NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Secretary, Mr. Greenwood, of the Labour Inquiry into the Cause of High Prices, has issued a disclaimer of the intention of the Committee of confining itself to "Labour" witnesses. The impression, we may safely say, had never got about, for our fear, and the fear of everybody who knows what lies behind the subject of Credit and Currency, was precisely that the "Labour" witnesses would stand no earthly chance of being heard until the pitch had been thoroughly queered by the "expert" witnesses whom Mr. Greenwood had up his sleeve. These witnesses are down now; and after a series of private sessions with the Labour Committee we are privileged to hear their names—Mr. McKenna, the orthodox economists. It will be difficult, we imagine, until the pitch had been thoroughly queered by the "expert" witnesses whom Mr. Greenwood had up his sleeve. These witnesses are down now; and after a series of private sessions with the Labour Committee we are privileged to hear their names—Mr. McKenna, the Chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Professor Pigou, the Cambridge academic advocate of a higher bank-rate, and Mr. J. A. Hobson, not to mention, we believe, a tail of lesser lights in the world of orthodox economics. It will be difficult, we imagine, for anybody not quite incapable of appreciating the importance of Finance, to understand the concern with which any impartial mind must view the procedure of the Committee under the skilful direction of Mr. Greenwood. He assures us that the Committee is "willing and anxious to take evidence from anybody"; and he leaves us to infer that, if Mr. Arthur Kiston or Sir Oswald Stoll—we will not mention anybody connected with The New Age—have not given evidence it is because they have not offered themselves. But the facts before us appear to point to another conclusion; and in the interests of history it would be illuminating to know whether Mr. McKenna and Professor Pigou "offered" their services or were invited to attend the earliest sessions.

The views of all these witnesses are perfectly well known; and we may take it that men of their age and standing are not now likely to change them. The views of Mr. J. A. Hobson, for example, are those of the "Nation," and they are set out with commendable clarity and under the bold title of "How Can the Cost of Living be Reduced?" in the current issue of that journal. Let us briefly examine them. After complaining that "there has been too little thought of any kind on the subject—the "Nation" proceeds: "Prices are the automatic register of the relation between the supply of goods and the supply of money. . . Once recognise this, and it becomes evident that there are two and only two roads towards a reduction of the general price-level, namely, an increased production of goods and a reduced supply of money. . . Deflation and Production are evidently the keys to our problem." The reasoning, it will be seen, is absolutely impeccable from the premises; and equally there can be no doubt that prices are the register of the relation of the amount of goods to the amount of money. The more money and the fewer goods, the higher the price; the less money and the more goods, the lower the price. It is quite unanswerable. The views of all these witnesses are perfectly well known; and we may take it that men of their age and standing are not now likely to change them. The views of Mr. J. A. Hobson, for example, are those of the "Nation," and they are set out with commendable clarity and under the bold title of "How Can the Cost of Living be Reduced?" in the current issue of that journal. Let us briefly examine them. After complaining that "there has been too little thought of any kind on the subject—the "Nation" proceeds: "Prices are the automatic register of the relation between the supply of goods and the supply of money. . . Once recognise this, and it becomes evident that there are two and only two roads towards a reduction of the general price-level, namely, an increased production of goods and a reduced supply of money. . . Deflation and Production are evidently the keys to our problem." The reasoning, it will be seen, is absolutely impeccable from the premises; and equally there can be no doubt that prices are the register of the relation of the amount of goods to the amount of money. The more money and the fewer goods, the higher the price; the less money and the more goods, the lower the price. It is quite unanswerable. But the question at issue, and most of all for such a radical inquiry as Labour promised, is of far more moment than the confirmation of deductions from a mere statement of the present means of determining Price. We do not deny, of course, that Prices are at this moment and have hitherto always been, fixed by the relation of Money to Goods; nor do we deny, of course, the consequences that follow from it. What we dispute is the tacit assumption made by all the orthodox economists that because, in fact, Prices are so fixed, therefore they must and ought to continue to be so fixed. Agreed, let us say once more, that if Prices continue to be correctly described as the relation of Money to Goods, we can only reduce Prices either by Deflation or by Increased Production without inflation; but the question is whether they need to continue to be so fixed, whether, indeed, it is not precisely that assumption that is responsible for the "loose thinking" of which the "Nation" complains. It is very evident what practical conclusion must arise from the assumption—Mr. Hobson's assumption no less than Mr. McKenna's or Professor Pigout's or, for the matter of that, any banker's. Deflation is well known to be exceedingly difficult, and to involve minor catastrophes. The current restriction of bank-credit is an attempt at "deflation"; and we see its effects in the threatened ruin of those businesses that do not enjoy the favour of the banks. Deflation, in short, is a discouragement to Production, and chiefly to the small producer: it favours only the Combine. On the other hand, if we are not to reduce the quantity of Money in circulation, there is, on Mr. Hobson's assumption, only one means left to us of reducing Prices: it is
to increase the other factor in the relation, namely, that of Production. Produce more, produce more—that will necessarily and infallibly be the practical logic of an Inquiry that accepts without question the assumption that not only are Prices the relation between Goods and Money, but that they cannot be anything else.

Without elaborating on this occasion the whole case against the orthodox assumption, it ought to be sufficient to direct inquiry to the assumption itself to enumerate some of the anomalies it entails. If prices not only are but ought to be determined by the relation of the quantity of Money to the quantity of Goods, then it follows that since in general the object of the Consumer is cheapness while the object of the Financier and Producer is dearness, not only are, in fact, the exertions of the latter directed to keeping up prices, but, according to the theory, they have every right to be. Once admit that it is right that Prices should depend on the relation between the Supply of Goods and the Supply of Money, and the conflict between the Financier and the Producer, on the one hand, and between the Producer and the Consumer, on the other hand, is perfectly justified; and the operation of both is necessarily admissible. It must be legitimate, for example, for the banks to issue money, nominally for the purpose of increasing the one by issuing as much Money as possible, and the other by producing as few Goods as possible. It is only human nature or, at least, the elements of business to wish to obtain the largest return for the smallest expenditure; and if, therefore, we say once more, it is right and proper and inevitable and unquestionable that Prices should be determined by the relation of Money to Goods, then, since it is far easier to make money than to make goods, and, again, far easier to make few goods than many goods, and both operations alike will result in the increase of prices—all human nature, being what it is, will continue so to act while it has the power. We really do not see that this can be questioned or that any mere wish to the contrary can be of any avail so long as the original assumption is made. By the definition as given and accepted, not only does Society put a premium upon High Prices, but all the means to High Prices, short of open forgery, are necessarily admissible. It must be legitimate, for example, for the banks to issue money, nominally to increase production, but actually to put up prices; and it must be equally legitimate for traders to sabotage production with the same intention, namely, to keep up or to put up prices. Competition for the sake of cheapness, whether by the reduction of the amount of money or by an increase in the amount of Goods, is clearly suicidal from the standpoint of the Producer. Their interest is in High Prices, and since High Prices arise either from More Money or from Fewer Goods, their business object must needs be one or other or both of these. The fallacy underlying the assumption is, however, plain quite apart from the practical consequences in which it involves us. It should be enough to make everybody question the assumption when we find that it does, in fact, put a premium upon Dearness; but when, in addition, it appears as the "loose thinking" it really is, nobody with any pretensions to thought can possibly accept it. Without labouring the intermediate formula for the moment—since it is the momentary economic doctrine of The New Age—we may say that in place of the assumption as given, our definition of the just price is "an automatic register of the relation between the Consumption of Goods and the Production of Goods," we shall be able to reduce Money to its proper function of a medium of exchange. * * *

Mr. McKenna clearly belongs to the little class whose concern is to "make money"; and there is no doubt about the views he had to offer to the Committee. Moreover, as it happens, they were offered simultaneously to the "bankers and merchants" assembled at the Guildhall last week to "pay a tribute" to Mr. Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer who, we are told, is selling our country's gold at a loss. Mr. McKenna's views are simple beyond the need of paraphrase. "We should recover the gold standard automatically," he said, "when the exports of the country exceeded the imports or, in other words, when the energies of our industries could be devoted to the manufacture of goods instead of gold so that goods to be consumed at home." Those are his very words as reported; and we invite our readers' attention to them as containing the most pernicious nonsense possible to be uttered. It will be seen that the object of Mr. McKenna is quite frankly not to increase the other factor in the relation, namely, that of Money to Goods, but necessarily in the direction of keeping imports as few goods as possible. Once admit that it is right that Prices should be determined by the "bankers and merchants" assemble
which is plainly of the greatest possible concern to the State and the City. We imagine that Mr. Tawney would not dismiss the Governor of the Bank of England as a 'currency crank'; but why not, if concern about currency is a proof of crankiness? The fact is, of course, that Currency is the business of bankers, whereas it is only the life of the nation! Be that as it may, the point to observe is that the Government, in the person of the 'unpopular' Chancellor of the Exchequer, is admirably pursuing a policy, very welcome to the bankers, of restoring the gold standard. The Governor of the Bank of England says so; he expresses the "best thanks" of the City to Mr. Chamberlain for doing so. The only question to ask is whether the restoration of the gold standard is not a financial policy, and exclusively a financiers' policy; whether, in short, it is not directed to making money at the expense of goods.

