

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Executive of the All-India National Congress at Lahore has passed a resolution demanding complete independence for India. It calls for a boycott of the projected round-table conference with the Imperial Government. It also calls for a "Don't Vote" boycott of the Central and Provincial Legislatures with immediate resignation of those members who are also members of the Congress. It threatens to extend the boycott to the schools and law courts, and authorises the adoption generally of civil disobedience. Lastly, and most important of all, it is threatening to organise and lead a "Don't Pay Taxes" movement.

A most curious episode occurred on Christmas Day when the delegates to the Indian National Congress and their crowds of supporters began to assemble at Lahore. The processional entry into Lahore was led by a drum and fife band playing the old Irish rebel song, the "Wearing of the Green"—this tune having been deliberately adopted as the anthem of the Congress. This circumstance links the Irish and Indian problems, and suggests comparisons with the old Sinn Fein movement. Mr. Garvin, in last Sunday's *Observer*, applies the designation Sinn Fein to the "extreme school of Hindu nationalism," warning it not to be deceived by Irish precedents. At the same time there is a note of nervousness in his leading article—a note common to all the London newspapers—as to the outcome of this revived agitation for Indian separation. The attitude of them all can be summed up in the conclusion that while the "agitators" cannot hope to get what they demand they may cause a lot of mischief on the way to their failure. It is not surprising to find these newspapers tacitly hinting at suppression by physical force. It is the only argument that they can advance with any hope of avoiding being made to look ridiculous by Indian students of political principles. Mr. Garvin contents himself with mentioning that India is a large country with mixed populations and conflicting religions, and that the leaders of the Congress would

be very embarrassed to know what to do if self-government were suddenly conceded to India.

The *Sunday Times* gives itself a little more scope in its arguments. It says

"If the All-India Congress were truly representative of all India it would be the most grave and momentous event since the Mutiny; but in point of fact the Congress is nothing of the kind. It is composed of some thousands of unrepresentative Indians whose brains have been fermented with ideas of Western democracy; it is not even popularly elected. Even if all shades of Indian political opinion were represented in it, the Congress would still remain hopelessly unrepresentative of India, nine-tenths of the population of which are illiterates who do not care a fig for politics. This demand for Indian independence comes not from the Indian nation (there is no Indian nation), but from a tiny minority of interested agitators, whose claims to speak in the name of India only goes unchallenged owing to the indifference of the majority."

If we were briefed by the Congress to reply we should first allude to Carlyle's analysis of the British population, pointing out that the only difference between an illiterate citizen and a literate one is that the first is a raw fool and the second a manufactured one. The idea that to read is to be wise is a notion which most readers themselves will deride. We should next ask how much more title the spokesmen for Britain have to resist the demand for Indian independence than have the others to make it. In both countries the argument is carried on and decisions taken by a "tiny minority" whose claim to speak in the name of that country only goes unchallenged owing to the indifference of the majority.

"But by reason of their activity and their unchallenged supremacy—one-eyed kings in a country of the blind—the Swarajists are formidable and dangerous. They can make great trouble in India. There is ample proof that they do not understand or appreciate conciliation. In future they must be met with unmistakable firmness and without too much consideration."

"To speak of India as a nation capable to-morrow of governing herself is to speak the language of fantasy. India is an incalculable diversity of tongues, beliefs, and aspirations. The British people have a trust towards her which they are not going to betray; they cannot dream of

delivering the Indian peoples over to the chaos and devastation that would quickly follow on a British withdrawal. In a few weeks' time from now the Simon Commission will report on its conclusions as to the pace at which, and the methods by which, the Imperial Government should pursue the policy to which it is now committed in India. The pace must be its own, and the methods must be its own; threats must be disregarded. The Indian peoples must be trained very gradually to the ultimate objective of self-government within the Empire. India is likely to loom large in British politics in the coming year, and the Government will need to act in a way that leaves no doubt that it is thorough master of the situation."

The *Sunday Times*, observe, assumes to speak on behalf of the "British people" and assumes to know that they "cannot dream" of abandoning their "trust" and delivering the Indian people over to a condition which it assumes to know would be one of "chaos and devastation." From that it proceeds to the implicit declaration that the British people are unanimously ready to endorse the policy of clubbing or shooting the Swarajists. Yet probably not one per cent. of the British population has thought about the question. For all his reading the British citizen "leaves it to the politicians." And the Indian peasant, for all his illiteracy, does exactly the same thing. Miseducation in the west faces absence of education in the east, with the same result—"indifference," indifference arising in the first case from a confused mind and in the second from a blank mind.

"What manner of men compose the Congress is shown by the fact that its Executive on Friday only passed by 117 votes to 69, after a heated debate, a resolution condemning the recent attempt on the life of the Viceroy. This body that considers itself fit to govern India in the name of civilisation is not even agreed upon the detestability of political assassination."

The "manner of men" concerned were human beings like the proprietors of the *Sunday Times*. In the heat of intense feeling it is asking something like heroism of an assembly of political enthusiasts to expect them suddenly to reverse their mood and condemn a lawless act committed in support of their ideals. The division of opinion in this instance was due, not to belief in political assassination, but to the natural reluctance of the minority to play into the hands of the "enemy." For them it was simply a question whether the passing of the resolution of condemnation on that occasion was good or bad strategy. The vote had no significance either way as to the views of the assembly on the "detestability" of assassination. The *Sunday Times* is like the enthusiastic follower of a football team, who, while the match is in progress, howls like fury if a member of his team is fouled, but looks kindly on infractions of rules at the expense of the other side. Back home again, and after tea, he would be himself again. There was a juncture soon after the advent of Signor Mussolini to power when every newspaper office had got an obituary notice written up in anticipation of his sudden death. The notices were all different, but they had one tenour: "It was wicked to kill him, but he asked for it." The assassination would have been praised with faint detestation, and, in this country at least, there would have been more rubbing of hands than wiping of eyes.

