

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Arising out of the recommendation made at the inquest on P.C. Gutteridge, Viscount Sandon urged that two men should always travel with each Royal Mail road van. The Postmaster-General replied that the cost of such an arrangement would be out of all proportion to any possible advantages. He was considering other measures for the protection of the mails. No doubt Viscount Sandon's suggestion would necessitate the engagement of some thousands of new Post Office servants, but whether that is a disadvantage depends upon how you look at it. Industrial producers, for instance, would be very glad to supply these wage-earners with whatever goods they wanted, and if this necessitated the employment of still more workers to make the goods, there are plenty of idle men available and willing to do it. From a physical point of view, what would happen would be setting new activities in operation which would expand the general well-being. There is no difficulty here. It is the "cost" that is prohibitive. That is to say, new money would have to be found to get these new services performed. To find it is easy. Pound notes, we believe, cost eight a penny to print. Cheque-credit costs a minute fraction of that price. But to get it is impossible. The banks cannot possibly put more of it into circulation; it would raise prices. The only way to finance new services is to take existing money from where it is now employed, and therefore to starve other services. So you see how necessary it is not to be squeamish about the risks of mail drivers and police constables in dark, lonely places. It is true that London is making ready to strengthen the Thames embankments, and will presumably be provided with the money. But only a fanatic would cavil at the maintenance of property values. The advantages will so clearly outweigh the cost that there is no room for argument.

A correspondent in the *Post*, referring to the recent dismissal of a postal servant, involving the loss of

his pension, answers the official statement in Parliament that such pensions are conditional *ex gratia* payments, by quoting older authorities in the contrary sense. One of these was the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., who said in the House of Commons on August 31, 1895:—

"My Right Honourable friend appears to confuse pensioned services and unpensioned services. A pension is practically deferred pay, but in dealing with unpensioned service we are bound to consider that the full remuneration is given year by year for services rendered."

Another was the Rt. Hon. Lord Playfair who said in reply to a question from Mr. Hanbury (no date quoted by the writer):—

"I have always thought that pensions were nothing but postponed wages; and that was one of the temptations to get men upon moderate salaries."

These expressions of opinion bear also directly upon the decision of the War Office to discontinue the commutation of retiring soldiers' pensions—a matter with which we deal in another article in this issue.

The *Liverpool Post and Mercury* commences a series of articles in its issue of January 10 under the heading "Why London?—The Menace of the Metropolis—Lure of Finance." The writer of the first article, Mr. R. H. Thornton, attacks the centralisation of administrative control in London, which changes provincial towns into collections of "lifeless departmental units."

"If you doubt it, try to obtain an answer on any important question from any large office in Liverpool, and in nine cases out of ten it will be: 'We will write to London.'"

He sketches the consequences—

"The local capitalist disappears. . . . Local government misses the stimulus of responsible criticism, and suffers, too, from a shortage of the first-class talents which its service requires. . . . There is no local intelligentsia, and in social intercourse a city, which could once boast the independence, the variety, and the self-assurance

of a metropolis, lapses into a monochrome of suburban mediocrity."

He proceeds to point out the economic waste and inefficiency of this distant control—"armchair management which subsists on 'weekly returns in triplicate' rather than on personal investigation." He concludes by asking how this "steady drift to London" can be stopped. The *Liverpool Post* intends to publish the views of representative Liverpool men on this article in succeeding issues.

This is an encouraging new departure, and we hope that the newspapers in other provincial cities will inaugurate discussions of the same problem. They will afford an opportunity for students of the credit system to draw the right moral and indicate the lines of a remedy. The centralisation of British credit policy in London must entail the centralisation of everything else. The *real* credit of Liverpool—by which we mean the productive and distributive capacity of Liverpool's machines and brains—is dependent for its functioning on *financial* credit. Financial credit is now controlled from London, and it is not only your industrial manager in Liverpool who has to "write to London," but your bank manager who has to do so, on every "important question." There are no independent bankers in the provinces to-day. Therefore there are no independent capitalists. Only the decentralisation of financial responsibility will restore to Liverpool its commercial, civic, and social self-determination. That, we feel sure, will be the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from the present discussion if only it be pursued impartially and persistently. But that is the whole trouble. The principle of financial centralisation, embodied in the great bank-amalgamations and symbolised by the gold standard, has hitherto been regarded as the final and unalterable end of economic science. People will persist in disputing nearly every proposition under the sun except this, the prime cause of all their grievances, antagonisms, and misunderstandings.

Of course, though every provincial city were to wake up to the truth to-morrow, there would still remain the task of applying it. A general provincial agitation for decentralisation of credit would instantly be countered by the London credit-monopolists with the challenge: "Yes, but how?" And if the protestants did not know how, the agitation would fail. To cut a long argument short, they would soon be shown by "experts" that decentralisation would land the country into chaos. And so it would be that there is something else which, if carried out in conjunction with decentralisation, would lift the country into ordered prosperity. Let us present the antithesis between the present economic policy, and the one required, in a rough formula. The present system centralises Financial Credit and leaves Retail Price decentralised: the new system will centralise Retail Price and decentralise Financial Credit. To put the case more forcibly: the centralisation of Price will permit of the safe decentralisation of Credit.

Now we must add a word to prevent misunderstanding. By the term "Price," we exclude all charges made by business concerns to one another for products and services in progress through industry. "Price," here, means the collective charge for goods and services delivered by industry as a whole to consumers as a whole. By the term "Centralisation," we do not mean a bureaucratic dictatorship over actual prices, but an automatic regulation of the ratio which Price, as defined, shall bear to industry's financial costs as customarily accounted. It would be a centralised regulation in the sense that it applied, as

one single ratio, to every single retail price in the country, of whatever amount. It would be *automatic* in the sense that the ratio would be assessed from certain financial statistics of production and consumption, and not rest on the personal decision of any "expert," statesman, or groups of such. "But what is this all about?" a new reader of this journal will exclaim. It is about this: that the ratio of Price to Cost will be less than unity. We do not stay to prove this, since the proof can be consulted in literature advertised elsewhere. The public, under the new system, would therefore pay to industry only a proportion of the financial cost of the goods and services they bought. The rest of that cost industry would draw, as a free (non-repayable) grant of financial credit from the State. Industry would discount its Price to consumers, and the State would pay the difference. Again we refer critics elsewhere for information as to how this can be done without more taxation and without causing a superfluity of circulating money.

Industry in this country cannot recover its total costs in the home market—nor can industry in any other country. Under the new system indicated it could. Once you establish and maintain an equilibrium between the costs of industry and the total money available for industry to collect in respect of the sale of consumable goods, then there is no limit to the extent to which industrialists may safely and beneficially expand their development and output, and may therefore rely, as of right, on being provided with all the loan-credit they require for the purpose. To-day the situation in London exists in order to see that they do not get it. It exists to ration Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, within prescribed limits of its own. It can make out a good case for doing so because it can urge that if these cities were not so disciplined they would be running amok with credit expansion and causing inflation of prices. But, as we have already pointed out, their case would be valid only on the assumption that Price must be left to look after itself. So long as this assumption be not challenged industries everywhere will have to tolerate the control of these non-resident financial interlopers and put up with such consequences as those of which Liverpool is complaining.