The line of conflict to-day, the real trench warfare, is no longer between Capital and Labour; it is between Finance, on the one side, and Capital and Labour, more or less in the same army, on the other side. It is a hard saying, no doubt, but the world has not stood still since Marx wrote; and, in effect, his doctrines are as dead as his failure to keep pace with the march of events is, however, quite as common to Capitalists as to Labour leaders; and, in fact, we see that the ordinary employers of to-day are quite as blind to the situation that confronts them as any member of the Committee of Inquiry. Take, for instance, the Memorandum of Protest against the Government's "policy of prodigality" issued and signed by a considerable number of "leading public and business men" last week. They say truly that "the cost of living is becoming a nightmare to many millions of the population," and they trace the major cause to Governments extravagance. We have seen, however, that the financiers are not of the same opinion; on the contrary, they offer their "best thanks" to the Government for the policy now being pursued by the Treasury. Who, then, is right and who wrong? Which of the parties has hold of the stick by the wrong end—the bankers who applauded the Government or the business men who condemned it? There can be little doubt that it is the business men whose understanding is at fault. Engrossed in the production of goods, their minds are on the supply of Labour, miss altogether the other factor of the production of Money; and they are thus at the mercy of a financial conspiracy between the City and the Treasury. In the case under immediate discussion, the general Government policy of Excess Profits Duty is designed to make Capitalists more and more dependent on Finance; and to this end even the "prodigality" of the Government is a contributory cause. Furthermore, the raising of the Bank-rate and the consequent restriction of credit are likewise intended to release credit for foreign investment. It is nonsense to pretend that the amalgamation of Banks was brought about in order to facilitate home-trade; it is nonsense to suppose that the present restriction of credit at home is designed in the interests of our manufacturers. What Finance has its eye on is the collapse of the official support of the Treasury, is foreign trade and international finance.

The "Times" has frequently hinted at the preponderant influence exerted by international finance upon the peace-settlement; and has made it, as openly as it dared, the ground of its attack upon Mr. Lloyd George. Sir Oswald Stoll and others have likewise indicated certain sinister financial personages as having had too close an association with our "foreign policy" to be comfortable for mere citizens to contemplate. It has, however, been left to the "Morning Post" to present with great courage and not a little imagination the full-dress indictment of the financial aspirants to secret but effective world-power. Our own attitude towards the indicated conspiracy of power to international Finance has already been defined in these Notes by our colleague, Major C. H. Douglas. That there is such a conspiracy to capture and control world-credit is no doubt whatever; and that some of its leading minds belong to the Jewish race whose genius, as Bagehot said, is to "estimate imponderables," can equally as little be doubted. But the attempt of the "Morning Post," preceded by the propaganda of the "New Witness," to associate the effort exclusively or even preponderantly with the Jews appears to us to be altogether unwarranted by the facts. Even if there were no Jews, there would still be Finance; and the truth of the matter is that the conspiracy is Financial, that its power is inherent in the accepted doctrines of orthodox Finance, and that its secrecy consists entirely in the unwillingness or inability of the mass of people to think outside those conventional assumptions. What need is there of a secret society of Jews or anybody else to preserve a power that nobody challenges? Ignorance and intellectual apathy are in passive league with it. The very doctrine that Price must be the relation of Money to Goods is, in that sense, a Financial or, if you please, a Jewish doctrine; and to the extent that it passes without criticism everywhere, the financial conspiracy can be said to be universal. The quarrel is not with the Jewish race or with Jews as a class or as financiers, but with the assumptions on which financial power rests, whether those who wield it be Jews or Gentiles. And the attempt to divert an attack upon Finance to an attack upon the Jewish race is doomed, in our opinion, to result in a wave of anti-Semitism to the advantage only of the Gentile financiers. The most potent anti-Semitic instrument we know is a cool analysis of the nature of Money, a challenge, in fact, to the orthodox views now current.

Sir Oswald Stoll is continuing his public-spirited efforts to "focus attention" on credit; and his latest "advertisement" (for, like ourselves, he has to pay for his trouble) indicts the financiers on the charge of "usurping the most powerful function of Government" by their action in restricting credit. Enterprise is discouraged by the stringency of credit, concerns are liable to bankruptcy at any moment, and, what is worst of all, the financiers, by the exercise of their power, are compelling the country to purchase at a higher level than that on which it could be purchased, and to acquire an increasing control of all Capital. It is a true bill, and suggests the new alignment of the forces that at present are rending society. For some time the conflict, as we know, was between Capital and Labour; between, that is to say, the ownership of Capital and the incipient monopoly of Labour. The conflict to-day, as Sir Oswald Stoll clearly sees, is no longer predominantly between these two forces, but between the Money Power and Capital. And his appeals to the public: are directed to focussing attention upon that issue. We must say, however, that Sir Oswald Stoll's remedy appears to us to be incomplete. He proposes to "vest Credit Right in the instruments of Production for the promotion exclusively of further production"; in other words, he would make Capital and Capital alone the basis and source of Credit, always with the view of increased Production. Very good; but, again we ask, what is the use of an increased production with no correspondent increase of effective demand? Why produce more unless you provide for a greater distribution simultaneously? Sir Oswald Stoll appears to us to have got hold of one end of the problem only—Production. The other end is Distribution; and that can be solved in only one of two ways: by the distribution of more and more purchasing power concurrently with the issue of credit, or by the reduction of prices to the ratio of credit consumed to credit produced. We invite Sir Oswald Stoll to consider the missing factor in his prescription.
THE NEW SPIRIT IN GERMANY.

By HUNTLY CARTER.

III.—INDUSTRIAL.

When I arrived at Leipzig one of the first things I did was to visit the Garden Suburbs of the Hampstead order. The sight of this unfinished experiment in a Garden Suburb recalled Germany's pre-war movement towards individualism in social and regional self-determination. It was a movement largely initiated by the example of Ebenezer Howard and England, but it had a much deeper import than the English movement. Germany, which had tired of living physically buried in flats and hotels in great cities, was attracted by the lure of self-contained houses so built and placed as to afford the maximum of independence, comfort, and health. So it was led to look in unto itself, so to speak, and to discover the wealth of town-planning and garden-city ideals contained in its wonderful old mediaval towns. The discovery led, as we know, to a Klonbidike-like rush from all parts of the world by architectural speculators who were eager to participate in the exploitation of the gold-fields thus opened. Germany had already adopted the English ideal of an intelligent environment, and Germany possessed the planning and building ideas. As for Germany, it set to work with its accustomed energy to realise the English ideal with more thoroughness than the English itself. The Garden Suburbs of Hampstead.

There is plenty of evidence in some of the unfinished German communes (unfinished because of the war) that they were informed by the old Guild spirit and in consequence had a complete plan to be filled in by everyone of the Communitists working separately and together. There was Helleore, which started as an industrial commune under the inspired touch of that true working-man idealist, Carl Schmidt, and developed a year or two before the war began into a social commune, and was rounding itself off by devising proper means for expressing its spiritual activities in a culminating borders in the form of jerry-built garden-suburb extensions. As for Germany, it set to work with its accustomed energy to realise the English ideal with more thoroughness than the English itself. The Garden Suburbs of Hampstead.

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covered its economic and moral stability. To make sure of this recovery is the first concern of its responsible thinkers and workers. They recognise that the people must direct their energies to the production of the necessities of healthy and comfortable life and must restrict the raising of income for the... money or food or any other essential. Moreover, and above all, each person must learn to produce the things that are essential to his health, strength, and well-being as well as to those of his fellow-men. It is only on the lines of creative industry and economic resources can be conserved and national ruin averted. Paradise will probably be regained by righteousness (that is, right living).

Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

XI.—(Continued.)

