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Notes of the Week

For how many weeks and months have we been compelled to say that “prices continue to rise”? Last month showed another considerable rise both in the level of prices as a whole and in the cost of living in particular. The former is now 155 per cent. higher than it was in 1914, while the latter is 158 per cent. higher. But prices, as everybody knows who will stop a moment to think about it, are not mere figures in a table of statistics or even of the generalised concern of the moment to think about it, arc not mere figures in a table of statistics or even of the generalised concern of the marriage, birth and death statistics—they are the index of the sufficiency or insufficiency of the food, clothing and domestic requirements of the vast mass of our citizens here and now; and it is impossible that the increasing unattainability of these things in the amounts necessary to a reasonable life should be endured by the sufferers without increasing complaint. The march of Bolshevism is measurable in terms of the rise in the index-figure of prices; we have in the price-level an indicator of the approach of “revolution”; and, as surely as we are alive and apathetic, the phenomena of “revolution” will increase and multiply as the finger of prices rises higher and higher. It is useless for the Press to blow its trumpets and beat its drums in the attempt to drown hunger and want in the excitement of racing and sport. The most desperate gesticulations of the Cadbury and “Daily Herald” tipsters will not appease the pangs of daily necessity. Once let employment begin—as it soon must—to slide down the slippery slope at the same rate at which prices continue to climb, and the westward movement of “Bolshevism” will infallibly reach and break upon these islands. Thanks to various causes of a more or less adventitious character, the seriousness of the situation is temporarily veiled under an appearance of only slowly declining prosperity. Good observers, however, know that it is only the calm of the rapids. The autumn and winter, if the direction is not in the meantime changed, will find us at the falls.

The “storm of protest” with which the proposal has been received to tax holiday-makers for the deficit on the railways has been largely misdirected—in all probability intentionally. Nothing would suit better the financial interests now in complete control of Government and Industry than such an expenditure of public resentment upon the comparative trifle of holiday-fares that no energy would be left to protest against the intended permanent increase of rates. Moreover, as far as we have been able to gather, no ground of challenge to the latter proposal exists outside of these pages, for which of the “economists” is in an intelligent position to dispute the dictum of the “Times” that “assuredly the return to economic society must be by way of making commercial undertakings pay their own way.” Let it be conceded without protest that our railways and other services must each “pay their own way” in the sense that their costs must be fully recovered in prices from the people who actually “use” them, and there is not a leg left for any critic of the Government or the Railway Companies to stand upon. It is perfectly true that we do not apply the dictum to quite a number of public services which, nevertheless, manage to get performed and incidentally to swell the account of national credit. Education, for example, is not expected to “pay its own way”; nor are sanitation and a score of similar services. Railways, however, are said to stand upon a different footing, and to be commercial rather than social in character, with the consequence that, though they obviously render services quite as necessary to life and credit as education and sanitation, they must “pay their own way”; nor are sanitation and a score of similar services. Railways, however, are said to stand upon a different footing, and to be commercial rather than social in character, with the consequence that, though they obviously render services quite as necessary to life and credit as education and sanitation, they must “pay their way,” not, like the others, at the proper expense of the whole community that profits by them, but out of the pockets of the travelling public. No escape from the present policy of the Government is possible, we say, while this assumption is allowed to be made. If costs are to be charged to direct users, there is nothing to do but to submit to such increases of prices (rates and fares) as will actually cover the costs of the whole railway service; he must prepare to accept the burden of higher rates and fares.