The Government has appointed a Committee to inquire why the Inland Telegraph Service is not paying its way. Quite naturally the 19,000 odd rank and file officers employed on the telegraph service are sewing up their trousers' pockets. Their Union has made recommendations on the problem. But these weigh nothing. They amount to telling the Government that the Press, the railway companies and State Departments ought either to be charged full economic rates for telegrams, or else that the loss on the present cheap rates should not be debited against the Post Office telegraph service. If all these adjustments were made they would do little towards making that service a paying concern. Other representations of the Union deal with the waste and delay involved by the centralisation and administration of the organisation. It alleges that this has involved the employment of a considerable number of officers who were not required in former years. It refers to the policy of the "disbandment of direct communication" in recent years, and the substitution of a revised system of "circulating telegrams from one place to another," thus materially increasing the delay in transmitting messages. The following instance is interesting:—

"A still more important cause, however, is the system of staffing telegraph offices on a standard which recognises delay as a normal feature. The method of delivering telegrams by an organised system of walks, under which a

messenger is despatched on each walk at certain intervals, has also increased delay. When messengers take out a batch of telegrams it is often the case that the last telegram to be delivered on the walk was the first of the batch received at the office, and the delay to that telegram is considerable. These developments have discouraged the use of the telegraphs."

Here is a graphic picture of "Economy" as she works. Nevertheless all these points are remote from the centre of the problem. Happily the Union adduces more pertinent facts—but does not know how to derive any positive recommendations from them. For instance, it refers to the capital burden which the Government undertook when it purchased the telegraphs. This burden was relieved by a revaluation of assets in 1912, but—

"this revaluation has been rendered ineffective by the enormous increase in capital expenditure involved in the installation of buried telegraph routes and the replacement of old plant by new. The technical side of the service has been revolutionised in recent years, and the resultant saving in overhead charges has not yet had time to accrue. Throughout the whole period of its operations as a State-managed concern the telegraph service has been unable to meet the charges on capital while dependent for revenue on tariffs fixed, not on an economic basis, but with regard to public policy and the convenience of the various interests for which it caters." (Our italics.)

It is natural for the Union to demand prices at least equal to costs, but this would only pass the difficulty on somewhere else. In the end, it is the ordinary consumer who pays for the telegraph service, and he would have to make good the withdrawal of price concessions to business and State administrations. The real point to concentrate upon is the fact that a State-managed concern has attempted to meet charges for capital out of revenue. It would be most useful if the Union's experts would analyse the price of a private *is.* telegram, showing how the money is apportioned as between its several cost factors. The reason will be familiar to our readers, but we will repeat it. The population of Britain paid the whole of the aforesaid "enormous increase in capital expenditure" as it was incurred, and did so in paying the concurrent prices of the things they bought for consumption. This is what is happening every day, not only in the case of Government capital but in that of capitalism generally. The missing revenue for which the Union tells the Government to look does not exist. When the money was originally expended it inflated prices and enabled capitalism to recover extra profits, with which it repaid its bank borrowings—and the banks wrote it out of existence. The only effective remedy would be an issue of new consumer credit equal in amount to surviving capital costs. In practice the remedy would have to be general, as we have shown in our foregoing Notes.

The only reflection concerning Thomas Hardy's trisected funeral that is other than nauseating is his escape from the risk of premature burial. Litterati on the one side, and blood-relatives on the other, have so contrived matters that one might be assisting at the obsequies of Humpty Dumpty. The popular view is that Hardy should have been buried in Stinsford Churchyard. Not only is it considered fitting that he should have been laid among his own people, but he had expressed the desire to do so in his will. How, then, did Mrs. Hardy bring herself to the acceptance of the Dean's offer? Mr. S. C. Cockerell, Mr. Hardy's literary executor, explained to the *Daily Mail* that "after profound consideration" she felt it was "incumbent upon her" to do so in deference to the "nation's desire." We do not accept a word of it. In our belief, her decision was instinctive; and we affirm it to the glory of her sex. If anyone demands a scapegoat let him order an exhumation; for the culprit was Thomas Hardy himself. Consider this man. He marries a wife. She dies. She is buried in Stinsford Churchyard. He marries a second wife, who, from every evidence, loves him.

Yet it has at times been recounted (not during the past week!) how he would make it his daily errand to go and place flowers on his first wife's grave, and then, to add insult to injury, he definitely begs in his will to be laid by her. He is said to have had a partiality for vernacular; so we shall not express our comment discordantly in saying that if we were his second wife *we'd watch it.* Mr. J. C. Squire, in the course of three columns of unctious in the *Observer*, describes how heartily this old man could laugh. Yes; but could his wife? The same writer continues that no one

"brooded with more luxury over the memorials of vanished years, lost himself more utterly in the visionary red of the robin's breast, or the slaty light of wet roads, pitied more spontaneously the victims of man's brutality, or Fate's, than this old man of nearly ninety."

Yes, yes. Let him brood, and brood with flowers; but let him not choose his dead wife as a memorial on which to hang the luxury in the sight of her successor. But that is the way with all these egocentric aesthetes, these traffickers in elementals: they have a heart for all victims but their own. It is an ironic reflection that out of these bare details of his behaviour he might easily have constructed one of those great tragedies for which he has become famous. A Spanish wife would have stuck a knife in him—and good luck to her. But in this temperate climate elementals are not so ebullient. We must be content that this self-absorbed old man, having had his own way during life, was denied it after.

The Government and the Soldier's Pension.

An obscure paragraph in *The People* of January 8 makes the following announcement:—

"A War Office letter to the Aldershot Command last night notified that funds for commuting pensions are exhausted, and warrant and non-commissioned officers and men are to be encouraged to save their money so that they may start civil life with capital."

Just before Christmas there were numerous reports in the Press analogous to this; only they happened to take the following typical form:—

"Members of the — Benefit Society (slate club, Christmas club, or otherwise) received a shock when it became known that their treasurer had surrendered himself at the — Police Station, confessing to having converted to his own use, etc. . . ."

When a man joins the army he is virtually compelled to join a Pension Club and contribute so much regularly to it. The contribution is not a positive one; it is collected by the device of deducting its amount from his pay. He does not know what the amount is: all he knows is that the State contracts to hand him so much pay during his term of service and to pension him on a certain scale at the end of it. Let us take the case of a typical soldier's pension of *is.* 6d. per day—say, £30 per annum. Capitalise this at, say, 5 per cent., and the value of the pension amounts to £600. That is to say, if the soldier drew £600 on leaving the army and invested it at 5 per cent. he would get the same income as if he drew the pension from the Government. Keeping to these figures for the sake of illustration, one must assume that the amounts withheld from the soldier's service pay are estimated at a sum which will accumulate to £600 by the time he leaves the service. That being so, it should be immaterial to the Government whether he draw the £600 in one sum or whether he takes his *is.* 6d. per day.

Now we are in a position to measure the significance of the above sudden announcement that "funds for commuting pensions are exhausted." (We understand that it has been sent to other commands as well as Aldershot, and may assume that it applies to the whole army.) It comes to this: that the capital sum in reality subscribed by the soldiers

is not in existence; or, at any rate, only so much of it exists as will cover, let us say, a year's pensions. We will have a look for the missing money in a moment or two. Meanwhile, observe the practical consequences. Firstly, if the Government will not commute the pension and pay the soldier his £600, the soldier cannot get it commuted at all. At one time he could go to someone in private or commercial life and make over his pension rights for a lump sum; but that is now illegal. Under existing regulations, not only would the person advancing the money not be able to enforce his rights as a creditor in a court of law, but he would be liable to a penalty if found to be in possession of the pensioner's papers. "But why," it may occur to someone to ask, "should the soldier not be content to take his 1s. 6d. per day: is not the income as good as the capital in the long run?" The answer is in the affirmative *if he can live on it*. But he cannot. He must join the ranks either of the workers or of the small capitalists. If he can find a paid job, well and good; he may find it convenient to take his pension by instalments. If not he must try to set up for himself. But to make a venture as a small capitalist he must have his small capital to adventure. He must have his £600. But the Government says he must not: so all these men will be driven into the already overflowing labour market. When they arrive there they will be the most potent agent in depressing wages in general, because, at a pinch, they will be able to live while in receipt of less wages than their civilian competitors.