When coal is raised in the community the credit of the community is increased not by the cost of raising the coal, i.e., the money-value of the work done, but by the increased capacity of the community to deliver goods and services of the desired variety to individuals composing the community, and this credit-value is dependent upon the use made of the coal when it is raised and may be out of all proportion to the cost of raising it. The chief component in this credit-value is supplied by the community itself. There is no useful purpose served by raising coal in the middle of the Sahara unless you can either get it to the community or popularise the Sahara as a manufacturing or social centre. Therefore, remembering that the cost in wages and salaries is simply a financial credit issue, no matter where it comes from, it is obvious that a major part of the real credit involved in the operation is dependent on the use made of the coal by the community, it is fundamentally impossible for the cost, which is incurred prior to use, to be the equivalent of this credit, i.e., no private employer could ever pay such wages, and recoup them in prices from the public, as would represent an issue of purchasing power representing the credit created by the proper use of the coal. In any such transaction, for it to be effective as a distributing agency, there must be an issue of purchasing power from some organ representing the creation of credit by the mere presence of the community, i.e., the total purchasing power should exceed the cost to the extent that the total net capacity of society to achieve its desires is enhanced by the operation in question. Overdrafts and similar transactions by banks represent, to a limited degree, such an issue, and without them production is impossible. This is the same thing as to say that price to an ultimate consumer should be that price of cost which is represented by the ratio of credit production to credit destruction, and as the credit production is a function of the community, it is quite clear that the credit production and destruction must be generalised—you cannot say that a ton of coal raised will represent so much credit consumption when it is burnt because some obscure professor may devise a method of using coal which at any moment may double its usefulness. The vital and somewhat unfamiliar element which it is necessary to bear steadily in mind in the examination of this subject is its dynamic character—that all the time there is a ceaseless flow of credit production arising out of countless moral, intellectual, and material factors, and a similar but fundamentally smaller drain on this production which can be described as depreciation, and the real general ratio of the generalised income to the generalised expenditure must take account of all these factors. When, as at present, a whole civilization is dissatisfied with the economic system, an element of depreciation is introduced which has far more influence on real credit than the most colossal destruction of material property by fire, or otherwise.

If it can be made clear to the individuals whom we are placing by hypothesis in control of the policy of the mining industry that each of them, as individuals, benefits by an increase of the ratio of credit-production to credit-consumption, we shall bring individual interest plainly into line with the general interest, and so, apart from other factors, enormously expand real credit.

The one aspect of the economic system which is admittedly and clearly of interest to all individuals is price, and if, therefore, the miners can affect general prices in favour of the consumer without injuring themselves, we can rely on them as reasonable human beings to use their power to further such a consumption. Let us suppose the price of all commodities, including coal, bought for beneficial use by an individual consumer, to be equal to the cost of production multiplied by a fraction representing credit-consumption divided by credit-production, but that the price of coal bought for further production to be equal to cost simply; then the miners' clear interest as consumers to create as much credit as possible for a minimum cost of production, because the cost of coal goes into the price of everything else bought, and these prices are only lowered to the consumer by the creation of real credit dependent, inter alia, on the use made of the coal. In everyday language, then, such a control would mean that we would operate towards the raising of the maximum amount of coal, at the minimum cost per ton, up to a limit where, in the judgment of the public acting through their expert officials in the Banks, the credit-production per unit of coal raised was a maximum. After this point, difficulties would be placed in the way of further coal production, and the man-hours of labour absorbed by the mining industry would begin to decrease and the relation of credit-production to cost would increase—i.e., the industry would produce the same amount of real purchasing power for distribution amongst its members through the agency of dividends, with less work, wages, and salaries. It will at once be said by the doomatic Socialist: "Yes, we thought it would turn out that the idle rich would benefit." He is quite right, but let us see exactly who are going to be the "idle" rich.

The Bank we are discussing, let it be clearly borne in mind, is not a mining company, it is a Bank which we postulate shall finance in increasing proportion a group of mining companies, and be controlled and exist in the interest of, in the first place, those actively engaged in the mining industry. Now, by its issues of credit, by the control of these producing companies it would eventually become possessed of most of their shares, which it would hold for the benefit of its depositors. Assuming a standard rate of dividend and an increasing number of shares due to successive "capitalisation," the depositors of this Bank would be the beneficiaries equally of all the increasing number of shares held by the Bank; so that as improvements in process displaced men from industry the purchasing power they had created to create would be available in the form of dividends. The mining industry would thus not have to consider the provision of employment—its sole preoccupation would be the delivery of coal in the right quantity to the right order—the order of the public, acting on the best advice available.

Those persons whose aptitude for the work was least would be displaced from the industry first; and in the earlier stages of the new order the desire for remuneration in addition to that provided by their dividends, and in the later stages the necessity to find an outlet for their creative activity, would drive such persons to seek fresh fields of usefulness—a process of readjustment clearly tending to the very highest efficiency in the broadest sense—that resulting from the increasing suitability of individual and employment.

(To be continued.)
The taking of Nauru from Germany in the late war and the question of the mandate placing it under the care of our country has drawn public attention to the vast wealth of guano phosphate on the British possession, Paanopa (Ocean Island). Both of these islands, uplifted, little coral islands, which are 160 miles apart, have been worked by the Pacific Phosphate Company. Colonel Leslie Wilson had evidently been misinformed when he stated that the natives of Ocean Island "are about the same type" (Hansard, June 29, 1920). The natives of Ocean Island are Gilbertians. The natives of Nauru are quite a different race and, though under 2,000 in number, possess a language spoken, it is alleged, nowhere else; in appearance they somewhat resemble Samoans, and, like Samoans, are noted for their pleasant manner; hence Pleasant Island, the name by which Nauru has been known. It is about eight square miles in extent and rises to a height of 110 feet.

It is wonderful how undertaking, which have most questionable influence and by influences suppress the truth and have a cloak of romance thrown around them. An example of this is furnished by an article which last month (June) found its way into "Home Words" and from thence into Church parish magazines. From this article one might be led to believe that it was only by a most commendable exhibition of British enterprise, persistence, and great effort on the part of the above company that the phosphate industry was inaugurated on Paanopa, of the Gilbert Islands, Western Pacific, and carried to a grand success, whereas, as "Truth" has stated, "it was about as scalding an example of concession mongering as ever disgraced the Colonial Office." A man without capital and of most ordinary intelligence could easily have become a multi-millionaire had he been given the phosphates of Paanopa (Ocean Island).

The Pacific Islands Company (now Pacific Phosphate Company) started as island traders and guano merchants in or about the year 1897; the lease giving the exclusive right to remove the phosphate for the sum of £50 per annum, which the company's agents cajoled the native to attach their names or marks to, was dated May 3rd, 1900. Two facts stand out prominently:

1. There were in the company individuals of great influence.
2. The Colonial Office failed to perform its duty of protecting natives and the interests of the Empire and practically made a present of this vast wealth of phosphate to the company.

Among the influential people in the company were Lord Stanmore, the chairman, who had formerly been a High Commissioner of the Western Pacific; Sir Wyndham Herbert, who had lately occupied the position of Permanent Under Secretary for the Colonies; the Houlder family, and Sir William Lever (now Lord Leverhulme), whose firm was the largest holder of ordinary shares. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, a Cabinet Minister, was also connected with the company, and is its present chairman.

Ocean Island, which has the highest grade of phosphate found in the world, is about two square miles in extent and rises to a height of 265 feet; its population numbered about 900. The other, Gilbert Islands, are low coral atolls, and though many miles in length, are extremely narrow; they have no phosphates on them. For food the Gilberts produce little but cocoanuts and guano and the islands being subject to drought, these crops have sometimes failed, causing famine. Yet it was the cocoanuts, the food of the people, that had to bear the burden of taxation, the phosphate paid nothing, though from it the whole of the Revenue should in justice have been raised (the rent of £50 per annum which the company paid went to the landowners, natives on Ocean Island. This rent ceased after 1905, and in place of it the company paid to the British Imperial Exchequer a royalty of 6d. per ton—a mere nominal payment for so valuable a phosphate.

About the beginning of this century complaints of general misrule on the part of the Resident Commissioner of the Gilbert Islands, Mr. W. T. Campbell, began to reach home. Complaints were made by missionaries, other Europeans, natives, and in regard to the latter were mentioned numerous floggings and imprisonments, unfair and oppressive system of taxation, the cutting down of food trees for timber, the taking away of land from natives, the seizure of foodstuff for taxes even in time of famine, the amount of forced labour exacted in the different islands for public works, the suffering, sickness, and death which all this brought about. This oppression of the natives, it seemed, greatly assisted the operations of the Company by driving the people to indenture themselves to work the phosphate on Ocean Island, where they did at least receive food and some wages.

The Aborigines' Protection Society, some Members of Parliament, and others took the matter up. Questions were asked in the House of Commons, the first by Mr. Cathcart Wason on February 14, 1902. The case had attention drawn to it in the Press, especially in some weekly publications. "Truth," the first in the field, took it up in 1901; in "'A Grand Panjandrum in the Pacific," and subsequent references to it have poured scorn on the Colonial Office's so-called investigations. The New Age, soon after it first came out in 1907, took it up and in "A Story of the Pacific," "Modern Buccaneers in the West Pacific," and other articles has gone into the case and called for justice. The "Labour Leader" several times drew attention to it. "John Bull" mentioned it and called for an independent investigation.

