# NEWAGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."
WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND AI

No. 2013] New Vol. XLVIII. No. 23. THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1931. [Registered at the G.P.O.] SEVENPENCE

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# NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Last week, in discussing a letter from a correspondent apropos of what plan could best be put forthe course of showing the nature of the obstacles which the bankers could put in the way of the actine action which they were taking in Australia against Mr. Lang, and were preparing to take bered, the action was shown to be of two sorts, the civilian force. The public opinion and the enlistment of be exploited as a justification for the employment of had force, if and when it became necessary. We action, which we will now describe.

When New South Wales returned Mr. Lang to would hold up his legislation. He therefore asked to create a sufficient number of Labour Councillors in Philip Game, the Governor of the State, to agree to give him an effective majority in the upper House. effect: "Wait and see what the Council actually council. The Bill was passed by the lower House Mr. Lang then introduced a Bill in the council. The Bill was passed by the lower House hassed it to the upper House. The upper House hassed it to the upper House. The upper House council preferred to pass the Bill than to put Mr. Lang in the position to go back to Sir Philip Game was that the Legislative hang in the position to go back to Sir Philip Game what say: "Position to go back to Sir Philip Game action bout creating those new Councillors?" This howed heroic—it looked like a gesture of the council that the real meaning of the gesture was legislable reprieve. For certain members of the house that the reprieve. For certain members of the house that the House, applied to the Court for a protein that the action of both Houses in

passing the Bill was a breach of the Constitution. The Court made the required pronouncement, and upon appeal, the higher Court confirmed it, but by a majority judgment—one judge dissenting. The effect of this was to empower Sir Philip Game to refuse to assent to the Act in the name of the Crown. Mr. Lang has since then communicated with the British Government demanding that they recall Sir Philip Game—a demand which *The Times* declared in a recent leading article was an impossible one for the Government to comply with. Such was the deadlock—and so it remains at the moment we are writing these lines.

It will be easy for our readers to realise that this was bound to happen if the bankers wanted it to happen—which, of course, they did. For the laws which bankers want are not only an integral part of Constitutional law, but are the foundational part of it. If it had not been that the bankers were obliged to conceal from the public their real policy and their means of carrying it out they could have made the drafting of the laws of the Constitution so clear that there would have been no possibility of misinterpreting it—so clear that, for example, anybody in Australia might have applied to the Court and got an injunction restraining Mr. Lang from even presenting his policy to be voted upon at the last N.S.W. election. Of course, such a line of action would have been bad tactics from a political point of view; for electors would be rather shocked to hear that they were legally prohibited from voting for the measures they liked best, but only those that something called the "Constitution" permitted them to like. They would be startled to hear that "The Voice of the People" might be hear that "The Voice of the People" might be "The Voice of Satan" in a democratically governed country. This explains why Constitutions—the British Constitution especially—are "unwritten," "fluid," "elastic," "malleable," "resilient," "adaptable," or any other similar kind of adjective. Frozen Constitutions are as inconvenient to bankers as are frozen credits; and fluid Constitutions. bankers as are frozen credits: and fluid Constitutions are as useful to them as are fluid assets. The power of the banks to control the economic life of peoples lies not so much in their power of lending

credit as in their power of not lending credit. Readers who have grasped the content of the old Social Credit slogan "The hand that writes the bank-draft rules the world" will realise that it is the unwritten bank-draft, not the written one, which is the bankers' real instrument of coercion. And it is the same with an unwritten Constitution—and will be so as long as such a Constitution lives in the sour soil of current financial axioms—axioms whose ultimate effects in practice have always been morally indefensible, and which, themselves, are now known to be scientifically untenable.

Bankers have got lawyers in their pockets—that is, in the sense in which Lord Hewart has proved that Departmental Bureaucrats have got the House of Commons in theirs. His Lordship was not charging the House with dishonesty or corruption of any kind: he was complaining that the House passed anti-public measures "absent-mindedly." Its doing so arose, he recognised, from lack of technical knowledge and from the multitudinous preoccupations of its Members arising out of the congestion of business which was always waiting to be dealt with. And so, all judgments in favour of the banks are liable to be "absent-minded" judgments —and they are practically certain to be so when the matter of adjudication extends beyond the region of the conflict of personal rights into the region of the conflict of financial principles. In the first case the Judge can weigh the merits of both parties to the suit: in the second he cannot weigh more than one principle—he has not been trained to weigh any other—in fact, he has been educated from childhood to assume that only one exists in this world of moral and economic relationary. ships. The mind of every Judge is thus predisposed to regard the established laws of finance and those of the Constitution as practically convertible terms. It goes deeper even that that: one might fairly say that subconsciously Crown Judges are bank barristers. Thus, on points of fundamental principle the bankers' brief is the Court's judgment.

With regard to Mr. Lang's present set-back it is easy to see how it could have been procured by the bankers; but, in the nature of the case, impossible to prove it. One reason is that bankers are allowed by law to keep their mouths shut on what they are doing—a privilege denied to every other section of the community. The traditional doctrine that the banker must keep his clients' secrets has a lot to be said for it; but to interpret this as meaning that the banker may keep all his own secrets is illogical, and the acceptance of such an interpretation by judges is, in practice, against the public interest. In the far-off days when the term "bankers' clients" was accurately referable to private individuals or firms in competition with each other, and when the leakage of information respect other, and when the leakage of information respecting the financial position or activities of any one of them would prejudice his chances in the competition, the rule of secrecy was obviously just. to-day, when independent enterprise by individuals has faded out and been replaced in all important fields of remunerative activity by mergers, trusts, and so-called "public corporations," there is no necessity to apply the rule—more than that, the rule becomes unjust to the very people in whose interest it was originally made. It has been remarked of "corporations" that they "have no soul." It is just as true to say that they have no secrets—that is, that no reason worth the name can be advanced why they about hide their secrets. vanced why they should hide their secrets, or, at least, that there is no justification for their being allowed to keep secrets without first submitting satisfactory reasons to the Courts or to the public. These mergers and corporations are impersonal institutions, and therefore the idea of doing "jus-

tice" or "injustice" to them is as fantastic as would be the idea of doing good or evil to a piece of stone.

It is true that these institutions nominally belong directly to investors in their stock or indirectly to the general body of taxpayers, but the interest of the bona fide investor and the ordinary taxpayer is too remote to be legitimately brought forward as a decisive reason why the relations between these institutions and the bankers should be hidden from public view. In present-day affairs the interests of the King's subjects, whether as investors, taxpayers, or wage-earners, are better protected by publicity than by secrecy. But there is a more immediate reason why the financial activities of these institutions should be disclosed, and that is because institutions should be disclosed, and that is because they are virtually in the ownership and actually under the control of the bankers. They are a part of the banking system, and are instruments of bank of the banking system, and are instruments of bank policy. Thus the old rule of "confidence between banker and himself"! That is a pretty state of affairs in a system where every ordinary state of affairs in a system where every ordinary state of affairs in a system where every ordinary state of affairs in a system where every ordinary state of affairs in a system where every ordinary state of affairs in a system where every ordinary state of affairs in a system where every ordinary state of affairs in a system where every ordinary state of affairs in a system where every ordinary state of affairs in a system everybody's book say that under the present system everybody's book say that under the present system everybody's book of secrets lies wide open to the eyes of the banker, of secrets lies wide open to the eyes of the banker, and locked from the eyes of the public.

Let us give an illustration of one kind of abuse which this secrecy can cover. As everybody knows, during the slump in trade following the bankers launching of their deflation campaign in 1920-1. launching of their deflation campaign in 1920-1 a large number of control of their deflation campaign in hands. large number of concerns fell into their hands. They had to be "nursed" by the banks because otherwise they had to be be the banks because otherwise they have and in otherwise they would have gone bankrupt, and is their fall would have knocked down other business ninepins in all directions. Our readers are familiar ninepins in all directions. Our readers are familiar with the facetious talk in the financial Press some years ago about "the bankers' fleet," referring to the mercantile vessels which the banks lieu of take from insolvent chipping companies in lieu of take from insolvent shipping companies in lieu of loan-repayments. Now, quite recently we heard a case which suggests that the bankers are making unfair use of the assets which they are nursing. unfair use of the assets which they are nursing.

Briefly it is this Briefly it is this. Two manufacturing concerns "somewhere in England" have been offering products at prices below even the manufacturers had identified the cost of other manufacturers had materials cost of other manufacturers had identical products. Now, these concerns long been suspected in the area concerns that being in financial difficulties, and were administered much less efficiently equipped and administrated. long been suspected in the area concerned be being in financial difficulties, and were known to the much less efficiently equipped and yet than were some of their competitors. The come out and undercut their efficient competitors by margins running into something of the corner they must be selling at a loss. Circumstances, firms who suffer from creflection that it is only a temporary injury, while manage to support it for a little while for the process of the support will crack up and disappear. that it is only a temporary higher will manage to support it for a little where the loper will crack up and disappear. It instant of the loper will crack up and disappear. It is particular as the circumstances in this particular belonging strongly indicate, that these concerns is financed one of the Big Five and that this bank is gun to one of the Big Five and that this bank is fine their deficits? What then? If it has begin to one of the must intend to go on doing so until the cerns turn round and begin to earn profits. The certainty of eliminating the composition of the cerns and eventually put them the composition of the certainty of eliminating the bank, adequate efficient firms would be, to the

security for the succession of advances it made to its own concerns.