Goods and services, we have seen, are rising in price, which is also to say that their distribution is growing.
more and more inequitable; but the fault cannot be laid at the door of Production—that is to say, of Production considered without reference to the nature of the things produced; for, in fact, our "Production" was never greater. In the year before the war we had 1½ million tons of shipping under construction in the yards of the United Kingdom; and last year we had 2½ million tons. This year, it should be observed, we have 3½ million tons under construction, or nearly half as much as the whole of the rest of the world, including America. That fact will bear some thinking about; and we direct particular attention to the view of "increased Production," without definition of the kind of production that is really in demand. On the face of it, it appears to be a paradox that our industrial energies should be so largely devoted to building ships at a time when, ex hypothesi, the increased production of consumable utilities is imperatively demanded. We cannot eat ships or clothe ourselves with them; there is no one of us that will ever be in need to buy one ship for our private consumption. Like the greater part of our Production, in fact, the 3½ million tons of shipping now under construction consists of what we call capital or secondary goods, the design of which may be primary goods, but the immediate effect of which is both the contraction of the amount of primary goods in existence and their rising price. Why, then, are these ships and the mass of similar capital goods under construction? Why is not Production directed to producing things we need? The answer is that Production is directed by financial Credit whose object is not goods but money; and that, on this account, production is necessarily directed to satisfying the demands of the people who have money to pay for them. The notion apparently entertained that under a system of Production for Money the aim of Production can possibly be cheaper goods to the ordinary consumer is seen to be entirely fallacious. We want goods and are getting ships. And the explanation is to be found in the fact that our spending-power is exhausted in the cost of living; Production can get no more money out of us than it obtains already. Hence, to get more money (which is its aim) it must be directed to the demands of those whose "credit" is still good after their cost of living has been met.

Sir George Paish in a pamphlet called "The World Crisis: a Suggested Remedy" (issued by "Ways and Means." id.) analyses the economic situation of the world and recommends, as a remedy for the universal disease, an internationally guaranteed loan of credit for the purpose of enabling last year nations to resume production and exchange. The condition, however, of stability everywhere is stability somewhere; otherwise, the demand made by Sir George Paish that the nations should support one another is comparable to the suggestion that a party of drunken men should mutually guarantee each other's sobriety. Where, however, is that stability to be found; in a world of drunken nations, reeling to disaster, which is the nation that is even relatively sober? Sir George Paish himself appears to us to be unsteady on his economic legs since he, like the rest of the world, accepts the conventions of easy-going and uncritical economics. The fact is that the money-side of the ratio increases even faster than the quantity of money in existence; that, indeed, is its immediate object. But if prices are to be regulated by the ratio of purchasing power to actual production (not, be it observed, to potential or future production, but to actual or past and present production), then such an issue of international credit must immediately raise prices. We are not saying that credit issues are not advisable; production, indeed, is practically impossible without the issue of credit. What we are saying is that, on the quantity theory of price which Sir George Paish and others accept without question, every issue of credit tends inevitably to raise prices and thus to begin by defeating its own professed object which is to reduce prices by increasing production. Sir George Paish will find it hard to get away from the conclusion that prices must be fixed by some other means than the aforesaid ratio, that is, if any nation is to arrive at economic stability.

We saw last week, when considering the same assumption on the part of the "Nation," that the so-called practical remedies for high prices fall into one or two of two classes: deflation and increased production. If prices are the automatic register of the relation of the quantity of money to the quantity of goods, it follows as the night the day that prices can be reduced only by reducing the quantity of money in existence or by increasing the quantity of goods. Either we must become "currency cranks" of one description or another, or we must join the dancing devils of increased production. Increased production, however, we must again point out, is no remedy, since, in the first place, the increased production of capital goods (such as ships) only results in raising the price of primary goods (food, etc.); and, in the second place, every increase of production is preceded, accompanied or followed by a proportionate increase in the quantity of money. It is perfectly true that if it were possible to increase the quantity of goods, both primary and secondary, without adding simultaneously to the quantity of money in existence, we should have changed the ratio of price in favour of a lower level; but the fact is that such an increase of goods without a corresponding increase of money is impossible; and, what is more, an increase of capital goods is a much more probable event than an increase of primary goods. From all of which it follows that, under the terms of the accepted axiom, no amount of increased production is likely to affect the price-level, for the simple reason that the money-side of the ratio increases even faster than the goods side of it. But we are now to see that if increased production is no remedy, neither is deflation as necessarily practised under the existing axiomatic régime. The procedure has, in fact, been tried by the Federal Reserve Board in America with results that might have been, but were not, clearly foreseen. "Deflation" proceeds by cutting down, in the first place, Government expenditure, on the ground that the issue of Government credit is pure inflation (in other words, that it does not increase the quantity of goods); and, in the second place, by restricting bank-accommodation (credit or purchasing power) to "essential" production. But what is the difference, we may ask, in their immediate effect, between an issue of credit on account of Government expenditure and an issue of credit on account of commercial commerce? Both are issues of credit or spending power and both have the immediate effect of raising prices. Further-
more, to leave in the hands of the banks the discrimina-
tion between "essential" and "non-essential" pro-
duction is not only to endow finance with the complete
control of industry, it is to put a premium on non-
essential production or production for the wealthy,
for the simple reason that the banks are after the money
and naturally issue credit "where money is."
The experiment in "deflation" as practised in America may
be described as a failure in view of its effect upon
prices and particularly upon the prices of "essential"
goods. The cost of living is rising there as well as here.