Appeals for an independent investigation were again and again refused, the Colonial Office kept all inquiry in the hands of its own officials, who were more or less responsible for what had gone on; and refusing even to publish these reports, merely let it be known that it was stated there were no grounds for the charges. Accounts came to hand of the persecution of those who had complained, European and native, and of one deposed chief committing suicide.

At length on June 30, 1908, an appeal by letter was made to the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, to present and support an enclosure petition to His Majesty King Edward VII praying for a fair and impartial investigation to be held. Mr. Asquith, however, left the duty of advising His Majesty in the hands of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Crewe, and a letter dated July 14, 1908, was received from the Colonial Office stating the petition "has been laid before the King, but Lord Crewe has been unable to advise His Majesty to take action in the matter."

More Members of Parliament had now, however, had their attention drawn to the case, and by certain signs of interest it appeared that an adjournment of the House might be moved to raise the question of the Gilberts.

The Colonial Office did not altogether ignore the agitation; before the year 1908 had closed Mr. Campbell and one or two of his officials were removed from the Gilberts and a secret edict against the flogging and ill-treatment of natives was evidently sent out. A further direct tax which Mr. Campbell, in order to increase the revenue, had proposed to place on the already overtaxed cocoanuts of the natives was disallowed.

The Imperial Exchequer was called on to find the extra money required, and the 6d. per ton royalty which had hitherto gone to the Imperial Exchequer was from 1909 paid into the Gilbert Group Treasury.

Having prevented an independent investigation and
retained all inquiry in its own hands, the Colonial Office sent down to the Gilberts one of its own officials in the Pacific, a personal friend of Mr. Campbell who had at one time served under the latter in the Gilberts and had himself been involved in transactions there. He was instructed to assist him one of the very officials against whom recent complaints had been made. A flowery kind of general report on the Gilberts having thus been obtained, the Colonial Office early in 1910 caused it to be published in the form of a White Paper as a refutation of all the charges of misgovernment.

The Colonial Office, having refused to make public the leases, licences, and papers concerning the phosphate concession, a number of questions were asked in Parliament in regard to it and received some strange and contradictory answers. For instance:

When Mr. E. N. Bennett in a speech on the Colonial Vote denounced the Colonial Office for permitting the natives in the Gilberts to be cruelly misgoverned, and to be, in the matter of the Ocean Island phosphate, swindled, Colonel Seely merely answered the latter point, stating, "The Company made the agreement long before we had anything to do with the island." (Hansard, July 27, 1909.) This statement is contrary to fact: (1) It was the duty of the Colonial authorities to have something to do with all such matters, whether the place or island had come under us or was still under no civilised country, special powers in the latter case having been given and publicly proclaimed in the Pacific Islands Protection Act, 1875. (2) Ocean Island had come under us, had for some time been recognised as belonging to Great Britain in a treaty with Germany, which made the hoisting of the flag, a ceremony which was long delayed, a mere formality.

In answer to Mr. Ginnell, Mr. Harcourt stated: "The Company's agreement with the natives of Ocean Island was signed by two chiefs on May 3, 1900, and by three chiefs in September, 1900." It "gave the Company the sole right of removing phosphates for 999 years." "The first Government licence dated October 2, 1900, was for a period of 21 years" (Hansard, July 8, 1914.) This answer shows that the Colonial authorities had, practically at once, something to do with the concession on Ocean Island, and in one respect did alter matters in conformity with the law, which allowed no European to lease land in the Gilberts for more than 21 years.

Further prospecting showed that the phosphate deposits went to a great depth, and were so extensive that it would take a great deal more than the 21 years to remove all the phosphate. The Company were subsequently favoured by having the period extended to 99 years in two licences granted and signed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the first on August 13, 1901, the second, the one now in force, on December 31, 1902. (See Questions: Mr. John Robertson, June 30, 1909; Mr. Cross, July 5, 1909; and Colonel Seely's answers.—Hansard.) By those questions it was also elicited from Colonel Seely that "The existing licence is for 98 years from January 1, 1902, and expires at the end of 1999. In respect of the year 1906, when the colony fell into the hands of the Company, the sum received was £3,532 2s. 6d.; for 1907, £4,500 5s. 6d.; for 1908, £6,531 11s. 6d. Mr. Cross asked whether he was aware "that great injury to public interests was done under this licence, and the monetary consideration was ludicrously insufficient; Colonel Seely: I do not know about that; it all happened a very long time ago." Further, he was questioned and he stated: "When the royalty was fixed the Secretary of State was informed by the Company that they were led to believe that the value of the phosphate at the island might be estimated at about 10s., per ton; and it was on this basis that the Company was enabled to work. Private inquiry was made as to the value of the phosphates then on the market, but the Secretary of State had no means of checking the correctness of the estimate suggested for the Ocean Island phosphates. Mr. Cross: Was any attempt made to obtain this information? The reply was that the Department had no means of ascertaining the value of this phosphate." The Department certainly had means of ascertaining, and it is inconceivable that any man in the Department, had it all been a matter of his personal interest, would not have known the necessary measures to take. The chairman of the Company, an ex-Colonial official, evidently not only knew, but in the interests of his Company, not of his country, had already taken these measures. Although in the first instance it must have been learned from the Company's own chemists that the phosphate was of the highest value, the well-known Sydney expert, Mr. F. Danvers Power, F.G.S., had also been sent to Ocean Island, and his report, dated Sydney, July 26, 1901, showed himself to have been involved in transactions there.

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The "Fiji Times," in one of its scathing articles on the Gilberts and this Ocean Island phosphate concession, finishes with the remark: "The British official from Downing Street is always eager to protect the native against the British settler or trader, but who can protect the native from the British official from Downing Street?"

The Empire had, on the Colonial Office's own showing, been robbed through misrepresentation regarding the phosphate. The Company had, in the name and privileges of an English firm. Germans paid their salaries. The Germans formed a syndicate, a licence to remove the phosphate from Nauru was gained in the matter of the licence was that the German holding in the Company, 25 per cent., and the German was thus obtaining large sums of money through false pretences this present licence obtained in 1906, was received from the Colonial Office stating that Mr. Harcourt had advised His Majesty to issue no directions in the matter. All that was gained in the matter of the licence was that the royalty was doubled, and thus became 18s. per ton. It appears also the Company have increased their payments to natives of Ocean Island, how much has not been stated. In regard to the general administration in the Gilberts the natives now are evidently better off.

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The Cherry Orchard is incurably sentimental: Tchekov has not come to grips even with his own theme. Its indeterminateness of aim is apparent even in its choice of characters; he seems to want us to sympathise with the sorrows of the dispossessed, and he presents us with a picture of a feeble family of incompetent landowners. Tear a peasant from the soil, and you have deprived of its necessary conditions, a collapse of the universal order into chaos. Shylock's saying has the root of tragedy in it:

"You take my house, when you do take the prop that doth sustain my house; you take my life, when you do take the means whereby I live."

The tragedy is more poignant in the case of land than money, for we have no natural attachment to money. But Tchekov does not dispossess a peasant; that would require more power than he possesses. He shows us instead a woman living on tribute, ignorant of the very fundamentals of existence; not knowing of the relation of recipients that hands up to the soil, she was concerned only with the dissipation of what she got from it, and apparently returned nothing to the kindly earth to replenish it. Nothing for nothing, is the law of the land; she wanted something for nothing, and she wanted that something to fritter away in alms to sots, in the pleasures of profligacy, in the aimless extravagance of life in great cities. "She'd give away everything, if the idea only entered her head," says her adopted daughter; and such a person in England would soon be declared incapable of managing her estate, and be placed under guardians. She is simply an irresponsible person, when she refuses to save the estate by selling the cherry orchard, because, forsooth, it was the only "interesting or remarkable thing in the whole province," and, as her brother said, it was mentioned in the "Encyclopaedic Dictionary," there is nothing to do but hope that it will fall into the hands of someone who can appreciate the natural power of the absolute.

The Universe, Men and Ideas.*

By Denis Saurat.

The metaphysician: There are two forms of creation known to man: love—the creation of men and of feelings, the passing from universal masses to mankind; intelligence—the creation of thoughts, the passing from man to ideas. In woman is accomplished the passing from the universe to mankind; hence woman is nearer to the universe than man and her feeling of universal communion is greater than man's. What we call conception is the union of ideas (in possibility) given to a woman, with the universal mass, prepared by woman; the rousing, by man's appeal, of the latent possibility of ideas in the universal matter in woman; the realisation of those possibilities in woman. The masculine element is the Actual. The feminine element is the Potential.

The psychologist: The aim of union in love is the realisation of the life of the participants: joy, and not creation of a new being.

The metaphysician: Any concentration of the Actual in joy is an incitement to the Potential to accomplish a similar concentration. Conception comes from voluptuousness; in the presence of voluptuousness the Potential, by its own motion, rushes into being.

