

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We have consistently maintained that the break-up of the existing financial regime will take place, not immediately because of propaganda by critics who know what is wrong with it, but because of the pressure of the consequences which will arise out of attempts to administer it. We have said that it will fall by reason of the stresses and strains which it has imposed upon itself. It has been our duty, therefore, to watch out for evidences of such consequences in the industrial and social planes of our economic life, and to try and measure by their means the rate at which we are progressing towards the era of emancipation for which the world waits. We have never intended to imply by our attitude that those who recognised the fundamental defect in financial policy should not use every means within their power to declare what that defect is; but, on the other hand, we have always held the belief that the vital change in the policy which must take place will not be brought about by the words of the initiated, but by the acts of the uninitiated. "While we were yet sinners Christ died." This is not to deny that the power of the Idea is supreme; yet it is to affirm that the power of the Idea will exert itself through the instrumentality of persons who have not realised it. For this reason we have warned those who believe in the principles of the New Economics not to expect emancipation through the pressure of widespread public opinion based on a conscious acceptance of true credit theories, but to expect it as a result of a multiplicity of revolts against the consequences of the existing policy, revolts which may have no other rational basis in the minds of the disturbers of the financiers' peace than the impulse to oppose an uncomfortable discipline. What, in fact, does mere intellectual assent to, or dissent from, a financial theory matter, when all round us are to be seen groups of people who insist—theory or no theory—that their economic security shall not be jeopardised?—and who, whether industrial administrators or servants, are becoming more and more resolved that they will not co-operate in conducting the productive system at all unless their individual well-being is guaranteed? Is it not a broad founda-

tion for the utmost optimism on the part of those who hold the true theory that the intuitive, "self-interested" impulses of every one of these groups tend right away from the untrue theory? What is going to happen is a sequence diametrically opposite to that which we propagandists of the new order regard as the *rational* order. We would have the people educate themselves into a considered act of emancipation. But the people are not built that way. They are going, intuitively, to *act* themselves into the required state of *awareness* which immediately precedes, if it does not indeed constitute, emancipation. Here again is a ground for optimism, for not only do actions speak louder than words, but they take shorter cuts; and this is true even of mistaken actions. Take the act of "Down Tools." It is an act that we know can, of itself, lead nowhere; but what a flood of futile discussion it dries up. Or the act of closing a coal-pit, what economy of argument. Truly seen, all the turmoil of *action* which seems to be confusing the discussion of rival economic theories is really clarifying it. Just imagine the situation if at the present time everybody sat still and "was good" while the wiseacres sat in council to evolve the Perfect System—nay, simply the best credit system; how long before any result were achieved?—good gracious, and with credit schemes spawning like salmon all the time? No, no; let us have the jolts and kicks of an exasperated population all the time. Diverse and ill-considered as they may be, they do fix issues which otherwise would be shifting all the time; the strike or the lock-out may not bring about the specific reform desired, but it imposes at least one *term of reference* on reformers generally. And so in the field of internationalism. The piling up of armaments, "bad" as this is considered in an ethical vacuum, is an influence for good because it imposes a limitation on time-wasting sentimentalism.

These reflections have arisen from the dramatic action taken by Dr. Edmund Stinnes in Germany a few days ago. Our readers will remember that we gave some considerable space to discussing the meaning of the "crash" of the Stinnes Trust a week or so ago. Since then we have heard from a reader that

Hugo Stinnes is reported to have said on his death-bed: "If I'd had another six months I would have beaten them"—the "them" being financiers. From another quarter there has come a suggestion (raised, also, so we hear, in one of the London Sunday papers) that he did not die a natural death, but committed suicide. We just record these rumours as rumours; whether our readers treat them as credible or not will depend upon the future health record of other members of the Stinnes family. Dr. Edmund Stinnes retired from the trust before the financiers foreclosed on it. By arrangement with the family he took over several of their industrial concerns, including a motor-car factory—the "A.G.A." When the banks intervened to destroy the original trust they did not interest themselves in Dr. Edmund Stinnes' concerns, for they estimated that the proceeds arising from the disposal of the Trust's property would cover all its liabilities. Unfortunately for them, their estimates began to look wrong. The sales so far had brought in something like £3,000,000, but another £5,000,000 was required to meet all the liabilities—which liabilities had been assumed by the banks. There were still some ships, docks, hotels, and newspaper properties to be sold, but the depressed state of the German money market rendered their sale extremely difficult. In these circumstances the financiers recently called upon Dr. Edmund Stinnes to contribute, by the disposal of some of the concerns handed over to him, towards the threatened deficit. But the Doctor suddenly became deaf. Nothing was doing. This brings us to the sequel of last Saturday, when he required £5,000 to pay the wages and salaries of his 3,000 employees. The banks refused to accommodate him with the money. Now, if he had been the proprietor of a Welsh coal-pit, he would have slouched round to Carey-street (or whatever they call the place in Berlin) and filed his petition, wiring his manager to close down and sack the hands. But he did nothing of this kind. He went back to his office and called before him some representatives of his staff. When they were assembled he explained the situation and said he was sorry he had no money to pay them, but that he would make over to them one half of his shares, valued at £100,000, in the factory concern in which they were employed. The staff accepted, and a little later that day a body of trustees appointed by them formally took over the shares. After which the astute Doctor (we are using our imagination) took a stroll round the accountant's, draughtsmen's, and other offices, through the material and assembly shops, talking to everybody there upon everything in general and nothing in particular, but constantly bringing in references to "our" factory. "Nicht mein, aber unser"—ha, ha!—who says that the Germans have no sense of humour? And what of the banks? They, who thought they were privately refusing credit to one man, now find themselves in the position of having publicly refused credit to 3,000. They have inevitably enrolled 3,000 odd student of credit economics. Cannot you hear the 3,000, each already the centre of a fascinated knot of gossips, retailing the news—and its reasons—in all the local Bier-gartens? And what of Dr. Stinnes' brother capitalists: what ideas are stealing up the stems of their meerschaums after such happenings? The *Observer's* Berlin Correspondent writes:—

"This spectacular step has rather nonplussed the great banks, besides incidentally gaining Dr. Stinnes the sympathy of the general public. Since the banks refuse credit to 'our' factory, said Dr. Stinnes in effect to the workers, we must try to get advances from the Government. He doubtless feels that pressure on the Prussian Government from 3,000 working-men shareholders is likely to reinforce his formal request for a credit of three million marks to enable the factory—represented as quite solvent—to carry on.

Whatever be the ultimate outcome of this episode so

far as the fortunes of the A.G.A. Company (for this is the concern affected) are involved, the educative effect of the episode cannot be undone. Insofar as it gives a push to German thought in the direction of the credit question as such its consequences are incalculable. There is something in the analysis of credit itself that should appeal to the German mind much more than to most—and as for the "A plus B" theorem, it would be a study after their own hearts. We shall look intently for any developments along these lines.

The Debt Negotiations between Belgium and the United States are not proceeding very smoothly. The *Paris Journal* writes:—

"Italy, Belgium, and France must henceforth adopt a common front in regard to settlement of their debts to their common creditors. They would be stronger united than isolated. Great Britain begins to feel the effects of the mistake she made in settling alone the terms for the payment of her debts. We shall not make the same mistake. The danger that threatens us is great, and there can never be too many of us to face it."

A European economic alliance against Wall Street. Long ago this idea was discussed in these pages, and we, too, pointed out Britain's mistake in signing on as America's bailiff in Europe. Of course the trouble is that, having funded her debt separately, Britain is not free to consider the *Journal's* suggestion of unity with the above countries on the debt question—it would be repudiation of a settled contract. Nevertheless, whereas repudiation of it is ruled out conventionally, execution of it is impossible actually. America may protest as much as she likes against Sir Josiah Stamp's realism, but the truth would remain what it is, even supposing that gentleman ate his words before all the world to-morrow. Debts must be paid in goods, or not at all. We see that the American Federation of Labour is concerned about the consequences of such repayment. The President and other officials are conferring with counsel on methods to be adopted to meet the excessive influx of foreign products, should it become necessary. The bankers are trying to reassure them by saying that probably the exports of the debtor countries would go to other nations. The arguments of these bankers amount almost to an insult, so low do they rate the intelligence of the public. Seeing that the whole problem of American industry is how to keep up its output and sales both at home and abroad while goods from debtor nations are being sent to America, what is the meaning of the above financiers' reassurance? In effect it means "Do not worry about unemployment; the goods will not displace your manufactures in your home markets, they will only displace them where the displacement takes place if the displacement occurs?"

A little while ago the Admiralty was told that it could only have its new cruisers on condition that it paid for them by internal economies. Admiral Sir Sydney Freemantle has now issued in his official orders the following extract from a letter from the Admiralty:—

"The rebuilding of the Fleet which has become necessary is throwing a very serious burden upon the finances of the country . . ."