Now consider the Government's advice to these soldiers. They are to be "encouraged to save their money so that they may start civil life with capital." Apply this to a Christmas Club. You pay in, we'll suppose, 1s. a week for a year. At Christmas you are told you can't have your £2 12s. down, because the Secretary has not got it. "The funds are exhausted." So in future you are to be "encouraged" to save a second shilling for every one that you pay into the Club. Then, and then only, can you be sure of your Christmas dinner! In such a case as this you would very soon be putting somebody into the court to explain what had become of your Club-savings. But in the present case such a remedy is practically impossible. Once the State decides to make away with your savings the courts of law are powerless, because to-day all State Departments are allowed powers to "make orders," and these orders have the same force as statutory laws passed by Parliament itself.

We now revert to the question of what has become of the missing funds; how they became "exhausted." The answer is that they never existed. The Government has raised in taxes year by year only sufficient money to cover the Army's service-pay *in that year*, plus pensions due to be paid *in that year*, plus such amounts as it has chosen to pay out in commutations of pensions *in that year*. What it ought to have done would have been to accumulate in a fund, pound for pound, all the pay it was withholding from the Army. Let us illustrate the difference. Take a hypothetical army of one hundred men, and suppose that at a given date they had completed service as follows:—

- 10 men, full service (the point of retiring).
- 20 men, three-quarters service.
- 60 men, half service.
- 10 men, new recruits.

On the pension figures we have been using in our illustration these men would have had withheld from them the following total sums:—

10 men at £600	£6,000
20 " " £450	£9,000
60 " " £300	£18,000
10 " " nil	nil
100	£33,000

At the supposed date, therefore, the Government ought to have in hand £33,000. It ought to have accumulated this sum in taxes during all the years covered in the table. Instead of that, the Government is now actually saying in effect that it has not enough money to pay even the £6,000—let alone the £33,000. It can only afford to pay the ten retiring pensioners a year's pension each, namely £300 altogether.

Soldiers are prohibited from corporate bargaining in associations like trade unions, and that is all the more reason why their highest superiors should bargain for them—that is, the War Office itself. Its present decision to stop commutations is forced on it because Mr. Churchill cannot grant the money. He in his turn is forced to refuse it because the financial policy of the Cabinet, of which he is a member, is governed by the policy of the Lords of the Treasury, who are, in their turn, governed by the policy of the Bank of England, representing the private money monopoly. To skip intervening agencies, the War Office's announcement is a Bank of England order. But it is the duty of the War Office to place the protection of the soldier before the protection of private financial corporations—which is all that the Bank is, in spite of its national sign. The War Office ought to claim to receive from the Exchequer every year not only the amount of money the soldiers are due to receive that year, but a further amount equal to the total of the soldiers' virtual savings towards their pensions. That extra sum the War Office could apply to paying premiums on endowment policies taken out with the insurance companies, and severally maturing as and when each soldier retired. Upon retiring he would have his policy made over to him, and could cash it for, say, £600, or, if he liked, take an annuity in exchange for it on such terms as might be arranged between him and the company. We outline this procedure, not so much as a practical proposal (although it is quite feasible) as to bring out the point that as things are at present the Government is usurping the functions of insurance companies—to pay out what they owe.

We are quite aware that such a scheme will provoke the reply: "Yes, but where is the Government going to find the money to pay this extra grant?" It will be urged that the sum would have to be lumped into taxation which is too heavy already. The only other recognised alternative would be for the Government to borrow from the banks and so add to its floating debt, on which it would thenceforth have to be collected interest, which in turn would have to be collected from the taxpayer. And so on, and so on, ending up with the triumphant conclusion that hard as things are you will only make them harder if you try to alter them. And certainly any War Office spokesman who tried to do so along the above lines would be confronted with the most convincing proofs that he was on the wrong track—unless he happened to have been put up to the trick in the arguments.

This trick consists in suppressing the fact that money to-day costs nothing to create. Whether in cheques or pound notes, it is all paper. The quantity of money is limited entirely by the rules of industry in their own interests, and with no regard to the needs of the population nor of the ability of industry to supply those needs if it were provided with extra money under proper conditions. Yet this power of making and issuing money properly belongs to the Government itself, but has been farmed out to the banks, who now starve the Government itself of it. The soldiers' grievance is only part of a general grievance. But if one influential set of aggrieved people can be induced to make a stand for their rights it will help to open up and settle the wider problem. For this reason we hope that the British Legion will give this case their attention, and take it up with the War Office.

Current Political Economy.

In the December issue of the *Labour Monthly* Mr. Clemens Dutt concluded his account of "Capitalist Exploitation of Indian Agriculture." By means of the Marxian historical method he orders his facts so as to reveal starkly the repetition in India of precisely the development followed by early capitalism in various European countries. But his focus is entirely upon the "exploitation of labour" aspect, so that, while his interpretations are justified so far as they go, his facts are more illuminating. They take the reader who has proceeded beyond land and capital to credit-economics farther than they take the interpreter. At times he unconsciously knocks at the door by which he could pass beyond.

"On top of the heavy exploitation of the present cultivators by the Government and the landlords comes the third enormous toll in the shape of interest on debts. In recent times rural indebtedness has grown to gigantic proportions, the total in British India alone being estimated at £450 million."

How promising a start for an analysis of a financial system which dominates the world even in those countries where capitalist organisation is in its infancy. What hope can India have from trade union organisation for years to come? Out of nearly 50,000,000 proletarian workers less than 2,000,000 are enrolled in such trade unions as there are. Finance has overleaped the historical processes of capitalism in the countries undergoing development. These surely cannot be left for those processes to work themselves out. The way to deal with the present financial system is to do all possible to supplant it by a superior system. Let the more efficient economy drive out the less!

The significance of the moneylender," Mr. Dutt writes, "lies in his association with the rest of the apparatus of exploitation." True and full of promise! Where, however, the moneylender is merely a moneylender—not, in other words, in a position to deflate or inflate, but only to lend what he can previously borrow—his function is that of a middleman. He derives his power from the ability to get between the credit source and the credit user. Only by credit scarcity are his function and power so much as possible. In war-zones, when clean water was scarce, there have been middlemen even in water-selling. But it was the scarcity that gave him existence, and scarcity, so far as credit goes, is not only artificial, but one of the two poles of the financial question, price-regulation, of course, being the other. In India the moneylender has secured a monopoly in his locality of the medium of exchange. The peasants can no longer barter now that they have developed a taste and a use for various commodities manufactured beyond the village. Mr. Dutt quotes from Mr. Subbarama Aiyar:—

"The moneylender, who is generally a grain dealer, cloth-merchant, and jack-of-all-trades, is an indispensable figure in the village-economy. Every typical village has at least one usurer who finances the local cultivation and trade."

The peasant, in short, has no income, since the whole of his receipts from the sale of his product are due to the money-lender. Costs have gone ahead of prices!

India has been pulled into a world economy.

"Already it is becoming impossible for the handloom weavers to compete with factory-made cloth... Formerly every village possessed its weaver, potter, leather-worker, smith, brazier, oil-presser, etc., who, as Sir William Hunter remarks... were members of a community as well as inheritors of a family occupation... Now their livelihood has been undermined by the introduction of factory products from the towns."

In spite of this access of wealth from outside, for such it must be considered *economically*—culturally

being another question—the village community grows poorer. The landowning peasant disappears; proletarians labouring for the money-lender multiply.

The technical problem of credit-issue for agricultural purposes may differ somewhat from that for some industrial purposes, of course, and may raise, in a form appropriate to the new plane of "real-credit" even "key-industry" questions. But fundamentally it is a real-credit problem, and it may at times be wise policy to furnish financial credit for agriculture when there is no consequent increment for real credit, when real credit is only maintained. Given the real credit basis of price fixing, both in agriculture and in manufacture, however, the magnitude of the increment in industry would be so great that financial credit could well be spared for agriculture, though only *preservation* of the existing real credit could be achieved. At the same time there are enormous undeveloped real-credit possibilities even in agriculture. The liberation of these, and the just apportionment of real-credit and financial credit are technical problems whose understanding must precede any successful change of personnel.