The poet: But the birth, which is a separation from the masses, and a casting off of the Potential, takes place in pain.

The psychologist: The feminine element is as necessary for the creation of ideas as it is for the creation of physical life. The mechanism of creation is the same in both cases; the appeal of an intense Actual to the vague possibilities of the Potential, which, responding, crystallise into an expression. Thus in each individual the two elements, masculine and feminine, are found. Great intellectual creators have more of woman in them than other men; they can, alone, create ideas, whereas in ordinary men or women there is not enough of the other element to make them actively, completely creative; they need the contact of the other sex to create ideas; for love is normally necessary even to the creation of ideas. The selfishness of men of genius has much of love in it; they are in love with the feminine part of themselves.

These are not discussions between antagonistic minds, but rather the impressions of three Intelligences, simultaneously watching the infinite procession of facts and ideas. Philosophy studies the realm of the possible, is a search for the probabilities that may explain realities. It is, therefore, essential for the thinker to mark as precisely as he can what degree of affirmation he attaches to each idea. Continual dogmatism deceives both the world and the thinker, and for it he betrays or one kind, whose creations are mostly hypotheses. Rather than three characters, the psychologist, the metaphysician and the poet are three degrees of probability. The psychologist states facts, the metaphysician hypotheses, the poet mere possibilities. Every man has in himself those three Intelligences. According to the freedom and power of his imagination, he gives more or less credit to the one or the other. But those who do not command his trust often nevertheless lead him, and, in any case, play in his life their harmonious part. — D. S.
Recent Verse.

EZRA POUND. Umbra. (Elkin, Mathews. 8s. net.)

In this volume Mr. Pound has collected "all that he now wishes to keep in circulation from 'Personae,' 'Exaltations,' 'Ripostes,' etc." To these he has added a number of translations from Guido Cavavant and Arnaud Daniel and he has appended to the whole the few verses which make up "the complete poetical works" of the late T. E. Hulme. This collection embodies, we may take it, the author's judgment upon his earlier works, and provides also the material which should enable us to discover what are the qualities which set him apart—so very far apart—from the mass of his contemporary poets.

Mr. Pound's poetry is individual (every critic, of course, says this), and it is imaginative; but it is not in these qualities that it differs so strikingly from contemporary poetry, some of which—a very little, it must be confessed—is also individual and imaginative. The real difference between Mr. Pound and most of the poets of his time is that he is individual and imaginative with distinction. This distinction never a pose; it is the essence of the author's individuality which is expressed the more clearly the more sincere is his own expression. It is a sort of fastidious vigour: a subtle form of strength. Mr. Pound's choice of subject-matter and of form, which in many a poet would appear merely precious, appears to be in him perfectly sincere and expressive. He prefers the recondite theme and the difficult form, because in dealing with these both his fastidiousness and his vigour find their best opportunity. There is here, once more, no affectation, but the desire to find the words and measures which are specific and new, which can be seized imaginatively and made alive.

As an example of the author's combined strength and fastidiousness, perhaps the poem entitled "A Virgin" could not be bettered. We quote it in full:—

No, no! Go from me. I have left her lately.
I will not spoil my sheath with lesser brightness,
For my surrounding air hath a new lightness;
Slight are her arms, yet they have bound me straitly
And left me cloaked as with a gauze of ether;
As with sweet leaves; as with a subtle clearness.
Oh, I have picked up magic in her nearness.
To sheathe me half and half the things that sheathe her.

The proper aim of human existence is the resolution of desires into ideas.

The Poet: Perhaps the aim of animal and inferior life is the resolution of the universe into desires.

The Metaphysician: The proper aim of human existence is the resolution of desires into ideas.

The Poet (again): The dispositions in woman that make her apt to bear the consequences of her function, but the causes of it. The creation of the sexes is explained by the law of contraries. The first effort of concentration of the general being produces the Actual, the masculine element, precise and creative. But man, by himself and in himself, is too precise; he needs his opposite to be alive. The general Potential is too vague to answer his too precise appeal. Hence man's need of man's appeal, for a limited Potential, a Potential within his reach, which he can fecundate. The response to that appeal is woman.

The Psychologist: Desire, when it develops, multiplies itself into precisions, transforms itself into ideas. Feeling becomes intelligence. Sentiments become ideas. The intellect, in its workings, starts from a very vague general idea, which is really nothing but a feeling. This feeling is desired by language men, to express it, we choose its principal points. Each of those points is divided and subdivided into more precise parts, until the primitive feeling has been resolved into ideas. A being's degree of intelligence depends upon the precision and certainty that he chooses, to express them, the essential points of its feeling. An argument is false when it has not expressed those essential points. Then the feeling at its basis remains unsatisfied. The difference in quality between one idea and another is in their more or less complete and accurate rejection of their Potential. Thus intelligence is a quality of the will in desire.

The Psychologist (again): For most people there is no conflict between desire and reason. Such a conflict is abnormal, and a disease. Essential desires in a man are taken for granted by him. His intellect is at work in justifying his desires, which need no justification, even if they are evil. Conflict, when it comes, is between the social law and the individual desire. It is not his own reason that the criminal goes against, but generally the reason of the group he belongs to: collective intelligence.

The Metaphysician: What we call abstract ideas are only names given to groups, nations of ideas, each idea in which is different and individual. An idea can only exist in one man. Other men may have similar ideas, related or allied to that one, but an idea is essentially one division of a certain man's desire, within him. When it is expressed, it may call up in other men similar ideas, and found a sort of nation of ideas in its resemblance. Then we say that the idea is shared by other men; really each man who accepts and understands it shares the essential point of it. Our language names that idea as a point of an immemorial desire common to many men, which is subdivided as to reach consciousness in each of those men. Our language names that idea as though it were one in all its individual appearances. But really each man who accepts and understands a general idea is only realising in his desire an individual idea related to all the ideas in other men which bear the same name. The abstract expression of an idea in our language is the attempt to give a name to one of those nations of ideas.

The Poet: General ideas, thus named, hover over the world in art. He who wishes to, receives them, lets his Potential be fecundated by them, and conceives in himself real and individual ideas, in their resemblance. The pleasure of the creative artist is thus the masculine joy: the appeal that draws towards existence all vague possibilities, the joy of creating. The pleasure we take in art is the feminine pleasure: the joy of being created.
second instance, at any date, it does not appear to be relevant. On the next page occur these lovely lines:

Out of you have I woven a dream
That shall walk in the lonely vale.

And on the next to that there is this passage:—
The unappeasable loveliness is calling me out of the wind,
And because your name is written upon the ivory doors,
And the lotus that pours its fragrance into the purple cup,
Than are you with these words of mine.

That is fine in its manner, the decorative manner, but, once more, it is not Mr. Pound. Set it against these lines, taken from the "Night Litany":—

Yea, the glory of the shadow of thy Beauty hath walked
Upon the shadow of the waters
In this thy Venice:
And before the holiness
Of the shadow of thy handmaid
Have I hidden mine eyes,
O God of waters.

However artificial the phrasing may appear, it will be found that this passage cannot be analysed, nor one jot of its beauty diminished. The purity of the mood, of the words, and of the rhythm is one: the poem is indeed a "Litany."

However, the purity—the artistic purity, that is to say—all of the poems in this volume is one of their most striking qualities. Mr. Pound takes art more seriously than it is the custom to take it in this country—or in America; as seriously, in fact, as the French. His artistic severity takes the form of writing upon the theme as the theme dictates. He is sensuous, religious, brutal, romantic, as the subject matter may demand. But, as little as Flaubert's, is his sensuousness or his brutality adventitious. For instance, in the following passage from a rendering of Arnaut Daniel's "Canzoni," the vigorous curse in the last line is admirable on artistic and not on Masefieldian grounds:—

Disharmonious
Can she, and wake
Such firm delights, that I
Am hers, froth, lees,
Bigod! from toe to ear-ring.

Upon Browning, to take another example, he suits the expression to the subject:—

You wheeze as a head-cold long-tonsilled Calliope,
But God! what a sight you ha' got o' our in'ards,
Mad as a hatter but surely no Myope,
Broad as all ocean and leemin' man-kin'ards.

With this devotion to the theme in its purity, there goes necessarily a total absence of sentimentality. The only two sentimental lines which we have been able to find in the volume we have already quoted. Beside Mr. Pound any poet of to-day will appear sentimental. Occasionally, however, in avoiding the sentimental he falls into the banal. Thus, for example, in "Portrait d'une femme":—

You are a person of some interest, one comes to you
And takes strange gain away:
Trophies fishéd up; some curious suggestion;
Fact that leads nowhere.

The first line there is written no doubt to get a desired effect. It is written deliberately prosaically, we should say, because Mr. Pound was afraid a more emotional statement would have been sentimental. The result is that it is a banal line, spoiling an otherwise ingenious poem.