If the Admiral were to talk facts, he would say instead—"The banks decline to finance the necessary rebuilding of the Fleet, and so the burden of doing so falls upon the existing money resources of the community."

" . . . and it is incumbent upon the Admiralty, in common with every other Department of State, to scrutinise with the utmost severity every detail of its expenditure and to contribute in every possible way to the restoration of the economic position of

the country." . . . "It is obvious that the strength of the Empire depends not only upon its armed force but upon its general prosperity. *Collapse of world power and prestige would follow as readily upon bankruptcy as upon the loss of military power.*"

This is an absolute inversion of the truth. First of all Great Britain as a nation cannot go bankrupt in the accepted sense of the term. When any business concern goes bankrupt it is because it has paid out more money in expenses than it can recover by sales. It has, so to speak, spent more money with the rest of the community than the rest of the community has spent with it. But when you are dealing with a whole community this cannot happen, unless—and this is the only condition; note it well—a portion of the money they all possess together is lost or destroyed. It is a truism among the economists of the existing financial system that every penny expended on production become part of somebody's income, and will buy a pennyworth of production. There is a continuous equipoise, they say, between the national expenditure and national income; whatever the size of the expenditure, so the size of the total income of the community. That is the official case. Now whatever be the amount of money now in circulation, there is no danger of bankruptcy, whatever extra amount is created and issued by the financial system. It is agreed among economists of all sorts that the provision of new money—let us say £10,000,000 for cruisers—is merely a matter of writing a credit in the Government's account in the books of the Bank of England. In that case the "money" does not come out of anybody's pocket, but is fresh money which will go into people's pockets in return for their supplies or services towards the building of the cruisers. The limitation, if any, is not financial, but physical. The question is not where to get the money, it is whether the supplies and services are available—or can be made available—which the Admiralty wish to get in return for the money. At present this latter question can be answered in an emphatic affirmative. We have men and machines idle to an extent equivalent to the immediate rebuilding of the whole fleet, let alone a few cruisers. Not a paltry £10,000,000, but £500,000,000 if necessary, could be utilised by industry if the banks would write out the licences for Capital and Labour to start on the job. But no. For reasons sufficient to themselves those responsible for financial policy have decided that it is not advisable to issue new money for new naval production. Therefore the old money must be spread out to cover other words, everybody must go short of something belonging to his welfare in order to restore the strength of the fleet.

But there is a wider aspect of the bankruptcy question. What we have been arguing as to our safety from bankruptcy applies in the case of an independent nation. But what if a nation is not independent? What if it can be coerced by another nation? In that case our argument fails. But to what conclusion does this lead us but that the danger of "bankruptcy" is not inherent in what we may call internal "extravagance," but in how some other nation may regard that "extravagance," and what action she might take to suppress it. Now in the domain of finance Great Britain has put herself under the domination of America. If we had only ourselves to consider we could have a new navy and pay for it without feeling it. But the Anglo-American banking compact forbids the Bank of England to make more than a very limited use of its power to create credit. Sooner or later we shall find this limitation intolerable. When that time comes we shall have to insist upon a reconsideration by America of her relation to us as creditor. But without a strong—a very strong—navy we should have no power to insist upon any-

thing, however vital and urgent. So to those wise-aces who are intriguing against reasonable naval requirements on the ground that their cost threatens our national "solvency," we return a reply in the form of a summary of all our preceding arguments, and the summary is this—"Armaments are a guarantee against bankruptcy." The weapon used by America to impose discipline is that of writing down the exchange value of foreign currencies—as in the case of Germany, and latterly of France and Italy. Now, if the country so attacked cannot retaliate in the same form, it must either become a satellite of its enemy or else resort to arms and win freedom in that way. The writing down of one nation's currency by another is as flagrant a *casus belli* as can be conceived of short of an actual bombardment of its coasts, when that writing down is done from coercive motives. And in the case of this country the *prima facie* evidence for the coercion motive could be measured by watching the curves of general price levels here and in America. Any drop in our exchange which did more than to measure a rise in British prices relative to America's would, for us, be a sign of inimical financial intrigue calling for a strong remonstrance to Washington—with an ultimatum to follow if no satisfaction were offered. Our navy being the prime condition of our solvency, it must be efficient. Now the last way to get efficiency is to impair the well-being of the human elements in that service. Now listen to the continuation of the Admiralty's letter:—

"The Admiralty realise that the measures in contemplation may militate against the comfort of the fleet's personnel. They trust, therefore, that the officers and men of the fleet will realise the circumstances which have made the changes necessary . . ."

(We also trust they will—and we only wish that someone would circulate this issue of THE NEW AGE among them so that they could realise the circumstances.)

" . . . and will do their utmost to minimise any reduction of efficiency that may ensue, and cheerfully accept any inconvenience or discomfort which may accompany them."

We hope that they will not cheerfully accept anything of the kind, but will kick against everything of the kind—and we are not at all sure, from a close reading of the Admiralty's letter, that there is not a touch of incitement to resistance in it. The suggestion of "discomfort" in peace times—i.e., in between their spells of fighting services "cheerfully" accepting "discomfort" in peace times—sounds like irony. We hope it is uncomfortable work—sounds like irony. We hope it is. The *Observer*, on a serious interpretation of the letter, finds it hard to stomach. It remarks:—

"The Admiralty would seem to have flown first to the one principle of retrenchment which is definitely bad. The easy way, and the inefficient way, when the pinch comes, is to make flesh and blood feel it. To dock the officer of an allowance, or the man of a privilege, presents no problem in strategy or administration. It can be done by the stroke of a pen. But the pains of economy should be experienced first in the form of some fresh thought on defence problems and not visited mechanically on the rank and file."

The sentiment here will pass, but the suggestion that "making flesh and blood feel it" is only one out of several "principles" of retrenchment will not. It is as though the writer of this paragraph was going on to describe the other "principles," but found he could not think of any; and therefore contented himself by dropping the false suggestion that you can save money merely by thinking hard. Not alone that, but how does he suggest that the Admiralty could command retrenchment except at the expense of its own servants? It cannot fix the prices of what it must buy from outside. However, these are second-

dary points; the main point is that in the last analysis retrenchment means reductions of personal incomes; and if the writer of the paragraph has any pity to spend on flesh and blood let him remember this fact, and instead of criticising an administrative department's methods of economising under compulsion, let him challenge the rationale of the financial policy which has imposed that compulsion.

Common agreement among the London Press is generally a signal that the financiers have done, or are about to do, a good stroke of business for themselves. This time it is about the constitution of the new Coal Commission. It is going to be an "impartial body." O that blessed word "impartiality"; and those thrice blessed persons who are chosen for that virtue. How are they selected—and by whom—we wonder. As if any man is ever impartial till the worms are at him. There is to be no coal owner, no coal-miner on the Commission. And the palm-rubbing in Fleet Street rustles like washing day. No capitalist, no trade unionist—therefore pure disinterestedness will adjudicate between them. But wait a moment. Why this hasty conclusion? Capital has an axe to grind. And Labour has an axe to grind. You are going to make them litigants—not judges. Very good. But what are they going to complain about, but that there are not enough grindstones provided for them to sharpen their axes? Profits and wages are blunted down to the haft. Agreed? So the proprietorship of grindstones seems to be involved in the question, does it not? And if the proprietorship happens to be a close monopoly, it would seem that the exclusion of grindstone monopolists from the Commission should be the primary precaution. And all the greater would be that necessity if it happened that the grindstone monopolists were doing business under the protection of a law which prohibited Capital and Labour—however widely organised and representative of their associations—from improvising anything that could function as a grindstone. Nevertheless, wait, and you will see the Commission packed with the grindstone crowd or their nominees. In other words, Finance, itself or by deputy, will sit to pronounce judgment on a problem and a controversy which has been caused by its own act. "We hope," says the writer in the *Observer* whom we quoted just now, "there will be a speedy, and what we venture to call a merciless exposure of the whole finance and technique of the industry." There you are. That gives away the Press attitude entirely. Not only are the coal owners and miners together in a worse position than litigants (they are now indicted prisoners), but the Press are busily saying they are together responsible for the trouble even before the date of the trial is fixed. The *Observer* and other similar delinquents would be proceeded against for contempt of court for this in an ordinary case of litigation, but since this is a much more than ordinary case they will be let alone. Besides, what they are saying is, after all, only what they know the judges will say later on. These judges, they will represent the interests of a paltry hundred or so individuals, while the coal-owners and miners will represent all the rest of the population. "The Commission's opportunities of exploring every corner of the coal trade will not be limited," says the writer before referred to. But the coal trade's opportunities of exploring every corner of the financial system will. The Commission is to be "assisted" by expert assessors. We know these expert assessors: they are gentlemen who measure the financial bluntnesses of industrial axes. They are by training used to read thicknesses to thousandths parts of the inch; that is how they get the name "experts"; but the edge of the coal industry's budgetary deficit is so thick that they will be able to measure it up with a penny ruler. (Their fees ought to be reduced accordingly, seeing that "economy" is all the go.) Well, we must now wait

for the farce to proceed. We have one consolation for this strain on our patience, and that is that the coal subsidy will be going on—like a taximeter—outside the Court room all the time; and that will worry the "judges" into hustling the proceedings along. The sooner the verdict is recorded the sooner we shall come down to the "brass tacks" of how the sentence is to be administered.

