

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"If there is one quality more necessary than any other in our movement to-day it is clarity, and none of us has any right to befog the minds of our fellow workers by speaking in vague terms." (Mr. C. T. Cramph, in his Presidential Address).

"The Conference submits a co-ordinated policy of national reconstruction and reform, which calls by Parliamentary means and in progressive stages, supplemented by the increasing control of industry by those engaged therein, to develop the mental and material resources of the nation in order to secure for all manual and mental workers the reward and security to which their activities rightly entitle them." (Executive's first Resolution—moved by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald).

"This is not a Socialist program; it is a Liberal program." (Mr. Simpson, of Wallasey, on the above).
"A model of crawling, snivelling gradualism." (Mr. Ferguson, of Glasgow, on the same).

"You are going to fight Capitalism, or you are going to turn into a Liberal party." (Mr. Gallacher, of Paisley, in speech moving the reference back of an official paragraph on unemployment).

"The ascertained production power of the world is far in excess of the power to consume. Yet, on the other hand, there is an increasing clamour for the bare necessities of life in many places."

"Then the war came—and I began to notice that you could get money for any purpose"

"When, after that, I was immersed in industrial disputes, I found that the easiest solution of the difficulty with those who were fighting for more wages was to give it to them; it settled everything. . . ."

(Major C. H. Douglas, at the Canadian Club Lunch, Ottawa, April 24, 1923).

"It remains now to be seen whether the Government will be ready and able at the beginning of May in next year to oppose successfully, if need be, an industrial dislocation of even greater magnitude." (Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham, in the "Spectator," October 3, 1925).

In its leading article on the Labour Party Conference at Liverpool, the *Spectator* says:—

"For generations the leaders of the wage-earners never doubted that they would be able to get what they wanted

when they obtained universal suffrage. They saw that if an enfranchised mass of manual workers all agreed, they would have a majority and they could pass any legislation they pleased. They never, therefore, let their eyes wander from Parliament. Parliament was the Mecca of their hopes. Why is it that now, when for all practical purposes universal suffrage exists, many representatives of Labour ardently desire to throw away the great prize which they have won after so long and arduous a struggle? There is only one answer. They are disillusioned and angry because they have not been able to persuade enough of their friends to rally to them and make a majority."

This is very superficial. The split in the Party is the result of a dilemma which is becoming more and more visible to students of affairs. It is this: that political successes must be paid for by economic reverses. If the Trade Union movement will yield up wages it can win seats; but if it refuses to do so it cannot. The workers could fill the House—if only they would consent to empty their larders. One rub of the eyes, and everybody can see it. Why were the Labour Parliamentarians so perturbed when the Trade Union Congress came round behind the miners in the coal dispute? Not out of pique because they had been ignored by the Trade Union movement in the negotiations, but because they realised that the mere hint of direct action would cause a tremendous slump in the Labour poll at the next election. The worker can have a loaf of bread or Sidney Webb; but he cannot have a loaf of bread and Sidney Webb. So the recent storm at Liverpool has been all about which of the two is more worth while. But there is another difficulty. Even conceding the possibility of the Labour Party's getting a majority without any further wage sacrifice in the country, what could it do? The *Spectator* says that in such an event "the rest of us would have to submit." Submit to what? Certainly to the fact that there was a Labour Government with a clear majority; but as to submitting to anything else, that would depend to what extent Labour policy was approved by the non-Labour monopolists of a credit system. Passing Acts of Parliament is a simple enough matter; but to administer them a Government must—apart from anything else—at least pay its administrators their salaries. It must get

money, and it must go to the City for it. And, like Mr. Theodor of Queensland, it must accept the bankers' terms for the accommodation. The leaders of the Minority Movement have all the logic on their side when they question the value of Parliamentary representation on these terms, and declare that there is nothing to be achieved through Parliament, in the vital matter of financial security for the worker, that cannot be more quickly and cheaply achieved by direct industrial negotiations backed by the power to strike. "You are going to fight Capitalism," says Mr. Gallacher to the Parliamentarians, "or you are going to turn into a Liberal Party." They are a Liberal Party already. Mr. Lloyd George has applied their "Socialism" to the land in his new programme, and will doubtless be ready to nationalise by stages any other form of property which private capitalists are unable to earn a revenue from. The question is not now one of applying the principle of nationalisation itself, it is one of whether the Labour Party can compel the nationalisation of anything before the proprietors are prepared to let go of it. Political socialism—i.e., the State purchase of sucked oranges on behalf of the thirsty proletariat—is here already, and "Capitalism" is naturally an enthusiastic convert to the principle.

The Minority Movement's objective is not primarily revolution, not even the class-struggle, but simply "More Purchasing-Power for the Masses." Where violence comes into the programme is through their assumption that they will not be permitted to reach their end otherwise. They are quite right if it is taken for granted that the existing economic system is to be unchanged in its fundamental principles. But equally, in that case, their hope of reaching that end is a delusion. If they would study the analysis of the credit system they would realise that it so operates that whatever the Capitalist may be able to deliver up to the proletariat, it is certainly not money. There is a lot of loose talk about expropriating the Capitalist. Expropriating him from what? Not cash, certainly. The only loot would be factories, plant, and so forth—i.e., a revenue-collecting mechanism. But to suppose the attackers would thus get what they needed is to suppose that a money-box and money are one and the same thing; or, to use a closer image, that "fishing-rod" and "fish" are identical terms. Of course, the Capitalist's property is "worth" so much, and that is exactly whence the illusion is derived. The property is worth nothing at all except by the will of the credit controllers. For what is the valuation put on a business concern? Not a record of the money it has accumulated, but merely a computation of what money it expects to earn in the future. The fulfilment of the expectation cannot be brought about by the proprietor of the business, but only by the power which finances all businesses—the banking system. Hence, whoever evicted the Capitalist and superseded him would gain exactly what the organised power of finance decreed that he should gain. The Communists who helped themselves to the factories in Milan quickly found that out. But now, lest the Majority Movement should get swelled heads, let us hasten to remind them that their programme for the "increasing control of industry by those engaged therein" lies under the same condemnation. All it means is that they are going to buy the fishing rod by "constitutional" instalments instead of snatching it in a scuffle. And the banks will obligingly advance them the instalments.

In this connection Bishop Welldon has been discussing "What is Wrong with England?" in the *Spectator*. His preliminary answer is "Shortsightedness." He could have said something of value on this line, if he had known how; but he simply indicts

our national habit of relying on "muddling through," apparently not thinking himself called upon to suggest how the process should be avoided, and then passes on to his main text, which is—yes, every one of our readers has guessed right—"Selfishness." It will be remembered that the Bishop indulged in a homily of this sort some month or so ago, and was so badly understood by the proletarian section of his flock that they actually suspected him of being an unregenerate, and came within a boat's length of baptising him. When will these clerical publicists learn that there is no place in economic controversies for moral exhortations? The parties to these bargainings (for that is all they are) are trying to establish an equilibrium between their respective "selfishnesses." When they succeed they will have achieved a perfect economic system. Little reflection will show that the objective of any such system is necessarily "selfish." Men produce for no other purpose than that they wish to consume. The terms upon which they will agree to contribute service (in other words, to renounce Self) are precisely that they shall afterwards take their reward (in other words, indulge Self). So that one may truly say that Selfishness, Selflessness, and Faith are the three aspects of the economic trinity—or, as is more familiarly said—Consumption, Production, and Credit. And in the political sphere, too, you have Individualism corresponding to Consumption (there being no such concept as mass eating) and Collectivism corresponding to Production, both of which can be reconciled in the fundamental canon of Sound Government—"the greatest good to the greatest number." The classic enunciation of the trinitarian principle is, of course, the Athanasian Creed; and so vital it is in these times for the truth of that principle to be recognised in all the affairs of man's life that we recite the Creed with practically no alterations except the substitution of the three economic personifications, The Consumer, The Producer, and The Accreditor. The clauses should be pondered on with other parallels in mind as well, and if that is done there is no one who will not finish with a deepened insight into the fundamentals of human co-operation. Relativity on earth as it is in the heavens.

THE CREED.

Whosoever will be saved; before all things it is necessary that he hold the Economic Faith.

Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled: without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. And the Economic Faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity;

Neither confounding the Persons: nor dividing the Substance.

For there is one Person of the Consumer, another of the Producer: and another of the Accreditor.

But the Godhead of the Consumer, of the Producer, and of the Accreditor, is all one: the Glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal.

Such as the Consumer is, such is the Producer: and such is the Accreditor.

The Consumer uncreate, the Producer uncreate: and the Accreditor uncreate.

The Consumer incomprehensible, the Producer incomprehensible: and the Accreditor incomprehensible.

The Consumer eternal, the Producer eternal: and the Accreditor eternal.

And yet they are not three eternals: but one eternal. As also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor three uncreated: but one uncreated, and one incomprehensible.

So likewise the Consumer is Almighty, the Producer Almighty: and the Accreditor Almighty.

And yet they are not three Almighties: but one Almighty. So the Consumer is God, the Producer is God: and the Accreditor is God.

And yet they are not three Gods: but one God. So likewise the Consumer is Lord, the Producer is Lord: and the Accreditor Lord.

And yet not three Lords: but one Lord. For like as we are compelled by the Economic verity: to acknowledge every Person by himself to be God and Lord;

So are we forbidden by the Economic Religion: to say, There be three Gods, or three Lords.

The Consumer is made of none: neither created, nor begotten.

The Producer is of the Consumer alone: not made, not created, but begotten.

The Accreditor is of the Consumer and of the Producer: neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding.

So there is one Consumer, not three Consumers; one Producer, not three Producers: one Accreditor, not three Accreditors.