It is impossible to do justice to the translations, including the noble "Seafarer." They contain, however, not only ingenuity, but imagination. They are not renderings, but recreations. The worst poem in the book is the last, "abbreviated from the conversation of Mr. T. E. H.":—

The Germans have rockets. The English have no rockets. Behind the lines, cannon, hidden, lying back miles. Before the line, chaos.

Mr. Aldington can do this sort of thing as well. But Mr. Pound can write poetry like this:—

Clothed in goldish weft, delicately perfect,
gone as wind! The cloth of the magical hands!
Thou a slight thing, thou in access of cunning
dar'st to assume this?

E. M.

Indiscretions; or, Une Revue de Deux Mondes.

By Ezra Pound.

IX.

He (Dick) was most sympathetic after the "accident"; he sat up with Rip all night, and bored a hole through his big toe nail to relieve the pressure, and told him stories, told him how he loved his "dawg," faithful for years, and then how he found him "cho-old as a stone and ded-ass-smacker!"

It will be seen that if they, Rip and Hermy, hadn't the seein' eye they had occasionally an ear for cadence, and retained a line or two of the idiom.

Euripides appreciated Dick's delicacy in not having shot him. The idea that life is a burden and the desire to enter into the eternal placidity of non-being were not in Rip's mental outfit; he understood that Dick had loved his lost "dawg," that Dick had the finest possible feelings, but that accidents in mines were unavoidable and that the next one would be somewhat worse; also as he could not walk and as his "cayoos" could not carry him about the mine, he mounted that animal, Hermy likewise mounting her, and the jeune menage retired to the legal centre. I have never understood quite how much of the "law" was under Rip's supervision; needless to say he was not in the executive branch; he had "opened the Government Land Office" and "miners came in from 200 miles to file their claims." This was because Thadeus, who opposed nepotism, had "been through" and bought a brace of mines, and Idaho being then a territory there were no senators; and probably no one but Thadeus and a few of the railroad pioneers heard of the place, so that it was quite easy to get Rip appointed—especially as there may have been quite a number of young men who would not have cared to go so far, for a very indefinite "prospect"; also it was not nepotism, it was not for Rip's convenience but for that of Thadeus, who by getting Rip a Government job got also, gratis, a perfectly honest representative to keep his eye on the property.

Hence the first plastered house; hence the ingress of Mary Beaton; hence Hermy's perception that it ought to go into a story—the main street where the minister's salary was collected over the bars (for one elder took one side of the street and the other the other), the décor of weather boards, topless mountains, Horace Morgan's black coat and felt hat, rapid permutation of fortunes, gents dying "with their boots on"; which was too much for Mary Beaton, unsustained by romance and a sense of how it would look in Harper's Magazine. She couldn't bear to say good-bye to "Miss Hermy"; she left at midnight, without her variegated assortment of clothing; and was duly "blown up" by Aunt Heeb. Hermy's next "maid," Angelice "general," married a rich prospector and went to live at the hotel.

Rip drank a certain amount of lemonade at the various saloons in the main street, without giving
offence. How he did so must remain his own secret. He did not carry a gun; he had bought one, but his cousin, Harve, took it away saying he'd "Better not 'cause it might go off and hurt someone." He borrowed one once to go up to the mine, but there was no call for it; he tried five shots at an impulsive rabbit, and retained one for the return journey. "After he finished his lunch at the top of a divide, he looked down back along the road and saw a mountain lion sniffing at the paper he'd had his lunch in." On considering the ratio of five bullets to one rabbit, and his remaining cartridge, he "put for" the nearest habitation. Hermione has always regretted that lion skin.

Hermione was taken out into the mountains and it was like the dawn of creation. Hermione went to live at the hotel and some of the guests objected to the hotel servants dancing in the ballroom after dinner. The prospector and his wife were also staying at the hotel. The prospector's wife declined to join in the protest saying "I really couldn't quite; you know I didn't treat. He just went into a saloon and ordered his drink and drank it and went out again.

Rural Walks.
By C. E. Bechhofer
(Continued.)

It was about seven in the evening when I came down the hill into the village, meeting a clergyman out for a stroll as I went and reached Harting. Past a Methodist chapel and a couple of new brick houses, I came to the main street, which ran up a hill to the church and could be seen passing out beyond it and sweeping up over a shoulder of the Downs. This broad main road and a subsidiary lane made up most of the cozy village.

A villager who was carrying a bucket of kitchen-leafings to his pigs advised me to seek a bed at the "Coach and Horses," just beyond the church, and, he said, the best inn of the village. I went uphill past the neat, red-tiled cottages that fronted the road, curved round the old churchyard, with the stocks and whipping-post, and came to the inn. I entered a tiny but rather pretentious bar-room, and asked if I could have a bed. The hostess said she was sorry, but the house was full, and replied to any new request that she doubted if he should get a bed in any inn at Harting that night; she had already turned several people away that day, she said. I returned to the centre of the village, where my acquaintance of the pig-bucket, now coming back from the sties, advised me to try the old "Ship Inn" at the bottom of the hill. At the primitive hostelry, the landlord, who told me that he had only just been "demobbed" from the Army, and so was not yet fully conversant with the possibilities of his accommodation, asked me to wait till his wife returned from a chat with a friend, since only she could tell me if I could be accommodated, there being already two or three visitors in the house. I guessed that this would mean turning a son or daughter of the house out of a bed to make room for me, and as my request for supper seemed to put the landlord into further perplexity, I decided to try the third and last inn, the "White Hart." If this cannot take me, I thought, I will seek shelter in a cottage.

The "White Hart" lay halfway up the hill in the main street, and I turned back once more. It was a simple house, not much different from the other cottages. Outside the front door was its name written up in bold letters, and a sign-post with a big bunch of black plaster grapes. I went into the bar and asked the landlord, whom I found in conversation with two countrymen, if he could put me up for the night. He was a smart-looking young man with well-brushed hair, smart clothes, and a flower in his buttonhole. He, too, it seemed, had only just been demobilised, and he called his wife, a tall, thin and rather handsome woman, who looked me over carefully. There was a party of four gentlemen in the house already, she said, but there was one room I could have if I did not mind its being small. I thanked her heartily and asked for supper. "We've nothing in the house," she said, "and there's no way of getting anything to-night." And she spoke of their difficulties in view of the food shortage.

"Surely you could fry the gentleman a rasher," broke in her husband, whose aid I had enlisted over a glass of beer. The hostess said that this was possible, and, asking me to wait for a few minutes while she could put me up for the night. He was a smart, looking young man with well-brushed hair, smart clothes, and a flower in his buttonhole. He, too, it seemed, had only just been demobilised, and he called his wife, a tall, thin and rather handsome woman, who looked me over carefully. There was a party of four gentlemen in the house already, she said, but there was one room I could have if I did not mind its being small. I thanked her heartily and asked for supper. "We've nothing in the house," she said, "and there's no way of getting anything to-night." And she spoke of their difficulties in view of the food shortage.

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I remembered my purpose in coming to Harting and asked them if Mr. Durman was still farming in the village. The youth shook his head; the landlord said he had never known him. I then explained that he had never heard tell of any farmer called Durman, though himself born and bred in the village, and advised me to go to the parish clergyman. "We had a gentleman here once before, who said he was looking for some old family name or other, and we sent him across to the Reverend Roberts—that's his house there, up through that gate—and he must have found out something, 'cause we saw them going up to the church together afterwards and they kept walking up and down the street all the evening."

"'E's been 'ere a long time, de Rev'end Roberts has," said the old countryman. "Ay, that he has," said the inn-keeper, "but he's sp'y enough for all his grey hairs. Why, when the Vicar was away at the War over at—(he mentioned a neighbouring parish the name of which I do not remember)—I used to drive the Reverend Roberts over there regular every Sunday morning to take the eight o'clock service, and then he'd come back and take his own service. Every Sunday I used to drive him over, and he used to talk to one just like an ordinary person, he did, when you was out in the trap with him. I 'ad to laugh, though, one day. 'E asked me a question an' I couldn't answer him."

The landlord gave a peal of laughter at this cryptic reply. "'E asked me a question an' I couldn't answer him." The landlord said, "pickles is so dear in the year," said the landlady—bread, butter, cheese and home-pickled shallots. ("We sell 'em by the pennyworth," said the landlord; "pickles is so dear in the shops nowadays.")

My supper arrived. It consisted of an enormous slice of home-cured bacon (a real luxury after the briny horrors that invaded England during the war), eggs, and a fine lettuce out of the garden—"The first this year," said the landlady—bread, butter, cheese and home-pickled shallots. ("We sell 'em by the pennyworth," said the landlord; "pickles is so dear in the shops nowadays.")