"There were unexpected increases," says the *Daily Mail*, in employment during July, ascribed very largely to activity in anticipation of a coal strike. It is an ill brigand that holds all the community to ransom. "The strike has not taken place," continues the report, "and the special activity has stopped." It is a pity that, somewhat on the precedent of the Stinnes affair, all those people who drew wages for work occasioned by the fear of a coal strike, cannot be invited to make a contribution to the subsidy. Or what about making the Miners' Federation responsible. This sounds trivial, but it was nearly matched last week when an old man sued a Board of Guardians for withholding from him part of his proper tobacco ration. The Guardians' defence was that the old fellow was ill of pneumonia and could not have smoked the tobacco if he had had it. Afterwards they did not give him his arrears, the reason being their doing so would set a precedent—that they would have every old man who went off his feed through illness, while sojourning in the workhouse, claiming back when he was well again all he had missed. To be fair to the Guardians we must relate that they were able to stun the court with the shattering revelation that this old chap had had brandy prescribed for him. The cost was not mentioned, but as the incautious old man, not realising the dreadful import of this evidence, volunteered the comment that "it were proper stuff, too," one can assume that it dated back a month or two towards the time of Napoleon, and was worth the price of the missing tobacco. Anyhow the Court dismissed the case, genially remarking to him that he had had a run for his money. There is one thing that we do not know, but would like to, and that is how many magistrates were on the bench to try that case. We are only thinking we might have been able to point a moral—something about the necessity for no second of time to be lost in everybody's settling down to hard toil to pay for the war. Still; let that go. It is the old man who engages our fancy. Any workhouse inmate with the pluck to haul Bumble to court is too good for his environment. This old man ought to be engaged by the coal owners to put their case before the Commission. They might get a run for their money.

### 5.30 P.M.—AND THE WORK DONE.

Now ends the day in here and pass the dream:  
Now we shall hurry home: Is betting sin?  
Lift the late paper. "Has the horse come in?  
The double up? No!" The mad syren screams  
Its whirling dismissal. Up the still yard  
Between the slips, under the towering shell  
Of an Oceanic liner, we run hard  
And hurry each—each to his private Hell—  
And, mine has been my Heaven in its day;  
But that's past now. It's Hell on fifty bob  
With eight to keep. Christ! And I used to pray  
And go to church once. Thank God! for a job.  
I can pray yet. The lamps are early lit  
To-night. It is the fog above the river  
Holding the smoke down. Maybe Daisy's mother  
Is up to-night. She seems to be forever  
Up in our house. There she will sit, and sit,  
And talk about the weans. And there's another  
Coming within the next two months. Thrice twins  
Since I came home. And still we sleep together,  
Daisy and I. God! Save her from that; twins—  
And Daisy once sent me in France, white heather.

GEORGE DICKSON.

## Medicine for Europe.

By Frances Taylor.

II.

The arguments, which so raised the ire of the American delegates and Government, were elaborated in the "Stamp" report presented to Congress. There it was clearly stated that

"transfers of wealth between countries have to be effected, either directly or indirectly, by goods or gold exported or services rendered by the debtor country. Thus, if a country wishes to realise a debt which it holds as a charge against another country—where payment must largely be made in goods rather than in services, and eliminating the question of gold and that of security transactions which would ultimately have to be paid in goods or services—it has to make up its mind to receive, in its own markets, products which will be sent to it directly or indirectly by its debtor. It is inevitable that such an influx of goods, added to the national production, must cause a certain amount of difficulty in the domestic markets of the creditor. . . . Manufacturers will find their own interests affected by this anticipated competition. Even if creditor countries receive transfers of wealth in the form of goods from neutral countries which do not compete with their own manufactures, their export industries which depend upon markets in such neutral countries must be affected by the transfer of debtor goods to such markets."

But the transfers problem was not the only subject which disturbed the complacency of the United States delegates, according to the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle*, which reports that indignation was extreme over the introduction of the famous Rome agreement by Sir Alan Anderson, condemning flag discrimination in favour of freedom of the seas. An unequivocal notice was served on the whole Congress by the American shipping men that the United States would not permit foreign interference in her coastwise shipping.

The tension was eased, according to *Commerce and Finance*, by the speeches of M. Lewandoski, Vice-President of the Bankers' Syndicate of France, who nicknamed Sir Josiah Stamp "an archmaster in the hermetic science of transfers," and of Mr. J. W. O'Leary, President of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, who warned his hearers that only the countries which paid their debts could hope for the help of America in the matter of credits and investments.

Finally, the Congress reaffirmed the necessity of balancing Budgets, eliminating inflation and currency disorders, and urged the funding of international debts. The *New York Herald* says:—

"The International Chamber of Commerce closed its sessions here with a series of resolutions on economic reconstruction which are nothing less than a repudiation of the pessimistic theories of Sir Josiah Stamp, M. Despret, and M. Janssen. In fact, they embody a virtual ratification of the principles enunciated by the American spokesman, Mr. John O'Leary. . . . No doubt was left that the Congress did not approve of the Despret-Janssen effort to make reparation transfers subservient to inter-Allied debts favourable to Belgium or other nations."

Similar criticism of the Dawes Plan was made at the twelfth Foreign Trade Convention at Seattle by Mr. Henry M. Robinson, a member of the Dawes Committee. Following the same lines of argument as Sir Josiah Stamp, he stressed the two points that inter-debts, and that the reparations problem reduced to fundamentals is a German-American question.

See, then, the stage set for the well-rehearsed scene at Brussels. The public are called together to enjoy the spectacle of the well-trained child, not merely swallowing the medicine at the hands of the nurse, but also delivering a little homily on the inestimable blessing of having someone at hand to force it down her lips. Enter then the American nurse, accompanied by the European child, whose part consists in swallowing the nasty dose, and not even making an ugly face over it. The world public look on good-naturedly. But there is a sudden hitch. Instead of delivering her little set speech the child declares the

medicine is horrid and politely but firmly intimates she has grave doubts as to its efficacy. Witness now the hurried dismay of the nurse—the whispered threats of bed and extinction, the shakes and slaps given under cover of caresses to induce the refractory infant to play the part conned with so much trouble. In vain! and the frowns on her face dispersing into forced smiles the nurse steps near the footlights and delivers the child's speech herself. The medicine is the best possible, and continued draughts will undoubtedly restore Europa to health. With smiles and bows and curtseys and self-congratulations on the good work she is doing, she finally stands back, and the curtain falls, Europa standing in the background silenced but not convinced. Her cousin from Seattle is just visible behind the door encouraging her in her rebellion. The version of the spectacle broadcast by the loudspeakers of the Press emphasised the nurse's eulogy of her medicine, but slurred over the children's inconvenient exhibition of self-will.

## The Veil of Finance.

V.

It will, perhaps, be objected that the process by which the islanders were brought to bankruptcy in our illustration depended upon the banker's premature withdrawal of the loans he had issued. The objector could reasonably point out that such a withdrawal, accompanied by a refusal to advance new loans, does not truly represent the practice of the banking system in modern industry; that to-day there is a continuous stream of loans coming out of the banking system as fast as former loans are being repaid. This is true, but upon examination it does not make any difference. Our only position in making the islanders' banker stop financing them at the end of the first cycle was to estimate the consequences arising from that particular cycle. We saw that the issue of £2,000 when first expended by the islanders was recorded as £2,000 costs, but that by the time it was all repaid to the banker it had only defrayed £500 of costs. Thus three-quarters of the total costs were left still its way out of the banking system were left standing when it finally got back into the banking system. £1,500 worth of costs (represented by the plough-makers' factory and stock) had not been recovered by them; and, since all the money was now destroyed, these costs were irrecoverable. Now, no further cycles of bank credit could bridge that disparity—except on one condition, that is that the banker were to create and give (not lend) the islanders £1,500. The immediate effect of lending the islanders that further sum would be to add it to their pre-existing costs; so that the total would now be £3,000 instead of £1,500. And ultimately, when the new £1,500 was repaid and destroyed, it would leave behind it additional irrecoverable costs. And so with every successive credit cycle. Nothing could stop the cumulative progression of irrecoverable costs (represented by surplus—that is *unsellable*—production) so long as the agreed economic policy of the islanders was adhered to. Is it not antecedently inevitable that if your economic policy is to "produce more and consume less," as the modern expression of the prophets of sound finance teach it, you must necessarily get a surplus? And is it not equally certain that the financial rules framed for the purpose of carrying out that policy must result in, and ought to result in, making that surplus unsellable?—for if the people were made able to buy it, they would buy it—and there would be no surplus! It is not just an accident that the people are unable to buy more than a fraction of what they produce; it is the very result foreseen and prepared by the controllers of their credit system. And to what end this surplus—this production of goods beyond the

community's power to purchase? Why, that the surplus may be exported. "We live on our export trade" declaim the prophets. Do we? We must go back to our island and see how.