And in this Trinity none is afore, or after other: none is greater, or less than another;

But the whole three Persons are co-eternal together: and co-equal.

So that in all things, as is aforesaid: the Unity in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity is to be worshipped.

He therefore that will be saved: must thus think of the Trinity.

An economic system answering to this concept would be as far above the present system as "God" (so-called) is said to be above "man" (so-called) by the ordinary Christian theologian. It would be "divine" because it would be a perfect counterpoised trifluence. Every individual human being is in himself consumer, a producer, and an accreditor. Isolate him from his fellows, and he instinctively becomes just this divine or perfect system; he *desires* to eat, he *wills* to produce; and his will to produce follows his desire, because his *faith* accredits the act of production as being the means to the act of consumption. The co-efficient of his *one-man* prosperity is his need to consume. And when that same need shall be recognised as the co-efficient of *all-men* prosperity it will be possible to achieve an economic system which shall reflect the nature of every one who collaborates in working under it. That system is the New Economic system, and through it mankind will arrive at happiness and concord—not by the denial of "selfishness," but by the sublimation of it. Dirt, it has been said, is matter in the wrong place: that is to say, the dirtiness is not intrinsic, it is positional—which is also to say that moral valuations must come under the law of relativity. Under this law the attitude of the Trade Union Congress and the Miners' Federation is right. Their leaders may not be aware of its significance, but that is irrelevant to the issue. The issue is: Shall Consumption be brought into its proper relationship of Co-equality with Production and Finance? And the only practical consideration should be: Is it within the power of the community to raise its standard of living? The answer to that is plain. The production system is more than equal to all the demands that are likely to be made on it. Then what of Finance? That tends to the question of what is the function of the banks. They create and issue money. Yes; and what is this money? It is an estimate of the power to produce and consume; and when printed or written on Treasury Notes or cheques, measures the scope of the exercise of that power and gives it a direction. That is all. To say that the wage-problem is insoluble because of a shortage of money, and that alone, is equivalent to saying that man has lost his ability to calculate *how much* and *what kind* of production he will engage in. That is what Bishop Welldon is assuming. And therefore he has no hope of anything better than a successful repression next May of the workers' demand to consume. The idea that the "revolution" may be averted by conceding the demand and adjusting monetary policy accordingly has apparently not come into his mind. We earnestly advise him to retire from the platform for a month and give the time to an intensive study of the Social Credit Analysis.

We notice that Bishop Welldon agrees with a statement made previously by the *Spectator* that "to talk about a wholesale reduction of wages as a cure for our present distress is tantamount to accepting class warfare as inevitable." On the other hand, he seems to be looking forward to next May in some trepida-

tion lest the Government may not be in a position to "oppose successfully" attempts at industrial dislocation. But if such disorders arise they will be the outcome of attempts to bring about a wholesale reduction of wages. In that case, seeing that he believes such a situation makes class warfare inevitable, we cannot understand his concentration of attention on what may happen next May. According to his logic we are in for class war whether the strikers win or the Government. He must get down to first principles. "Nobody can grudge them [i.e., the miners] the full amount of such living wage as it is possible under present conditions to pay them." The question has nothing to do with whether one grudges good wages or not, but is whether any reduction or limitation of wages, even if peacefully accepted, will advance the nation a pennyworth towards renewed prosperity. To limit wages is to limit consumption. If production is not to be correspondingly limited there will be a larger surplus. What is to be done with it? Presumably exported. But if so, it must be to some country where a reverse procedure is taking place, and they are limiting production and increasing consumption, for it would only be there where they would want to take our surplus. Does Bishop Welldon know such a country? If not, he should be able to realise that the entry of our surplus into a foreign country must only arouse opposition from both capital and labour there. So in the long run the avoidance of civil strife only leads to international war.

A *Daily Mail* report states that a new campaign with the object of making Great Britain "dry" is about to be launched by the United Kingdom Alliance and other bodies associated with the cause of prohibition.

"It will be the biggest 'pussyfoot' campaign of its kind yet attempted in this country. It has been planned during many months, in secrecy, and the methods to be adopted are similar to those which preceded the introduction of prohibition in the United States. As was the case in the early days of the movement in that country, the organisers are not going to talk at first about prohibition. They describe their campaign as one in support of local option for England and Wales. It will be opened in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on October 19. . . . In the list of speakers appear the names of Mr. Leif Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snowden, Mrs. Lloyd George, Sir Donald Maclean, Sir George Hunter, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, and Mr. William Graham."

The report says that at first it was expected that the Liberal Party would be associated with the campaign, but that the party managers are now waiting to see the effect of the campaign before deciding whether to make local option a plank in the party platform.

"The keynote of the campaign will be an appeal to women, who will be told that men's expenditure on drink deprives them of many things that otherwise might have been bought for them, their children, or their homes. Here, again, the method to be adopted is a close copy of the American plan."

The idea of a prohibition agitation succeeding in this country is not as far-fetched as it seems. The opposition to be overcome is formidable, it is true, but given certain conditions it could be overcome. It depends upon what powers are behind the campaign, and it needs no long reflection to see that prohibition is essentially a financiers' policy. If so, the greatest obstacle to its success is already removed—we mean the opposition of brewery shareholders and proprietors, for they can be bought out. Expropriation without compensation would not be necessary. The object of the campaigners may be quite different one from what they teach. It is not worth the while of the credit controllers to spend their energy simply to change the direction of the

community's expenditure: their object would be to reduce the expenditure. So while Mrs. Snowden might draw pictures of glasses of beer being transmuted into bread and blouses, that is as far as ever she would get. The probability is that the whole of the money now spent on beer would by stages be diverted into the coffers of State insurance societies. But suppose not: does anyone expect that when the money now spent on drink came to be diverted to the purchase of other things, the prices of these things would remain at their present level? Of course, they would become inflated by the new demand, and in the end the community would be paying the same total sum as before and receiving a less total quantity of goods for it. They would have given up their beer for nothing. It would be the same swindle as we pointed out in respect of the Food Council's attack on the bakers, only worked round another way. Then again, if one assumes that compensation were being paid to the brewery shareholders, the community, while getting no beer, would still have to make good the surrendered profits on beer. This, however, is a minor point. The essential fact is that under the prevailing system, whatever money the population have to spend is sponged up by the prices of whatever goods they are allowed to spend it on. It sounds fanciful, but it is economic truth to say that the husband's extravagance in drink keeps down the prices of other things than drink. There will be opportunities for discussing other aspects of the case as the agitation proceeds.

Overdrafts and Feudalism:—

Some little time ago a farmer who had bought his holding and then sold it at a profit and afterwards bought another farm, offered this second purchase to me as it lay near a small estate of mine in Yorkshire. This I declined, but as he was persistent, I finally made him an offer which was just about the amount he had paid for the farm. This he accepted and is now lessee of the holding on terms satisfactory to both of us, his reason being that he owed money to the bank. In other words, to speak rhetorically, he was prepared to don once again the fetters of Feudalism rather than enjoy social freedom coupled with the consequences of an overdraft. So far we are both satisfied and I do not see why my farmer friend should be endowed by Mr. Lloyd George with fixity of tenure seeing that he voluntarily sold the freehold of his farm and has pocketed the proceeds of the sale. It is easy enough to talk about "pulling the landlords out by the ears," but if this be done to-day, to-morrow the money-lords will be pulled out by their financial noses, to the confusion and destruction of the Liberal Party of which they are the support.

(Letter to the "Spectator" by C. F. Ryder.)

The martyred "axe":—

"In bygone days Parliament fought and beat the Crown upon money matters. The nation is now in the grip of a far more powerful tyrant than any of the former kings. The enemy of economy is now the Government, not the present Government in particular, but any Government of the day." *Loval Fraser in the "Daily Mail."*

Name!

"Concealed somewhere in Whitehall, and as invisible as the Grand Lama of Tibet, there is a majestic figure known as the Comptroller and Auditor-General, whose office costs £150,000 a year, and who holds unexampled authority under the Great Seal, and see if any of them can tell you. He ought to be the best known man in Britain, and would be if he had the proper powers." *Loval Fraser in the "Daily Mail."*

Or if we knew his powers?—

"Ask the first half dozen men you meet the name of the Comptroller and Auditor-General, whose office costs £150,000 a year, and who holds unexampled authority under the Great Seal, and see if any of them can tell you. He ought to be the best known man in Britain, and would be if he had the proper powers." *Loval Fraser in the "Daily Mail."*

Motive power, but no credit power:—

"It is easy to move traffic, both passenger and freight, but the great problem is to get it." *Sir Henry Thornton on the Canadian National Railways deficit problem.*

Kropotkin's Basis of Ethics.

By Philippe Mairat.

There are times when a great spirit is intimidated by the spirit of his age. It does occasionally happen that a good man, with a good idea, will lose it by trying to put it into a form acceptable to his contemporaries—or to himself. If a man does not take the risk to give out his thought first, and explain it afterwards, he may die explaining it, and no one ever know where the golden talent was buried.

This was the case with Kropotkin and his Ethics. No man ever had a better idea on which to found an ethical system; and no man ever had a better right to his idea. But did ever such an effort, of so big a man, produce as poor a book? It contains something of what Plato thought about ethics, what Aristotle formulated, what Hobbes, Locke and Rochefoucauld set down; it is full of expositions of almost every kind of ethical thinker, including many small fry with much less than Kropotkin's own claim to a hearing; but where is the writer's own idea? Well, it is given indeed, briefly, yet clearly enough, at the end of an early chapter; and then, startled at its discrepant character, the writer immediately took refuge in an unsystematic summary of what everyone else had written.