"Be just but fear not" is one of Mr. Garvin's headlines, and in accordance with this sentiment let judgment rest on direct evidence, not on over-stretched inferences. The evidence available goes to show that the Swarajist policy is passive resistance—don't vote, don't patronise the Courts, don't buy British-made goods, don't pay taxes. The first two items constitute a moral or political revolt, and the second two an economic or material revolt. Since politics is the reflection of economics,

and political power is derived from economic power, the second two items are the more important. Our readers need no reminder that the function of effective government is exercised *through*, but not *by*, political institutions, whether these are democratic or autocratic in appearance. Hence it does not matter whether Indians vote for Indian legislatures or not. All that they would gain by their boycott would be the right to assert that they were being governed without their assent. But the truth of the assertion would do nothing to shift the power of government from the hands that held it.

Defiance of the authority of the Courts would begin to cause administrative difficulties, the extent of which would depend upon how many disobedient citizens had to be provided with prison accommodation at any given time. In England the number of citizens required to paralyse the administration of any piece of legislation by provoking imprisonment is put at only about 60,000 by the permanent heads at the Home Office. And there is also a limit to the number of citizens who can be dealt with by infliction of fines—a limit imposed by the available number of judges, magistrates, police and Courts. This is one of the reasons why street bookmakers openly follow their profession every day in full sight of the police, and are arrested probably only once in twelve months; also why night clubs remain unmolested for years at a time. Administrators simply cannot keep pace with the "crimes" manufactured by legislators.

The guarantee that the governing authorities possess against any widespread voluntary provocation of imprisonment rests on the fact that the average citizen's only means of livelihood for himself and his family depends upon his remaining at work. If he goes to prison he will lose his job, and he has no assurance that he will pick up another when he comes out. Therefore he must be driven to the verge of desperation before he will resort to a method of protest that will lose him his liberty and deprive his wife and children of subsistence. There was, as we mentioned last week, a "Swaraj" movement among the Nonconformists led by Dr. Robertson Nicol and the *British Weekly* against Mr. Balfour's Education Act passed soon after the election of 1900. They started very bravely, refusing to pay a certain proportion of the Education Rate, and compelling the authorities to distraint on them. But these "Passive Registrants" were chiefly of a more or less well-to-do class, and the distraint usually took the form of the collection at their front doors by a polite officer of a piece of silver plate, or some other example of valuable portable property which they handed out to him. Conscience was satisfied by this gesture of resistance; and the Authorities did not object much, because the distrainted articles were easily storable, and even more easily saleable by reason of the fact that their owners themselves attended the auctions and bought them in. Needless to say, the movement soon collapsed. The husband might have a conscience, but his wife had her "respectability," and her neighbours to consider, and she wasn't going to be "disgraced" by any mixing up of her family with police courts. At the same time, the fact that people of a respectable class tried the protest out at all was a significant reminder to the Authorities that a Legislature cannot always rely on doing everything it likes with impunity. If Nonconformists had lived together in towns of their own, and had not been distributed among Churchpeople (who, of course, frowned on them) and non-religious people (who scoffed at them) then Dr. Nicol might have fostered and directed their collective sense of grievance to such effect as to have dislocated the working of the Act. From this point of

view the All-Indian Congress has an advantage, because the "enemy" is a foreign one, and because in any case its supporters are more responsive to emotional impulse, so much so that it is easily possible to work them into a state of induced desperation—a condition which we have said was adequate to produce the imprisonment-deadlock when a certain number of citizens participated in revolt.

But the danger is obvious. Revolt against the Authorities involves stoppage of income, the oncoming of starvation, and then, inevitably some act of violence sooner or later—upon which the Authorities are provided with an excuse to rule by firearms. On the face of it, therefore, the British newspapers appear to be reasonably right in saying that the projected revolt will be not only futile but disastrous.

But this view rests on the assumption of a straight fussle between the British Government and the Swarajists. It further appears to rest on the assumption that in India itself the "practical" inhabitants will support the Government against what we are told to regard as a mob of visionaries. This may be so. But it must be borne in mind that the boycott and the resistance to taxation have been adopted before; and we should be under-rating the intelligence of the Swaraj leaders if we supposed them not to have learned something from past experience. For example, there was a land-tax imposed some time ago in a certain agricultural district (we forget where, but gave particulars in these columns at the time) and the villagers resisted it so effectively that the Authorities had, in the end, to condescend to a compromise. The Congress leaders may be "visionaries" in so far as they are incapable of constructing a scheme of self-government for India that will work; but it is an entirely different proposition to say that they have been incapable of developing their technique of obstruction to the British scheme of Government.

It is next to impossible to predict what may happen. The conditions have changed since the last crisis in India. At one time the Swaraj policy included the boycotting of all manufactured cotton goods irrespective of origin, and their replacement by similar goods made by themselves on hand-loom. This, of course, aroused the hostility of the Indian mill-owners. Their reply was to manufacture cotton goods to look exactly like the Swaraj stuff and sell it to Swarajists under a forged mark denoting Swaraj origin. Thus they astutely exploited Swarajist advertising for their own profit and protection. The Swarajist leaders to-day would have to be visionaries indeed to be incapable of drawing a lesson from this fiasco. And, as a matter of fact, they have drawn it, because according to the reports, their boycott is against goods of British manufacture only.

In the ordinary way this should turn the native millowners into, at least, passive supporters of the boycott; for they would pick up trade lost by Lancashire. But there is an unknown factor in this calculation, namely, the question of the real ownership and control of the mills. In these days of international financing, nobody can say with certainty to whom any industrial property at all belongs, nor can he tell whether it is even the property of the country in which it is situated. Much of the mystery enveloping international politics would be stripped away if only factories had to fly flags like ships. Nobody can deny the appropriateness of the idea, because in the economic war for world-markets every factory is

a battleship, and should show its colours. We should know, then, for instance, whether Bombay and Calcutta were mortgaged to dollars under the Stars and Stripes or to sterling under the Union Jack—or, perhaps in the near future, to a world-currency under the flag of the "Young" world-bank.

When Britain declared war on Germany Mr. Walter Page, the American Ambassador in London, wrote at once to President Wilson saying: "The British Empire has fallen into our hands." If the British newspapers would set themselves to elucidating this boast they would do much more towards drawing the Indian crisis in its proper perspective than by analysing the crisis itself. India is only one part of the Empire. Looking at the Empire as a whole, it should be apparent that whose ever hands it may be falling into it is certainly twitching to be out of Britain's. Canada has become financially Americanised. There is a racial problem in South Africa. In Egypt there is the same separation movement as in India. In China the decision of its Government to withdraw extra-territorial privileges from foreign nationalities hits Britain before any other nation. Connected with some of these phenomena is American diplomacy, which has been active in China for many years, and markedly so since the war. Egypt, too, has been privileged by official recognition from Washington without London having been consulted beforehand. A similar Washington policy seems to be indicated by the rumpus in the House a week or so ago which took place about the British Government's supposedly indiscreet definition of India's precise status, a definition which was declared by critics to afford encouragement to opponents of British rule in that country. It is not surprising that our Prime Minister, who plays up so openly to President Hoover, and visits and dines with the Lamont and Warburg families, should have allowed the same "false hopes" to be encouraged in India as Washington had previously encouraged in Egypt.