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But that is not the end of the possible abuse of secret power. It could easily happen that the bank handled the accounts of the independent firms as well as those of their own tied concerns. That would be a nice game, wouldn't it? Just imagine it. We, let us say, are the bank. We hold the accounts of, let us say, two firms, Sharp, the efficient firm, and Slack, the inefficient. Before the slump we had been lending. lending money freely to both, for the demand was so brisk that they could both get their profit. We then start deflation in association with the other banks, and commence to call in overdrafts. Slack, of course, goes to the wall as soon as the demand shrinks enough for Sharp to meet it. Slack should go bankrupt, but he owes us more money than we should recover if he were sold up. So we take over his business and proceed to nurse it. We leave him to appear as the proprietor as before, but in reality we run the business. We realise that we can now put Slack in a position to put Sharp out of business. We invest our overdrafts in Sharp's ruin. As Sharp's bankers, we can sit in our office and inspect Sharp's account week by weath to see how fast our agent account week by week to see how fast our agent Slack is progressing towards eliminating him. Further, we can assist the process by restricting the accompact and assist the process by restricting the accompact allowed to commodation which we had previously allowed to Sharp. For we should hardly risk our money on the security-value of a business which we were in process of dear. of destroying! And so, the end comes; Sharp falls, Slack rises, and we, who are Slack, cash out, with profit. profit, on the monopoly we have created for ourselves. Lastly, should anybody come asking us how the slack Slack could have beaten the sharp Sharp, we should should Promptly remind him of the necessity for our keeping inviolate the secret of our transactions with both clients.

Now, would not that be a scandalous state of affairs if it could happen? But, couldn't it? Can anyone come forward and prove that it couldn't? The only argument that he might use would be an appeal to faith—faith that "banks would never do to funerals;" In our view, that is a faith that leads who considers the matter fairly in the light of his will arrive at the conclusion that something more to-day—that mere faith in them, without seeing their works, is dead—or ought to be.

The importance of this illustration is that if the abuse referred to is seen to be possible in the case of case of the British banks collectively and whole sections of the British industry, and, further, it is possible in the case of the British industry, and, further, it is possible entire case of the international bankers' Trust and Hughes, the Australian ex-Premier, was antecedently against Sir Otto Niemeyer that the banks had been catoia, in the dairy interests of Soviet Russia, the price of Australian and New Zealand butter on manifesto of Australian and New Zealand butter on manifesto of Australian and New Zealand butter on manifestor of last and three following issues.) In fact, the the bankers can work it, for the reason that detection banks officials. Those in branches of a bank do not be adquarters do not know what the Bank of England of that Bank know what

Montagu Norman and the Governors of foreign central banks are doing. All clues, such as they are, lead in the direction of the embryo world-bank—the Bank of International Settlements; but if the ordinary individual attempts to follow them up they slowly vanish as he advances, until the last he sees of them is the same as the last Alice saw of the Cheshire Cat—a discarnate grin of derision. Statesmen, Judges, Capitalists, Workers—all of them wander round in complacent or disconsolate aimlessness; and only we small company of stewards of the Social-Credit secret stand between them and their complete and final subjugation by a financial world-government.

Against this background the events in New South Wales can all be interpreted as consequences of bankers' intrigues. Imagine that we are the bankers, and that Mr. Lang has just launched his election programme. We immediately start preparations against the contingency of his victory. We know that the Legislative Council as constituted at the moment can be relied on to reject any legislation we do not like—not because we have told them to do so, but because we originally had a hand in their nomination and took care to pack the Council with members who, from their childhood, had been taught to regard our principles of sound finance with the same respect as the Ten Commandments, and who are congenitally incapable of awakening out of their hypnosis. But we foresee that Mr. Lang will want to spoil this arrange-We also foresee that in certain circumstances Sir Philip Game would be constitutionally obliged to let Mr. Lang have his new Councillors and pack the Council against us. We must prevent those circumstances arising. We therefore consult several of the most influential members of the Council, knowing, of course, that all debating bodies of this kind are swung by the opinions of a few individuals. We call these "bosses" together, and we say to them:

"Now you fellows, if Lang is elected you must look slippy and get your gangs in hand. They will be itching to have a smack at the first Bill that he hands up. Perhaps you are, too. But you must stop all that. We know that Game won't let Lang pack your Council before he has proof that you have rejected Lang's legislation. Now, we know the mentality of the Labour rank and file, and we reckon on their making the usual mistake, and going all out for attacking the Council instead of proceeding to push through a part of their legislative programme. So Lang is likely to start the ball rolling with a Bill to abolish the Council. It will look good—for if you pass it you are done, and if you don't you may be swamped by newcomers. But neither need be swamped by newcomers. happen. What you've got to do is to pass the Bill and abolish yourselves 'in deference to the will of the people.' When you've done that we are going to get the Courts to pronounce your noble act ultra vires. That is to say, directly noble act ultra vires. Lang is returned by the electors—if he is—we shall get busy on the subject of Constitutional Law—we shall get it privately discussed by all the highest legal authorities, and according to the individual opinions we hear expressed we shall make sure that the judgment we want is the judgment that will be given. It is quite easy. On the point that will be at issue all the merits of the case can be weighed now; that is to say, there is no submission that either side can make during the actual hearing that cannot be anticipated. Hence every Judge who is eligible to hear the case can decide on his judgment before he hears it. Honestly, too; for it is all a matter of legal interpretation and not of unforeknown evidence. So all we've got to do is to

find out what these Judges think; and we have our own means of seeing that the kind we want will be appointed to try the issue. We may take our chance with the lower Court, or we may not, but we'll make certain that Lang loses in the finish."

We cannot prove that this happened, but we say that it could easily happen. With "observers" and "contacts" in all grades of society we should have known what was coming; and with unlimited financial resources we should have known what to do and should have used the Press and other publicity agencies to make it appear that the public applauded what was done. Archbishops, Judges, Statesmen-we should have a selection of each for various purposes—and we should pick them up just as the girl at the telephone-exchange picks up plugs and stuffs them into holes. We could ring up any judgment we wanted on any question which concerned our vital interests.

## "The New Age 1' Dinner. MAJOR DOUGLAS'S SPEECH.

The key-note of Major Douglas's stirring address at the annual dinner of THE NEW AGE was struck in his remark to his listeners, "You here in this room are, in my opinion, in a very special way trustees of the Divine prerogatives of initiative and adventure." He drew a vivid picture of the alternative methods of securing co-operation—either by coercion, as in Russia and Italy, or by free initiative, as offered by Social Credit, and added that a definite decision would have to be made between these alternatives within the next three years, since the Russian Five Year Plan would force the issue.

#### Progress Made by Social Credit.

The amazing success which has attended the spread of Social Credit ideas Major Douglas attributed largely to the fact that no pressure had been placed on anyone to put them forward. There has been no organisation which has paid people to expound these views. He referred to the newspaper rumour that the Social Credit movement had been financed by "a gentleman well known in Hollywood and London," and a friend had told him that it was well known Douglas was receiving enormous sums from Moscow to be spent in dangerous and subversive propaganda! It was very common for people to ask "Who is financing this Social Credit?" the reason being that they find it impossible to believe that any movement which is not heavily financed could possibly have made such progress. There is no finance behind this movement, and so far as he was concerned, there never would be. But it offered the world what it wanted more than anything elsemore than bread, circuses and clothes, or any material need—a freeing of initiative and a larger life.

Only thirteen years ago—a moment in the life of a movement like that of Social Credit—unrest was rampant and the minds of the people were turned to such things as shop stewardism, syndicalism, and other isms which were straining after the idea of introducing political democracy into the control of industry. They were all schemes for substituting committees for one man. That was only thirteen years ago and since then there had been a complete mental revolution. At the present moment, no-one is so poor as to do homage to schemes of administration, and the whole of the world is beginning to recognise that trouble arises not from schemes of administration but from finance. That remarkable change of outlook in the world in that short period of time, has taken place not only without the assistance of all the common aids to dissemination of information such as the Press, films and broadcasting,

but definitely against the hostility of the powers that control all those forces. Yet within those thirteen years speches have been delivered in Parliament, in the Canadian House of Commons, and in the South African Legislature on this subject. In Japan thousands are talking about it and there is hardly a country on the surface of the globe which is not using the language of Social Creditors. In the Press of many countries "whole cloth" quotations have been taken from Mr. Brenton's admirable Notes in The New Ace. in THE NEW AGE.