I supped like a Saxon king, and afterwards walked up to the old church. Engrossing as its interior was, I could not resist hurrying outside to watch the beginning of the sunset caught upon the green tiles of its exquisite steeple and the red tiles of its roof. Then I went down to the clergyman's house, and a trim maid showed me into a long room looking out upon the Downs.

The clergyman came in, accompanied by a jealous little, bright old lady led me into a front room to her little, bright old lady led me into a front room to her

The clergyman spoke of marriages round about the village houses, I took my leave and went off to see George Brightwell, the wheelwright.

The clergyman had given me exact instructions. "Be careful to ask for George Brightwell the wheelwright," he had said. "There are many Brightwells round there. Anyone will tell you which house is his. Unfortunately, there was nobody about to ask, although it was only nine o'clock. I walked up the lane until I came to the last building, which proved to be a wheelwright's shed. I heard voices inside and knocked. The voices went on and I knocked again. No answer; still the voices rumbled on, and I began to feel uncomfortable. Then I realised that probably the men inside were old and deaf, and I gave up knocking and went back, determined to make inquiries at the nearest cottage. As it happened, this was the very place I was seeking. A little, bright old lady led me into a front room to her husband. Mr. George Brightwell the wheelwright was sitting in his shirt sleeves in front of the fire and reading the morning newspaper. He was an old man of rather less than middle height. His head was finely shaped, squarish, with a high straight forehead, a small aquiline nose. The mouth was little drawn with age. His hair and bushy eyebrows were quite white. He was rather deaf, but I have had some experience of speaking with deaf people—one has to speak very round and clear, and neither too soft nor too loud—and his answers were as quick as his bright, piercing eyes. His strength of heart and body was evident from the bright clarity of his eyes. This fine old man, I afterwards learnt, had worked at his heavy trade all alone through the war, when his assistants had joined the colours. I asked him at once, when I had ascertained from him late an hour, if he knew anything of a farmer at Harting named Durman. He reflected for a moment, drawing on the store of memories and traditions which make another parish. The clergyman thought that this was hardly likely. "The roads," he said, "a hundred years or so ago were so bad that there would be communication only by the paths of districts; moreover, the sense of local loyalty was much stronger then and a parishioner would be unlikely to go outside his own parish on such business."

At this moment the clank of a chain betrayed the intrusion of a small white goat, which, followed by the old countryman's grey hairs. Why, when the Vicar was away at the War over at—(he mentioned a neighbouring parish the name of which I do not remember)—I used to drive the Reverend Roberts over there regular every Sunday morning to take the eight o'clock service, and then he'd come back and take his own service. Every Sunday I used to drive him over, and he used to talk to one just like an ordinary person, he did, when you was out in the trap with him. I 'ad to laugh, though, one day. 'E asked me a question an' I couldn't answer him."

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"Oh, de church bells was ringin', dat was all."

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Federalism did not mean devolution to them, but Wales than from England”; but there can be no doubt education of the people who read the publications of Devolution has attracted considerable attention, and the American, the trend of political power towards unity; as Buchez THE report of the Speaker’s conference on Federal Murray Macdonald, M.P., expounded the case for which in a word forms the government, must surely involve the transformation of a Confederation of States you?” said her husband. It seemed that she did, and as a remedy against the weakness of small States; as Buchez it was his time for remember Mr. Durman, the relieving officer, a chronicle of local life for the last hundred and authorities enjoying simply the kind of autonomy re- him a chronicle of local life for the last hundred and ordinary name, but he had not been directly of my Harting esttors, he might have stood in some close relationship to them. “I never heard that Mr. Durman had any relatives,” he replied, “at least, not about here. But I remember him well. You see, being a public official, a relieving officer, he was a well-known man; but he’s dead a long time now.” I felt a little disheartened to find that death had anticipated me in placing my family, but I took Mr. Bright- well’s advice to make further inquiries in Petersfield itself, especially at the brickyard on the Portsmouth road, by the “Jolly Sailor.” As I was going out, a group of three or four old men came in. “You remember Mr. Durman, the relieving officer, don’t you?” said her husband. It seemed that she did, and she too had a good word to say for him. As I came to the street, I heard Mr. Brightwell being reminded that it was his time for a wash and bed. “He goes to bed early, you see, sir, because he works hard.”

(To be continued.)

Views and Reviews.

FEDERAL DEVOLUTION.

The report of the Speaker’s conference on Federal Devolution has attracted considerable attention, and in the “Times” of July 5-9, the Right Hon. J. A. Murray Macdonald, M.P., expounded the case for Devolution. I have, on previous occasions, referred to the subject, but no harm will be done by reminding the readers of THE NEW AGE of what has already been said. It is admitted that there is not, in England, any popular demand for devolution, “that a more insistent demand for devolution has come from Scotland and Wales than from England”; but there can be no doubt that the issue has become one of vital concern to the members of every party in the House of Commons pressed the Government to introduce a Devolution Bill next session. We may confidently expect the “Daily Mail” soon to publish posters announcing: “Devolution or Revolution?” and to proceed to the political education of the people who read the publications of the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.

The peculiarity of the proposal is, as I have said before, that it attempts to reverse the usual order of evolution of political institutions. The American, the Swiss, the German, federal systems were all developed as a remedy against the weakness of small States; Federalism did not mean devolution to them, but creation of a permanent and regularly constituted authority. Federalism, in short, represents the inevitable trend of political power towards unity; as Buchez puts it: “It is a mistake to establish a permanent and regularly constituted central authority, which in a word forms the government, must surely involve the transformation of a Confederation of States into a Federal State, and of a federation into a unitary State; that is to say, it must involve the conversion of States which at first are completely independent into united States, and then of the latter into mere provinces, or in other words into local administrative authorities enjoying simply the kind of autonomy re-quisite for the free and efficient discharge of public business. A government is necessarily an institution of progress. However moderate it may desire to be, whatever suspicions it may entertain about its own tendencies, which are to increase its power incessantly, nevertheless it will go forward. It will act, and when its activity is not absorbed by foreign affairs, it will have to exercise firmness in domestic matters.” That tendency towards unity seems to be inevitable; and although the centralising tendency may secure unity of the State at the expense of union of the people, the tide flows none the less in that one direction. M. Bonjour tells us (in his recent book, “Real Democracy in Operation,” Allen and Unwin) that “during the last 30 years, a tendency towards centralisation manifested itself in Switzerland so pronouncedly that the country might easily have found itself transformed into a unitary State.” The case of Switzerland is, in this respect, even better worth study than that of America, because it has a longer and more deeply-rooted tradition and practice of democratic institutions; its Landesgemeinden have been in existence for more than six centuries, and M. Bonjour assures us that almost all their essential features they remain just as they were at the dawn of Swiss freedom.” But in spite of that fact, political necessity forces them more and more towards the aggrandisement of the Federal Government and the conversion of Switzerland into a unitary State.

The proposal of Federal Devolution in this country seems to attempt to reverse this process—I say “seems,” because Federal Devolution is only preparatory to Imperial Federalism. It is a proposal to create at least four (Mr. Macdonald advocates dividing England into several areas) provincial legislatures for the United Kingdom, but the extended proposal is to convert Parliament, which is the organ of a unitary State, into a Federal Parliament of the Empire. At first, the proposal seems to confer a considerable degree of autonomy on the four States of the United Kingdom; finally, it will result in the complete subservience of the local to the Imperial legislature. What this would mean in practice may be illustrated by another quotation from M. Bonjour’s work: “The extension of federal powers was not sought on the theoretical considerations. It arose from the necessities of the situation and nearly always corresponded with indisputable public interests. Every time the question of centralising anything or making anything uniform is raised in Switzerland, good arguments are discovered in abundance. The centralisation of military training explained itself. That of law, especially of law relating to commerce, was imposed in the name of very urgent needs. Twenty-five systems of civil law in a country of less than four million inhabitants created numerous complications and hindered intercourse between citizens of different cantons. The recent war demonstrated the great value of the National Bank and of a uniform issue of banknotes. The nationalisation of the railways was demanded for weighty reasons ranging from military defence to the development of the system and the services it was called upon to render. In the domain of hydraulic power, where streams and rivers simply ignore the boundaries of cantons, federal legislation was a necessity. Food control could not stop at cantonal boundaries without running the risk of evasion at every turn. For the purpose of public works, the protection of forests and public insurance, the sphere of action of the canton was seen to be inadequate. And so forth. But where will it end? According to the extreme partisans of centralisation, there is no end. The last remnants of military administration in the cantons, judicial or- ganisation and procedure would all be centralised; the Confederation would interfere in elementary education, in the relief of the poor, and in the affairs of the local
authorities within the canton; it would levy a direct tax; it would create federal police, etc. The slope is extremely slippery: one step is all that is required. There is as much complexity in the affairs of the British Empire as in those of Switzerland; there is a strong body of partisans of centralisation (we call them Imperialists) here as there: the cry of "One Law, One Language, One Religion Throughout the Empire" has already been heard, with a most curious limitation of the supposed benefits to the white races; and we have no reason to suppose that the local autonomy represented by Federal Devolution will be an effective safeguard against the centralising tendency, or will save us from too much uniformity in practice.