In the January *English Review* Mr. W. F. Watson, after furnishing details of the salaries of many trade union officials, and contrasting them with the sums paid to the earlier organisers, concludes that, although there are secretaries, organisers, and negotiators, of whom he gives examples, who are comparatively lowly paid:

Nevertheless, it is a patent fact that trade union officialism has become an attractive and well-paid profession, and there has grown up in the movement a new class, neither employing nor working, who have made officialism their career.

Several causes have combined to raise the salaries of trade union officials to their present high figures. For one thing, the members of trade unions have been moved by feelings of generosity to men of high intelligence who voluntarily closed to themselves opportunities of advancement elsewhere. On the other side, officials have been moved to make as sure as possible of compensating themselves for the loss of prospects elsewhere. It has to be acknowledged, however, that many trade union officials have nerve-racking jobs to do. They live by perpetuating their own popularity, and under the strain of keeping factions together many of them break down.

The results of this high-salary system are more important than the causes. Trade union leaders have the strongest motives for keeping the union in existence, for making it a stable institution in capitalist society. In the mass they are far more anti-revolutionary than Mr. Joynson Hicks, since they want to avoid an outbreak, whereas he would merely like to suppress one. What is most serious about the high-salary scheme is that it means that beneficiaries have given hostages to orthodoxy of thought. Describing themselves as Socialists, their actual conduct often suggests that they would prefer a progress to Socialism at a rather slower rate than that at which the Liberals and Conservatives are driven towards Socialism by Fate. For Socialism is inevitable if society must preserve itself without altering its financial system. It would, of course, be a Socialism founded on common poverty, on the necessity to ration mankind under a policy continually tending to limit its use of its own resources. The growth of such a Socialism, administered by the State redistributing the national income after obtaining it by taxation, has been the feature of politics for twenty years, and Liberals and Conservatives have contributed their quota to its development.

Manipulative Surgery.

By A. E. Kennard.

In these days when the germ of *cacoethes scribendi* seems to force nearly every public man of sixty or thereabouts to tell the story of his fatuities, it is refreshing to pick up an autobiography which deals faithfully with a branch of purposeful and useful activity. In the preface to the story of his life* Sir Herbert Barker, in one simple sentence, illuminates the whole book, and in so doing, though unintentionally, I imagine, illuminates also his own character. "Apart from my professional labours," he says, "my life would have presented few points of interest to any outside a very small circle of friends and relations." The man and his work are one.

Sir Herbert began his career with but one external advantage. It was his good fortune at an early age to be a pupil of John Atkinson, the greatest bonesetter of the last century. In 1889, young enthusiast that he was, Sir Herbert opened for himself in Manchester. In vigorous and unaffected English he tells of struggles against all kinds of adversities, until eventually he is firmly established in London, every grade of society furnishing his patients.

The book serves a useful purpose besides that of giving the world the story of a very remarkable man. It illustrates the difficulties which beset the unorthodox man from the very beginning of his career. He walks no hospital for bonesetting; he cannot act as *locum tenens*; he cannot buy a practice; he cannot have himself honestly recognised as a bonesetter by the display of letters after his name. He can only wait for patients. The professional attitude towards advertisement is undoubtedly a very proper one; yet is not orthodoxy itself, in nature and in atmosphere, advertisement? I myself have a surgery and consulting room off Harley Street—medicine's "Holy of Holies"—and it must be apparent to everybody that Harley Street is one huge advertisement.

The qualified surgeon or physician has his more or less regular practice. The bonesetter's practice is much less confined. Mr. Barker, as he was in those days, would make periodical visits to patients in the big industrial towns in Lancashire and Yorkshire. These visits would be preceded by a notice in the local Press to the effect that Mr. Barker, the bonesetter, would be in attendance at a given address. I have done the same thing myself and have always been the object of obloquy, as a self-advertiser. Barker was too big a man to be beaten or overawed by such treatment. The forcefulness of his character and his willingness to cross swords with anyone in defence of his profession are seen clearly in the many controversies in which he was engaged by his critics. With unique courage he has published all the germane correspondence which arose out of the memorable Axham case, and the lesser known but equally important Thomas case. Human memory is lamentably short, and it is certain that the General Medical Council will do nothing which might revive interest in the man who was martyred in the name of orthodoxy, but so long as Herbert Barker's book is read, and the medical profession is hidebound by unworthy tradition, the name of that grand old anaesthetist will be revered. Sir Herbert quotes extensively from letters he received on the subject, and among the signatories of these letters are some of the most illustrious names in Europe.

The Thomas case is not so generally known as is that of Dr. Axham. It is worthy of wider publicity as evidence of the implacability of orthodoxy in its antagonism to the rebel. Sir Herbert has paid punctilious attention to detail, but the matter, put briefly,

* Leaves from My Life." By Sir Herbert Barker. (Hutchinson and Co. 21s.)

is as follows. At one time, Mr. Barker had under his supervision a patient named Thomas, who was suffering from what was considered to be tuberculosis of the knee. Mr. Barker examined the case under a light anaesthetic—gas and oxygen—and afterwards, in the hands of a most efficient nurse, the patient was given careful palliative treatment. Some months after the last visit of Mr. Thomas to Mr. Barker the latter heard, to his dismay, that, owing to his alleged negligent treatment, the patient's limb had been amputated, and that an action for damages was imminent. The allegation was wholly farcical, and Mr. Barker, of course, fought the case. With the aid of an inspired counsel—Sir Edward Carson—and a number of highly-qualified medical and surgical witnesses, he established for ever the case for bonesetting, and in the eyes of all men with free intelligence vindicated his reputation. Sir Edward's opening remark: "Had Mr. Barker been a qualified man this action would never have been brought," left a permanent stigma on the Faculty. The burlesque was brought to an anti-climax by a laughable verdict. The jury found for the plaintiff, and expressed its private opinion by assessing the damages at £20—a mere farthing in view of the fact that £5,000 were asked for by the plaintiff's counsel.

A common gibe at the bonesetter is, "What of the failures!" Yet here, in thirty years of bonesetting, we find one dismal case raked into the courts in a vain effort to break the uncertificated man. One cannot help asking of the Faculty, "What of your failures?" Alas! so many of these failures are where they cannot give evidence. "Dead men . . ."

If we are to accept Dr. Johnson's definition of a quack as "a boastful pretender to arts which he does not understand" as being correct, nobody will enter the lists in defence of quackery. To saddle the man who departs from orthodox methods with the title "quack," and all the opprobrium associated with the term, is antagonistic to scientific development. Many of the most striking advances made in science have been off the beaten track in fields which were regarded as outside the pale. If Barker is a quack, he enjoys distinguished company. By his side are the very leaders of scientific thought past and present—Pasteur, Lister, Simpson, Hahnemann, Freud. The point of view need not be confined to the realms of pathology. To refer to Major Douglas as being unorthodox is to pay him a sincere compliment. Man has even attempted to shackle art in his passionate obsession for order.

The bonesetter demands recognition, not for himself, but for his methods. The surgical profession must be brought to recognise the value of manipulative treatment. Its recognition is not so much in the bonesetter's interest as in the interests of sufferers. I myself profit greatly from the fact that, with a few exceptions, no qualified surgeons are competently performing manipulative work. Were I to study my own interests, I should be anxious to retain my lucrative isolation.

As a consequence of Sir Herbert Barker's retirement from practice, the world's cripples have lost the aid of a great bonesetter. Many thousands of healthy, straight-limbed people living an active life to-day bless his name.