Again, dollar-diplomacy has been at work in Russia, which country is in the closest proximity to China and India. In both the latter countries Communist doctrines have been spread, and have been directed specifically to make Britain the scapegoat and symbol of "Capitalism." America has been talked up as the "friend" and Britain the "enemy" of Chinese nationality. In a short time, if not already, the chief guarantee of Britain's power of imposing policy on China, namely her control of maritime customs, will no longer be hers alone but will be nominally China's, and actually America's—for the Chinese Government acts in its financial policy by the advice of American advisers. It is true that at present Washington is officially querying China's extra-territoriality policy, but there is evidence to show that the policy will be acquiesced in on condition that the Chinese system of legal procedure is "westernised."

On the top of this aggregation of distracting problems all over the Empire comes the naval conference which has been called in order to further President Hoover's disarmament ideals. That is to say that the same country which, according to Mr. Page, is to inherit the British Empire, is taking the lead in interfering with the form and size of the only instrument on which Britain can rely to keep possession of the Empire. The process by which we risk losing the Empire began with our entry into the war, when, for our immediate protection as a belligerent we were obliged to borrow goods from America. When peace was restored there were no longer any belligerents, and therefore no nation was obliged to

acquire emergency-goods from outside. Hence America—all emergencies and risks gone—could safely decline to receive repayment in goods, and could devote her energies at her own pace to making goods for herself. To protect her home market she shuts out her debtors' goods by a tariff; restricts the immigration of their nationals to protect her own workpeople; and yet exacts repayment of her loans in the form of dollars. To get hold of the dollars the debtor nations have to sell something that America chooses to buy. That something is a form of wealth which cannot be exported—namely capital assets. Otherwise they have to borrow dollars in new debt in order to reduce the old debt. This alternative involves selling the control of capital assets. In the case of Britain this is the way in which the Empire is changing hands. All the property is where it was: it is geographically British. But the right of decision what is to be manufactured, in what quantity, where disposed, and at what price, is gone. The property is financially American. Part of this renounced property, with the rights of policy belonging to it, may be, as we suggested just now, cotton mills in India. In that case the now threatened Swaraj revolt would cause trade to be diverted from Lancashire to India, and ultimately to America.

Again, supposing an effective refusal to pay taxes to be accomplished in India, it must be noted that the refusal would involve not merely a suspension of tax-paying, but the spending of the tax-money on other things. The defaulting taxpayers would be bloodless stones at the end, and nobody could squeeze anything out of them unless it were an I.O.U. for the vanished taxes. If, then, one adopts the hypothesis of American-controlled manufacturing going on in India during such a crisis, the Americans would be intercepting not only money which otherwise would go to Lancashire, but a good deal (if not all) of the money which was due to the British governing authorities in India but was being spent on goods instead. The Americans would be presented with a two-fold stream of fresh revenue as a direct result of the Swarajists' revolt. Thus, antecedently, it would be worth their good dollars to finance the revolt regarded as a commercial proposition. Such direct stimulation would of course be ruled out by the laws of political etiquette between friendly nations, but its equivalent could be engineered by the process of creating diversions elsewhere, and by thus adding to the preoccupations of the British Government, giving the Swaraj movement a good run.

On the side of the British authorities in India there would be a deficit in revenue; and this would have to be levied from other taxpayers if they could pay it. If not recourse would have to be had to borrowing from the banks. It might even so happen that in the last analysis the loan would be made by the House of J. P. Morgan and Co. on the security of some further capital assets in India.

We must not be interpreted as suggesting that anything of this sort is happening. We do not know. But we cannot possibly over-emphasize the fact that this sort of thing *can* happen, and on a vast scale, without anybody being the wiser.

But it must also be realised that delegated legislation has come to stay and must necessarily increase with the increase in complex social legislation. It is a physical impossibility for Parliament to do more than indicate the broad general outlines on which a Department is to work. Delegated legislation may mean humanised administration and an end of a good deal of the red tape forced upon the Service by the necessity of sticking to the very letter of the law. The man in the street has more to fear from the tyranny of lawyers than of Civil Servants.—*Red Tap*, November, on Lord Hewart's *The New Despotism*.

## Homeopathy.

By the late A. E. R.

[Reprinted from THE NEW AGE of January 22, 1920.]

To those who, like myself, have received benefit from homeopathic treatment (although a military doctor told me: "That's no treatment at all. You can say you've had no treatment"), the appearance of this volume is welcome. But it is primarily addressed to medical men, and is intended "to supply some means of understanding the principle underlying homeopathy and also some means of testing its validity by practical experiment." The publication of the book\* is "the direct undertaking of the British Homeopathic Association," and it is therefore an authoritative exposition of homeopathic principles and practice. It is divided into two parts; the first dealing with the principles of homeopathy, the second, with the homeopathic materia medica. The drugs dealt with in this volume are:

Aconite, Actœa rac., Antimony, Apis, Arsenicum, Baptisia, Belladonna, Bryonia, Calcarea carb., Chamomilla, China, Ferrum, Gelsemium, Ignatia, Ipecacuanha, Kali carb., Lachesis, Lycopodium, Manganum, Mercury, N-carb., Nux vom., Phosphorus, Platinum, Pulsatilla, Rumex mar., Sepia, Silica, Sulphur, Thuja, Veratrum alb.; Rhus. tox., Sepia, Silica, Sulphur, Thuja, Veratrum alb.;

and it is stated that "there is enough material in this present book to enable clinical tests to be made in sufficient number and variety to form a reasonable basis for an opinion as to the truth or otherwise of the claims of homeopathy." A second volume is projected, which will include a number of studies of other drugs; and with the two volumes, it will be possible for the physician to deal with nearly all emergencies homeopathically, we are told. It is with the hope that some of the medical men who read THE NEW AGE may be induced to enlarge their possibilities of usefulness to the human race that I bring this book to their notice.