What is the cause of this strange diffidence, apparently masking itself in a mighty camouflage of superfluous scholarship? Old age alone will not account for it, though it helps one to understand what I believe to be the true explanation. The old revolutionist had come face to face with the necessity of an idea which had no place at all within the thought of his school and age. It was hard for him to see that his life-long struggle against dogma and superstition had been waged with the strength of a creed which was itself dogmatic. Kropotkin, a genially optimistic lover of mankind, had seen that men were unhappy through slavery and ignorance; evils clearly centred in their authorities and superstitions—their State and their Church. He boldly fastened his faith to Anarchy and Atheism, for such was the fundamental intellectual ideality of the nineteenth century; only in such spirits as Kropotkin it took a humanitarian direction. In the international socialist movement, where Kropotkin speedily became one of the most honoured leaders of thought, dead-level equality was the social ideal, scientific theory the ideal basis of thought. He helped to make, and was made by, this movement, which rejected all Theism as obscurantist, and all metaphysic also as a kind of secular theology, tending to enslave men through the State.

Such was the spirit of his age, as it revealed itself to Kropotkin and many another enthusiast. But the Great War and the Revolution revealed another side, both to the advance of technical science and to the moral value of Anarchy. As to the latter, Kropotkin is known to have said that the Revolution (for which he had worked and suffered all his life) failed in its greatest objects for lack of "a lofty moral ideal." So the veteran anarchist and naturalist gave the three last years of his life to a work on Ethics. He said he would write, not a political-democratic nor socialist-economic, but a "purely human, realistic Ethics." And it was in this new voyage of thought that he struck the rock of a truth which he had energetically denied all his life. His Ethics foundered accordingly, but left us with a remarkably instructive wreck.

What he discovered was the unavoidable need of a metaphysical, as well as a physical, basis for Ethics. Of course he did not call it metaphysical; he called it the perception of Equity, the sense of Justice, inherent in human reason. But how could he develop

*"Ethics: Origin and Development." By Prince Kropotkin. (Harrap and Co. 12s. 6d.)

such a conception? The ideology of nineteenth-century progressive idealism imprisoned his thought in its iron bars of categorical denial. It must have been in a vain attempt to bring Equity or Justice into the scheme of natural evolution that he wasted the rest of his effort in the tiresome *catalogue raisonnée* of previous ethical systems.

Kropotkin had evidently set out in the belief that he could write Ethics upon the basis of evolution. He could speak, with more authority than anyone, upon the most humanly interesting aspect of organic evolution; for it was he who had enriched Darwinism with the study of Mutual Aid. His very excellent work as a naturalist had been fruitful in establishing the value of the gregarious and communal habits in the evolution of all higher forms of life. When Huxley was still lecturing about the red teeth and claws of Nature, Kropotkin was proving that there were moral instincts before there were men. And old as he was after the war, there was no one else living who knew as much as Kropotkin of the purely natural and scientific basis of ethics. As we should expect, the chapters which he gives to Ethics in Nature and in primitive life, are expert and convincing. But the effort to extend this Nature principle so as to cover the whole ground of human morality soon revealed its insufficiency. Kropotkin confessed that survival-value was not a satisfactory explanation of human Ethics. Upon this realisation, we may conjecture, the old anarchist meditated much. And then he recorded what he believed to be the irreducible elements of Ethics. They are three, he said, and they are not to be confounded. The first is Mutual Aid, the necessary instinct of sociality. The second, a parallel development to which the first gives rise, is the sense of Justice, which is something "inherent in human reason." And the third, which is usually called altruism or sacrifice, in which the individual acts with perfect social justice without any personal motive whatever, is, according to Kropotkin, Morality itself. "Mutual Aid, Justice, Morality, are thus the three steps of an ascending series, revealed by the animal world and man."

The enunciation of this sound and harmonious thought evidently gave the author a sense of conviction and certainty. But it dried up the springs of his argument, for it contradicted his customary ideology. If "Justice inherent in Reason" is one of three basic elements of Ethics, then he was wrong to quarrel with Kant for finding the foundation of duty in the inner consciousness. He had no right to quarrel with metaphysics at all. On the contrary, if you are going to base anything upon an inherent idea, you must study metaphysics. Moreover, if you are going to have Kropotkin's conception of Morality you can hardly escape the study of Aesthetics. It was impossible for Kropotkin, trained in the school of nineteenth-century optimistic agnosticism (whereof he was a well-deserving pillar) to admit the necessity of anything metaphysical. What was he to do? It had become clear to him that Ethics contained two other distinct elements, besides the one upon which he was an authority. But he could not say anything about them without feeling hopelessly "unscientific." In his dilemma he decided upon a lengthy survey of ethical literature; and into that dusty desert his inspiration trickled completely away.

Because of this contradiction between his real idea and his acquired ideology, Kropotkin's Ethics is both a tedious, inconclusive book and a very significant action. It is an invaluable failure. For if a new "purely human, realistic Ethics" is to become explicit in this or the next age of mankind, it will arise upon the threefold basis which Kropotkin perceived. The sympathy of communal instinct must be its unconscious origin, the nature of which is determined by its evolutionary history. This is the emotional mainspring of Ethics. Shaping this instinct into form and definition, is the power inherent

in reason; its specifically human and conscious origin. And beyond the conflict of these two forces is the action of a human being in whom sympathy and reason unite, to produce action in which egoism is either absent or wholly sublimated. This last is what Kropotkin called "Morality," and we may add that it is the force which alone has an æsthetic value—a moral "beauty."

The Sun of the Blind.

By Dmitri Mereschkowski.

II.

"The Lord who possesses the Delphic oracle says nothing and hides nothing, but he indicates."—(Heraclitus, *Fragm.* 93.)

"There are not many gods, there is only one reason—only name and forms of divine worship alter. The symbols are now clearer, now more hazy."—(Plutarch, *De Is. et Os.* 67.)

So the bas-reliefs on the thin walls of the alabaster lamp are dull, dark, almost invisible; but suddenly, when the lamp is lighted, they become clearer; the figures are myths, and the light is a mystery.

* * *

"The teachers and the prophets of all centuries and peoples expressed their philosophy in symbols," said St. Clement of Alexandria. "The founders of the mysteries introduced their teachings into the myths in such a way that they should not be revealed to all." "In the mysteries is the foreshadowing of the truth." (Clem. Alex., *Strom.* V., 11). And Christ Himself is "the teacher of the divine mystery."—"After His resurrection God delivered the divine knowledge, the Gnosis, to James, John, and Peter, and these gave it to the other apostles." And all Christendom is nothing else than "the mystery of the spiritual gnosis." (Clem. Alex., *Strom.*)

St. Clement uses almost the same words of the Christian as of the heathen sacraments: "Initiation, revelation—epoptia, hierophantia, great and small mysteries." (Anrich, *The nature of the ancient mysteries*, 133-139).

Here the living bond, the umbilical cord, which unites Christendom with heathendom, mother with child, is still whole; but the midwife, Theology, will cut it in two, so that the mother will die and the child will be in danger of its life.

* * *

The key to the myth is the mystery, and the key to the heathen mystery is the Christian sacrament. If Christendom is a lie, then heathendom is a lie. But conversely, too: If the one is true, so also is the other.

"The measure of all things is man." (Protagoras.) And what is the measure of man? Is it not the image of God? If this is so, not only is man the image of God but also God is the image of man. The myth, which makes men of gods, is true; true also the mystery which makes gods of men.

"Know thyself." St. Augustine answers this Delphic wisdom as follows: "If I know myself, I know thee also." *Noverim me, noverim te. Solileg II.*, 1). That means then: To know man is to know God; anthropomorphism is theomorphism. All that is in man can be in God also, and, conversely, all that is in God can be in man also: as man—so God.

Or, in other words: The myth, the mystery, testify not only to the really human, but also to the really divine. Mythology is theology, is the true method of religious experience.

* * *

According to a saying of Plato, we find in the old myths "portions of ourselves." (Phaedrus). Only Weininger, consumed by the fire of Israel, could know what Israel is; only Nietzsche, the

mangled Dionysos, could know what a tragedy is; only Dostoevski, the apocalyptic man, could know what "the end of the world" means.

We can only judge of the religious experience of the centuries and the peoples according to our own experiences. The sacraments are secrets of my soul. What is in them is also in me. He who has not found in his own heart the key to the gates of the Anactorion of Eleusis will never enter them.

Myths catch the gods as nets fishes. Men are bad fishers. The gods escape them. But even an empty myth will always retain the perfume of God, as an empty net keeps the smell of fish.

"Mythology contains religious truth," says Schelling—

"not religion is mythology, as the modern scholars believe, but *vice versa*, mythology is religion. All myths are true to religion; they are not fables of things that do not exist, but revelations of that which is. "Persephone means to us not merely that which we declare her to be, but is the very principle itself, a really existing being; and precisely the same holds for all other gods. . . . The peculiarity of my exposition is just this, that I maintain the consistent reality running through both the mysteries and the ideas of mythology."—(Schelling, *Philosophy of Revelation*, 500.)

This means: there are no false gods; all gods are true.

The Mediterranean Sea, which unites the three Continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa, is in reality the middle, the heart of the earth. The heart of humanity beats in the ceaseless sound of its waves, centuries and peoples crowding each other enclose the sea, circling it round with dance and song like the chorus of the Nereids, and its "dark-violet brine" foams like ambrosia in the chalice of the gods. (Homer.) If we draw two lines, one from Memphis to Constantinople, the other from Babylon to Rome, we get a cross, comparable to a shadow of the cross on Golgotha. It is just under this cross-symbol that the history of the world is being enacted.