Mr. Arthur Kitson assures us that he has not been
invited to give evidence before the Labour Inquiry into
the cause of high prices; and it becomes more certain
than ever that the intention of the wire-pullers of the
Inquiry (who are by no means necessarily the members
of the Committee!) is to arrive at a foregone conclu-
sion, a conclusion, moreover, in complete accord with
the wishes of the financial oligarchy. "A really
thorough inquiry," says Mr. Greenwood, "will be
made into the whole matter." . . . . "The aim of the
Committee is a public spirited one, and the Inquiry
is not intended to serve party ends." We confess that
we do not understand what is meant by an Inquiry held
under the auspices of the Labour Party that is not
intended to serve Labour's ends. Whose ends are to
be served if not Labour's, and with what other object
was the Committee ostensibly set up but to discover
what the other parties have failed to find—the cause
and cure of high prices? However, there is no doubt
as to the result under the careful management of Mr.
Greenwood. Nothing in the least degree subversive of
the axioms on which the present financial control
rests will be admitted as evidence until, at any rate,
Mr. Greenwood is prepared to stuff the Committee
with the orthodox prejudices. In the meanwhile, the
real problem, that of rising prices, will continue to be unsolved.

We cannot believe that the recent special Trade
Union Congress that passed a resolution in favour of
a General Strike against the Government's policy in
Ireland can have realised what it was doing. The
resolution was a relief to its feelings in face of an em-
brassing situation; but there can be little doubt that
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We are not questioning the right of Russia to "re-
volves" in her own way; and it appears clear, even
through the fog of lies that stretches between Russia
and Europe, that at least a nationalist movement may
be expected out of the Revolution (a nationalism, more-
over, destined in the end to swallow and digest Marx-
ism). But, for the present, and pending much more
profound observations than have yet been made, the
"lessons" of Russia to the West are, rather of what to
avoid than of what to imitate. This is emphasised with
the utmost deliberation in the Message to British
Workers which Prince Kropotkin confided to Miss
Boudfield in the hope that she would communicate it
intact to the world—a hope frustrated by the character-
istic dishonesty of the "Daily Herald" and other interested journals. Kropotkin writes of the
necessary "failure" arising from "the strongly central-
ised dictatorship of one party"—even when that party
professes to be Socialist, Marxist, proletarian or what
not. The "Socialist, Labour, political" dictators, are very
small. The difference, in fact, between the "common
ground of "Sinn Fein" and Labour and "Sinn Fein"
and the Government is so small as to be not
worth a General Strike to discuss, even if a General
Strike were possible. The Irish situation, whatever
may be thought of it by people who refuse to consider
all the facts, remains in the state in which we left
it over a year ago—insoluble. Without some disposi-
tion on the part of all three of the conflicting, absolute
and singly justified parties to arrive at a joint settle-
ment, nothing can possibly be done. It is, therefore,
for the present a problem not for reason.