Social Creditors were not the first people to talk about finance. There had been Kitson in this country, Silvio Gesell in Switzerland, Charles Ferguson and Marchael Charles America guson and many industrial engineers in America have pointed out the defects of the financial system. But whether due to methods, or time, or circumstances the constances, the subject was not brought into the consciousness of many people, and although the task of Social Creditors would have been very much harder without the work of the without the work of these pioneers, the fact remains that their work did not spread while Social Credit did

## Terms Offered by Finance.

The real nature of the world crisis is not economic the strict cover of the world crisis is not economic in the strict sense of the world crisis is not economic problem of poverty. The real nature of the crisis is not the solution of the problem of poverty but the terms on which the real nature of shall be terms on which the problem of poverty shall be solved. If Social Creditors would recognise that, they would see what they would see what to expect and what line of action to take.

Free initiative, which has been the key-note of the Social Credit idea, has not failed to produce the goods. Individual private initiative has not failed to produce the goods. It is not failed finance which to produce the goods. It is centralised finance which has failed to deliver the goods. The line towards rationalisation and trustification taken in so many rationalisation and trustification taken in so many of the countries of the of the countries of the world has no bearing on the problem at all problem at all. What we are witnessing in these efforts is the attempt to re-organise the industrial system so that it will relate to form the form of the system work. system so that it will make the financial system work.

That is the opposit That is the opposite of what Social Creditors working for. They see the industrial system working quite satisfactorily, but are concerning selves with the financial system which is working above the industrial system which is working selves with the financial system which is working above.

with regard to the present re-organisation of the industrial system, Major Douglas declared that of was strongly of the opinion that the efficiency ith large undertakings is in general low compared that of small undertakings, but the result assist by making them larger is that they are more from handled to by making them larger is that they are more from the physical point of view the actual efficiency is all the physical points of view the actual efficiency is all the physical points of view the actual efficiency is all the physical points of view the actual efficiency is all the physical points of view the actual efficiency is all the physical points of view the actual efficiency is all the physical points of view the actual efficiency is all the physical points of view the actual efficiency is all the physical physical points of view the actual efficiency is all the physical physical physical physical physical physical physical physical the physical point of view the actual efficiency small many cases lower—fewer models than from small many cases lower—fewer goods than from concerns

In the next two or three years bribes would be offered to the populations of the world for the inversion of poverty. "Yes," finance would say, will abolish that poverty, but these are the terms."

The whole world is really run by co-operative There are three methods by which a co-operative system can be run

(1) There may be centralised military force as and over which forces a constant of the constan power which forces a population to co-operate, take you can deal out ration tickets to the form of money by the control of the you can deal out ration to co-which to the form of money, but bear no relation king that of production. That is exactly what is taking that in Russia at the present time, with the rescountry when you come to sell the production of that cickets. when you come to sell the production of that county you need pay no attention the ration taken to the ration to th you need pay no attention to the ration

(2) You can have economic pressure and anly system such as characterises Italy. Comparatively small percentage of which can exist outside the wage system.

country it is mitigated by the dole and the Poor Law

system, but in Italy it is not.

(3) Or you can have the freedom envisaged by Social Credit accompanied by dividends.

Major Douglas indicated the essential similarity in the ultimate idea behind (1) and (2), the Russian and the Italian systems. They both involve the idea of getting people to do something by means of pressure. They produce either consciously or unconsciously the spectre of economic poverty, which does not exist except in the minds of people who do not understand the situation.

#### Finance Demands Retention of Control.

A very interesting report published by the American Government on American machinery supplied to Russia, after remarking that a large number of the engineers who are employed in Russia are of American extraction, states definitely that the largest credits to Russia for the purchase of materials and installations of machinery can be traced to American sources.

This goes to prove that there is no necessary antagonism between High Finance and Soviet Russia. The essential is retention of control. There is definite evidence that no mere change of form has any special terror for the competitors for world power. They say in effect, "We will pass over from a situation which is clearly intolerable, but we shall be left, in the state of the sta shall be left in control of the situation.

The Bank of International Settlements has a The Bank of International Settlements has a liaison officer travelling between Basle and Threadneedle Street. The brother of that officer has been appointed to the B.B.C., whether "post hoc" or propter hoc." Since that appointment has been made the B.B.C. has definitely become more sympathetic to P. pathetic to Russia.

There is at this time an American Finance Mission sitting in Rome dictating to Mussolini the scale wage reductions and other adjustments before granting the provision of credits to meet the financial crisis which will arise in Rome in November

It will be seen that the world problem is not a struggle between capital and labour. It is a struggle for control which may involve a change over of the whole type of world government.

A Forecast of the Future. Some years ago Major Douglas had foretold what would happen but without assigning dates. But now there was a new factor—the Russian Five Year Plan

It has no costing system which limits its price flexibility. The situation would come to a definite decision. decision in the next three years, and that situation turned turned simply on this proposition—under the present simply on this proposition arrangements you cannot accept goods for cannot accept goods for arrangements you cannot accept goods for a granised any nothing. As the Russian system is organised any country which is organised on the orthodox rules can be which is organised on the orthodox of can be reduced to complete impotence by a flood of

soods for nothing.

Under Social Credit this attack would lose all its
Down loover within three months. This country could be brosper within goods and at the same time be more prosper to the same time be more prosperous than ever. The form of organisation which exists in Russia at the present time is far and the present time is far the powerful against the old orthodox costing, brice, and for the powerful against the old orthodox costing, then anything else that exists, and financial system, than anything else that Russia in the world to-day. If the problem is merely Major against orthodoxy then Russia will win, but Major Douglas was convinced there was another solution. He asserted his opinion that "Might is light," and added "If a thing cannot in the ultiand added, "If a thing cannot in the ultimate, and added, "If a thing cannot are then it is not right meaning of the word fight and win then it. The not meaning of the word fight and win then The very right. There is something wrong about it. The why essence of rightness is strength. A thing which will be a strength of the word is wrong. which essence of rightness is strength. Therefore I am convinced that at bottom this problem is a cultural convinced that at bottom this problem is a cultural problem, and it really depends on which

is stronger-a militarist organisation or a conscious organisation of free initiative, and I have no doubt whatever that the second is the stronger as well as infinitely more desirable." There is a revolt against what may be called "bank values." As the world advances more in thought and feeling there is a re-Volt against the idea that the importance of a man is measured by a number of little figures kept in a little book by a bank. Of all the forms of tyranny from which the world has suffered, the statistics of a bank book is the most undesirable

#### The World To-day.

There were indications that there will be civil war in Australia. Canada is closely watching with intelligence and knowledge what is happening in Australia, and any attempt to bring outside pressure on that country would be resented in Ottawa. The same thing applies to India. It is absurd to imagine that every popular movement is organised by Finance, but every large movement is, if possible, used by Finance, and the situation in India is being considered by what can be done with it from a financial point of view. If there were repudiation and a break in the Indian currency all industrial assets could be

bought up at scrap prices.

A" flight from the £" might easily occur. If it should slide down the exchanges of the world, as the mark did, there was only one reply, and that "Lower and lower and still lower prices." This must be accompanied by a situation in which the manufacturer may still sell without making a loss. Major Douglas concluded by saying: "In the crisis of the next year or so you occupy a special position—that of trustees of the Divine prerogatives of adventure and initiative. The cry of 'safety first,' wherever it may be uttered, is an alien cry, both to this country and the culture it has produced. It is the cry of the bookkeeper, the moneylender and usurer, the insurance peddler. It is the cry of the dying, not of the growing, and its genesis is fear. It never did, and never will, produce a new idea or a new world. Safety should be a by-product, not an objective. The prospect held out to you by centralised economic control is simply a modernised version of the tyranny against which every pioneer of progress since the world began has fought and has eventually triumphed, and over the prophetic world in which 'every man shall sit under his own vine and fig tree, and none shall make him afraid.' against it I should like to leave with you a picture of

# Sir Henry Strakosch.

With reference to Sir Henry Strakosch's address to the British Engineers' Association (see the "Notes" in The New Age of March 26), the Evening Standard of March 28 published an interesting of this gentleman, contributed by the ing biography of this gentleman, contributed by "a City Correspondent." It includes the following

items:
Entered banking in 1891 at the age of 20.
Was 25 years in South Africa.
Established the Central Bank there.
Represented the Empire on the Financial Committee of the League of Nations.
Was one of the individuals chiefly responsible for the

of the League of Rations.

Was one of the individuals chiefly responsible for the establishment of the Bank of International Settlements. His directorships include the Union Corporation, the Anglo-International Bank, and the Burma Corporation.

During his stay in South Africa he "found out almost all there is to know about gold, from the time it is mined until it is locked up in the vaults of

In Europe he "has carried out many post-war schemes which have helped the nations." He is schemes which have helped the nations. He is "one of the most daring of our economists," and as a result of his "solid achievements" he "wields a power which few theorists of this age and generation have ever dreamt of attaining.

#### Drama.

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#### Mrs. Warren's Profession: Court.