The history is a mystery, a sacrament of the cross, and all peoples take part in it. The way from Bethlehem to Golgotha was already a way "of heathendom," of pre-Christian humanity. Where there are many peoples, "languages," there are also many myths, but there is but a single mystery—the mystery of the dead and resurrected God.

Osiris, the Egyptian; Thammuz, the Babylonian; Adonis, the Canaanitish [Phœnician]-Ægean; Attis, of Asia Minor; Mithra, the Iranian; Dionysos, the Hellenic—in them all is He. In the words of the Apostle Paul: "He is the shadow of the future, and the body is in Christ" (*Coloss. ii., 17*).

According to the acknowledgment of Graeco-Roman heathendom, Eleusis, on the eve of Christianity, was "the general sanctuary of the earth." In the words of Pretextat, "the sacraments at Eleusis unite all mankind." On the holy night a great light is kindled over the Anactorion at Eleusis. "A light to lighten the heathen" (*Luke ii., 32*). "The people that wandered in darkness sees a great light; and over them who dwell in the land of darkness it shines bright" (*Isaiah ix., 2*). Eleusis is the name of a town—from the word Ἐλευσίς, "To come" . . . and thus the highest object of the mysteries at Eleusis was none other than precisely this coming of the God." (Schelling, *Philosophy of Revelation*, 519).

(To be Continued.)

Views and Reviews.

CONRAD'S LAST BOOK.

"Speak no ill of the dead" is one of the first principles of the sentimental life which must be broken by the literary critic. For the world in which he contemplates is one whose evaluations begin on the other side of death; and the little mercies of our pitiful mortal life are an impertinence there. I feel that much of the lavish praise given to Conrad's posthumously published fragment is prompted by this natural kindness of mankind; a kindness still further accentuated by the critics' gratitude towards the dead author for his earlier creations.

"Suspense" confirms my feeling about Conrad, that he is a perfect chronometer, made of the rare metals, set with jewels, but lacking a mainspring. Only at times, as by some galvanic spasm, could those intricate wheels and cogs be made to move. But that movement seems always to come from some external motor, and by chance, as though the finger of Pain were touching this beautiful mechanism in a mood of eager curiosity. This, perhaps, is not a fruitful metaphor, but it will serve to show what I feel about Conrad. I see him always as a man struggling against a dreadful lethargy that creeps over him like a sea-fog, isolating him from familiar things, and cutting him off from all common intimacies of human life; those little but infinitely various relationships which give activity, colour, and the quality of responsible life to the individuals in this social and moral world. Conrad's people are not moral, because they are deserted. Whenever they do emerge into the daylight of social life they find themselves strangers; shy, proud, aimlessly sensitive; abstracted from the power of common observation by the debilitating agony of this inward groping for direction. And the people moving along the general paths of life see these distraught figures emerge from that ocean of obscurity like derelict ships: beautiful, wave-cleaving vessels, with gleams of light on their full-rigged masts—but on their decks a deathly silence, and only a ghostly and ineffectual figure at the helm. The derisive gulls poise and glide about him, shrieking "Conrad! Conrad!" as though the hollow name were an invocation of the spirit of isolation and deathly space.

There is something of Milton's Lucifer about this morbid figure: the same sterilising pride, the same grand gesture of resentment, warding off the intrusive sympathy and proffered companionship. The self-exile which Conrad deliberately imposed upon himself; the cultivation of a foreign tongue as a means of exotic self-expression; served to foster and to exaggerate the temperament which provoked them. It is difficult for us to realise the strain of that task which Conrad set himself; to begin at the age of twenty to master so enormous a language as English. But we see the effect on his character. The effort after technique almost maddened him, and in consequence all his work is a sort of wilful tour-de-force; for by the elaborate, the artificial, the mystifying, he is best able to express his tortured soul. But readers will say that he has the serenity of the sea and the silences of space. I feel rather that his serenity is as false as the serenity of the sea, and that it proves to be a coma induced by terror. It is significant that the work which was to be the longest and most carefully planned of all his books was called "Suspense." Suspense is the quality which pervades his books. All his characters are waiting for some sinister revelation, and so the world of actuality around them is drained of reality and is seen through the veils of a hypnotic trance.

It is all very strained, morbid, and unhealthy, and we must not permit this dangerous attitude to be disguised by the heroic gestures—as of warding something off—by which it is sometimes attended. All this intensity, however, gives Conrad a penetrating power, but it leads only to deeper ravines of loneliness and misanthropy. What a miserable and joyless knight-errant he was. Could he not have learned something from Cervantes, who, in all his exiles and turmoils, never lost the gaiety of heart which is the most Godlike possession of the great genius?

Certainly the spiritual misanthrope and recluse is not in the mode of our modern temper, any more than are the spectacular perverseness of Byron and the aristocratic pessimism of Leopardi. There is not a little of both these dark characters in Conrad: and did he possess a tittle of their virility, he would perhaps force himself on an age toward which he is, by all the eccentricities of his being, an alien. As it is, his shadowiness, his airless and gasping

agonies, prevent him from being anything more than a foreign incident in our merciless democratic æsthetic, that destructive instrument of a creative age.

There have been so many panegyrics of "Suspense" that everyone must now know the story of it. As a help to the study of Conrad's personality and technique it is a very interesting document. It is badly written, and lacks all the later veils of colour with which he drapes his phantasms, giving them that kind of steaming tropical beauty which is peculiar to his work, and is seen in its full magnificence in "Lord Jim." This fragmentary draft shows, too, how English remained, to the end of his life, a foreign medium to him. That its technical difficulties always loomed largely before him, may be seen by this disastrous passage:—

"Again Sir Charles let his big, white, aristocratic hands descend on his knees. His daughter's dark head drooped over the frame, and he had the vision of another head, very different and very fair, by its side. It had been a part of his retired life, and had had a large share of his affection. How large it was he only discovered now, at this moment, when he felt that it was in a sense lost to him for ever."

He should have kept it in a large-size Pot of Basil. Through the majority of the book the characters lack all significance, and it is not until the hero, Cosmo, has fallen under the spell of the statuesque Adele that those fine gestures of lofty preoccupation with pain—so characteristic of Conrad—stir the young man to some show of individuality. Were it not for this book's accidental value, one would dismiss it as the usual mediocre contribution to the fiction of the much-overdone Napoleonic period.

RICHARD CHURCH.

Music.

Mr. Percy Scholes has been lecturing on musical criticism at the St. Bride Institute. Among a number of surprising deviations into good sense occurred some typical Scholastica, one after a singularly trenchant and piercing home-thrust of Weingartner's, who spoke of certain of the tribe turning "their venomous gall against those who tower immeasurably above them, while covering with praise those who by their inferiority are their own kinsmen." This, decreed Mr. Scholes, was very foolish talk. That, one must say, was very foolish of Mr. Scholes. The repeated instances of concerted attacks of a dead set against certain great artists in the London Press are far too glaring to be explained away by Mr. Scholes's assurance that he knows pretty well all the newspaper critics in London and that they were sometimes mistaken, but they were honest. Conceptions of honesty are very fluctuant and elastic. Mr. Scholes may think it honest on the part of his colleagues to praise British musicians and artists of negligible quality, passing in silence over their possession of the most grave faults, and yet to assail with malevolence foreign artists of real standing and accomplishment for the possession of these same faults in an infinitesimal degree, or not at all, while conversely passing over their good points lightly or barely with mention. A few instances at random. Compare the average fulsome adulation of Florence Austral with the critique of an artist to whose ankles Florence Austral will never attain in artistic stature—Gertrud Kappel.

Compare the notice a Harriet Cohen or an Irene Scharrer will get with that of Frieda Kwast Hodapp. I have never seen any London critic drawing attention to the throatiness and constricted tightness of Mulling's production. Many of them spoke of nothing else with regard to Dino Borgioli's singing last season at Covent Garden, though there is no comparison between the two, even with Borgioli at his very worst. Mr. Scholes may think this sort of thing honest—a peculiar and very personal conception of honesty. Many of us will not readily forget the scandalous exhibition of bias and prejudice when Busoni made his last appearances in England in the tragically few years between the end of the war and his untimely and calamitous death in 1924. The reasons to those behind the scenes were plain. Busoni had made no *Daily Mail* utterances about the sanctity of the Allied cause, he expressed no overwhelming admiration for or interest in modern British music, and, greatest crime of all, he never allowed himself to be deflected from his artistic path half a hair's width by critic clamour, indeed showed every sign that it was, as far as he was concerned, non-existent. What good English musical criticism imagines it is doing to itself or British music by exhibiting the worst tricks of French musical Chauvinism it is difficult to see. One result they will attain, like their French colleagues

have done, and that will be to make the professed object of their care utterly ridiculous and contemptible.

That powerful and fine artist Kwast Hodapp gave the first important recital of the autumn season. Beginning not quite with her usual excellence she warmed up till she came to the Reger Telemann Variations, of which she gave a superb, vivid, and most exciting performance. The final fugue was a masterly piece of architecture in climax and tone. The work, it is said, is designed to illustrate in some sort the history and development of the variation from the simple contrapuntal and florid decoration of the intact and unaltered theme to the complex and elaborate transformation of such as the Strauss "Don Quixote" or Reger's own Bach Variations. Although as a whole the Telemann Variations do not approach the Bach Variations for interest and sustained quality, they are a work one is very glad indeed to hear, and they are vastly superior to the bulk of the stock modern works of the pianist's repertoire, with which it is unconstructive and satisfying to see Kwast Hodapp, unconstructive and high-minded musician that she is, will have nothing to do. Dearly would we like to hear her in the Reger Bach Variations or the Second Sonata of the Szymanowsky, and the sombre yet noble Medtner E minor, Op. 25, No. 2, two of the finest piano sonatas of modern times, and practically unknown. Not a little would one like to hear this great player in John Ireland's Piano Sonata, which, although it is not a work for which I have any very great admiration, nor, I think, to be put in the class of the great Medtner work, is far too much neglected in favour of almost any modern English solo piano works which are immensely inferior to it in both artistic aim and achievement.