We will make one alteration in the illustration and first of all suppose that instead of one banker financing the whole island there were two of them doing so—one administering the Eastern half of the island, and one the Western. It will be convenient to keep to our original total figure of credit, namely £2,000, but we will suppose that each banker issued £1,000 to his own clients, and that the two cycles of finance did not intermix—that the Easterners exclusively used the Eastern credit and the Westerners the Western. Now, assuming the consequences of the use of the credit were as we have previously described, you would have, at the completion of the two contemporary cycles, an Eastern surplus of unsellable goods amounting to £750, and a Western surplus of the same amount; and there would be, *ex hypothesi*, no money in the islanders' possession, either in the East or in the West. It is obvious that this new situation does not differ an iota from the old so far as the crux of the difficulty is concerned—namely, the impossibility of selling the surpluses.

But now consider. Suppose that while the Easterners and Westerners were asleep one night some subterranean convulsion caused the island to separate into two—an Eastern and a Western island. You may also imagine if you wish that some miracle caused the islanders on the Western island to speak another language—to count their money on a different notation—and to call it by a different name. Thereupon you will be able to visualise the opening of an era of *international trade*, as we call it nowadays. The Western island is now an *overseas market* to the Eastern island; and *vice versa*. Hurrah! the difficulty is now done away—the rationale of the surplus is at last established—for now the two sets of islanders can exchange their respective surpluses, they can trade with each other and grow rich. And all this magic just because the sea now flows between the two halves of what was once one bankrupt island. Fifteen hundred pounds of costs and no money to meet them—that was an impossible position when the two islands were joined together; but now that they are separated, each with £750 and no money—why, the thing is settled! The Easterners and Westerners are going to recover costs—and "live"—"on their export trade."

But can it be true? Can the bisection of a bankruptcy create two solvencies? These questions do not need any answer. Everyone will see at once that the mere exchanging of the Eastern and Western surpluses by the two sets of producers will leave the consumers exactly where they were. If you are unable to buy a loaf of bread, and someone exchanges it across the road for a pint of milk on your behalf, how can that enable you to buy the pint of milk—unless he provides you with the licence to buy it—with the money? People say: "Oh, but we must export goods in order to pay for the food we import." But if the exported goods are beyond the buying power of the population, so must be the food that comes back in exchange. International trade is *in the end* only barter, and if the things going out and coming back are unpurchasable by the communities, this trade is—to use the orthodox economist's favourite jibe at credit reformers—just like living by taking international trade are (1) if it enables communities as producers to save their labour, and (2) if it enables them to diversify their consumption. If there be a place abroad where nice things grow of their own accord, by all means let us get them from that place in exchange for something else which we may be making so easily that it may be said almost to make itself of its own accord; let us not try to do everything ourselves. In that way we are able to spread

our purchasing power over the greatest variety of consumable things with the least expenditure of personal energy in either of the countries concerned. But mark this: the people's purchasing power *has got to be sufficient to be spread over these imports*: which means, *a priori*, that it has got to be sufficient to be spread over the exports. We may not want the exports, but we must have in our purses (or at call) as much money as those exports have cost. No export benefits a people unless they can buy it. Let us return to the two islands. If the unsaleable ploughs were interchanged between them, the result would only be unsellable Western ploughs on the Eastern island, and *vice versa*. And the same result would occur even if the surplus in the Western island were not ploughs, but something which the Easterners could make use of—say it was fish. When the fish came to the Eastern island it would, *ex hypothesi*, be valued at £750. But against that value there would be no money in the island.

So the only remedy in that case would be for the banker to issue £750 of credit. And to make a clean job of the transaction he would, in these circumstances, have to give it to the community. It will be seen that this is exactly the remedy which was indicated by a consideration of the problem in the first place. We have travelled out into the region of international trade only to find that the remedy is a *purely domestic one*. Not until the home market is provisioned with money sufficient to defray the total costs of all home production as and when it becomes ready for sale can the exchanging of it or any part of it abroad do us an atom of good.

But why is this not realised? is a natural question. The answer is because the people in control of our credit system do not wish it to be realised. If they were to put the British people in a financial position to buy all production, the initiative of *economic policy* would for the first time lie in the hands of the public. As it is, the initiative remains in the hands of the credit controllers, who discipline us to abstinence by restricting the flow of money, and hypnotise us to acquiesce in this body- and soul-destroying abstinence by representing to us that the difference between what we might have consumed and what we are allowed to consume is a national good, and not, as it really is, a national evil. They prove it by figures. They quote enormous "values" in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence, but carefully suppress the fact that these sums have no more actuality as *purchasing power* than those island plough-makers' £1,500 "worth" of plant and stock. These "values"—these "savings"—what are they? Not actual sums of money which may be spent, but simply a record of sums of money which were cancelled before they could be spent. They are not purchasing power, but a tale of lost purchasing power.

However, there is this bright side to the case. In the last analysis not even the credit-controllers will find it possible to make their system work. It can no more function in Britain, Europe, or even in America, than it could in the island we have been talking about. They are beginning to realise it too. But the lust of power is a refractory vice, and it behoves the millions of intelligent citizens whose destinies are involved in this outworn regime to study the credit question for themselves, and to do their utmost to quicken the conversion of their financial overlords.

(To be continued.)

### CONSPIRACY.

By E. Eliot Bliss.

The Wind and the Sky, and the Clouds and the Grass,  
Conspire to deceive me whenever I pass;  
The Sky means your smile, and the Wind means your breath,  
But the Clouds mean your shroud, and the Grass means  
your death.

## Manners.

By "Old and Crusted."

"it doth much adde, to a Man's Reputation, and is (as Queene Isabella said) Like Perpetuall Letters Comendatory, to have good Formes."

(Of Ceremonies and Respects. Francis Bacon.)

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcester-shire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley.

He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess to love him, and the young men are glad of his company.

Of all the countless blessings "Social Credit" may be expected to bestow on us undeserving mortals, not the least of these will be an improvement in manners. Apart from the unpleasant reflection that under the present dispensation it would appear that one-half of the world exists to annoy the other half, we older, obsolescent members of the community cannot fail to discern a certain disquieting decay of courtesy in both public and private intercourse. Limiting our divagations to the more cultured members of the middle classes, from whom these dismal impressions are mainly gathered, it would, perhaps, be only charitable to attribute this lamentable deterioration of manners to the irritability—so destructive of domestic harmony—engendered by the increasing difficulty in making both ends meet.

Yes, I know all about the heroic souls who rise superior to every material obstacle and maintain unflinching sweetness of temper under the most exasperating conditions—Charles Lamb, for example—but I am referring to the great multitude of average men and women with whom we come into contact day by day—the next-door neighbour, the family across the street. Just imagine the weary householder returning home after a worrying or merely deadly dull day in the City, or in chambers, sitting down to cold boiled mutton and synthetic lemonade (a 2d. packet makes a gallon), and opposite him the careworn face of the angel in the house, who is always wrestling with the problem of dividing thirty-five shillings by six healthy appetites without ever arriving at a satisfactory solution. Is it to be wondered at if both develop a certain acerbity of temper calculated to wreck that delicate nervous adjustment so vital to the preservation of good manners? Now consider the other picture, when applied science has been given free play, and the money bogey laid for ever.

Mary, having all her domestic drudgery reduced to a minimum by electric appliances, has had ample time (and means) to evolve a dainty meal for John. Say, "ris de veau à la Douglas," and "poulet en casserole, sauce bretonnière," supported by a bottle of Léoville Lascasses mellowing on the mantelpiece; or, on occasion, a magnum of the "Widow" snuggling in the ice-bucket. These simple preparations duly completed, she arrays herself in a dainty new frock, powders her pretty nose, and patiently awaits the arrival of her spouse, who appears to the moment, laden with a monstrous box of chocolates, a bunch of carnations, and the latest thriller at 7s. 6d. net. During dinner he announces that next week "we are off for a month in Italy" or, if she prefers it, Switzerland and the Bernese

Oberland—in fact "anywhere you jolly-well please." Interval for squeaks of delight and osculatory approval. Then, lighting a hefty corona, John saunters to the garage, hauls out the two-seater, and off they go for a thirty miles spin in the country, returning by moonlight at peace with the world and all that therein is.