It was long ago observed that Candida's decision at the end of Shaw's play reflected the author's own decision as regards his function in the world. When Candida sent the romantic poet, Eugene Marchbanks "into the night," having herself elected to remain with her prosperous, slum-reformer, husband, because the latter, although apparently the stronger, was really the weaker, critics perceived a symbol of Shaw's own abandonment of poetry for reformist-propaganda. Shaw's own image is equally clear in other plays, particularly in "The Doctor's Dilemma." So far as I am aware nobody has professed to perceive the reflection of Shaw in "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The play has been generally accepted, at least until after the Censor removed his ban, as an objective opposition of points of view about prostitution and the financial aspects of sex, and marriage, arrived at more by thought than by experience. When the ban was first removed the play seemed to me a fairly ordmary conflict between the generations, distinguished by the Shavian touch of making the mother the erring, and the daughter the righteous,

The present production of "Mrs. Warren," by following immediately on "Widowers' Houses," as it did in order of composition—" The Philanderer between was an attempt by Shaw not to be Shaw-helps to illustrate the play. That realistic practicalphilosopher so favoured by Shaw seems invariably a person who, setting out in life with everything against him, rises to the top by somebody just giving him a start, and nothing else but his own super-cleverness. In "Widowers' Houses" it is Lick-cheese; in "The Doctors' Dilemma" Alfred Doolittle, in "Arms and the Man," Captain Bluntschli, and so on. In "Mrs. Warren's Profession" it is Mrs. Warren. She, from scrubbing floors and serving in the Waterlee her group after her girter Ling. ing in the Waterloo bar, rose, after her sister Liz had given her a start, to the top of her profession, to be the indispensable manager of "hotels" in Brussels, Buda-Pesth, Berlin, and many other European capitals. The most humanely treated persons in Shaw's plays, and the most humanely recommended to the audience, are these Hop o' my Thumbs who beat the giants at their own money-making game. Mrs. Warren's daughter, Vivie, is as determined to make a career for herself as her mother is proud of having made one. Vivie also insists on starting from scratch; she will have none of her mother's ill-gotten gains, she prefers to make money for herself, possibly out of widowers' houses. But between the humane Mrs. Warren and her inhumanitarian daughter, Shaw is at a loss to choose. Their parting, like all Shaw's partings, is long, though unlike most, it is definite. The inhumanitarian daughter stands triumphant, alone, hating sex, marriage, and human beings. A super-human halo sits on Vivie Warren because she does not know, because nobody knows, who her father was. In a sense it purifies her-for Shaw.

The soul of Shaw, in so far as it is to be seen in the play, is to be looked for only in Mrs. and Vivie Warren. All the other persons are just skittles, dummies with gramophone-records in their heads which paraphrase Shaw's opinions of the types they represent. But Mrs. Warren and Vivie are Shaw looking on the world with a divided mind and through the eyes of women, as he has done over and over again since. There are few finer things in all Shaw than the discussion between the two women in the second act, nothing more nearly endowed with independent humanity than Mrs. Warren when she boasts and confesses together-all confession is l

partly boasting—the way of her ascent. It may be that the division of these women, one justifying life with its faults and necessities, the other standing by Puritanism, righteousness, and logic; the one humble, sinful, and human, the other proudly denying all emotion white areas and logic; the one humble, sinful, and human, the other proudly denying all emotion white areas are accessionally all ing all emotion while expressing unconsciously allhate; their mutual understanding, reconciliation, and final separation; is the most autobiographical, as it is one of the most dramatic, conflicts in Shaw's voluminous work. The play is unflicts in Shaw's voluminous work. The play is unquestionably, as much of Shaw is, melodrama. It could be re-named "Give me Back my Child," or "The Fatherless Babe," or "The Daughter Who Took the Right Turning," and any of these would be more appropriate than "Mrs. Warren's Profession," symbolic though the profession is But the sion," symbolic though the profession is. But the play is melodrama because the conflicts between persons in melodrama are very similar to the conflicts between the conflict flicts between opposite inclinations of the will and emotions in the inclinations of the will and emotions in the individual soul. Conscience divides

The apparent aim of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the production was to keep to the melodistration of the melodistra the soul into Pharisee and Publican. out the melodramatic overtures until the last act, and then lot the and then let them loose. I regard this as a mistake; unless Mrs. Warren triumphs melodramatic cally ever invest. cally over immense opposition in the second act the play loses come opposition in the second Fuller the play loses some of its force. Rosalinde Fuller gave herself a difficult task as Vivie Warren. It is not easy to imagine a constant and deportment not easy to imagine a person with such deportment and with righthreat a person with such deportment and with rich-throated, full, round vowels, which are a delight to bear med and some a delight to bear med a delight to be a a delight to hear nowadays, as the ascetic who became third wrongly came third wrangler to earn fifty pounds, and who ran away from sex because her mother had succeeded at it, or for any reason Miss Fuller's person ceeded at it, or for any reason; Miss Fuller's penth rather explained how Frank could fall in love with Vivie Warren. It would be somebody Vivie Warren. It would be credible that somebody had warned the had warned the actress against over-acting, She that she was doing the that she was doing her best to take the advice. was at her best in the last act when she had obviously given up the Lewes certainly under-acted the second act; in fact, both did. Wilfrid Lawson as Sir George Crofts unveiled another creation. He took another of Shaw's veiled another creation. He took another of Shaw types and made it 1 veiled another creation. He took another of types and made it human, in fact, made it ligible of one of the dirtiest of all Shaw's villains, why he could be with Mrs. Warren and remaind person of standing. George E. Bancroft Stanley Drewitt, playing Frank and the Rev. San Gardner respectively, obeyed the author enthusiditically by representing these dummies in the ride culous light. tically by representing these dummies in the ridre culous light Shaw intended.

The battle between the sexes goes on. A number women, Miss Ruth Description. of women, Miss Ruth Draper in character, Angua Enters in dance only of women, Miss Ruth Draper in character, Anglor Enters in dance only, and others, have proved, attempted to prove, that they can hold a language to start trying also. Mr. Frank Parker is He to start trying also. Mr. Frank Parker is He and American diseur in London for the first time and is good. His burlesque work, modern manner. mediæval, is excellent.

Drama," 'Viennese Operetta," Aggazine, phroporodo Day according to the Cine-Photo, were all delight of the Cine-Photo, were all put like in the composed burlesques were well put like ful, and the composed burlesques Stephen without the composed burlesques Stephen without the composed burlesques Stephen without the composed of Saint Stephen without the composed burlesques of Saint Stephen with the is excellent. gether. "The Legend of Saint Stephen" without in my opinion, have simply been spoken, "To being mimed; and none of the items, dependent of the politely," "The Spider and the Fly, expended them.

In spite to the spoken of the items, and the spoken of the items, and the spoken of the items, and the spite spoken of the items, and the spite spoken of the items, and the spite spit

In spite of Mr. Parker's mastery of his form of his found myself listening with at least as to terest, and in spite of the conversation, intervals. Bridgewater's pianoforte during the two forms or appreciations of appreciation of the say anything either of the two forms that or appreciations are the say anything either of the say anything eith I mention this not to say anything either of me actor contents that he cause it proved to me actor contents and the conversation, but because it proved to me actor contents and the conversation. or appreciation, but because it proved to me actor cannot hold the stage against an orchestration.

of one only. The solo belongs to music and dance only, not to acting. A solo violin or flute can be listened to, as a pianoforte can, but an actor working alone recalls a one man band, jazz or otherwise. The place of the simple diseur is not on the stage; it is in the chamber. For the complex diseuse there is no place, unless she be undeniably a genius on the creative side. "Russian Drama," etc., place Mr. Parker on the other side, whatever his rank. PAUL BANKS.

## The Films.

Outward Bound: Regal.

Our Film Censorship can always be relied on to furnish periodical proof of congenital unfitness for its functions. To salacity, especially the American variety, it has in the main no very great objection, but originality or thoughtfulness of treatment is anathema. It is a matter of record that last year a French film was banned because the Mandarins of Wardour Street considered that "it is so cryptic as to be almost meaningless. If there is a meaning, it is doubtless objectionable." Here is embodied a truly perfect definition of the first duty of any form of censorship—when in doubt, exhibit a dirty mind. The case of "Outward Bound," to which I have already referred, again raises the question of the unfitness of the trade-paid officials who decide decide what pictures the British public may see. Sutton Vane's play, from which the film was dapted, is not a great work of art, but its sin-Cerity is not a great work of art, boint is unquestioned, and from the orthodox standpoint it should deserve applause as an effective lay sermon. The Lord Chamberlain raised no objection to its tion to its public performance, but the Film Censor-ship in the public performance, but the Film Censor-ship in the public performance, but the Film Censor-ship in the public performance in the public ship imposed an unqualified ban, confirmed on appeal on the confirmed on appeal on the confirmed on the conf peal, on the ground that the theme was unsuitable cinema to ground that the theme was unsuitable or cinema-theatre audiences. Just that. Why the the playeor should be prohibited from seeing what the playeor should be prohibited from seeing what There is, of course, no explanation. Fortunately, have given the film a licence, so that it may be shown at the course the film a licence, so that it may be shown at the course the course the film a licence, so that it may be shown at the course the film a licence, so that it may be shown at the course the course of the co playsoer should be prohibited from seeing energy explained. shows iven the film a licence, so that it may be at theatres within their jurisdiction, and I had erstand heatres within their jurisdiction, and to understand that an appeal has also been made to other local authorities.