At the Promenades there has been an indifferent performance of the second Liszt Concerto by M. de Grief, who must have been in bad form, for I have heard him play this work very well at other times, and a novelty—a suite of work very well at other times, and a novelty—of no importance what—Eugen d'Albert, "Aschenputtel"—of no importance what—ever, and singularly remote from the delicate exact skill of the dainty *point d'Alençon* fabric of Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oie," which is said to have stirred the composer to attempt—how unwisely—emulation.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Drama.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession," at the Regent. (The Macdonna Players.)

Since the production of "Saint Joan" Mr. Bernard Shaw has become holy. He proved himself so gentlemanly, so aspiring, that he can unload any old nonsense upon the public now, and no one complains. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is not only one of Mr. Shaw's least successful plays: it is a poor play, and surely it was unnecessary to inflict it upon us so late in the day.

Perhaps it was a good solvent for hypocrisy in its time. It must have served well as a pamphlet to break taboos. It forced men to consider the social evils of prostitution and procurement, and even to recognise that people do not necessarily either like or respect their parents. But, oddly enough, the parts of the play which date most definitely are those treating of the bawdy-house; the first-night audience laughed derisively when Vivie, unable to utter the two words which describe her mother, writes them down and shows them to two horrified men. To-day young ladies from Newnham are capable of uttering any such words with perfect composure, and Vivie's ladylike restraint seemed as old-fashioned as a peek-a-boo blouse and as ridiculous.

But even as propaganda the play can never have been the great success. For one thing, Mrs. Warren herself is the only likeable and the only real person in the cast. She makes out a most specious case for the life she has chosen: she is capable, energetic, entertaining—the sort of person one would be quite interested to meet in a railway train or an hotel. And if it is hypocrisy Mr. Shaw is anxious to abolish, why, there is no trace of hypocrisy in the engaging old bawd. Her gentleman friend Sir George, her former lover the Rev. Samuel, the ridiculous artist Praed, and young Frank are mere stage characters who have no being in the actual world, though now and then Mr. Shaw speaks through their words brightly. Vivie is undoubtedly the worst drawn of all Mr. Shaw's machine-made and fictitious "modern" women. Mr. Shaw himself so obviously preferred Mrs. Warren to any of the other characters that we are almost left with the feeling that the only honest place in the world is a brothel.

This failure of propaganda in Mr. Shaw's play (we suppose that he meant to waken us to social evils and make us detest them, not only to prove his own great lack of hypocrisy)—this failure is typical and worth consideration. When Defoe

wrote *Moll Flanders* he was fighting no cause; he was taking the nearest subject to hand and using it for fiction. Yet Defoe can evoke a horror of procreation which Shaw the propagandist can never stir. It happens in all Mr. Shaw's plays that the "bad characters" are the nicest people.

To tell the truth, Mr. Shaw's propaganda is always imposed intellectually upon his plays. His mind and not his heart is involved; his heart goes out much more generously to his villains. Dickens can still make us feel acutely about Dotheboy's Hall, though the abuses he deals with no longer exist in the same form. For Dickens's propaganda was a living thing; he wrote as he had to write, from his own indignation, his pain to see the world so wretchedly managed. But Mr. Shaw does not succeed in perturbing us about the houses of ill-fame which still flourish in all our towns. He has too much self-righteousness by far. And that is a pity, for it may go towards discouraging propaganda, or any serious thought, in literature. If Mr. Shaw, we may say, with his gift of buffoonery and farce, with his energy, with that dynamic egotism of his, fails to make propaganda live in his plays, doesn't it show that art is autonomous and should never meddle with questions of sociology or morals? But Tolstoy and Dickens and Dostoevsky could write propaganda magnificently, and what they wrote was art. They felt and they wrote from feeling, and propaganda was the natural outcome of their creative will. They never systematised or dried up their dogmas. They never determined to show themselves somehow or other in the right. Their moral genius was their reaction to humanity.

Dramatically "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is weak. The first act is amateurish and tedious; the characters are introduced clumsily, and even more clumsily taken off the stage again. The second act is saved by Mrs. Warren's scene with her daughter; but once more there is the same fumbling with the exits. Not content with taking the majority of the characters off to tea in Act 1, and to supper in Act 2, in Act 3 Mr. Shaw clears the stage by the pathetic device of taking them off to church. Act 4 is the weakest of all: Mr. Shaw was plainly as tired of the play as the audience becomes. He even seemed conscious himself of a weakness he has never conquered—that awful horror of a "scene" which makes the emotional crisis in nearly all his plays so weak and so uncertain. And the Macdonald Players at the Regent were ill-suited to supply the author's deficiencies.

IRIS BARRY.

"Stony Ground."

By "Old and Crusted."

—these beautiful fields of peaceful wheat are the battle-fields of life. For these fertile acres the Romans built their cities. . . . Next the Saxons, next the monk-slaying Danes, next the Normans in chain-mail—one, two, three heavy blows—came to grasp these golden acres. . . . All end in the same: iron mines, coal mines, factories, furnaces, the counter, the desk—no one can live on iron, or coal, or cotton—the object is really sacks of wheat.

("Field and Hedgerow." Richard Jefferies.)

Charles. Yes: it is always you good men that do the big mischiefs.

("Saint Joan." Epilogue.)

Put in the sickles and reap:
For the morning of harvest is red,
And the long, large ranks of the corn
Coloured and clothed as the morn
Stand thick in the fields and deep
For them that faint to be fed.
Let all that hunger and weep
Come hither, and who would have bread
Put in the sickles and reap.
(Messidor. A. C. S. "Songs Before Sunrise.")

A dear old friend of mine, who at this moment of time is hindering my "work" by much irrelevant chatter, has just called my attention to the following words of wisdom from a rubbishy best-seller:—

"Pious and religious people would do well, it seems to me, to remember how pleasant ungodly folks can and do make themselves to those with whom they live, and strive accordingly to remember that they are responsible for the fact—for it is a fact—that religion has gained itself a name for unpleasantness."

All of which is very apropos, for I had been worked up to a state of super-exasperation by a more than usually crassly stupid letter in *The Times* for September 17, headed "Work or Starve." The reverend perpetrator of this offence

against Christian charity begins his deplorable outburst in these words:—

"The approach of the Harvest Festival season provides the clergy with an opportunity of proclaiming to full pews some truths opportune to our present unhappy plight."

It does. But his assertion that the message of the harvest is, "Work or Starve." "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is, apart from the callous insult to the thousands deprived of all opportunity of working, a blatant misreading of the facts, and a sinister example of the persistence of that arrogant self-satisfied spirit displayed by the Scribes and Pharisees, on which the Son of man—He who was so infinitely tender to all sinners—poured the divine scorn and wrath. Now it has happened, not once nor twice, that the genesis of these poor day-dreams has been some incident or text occurring during the celebration of the Divine Sacrifice. On the following Sunday, my heart being still hot within me, it happened that the Gospel for the day contained those oft-repeated, much-misunderstood verses beginning:—

"Consider the lilies of the valley how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

And concluding:—

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Behold peace descended on my perturbed spirit. I felt that after all we could afford to laugh at the fatuous protests of these purblind parsons and hope that before long their eyes will be opened, even as the eyes of the two blind men sitting by the wayside were opened. Yea, they may yet learn the inner meaning of the words, "My yoke is easy and my burden light," and perchance lend a hand in the urgent task of finally clearing the money-changers out of the temple.

Two days after the publication of the above-quoted letter there appeared, in those waste spaces of *The Times* wherein so much rubbish is shot, another letter by a brother cleric which added injury to insult. Quoth this reverend gentleman, rejoicing in the incongruous name of Loveband (surely it should be Chadband!):—

"All classes need to learn that they can only obtain a higher standard of living by hard work and self-denial in the present—present self-denial in order to a future gain,"

suggesting also as a more fitting text for a Harvest Festival sermon,

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

In all humility and in deference to the sacred office of these two pillars of orthodoxy—economic and otherwise—I would venture to offer as an alternative text, "Give ye them to eat." I would even make so bold as to suggest the lines along which the special preacher for the occasion should approach his subject; so here goes:—

In this village there is a worthy man, amongst many others, employed as a gardener, whose wages are exactly £2 per week. Out of this princely sum the item of bread alone accounts for 10s. to 12s. Let that sink in. Nay, in the language of the vulgar, rub it in. Consider what it means; 25 per cent. of total income for bread only—and poor flabby white stuff at that! Think of the blatant decency of inviting this struggling soul, deprived of all the amenities of life, to join in the annual chorus of thanks for a bountiful harvest, and then adjure him from the pulpit to work harder! He being a shrewd observer and an occasional reader of *THE NEW AGE*, mark you, knows that thousands of acres of good arable land have reverted to grass, and that much that remains is but indifferently cultivated. It does not always pay to farm high. He knows that the amount of wheat produced in this country could be increased beyond belief, not only by extended acreage, but by improved methods. The preacher, if he be a man of sense and some agricultural knowledge could, an he would, expatiate on the sin of neglecting the land and the failure to make full use of the means available for intensive culture supplied by applied science. He could find ample material to fill the regulation twenty minutes, and might leave his congregation with a faint glimmering of the truth that this ought to be a land of plenty instead of artificial scarcity and high prices.