That is the kind of loam wherein average humanity can raise little seedlings of courtesy and good manners.

In the meantime, "an American reader of the *Spectator* . . . has generously offered a prize of £100 for an essay on 'Unemployment: Its Cause and Remedy.'"

An American, mark you, one who is, perhaps, feeling uneasy because Cousin John is developing a distaste for unprofitable monotonous toil—a tendency to be deprecated, for it jeopardises the payment of interest on certain international debts.

I do not suppose for one moment that any doughty Douglasite has the slightest chance of winning that £100—and yet, in the self-same number of that immaculate journal, under the title, "A Philosopher on Currency and Credit," one J. St. L. S., eschewing any truck with that heresi-arch Douglas, swallows the whole Social Credit doctrine, without wincing, at the hands of the orthodox Bishop Berkeley, yea, with copious quotations from the right rev. prelate—of which one specimen must suffice:—

"Whether power to command the industry of others be not real wealth? And whether money be not in truth tickets or tokens, for conveying and recording such power; and whether it be of great consequence what material the tickets are made of?"

Finally, this neophyte of the New Economics concludes his inspiring article with a confession of faith:—

"Buying and selling are the same thing. They are both included in Barter. Barter is both buying and selling, exporting and importing, and the currency which links them together is only a memorandum of the transaction. From primitive times it was written on expensive yellow metallic discs. Now the memorandum is on paper, though it still pretends that it is in alliance with gold."

J., my boy, "put it tha'r." We are with you every time. Now take a walk down High Holborn as the day breaks, and salute the dawn of the New Age.

As for the first-class brains, eminent statesmen, super-business men, and financial experts who have not yet been converted by the Bishop, what have they to offer? Years of thralldom to debt and high prices, endless vistas of work, worry—whisky at 12s. 6d. a bottle. No wonder we get "ratty," lose our temper, forget our manners, and fall short of the lofty standard set us by the immortal Sir Roger—but the worthy baronet had a comfortable "place" in Worcestershire, and was not worried by "Schedule D" and the rate-collector.

When I am more than usually "fed up" with things in general, or have been the victim of that casual discourtesy so prevalent nowadays, I hie me to the Plough Inn to seek solace in a pint tankard and half an hour's chat with mine host. Now, old "Garge" was once upon a time head waiter at the County Club, and prides himself—with reason—on being a good judge of men and manners as well as of honest cooking and sound liquor. To listen to his reminiscences of the "Dook" and Sir Charles, of Bench and Bar, is to acquire much wisdom and realise how unerring the "lower orders" are in spotting the difference between the genuine article and the "all-butts" and "not-quites." Moreover, he makes life seem so simple. He has those perfect natural manners which render a man at his ease in

any society, high or low. It is like watching George Gunn bat; him to whom all bowling comes alike. He plays it all with consummate ease, and when he does get out, leaves us with the impression that he departs out of sheer good nature, to give the other fellows a chance—and so might it be in the great game of life had not the M.C.C. (Manipulators of Credit and Currency) queered the pitch, altered the weight of the ball, the width of the bat, and varied the number of stumps to suit their own score—besides subsidising the umpires and editing the score-book.

No wonder the crowd grow ill-mannered and resort to "barracking." There can be no sound cricket without courtesy—on both sides.

## Views and Reviews.

### COMMONPLACE DUALISM.

The translation of Benedetto Croce's essays in practical ethics\* is a book that one can pick up at odd moments, to find that it provokes much contemplation. There is so much Latin shrewdness about Croce that one feels he would have been a great asset to the Roman Church. Whatever we may think of him as an architect of the Universe—which is the ultimate conception of the purpose of a philosopher—we must admire his insight into the actions, tricks, and caprices of the human mind. It may be argued that this physicianship is the mark of the priest and the poet, and that Croce's ability here is still no evidence of his capabilities as a philosopher. Here, for instance, is a penetrating little sermon:—

"Inspiration is not peculiar to the artist. It comes to all of us, whatever our walk in life. And it is not a substitute for will, but depends on will. It is a sort of grace from on high that descends upon those who allure it, inviting it by daily effort, preparing themselves to welcome it, and sustaining it, when it has come, by new efforts. Nor, beyond the sphere of the work we do for the joy of working, can we suppress the questions which the march of life puts to the individual and which he is obliged to answer. Rebellion against this necessity would be not only vain but harmful (for the very idea of necessity presupposes rationality).

"And harmful to us as individuals! Who can say that a question put to us by the larger world is not for our good, as it is certainly good for society and for humanity? People who evade such questions, who shirk their duties because of the annoyance those duties bring, miss many grand occasions for growing bigger and better. (American translation!) In their anxiety to preserve their own capricious freedom, they gradually lose their power to utilise and enjoy their freedom. They decay inside, and there comes a day when they find themselves unable to do even the work that was once their love and their fondest ambition."

The idea of inspiration being dependent on will opens up vistas of far-reaching insight. Croce has here put his finger on what should be the first principle in the creative artist's conscience. One thinks of Keats' letter in which he recognises the value of his former medical studies—till that moment apparently irrelevant to his poetic work. One thinks of Shelley as Trelawney described him, standing one morning reading from a volume of Aristotle, which he had propped up on the mantelpiece. Trelawney returned in the evening to find the haggard, cramp-racked figure still standing there reading; still chained by the inexorable will. That is a vivid picture of what should be the creative mind's attitude while in the trough of the wave.

The Unconscious within us, which "doeth the work," is quite unyielding in its insistence on being equipped with a perfect intellectual technique. If it is baffled by clumsy thought, insular vision, and unpractised craft, it is likely to give up in disgust the

\*"The Conduct of Life." By Benedetto Croce. (Harrap, 7s. 6d.)

effort of expression; and the poor individual who might have been the vehicle of that revelation is torn by the agony of frustration. It is in the effort to avoid this disaster that the artist becomes the ascetic. It may be safe to suggest that wherever one sees the ascetic, be he religious, artistic, or scientific, there one sees also the enriched sensual organism in which the Unconscious delights to discover its most profound intuitive power. The saint, the artist, and other organisers of Old Chaos, seem to have their roots deeper even than the beasts. This accounts for the terror which these people can sometimes inspire in the normal-minded folk. Why was the incident of Elisha and the she-bears so carefully recorded?

The more one reads Croce, the more one becomes dissatisfied with him. With all his subtlety of mind—he has the Jesuit's precision in psychological matters—he never seems to work out to a final resolution of Order, and to give us a four-square conception of the Universe. Is there some duality within him which he has not dared to explore; preferring rather to bridge the division with skilfully thrown dialectics? He can observe life in motion, and relate the conduct of its constituent phenomena; but when we look for a more impersonal process from him, when we ask him to bring these things to a standstill for that moment of rest which reveals the Noumenon, then he seems to become enervated, and unable to convert his impressionistic, or receptive, mood into the completely detached, expressive state of mind which alone makes the philosopher able to generalise in truth.

For instance, early in this book he makes the statement that "we are only what we do." Such a dictum, by its incompleteness, shows him overcome by inertia. The drag of accumulated knowledge has broken him at the last moment. The phrase destroys itself. If we are what we do, then we are what we *have done*, for in another place Croce admits that we can never destroy, even by forgetting. We are, therefore, *more* than what we do. Nothing need be said of the potentialities within us for future doing. Then Croce's assertion might be attacked from the other side. When we consider how environment—or necessity—interferes in our conduct, we may say that in any of our actions we are only partners; that "what we do" is the result of a liaison between ourselves (that composite article) and circumstances. So, from this point of view, we may be *less* than what we do.

This is an example of Croce's vulnerability as a philosopher; and it is very disquieting to one who is compelled to admire so much in him.

EN SARDESIN.

### CHINOISERIE.

By D. R. Guttery.

It is not you, dear Madame, that I love,  
Your many charms, fair Juliet, leave me cold;  
Not Beatrice nor Ophelia can we move,  
Nor bright-eyed Laura with her hair of gold.

She, whom I love, lives out in far Cathay,  
Her aged parents through the long days dream,  
High in a porcelain tower that stands alway  
Where cormorants sit beside the Yellow Stream.

Her eyes peep upwards to her temples fine,  
Her tiny foot would scarcely fill your hand,  
Her cheeks more bright than lamps of copper shine,  
Her carmined nails are longest in the land.