This is one of the best talking films yet made. is extremely well acted, the dialogue is good and atural, it has been attention from hatural, it has atmosphere, grips the attention from the beginning and holds it throughout. The squence after the examination of the passengers has rather too. rather too long, and therefore comes somewhat hear to anti-climax; a little judicious cutting would and I improvement. The cast is mainly English, whose impersonation of Tom Prior is outstanding. That finished veteran Alec B. Francis as Scrubby, Diggs ward shares honours with him. Dudley rather too long, and therefore comes somewhat to antisteward, shares honours with him. Dudley igges struck me as distorting the character of the Naminer; the role calls for a certain dry humour, Beryl Mcrose gives it too much of a flippant note. Mercer contributes an exquisite character as the Charwoman, and Helen Chandler is she the Charwoman, and Helen Chandlel She has so long as she has nothing to do. When Credit something to do she makes nothing of it.

Milton the excellent direction belongs to Robert

hirable and unusual film; if they live within a non-their local theatres to show the picture.

DAVID OCKHAM.

### Johanna and the Infinite.

By Margaret K. Hughes.

"Good morning, Johanna." Mrs. Helms folded her blue silk morning robe securely about her, looked at Mr. Helms's plate to see what stage he had reached in the breakfast, pulled out her chair, and sat down. "Good morning, Johanna." Mrs. Helms's dulcet tones sharpened a little as she repeated her matutinal greeting. Somewhere from the direction of the swinging door into the kitchen came a mutter-it might have been freely translated into "Good morning "; it might not. Mrs. Helms ate her grape-fruit slowly, her heart full of anger. Johanna brought in the eggs. She set them down at Mrs. Helms's place with such vigour that they seemed almost to bounce from the plate. Flip-flap went her carpet slippers around the room.

Mr. Helms pushed back his plate, got up, and went into the sitting-room; and Mrs. Helms pushed back hers and followed him, closing the door behind her.

"William, what shall I do about Johanna? This simply

can't go on. She gets worse and worse." " I didn't see that there was anything wrong with break-

fast," said mild William.

'Breakfast," sniffed Mrs. Helms, "I don't mean her cooking. I mean her attitude. She sulks, she grumbles, she complains. And those carpet slippers, they are the worst of all."

Why don't you dismiss her?"

"Dismiss her! I have dismissed her twenty times. She won't go. Of course she could never get another place. I can't put her out in the street by force. She just won't be dismissed. Now, perhaps, if you tried, William. . .

"My precious, I always leave all the household affairs to you." Mrs. Helms's thoughts at this point may best be expressed in asterisks.

It was a Tuesday morning, and every Tuesday the New Thought Club of Hillsboro met. There were eight members in all, and they assembled at three-thirty promptly and exchanged thoughts on New Thought till four-thirty, when the hostess of the day served tea. This Tuesday it was Mrs. Helms's turn to read a paper, and she was devoting the morning to the writing of it. First, however, she went to

"Main 637. Good morning, Mr. Silliman. Will you please send me four lamb chops, three quarts of potatoes, a nice cauliflower, three pounds of apples, and pick me out nice ones, a loaf of bread, ten pounds of granulated sugar? Thank you, and send them right up, please, as I need them for lunch."

What a comfort the telephone was! She called Johanna. "Johanna, I don't believe you have cleaned behind that

Johanna regarded her mistress with a truculent eye.
What with all the company, Mum, I don't get time to do my regular work."

my regular work.

"Of course, Johanna, if you find the work too much for you," said Mrs. Helms hopefully.

"I can manage, Mum."

Mrs. Helms continued, "Now I am going up to the spare and I don't work to be disturbed or have a single room and I don't want to be disturbed or have a single interruption. I have some important work to do." She went briskly up the stairs into the spare bedroom and

Now for her paper. . . . She looked out of the window. The peaceful autumn landscape stretched out before her appreciative eye. Contentment flooded her soul. The house was very quiet. She drew a sheet of paper toward her and was very quiet. Sne drew a sneet of paper toward her and wrote, "The soul should be like a column of marble which the waves beat against, but it heeds them not." Flip-flap, through the door she could hear those terrible feet. There was a knock.

"It's the iceman, Mum. He won't bring the ice in. He left it on the porch. I'm an old woman to have to carry

Mrs. Helms pretended she hadn't heard, and had the satisfaction of hearing the feet descend. Again peace. She took up her pen and wrote, " How trivial our worries seem when we consider the infinite." Flip-flap, flip-flap. The slippers were reascending. Mrs. Helms went to the door.

"Silliman's boy is here, and they forgot to send the chops,

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"Are you sure, Johanna? The last time you told me the meat hadn't come, it really had. Have you looked care-

" Isn't there, Mum."

Mrs. Helms ran down the stairs and irately rang the tele-

"Main 637. Mr. Silliman, you forgot my chops. No, I'm sure they aren't in the basket. Well, I'll look again." She was back in a moment. "I've found them. Excuse me, Mr. Silliman."

Bang, she hung up the receiver. She reascended to the spare room and closed the door. Johanna was in the bedroom now doing the beds. She could hear a familiar name as Johanna discussed with herself the things she particularly disliked in her mistress's friends. Good God! was the use of trying to write with that going on!

Up along the path, Mrs. Helms spied the figure of her dearest friend and co-New Thoughter, Mrs. Gleason Jones. She hurried downstairs to meet her.

" I came by to see if I could stop for you on my way to the meeting this afternoon."

"Why, you sweet, thoughtful person!" Then Mrs. Helms's face fell. "I don't believe I can go; I can't write my paper." And she poured out her woes to her friend. I might add she poured them out in whispers.

"She won't leave; I can't put her out. It isn't as if she really did anything wrong. It's more than I can bear. I do so want a nice trim maid, like the rest of you have. And those slippers-I bought her a pair of shoes myself, but she won't wear them-bunions. I'm ashamed to have people here. The other night she was passing Mrs. Carsley some potatoes and Mrs. Carsley was looking the other way, and Johanna actually nudged her. I was so humiliated. Mrs. Carsley is so stylish. It just ruins my whole life."

Then Mrs. Jones had an inspiration. "Why not put it up to the Society this afternoon? You know that chapter in our book on putting our troubles on the Infinite? Why not see if it works? It can't do any harm!

And so it was decided.

Three-thirty found the eight members of the Hillsboro New Thought Club assembled at the home of Mrs. Carsley on Lakeview Avenue. The hostess opened the meeting with a paper she had written, entitled, "Fat and Thin Thoughts versus Diet." It was a fascinating paper, suggesting the idea that weight could be mentally controlled. When she had finished, there was a hubbub of questions. Murmurs of admiration, mixed with an exchange of menus, filled the air. Mrs. Helms nervously watched the clock. The hand was creeping around to the half-hour, and nothing had been done about Johanna. She whispered to Mrs. Gleason Jones. That lady nodded her head and rose.

" Ladies, our friend here, Mrs. Helms, needs our help. She has a terrible burden which she is not able to bear. Chapter VI. of our book says such a burden may be put on the Infinite. In the ten minutes before tea I propose that we all by mental suggestion ask the Infinite to relieve Mrs. Helms of her burden "-she paused dramatically-

The ladies nodded sympathetically. Each and all knew Johanna. "Ten minutes, ladies," said Mrs. Jones, and sat

What the rest thought, the Infinite alone knows, but Mrs. Helms closed her eyes. The Infinite. It seemed so big. How to get in touch with it? What did it look like? Johanna! She could see Johanna in the kitchen. Flip-flap went the slippers, and mumble symphle went Levense. went the slippers, and mumble-grumble went Johanna. But how to detach Johanna from that kitchen? She must will her out the door. That was it. In her mind she saw the door open, and with startling clarity she saw Johanna sliding towards it. Sliding slowly out it and down the path. Down the path and across the autumn fields, gathering speed as she went. Now she was beginning to rise like one of those fire balloons children send up on the Fourth of July. Rising up higher and higher into the sky, into the Infinite, up and up and up, till she was a mere speck, a tiny dot, and was

Mrs. Helms opened her eyes. The vision had been so real that she felt almost surprised to find herself still in the same friendly room. She also felt strangely relieved. Tea came in and the ladies fell to with a zest, for after that charming paper of Mrs. Carsley's, who need hesitate? The Tuesday New Thought Club was over for another week.

It was dark when Mrs. Helms got home. As she walked up the path, she noticed that Johanna had forgotten to light the lamps. She turned the key in the door and went in. The house had a deserted air, as if it were Johanna's day out, Tuesday was not her day out. Could it be? Could her

prayer have been answered so quickly? Mrs. Helms switched on the lights. The dining table was not set. She went into the kitchen. It was deserted, except for a pan of halfpeeled potatoes; the kitchen was in perfect order, but no sign of Johanna. Mrs. Helms called "Johanna, Johanna, with a right of sign of the sign of th with a rising note. There was no response.

