (i.e., the price which registers neither " profit " nor " loss "); and this is what I hold H. M. M. to have proved. It is a valuable conclusion, and a great advance over the current economics of the Schools, which are as medieval, scholastic, and dogmatic as they ever were in the old days of " astrology " and " alchemy."—Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD J. W. KEPPEL.

[If personal incomes are continuously equal to all production costs there ought always to be a sum of money outside industry equal to the total cost of plant, materials and stocks existing inside. The reason why there is not is that money is destructible. Of all personal income part is spent on consumption, and the money so spent is destroyed: the rest is invested in fixed capital, and the money so invested is destroyed. Consumption wipes out a proportion of costs, but investments perpetuate the balance of costs.—ED.]

Sir,—There is no *non sequitur* in the par. Mr. Keppel mentions: it is merely that he is unable to follow a logical sequence. Total national costs are the sum of individual business costs; and the total national income is the sum of the distributions of income by individual businesses; and as the costs of individual businesses are *in every case* greater than their distributions of income, total national costs are always greater than the total national income. If Mr. Keppel cannot subscribe to that I leave him to the mathematicians: he is challenging their fundamental laws.

I find the real basis of his objection in the fact that the Douglas analysis clashes with his preconceived opinion that the profit-principle is the root-cause of economic problems, a natural enough opinion for anyone to hold who approaches the study of economic problems from a Socialist standpoint, but one which it is quite impossible for anyone to hold who understands the working of the financial mechanism, even if he objects, on principle, to the payment of profits. The vibration of dissent which this clash has set up in his mind has probably prevented him from reading the rest of the articles. If he had read them he would have found the bald statement of the analysis explained and elaborated in considerable detail, and might have finished up less sure of his position than he is.

If he had even read two paragraphs ahead of the offending par. he would have found Prof. Bowley's statement that " National income is equal to the total value of goods and services produced or rendered in the United Kingdom. . . . the expense of maintaining capital being deducted." Prices, we know, *include* the expense of maintaining capital. What does Mr. Keppel make of it? Does he deny that *x— is less than x*, in this case that national income is less than total prices? There is nothing here about outside and inside payments to confuse him. Or does he repudiate Prof. Bowley altogether? I may add that there is no reason to suppose that the Professor is a follower of Douglas.

H. M. M.

A + B.

Sir,—It may be true to say that the financial credit distributed in the production of, say, a Ford car is cancelled before the car is on the market, but is it the whole truth? Almost every minute I believe one of these vehicles emerges from the factory, and it may be said that in the same minute Tamils in Malaya are tapping the rubber that will be embodied in the tyres of a similar car perhaps a year hence. The same consideration applies to all the other raw materials and fuels consumed, and looking at the matter in this way can it still be argued that the credit distributed to individuals as wages, profit, interest, or rent in respect of one car is insufficient, or not available, to buy that car. It will not do to say that there is still the cost of the buildings and fixed plant, and that this undistributed cost must be included in the price. Shareholders forgo the right to repayment of the capital they have subscribed for the chance of profits, and a business will remain solvent if it meets no more than the depreciation of its plant in the price of its products.

LAWRENCE MACEWEN.

[If " rubber " incomes, etc., are applied to buy the finished car, they are not available to buy the rubber and other materials destined to make another car.

If shareholders make a present to industry of their invested money, industrial capital costs nothing to industry and can be used without charging depreciation.—ED.]

" THIS INSUBSTANTIAL PAGEANT."

Sir,—If the indeterminist position is based on " intuition and imagination," it is no more worthy of credence than the most fantastic astrology of the Dark Ages. For how could it be tested, verified? It is on a level with the mutterings of an old fortune-telling woman, and professors of science, in so far as they accept an arbitrary factor in nature, are walking arm in arm with the medieval-minded old lady.

Professor Eddington is an astronomer; he comes out of his own domain, apparently when he would be irrational, but his own science gives no support to an indeterminist principle. There is no road leading to the " Unknowable " from astronomy. It is a significant thing that the hankering after the " absolute " is always based on the thing the asserter of it knows least about. The chemist finds nothing of it in his own line; he invades the biologist's domain for his proof, and so on through the lot of them. In the science concerned, psychology, and especiallly the new psychology, the foundation is built on the idea of causation, the whole structure of it is a testimony to the principle of determinism.

There is really nothing profound about the statement that " there can be no truth without assuming that consciousness is capable of perceiving it." What consciousness really does is to tell us of passing states of mind. That and nothing more. For the argument of consciousness to be of use to the indeterminist it must be shown that we could act in opposition to the strongest motive. Establish that and there is no need to search further for the " absolute."

H. B. DODDS.

[This letter has arrived too late for R. M. to see it before publication. His reply, if any, will appear next week.—ED.]

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