Perhaps, one of these days, some stout-hearted incumbent of a country parish will sweep from his church the dropsical marrows, mottled potatoes, and scanty ears of corn piled up in honour of Saint Pumpkin, and place on the chancel floor a "tractor" and a sack of "fertiliser"—for these also are gifts of God for which men may offer thanks in due season.

Pastiche.

THE LIFE-BELT.

"May I enquire what this little ceremony is?" asked the curious old gentleman.

"Certainly, sir. This is the Life-Belt Drill: it is designed to promote Good Fellowship in case of economic shipwreck."

The old gentleman stepped up closer and saw a large life-belt several feet in diameter, strung on the outer side with rope loops of various lengths. It was held suspended breast high from the ground. Around it were an odd assortment of individuals in a widely extended ring. By their dress he gathered that they represented all grades of society from the top-hat to the cloth cap. Facing towards the life-belt, they were each going through the motions of swimming, and were advancing inwards by short steps.

"Won't there be rather a crush when they get close to the life-belt?" remarked the old gentleman.

"Oh, yes," replied his informant, "but that is why people attend these drills: you see, if there wasn't going to be a crush there wouldn't be any need for drilling."

"But surely if you made a larger life-belt you could spare yourselves all this waste of time going through these exercises, and—"

"Nothing is waste of time that promotes Good Fellowship," interjected the other.

"Ah, I see," commented the old gentleman, "a crush engenders comradeship, so to speak—I see you are a disciple of that great philosopher Mark Tapley."

"Er—Tapley—Tapley—Can't say I've much acquaintance with his writings; but if he—"

"Oh, yes; he held the theory that misfortune was a great stimulant of moral qualities; and he was never so happy as when—"

"Well, if that's the case, I agree with the gentleman. 'Tapley': I must make a note to read him up. What is he, Doctor, Professor, or what?"

"No, just ordinary 'Mr.' But let us leave that. I would like to know a little more about your procedure."

"Well, just come up close. You see these loops of rope? Each has a name—see, here is the 'wage' loop, here 'dividend,' over there 'salary,' and there 'rent,' and so on, all denoting, as you see, means of support—money. These are where everybody clings on to keep afloat."

"But," objected the old gentleman, "you don't mean to tell me that you expect all those people to get a hold on the loops. Look at the total length of rope, and then consider how much more would be required for everyone to get a two-handed grasp."

"Ah, yes. I'll grant that. But there's no more rope to be had. It's a special sort, called financial rope, and can only be got at one place—and they haven't got any there; so we have to do with what we've got already," explained the other. "Now I'll tell you something. You said just now: 'Why not make the life-belt larger?' Well, we could—easily. We call it the economic life-belt; and we've got cork, canvas, white paint, and labour, no end—we could make an enormous belt. But what's the use?"

"I see," said the old gentleman. "You could give your people economic security, but you can't give all a financial hand-hold on it."

"Something of that, if you like."

"Well," pursued the old gentleman, "what do you propose to do with your drilling?"

"Oh, we just train them to recognise where the different loops are situated, so that when they are in the water they can swim with perfect presence of mind to their allotted stations. That is, so far as the different sections of people are concerned—the wage-earners, the landlords, the shareholders, and so on. But the great work is that of teaching the finger-hold."

"The finger-hold?!"

"Yes. It is clear that if everybody is to hold on to the rope, nobody must get a whole hand on it—even the most favoured must not lay more than three fingers on it, while the majority will have to hang on by one finger—preferably the little finger."

"They all realise this, you think?"

"Well, they are gradually coming to. It takes time. Our chief trouble is with the wage-earners: there are so many of them, and they say that the wage-loop ought to be larger, or else it won't—won't—"

"Thread all the little fingers," suggested the old gentleman. "And, of course, you can't lengthen the wage-loop without taking away from the dividend loop."

"You've said it. Sometimes we have a really fine drill—we get Agreement about these lengths. But the next day some party or other wants to determine the Agreement. Still, generally, we are making progress. The width of

grasp claimed by them all now averages one and a half fingers, whereas a few months ago everybody was swearing he'd not put up with less than a whole hand-hold—and even that was a come-down from war-time, when there was rope for two hands all round, strangely enough."

"Well, and suppose eventually you get everybody to know his station round the belt and his finger-place on the loop. I can see that that is feasible—at the drill. But what will happen when they've tumbled into the water?"

"Ah, that is where our teaching comes in. You see when they know they're all threatened with a common fate they will lose their antipathies and jealousies; the closeness of Death makes men brotherly."

"You think so?" doubted the old gentleman.

"We've got to think so," was the vehement reply, "or what becomes of our boasted civilisation?"

"Yes, indeed," echoed the old gentleman, "but that assumes—"

"Damn."

"Pardon me. Have I annoyed you?"

"Not at all. But I must hurry away. Here comes those Communists again."

The old gentleman, suddenly left alone, became aware of a murmur of voices, and, strolling in its direction was engulfed at the next corner by a wave of excited persons who were apparently on their way to hold a drill of their own. He caught the term "Knife-drill." Picking himself up he followed until he came up with a straggler, of whom he asked information.

"It's like this," he was told. "Those fools with their drilling think they are going to save the workers. You just go and measure up the workers' share of the rope on that life-belt, and then count up the number of workers. That's one thing. And who made the life-belt? The workers. That's another thing. But here's another thing still. When the capitalist ship sinks, who do you suppose will throw out the life-belt? The capitalists. And what will they have done before they throw it? They will have got their paws on all the loops. They will all be hanging on with both hands before the life-belt splashes into the sea. They won't throw it out, they will jump with it. Then what will happen when the workers swim up alongside? Be kicked off by capitalist hoofs, of course. Can you doubt it?"

"Yes, I see the danger," agreed the old gentleman, "but what do you suggest shall be done?"

"Done? Why we shall join in the finger-drill—pah! finger-drill—and we shall take clasp knives with us and cut the capitalists' loops off for the benefit of the workers."

"But they will resist you, surely?"

"That's true. But it's better to have a scuffle now, with a chance of success, than wait till we're all in the water, when there will be none."

"Yes," returned the old gentleman, "but I was told just now that the whole trouble is a shortage of rope, and that it was not the capitalists who monopolised it but some other monopolists. Wouldn't it be better for you to work up a raid on the rope monopolists and challenge the capitalists to take part in it?"

"That's all nonsense. The rope-makers and the capitalists are all one."

"Well, that may be so; but if it is, I am puzzled to know why the capitalists themselves haven't already got all the rope they require on the life-belt, and why they should be haggling about the workers' loop."

"Oh, well; that can be gone into afterwards. All we know is that a loop on the life-belt is worth two at the rope-makers'. So you'll excuse me, I'm in a hurry."

"At the word of command," said a voice in the distance, "make swimming motions and advance: upon coming up to loop No. 4, 'Manual Workers,' squad No. 8 will crook little fingers round rope sections Nos. 342 to 356 inclusive—"

"A rope, a rope, my Kingdom for a rope," mused the old gentleman, as he went on his way.

THE CLOSING TALE.

First was the Tree, and then the Fruit of Life: So Adam came, and with him Eve his wife.

By sweat of brow they Tools began to make; Slow learned the tribute of the Tools to take.

Anon this Adam will be God, I vow, With Eve his Queen of Heaven! But not enow.

Have they of virtue glean'd, for Godhood grows Leisure goes? Where Toil is not, and laughing

MORGAN TUD.

Drought.

By Eric Watrond.

The whistle blew for eleven o'clock. As if under the hypnosis of a magic wand, all life at the quarry came to a standstill. Throats parched, grim, sun-crazed, blacks cutting stone on the white, burning hill-side dropt with a clang the hot, dust-powdered drills and flew up over the rugged edges of the horizon to descent into a dry, waterless gut. Hunger—pricks at stomachs inured to brackish coffee and cassava pone—pressed on folk, joyful as rabbits in a grassy ravine, wrenching themselves free of the lure of the white earth. Helter-skelter dark, brilliant, black faces of West Indian peasants moved along, in pain—the stiff tails of blue coats, the hobble of chigger-cracked heels, the rhythm of a stride—dissipating into the sun-stuffed void the radiant forces on the incline.

The broad road—a boon to constables moping through the dusk, or on hot, bright mornings, ploughing up the thick, adhesive marl on some seasonal chore, was distinguished by a black, animate dot upon it.

It was Coggins Rum. On the way down he had stopt for a tot—zigaboo word for skillet—of water by the rock engine. The driver, a buckra johnny—English white—sat on the waste box digging the meat out of a young water cocoanut. An old straw hat, black, and its rim saggy by virtue of the moisture of sweating sun-fingers, served as a calabash for a "ball" of cuckoo—corn meal, okras, and butter boiled and mixed and stirred and served in "balls"—roundly poised in its crown. By the buckra's side, a black girl stood, lips pursed in an indifferent frown, inert in the heat.

Passing by them, Coggins's bare feet kicked up a gust of the white marl dust, and the girl shouted to him, "Mistah Rum, you gwine play de guitah tee nite, no?"

Promptly, Coggins answered, "Come down and dance de fango—dance de fango fo' Coggins Rum, and he are play for you."

Bajan gal don't wash 'ar skin
Til' de gut come down—

Grumblings. Pitch-black, she, to the "washed-out" buckra, was more than a bringer of victuals. The buckra's girl. It wasn't Sepia, Georgia, but a backwoods village in Barbados. "Didn't you bring me no molasses to pour in the rain-water?" the buckra asked; and the girl, sucking in her mouth, brought an ungovernable eye back to him.

Upon which, Coggins, swallowing a hint, kept on his journey—noon-day pilgrimage—through the hot, creeping marl.

Scorching—yet Coggins gayly sang
O! you come with yo' cakes
Wit' yo' cakes an' yo' drinks
Eve'y collection boy ovah deah!
An' we go to war—
We shall carry de name,
Bajan boys for—evah!