Mrs. Helms went up stairs and took off her hat and coal It seemed most irregular, and a little terrifying. She hadn't expected anything so immediate. A week's notice—that was the usual things but the usual things the usual thing; but this walking out, so like Johanna, but not at all like the Infinite! From somewhere in the house came a low groan. Mrs. Helms listened. The sound was repeated, but this time it had a more human sound. In fact, it sounded your standard to the hand. it sounded very much like the mumble-grumble of her hand-maiden. Mrs. It was the mumble-grumble of her handmaiden. Mrs. Helms opened the door into the back part of the house and peered up the stairs which led to the maid room. Surely the room. Surely Johanna, only her voice without the usual attendant flip-flap of those awful carpet slippers. She went up the stairs to the servant's room. The room was in a frightful disorder, and had a horrid smell of various medicines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscines which the statement of the statement of taking indiscines which takes the statement of the statement of taking indiscines which takes the statement of taking the statement of taking indiscines which takes the statement of taking takes the statement of takes the statement o cines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscriminately. Johanna herself was in bed. She presented a frightful appearance of the state of the state of taking indiscriminately. frightful appearance. Her head was done up in a stocking a mysterious remedy favoured by her. She had on a fold wrapper, and she was huddled under the heap of bed clothes, groaning. clothes, groaning.

At this pitiful, though unattractive, sight Mrs. Helms! islike vanished and bear unattractive, sight had out. dislike vanished and her maternal instinct rushed out.

"Whatever is the matter, Johanna?"

"I don't know, mum. I'm very sick," the old world vailed. "I work in potatoes to wailed. "I was sitting in the kitchen, peeling potatoes dinner, and all of a sudden I was took bad, hot and pains in my back. I think I'm dring mum." Mrs. Helms felt her head—it was burning hot. and pains in my back. I think I'm dying, mum.

"No, mum, I'm always tired out with all the work, and all the company, but not ill like. It was just half-past four that it came on me sudden like."

If the invalid had become the company is the company of the company is the company of the company is the company of the company of the company is the company of the compan If the invalid had been watching her mistress's face, she tould have seen a very

would have seen a very peculiar expression there.

"Half-past four! Are you sure it was half-past four! Johanna was sure at you sure it was half-past four! I Half-past four! Are you sure it was half-past four the Johanna was sure. Mrs. Helms flew downstairs in pust telephone and called the doctor. Of course it was sible. Things like that didn't happen. The the kitches to heat some water. She kept saying to herself that it per the limpossible. The Infinite couldn't have done to heat some water. She kept saying to herself that he impossible. The Infinite couldn't have done this why it would amount to get rid of her burden that way deathed it would amount to murder. She hadn't meant to murder. She hadn't meant only that Johanna should go off somewhere, maybe to nice Old People's Home in West Hills that the old words was always talking about.

The doctor came. He looked grave.

"I'm afraid your servant is in for pneumonia.

"I'm afraid your servant is in for pneumonia."

Will she die? "queried Mrs. Helms.

The doctor looked judicious. "She's an old woman, put said, "but sometimes these old ones are wiry and through. I'll be in in the morning."

The nurse arrived trim and branched, and took participations.

The nurse arrived, trim and starched, and that strike session of the spare room. The house took or tiltle the air that sickness gives. Mrs. Helms slept vup son the night. That awful picture of Johanna floating to start the sky, vanishing into space! Ah, that was easy, to many out there. But to get her back, that was a differ in the How to recapture that tiny tot, how find it again and lilions and millions of miles of space? How ded the from the Infinite what she had so lightly launorse, she was a delirious, and her delirious, and her delirious, and her delirious, and her delirious the same at last. Johanna was wike her was mumbling the same at last.

The morning came at last. Johanna was worse, she will delirious, and her delirium wasn't so very unlike her were mumbling. In both of them Mrs. Helms's friends and mentioned in a way that would have surprised those very much. "I'm afraid this poor old woman has been overworked the nurse severely."

Mrs. Helms quailed before her accusing eye. th! The were only that! If the nurse knew the real murder that the lems wondered if she could be arrested for News telephone rang. It was Mrs. Gleason Jones. quickly in Hillsboro.

"Yes, Johanna is very ill, pneumonia. we could, do you? Oh how nice, some chicken," the doctor came again. He looked more gravered to the looked mo

The doctor came again. He looked The day water would be back again in the afternoon. Heated water the nurse, she heated water the nurse that the n

carted trays up and down stairs, and in between while she answered the telephone calls of her fellow New Thoughters. No, I don't think we could have. A little calves' foot jelly for Johanna. How kind! You don't think we could

Another day and night passed. The doctor came and went. The crisis was imminent. He gave little hope. It was Friday afternoon. Mrs. Helms was in the kitchen warming up a little snack for the nurse. Upstairs the house was your management. was very still. The old woman had ceased to mumble—she was in a sort of coma. Mrs. Helms felt sure it was the end. She sat down with her hands clasped, looking out inseeing on space. As a child her Sunday occupation had been looking at the Doré illustrations in Dante's Inferno. She know at the Doré illustrations in Dante's Inferno. She knew what happened to murderers. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me." Wasn't that dreadful Infinite just as much another God as a golden calf? Mrs. Helms shuddered, then she slipped to her knees. If she directed her prayer much as one writes a letter, and if the recipient was an old man with a long white beard, it was none the less

Dear God," she prayed, "please don't let Johanna die. stead." Do something to me in-

She mentally pledged to invest the money she had saved a new fur coat, and if need be a good many other things, to the furtherance of Johanna's happiness. She was crying

Down the stairs came the trip-trip of the nurse's feet. Mrs. Helms rose hurriedly from her knees. The nurse came to the down must have come. to the door and called her softly, so the end must have come.

Mrs. Helms, Johanna is —"
Dead?", said Mrs. Helms.
No, better," said the nurse. "She is sleeping." And the first time in her life Mrs. Helms fainted dead away. for the first time in her life Mrs. Helms fainted dead away.

Johanna time in her life Mrs. Helms fainted dead away. One first time in her life Mrs. Helms fainted ucau and Johanna grew rapidly better. Her fever went down and appetite came up. The nurse gave the room a thorough the life and it took on the appearance of a sickroom. There deaning, and it took on the appearance of a sickroom. There quantities took on the appearance of the Tueswere quantities of flowers, brought by members of the Tuesday New Thought Club. There were squabs, there were by members of the Tuesday New Thought Club. There were squabs, there were by members of the Tuesday New Thought Club. Mrs. Helms to the true of the Tuesday New Thought Club. Mrs. Helms the true of the Tuesday New Thought Club. Mrs. Helms the true of the tr donated her best bedroom jacket. Johanna, under the influ-tounder so much luxury and the good things to eat, took on a aunder appearance. She sat in bed, dressed in the jacket, cking at his picking appearance. She sat in bed, dressed in the jacket, upon at bits of food and revelling in the service showered at all. The doctor came every other day, and then not Mrs. Helms sat in her living room, very very tired. She

Mrs. Helms was leaving at the end of the week.
Mrs. Helms sat in her living-room, very very tired. She
and cooked, she had carried, she had run to the telephone,
clease was glad to sit a while. Up the path came Mrs.
The two ladies embraced.
The two ladies embraced.

I have such a wonderful piece of news for you," said wants to come to you. She could come at the end of the strong. Now of you. Now, of course, as the doctor says Johanna is not Tong enough to do housework, this will be perfect.

Mrs. Helps to do housework, this will be perfect.

Helms thanked her and went upstairs to Johanna's her knees, reading a murder story. Mrs Helms sat on the edge of the bed.

want to have a little talk with you, Johanna. the full magnificence of the plan. "We are going to give thousened to the words out slowly so that Johanna could savour the full magnificence of the plan. "We are going to give thousened to the west way into the West and I have a little talk with you, Johanna the many a wonderful plan for you." Mrs. Helms Hills Home just think, the West Hills Home, Johanna, We are going to give to you you have

bright. Was it with unshed tears of gratitude or was there Helms prepared for the thanks she merited. She

a suspicion of the old Johanna?
West Hills Home." Johanna spat the words from her.
fin, mum, I ain't old enough to go to a home. I'm feellie. I'm wain't old enough to go. Not that I wasn't king of leaving you before I took sick that day. I was the git was before I took sick that day. I was the git was before I took sick that day. I was the git was before I took sick that work here, ng it was better to go to the poorhouse than work here, everyone seemed to hate me. I'm sure I took sick as a goon my wicked thoughts. And here you've been to have me those other ladies thing on me, on old Johanna, and those other ladies Johanna, in lovely things, squabs and such like, for poor

that you're with emotion. "If you're thinking of young whippersnapper of a doctor said about my old to work (Johanna's snort expressed her opinion works) thinking of why, mum, would I be so ungrateful as to did hum; of leaving you, now, after all you've done for Johanna wouldn't be thinking of leaving you, never,"

#### Oscar Wilde: Thirty Years After.

I dreamed of him last night. I saw his face All radiant and unshadowed of distress, And as of old, in music measureless, I heard his golden voice and marked him trace Under the common thing the hidden grace, And conjure wonder out of emptiness, Till mean things put on beauty like a dress, And all the world was an enchanted place. LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS, The Dead Poet. (Paris, 1901.)