That homeopathy is based on a simple observation of fact that is certainly as old as Hippocrates, and is confirmed by orthodox medical practice to-day, most medical men are, or ought to be, aware. That certain drugs can remove, in the sick, the very symptoms that they can produce in the healthy, was observed by Hippocrates—but he made no practical use of the observation. It was not until the eighteenth century (which produced three men, Hahnemann, Gall, and Mesmer, who enormously increased the sum of man's knowledge of and power over himself) that the observation was enlarged into an experimental procedure, which finally issued in the rule of practice, *Similia similibus curantur*. When Hahnemann discovered that cinchona bark, the great remedy for ague, produced in his own healthy body the chief symptoms (and some of the lesser ones) of ague, he devoted the rest of his life to direct experiment with drugs, and to research into past records to discover accidental confirmations of the likelihood of cures by "similar" remedies. As, in addition to his native German, he knew English (he was translating Cullen's "Materia Medica" when he made his famous experiment with cinchona bark), French, Italian, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, and Spanish, and had been engaged for years in translating medical works, his researches were extensive and successful. But he learned most, of course, from his direct experiments with drugs; and it cannot too often be repeated that homeopathy was based on experiment, was elaborated by experiment, is continued by experiment. "Heresy" it may be, but it is a heresy based on demonstrable facts, confirmed by independent research and by general medical practice.

Homeopathy is primarily the prescription as a remedy of a drug that will produce the same symptoms in the healthy; it matters nothing whether the prescription is given with knowledge, or in ignorance, of its effects on the healthy; wherever a simillimum is prescribed, there homeopathy is practised. The prescription of quinine for ague, mercury for syphilis, cantharides for nephritis, opium for constipation, emetine for dysentery (the late Dr. Dyce Brown collected from general medical practice some seventy examples of such homeopathising), all these are applications of the homeopathic principle. Vaccine-therapy is a most obvious instance of the application of the homeopathic principle; and it is obvious enough that a rule so often confirmed, consciously and unconsciously, has some validity.

The homeopathic materia medica is based, primarily and chiefly, on the deliberate, systematic testing of medicines on the healthy. I think it was Plato who demanded that a doctor should have personal knowledge of every disease; and the homeopathic "provers" of drugs obey not only that but the Christian injunction: "Physician, heal thyself." The symptom-complexes described in the materia medica in this book show that they learn in suffering what they teach in science; there is no "try-it-on-a-dog, sir" cowardice in a homeopathic "prover." But in addition to this source of knowledge is the knowledge derived from poisoning by drugs, accidental and intentional. Here are revealed the gross effect of massive doses, and the morbid tissue anatomy produced by these drugs in these quantities. Drug experiments on animals have a value only as hints of possible action to the homeopathist; although the veterinary practitioner, of course, finds them of special value. But after Mark Twain's experience with the vet. who wanted to convert his complaint into blind staggers before he could do anything for him, few human beings will go to a vet. when they are ill. It is the effect of drugs upon human beings that it is most necessary for the physician to know (Voltaire's gibe about pouring drugs about which you know little into a body of which you know less, still has point), and the homeopath derives his knowledge from both the quick and the dead. It is admitted that this knowledge, although extensive and precise, is not complete; but homeopathy lives by experiment, and not until man becomes fixed and unalterable in constitution and reaction will the necessity of continual experiment be relieved. The clinical experience confirms the provings, when the law of similars is admitted.

Of the infinitesimal dose (which is all that the general public knows of homeopathy), it need only be said that it recommends itself in practice to the physician. Just as, in antiseptic surgery, Lister first applied crude carbolic to the wound, and developed his dressing until, at last, he kept the carbolic as far away from the exposed surfaces as he could, so, in the hands of the homeopath in certain cases, physics seems to become physics and finally metaphysics. When Dr. Wheeler talks casually about the 60th or the 200th potency (the mathematics of such dosage staggers), he is definitely talking magic; which must not be confused with sorcery for "magic is wisdom," said Paracelsus, "and there is no wisdom in sorcery." The fact that his magic is scientific does not alter its magical character; Arndt's law, which may be simply stated as Dr. Wheeler puts it, that small stimuli encourage life activity, medium to strong stimuli tend to impede it, very strong stimuli destroy it, confirms what the homeopaths since Hahnemann have practised. But homeopathy is not limited to the infinitesimal dose; homeopaths even prescribe massive doses in some cases, and their posology ranges from the massive to the infinitesimal, from the tincture to the potency—and the less you have of a drug, the less you want of it, and the longer it lasts you. Just as radio-activity will persist indefinitely wherever an emanation of a radio-

active substance has been, so it seems that something that was once acquainted with a distant relative of a drug continues to tell the organism how to behave itself. "Each material thing has its celestial side," said Emerson; and when Dr. Wheeler talks about potencies and their effects, I hear the voice of an organic conscience reviving constitutional memories of the golden age of vital processes. The "infinitesimal" seems to be a key to the Infinite, and I recommend it to the notice of philosophers as well as of medical practitioners.

But it is in prescription that homeopathy becomes an art. Dr. Wheeler\* admits that the discovery of the simillimum is sometimes difficult (which might be expected from the fact that no two human beings are exactly alike), and it is not made less difficult by the fact that homeopaths do not treat diseases but patients. It is not merely that the homeopath prescribes the simillimum to the symptom-complex presented, and varies the prescription as the symptom-complex varies; the homeopath individualises, "prescribes for idiosyncrasy," as Dr. Weir puts it. "All that medicine can do curatively is to stimulate the patient's curative reaction," he says; "it is the ego behind the drug-disease picture that has to be reckoned with." And when the choice of a drug may be determined by the difference between two, or more, kinds of anger, for example, in the patient, diagnosis must at least be carefully made. The very exactness of knowledge of the effect of drugs possessed by the homeopaths (and the "provings" given in this volume are bewildering in the complexity and range of their reactions) compels them to be very patient and painstaking in their diagnosis; there is no "universal specific," no "sovereign remedy," although, of course, there are enough general resemblances among cases to allow of a general classification and to indicate a class of remedies. The physician who simply prescribed baptisia for influenza, for example, would certainly be prescribing homeopathically, but not necessarily living up to the best traditions of homeopathic practice. A routine remedy, even if based on the homeopathic principle, is something that once was homeopathy; it may apply to a disease, but not necessarily to that particular human being.