THE . . .
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Views and Reviews.

Once again Messrs. Allen and Unwin have provided an opportunity for carrying a major example of historical literature in the pocket. De Gobineau's "Renaissance"* is a unique work of history which is at the same time a dramatic poem. In it the figures of the Renaissance live, and one can breathe the mountain-forest air in which they were created. De Gobineau was a true artist in that he endowed the Renaissance with meaning without in any degree corrupting it. Dr. Oscar Levy's introduction, also included in the volume, is printed precisely as it appeared in the original edition in 1913. It would have been better had this introduction been either revised, or, if introductions are long and the time left to Europe for bracing itself short, amplified by an essay from the point of view of the present day. Many things stated in the introduction are by no means demonstrated or self-evident even to thinkers who respond to Nietzsche. The thought and affirmations of both Nietzsche and de Gobineau were no more holy men than the pious frauds they attacked and dethroned. Some of their myths, far from corresponding to realities perceived by anti-romantic seers, corresponded to their own physiological defects, on evidence clearer than Nietzsche furnished regarding the conduct and character of Jesus Christ; and those myths are of a romantic nature of their own.

This derogates in no way from the greatness of Nietzsche and de Gobineau, among whose lovers are probably included all the 3,500 persons of any cultural value which de Gobineau estimated as the total possible muster for the world. So far as Europe has been made aware of the meanness and decadence of its plebeian civilisation, and has been shocked into seeing itself against a background of nobility, into recognising the degraded method of comparison by which all that the world has been and is appears inferior to post-Reformation Europe, a few upright intellects such as Nietzsche and de Gobineau merit honour. Since they wrote, however, the catastrophe has occurred. Europe has been swept by war, the victors in which have proved themselves no more fit up to now to govern her than the culturally despicable Germans who threatened to attain European hegemony. So far from settling the cultural form of Europe's self-justification in the pageant of the world, Europe has not framed itself to solve its problems of bread and butter. But out of the fire-swept soil there are green shoots, not sprung from the seeds of pre-war culture, seeds to which the spirits of Nietzsche and de Gobineau have contributed something. Certainly they are not being tended by those who regard the duty and destiny of Europe satisfied by a return to the pre-war conditions which Nietzsche condemned. Europe needs the gospel of super-man, but it must be also, if the word can be said without being interpreted as democratic, super-mankind. She needs the idea of aristocracy, but of an aristocracy yet to be created; and the eternal recurrence is not indispensable to it. Europe needs a religion of *virtù* still, but one where true character-values, corresponding to the cultural function, permeate society from priest to manufacturer.

At the end of a quotation from de Gobineau's *Pléiades* Dr. Levy writes:—

"There is a Christian ring about this passage, is there not? Yet it cannot be Christian, and it is not Christian, for the very reason that Gobineau practised what he preached, which the Christian, at least if there is a shade of healthy instinct in him, never does. And Gobineau practised what he preached, though he, as an aristocratic writer, as a leader of humanity, had no need to do so.

* "The Renaissance." By Count Arthur de Gobineau. (George Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

though he had full liberty to claim exceptional rights on account of his exceptional duties."

If Dr. Levy had revised the essay he would have re-drafted this passage. Perhaps there was provocation for writing in that tone at one time as the only conceivable way of breaking down the partitions of mind by which most Christians avoided seeing their own hypocrisy. In spite of Dr. Levy's favourable comparisons of de Gobineau's "historical anti-Semitism" against the vulgar anti-Jewish prejudice shown by most Christians, passages of such a nature will cause Dr. Levy's attitude to Christianity to be discounted. There is a plane on which Judaism can be aristocratically criticised, and several planes on which historical Christianity can be criticised in regard both to the men and to the civilisation which two thousand years of pretended Christian dominance have produced. But to say that de Gobineau was not a Christian—he thought himself a good Catholic—because his practice was consistent with precepts that had a Christian ring about them indicates only a pathological condition of mind that all we Nietzscheans share, and which it is our duty to confess in consciousness.

De Gobineau, although he manifested some of the fantasies of the proud and shy introvert—he imagined himself descended from feudal knights—Nietzsche imagined himself of noble Polish descent—was a harmonised character who had very largely overcome the shock of "inferiority-sense," together with the instinctive reaction against it which normally takes the form of a longing for superiority. His idea of race was broad:—

"Now there has been only one race that was able to create a civilisation because it alone possessed the element of order and a certain healthy imagination, and that was the white race—the Aryans."

Dr. Levy—and his statements are not without strong support—shows that the Jews have created worthy things. In that, de Gobineau had got as far as embracing the Aryan family, no wonder his outlook has a Christian tinge; and he would no more have defended corrupt Aryans than Dr. Levy; and no more corrupt Jews.

Perhaps it is necessary for everyone to suffer the shock resulting from perception of inferiority; perhaps that is why in the Christ-myth Jesus was born into the family of a carpenter. Had the idea in the myth been merely to console the Cinderellas of mankind, He could have been born even more humbly. But Nietzsche was the son of a poor clergyman. It is noblemen and de Gobineau of feudal knights. It seems that the fairy story is the same in principle whoever makes it, except that Christ's parenthood enables Him to embrace both Aryans and Jews; though corrupt ones take the consequences even in Christ's system. To be humble and not noble is apparently as serious as to be noble and not humble; so that it is a fault only to "oppose pagan dignity to Christian humility." The italics, needless to say, are added. Nietzsche was a German in love with the French; de Gobineau was a Frenchman in love with the Germans—not, be it readily explained, the Germans who responded to Houston Stewart Chamberlain's invitation to adopt de Gobineau, but to the Nordic vitality. When de Gobineau came upon a group of imposing ruins on the coast of Sweden, he felt that this was the place he must have hailed from. Were not both Nietzsche and de Gobineau attracted by the spiritual component of Man, which their countrymen, having—through causes not pursuable here—given themselves to the manifestation of here—could not endow with a form? Nietzsche and de Gobineau, by restoring manliness to man, have helped to cleanse the intellect of Europe. But it may turn out in the end that their service was not against Christianity, but to it.

R. M.

Drama.

The Adding Machine: Court.

It would be easy to see the first three scenes of "The Adding Machine" simply as proof that the theatre cannot exist for long without the aid of asides and soliloquies; and to see the last three as proof that ghosts are even more necessary in an unbelieving than they were in a believing age. Mr. Elmer Rice has not, however, merely picked up the old tricks thrown away by more up-to-date craftsmen; instead of despising or blindly adopting them, he has found work for them. A stage trick is something that anybody can use for want of an idea; asides and soliloquies as Mr. Rice uses them could be used only by a dramatist who had made them an effective part of his craftsman's equipment. The method of the first four scenes, in short, shows the approach to means of dramatising the modern mental conflicts and analytical attitudes to life as these could not be dramatised on the lately fashionable technique artificially limited by the prohibition of soliloquy and aside.

In the first scene Mr. Zero, without the slightest attempt to answer back, receives a bed-time lecture from the good and proper Mrs. Zero, whose goodness and propriety, as is commonly the case, derive from her social ambition. When, in the next scene, we meet Mr. Zero, he is familiar. We are as much under the domination of soul-killing mechanical brain-labour as he. We have lived in imagination his monotonous life of thwarted ambition. We suffer his double degradation at being both down and for ever reminded of it. So full a realisation of dramatic purpose could not have been accomplished with a greater economy of means.