The average continental visitor from England is always surprised that Oscar Wilde should be universally regarded abroad as a great writer rather than as an unfortunate criminal, whose "unhealthy" attempts at literature bear witness to their author's terrible fate. In 1901, the year in which Salomé was first produced in Berlin, a Russian correspondent told Robert Ross (Wilde's literary executor) that he had purchased in the bazaar at Nijni-Novgorod copies of The Soul of Man under Socialism in four different languages. In England at this time it was a breach of good manners to mention Wilde's name in decent society, the playbills containing notices of his plays could still be seen with his name blotted out, and his works could only be surreptitiously purchased in "pirated" editions. The reason is that the French, Germans, Russians, etc., are not ashamed to say what they think, whereas the thoughts which we are content to express are those dictated for us every day by a million newspaper headlines. To foreign eyes we therefore appear guilty of a form of moral cowardice which confirms the Englishman's reputation for literary hypocrisy and intellectual intolerance. It is a matter of regret that the demerits of Oscar Wilde's private life should after thirty years continue to overshadow, in the minds of his countrymen, the merits of his poems, plays, and essays. The dying embers of popular antipathy and popular curiosity are assiduously fanned by a school of journalists which has exploited Wilde to the utmost as lucrative " copy." In many upright and honest English homes, for a boy or girl to be caught reading, shall we say, The Picture of Dorian Gray, still constitutes quite as heinious an offence in the parental imagination as the possession of any of the works of Paul de Kock, or the pursuit of the less reputable adventures of Casanova.

It is gratifying to observe that literary productions, whose circulation has caused the more self-righteous members of the community to entertain doubts as to their propriety, should now show a tendency to be ventilated. Furthermore, in the case of Oscar Wilde, it has not been possible in the past, owing to the operation of the Copyright Acts which prevent the unrestricted publication of an author's works within thirty years of his death, to present the bulk of this author's works in one volume. The lapse of the statutory period of time has rendered it possible for an enterprising firm of publishers to make the welcome attempt, while a recent case in the Law Courts happily decided that the form and price of the editions were to be matters within the publishers' discretion. The result is a well bound and reasonably priced volume\* of some 1,200 odd pages, containing, with perhaps a single exception, the most important works published in English during Wilde's lifetime. The contents are sufficiently representative and consist of a novel (*The Picture of* Dorian Gray), three collections of short stories (Lord Arthur Savile's Crime and other Stories, A House of Pomegranates. The Happy Prince and other Tales), four plays (Lady Windermere's Fan, A Woman of No Importance, An Ideal Husband, The Importance of Being Earnest), a collection of essays (Intentions), and the Collected Poems, including The Ballad of Reading Gaol. The paper, print, and binding are all excellent, and it is not too much to say that this book, working out, as it does, at rather more than ten pages a penny, constitutes a triumph in modern publishing. additional attraction is the entire omission of any prefaces, which always increase the cost of a book, but seldom increase its value. Finally, Miss Nachshen's original illustrations have caught the contemporary atmosphere most happily, while keeping well abreast of our own times in

In spite of his literary faults of plagiarism, artificiality and vanity, Oscar Wilde undoubtedly stands out as at once

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; The Works of Oscar Wilde." With fifteen original drawings by Donia Nachshen. (Collins. 10s. 6d.)

the most versatile, the most imaginative, and the most amusing writer in nineteenth-century England. It was at Oxford that he first startled the polite world of letters and society by combining a taste for blue china and silk kneebreeches with a remarkable talent for blank verse; indeed, the poem Ravenna, with which he won the Newdigate Prize, in his last year at the Unversity, is probably the best that has ever been recited in the Sheldonian Theatre. Oxford appeared to him as "the home of lost causes and impossible ideals, with its dreaming spires and grey colleges, set in velvet lawns and hidden away among the trees, and about it the beautiful fields, all starred with cowslips and fritillaries where the quiet river winds its way to London and the sea." Oxford was an "enchanted valley, holding in its flowerlet cup all the idealism of the middle ages."
"Oxford is the capital of romance," he told a friend; "in its own way as memorable as Athens, and to me it was even more entrancing. In Oxford, as in Athens, the realities of sordid life were kept at a distance. No one seemed to know anything about money or care anything for it. Everywhere the aristocratic feeling; one must have money, but must not

After leaving Oxford he decided to go on a lecturing tour in America, and his remark to the customs officials that he had nothing to declare except his genius turned the floodlight of American publicity upon him and earned him a reputation for vanity and affectation which was not wholly deserved. In dressing, as he liked to dress, he acted in a perfectly natural manner according to his own lights, but he shocked the majority of his conservative neighbours, who considered his garments to be the mark of a lunatic, while gladly suffering the torture of their own frock-coats chokers" for the sake of uniformity in male attire. In addition, the pages of Punch and the songs of Patience served to give him all the notoriety which he desired. The self-styled "professor of aesthetics" suddenly became fashionable, his epigrams were on everyone's lips, and society hostesses sent out cards inviting guests to meet Mr. Wilde and hear his latest story. Thus in an age which possessed no gramophone or cinema to help save people the trouble of thinking, and where individual talent was the rule and not the exception amongst the so-called " educated "classes, Oscar Wilde was, if somewhat of a literary curiosity, at least an unqualified social success.

His struggle in the face of determined popular opinion for recognition as a root, his enforced departure into journalism.

recognition as a poet, his enforced departure into journalism, where he edited a women's magazine, and his eventual achievement of real success as a dramatist, are matters of literary history. His solitary attempt at a novel (The Picture of Dorian Gray), which appeared at the beginning of the "nineties," brought down upon him a storm of abuse from all sides, despite its superb style and humour. To the critics the very opening passage seemed characteristic of the author's love of luxury and decadence :-

"The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, in-numerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wooton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flamelike as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid jade-faced painters of Tokio, who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim road of London was like the bourdon

Unfortunately, this standard of literary excellence is not maintained throughout Dorian Gray, and its slovenly conclusion can only be attributed to the author's laziness. The work also suffers from too many obvious purple patches in the shape of epigrams which he had previously "tried out" in conversation and had then polished up for insertion in the story. The same criticism applies in a lesser degree to the plays, though it is only fair to say that the reader to-day is more frequently impressed by the freshness of the characters' remarks than with their superficial brilliance

Regarding the author's ideas on art and morality, it is not proposed to say anything here except that, being part of a pose, many of them should not be taken too seriously. He held that no true artist ever saw things as they really are If he did, he would cease to be an artist. In Intentions he indicates his preference for Oriental art, with its beautiful and imaginative creations rather than the imitative crudities of Life and Nature so beloved by the so-called Western artistic forms. Western artist. For him the artist was simply the creator of beautiful things. He defended his views with great force and wit when are constructed to the construction of the construction and wit when cross-examined by Carson, Q.C. (as he then was) at the Carson of the Cars was) at the Queensberry libel trial in 1895. Having recited numerous passages from *Dorian Gray* and his other writings in the vain attempts of the control in the vain attempt to prove that they contained impropriate values and poetry," which he enunciated appropriate vocal nausea. "Is that a beautiful phrase," he then asked the witness. "Not as you read it, Mr. Carson," answered Wilde, to the accompaniment of laughted in court. "You read it very badly!" in court. "You read it very badly!

Turning to the other works included in the volume, the lays appear full of the other works included in the volume, and if we plays appear full of the most exquisite fooling, and if we ignore an occasional stage trick and "chestnut," they shall ignore an occasional stage trick and "chestnut," they spoint not fail to amuse the modern audience with sophistics. sophistication as much as they pleased its fathers grandfathers in the "'nineties." It is a pity that theatrical production of amount of the sound of th theatrical production is usually left in the hands of amateu and school dramatic societies are the uneatrical production is usually left in the hands of amount and school dramatic societies. The short stories are, the out exception, delightful literary jeux d'esprit, while fairy tales, especially The Young King and The Selfish Giant, are perfect examples of their kind. The poems which are chiefly lyric, demonstrate the more beautiful usually to which the English language can be put, and his supress to which the English language can be put, and his supress effort in The Ballad of Reading Gaol teaches us a great moral lesson as well.

Something must now be said of the omissions, even the control of the benefit of those interested in bibliography. The Copyright Acts prevented the incorporation of any of projumposthumously published works, so that we miss prevented the incorporation of any of projumposthumously published works, so that we miss previously dis, La Sainte Courtesane A Florentine Tragedy, pall Mall. dis, La Sainte Courtesane, A Florentine Tragedy, Pall Essays and Lectures, Miscellanies, The Critic in and the uncollected and the uncollected poems. Here the only apprecialers portion of this work has not been published in English Perhaps one should also mention The Harlot's House of the uncollected poems, and the essay on the rise of the torical collected poems, and the essay on the rise of the torical collected poems, and the essay on the rise of the torical collected poems. loss is the first named, and, in any case, portion of this work has not been published. House the uncollected poems, and the essay on the torical criticism. But something more must be works published during the author's lifetime, not been included. These omissions are three published during the author's lifetime, and the essay of the saich lifetime, and the essay of the saich lifetime, and an under Socialism). The immaturity of Wilde accounts for their failure on the stage, and their about the barely noticed. With Salomé the case is different. Durchess of Padua, being the first plays that one work and their about the case is different. The barely noticed. With Salomé the case is different. In the expect the publishers to include it in a popular expect the publishers to include it in But the only of The Soul of Man Under Socialism. This is might not for the salome of the s

never among financiers, the evils of a system wa flagrant to-day as they were when the essay sta forty years ago. The author commences by of p those in authority try to solve the problem very keeping the poor alive, or, in the case of a school, by amusing the poor.