Finally, it may be said that homeopathy asks the physician to discard nothing except what is proved to be useless, or misleading. "It is a branch of therapeutics," says Dr. Wheeler,

"a specialism, if the name be preferred; and the study of it is an addition to the resources of the physician, not an impediment to the use of any other treatment justifiably prized. The value and need of surgery, the refinement of diagnosis, the study of pathology, the application of diet and exercises and physical stimuli, all that the years have given of worth, are as much the prized possession of the believer in homeopathy as of his unbelieving colleague. Even with regard to other uses of drugs than their homeopathic application, the homeopathist is free to employ any that he requires."

But it offers a rule of prescription that seems to be valid wherever it is tested, a materia medica that has the authority of direct experiment on human beings, and a technique that, however strange it may seem ("the single drug, the single dose, the initial aggravation, non-interference with reaction, potentiation"), justifies itself apparently in proportion to the physician's adherence to it.

\* "Homeopathic Philosophy: Its Importance in the treatment of Chronic Disease." By John Weir, M.B., Ch.B. (Glas.). (Reprinted from the "Homeopathic World," March, 1915.)

The M.M. Club will meet Wednesday, January 8, in Room 22, Kingsway Hall, at 6.15 p.m. Discussion on current events; report from Committee.

\* "An Introduction to the Principles and Practice of Homeopathy." By Charles E. Wheeler, M.D., B.S., B.Sc. (Lond.). (British Homeopathic Association. 12s. 6d. net.)

## The Great Girl.

From the commercial point of view alone, it is a surprise to me that no sober historian has yet thought it worth his while to let us have a book on Joan of Arc. For in these feminist times, and especially since the canonisation and Shaw's absurd play, a serious biography would surely arouse a storm of protest, and sell like hot cakes.

Meanwhile the Romantics have it all their own way; the latest of these being Hilaire Belloc ("Joan of Arc," by Hilaire Belloc, Cassell, 6s.), the quality of whose "contribution" is rather puzzling—considering that Mr. Belloc is a writer of some reputation, and therefore not without responsibility, and has before posed quite definitely as a serious historian. This subject is so controversial that a writer cannot be brief without telling lies, and Mr. Belloc has indeed been brief. He has simply selected from the groups of theories on each point the one that best suited his purpose, namely, the application of "white-wash," and hurried blithely on.

The book is charmingly written, and a very gallant though unsuccessful attempt has been made to recapture the medieval atmosphere; unsuccessful, because in his admirable account of the campaigns, Mr. Belloc lays just that unnecessary stress on dates and hours, duration and intervals, that is so absurdly satisfactory to his own "time-mad" Bergsonian generation, but which a real medieval chronicler would have omitted.

Shaw's play, of course, was great fun, but the character of Joan was absurd. The dramatist placed himself in a difficult position by first admitting the Romance and then denying the psychic phenomena, from which he must needs extricate himself by endowing his character with intellectual genius. Mr. Shaw thus bemuses theatre audiences with the concept of *puella sapientissima*, a stage animal unknown to nature, and of the same class as the *Cat* in "Dick Whittington." Unfortunately for his play, however, he was compelled by the quantity of the available documentation to keep close to the facts in his trial scene, and thus his Joan of the Cathedral scene and his Joan of the trial scene are two different people—a dramatic character turned tee-to-tum, like Shakespeare's Cleopatra.

The article on Joan in the new fourteenth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is an excellent example of the inferior nature of that publication and of the silly way in which it has been edited. The article accepts Joan's "Voices" with full religious faith—surely a little out of place—but denies her the gifts of prophecy and telepathy. This is not only inconsistent, it is precisely the opposite of what is more probable.

It denies her the gift of telepathy by an evasion that is most unwarrantable. The story goes that it was only when news came to Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs of the defeat at Rouvray, of which Joan had told him a week before, that he became convinced at last of her divine mission, and sent her to the Dauphin at Chinon. The article admits that he sent her after receiving the news of Rouvray, and because of it, but studiously omits to say why.

The "Encyclopædia" then works itself up to a climax by describing Joan as "handsome and well-built, with a bright and smiling face." The old ninth edition that we have at home, says "Conventional beauty of the highest type could not be expected in one accustomed to her mode of life, but the most authentic testimonies represent her as less comely than many in her station. Her features were, moreover, expressive rather of rustic honesty and innocence than of mental power. . . ." So now we know what the editors of the new edition mean by "popular." Joan, a girl nineteen years

of age, wore (to minimise any feminine charm she may have possessed) the anatomical male dress of the early fifteenth century. How then could she have been "well-built"?

What is perhaps the only serious note on Joan that has ever been written, comes from the pen of an Australian medical man named MacLaurin ("Post Mortem," by C. MacLaurin, Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.). It appears that in the English translation of the reports of the trials, certain passages of a medical character have been omitted, and these passages are precisely those that enable an able modern gynæcologist to perceive something of the real truth behind the legend. I advise everyone that is at all interested in Joan to read what the doctor has to say.

MacLaurin, unlike Shaw, is puzzled by Joan's apparent gift of epigram, which fits into the legend so much better than into his view of the truth. But here, perhaps, the lawyer may assist the doctor. Should we not enquire into the method by which the trials were reported? A long-hand note of legal proceedings is necessarily more epigrammatic than the spoken phrases that it reports, and especially when, as in this case, the urbane is reporting the bucolic.

But the doctor's essay is marred by the great mistake. Science should be the induction of particulars from the observation of numerous particulars; whereas the doctor apparently begins by postulating to himself that there are no such things in this universe as occult powers or psychic phenomena, and that, therefore, by hook or by crook, he must explain all the facts within the limits set by that denial; or if he cannot explain them, then somehow gloss over or evade them. But this is the deductive method, and quite unscientific. It is an indictment of our culture that it cannot produce a man capable of writing a book on Joan. For we have made a fad of specialisation; and such a writer must needs be a Jack of many trades. He must take a scientific attitude towards history, and an equally scientific attitude towards psychic phenomena; he must be something of a gynæcologist, be well schooled in both mob and individual psychology, and have a clear grasp of the arbitrary nature of fashions in philosophy. Have we such a man?