It is impossible to consider Devolution without considering Imperialism which it subserves; it is impossible to consider Imperialism without observing its manifest tendency to uniformity. The discussion of Imperialism in Canada, to take one example, has been much more vigorous than here; and it has taken the form of hostility to the existence of the assimilated French-Canadians, and a deliberate and successful Imperialist of his Imperial duty; and remembering because they can look after themselves. There is as much complexity in the affairs of the British Isles are not free from what the Imperialist likes to call "alien cultures." There are quite a lot of people in Wales, for example, who speak nothing but Welsh, and even, I believe, have Welsh taught in their schools. I say nothing of Ireland and Scotland because they can look after themselves. There is the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, to remind the Imperialist of his Imperial duty; and remembering how, during the war, the Privy Council supported and confirmed the Imperialist Party in their action, and reduced the French-Canadian language ("patois," the Imperialist calls it) in the schools to the status of a "culture-language," I have no doubt that an Imperialist Parliament would soon be convinced of the necessity of bringing the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands under a common educational scheme in which English will be the "language of instruction." Devolution prepares the way for Imperial Federation; "centralisation" is complementary to centralisation, and each other," quotes M. Bonjour; and centralisation, by its very nature, entails uniform conditions and practices. That is really the problem that we have to solve if we are to consider a fundamental change of constitution—and I hope to return to the subject in another article.

Review.

Grain and Chaff from an English Manor. By Arthur H. Savory. (Blackwell. 25s. net.)

The negative argument against the English system of land tenure takes the form of declaring that the land-owning class has contributed nothing to national welfare or culture since they were relieved of the feudal levy for military service. Mr. Savory cannot strictly be classed as a landowner; he is a gentleman-farmer, as the phrase goes, and farmed Aldington Manor with the help of a bailiff. But he sets an example to his class by writing this delightful apology for a life in the open sun, constitutes himself the natural historian of Aldington, near Evesham, Worcestershire, and with Gilbert White ever in mind tells us whatever he can of interest concerning his home of many years. Scraps of ancient customs, stories of old people and customs, of birds and butterflies and the School Board, of turnips, fields, is his genius omne. The whole book is interesting because the man himself was interested; more than that, he loved the kindly earth and all that lived upon it; he observed at every turn, and had an explanation to offer of such divergent phenomena as the changing course of streams, the effects of climate on cattle and sheep (his pure-bred Jerseys became larger and more bony, his pedigree Shropshires increased in size and coarseness on that heavy land), and the meaning of local phraseology in Shakespeare. Like most farmers, he was Conservative in political opinions, in marked contrast to his generally plausible and experimental attitude towards affairs; a staunch Churchman, yet with some good stories to tell of Church affairs and officials in his village. Even his wife was a singer trained by Caravoglia, as well as a dairy farmer; and Aldington had its band, and concerts in which her real vocal ability (she should take top C without visible effort) was displayed. It is long since we have read a book of such varied interest with so much pleasure; Mr. Savory was an ideal inhabitant of a rural community, and records his observations with a wealth of literary reference and stable good-humour that make his book singularly easy to read and enjoy.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

IN GERMANY.

Sir,—After I had posted my articles on "The New Spirit in Germany," it occurred to me I had said less on the subject of German philosophy than I deserved. I treated it briefly because I know your space is very limited and precious now-a-days, and because I do not think that the "New Spirit" with which I am concerned is emerging under the high pressure of German philosophy. As I have suggested elsewhere, the depressed frame of mind of the German people, undermined, touched by despair and seeing but little security in the future, does not lend itself to German speculative speculation, notorious throughout the world for its depth and solidity. At the same time, it must be said that philosophical thought is taking the direction of the general emotional impulse exhibited by the German people, and, though it does not rule the mind of this people, it doubtless contributes something towards the present desire for justice, the desire for change and the desire for ultimate peace. In short, it is inspired by the anti-militarist spirit which I have shown working through the dominating activities in Germany to-day.

The most noticeable change in present-day German philosophy is its break with political influences, and its search for an idealism uncoloured by Germanism. I think it may be safely said that in the future it will seek to make its life brighter by sternly refusing to be the handmaiden of aggressive and world-annexing politics. At any rate, Fichte and Hegel and the worst side of the Nietzschean political thought and philosophy have lately been seen walking the plank, and many persons will share our feelings of relief when they go overhead altogether. Those three considerable writers, Hans Vaihinger, Graf Hermann Keyserling and Oswald Spengler are now in the sun. Vaihinger, in "Philosophie des Als Ob," appears as the spiritual descendant of Kant, to whose philosophy he has given a new idealistic-pragmatic interpretation. He also goes beyond Nietzsche. If Vaihinger declines dogmatism , Spengler in "Der Untergang des Abendlands," accepts it and re-establishes the dogma of lawfulness in the development of human culture. As for Keyserling in his "Reinagleuchtsches Philosophen," he strongly manifests the influence of Eastern systems of philosophy and appears as the interpreter of their great wisdom. He seeks a harmony between the rational powers of mind, and suggests the coming of a new philosophy founded in practical wisdom, common sense conduct of life and deepest humanitarian feeling. A detailed examination of the three works would occupy columns.

HEINTLY CARTER.
Pastiche.

THE FAYS TO THE MAN.
Thou hast called us the birds of the mist,
Beloved, the child of the sun,
Beloved, the darling of the morn;
Thou hast called us abandoned of Christ,
Beloved, the voice of the stream,
Beloved, the sweet of the vale.

Yet though not to Christ do we come,
Beloved, the lord of the field,
That art the eye of the day,
By other roads we go home,
Agelong but striefless and white,
Thou of the shield and the sword.

Thou hearest the mountainscous road,
Thine is the wound and the shame,
Thine is the weeping of woe;
But thou shalt have set down thy load
When we are yet wandering airs,
Thou the beloved of God.

Thou art a song and a cry,
Hero, the kin of the Saints,
Infant, the flower of the clay;
And we are a perfume, a sigh;
Brother, remember our grace,
Father, forget not our woe.

RUTH PITTER.

THE NEW NEW.
It's a fight . . . a fight, against a gamut of gawks and grisstres. We wonder if it is, really, a rebellion of the Right People against the Wrong People. Of all the hundreds of new movements there's Wyndham Lewis . . . suffering from a paucity of ideas. He's got a movement. (An art critic . . . cowed by it all . . . enthuses.) There is an exhibition at the Adelphi Galleries of some chaotics. A cohort of Oxfordies says those things about charlatans and little minds . . . on the other side there's the “group” . . . grouping.

The New Era is coming, and all insanities in trashy architecture like St. Thomas's Hospital will go . . . all the wretched inmates being presumably foisted upon Bart.'s . . . or Dr. Barnardo's. But there's terror abroad—who, who ever saw such inundations . . . there's a new “Wheels.” And Mr. Huxley has written an insult to the Catholics (it's not “dazzle artist” with theatrical aspirations who has done the backgrounds has caught on to the craze for vivid “décor”;) have got the spotted musles—salmonpink and ohiold-gohld . . . and ... Whistler looks like—Barribal. But—in the swirls of derivative symbolism . . . there is one place to turn (before one is chased to Battersea Park Road) where our Ozzies and Suchies and Ezras cannot follow with bombilatory pursuance . . . The LONDON MERCURY.

O! how I love Dérain and Roberts . . . there's colour without any of your Café Royal Edmund X. Kapp's portrait of Very Windy Lewis-esque atmosphere . . . Such tone . . . and Van Gogh and Cézanne . . . But there goes the art critic of the “Spectator” again . . . still vamping toshily about “ clichés.”

How catching it all is!

JASPER PROUD

REFLECTIONS.
Sad is our life
And short:
Of stuff
Meagre enough
Fashioned—a thought,
A word,
Minch hope—
(Deferred.)
A song
To help dull Hope along.
A flower
(Picked in a shower
With the sting
Joy, the bee leaves in.)
A gem
(Snatched from a storm's hem.)
A sigh
For youth gone by.
A little prayer
(And a great care
For the morrow).
For Sorrow—
Pity, that warms the heart
With a sweet smart.
A dream
(To deceive.)
A leave-
Taking,
A heart breaking:
A tear-bottle brimming—
Rimming
Its edge—hubbles, for smiles.
A will bended—
A heart mended:
(Can the sweetest beat bring
Back its old ring
Ever?)
Ah—never!
And, thro' all
Like note magical
Ringeth—nor pauseth
Love—that causeth
Half our pain. O Love!
Sweet Love!
O cruel, cruel Love!

M. M. JOHNSON.

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