At evening through her latticed panes she peeps,  
The swallow skims her head with careless wings,  
Then, sweet as poet's measures, ere she sleeps  
The willow and the fisher-flower she sings.

—After THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

## The Box.

By Maude G. Pease.

Roddie was only a little boy, and so he tried to forget all about it. If he dared to remember it, a cold feeling came all over him and he trembled so much that he could hardly stand. He had loved his grandmother during her life, but after her death he almost—yes, he did hate her. So he tried and did forget all about her. If his mother cried, as she sometimes did when she had a bad headache, he used to ask to go and see Johnnie, and when his mother, after a little while, said he could, he would go very quietly out of the house, shut the door very gently, and then run quickly away down the road, just as if an "old man" was after him; and when he got to Johnnie's house he would press hard against the door, with his heart beating loudly, until it was opened. He would wait just a minute until it shut, and then, with a breath of relief, he would find Johnnie, and they would have a fine game and he would forget all about it.

After he was moved up to the second form at school a very unfortunate thing happened to Roddie. Because he was a good boy and tried to learn and gave no trouble he was given a desk at the back of the classroom. Behind his desk was a stationery cupboard. It would not have mattered so much if it had really been a stationery cupboard and was opened every day quite freely, but, as a matter of fact, it contained lumps of shiny stone and dark bits of rock which they called geological specimens. So the cupboard was very rarely opened. Unfortunately also for Roddie he sat right in front of the cupboard. He wouldn't have minded so much if he could have been able to see it all the time. But as he couldn't, something at the back of his neck used to tell him that one side of the cupboard door was opening very gently and very gradually. He dared not think what he should see if he could only turn round. After a minute or two he would pray to be able to turn round. But he could not. The back of his neck would become rigid and he would feel something touch him gently on the shoulder, just as his grandmother did when she was alive. At least, that is what he nearly thought; he had never dared think it really. This feeling happened so many times during a term that Roddie grew pale and small. His master seemed to think he was inattentive, but his mother knew that he was a sensitive boy, and said that he was not very strong.

All this happened because two years ago Roddie's grandmother, who had loved him even more than she had loved her own sons and daughters, had become very ill. Roddie used to go and see her, and he was very, very sorry to see how pinched and white her face was. Then one day everything in the house became cold and quiet. His mother cried and cried, and he knew that something terrible must have happened to grandmother. She had "passed away," so they said. She had not gone, they said in reply to his question, to the hospital where other sick people sometimes went, where his own father had once been after an accident. No, she had gone to Heaven.

But she had not "passed away." She was still there. He knew this, because they had taken him next day to her bedroom, where a long, curiously-shaped box stood on trestles. The shape of the box was very terrible, and Roddie's mouth and throat went dry at the sight of it, and he trembled so much that he could hardly stand. Someone lifted him up and someone else pulled aside the lid from the box, and he had been told to look at his dear grandmother. What he saw was something he dared not think about nor could he have explained, but it made him feel as cold as if he had been wrapped in snow. After that he hated his grandmother for looking like that and frightening him so. When his mother had a headache and cried and wanted to kiss him he tried to get away from her, and that only made her cry more. She said she did not understand him: he was a strange child. But all he wanted to do was to get away and not be frightened and go down to the end of the street and find Johnnie and play with him.

Next to his father, whom he did not often see, and his mother, whom he loved very much when she did not cry, he loved Johnnie. Johnnie was two years younger than Roddie. In spite of that, he was nearly as big as Roddie; he was round and chubby and full of fun and invented the most wonderful games. Even on Sunday afternoons, when they looked as though they were behaving like sensible children and listening to what their elders had to say, Johnnie could make up the most interesting games, and they would play them together and not be found out. With Johnnie Roddie was never bored; he just enjoyed himself until it was bedtime, and then, after supper and the hateful task of undressing, he would tumble into bed and sleep, sometimes with, but more often without, dreams, until he was roused next morning.

Before his grandmother died Roddie had liked to read books about engines and build palaces of bricks with dungeons underneath the castle floor, or scoop-out caves among the roots of the rosebushes in the garden. But now he did not like playing by himself and preferred to go to Johnnie's home. Usually Roddie's father and mother were pleased when he went because they liked to be quiet. Grown-ups were very kind and did try to understand, but usually they were very boring. They liked to sit and read until every sound in the house could be heard, from the hissing of the gas-jet to the falling of coals in the grate. Johnnie's family, on the contrary, were jolly people, who liked to hear their voices and shouted and banged things about, and even quarrelled in a friendly way.

One evening, however, when Roddie's mother and father wanted to go to the "pictures," they suggested that Johnnie should come in and play with Roddie and "mind the house." Roddie did not like the "pictures," because it was always dark there and he did not like to hear the breathing and moving of people whom he could not see. He did not like minding the house either, but it was then quite light and his parents would be back when dusk fell and before the house grew silent and full of shadows and creaky noises. This evening Johnnie told Roddie about a new game called "Sleuthhounds," which was even more exciting than "Hide-and-Seek." The front door was "home," and one of them had to hide his eyes against the letter-box and of them had to hide while the other hid. It had to be a very count one hundred while the other hid. It had to be a very secret place, because it was necessary to reach the front door which was "home" without even being seen at all, far less caught. If the one who hid was getting "home," the other hiding-place or while he was getting "home," the other had to call out "Sleuthhound!" and the discovered one had to be the seeker next time. It was great fun, for while Roddie was busy looking in the cupboards in the kitchen Johnnie would creep out from behind the heavy curtains of the sitting-room and take off his slippers and tiptoe to the front door and rattle the letter-box to show that he had reached "home" safely.

First of all Roddie hid, but he wasn't so clever at games as Johnnie, and was usually found and caught almost as soon as he had hidden. Then Johnnie hid, and was not caught until he had hidden twice. After that, Roddie became nearly as clever at the game as Johnnie. They soon found all the best hiding-places on the ground floor, and it was no use hiding there any more. So, after a time, Roddie heard Johnnie tiptoe upstairs—the boards on the third stair always creaked—and run into one of the bedrooms.

After "counting his hundred" Roddie took off his shoes and crept upstairs—missing the third stair so that Johnnie should not hear the tell-tale creak. He peeped first of all into his mother's room. Apparently Johnnie had not had time to make up his mind where to hide, but as soon as he heard Roddie outside he opened the large trunk that stood in a corner and jumped in. Roddie ran in and heard the lock click as the lid closed.

For a few moments he stood irresolute. It seemed a simple matter to open the trunk, release Johnnie and capture him, but he was unable to move. At first he was surprised at his fear and the feeling that something was writhing inside him as though struggling out of its wrappings. At the same time he heard Johnnie stirring inside the box. A coldness like the coldness of death overcame him, and he shook until he could scarcely stand. Giddiness seized him, the room became full of a darkness like that darkness in Egypt, which could be felt; blotches and lines of light swirled round him.

Then from the box came Johnnie's frightened cry: "Roddie, let me out! Quick! Quick!" When Roddie regained consciousness dusk had already fallen. There, he felt, in the corner of the room was his grandmother's coffin, and presently someone would come along and lift him up and remove the lid. . . . Or, as in his nightmares, his grandmother would reach up her dead hand and lift the lid, sit up and smile at him with her dreadful face and stretch out her arms and invite him to caress her as he had done in life.

Roddie felt very, very cold and faint, but he slipped out of the room and quickly and quietly descended the stairs. Then the thought struck him that if Grandmother knew he was escaping she would rise at once and look out to see whether he was going. So, with an exaggerated carelessness he crossed the passage, fumbled with the furniture as if he were straying, boy-fashion, in an empty house, strolled to the hall-door, paused, and with his heart nearly bursting, waited a few moments so that he might turn the door handle without bungling. He did it splendidly, then once outside banged the door, let go the reins of his panic, and tumbled on the doorstep.

A few minutes later, when the parents returned, they

found Roddie in a pitiable condition. The doctor for whom they sent gave him a sedative and told them that he must not be left alone. They therefore carried Roddie into their own room, where he lay in a heavy sleep all night. Next morning he awoke, composed but weak. He was too tired to think. With half-opened eyes he saw how filmy the walls seemed and how they quivered and shivered as if they were rags blown by the wind. He was a little interested. Another shadow came into his line of vision. It was his mother, remorseful for any possible neglect, anxious for the present and future. "My dear, dear Roddie," she whispered.

The sound of his name roused him a little. He opened his eyes wider and looked around. A convulsion passed through him as he realised that he was in his mother's room, not in his own room. There in the corner stood the box. It, too, was as unsubstantial as the rest, but its sides bellied outwards as if in a moment they would divide and reveal what they hid.