Or is his silence an amusing comment on the strength of the erotic motive in our psychology? Long after the myth of the Great Man has faded, the Great Girl survives—stimulated by hymns of praise—growing more beautiful every year (*vide* the "Encyclopædia Britannica")—and none of us, with the possible exception of Dr. MacLaurin, has the heart to burn her.

Joan's body had been touched by a cold finger, and her resultant complexes carried her to Canonisation. She was a woman and not a woman, and she was offered the legend of the Maid that was to save France and Christianity—a religion that had excluded Venus from its pantheon, and by which sexlessness was glorified. She became a fanatical devotee, she accepted the mission. Joan's path of blood and glory was for her merely the line of least resistance. No sacrifice was too great that would conceal the tragedy of her physiology.

ROLAND BERRILL.

"Mr. C. F. Adams, Secretary of the United States Navy, . . . spoke of the results attained during the recent Panama Canal manoeuvres. The feature of the operation was a night air raid, sent out from one of the aircraft carriers while she was nearly 150 miles off the coast of Panama. The planes arrived at the canal at daybreak, and theoretically destroyed the locks."—(*Evening Standard*, December 9.)

## Dante.\*

The Middle Ages have fared badly at the hands of extremists, whether friendly or hostile. The former picture a fairyland of saints and heroes set in an æsthetic background after the manner of Morris, while the latter emphasise the brutal burnings and quellings, the harsh dogmatism and savage laws. There is truth in both pictures, but there is more exaggeration. The one thing both parties are agreed upon is that medieval society was static. Rightly so, say its upholders; wrongly so, say its detractors.

The truth, however, would seem to be that the Middle Ages represent a battle between lofty spirituality on the one hand and a fierce vitality, exuberant with all the powers of earth, on the other. It is the process, explosive and chaotic, rather than gradual, by which the lump of barbarism was leavened by the ferment of Christianity. Naturally, since shock-absorbers had still to be invented, the impact was terrific, and the complicated and rigid systems of Church and State were attempts to limit its appalling repercussions.

Nevertheless, it is arguable that not only did the attempt fail, but that it actually added to the turmoil. Christianity becoming synonymous with Catholic orthodoxy, the vital religious spirit of the people broke out on several occasions and had to be suppressed as heresy with all the cruelty and terrorism which lay in the power of the Church. Yet these impulses were never completely eradicated, but remained in the unconscious of the race, occasionally flaring up in anti-ecclesiastical movements such as that of the Albigenses of the thirteenth century. It is noticeable that such movements usually had a pagan, pre-Christian flavour of Gnosticism, Manicheism, Cabbalism, or what not. They were usually successfully repressed, until at the Renaissance they received an immense impetus. Then they emerged into the light of day, but traces of them can be found throughout the Middle Ages. It is something analogous to the development of sexual instinct in the individual, which Freud shows us budding in childhood and blossoming at adolescence.

What is still more interesting is that these movements can be traced in literature down to our own day as an undercurrent of popular thought which now and again attracts some man of genius to give it expression. Thus the tradition passes from Milton to Blake and Hugo, and by collateral lines to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, to Wordsworth, Whitman, Meredith, and Proust.

Now in the thirteenth century we have a figure of this magnitude—a man of the highest genius whom we know to have been hostile to the Papal Curia. Dante, who was for many years of the Guef party, which stood for the Omnipotent Church, finally joined the ranks of its enemies, the Ghibellines, who wished to see world dominion vested in the Holy Roman Empire. Further, we know him to have been imbued with the ideas of Joachim de Floor and Olivi, who promulgated one of those trends of thought which the Church tried to suppress, with less than usual success. The central doctrine of these "spirituals" was the all-embracing love of God which would allow no man to be irretrievably lost, and accordingly they denied the Church's power to condemn people to eternal damnation. How comes it, then, that Dante's most celebrated work should be concerned with a description of such damned souls, so apparently orthodox that it remains in our minds as the most circumstantial account ever attempted? So much so that the egregious Papini claims that Dante is unique in this, that unable to wait till Judgment Day he has dared to usurp the Throne of God and deal out everlasting

\* "The New Light on the Youth of Dante." By Gertrude Leigh. (Faber and Faber, Ltd. 15s. net.)

punishment according to his own desires—as if this has not been the presumption of every hot-headed bigot since Creation.

It is the purpose of this book to solve this formidable enigma.

It seems obvious that the real meaning of the "Divina Commedia" must be far other than its ostensible one. Suppose that one day Dante, looking round on the society in which he lived, seeing with horror the wild orgies of cruelty and lust, Guelfs massacring Ghibellines, and Ghibellines driving out Guelfs, while above all the Church with iron will condemned all thinkers, all independent ones, not only in this life but also in the next, and imposed its commands with the appalling devilries of the Inquisition; suppose, I say, that Dante, in a burst of realisation, said to himself, "This Inferno of which they speak is here and now. We are all damned souls, and the Carnal Church herself is the ignorant Demiurge who is our Destroyer. She is the Whore of Babylon; she is the instrument of Satan." It would not be surprising if this were so, for these ideas are quite in the vein of those heretical movements of which we have spoken; and Joachim had already said that "Infernus superior est iste mundus presens."

But if now Dante determined to go further and describe this horror in a stinging satire for the benefit of such as had ears to hear, it would be necessary for him to exercise immense caution. No man under the shadow of the Inquisition would dare to express himself on such a matter with the freedom of Milton or Blake. He would be driven to disguise his meaning as carefully as the dream wishes are concealed, according to Freud. And the safest hiding place in both cases is in an appearance of complete agreement with the Censor. Dante, indeed, seems to hint, as clearly as he dare, that he is doing something of the sort. Thus (I quote from Miss Leigh),

"O ye that have sane intellects, admire  
The doctrine that is hid under the veil  
Of these strained verses."  
(Inf. IX., 61-63.)

"Here, reader, fix thine eyes keen on the truth,  
For verily the veil is now so thin  
'Tis a light task to penetrate beyond."  
(Purg. VIII., 19-21.)