That hasty judgment on this soliloquy question would be at fault is fully demonstrated by the second scene which, although more than half of it consists of thinking aloud, is dramatically the most intense in the play. Mr. Zero and Miss Devore—a lady assistant-clerk whose gradual growing old reminds Zero that the time for feeding his hunger for romance gets shorter—sit on high office chairs on opposite sides of an accountant's desk. The woman reads out the figures while the man posts them. The author and producer between them stimulate the imagination of the audience to accept the conviction that the continuity of this work is broken only by the scraps of abuse which the two throw at each other to vent their grouch with life. At the same time the audience is enabled to overhear all those secret, obdissive thoughts which go round and round in the minds of persons engaged on monotonous tasks. This scene, dramatically powerful in spite of its intellectual three-plait, is a magnificent example of simplified soul-portraiture in the nude. It is a theatrical achievement.

In the first scene, then, the family and private life of Mr. Zero is maliciously satirised. In the second scene, though without malice—indeed, with some sympathy—the dramatist exposes the shameful poverty of what ought to be Mr. Zero's creative life—his work. The third scene, a party at Mr. Zero's home, treats the social life of Mr. Zero and his like with a ferocity unmatched in Mr. Mencken's burlesque of the six bearers round a coffin. By this time Mr. Zero is damned, which is a brief way of saying that even pity is wasted on him. His act of plunging a bill-file into his boss's heart when he received, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first occupation of that same office chair, not the advancement he had dreamed of, but the news that adding machines were to be installed, was merely the result of his suddenly seeing red. He had not gradually thought

red. He may have reacted to the overwhelmingly terrible vision of his wife with still another excuse for brow-beating him. The one thing that could not have moved him was the manly indignation of a soul growing up.

The fourth scene was by no means so clear to the understanding as the first three, and in a play of this sort it is understanding rather than emotion to which the appeal must be made. This half-confession, half-defence, speech by Mr. Zero was a little bewildering. Its satire on the steel-plated stupidity of the so-called social conscience and on the incompetence of jurors was, of course, obvious. What was not evident was the verdict Mr. Rice invited from the grand jury of the audience. Guilty but insane would meet the occasion, since Mr. Zero betrayed all the symptoms of a recognised brand of lunacy, including the normal case history. But the verdict logically to be expected from the audience was guilty, but deprived of moral sense by unnaturally prolonged mechanical brain-labour, the sentence for which should surely be at least five years' holiday and travel at the machine's expense, the boss to be fined for not installing machines earlier.

The vagueness of intention that marks the fourth scene is still more pronounced in the fifth and sixth. Mr. Rice's touch is no longer firm; his artist's imagination is not clear. By the fifth scene the play has ceased to be expressionism, and has become the familiar discussion play in which all the characters are ghosts, and the ghost of Mr. Bernard Shaw presides. The new figure introduced in the cemetery scene is the moral murderer with a mania for black and white distinction between right and wrong, and together with a passionate determination to be punished. Shrdlu's presence in the play—although he murdered his mother to get there—is almost a revival of the chorus. Shrdlu is there to explain things, and the reason why the author had to call him in can be no other than that the fine expressionist play had come to an end, and that a new play had to be begun. In the Elysian Fields scene Shrdlu has actually to be sent off the stage by Mr. Zero so that a love scene between Mr. Zero and Miss Devore—a love scene between Mr. Zero and Miss Devore—who has committed suicide to follow him—may take place with American decency. Here the issue is in doubt as to whether the play is to become a sonata on love triumphant, remain a moral satire, or turn into a chorus-justification of the ways of the powers that be to Tom, Dick, and Harry Zero. Mr. Zero's inability to hear the music in the Elysian Fields until he also began to love, and his loss of this music again when, learning that there were no moral regulations in Heaven, he decided to depart, sore feet or no sore feet, would make acceptable humour only in a play with smaller beginnings. The dissertation on re-incarnation in the last act would grace an ordinary discussion play. But these later scenes, in which Mr. Rice appears to be fighting his own conscience as to whether he is dealing fairly by Zero in pursuing his damned mechanical soul beyond death, are unworthy to follow the lightning portraiture of the first three scenes. Mr. Rice begins by stripping a man of all his ribbons and faces, and the mechanical world of all its artificial festoonery. In the Elysian Fields, despite the social satire, he puts them back again, and his power consequently diminishes. One looks back with longing on the magnificent satirical tragedy of the modern calculator-man that ended in the fourth scene.

Frank Randell with the part of Mr. Zero managed a difficult and heavy job well all the way through; and Carrie Baillie as Mrs. Zero gave the play a good start by creating the harshness of atmosphere which the earlier scenes demanded. A robust performance as lieutenant to the powers who run the universe was given by Percy Rhodes, but, good as he was, he could not make the incident

about hope other than bathos. Charles Maunsell, whose performance of Shrdlu was better than the part deserved, must be warned against growing too like Ernest Thesiger, since he has talents of his own. As Miss Devore, Dorothy Turner deserves high praise; her share of the office scene was very fine work, and she did well in Elysium that the sentimentality rose no higher than the author made sure of its doing. The young man and woman in the cemetery, whose purpose in the play was apparently to show that the prostitute and her associates have more light in their lives than married clerks, and who gave an excellent little character sketch that had nothing to do either with impressionism or discussion, were especially well done by Laurence Olivier and Beatrix Lehmann. This play opens a season at the Court Theatre in which Sir Barry Jackson is to present a series of plays whose character indicates that at present the Court Theatre is the growing point of the English stage. "The Adding Machine," which is a work not to be missed, will run for three weeks only after the publication of this review.

PAUL BANKS.

The Whitewashed Cat.

As far back as I can remember, nothing has happened to disturb the Pole Star; the other stars also have fulfilled their majestic duties. From sickle to scythe the moon has waxed and waned, looked out on a naughty world, and then retired, perhaps with perpetual hope to return again. The sun also, that turns green gooseberries red, takes the dye out of green leaves and splashes them with burnt sienna, has also lived up to his reputation, without, thank heaven, any of man's assistance. These gigantic works (see Pascal) have a perfection that we can only dream about; a perfection which, set in the heavens and brought to earth as a measure, sets little question-marks dancing in the brain like the snakes in Medusa's hair, and leaves one exasperated.

At eleven o'clock one morning Dinkie, the cat, clambered over the fence, and returned home. He presented a pitiful sight; he had fallen into a bucket of whitewash. Human sense and cat sense are poles apart, and he resented being washed in a bath-tin. After scratching and spitting he made his escape, disappeared from home for two days, and was found by a neighbour, who brought him back. The joints of all cats seem to be treated with invisible grease, so that their slightest movement is graceful; but now the mixture of lime with fine hair had brought agony to his body—he could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. The bath was again prepared, and this time two pairs of hands endeavoured to dissociate things that were mixed. I wonder if the mixture of hair and mortar was discovered by a cat falling into a bucket of whitewash?

He struggled, spat, howled, and groaned, but he was overcome, and although much whitewash was taken away, there was left an immovable mass on his legs—left to Time and Providence. In a blanket, before the fire, sleep fell on him to efface the nightmare that he could not understand. Some external foreign devil had wracked him with cramps, pinched his body, matted his fur, and burned his throat as a result of licking himself. Perhaps, I thought, we ought not to have been so precipitate; we should have discussed in committee the immense importance of interfering with this cat's Karma. Luckily for the cat, there was a woman in the case, who is by nature an expert in elementary matters.

Prudence said "it might scratch you"; common-sense replied at once, "Wash the stuff off." In the same way, "disarmament—disarm"; "no money—make some."

O gracious country of the sunny south, that hast in thy lap of tradition much that is soothing, elevating, and helpful; O gracious country called Italy, thou wast, like the leg of a stocking, squeezed out of the Deluge—to give us the olive and olive-oil. To the rescue, Italy! I smeared his chops with olive-oil, and, to see if it was what he wanted, I moved my finger away from his mouth; it was a true answer he gave by getting up and following it. Then Devonshire came to the rescue also; the lid of a cream-pot, well smeared with cream, gave him delight. Australia ministered to him in the blanket that covered his stiff and painful limbs.