Roddie's mother gave him some spoonfuls of medicine, and his surroundings became solid and real once more. With his slight return of strength his gaze wandered once more to the box—slowly, very, very slowly, but surely the lid appeared to rise. Something snapped within him and icy coldness permeated his heart and veins. Yet he felt that, perhaps, in a moment the secret would be revealed and the weight of his terror might be lifted and he could be at peace. He felt so very tired. But the lid rose too slowly, he could not wait so long. "Open," he whispered, "open, open, open."

Quick to hear, his mother bent over him. "It is shut, my dear," she said, "but I will open it." She moved towards the box.

He did not hear or understand. Any movement or word of hers was now indifferent to him. As she stooped over the box, however, the shackles of the past fell from him; he remembered—and he understood.

"Ah!" shrieked Roddie, flinging himself forward with his last strength.

But he was too late; she had already opened the box.

### L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE.

By D. R. Guttery.

Think how, O my sweeting,  
Dull time would go fleeting,  
Could we fly over yonder, thy arm within mine!  
To love at our leisure  
And die in its pleasure  
In that homeland whose beauties are like unto thine.  
From out clouded skies  
Its misted suns rise  
And my spirit's delight struggles vainly with fears,  
As when into mine  
Thy wayward eyes shine,  
Burning bright through a veiling of full brimming tears.  
There, nothing is but what is fair,  
Pure heartsease and pleasure rare.  
Worn bright Time's hand  
Our tables shall stand  
Round our room in right order with welcoming chairs.  
Rare flowers thy hand picks  
Sweet odours shall mix  
With the amber's faint essence awaft in its airs.  
Rich ceilings protect thee,  
Deep mirrors reflect thee,  
And all shall be dowered with the wealth of the East,  
Enchantment, the whole  
Shall sing to thy soul  
In sweet secret measures to gladden the feast.  
There, nothing is but what is fair,  
Pure heartsease and pleasure rare.  
On the still waters deep  
See the little ships sleep  
That fain would be riding the wandering waves;  
To feed the fierce fire  
Of thy every desire  
From all the far oceans they come as thy slaves.  
Late suns from the west  
The meadows have drest,  
The canals and the town in robes that are bright  
With hyacinth hues.  
Ere fall the cool dews  
The wide earth lies slumbering, bathed in warm light.  
There, nothing is but what is fair,  
Pure heartsease and pleasure rare.

[After CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.]

## Reviews.

**Relation In Art.** By Vernon Blake. 320 pp.+xxiii. (Oxford University Press. 18s. net.)

The sub-title of this arresting book announces that it is "a suggested scheme of Art Criticism, with which is incorporated a sketch of a Hypothetic Philosophy of Relation." Since Ruskin thundered his bombastic dogmas on art there has not been published a work in the English language of more vital æsthetic import than this volume. Indeed, it is questionable whether its compeer exists in any language. Not that Mr. Blake's coldly analytical method of expression is to be classified with the eminent Victorian critic's passionate periods; for he possesses that well-balanced judgment which is based on science rather than on sentimentality. Perhaps his early training in a branch of science was one of the means of tempering his research into æsthetics during the quarter of a century that he wandered abroad studying and expressing art in three continents. Having lived outside his native land for that period, Mr. Blake's sculptural achievements may not be known so well as they deserve to be to English people. His work is well-known in France, where he has carried out a series of War Memorials in which he has attempted to express certain of the theories advanced in this volume (about a dozen illustrations of these Memorials were reproduced in the "Architectural Review" of April, 1924). Moreover, he is a painter whose canvases have been shown on the Continent as well as in London; and at an early stage of his artistic career he was Director of the British Academy at Rome. Thus he came to write this important treatise equipped with an experience in art-adventure that fortunately finds lucid expression through yet another medium—his pen. So versatile an artist could not fail to do justice to his theme, only a mere outline of which is possible in a short review. Mr. Blake tells us that it is over twenty years since he found himself obliged to recognise what he calls "the absoluteness of relation"; and, from this relative standpoint, he endeavours to co-ordinate logically the different forms of art as manifested in architecture, sculpture, and painting. Reversing the usual order of conception, he has proceeded from an æsthetic to a philosophy. Assuming that all art is one and its manifestation a function of the epoch, he further postulates (for the sake of clear presentation of his theories) the fundamental æsthetic hypothesis that there are two main directions taken by all artistic effort—one seeking to institute a parallel with the Infinite, and the other with the Indefinite. The craftsman in the "Indefinite" category chooses a direct suggestion of the complexity of his subject as a means of expressing the manifold character of the Universe, and thus merely hints at the idea of the Infinite; but the unhesitating artist, by greater command of choice and arrangement, expresses an intuitive vision of the abstract possibilities of the "Infinite" itself. This professedly arbitrary classification, for example, relegates the Pre-Raphaelite painters to the former category, and the plastic artists of the Periclean age to the latter. In expounding his theory the author defines a work of art as producing a constant effect on an unlimited number of attuned personalities." He is always careful to take into consideration the *means* employed by the executant in the various branches of art, as well as the *effect* thereby produced on the spectator. The mind-cast of the beholder must be considered in determining the value of any particular estimate he may form; and the influence of prejudice, has, therefore, to be eliminated, or, at any rate, controlled, by resort to comparison and analogy. Here the question becomes one in which psychology and metaphysics are involved in arriving at a co-ordination between artistic presentation and the emotion it engenders in the recipient. Believing the inter-relation of the composing elements of a work of art to be the important factor, our author arrives at the conclusion that the valid work of art is one wherein the *established* relatedness foreshadows the nature of the *integral* relatedness, which he postulates as the Infinite. Finally, he classifies all artistic manifestations broadly under two headings: (a) a subjective and emotional group, foregrounding the indefinite complexity of the Universe; and (b) an objective or abstract group, supposed to exemplify an abstraction of the Infinite. As the thought-tendency of a given epoch may be said to manifest itself uniformly throughout the many fields of learning which constitute the territory of human activity, it is in harmony with the trend of modern thought that Mr. Blake's æsthetic synthesis should be in alignment with the comparatively new theories of Relativity. For the problem of mathematics pervades the entire range of human speculation, and is so closely related to the problem of the world-order as to be an integral part of it. Since art has always been a considerable force in the world, both

"civilised" and "uncivilised," it is fitting that the prevailing synthetic spirit should at last find serious expression in this valuable work on art. Mr. Blake ably expounds his æsthetic creed by reference to more or less widely known works of art—in architecture, sculpture, painting, drawing, pottery, and so on—and the volume contains thirty-two full-page reproductions of important examples specifically analysed in the text. Not the least interesting in the frontispiece, which eloquently illustrates the author's own authoritative capacity for sculptural achievement.

**Norwegian Fairy Tales. Scandinavian Classics, Vol. XXIV.** From the collection of Asbjörnson and Moe. Translated by Helen and John Gade. (London: Humphrey Milford. 11s. net.)

Misled by early memories of Hans Andersen the writer eagerly opened Vol. XXIV. of Scandinavian Classics, hoping to find fresh store of fairy wisdom clothed in fitting language, but alas, he was doomed to disappointment. Even one of the best known themes, the imprisonment of human souls in the bodies of animals and birds, of which "The Twelve Wild Ducks" is an example, is poor stuff compared with its Danish counterpart "The Wild Swans." In fact, it is a case of ducks and geese in place of swans from cover to cover. Perhaps it is the selecting (which has been made "disregarding the age of the readers" . . . "not primarily, perhaps, only selectively, for the very young") that is at fault. Let us hope so, and that some English delfer in the same mine may have better luck—or better taste. As for the illustrations the best we can say for them is that they might be worse. The whole work is spoiled by intrusive Americanisms. Norwegian mysticism may be "as difficult of translation as Ibsen's masterpiece," but Norwegian mysticism tricked out in such expressions as "You don't say" and "I guess," with repeated references to "nickels" and "dimes," is simply impossible. So is the price of the book.

**Soldier and Sailor Words and Phrases.** Compiled by Edward Fraser and John Gibbons. (G. Routledge and Sons, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.)

This book is a monument to the unflinching humour and imperturbable good temper of those two great men, Mr. T. Atkins and his elder brother Jack, of the Senior Service. It is safe to guess that most of the sobriquets, nicknames, and all the illuminating slang have originated in the ranks or 'tween decks, with certain pungent contributions by the gentlemen adorned with one and two pips and their opposite numbers of the Navy. It is also certain that no other Army or Navy in the world has displayed such fiendish ingenuity in coining the fitting nickname and the telling phrase. Messrs Fraser and Gibbons have done good service in compiling this work of reference, which will be invaluable both to the historian and general reader in years to come. All that is lacking now is a thoroughly conscientious review of it by a German Professor.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "THE NEW AGE" GUARANTEE FUND.