Such is the heart of Miss Leigh's thesis, though she asks not for assumptions on the reader's part, but simply for attention. She brings facts and reasons in plenty to support her view, and the whole book is so rich in historical detail and cross references that to criticise it as it deserves one would need a knowledge of the man and his time at least as great as the author's, which is apparently all-embracing. All I can offer is the opinion of an extremely interested layman, and it is for such, after all, that Miss Leigh writes.

Let me say, then, that I feel that she has inoculated me with her intuition rather than converted me by her reasoning. One feels at times a sort of strained ingenuity in the latter. Perhaps this is inevitable when one considers that the nature of her hypothesis forces on Miss Leigh the task of proving that every detail in the whole poem has reference to some event in Dante's life. For Miss Leigh's thesis is no less daring than this. She divides the twenty-four hours spent in the Inferno into periods of four hours minutes, each representing a year of Dante's life, and claims that the whole journey is an exact parallel with Dante's experience from birth onwards, so that the great Devil who waits at the end of the journey and down whose leg, absurdly enough, Dante escapes from Inferno, is no other than the dread bogey Death.

I could wish, however, that she had not found it necessary to illustrate her time-scheme by quota-

tions from "The Tempest," even though these are relegated to a footnote. What is understandable and forgivable in Inferno is mere perversity in the "still vex't Bermoothes," and in spite of (or because of) the Baconians I find it impossible to believe that Shakespeare concerned himself with this kind of cross-word puzzle.

On the other hand I have no wish to decry Miss Leigh's reasoning. On two occasions at least I found it as captivating as the rapier play of skilled duellists. The exigencies of space and respect for her deductions, which cannot be compressed without spoiling them, forbid me to do more than mention these two achievements. The first is her treatment of an obscure passage in which Virgil, the personification of classic Reason untainted by Superstition, tells how he was once sent down to the lower realms by Erichtho to bring back the soul of a traitor, and her conclusion that this refers to the poem "Ciris," which in Dante's day was attributed to Virgil. The second is her reconstruction of the battle of Compalino from Inferno XIII., and her deduction that Dante, who fought in it, must have slain Buonconte, the son of Guido da Montefetro. Assuredly this is a book to study. Especially should it appeal to readers of this journal, for the hopes and fears of this greatest of the "spirituals" are by no means so alien to ours as might be thought. One of the principal Joachist ideas was that the world passed in turn under the governance of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Under the first the Law of Duty reigned; under the second the Law of Love; but with the third would come the dawn of the New Age, when men would live freely in the Grace of the Spirit. Is not this where we stand now? Are we not hoping and working for the advent of the Third Person in the economic trinity?

Do not accuse me of rhetorical propaganda. Such ideas do not die. They are reincarnated from time to time, changing only their form to suit the needs of the age.

NEIL MONTGOMERY.

## Drama.

### Arms and the Man: Court.

Mr. Charles Macdona's Shaw repertory company has begun a season at the Court Theatre, changing the programme weekly. If the productions of "Pygmalion" and "Man and Superman" in the next two weeks are as good as that of "Arms and the Man" this week the house-full board ought to be exhibited nightly apart from the experiment of specially reducing the prices. Except that Mr. Esmé Percy as Captain Bluntschli succumbs to the actor-producer's temptation of holding the stage alone a little too long towards the end of the first act, the whole play is well done, and more attention has been given to the stage settings than has been customary in recent Shaw productions with the exception of "The Apple Cart." Mr. Percy's Bluntschli was a virile piece of acting in which the actor tempered his oratory, which is his greatest strength, with periods of restrained and excellent character work. The outstanding feature of the production, indeed, was Mr. Percy's determination, as producer, to bring out character from every part to the full extent possible, and not to be content with Shavian marionette illustration of the romantic and realist attitudes to war. As Major Petkoff Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, in a make-up reminiscent of caricatures of Shaw, gave a very fine comic performance, while Miss Rosalinde Fuller as Raina justified my previous praise of her work by the distinction of her rich voice, her round, healthy diction, and her determination to preserve the art of deportment. The excellence of her performance nearly converted the play from a comedy of ideas to one of manners.

Thirty-seven years ago when "Arms and the Man" was first produced it no doubt shook, if not the romantic notion of war, with its chivalry, courage, and panache, at least the complacency with which the notion was held. To-day, in view of the experience of war and the novels and plays which express men's true reactions to that experience, the play seems very light comedy indeed; so light that one suspects that the man who made the musical comedy, "The Chocolate Soldier," out of it was the profoundest of Shaw's critics as regards the recognition of his place in the movement of ideas. Although Shaw set out to ridicule the romantic attitude to war, and to some extent succeeded, perhaps the most interesting line in the play is the one in which Bluntschli, expressing the professional (which is, for Shaw, the realist, as against the amateur, which is the romantic) idea of war, confesses himself "an incurable romantic." Shaw himself, as I wrote of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," is consciously a realist and unconsciously a romantic. In "Arms and the Man," for anybody who observes the narratives disinterestedly, Shaw refuses to be biased by the prefaces which contradicted his intentions, the realist case is lost before the end of the first act. Major Saranoff, although he had won the battle in a way that ought to have lost it, had won it nevertheless; and it says nothing good for the professional that he did not find out until the madly led cavalry were on top of him that he had been supplied with the wrong cartridges. In Raina's bedroom the professional soldier was indebted for his life to the romantic notions of a young woman, whose word of honour for his safety, in spite of the rarity of bathing among her people, was good enough to allow him to sleep. After the first act the scales are weighted in the professional's favour worse than Galsworthy weights them in favour of pity for the poor; so that the two amateur soldiers who figure in the play become a strutting peacock of a lover and a doddering old caricature belonging to farce and buffoonery, who "takes his wife with him to maintain discipline." All the jokes about Englishmen who "wet themselves all over every day," Bulgarian aristocrats who do not object to an occasional bath to distinguish them from the people—English bathing had the same origin, by the way—and Swiss who live by doing things that no gentleman would think of, are part of Shaw's music-hall box of tricks, used in every one of his plays as patter to hide his passing the joker. Captain Bluntschli acknowledges the gibe of the romantic soldiers that he is merely a machine, and Shaw tries to give the impression that the machine is more efficient than the human being. But in this play, as in the others, the machine is merely the agent of administration; the creative driving force comes from the women, who are romantic through and through. Shaw, not daring to recognise the creative force in himself, has ever regarded Intelligent Woman—with idolatry as the chosen vice to God the Preserver, who would reduce the universe to a geometrical pattern, perfect and unchanging in its limitations, and safe for very old men. God the Creator has to work through women. So in every play Shaw starts out to vindicate the efficient, mechanical, realist man; and ends, in spite of himself, by transferring the laurel-wreath to the head of the inefficient, illogical, romantic, but Life Force Robot. To point out this paradox, or, rather, conflict, in Shaw between his volunteer devotion to logic and his unconscious devotion to creation, is not to depreciate his genius. The existence of this con-