"It are funny," Coggins murmured, clearing his throat, "Massa Braffit and dat chiggah-foot gal."

He stooped and picked up a fern and pressed the back of it to his shiny ebon cheeks. It left a white—ferny imprint. Grown up, according to the ethics of the gap, yet Coggins, who, to it, was a "queer saht o' man," given to the picking of a guitar and to cogitations on the step after dark, indulged in an avowed juvenility.

Sun-drunk, Coggins carelessly swinging along cast an eye behind him—more of the boys from the quarry—over-alled, shoeless, caps whose peaks wiggled on red, sun-red eyes—the eyes of black sun-burnt folk.

He always cast an eye behind him before he ventured off the broad road into the gap.

Flaring up in the sun were the new shingles on the Dutch-style cottage of some Antigua folk. Bordering theirs were scarcely knew how long by two English dowager maidens. In the gap, rocks, stones—shot up—obstacles for donkey carts to jarringly wrangle over at night. Flies and ring-worms gathered in pools of muddy water forming about them.

"Yo' dam vagybond, yo'!"
Coggins cursed his big toe. His big toe was blind. Helpless thing—a blind big toe in broad daylight on a West Indian road gap.

He stopt, and jacked it up. "Isn't this a hell of a case fo' yo', sah?" A curve of flesh began to peel from it. Pree nail was jostled, shaken out of place. Frying flesh. The began to stream from it. Paradox. Hot, bright blood white marl dust clung in grainy cakes. Around the injury blood squirted—spread over the whole toe—and the marl dust took on colour.

Gently easing the toe back to earth, Coggins avoided the grass sticking up along the road and slowly picked his way to the cabin.

"I got a lame toe," he announced, "I got a lame toe—woy—woy—"

"Go bring yo' pappy a tot o' water—Ada—quick—"

A nut-brown Sissie took the gored member in her lap and began to wipe tenderly the blood from it.

"Pappy stump he toe—"

"Dem rocks in de gap—"

"Mine ain't got better yet, needer."

"Hurry up, boy, and bring de lotion."

"Bring me de scissors, an' tek yo' fingers out o' yo' mou' like yo' is starved out, sah!"

"—big boy like yo' sucking yo' fingers."

Clip! Onion-coloured slip of flesh flew to the floor.

Rattah Grinah, the half-dead dog, cold dribbling from his dazed, hungry eyes on to his freckled nose, moved inanimately towards it. Fox terrier—shaggy—bony—scarcely able to walk.

"Where is dat Beryl?" Coggins asked, one leg over the other, sitting on the floor—and pouring the salt water over the crimsoning wadding.

"Outside."

"Beryl!"

"Wha' yo'?"

"What yo' doin' outside?"

"Come in, miss!"

"Hard-ears girl, she been eatin' any mo' marl, Sissie?"

"She, Ada?"

"Sh, gal eatin' marl all de haftahnoon—"

Pet, sugar—no more terms of endearment for Beryl. Impatient, Coggins, big toe stuck up cautiously in the air—in-citing Rattah to a sleepy curiosity—moved past Sissie, past Ada, past Rufus, to the rear of the cabin.

Yesterday, at noon—a roasting sun smote Coggins. Liquid—fluid—drought. Solder. Heat and juice—exotic union.

It smote Coggins. The dry season was at its height. Praying to the Lord to send rain, black peons gathered on the rumps of breadfruit or cherry tree in desolate supplication.

Passing along the road to the gap Coggins gazed at the essence of the sun's fury. There, where canes spread over into the road with their dark, rich foliage, the village dogs—hunting for eggs to suck, fowls to kill—paused amidst the yellow stalks of cork-dry canes to pant, and drop, sun-smitten.

Of its moisture the sun had milked the land. Sucked it dry. Star apples, golden apples—husks—transparent on the empty trees. Savagely prowling through the orchards black birds stopt at nothing—gooseberries, sugar apples, mimmie apples. And growing neurotic, turtle doves, leisurely hosts of the tropic earth, rifled the pods of green peas and purple beans. Yellow as the leaves of autumn, potato vines, severed from their roots by the parching of the sun, stood on the ground, the wind's eager prey. Undug, stemless—peanuts, carrots—seeking balm, relief, the caress of a passing wind, shot dead, unclustered eyes up through cracks made by the sun in the shrunken earth. The sugar corn went to the birds. Ripening prematurely, breadfruits fell swiftly on the hard, dry soil, good only for fritters.

Fell in spatters—and being yellow—a yellow-mellow fruit—the hungry dogs, anticipating the children, lapped it up.

His sight curtailed by the very vividness of the sun, Coggins turned hungry eyes to the soil. Empty corn stalks—black birds at work—

Along the watercourse, umbrageous palms shading it, frogs cried for air, their white breasts like fowls, soft and white, giving the only moisture to their lives. The water in the drains dried up, they sprang at flies, mosquitoes—wrangled for a mite.

It was a dizzy spectacle. Coggins drew back—

Asking God to send rain—why? Where was the rain? Barrelled up there—in the clouds? Odd! Rivers, ponds, drains, upon drying up, asked of the sky—water.

The sun! It had its effect on Coggins. It wrung its toll out of the cosmos. It made the stone cutter's face blacker. At the quarry—it was whiter. The quarry became whiter. The colour of dark things grew intensely darker. Similarly, with white ones—it gave them a whiter, glistening hue. Coggins and the quarry. Coggins and the marl.

Coggins and the marl road.

Upon the road his eyes experienced a change. The road was white—blazing white. It was difficult for him to see anything upon it. His eyes at best a vivid red due to the intense warmth of the sun, he was unable to keep them on any one spot upon it.

About to switch off and go in to the gap, Coggins saw Beryl—in the marl road.

Beryl in the marl road. Six years old; possessing a one-piece frock, no hat, no shoes.

Brown Beryl—the only one of the Rum children who wasn't black as sin. Yellow Beryl. It happens that way sometimes.

Both Coggins and Sissie—a comely black woman—were unrelievably black. Still Beryl—came a shade lighter. Light-skinner, Beryl.

It happens that way sometimes.

Victim of the sun—a bright spot under its singeing dome. Beryl drew back at Coggins's approach. Her little hands flew behind her back.

"Eatin' marl again," Coggins admonished, "eatin' marl again, you little vagybond!"

Incredible imp! Only the day previous he had had to chastise her for it—sifting the stone dust and eating it.

"You're too hard ears," Coggins shouted, slapping her hands, "you are too hard ears."

Dragging her by the hand, Coggins started in the gap. He was too angry to speak—too concerned.

Avoiding the jagged rocks in the gap—Beryl, her little body impressionless in the crocus bag frock dropping from her shoulders, began to weep. It was pitiful to Coggins to see Beryl cry. When Beryl cried he felt like crying, too.

But he sternly rejected the temptation and heaped invective upon her. "Marl'll make yo' sick—tie up yo' guts, too. Tie up yo' guts like green guavas. Don't eat, it, yo' hear, don't eat no mo' marl."

"Eatin' marl again, like yo' is starved out," Sissie landed a clout on Beryl's uncombed head, "Go under de bed an' lay down befo' I crack yo' cocoanut."

Proud Bajan, Sissie; existing on a dry-rot herring bone—a pint of stale, yellowless corn-meal—a few spuds—yet thumping the children around for eating scraps, for eating food cooked by hands other than hers—

"Don't talk to de child like dat, Sissie—"

"Oh, go 'long you, always tryin' to prevent me from beatin' them. When she get sick who gwine tend she? Me or you? Man, go 'bout yo' business—"

Beryl crawled meekly under the bed. Ada, a bigger girl—fourteen and "own-wayish"—shot a look of composed neutrality at Rufus, a sulky, cry-cry, suck-finger boy approaching twenty—Big Head Rufus.

"Serve her right," Rufus murmured.

"Nobody ain't gwine beat me with a hair brush—I know dat—"

"One leg on top of the other, Ada, down in the floor, grew impatient at Sissie's languor in preparing the food.

Coggins came in at eleven to dinner. Ada, Rufus, did likewise. The rest of the day they spent killing birds with stones fired from the sling-shots; climbing neighbour's trees in search of birds' nests; going to the old French ruins to dig out, with the near-nebulous aid of Rattah Grinah, a stray mongoose or to rob of its prey a canary-conquering cat.

Digging holes in the rocky gap—or on the brink of drains—and stuffing them with paper and gunpowder stolen from the Rum canister and lighting it with a match. Dynamite-hole on the top of it, towards one end, and ramming it with a more gunpowder and stones and brown paper—and, with level it at a flock of snipes or sparrows. Touch-bams.

"Well, Sissie, what yo' got to eat to-day?"

"Cuckoo—what yo' tink yo' are have?"

"Lord, more cuckoo—"

"Any salt fish?"

"Wha' ah is to get it from?"

"Herrin'?"

"You tink I muss be pick up money. Wha' you expect mah to get it from? With butter and lard so dear, and sugar four cents a pound, you must be expect me to steal—"

"Hey, this man set me crazy. You forget I ain't workin' mo' grow onions or green peas—look outside—look in the yard—look at the parsley even."

Formerly, in places—under the window or near the tamarind trees—fed by the used water or the swill—things grew. Yams, potatoes, lettuce—

Going to the door Coggins paused. A "forty-leg"—centipede—was working its way into the craw of the last of the Rum hens. "Gawd—"

Leaping to the rescue, Coggins slit the hen's craw—undigested corn spilled out—and ground the surfeited vermin underfoot.

"Now we got to eat this," and he strung the hen up on a nail by the side of the door, out of poor Rattah Grinah's reach—

Consummate rejoicing on the floor.