Without dwelling on the absurdity of the Labour
threat to employ force against the Government in pro-
test against the Government's employment of force
against Ireland—for it may be asked why, if the Irish
problem is soluble by reason, the Government equally
cannot be persuaded by Labour rease—we may note the
recrudescence of 'revolutionary' methods or, at
least, of big words about revolution, in the pages of
Mr. Lansbury's Christian lamb—the "Daily Herald."
Mr. Robert Williams, one of the most "Left" of the
movement in his estimation of himself, has returned
from Russia, where he had the privilege of an inter-
view with Lenin, with his mind fully made up for a Re-
volution à la Russe in this country. There are certain
little preliminaries to be arranged—in fact, to be in-
sisted upon—before Mr. Robert Williams can assume
the dictatorship of the proletariat; but they, we gather,
are the merest trifles for a movement led by men like
Mr. Robert Williams. The plan is cut and dried; and we
have no doubt everybody, including the police, will
be interested in hearing it. There is to be a revolu-
tionary transition period, "during which prohibition
will be absolutely essential"; and next, "I believe more
and more in discipline and organisation—discipline first of
all to break down the capitalist system and then strict
military and industrial discipline in order to establish
the Socialist or Communist State." We do not accuse
Mr. Robert Williams, of course, of acting as an agent
provoicateur of a crackdown "revolution"; but could any-
thing be better calculated to paralyse the movement
than as a warning, all we need say is that the more
widely it is circulated the more improbable it will
become. We suggest that the anti-Bolshevik League
should enlist the services of Mr. Robert Williams—if it
has not already done so.

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Strike were possible. The Irish situation, whatever
may be thought of it by people who refuse to consider
men's minds. We have so often called attention ourselves to the "centralising" tendency of Labour demands in this country—of which Nationalisation is merely an item—that a tip straight from the Augean stable of centralisation "Socialist" Russia, and uttered by one who cannot be dismissed as a "lackey of the bourgeoises," is particularly welcome. It confirms the analysis that centralisation necessitates the virtual slavery of everybody not at the very apex of the pyramid of power. All unconsciously—or very likely—the aim of Labour appears to us to involve the setting up of a rival pyramid to that in process of creation by the Capitalist system, which we say, will immediately reverse the existing pyramid, and calling the process "Revolution"? After Kropotkin's warning and Mr. Robert William's invitation there ought to be little left in Bolshevism to attract anybody but would-be dictators and police-agents.

Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER XII.

It will no doubt occur to numbers of persons who on consideration of the foregoing arguments might find themselves in general agreement with them, that the measurement of so apparently indefinable a factor as credit-production would present formidable difficulty. So far from this being the case, it is an operation which forms the basis of the whole activity of finance applied to industry at the present time, and the mechanism exists to enable the new basis of credit—the useful—human beings as such—productive capacity of society—to replace the present basis of credit, i.e., currency, without the very slightest shock either to industry or society, but with a steady and rapid appreciation both of the amenities of life and of the efficiency of industrial processes.

The key to the problem lies in control, as the National Guards propaganda has previously been at pains to point out, without quite realising where control was resident. That element of the production system, which is loosely and erroneously referred to as being its "capitalisation," is its credit, and any increase in capitalisation is made on the assumption that the increase will pay a dividend—i.e., represents increased capacity to deliver something. Now, because the control of this increase, through the agency of finance and credit-issue, is in the hands of persons whose objective is not goods but money, this financial increase is not a reflection of an increase in potential capacity to deliver useful goods and services, but merely, as we have just said, in the potential capacity to deliver money; but if the control of capital issues were in the hands of the consumer, then ex-hypothesi a "capital" (i.e., credit) issue would be a measure of increased capacity to deliver goods and services of the description required by those in control of policy.

In this latter case the ratio of real credit-production to credit consumption would be expressible in financial terms, and would be equal to:

\[
\text{"Capital" (i.e., appreciation) issues per annum + credit issues (i.e., cost of goods produced per annum)} \div \text{Depreciation + cost of goods consumed per annum.}
\]

Once again it should be noticed that all the symbols in the preceding expression denote rates.