flict, which goes to extremes in both directions, resulting in the crucifixions of poets and in love affairs which are never consummated—I do not believe, for example, in view of the epilogue to "Pygmalion" that Bluntschli ever marries Raina after the curtain of "Arms and the Man"—is the source of his genius. But the product consists only of debate without conclusion and still-born creation breaking down in cynical buffoonery. Even in "Saint Joan," where an incarnation of the Life-Force is the very subject of the play, the most memorable scenes are the debate on nationalism and the speech of the inquisitor. Saint Joan herself derives her significance from historical associations not from Shaw's characterisation, which nowhere renders her capable of being Saint Joan. Thus Shaw's plays, originally regarded as irresponsible comedies, later as puritanical and responsible sermons, appear again, only a little later still, as entertaining, but very harmless and sportive, comedies.

PAUL BANKS.

## Music.

In spite of "Quits," I assert roundly that there is one side and one side only that matters in the question of the Musical Copyright Bill—the side of the composers; and any attempt compulsorily to fix what he may charge for the use of the product of his talent is a damnable tyranny and an outrage, the principle of which is unaltered whether it be twopence or two thousand pounds. Over the tales of alleged wrongdoing on the part of the Performing Right Society, of which, by the way, I am not a member (though the project of this Bill will make many of us as are not seriously consider whether it is not our duty to become so), I am more than sceptical. The quarters whence they originate are alone sufficient to make them suspect. Mr. William Boosey gave us an interesting specimen of the type of complaint apropos the Society's methods in a recent number of *The Times*. The Musicians' Union, which is, in effect, a Trade Union of orchestral instrument players of every type, came to him and complained that the Performing Right Society was raising the tariff rate of music performance at a certain very popular hotel from £100 to £150 a year, i.e., from £2 to £3 a week, which covered the rights of the entire European repertoire—the impudent plea being that this trifling increase would throw some of their members out of work, when the hotel in question paid in fees to its band players £1,000 a week, which, assuming the band to consist of the unusually and improbably large number of twenty players, means an average of £50 a week each, or twenty times the amount paid to all the living composers of Europe, whose work they used, and by using which were enabled to earn their fees! This is a fair specimen of the type of people who support the Bill. The plea that one of the objects of the Bill is, as certain egregious members of Parliament declared, to protect the composer, is explained only as springing from infra-parliamentary stupidity, a more than normal share of intellectual dishonesty, or as a piece of gratuitous insolence. And as for the gentleman whose name unfortunately I do not remember, but who surely should go down through history in an immortality of base silliness (and representing appropriately enough one of our ancient Universities), who declared that as the composer had been deprived by the Act of 1911 of freedom of contract in regard to royalties on gramophone records, there was no reason why he should not be deprived of it so far as performing rights are concerned, one's only reflection is that pickpocketry has lost a shining ornament in him. Having emptied a man's right-hand pocket,

there are no reasons whatever, short of being detected, why you should not empty his left-hand pocket, too; and, being detected, no reason short of his preventing you by superior strength, why you should not bash him insensible and complete the good work at leisure. The thieving ruffian provides himself in each case with the typical weapon, the footpad a sandbag, the "legislator" the mass-bullying bludgeon of Acts of Parliament.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

## Sir Charles Meets Uncle Sam.\*

Sir Charles Igglesden is a journalist and was one of a party of fourteen journalists who visited America as guests of the Carnegie Trust for Universal Peace. He has now jotted down some of the impressions made on him during his tour. His book has the virtues and vices of good newspaper stuff. It is brief, written in readable style, full of facts and observed incidents; but the facts are mostly more amusing than important, the observation is of surfaces only, and the comment on those facts and incidents is facile. Take the last words, for example. As a guest of the Trust for Universal Peace perhaps they were expected of Sir Charles: "Practically they were expected of the Englishman and the American being everything the Englishman and the American belong to one family. Commercial competition? Yes. Friendly rivalry in all things? Yes. To fight one another—an Anglo-American war?—unthinkable, another—unthinkable, as Dr. Johnson would say. Ungodly such a war may be: unthinkably it is not, or you would not be saying it was unthinkably. Commercial competition in a world in which every nation is fighting to export more and more goods hardly comes under the heading of "friendly rivalry." There is nothing of friendliness—to take an unimportant example—in the way the Americans have tried to smash the British film industry. And although the recent theoretical destruction of the Panama Canal by American aircraft was doubtless conducted purely in the spirit of scientific enquiry, no doubt the American War Office was pleased to note that bombing 'planes launched from ships could—but of course they never would do anything so ungodly—block up that vital trade passage with a few well-placed bombs. Sir Charles might also be startled to read about "The Fight For Oil." And has he not heard about the battle for trade in South America? Or how anxious is the American Navy to get sailors?

A chapter in this book dealing with Prohibition contains many unpleasant facts. Everybody knows of course that the law against drink is violated in wholesale fashion; but every new fact confirming it is of interest. The worst case observed by the author was a massed debauch by University boys and girls. "As the early hours of the morning approached the yelling was fearful, jugs, bottles, glasses and earthenware being hurled out of the hotel windows. . . . The damage in the bedrooms was enormous. Furniture was smashed. . . . In the corridors I had almost to fight my way past excited and intoxicated young men and women, the latter and intoxicated girls in evening dress, but in such a state that they were dancing and singing in the manner of an East End virago." The author is rightly horrified by this scene and similar scenes which he personally witnessed. But his suggestion for curing the evil is naive; he suggests that the wealthy classes, who are the worst offenders, should set a good example by voluntarily relinquishing the privilege of obtaining drink. To hope for this to happen in a country which, as he himself says, is now a by-word for all kinds of bribery and corruption.

\*"A Mere Englishman in America." By Sir Charles Igglesden. (The Kentish Express Publishing Co. 4s. 6d.)



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