Each day he improved; now he is almost well again except for burn-scars on his legs. A theory of mine is that he was chasing a mouse when millions of years of evolution had gone to the placing of that bucket of whitewash in the fatal spot. Would there be great rejoicing in the kingdom of the mice at the defeat of their enemy? Would the birds sing more vigorously when they knew that, for a space, there was one less of the forms that spring from nowhere and bring endless night?

Much digging and delving, slaking, and preparing, one fatal process after another, to put whitewash in a bucket at the appointed place. Much coming and going among the tribe of mice, the food urge, the divinely appointed scheme where cats feed on mice. Perhaps a missile aimed at the cat had deflected its course, and, like some ill-starred monarch, it had taken the fatal turning, even as an arrogant woman helped to set alight a fire when she taunted hungry people, wanting bread, by telling them to go and eat cake. Wrapped in inscrutable mystery is all this mixture of live beings with things. What potatoes did for Napoleon, and oranges for Robespierre, may be left to historians, who, according to Anatole France, if they are original, are objects of distrust, contempt, and loathing from everybody.

Time, space, hunger, human contrivance, all were mixed up at that point where stood the bucket of whitewash. How fearful for any human being to choose to cause trouble, when the things to be put right are so infinite in number. Now, if the whitewash had been on a wall—but there, that is only sentimental reasoning.

WILLIAM REPTON.

Reviews.

DREAM LANDS OF THE WEST.*

The man who writes a good book of travel deserves well of his fellow-countrymen. For what does he do but lift them out of the dullness of their own preoccupations, straight into the bright and colourful lives of others? He gives them a world to play with, a new world, full of fun, which they can put away when they have other business, but take up again when they are free, hold in their hands, turn over and examine, and tell themselves that one day they will go and see whether the realities correspond to the microcosmic example. He makes such people happy in the anticipation of a prospect which is seldom spoilt, even by the reality. For although the brightest havens of unfamiliar seas may have their own monotonies for those who own them as their homes, they preserve their brightness for the visitor who comes new to their enchantment, and leaves with the bloom still fresh upon him.

But the writer of a travel book is worse than useless if he lacks the essential gifts. First, he must love the places

* "A Wayfarer in the West Indies." By Algernon Aspinall, C.M.G., C.B.E. (Methuen. The Wayfarer Series. 7s. 6d.)

of which he writes, and that love must shine out in his desire to go back again and see them once more, like Ulysses longed to do. Secondly, he must have the artistry, the poetry of expression in words. He cannot be a petty-minded man, or he will miss the only matter which creates the magic of his book. He must see the whole picture, largely and tolerantly. If there are minor causes for complaint, he will set them down in place, and record his proper comment. But he will not obtrude a petty ugliness into the foreground of his canvas, any more than a landscape painter makes a border of slugs and crawling things for his picture of the countryside.

Most of us have beheld in dreams strange fairy lands into which we come as high adventurers, storming through their fastnesses, attaining one summit after another, from which we may look upon pleasant valleys spread below, and know them for our own possession. There can be very few parts of the world where such dreams find more complete fruition than when the traveller first sights the islands of the lesser Antilles. Four hundred years ago Columbus came out of the dawn and saw what stockbrokers and schoolmasters see now from the decks of the banana boats. In essentials, nothing is changed very much, saving perhaps that the romantic scoundrels who first landed in the Caribbean Isles from their little ships with the high prows, have left behind them, as much in the records of their villainy as in their buildings and memorials, a new and vivid splash of colour, now merged into the shimmering background where they lived and drank and broke the Ten Commandments. Sir Algernon Aspinall, whose devotion to the Caribbean Islands has won him a worthy knighthood after many years, has the inestimable art of articulate enthusiasm. He writes delightfully because to him it is sheer delight to tell others of what he has seen. But how many writers could intermingle so many facts, economic and historical, each in its place and making its mark, and weave them into the fabric of a book which carries you from one tiny outpost to another, eager to learn what fresh surprise the next green, palm-fringed shore or tropic inlet holds for you.

MEN, MONEY, AND MACHINES.*

In popular propaganda the emphasis must be on analysis, not synthesis, because the public find it much more easy to weigh destructive than constructive criticism. The analysis must be broad, because the public have no patience to follow fine issues. They must see *where* you are taking them next, and *why*. So you must familiarise them with the essential materials of your synthesis and teach them to reject the inessential. They must learn what tools to use. It is true that they may use the few right tools wrongly; but that is much better than leaving them to use the many wrong tools rightly. For instance, in the case of credit reform, it is certain that the first effect of any teaching tending towards Social Credit will be to turn the pupil into an inflationist pure and simple. That you must put up with. It is a transition stage through which he is bound to go if he begins listening to you. Nine-tenths of such people may never get beyond that stage. But that does not matter. Their incomplete ideas will create the atmosphere in which your concrete objective can be more easily worked out. The chief thing is to call them off from agitations which are irrelevant to their difficulties.

Mr. Hattersley's new pamphlet more than fulfils these requirements. He not only selects and displays the right tools of economic reconstruction, but contrives to suggest the possibility of their wrong use without complicating his positive teaching. He not merely says in effect: "These are the guns—credit guns—to bombard poverty," but insinuates: "You may care to close the breach before you fire." He has not set out to teach Social Credit, but he describes its principles, and suggests that they must be given due weight in constructive policy.

He directs his readers along the right turning, but tells them that it forks further on. They must then ask again. And that is where the opportunity for the Social Credit advocate will occur. We heartily recommend our readers to get this pamphlet if they want an efficient instrument of popular propaganda.

* "Men, Money, and Machines." By C. M. Hattersley, M.A. Reprinted from and published by the "Age of Plenty," 12 Grantham Street, Coventry. 38 pp. Price 6d. Stocked also by the Credit Research Library, 70 High Holborn, W.C.1.

Verse.

By Helene Mullins.

AFTER DREAMING.

Why did you come, after all these years,
With old passwords for the new frontiers,
Mistaking a stranger for one you knew?
Why did you come, after all these years,
Seeking for one buried under her tears?
These are different eyes, these are different ears,
Than those that wept, and that listened to you.

Don't you remember? you said you'd go,
And never return, though the winds were slow
In blowing the dust in her eyes and hair.
Don't you remember? you said you'd go,
And never return, though she went tiptoe,
Till her feet grew cold and her head drooped low,
Calling you, calling you everywhere.

LOVE SONG.

I speak against you all day long;
To those who are indifferent,
I make your failings evident.

Of hatred I have made a song
To sing to every instrument.
I speak against you all day long,
To those who are indifferent.

Now ever you can see how wrong
You were to think I ever went,
Absorbed in you, and well content.
I speak against you all day long;
To those who are indifferent,
I make your failings evident.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PLENTY, AND PEACE.

Sir,—During the recent frost I strewed my garden with hemp seed and soaked dog-biscuits, and put down several pans of water (which I had to thaw out every two hours!). I think that I got every bird in my village there; the bushes and trees were full of them; there must have been two or three hundred. What struck me was their behaviour. Even the starlings ate peaceably with the blackbirds, thrushes, jackdaws, rooks, tits, chaffinches, robins, and the rest of the crowd. Somehow they knew there was enough for them all. I need not apply the moral.

M. T. G.

RURAL LIFE AND LORE.