It will of course be understood that no absolute unit of measure of value is either possible or needful; it is, however, the popular delusion that a gold or other standard is an absolute measure of value which has obscured the economic problem for so long. The only possible standard which can be applied with accuracy to the measurement of economic values is that of ratio, a stan-

dard which does not require that we postulate anything at all about the unit used to establish the ratio, except that it is the same unit. To readers who are familiar with the mathematical hypothesis known as the theory of relativity, the basis of which may be quite simply expressed in the statement that it is impossible by means of physical measurements to determine the absolute velocity of a body through space, certain analogies will no doubt present themselves. For the average person not particularly interested in such matters, no difficulty arises in grasping what is meant by "ten miles per hour," even though he cannot conceive of "a mile" as distinct from "a mile long." When, therefore, we say that:

\[
\text{True Price (in £) = cost (in £) + depreciation of real capital in £,} \]

credit created (in £) = cost of ultimate products consumed (in £) + depreciation of total production (in £),

we do not require to know anything about the properties of the pound sterling; we do not, for instance, require to know what is the absolute quantity of labour for which it is a "just" remuneration, and still less is it a matter of the slightest interest how much gold it represents.

We are simply saying in effect: "Credit, convertible into money, is a correct estimate of the capacity of Society, with its plant, culture, organisation and morale, to deliver goods and services desired by individuals. Whatever unit we adopt for it, the number of these units held by the individuals who collectively compose Society must be such that by surrendering these units they will receive in exchange all the goods and services, which Society can possibly deliver. As Society's capacity to deliver goods and services is increased by the use of plant and still more by scientific progress, and decreased by the production, maintenance, or depreciation of it, we can issue credit, in costs, at a greater rate than the rate at which we take it back through prices of ultimate products, if capacity to supply individuals exceeds desire. This it can always be made to do by ensuring that the production of capital goods is secondary to a sufficient production of ultimate products and their delivery to individuals."

It will be seen, therefore, that we have every type of information required to fix the ratio we require, at our disposal at any moment. The loan credit accounts of the banks, plus the Ways and Means and Note and Bond Issues of the Treasury, plus the increase in capitalisation of productive organisations, roughly represent credit creation, cost of production is obtainable from the "factory" cost accounts, including now agricultural production accounts, the quantity and consequently the collective cost of articles bought by (i.e., delivered to) the public is available through such Departments as the Ministry of Food, the Board of Inland Revenue, the Board of Trade, etc. In order to transform the measure of financial credit, which these figures would give us, into a measure of real credit only two things are required: first, that control of credit-issue shall be in the hands of the consumer, so that production is moulded to his needs, and, secondly, that the number of credit units in the hands of the public shall be that necessary at any moment to buy the whole possible output of Society, both of which premises are eventually met by the arrangements previously described. That they are not met by the existing economic system is self-evident on a consideration of, say, the relative amount of expenditure during the last ten years on factories, as compared with that on houses; and on the other hand, the utter insolvency of the British Banking system during the few days immediately subsequent to the outbreak of war with Germany.

(To be continued.)
The New Spirit in Germany.

By Huntly Carter.

IV.—ART.