"Rut this is an aggravate."

"But this is not a solution: it is an aggravated of the altruistic virtues have really prevented the same who were kind to their slaves, and so who will horror of the system being realised by those who content of the system being realised by the people who try to do most harm are the people who try to do most for most for most harm are the people who try to do most for most for most harm are the people who try to do most for most for most for most for most harm are the people who try to do most for most form most for most form mos

"We are often told that the poor are grateful for get among the poor are never grateful. They are ungare quite tented, disobedient, and rebellious.

to be so. Charity they feel to be a ridiculously inadequate mode of partial restitution, or a sentimental dole, usually accompanied by some impertinent attempt on the part of the sentimentalist to tyrannise over their private lives. Why should they be grateful for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table? They should be seated at the board and are the state of and are beginning to know it. As for being discontented, a man who would not be discontented with such surroundings and house the surroundings and house the surroundings and house the surroundings are surroundings. ings and such a low mode of life would be a perfect brute. Disobedience, in the eyes of anyone who has read history, is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through his been made, through disobedience and through his been made, through disobedience and through rebellion. Sometimes the poor are praised for heiningh rebellion. for being thrifty. But to recommend thrift to the poor is both grotesque and insulting. It is like advising a man who is starving to eat less. For a town or country labourer tarving to eat less. labourer to practise thrift would be absolutely immoral. Man should not be ready to show that he can live like a badh for badly-fed animal. A poor man who is ungrateful, unthrifty, discontented, and rebellious, is probably a real personality. personality, and has much in him. He is at any rate a healthy protest." (My italics.)

All modes of government are failures. Despotism is unjust to everybody, including the despot, who was probably made for better things. Oligarchies are unjust to the many and or better things. many, and ochlocracies are unjust to the few. High hopes were once formed of democracy; but democracy means simply the completor the simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people. It has been found out.

Now as the State is not to govern, it may be asked at the State is not to govern, it may be asked what the State is not to govern, it may be what the State is to do. The State is to be a voluntary association association that will organise labour, and be the manufacturer and distributor of necessary commodities. The State is to make State is to make what is useful. The individual is to make what is beautiful.

Only under a Socialism where each member of the comnunity had a Socialism where each member of the country had has sufficient for his needs, and is not interfered with his neighbour, will the soul of man find rest, for it will be an object, with the interfere with any hot be an object of any interest to him to interfere with anymman personality find its most perfect expression in a freedom, in the enjoyment of which the people will no longer arrophy their atrophy their finer qualities at tasks whose performance they detest and of consumable products in existence, which an iniquitous ncial system prevents the members of the community

is almost impossible for the post-war generation which not the "ripeties" to realise the extent of the apalcruelty with which Wilde and his memory were treated ring upon such an astounding social and dramatic ss. His disgrace and imprisonment broke down his birit. In In a new spirit of sober reflection and chastened His fin de siècle death a few years later, poverty as well as health stricken, in a squalid Paris lodging-house south the Scine e Seine, and his burial in a pauper's grave, revealed the dness with which England has only too frequently treated brilliant children her brilliant children of letters who have refused to pay lip his genius conventional standards of living. The imprint of with wise conventional standards of living. The imprint of with us. Oscar Wilde left on his works, and they are still to his, so the us, so that we can at least make some scant amends memory to understand memory by reading them and trying to understand consummate artist.

ERIC MONTGOMERY.

Reviews.

The Jacksons and the Johnsons: An Economic Fantasy for the Hare. (C. W. Daniel. 1s.) These Days. By W. Loftus Hare. (C. W. Daniel. 1s.) This booklet of 36 pages is entirely useless, except as a late of of the futility of party politics. It is part of the pres books, booklets, and pamphlets now pouring from the lees on a economics." This spate is an indication of bublish hot even if you offered to pay to have it produced! You to go to to a local printer and get him to do it. Now we ankers, City editors, Nonconformist preachers, social ous popularisers, professors (from the London School popularisers, professors (from the London School popularisers, professors (both sexes), politicians industrialists, business men turned economic evangelists, industrialists, and a whole rag-bag full of home-made good-to-others reformists, moralists, mystics,

economic experts flooding the publishers' warehouses with books and booklets on the subject. All this is due to economic pressure itself. These people have put aside their normal interests, fads, and points of view because they have begun to feel the tightening of the economic tourniquet. They fog the issue, because they are fogged by the neverending contradictions of the present economic system in action. This flood of amateur economic "solutions to the action. This nood of annaetic economic solutions of the problem "is merely a symptom. It is an outbreak of psychoeconomic chicken-pox. But the Great Plague is yet to come.

The Three Brothers. By Edwin Muir. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Muir is not a stranger to readers of THE NEW AGE, for he was a frequent contributor when Mr. Orage was its editor. Although he has translated very skilfully a good deal of fiction, this is his first attempt to write a novel. deal of fiction, this is his first attempt to write a novel. He will forgive the honesty which has always been the policy of this journal, and allow me to say bluntly that his "Three Brothers" while they are boys are interesting enough, but that in my opinion they grow up into such dreadful bores as to make the last half of the book not very easy to read. To be truthful, I found the adult trio so uniteresting that against Scrutherle newly, required "The interesting that, opening Southey's newly reprinted "The Doctor" I re-read the classic tale of "The Three Bears" instead of doing my duty and finishing "The Three Brothers." They are born on their father's farm in Scotland; the period is Mary, Queen of Scots, but the author is interested in the individual characters of the boys and their family life, and makes no attempt to romanticise history à la Walter Scott or Wardour Street-for which, heaven be praised. These boys behave as human animals of their age always behave, and are therefore real enough, and one believes they are living in three hundred years ago just because they might be living to-day. The life of a farmer does not change with the centuries any more than the behaviour of schoolboys; and the author knows enough about farm life to make the background interesting. A pigkilling, for instance, is drawn vividly enough to remind me of an even better description of such an incident in Thomas Hardy, a novelist who, I remember, Mr. Muir was rather superior about when he was a critic on The New Age. But when the boys become men and leave the farm-well, I will say no more.

"Slayers of Superstition." By E. Royston Pike. (Watts

Mr. Pike, who is Secretary of the Nationalist Press Asso-Mr. Pike, who is Secretary of the Nationalist Press Association, traces the growth of the Deist school of thought, as expressed in the lives of its chief publicists. He discusses its origin in the Renaissance and Reformation, when such vigorous thinkers as Erasmus "appealed for a Christian faith, pure, simple, and rational," with the result that they were denounced by Protestants and Catholics alike. Rabelais carried on the work under the guise of satire, and the irony of Montaigne was successful "where arguments would have been in vain." Systematic deism began in England with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Samuel Richardson pleaded in vain for liberty of conscience. The name of Thomas Hobbes became almost synonymous with infidel, though he certainly was no believer in freedom of thought, for his "Leviathan called the Commonwealth "servile state" in which the Sovereign is the sole judge of what doctrines are to be taught. Tolland and Collins, Wollaston and Tindal, Woolston and Chubb, kept the Deist flag flying until its creed received a far wider publicity in the hands of Hume and Gibbon. On the Continent, meantime, scepticism was advanced by a series of original thinkers ranging from Descartes to Voltaire. Tom Paine, Robert Owen, Holyoake and Bradlaugh, bring it to modern times, when we have won the freedom of thought and expression when we have won the freedom that is not without its for which they suffered, a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that it is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that it is not without its for which they suffered a freedom that it is not without its for which they are the freedom that it is not without they are the freedom that it is not without they are the freedom that it is not without the freedom tha

#### CITY DAWN.

Another city rises with the dawn, Up from the all-engulfing seas of night, Such as men often see in dreams, a white Illumining of street, and house, and lawn.

Too shadowy for life; upon the scene, With unwavering vigilance, the street-lamps glow, Like solemn courtiers, they stand and bow Their light to honour night, their passing queen.

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The Douglas Social Credit Proposals would remedy this defect by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the community to an amount sufficient to proyide effective demand for the whole product of industry. This, of course, cannot be done by the orthodox method of creating new money, prevalent during the war, which necessarily gives rise to the "vicious spiral" of increased currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still higher prices, and so on. The essentials of the scheme are the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulation of the price of consumers' goods at their real cost of production (as distinct from their apparent financial cost under the present system). The technique for effecting this is fully described in Major Douglas's books.

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