Coggins ate. It was hot—Hot food. It fused life into his body. It rammed the dust which had gathered in his throat at the quarry so far down in his stomach that he was unaware of its presence. And to eat food that had butter on it was a luxury. Coggins sucked up every grain of it.

"Hey, Ada."

"Rufus, tek this."

"Where is dat Miss Beryl?"

"Under de bed, M'm."

"Beryl—"

"Mam—"

Unweeping, Beryl, barely saving her skull, shot up from under the bed. Over Ada's obstreperous toes, over Rufus's, by the side of Coggins, she had to pass to get the proffered dish.

"Take it, quick!"

Saying not a word, Beryl took it, and, sliding down beside it, deposited it upon the floor near Coggins.

"Yo' mustn't eat any more marl, yo' hear?" he turned to her; "it will make yo' belly hard."

"Yes—pappy."

Throwing up at him eyes—white, shiny, appealing—Beryl guided the food into her mouth. The hand that did the act was still white with the dust of the marl. All up along the elbow. Even around her little mouth, the white, tell-tale marks remained.

Drying the bowl of the most inconsiderate bit of grease, Coggins was completely absorbed in his task. He could hear Sissie scraping the iron pot and trying to fling from the spoon the stiff, over-cooked corn meal which had stuck to it.

Scraping the pan of its very bottom, Ada and Rufus fought like two mad dogs.

"You, Miss Ada, yo' better don't bore a hole in dat pan, gimme heah!"

"But, mammie, I ain't finish."

Picking at her food, Beryl, the dainty one, ate sparingly—

Once a day the Rums ate. At dusk—curve of crimson gold in the sensuous, tropic sky—they had tea. English to a degree, it was a rite absurdly ancestral. Pauperised native blacks clung to the utmost vestiges of the Crown. Against which, too, it was more than a notion for a black cane hole digger to face the turmoil of a hoe or fork or "bill"—zigaboo word for cutlass—on a bare cup of molasses coffee.

"Lawd ah massay—"

"What a mattah, Coggins?"

"Say something, no?"

"Lawd, com yah, an' see de gall picknee—"

"—speak no, what a mattah?"

Coggins flew to the rain-water keg. Knocked the swizzle-stick—echo of Sissie's pop manufactures—behind it, tilting the empty keg.

"Get up, Beryl—get up; what a mattah; sick?"

"Lif' she up, pappy."

"You move out o' de way, Mistah Rufus, before—"

"Don't, Sissie—don't lick she—"

"Gal only playin', dat what de mattah wit' she—gal only playin' sick—Get up, yo' miss!"

"God—don't, Sissie, leave 'er alone."

"Go back, every damn one o' yo', all yo' gwine get in de way."

Used to be moist near the rain-water keg. Times past "seasoning"—onion, thyme—sprang up profusely along there. Swill—dog dung, crisp dog dung, bird dung—cow dung picked up by Ada and Rufus on the broad road—and potato peelings flung there used to grow and create a world of green—soft to the eyes—there.

Hard, bare, virgin of growth—Beryl, little naked brown legs apart, was flat upon it. The dog, perhaps, or the skeleton of some fugitive wind, had blown up her little piqué dress. It formed a "cattah corner" shape on her stomach.

"Bring 'er inside, Coggins—Wait, I gwine fix de bed."

Mahogany bed. West Indian peasants—pirates of the black earth—sporting mahogany bed. Canopied mahogany bed. Dusty, grimy slice of cheese-cloth over it—

Beak, palsied, Coggins stood up by the lamp on the wall, looking on at Sissie prying up Beryl's eyelids.

"Open yo' eyes—open yo' eyes—betcha the little vagybond is playin' sick."

Indolently Coggins stirred. "Move, Sissie, befo' ah hit you." Unexpectedly a woman's shadow dropped away.

Swept aside to the larder over the lamp. Soot black painted the bottom of it.

Out of it came a lump of assafetida, bits of red cloth—

"Put dis to 'er nose, Coggins, and see what'll happen."

Last year Rufus, the sickliest of the lot, had had the

whooping-cough, and the parish doctor had ordered her to tie a red piece of flannel around his neck.

Into Coggins's hand she stuffed the red flannel. "Try dat," she avowed, and stepped back.

Brows wrinkled in cogitation, Coggins—space cleared for action—denuded the child.

"How it a rise! How 'er belly a-go up in de air!"

Bright wood; bright, mahogany wood, expertly polished, and laid out in the sun to dry, approached it. Beryl's stomach at best a light brown tint, grew bit by bit shiny— It rose; rose round and bright. It rose—higher and higher. Used to kites—pleasure star of the British tropics—none of them thought of wind-filling balloons. Beryl's stomach resembled a wind-filling balloon.

Then—
"She too hard ears," Sissie declared; "she won't listen to her pappy; she too hard ears."

Dusk came. Country folk, tired, drowsy, sleepy, staggering in from the city—depressed at the market quotations on bantam cocks—hollowed howdy-do to Coggins, on the stone step, waiting.

Night: and Rufus, Ada, strangely, forgot to go down to the hydrant to wash their feet. It was a rule of Coggins. "Nasty feet breed disease," he had said. "You, Mistah Rufus, wash yo' feet befo' you go to sleep. And you, too, Miss Ada. I'm speaking to you, gal, you hear me? Take yo' mouth off o' yo' head, and hear what ah tell yo'!"

Inwardly glad of the escape, Ada and Rufus sat, not by Coggins out on the stone step, but down below the cabin, on the edge of a stone overlooking an empty pond, pitching rocks at the frogs and crickets screaming in the early dusk.

The freckled-faced old buckra physician paused before the light and held up something to it.

"Marl—marl—"

It came to Coggins in swirls. Noise comes in swirls. Pounding, pounding—dry Indian corn pounding. Ginger. Ginger being pounded in a mortar with a bright, new pestle. Pa-pound, pa-pound. And. Sawing. Butcher shop. Cow foot is sawed that way. Stew—or tough, hard steak. Then the drilling—drilling—drilling to a stone-cutter's ears! Ox grizzle. Drilling into ox grizzle—

"Too bad, Coggins," the doctor said, "too bad, to lose yo' dawtah—"

Hazily it came to Coggins. Inertia swept over him. He saw the old duffer climb into his buggy, tug at the reins of his sickly, old nag and slowly turn round the rocky gap and disappear into the night.

Inside, Sissie, curious, held things up to the light. "Come," she said to Coggins, "and see what 'im take out ta 'ar. Come an' see de marl—"

And Coggins, slowly, answered, "Sissie, if you know what is good fo' yo'self, you bes' leave dem stones alone—"

Forthcoming Meetings.

October 12, Monday.—First of two Public Addresses by Major Douglas on "The Economic Consequences of the Banking System" at Caxton Hall, Westminster, at 6 p.m. Tickets, 2s. 6d. for each address, of Mr. W. A. Willox, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1.

October 19, Monday.—Second of Major Douglas's Addresses. Subject, etc., as above.

October 29, Thursday.—Address by Mr. A. Brenton on "The Social Credit Scheme" at the headquarters of the Ethical Union, 14, Great George Street, S.W.1. Time, 7.30.

This meeting is one of a series of which the first is on October 22. Prof. Soddy on "The Physical Criteria of Wealth to which a Monetary System must Conform or Fail." Tickets 1s.

December 11 to 14, Friday to Monday.—Lecture School on "The Economic Causes of Antagonisms To-day" at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, under the auspices of the Friends' Peace Committee. Study Outlines from Bertram Picard. Applications for enrolment (fee 2s. 6d.) from Mary E. Thorne: both at 136, Bishopsgate, E.C.2. Further particulars later.

All communications should be addressed, Manager, THE NEW AGE, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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The Social Credit Movement.

Hon. Secretary, W. A. Willox, 70, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

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

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 provide 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 mentioned below.

The adoption of this scheme would result in an unprecedented improvement in the standard of living of the population by the absorption at home of the present unsaleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.

Attention is directed particularly to the following amongst the considerable literature on the subject:—

- "Through Consumption to Prosperity," by Arthur Brenton, 2d.
- "The Community's Credit," by C. Marshall Hattersley, 5s.
- "Social Credit," by C. H. Douglas, 7s. 6d.
- "Real Wealth and Financial Poverty," by Capt. W. Adams, 7s. 6d.
- "Cartesian Economics," by Professor F. Soddy, 6d.
- "The Flaw in the Price System," by P. W. Martin, 4s. 6d.
- "Economic Democracy," by C. H. Douglas, 6s.
- "Credit Power and Democracy," by C. H. Douglas, 7s. 6d.
- "These Present Discontents: The Labour Party and Social Credit," by C. H. Douglas, 1s.
- "The Solution of Unemployment," by W. H. Wakinshaw, 10s.

A preliminary set of five pamphlets, together with a complete catalogue of the literature, will be sent post free for 6d. on application to the Credit Research Library, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1, from whom the above-mentioned books may be obtained.

The under-mentioned are willing to correspond with persons interested:—

- Bournemouth: W. V. Cornish, 77, Maxwell Road.
- Dublin: T. Kennedy, 43, Dawson Street.
- London: H. Cousens, 1, Holly Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3; Major C. H. Douglas, 8, Fig Tree Court, Temple, E.C.4; E. A. Dowson, 23, Effra Road, S.W.2; D. Wemyss Lewis, 176, Camden Road, N.W.1; E. Wright, 38, Bromar Road, S.E.5.
- Manchester: F. Gardner, 24, Mansfield Avenue, near Blackley.
- Middlesbrough: Mrs. E. M. Dunn, Linden Grove, Linthorpe.
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