Sir,—I have a profound hope that man will, in my lifetime, make a drastic change in his financial system, but my faith in his power does not include that necessary to alter the breeding habits of salmon. After all, the squeezing of milt and ova into a bucket is just a little removed from the natural way, and it has stocked numerous rivers all over the world with fish undistinguishable from their river-born fellows. The up in the air method is just interesting rural lore. And with all due respect I suggest that when "R. R." thought he saw a salmon using his nose on the spawning beds, he was mistaken. If he was correct, he stands alone, for no competent observer, as far as I know, has seen the male salmon digging after spawning in the Yukon far as the question of exhaustion after spawning is concerned, may I point out that the salmon of two miles and similar rivers, which travel a thousand or two miles up stream to the spawning beds, die, after spawning, to a fish. Not one escapes. In our shorter rivers, where a slight spate enables them to reach the invigorating sea, Professor Meek, of the Cullercoats Marine Observatory, estimates that less than one-fifth spawn a second time. They die after spawning, many from disease, most from exhaustion. And naturally so. Both contribute equally to the process and suffer in the same way. A salmon kelt is of the very essence of sloth.

I also have had some experience of poaching. On the Whitadder, under the caul above Canty's Bridge, I have seen a cartload of salmon taken out with a cleek in a forenoon; I have watched bands of masked fishermen openly defying the river authority and taken a hand, when a boy in bombarding the river bailiffs with stones. But of the fish I have seen, not one in ten thousand reached the weight of forty pounds. A fish of that size is a rarity. Half that

weight is nearer the average, so that the ability to lift a forty-pound salmon out of water with a cleek is no criterion of its efficiency as a poaching instrument.

However, while I differ with "R. R." about salmon and poaching methods, I am in agreement with him in so far as the fascination of river and field is concerned. I'm far from being tired with his articles.

H. B. DODDS.

R. R. replies: "I do not see how Mr. Dodds is able to say that salmon which are produced by mixing milt and ova in pails are indistinguishable from their riverborn fellows. Are all his salmon exactly alike in size and strength? I have never known of a salmon in my rivers dying after spawning. If they had I should have known, because they would have floated belly upwards; and when I examined them I should have found no visible cause of death. All the dead salmon I have ever found have been wounded by hooks. I see that Mr. Dodds' artificially-bred salmon are sent to stock rivers all over the world. If the Yukon is one of those rivers I am not surprised to hear that the salmon all die to a fish after spawning; and it explains why they are often coloured with cochineal when they are canned for the London market. His bands of men filling a cart with salmon averaging twenty pounds in one forenoon sounds to me like sticking a fork in a tin of sardines. If his fish are only half alive and crowded like that, I would have a try with a shovel. If he came down my way with his cleek I would bet him he wouldn't catch one in a month. As regards the king salmon's nose, if he does not clear out the hole in the bank-side with it, how does he do it? The salmon I have been telling about have never been touched by human hands down all the generations. There they paddle in deep waters; sometimes they may go a week without hearing a single footfall. I do not think it is any good arguing. Mr. Dodds has added his experience to mine, and your readers must make out the truth as best they can."

THE "POWER" COMPLEX.

Sir,—Mr. Helby seems right in arguing that fear of uppishness or independence among the mass of the population is a factor working against Social Credit. The fear, I believe, is well-founded, though, of course, not thereby justified. Increased pay and a growing comprehension that at last social co-operation was fully and not merely partially beneficial, as it is at present, would probably suffice to limit the upheaval in industry to a faster labour turn-over and a heavy pressure on the more unpleasant occupations to reform their technique and conditions. But in non-industrial employments I believe we should quickly reach the stage now established in Australia, and even more in the United States, where, e.g., domestic servants are highly paid and work under conditions unexampled here, and apparently for no consideration whatever will undertake certain sorts of work. Even in this country hotels and restaurants seem to have no difficulty in getting "helps," while a large number of individuals have difficulty, despite the slack competition in the woman employment market. Further, it seems erroneous to think that the "work mentality" would last many years. Germany, Japan, and, possibly, the Russian towns, are examples of rapid alterations of behaviour, if not of underlying mentality, produced by methods not so potent and largely unpopolar. In England we need only recall the effect of the high wages and the general prosperity of a restricted kind which came about during the war to notice the possibility of great changes in half a dozen years. The years of post-war depression have not wholly exorcised the dreaded "new spirit" and the growling opposition to "unemployment benefits" is a manifestation of the fear.

HILDERIC COUSENS.

[The first ten lines of this letter are irrelevant to our argument, which explicitly excluded industry. In reply to the next ten lines we maintain that there is no necessary work which will not be performed if the inducement is strong enough. Mr. Cousens points out that whereas hotels can get "helps," housewives can not. Exactly. The first offer are not particularly concerned with estimates of how long "work mentality" will persist under the new conditions. We understand that it dates from Adam, and assume that it will not disappear in a hurry.—Ed.]

Sir,—I applaud your comment on my letter in THE NEW AGE of January 12. As illustrating your point of view may I tell you what happened only the day before yesterday? My charwoman, who is a staunch Conservative, said, "What I say is, if they Socialists get their way, and everybody has as much money as everybody else, who's going to hire out the likes of we?"

HAROLD W. H. HELBY.

"THE PASSING OF ANGLICANISM."

Sir,—I have waited some time in the hope that an abler pen than mine would take up the argument against you with regard to the recent rejection of the Prayer Book Measure. In my opinion you have been led greatly to underrate its significance by not sufficiently pursuing the analogy you draw in your commentary (Vol. XLII., No. 8). You there compare the Anglican Church to a company whose shareholders are invited to decide upon a new policy put before them by their directors, and infer that, since the matters to be discussed are private, the Government has no right to take shares in the company. Now a shareholder is generally interested in a change of policy only in so far as it will affect the income he expects to draw from the company. The income of the company itself is drawn from the general body of consumers by selling them something they want. In the case of the Church the communicant makes an investment of faith in her doctrines (whatever they may be) and expects a dividend of religious blessing. But the point is that this dividend is precisely what the Church is in business to supply, so that the shareholder and the general consumer must be identified. And this identification can only be made in economics on a basis of Social Credit. In other words, just as a community receives a dividend of earthly bread through belief in its real credit, so a Church receives a dividend of heavenly bread through faith in its doctrines. There every consumer is a shareholder, and so entitled to control policy.

This is precisely the issue raised by the rejection of the New Prayer Book. Rightly or wrongly, the country at large believed that the doctrines enshrined in it made a long step towards exalting the authority of the Church over the conscience of the individual believer. The communicant was asked by implication to put his faith in a body of teaching which did not command the assent of his reason, but based itself upon authority alone. To pursue the economic analogy, the consumer was asked to yield his credit to the control of a few. If the Church had been disestablished, this would have been a matter for the faithful alone to decide. As it was, the Church in some sort represented the philosophy on which the State was based, and Parliament very properly rejected the Measure. Major Douglas says somewhere that "the English character is on the whole the greatest bulwark against tyranny in the world to-day," and one is glad to see that in its one free debate of recent years Parliament has not belied the national character. What amounts to Social Credit in heaven may yet mean Social Credit on earth.

C. H. HUNT.

[Mr. Hunt has not elaborated our analogy, but another one of his own. He assumes us to have said that the "shareholders" in the Church and the "consumers" who patronise it are the same body of people, i.e., the taxpayers, whereas we indicated pretty clearly that they were not. Nine-tenths of the taxpayers are not consumers; i.e., they are not Anglican communicants; nor are they interested in what doctrines are permitted. They may have a woolly sort of idea that a subsidised religious organisation is good for the nation's spiritual health, and are apparently content to pay the subsidy. It is not for them to decide what doctrinal technique the Church shall adopt, but for the communicants to do so. The revised Prayer Book embodied an approximate common denominator of what the communicants wanted, and should have been accepted by Parliament by the advice of the Church. If Mr. Hunt insists on the theoretical right of Parliament to interfere with Church teaching, we reply that municipal authorities have a similar right to interfere with Free Church teaching, for Nonconformity is excused from paying rates on its chapels. To us the only political issue is whether the country shall subsidise the theological trusts or not. Until that issue is raised the opinion of the vast majority of Englishmen will be, "Let the Church do what it likes—we shall have to pay all the same, and that is all that concerns us."—Ed.]

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