Sir,—It will be of interest to readers of THE NEW AGE to have particulars of Receipts and Expenditure by which the loss on the journal has been defrayed for another year. I hope that all who value the paper will join those who now levy themselves on its behalf. If this were done, and the generous help now given were thus only doubled, the situation would be so much relieved that plans for enlarging the circulation—the only satisfactory cure for our ills—could be tried.

Meanwhile, on behalf of the Trustees of the Fund, I should like to add the public expression of our thanks to subscribers, which has been given privately when sending them the annual report and list of subscriptions and donations.

Expenditure on production of THE NEW AGE is reduced to an absolute minimum, and the loss made up from the Fund between July 1, 1924, and June 30, 1925, amounted to £423 5s. 2d. Subscriptions and Donations during the same period amounted to £430 8s. 5d. We had a balance in hand of only £177 18s. 5d. on June 30, which has been since brought lower, notwithstanding the continued kindness of certain old contributors in sending fresh gifts on receiving the year's Report.

More money is needed, and will be gladly acknowledged by me.

W. T. SYMONS, Hon. Sec.  
THE NEW AGE Guarantee Fund,  
3, Cholmeley-crescent, London, N.6.

### THE WEIGHING OF THE SERAPHIM.

Sir,—May I echo the words of Mr. Philip T. Kenway in your last issue? I am sure that there must be many of your readers who have been thinking in the same strain for some time past.

And those cartoons, Sir! How common they are! How vulgar! How badly drawn! and how little they represent the real spirit animating either side portrayed. If these are a sample of "The Arts in Utopia," then may we be preserved from Utopia.

N. F. EILOART.

Sir,—There must be some or other gullibility to justify the Gull in Man and the man in gulliness. This I have called the Cod Perfect, of whose imperfections are born the minor comedy which in metaphysics of digression was in the beginning—or rather the Beginning of the *Arche*. This in itself is a refutation of Godhead and the permeation of spirit with the beyondness of tripe.

The opposite of Tripe is Guts. This is a literary axiom misunderstood of many. Also Mr. Mitrinovic has apparently not come upon the preliminary and sublunar Revelation.

Expression of impression has been the mode of all true philosophy, and fine writing is the human projection of this. Beef is not ham. Carburetter is not magneto. Kippers are not All. And no Man who swallows his bath-water is a Son of the antepost Self- Starter. "Diversity," announces Mr. Mitrinovic, "is." And "the answer" to his contention must be regretfully chronicled in the phrase of the inebriate second-lieut.—"is a lemon."

In other words, "A lemon is!" This is an ineffably yellow Revelation, the Hypotheticised Penultimate, the Substance of Sclerotic and Carcinoma.

God was. He must be dragged in. Not our amiable Potentiality, the God-from-the-Machine, but God-Into-NEW-AGE. He must come in because of sheer Ubiquity.

Jam jams. Stop-cocks stop cocks. Cocks, hens. Hens lay. Lay ghosts. Ghosts walk. Friday nights.

Now the proper place for this sort of thing is in bicycle bearings. Along with the others.

There cannot be awareness with Something—Or-Other. I have shown you the way. Now, Go. Mad? Or Sane? But the Lemon remains. This is the Condimental Qualification.

The Isotherms ponderate in the Abyss. But I beg you readers to consider the Haddock, how it is cured. It smokes no Abdullahs, yet it is smoked. This also is a Revelation. Mankind, which is psychoma, must be warned. You cannot say that I have not warned you.

One last word. Have I misunderstood Mr. Mitrinovic? Or is "pan-absence" not absence of pan?

Yours in equivalency of manifold though dephlogisticated Awareness,  
B. F. SONOVABIC.

Sir,—May I congratulate you on the acquisition of Mr. D. Mitrinovic? Unless I am much mistaken, he is surely one of those who used to write in THE NEW AGE under the title of "M. M. Cosmoi," and this article takes one back to the spacious days of Mr. Orage and A. E. R.

Perhaps my training under them has enabled me to follow Mr. Mitrinovic more easily than one of the "uninitiated." But if I might venture a criticism I should say that in this last article he has attempted, not altogether successfully, to follow Nietzsche's ideal and "put into ten sentences what anyone else would put into a book—nay, what no one else has put into a book."

Hence the apparent "raving reiteration" of which Mr. Kenway complains. I sympathise with the latter, but would ask him to have patience and faith. Mr. Mitrinovic is never easy—as a friend of mine used to say, "his least unit is a cosmic system"—but he is worth while.

I am surprised, by the by, that Mr. Roger Anderton did not include Mitrinovic in his "Index Expurgatorius." I think, I think, we may safely leave to A. P., Mr. J. M. Ewing, and Filioque, should they think his attack worth answering.

But I think most readers of THE NEW AGE will have long since outgrown adolescence, which is the only age at which Mr. Anderton's "agnosticism" is interesting or excusable.

After all, what is an "agnostic" but an ignoramus-turned-Greek?

If, however, Mr. Anderton is really anxious to understand Filioque (and St. Athanasius), and is not merely concerned with ignorant—I mean agnostic—criticism, I would refer him to "Cosmic Anatomy," by "M.B., Oxon." It will irritate him beyond measure, but it might give him a new and healthier point of view.

NEIL MONTGOMERY.

### "SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY."

Sir,—In reply to that part of Mr. Anderton's letter in your issue of August 13 that affects my reference to Swedenborg's statement that the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom is God, it would first seem profitable to pursue Mr. Anderton's remark "that parts of THE NEW AGE for July 30 appear to be enveloped in fog."

When the warmth of love falls on cold, hard scientific "fact" (natural truth) a misty atmosphere is created, but the cause of the fog probably resides in the substance acted upon by the warm rays of affection—in this case, Mr. Anderton's mind.

Swedenborg defines fogs—the mental kind under notice, not the dictionary type—as the obscuration that arises from evils when the warmth of good falls upon them, the said obscurations being falsities from evils. (Paraphrase of his notes on mists, clouds, vapours, etc. Index to "Arcana Cœlestia.")

In an ice-boundage (if it could be imagined), when the warmth of the sun would be entirely withdrawn, no fogs would occur, the air would be painfully clear and still. Fog implies that somewhere the sun shines, that somewhere there is a something Science has overlooked or left out of its calculations, just as orthodox religion has left out important phenomena in its turn.

I have not distorted the dictionary meanings of the words truth, love, or wisdom. I have only tried to demonstrate that absolute Truth, absolute Good, are the essentials of the Divine Being. The measure of a mere man is his mental capacity and his goodness of heart. Words are the vehicles of ideas and should be filled to overflowing with meaning. The sacred word "Evolution" has been extended since the 17th century to include in its meaning "the doctrine of higher forms of life arising out of lower" as against Mr. Anderton's. "The consensus of scientific opinion is that evolution is a fact." Further, the dictionary defines God as "The Supreme Being: The Creator and Preserver of the World." The argument is beside the point, as it would be ridiculous for me to quote the dictionary against Mr. Anderton's words—the existence of a Divine Being is "not proven."

Our genial Editor seems to have appropriated Charles Dickens to himself, otherwise I would refer Mr. Anderton to Dickens's instructive logic and reasoning in "Hard Times" on the incompleteness of "facts" to explain life.

It is submitted that reason, revelation, feeling, and perception all affirm a Divine Being and that the essence of the Infinite must be the highest and purest form of Love and Wisdom—in the dictionary sense of these words.

The evolution theory asks me to believe more incredible dogmas than any Church when it requires me to assent to an external world full of purpose, plan, provision, law, and bounty that has no controlling or guiding mind behind it, that came from nothing, was caused by nothing, and ends in nothing.

The Infinite naturally fogs the finite mind. In its fullness the former is incomprehensible; but man, by learning to "know himself" can see the Infinite in shade and form an idea of That after whose image he is made.

The mere proving or disproving that there is or is not a God is nothing. It is those who strive to do well, whether they affirm or deny a Divine Being who are conjoined with Him. I can easily believe that John Morley was a man after God's own heart far more easily than I can that Henry VIII. was, believer though the latter was. "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord. . ."

S. M. EWING.

### ARCH, IF NOT COY!

Sir,—  
How arch is this "P.T.K." man  
Who, in verse, would entice me to ban  
Dome, columns and walls  
Of the noble St. Paul's,  
(Not "Victorian")—Gothic in plan.

Are there cracks in the dome? Feet are sweeter  
In measures less cracked than the metre  
That "Lim'ricks" prolong.

\* \* \* \* \*  
There's a "gas" escape, strong,  
In the lines of this anti-trabeater!

HAYDN MACKAY.

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