As I have shown in my previous articles, the situation in Germany is simply a reversal of the normal or civilised one. The German people are so demoralised by the economic conditions imposed by the war that civilisation has practically deserted them. For this reason it may be said that the consideration of the new frontier set up at the Peace Conference are of less importance than that of the restoration of the economic and moral balance of a people torn by internal dissension, physically weakened by privation, disease, and immoral conduct, and threatened by spiritual destruction. The latter factors need not long continue obstacles to recovery. The weakness and lassitude consequent upon bad conditions of living will pass the moment economic improvement is assured, and as the economic readjustment occurs place it is bound to be accompanied by a strengthening of the moral faculties and purpose. Whether the recovery will be made with or without external assistance by the unaided efforts of a people roused from their apathy to a restored consciousness of self-respect and a new ambition to make a natural advance in upon themselves, instead of out upon other peoples, to develop by evolution instead of by evolution that ready path to devolution, or whether they will seek recovery by a compromise with their finer feelings and the sacrifice of the principles of truth and justice, and accept external help for a time, is not quite clear owing to reactionary fog. But my impression is, as already stated, that the German people will soon make a mighty effort at re-self-assertion along individualistic-socialistic lines. They will strive completely to shake off not only their military shackles, but also all allegiance to despotic political, intellectual, and cultural ideas that interfere with a new-born desire for liberation by spontaneous natural means. I think they will try to determine their own soul in new self-determined industrial and social creative formations, such as the communal bodies I have already described. That is, they will try to realise themselves spiritually before attempting to link themselves spiritually with other nations. And this no doubt in the belief that spiritual democracy is the only possible form of democratic unism. Other forms of democracy do not breed unity. Political democracy, for instance, is an open path to separation.

To lay the foundation of their own share of spiritual democracy successfully, the German people must continue vigorously their pursuit of the true meaning of liberty, individual and social, into the uttermost regions of actual expression, and abandon old and traditional concepts, forms, and values. They must not only abolish the slavery of the State, but throw off the despotism of intellect and release the miraculous powers of vision and interpretation, of mediumship and revelation buried within themselves, just as the Russian people have thrown off the yoke of Tsardom and will no doubt employ the miraculous powers which they have recovered to replace tyranny by a liberty that leaves them open to penetration and saturation by natural influences, as soon as they have learnt and applied the lessons set by their new masters of throwing overboard self-appointed dictators and choosing their own leaders and mode of life.

It is not fanciful to say that an anti-intellectual move-
larily fine and large urinal, the stench from which was so loud that it almost deadened the noise made by the Dadas. It was a brass band inviting one to the banquet. The Dada exhibits consisted for the most part of a new plastic form. These merzplastiks, as they were called, were simply miscellaneous collections of wood, metal, and unframed. To me they resembled a wild development of the most extreme pre-war Futurist pictures, some of which, like the compositions most approved by Marinetti, really outdid themselves in foolish splendour. Though there is much yelling and roaring and squeaking among the Dadaists, I think this new field of plastic expression is more youthful exuberance. And in reply to inquiries whether any of its supporters are doing exceptional work, I would say, "Have a look at Kurt Schwitter's merzplastiks. He is one of the Storm Group. The Naturalists include a number of architects who are actively searching for new forms in a natural base, to which they have given such terms as Glass Architecture and Alpine Architecture. I was fortunate enough to see an exhibition of this new architecture in Berlin. If its prophecy of the coming of amazingly original forms in theatre architecture (Bruno Taut) and commercial architecture (Eric Mendelsohn) is fulfilled, the new hand of architectural inspiration which Germany holds out will be shaken with much fervour by other nations.

The third manifestation was spiritual or psychological, and apparently came from the desire for inner harmony which underlies all forms of life and experience, in which therefore everything is involved, and which, we are assured, systems of philosophy and thought are inadequate to explain or express. In other words, it was a manifestation largely influenced by Kandinsky, whose latest colour harmonies were accepted by the public as no more fault than youthful exuberance. And in reply to inquiries whether any of its supporters are doing exceptional work, I would say, "Have a look at Max Chagall, to name only a few members of this vital group. There was also a colourist at Munich that I liked very much. His name was Paul Klee and he seemed to be having an exciting time under all sorts of big influences. His "shreds and twisted" pictures are to be found in the galleries of Hans Goltz, a Munich picture dealer and publisher, who keeps his eye upon the "neue kunst" and its practitioners. That is why he has also got George Grosz, another significant "new art" man, under his wing, so to speak.

Everything considered, it is not extravagant to say that Art expression is taking a new and advanced direction in Germany, and it is not unreasonable to believe that, with the assistance of the economic recovery of the German people, it will play its part in their spiritual emancipation.

(Note to be concluded.)
bution—and only thereafter, if it be necessary, to undertake “birth-control.” If I could be convinced that "over-population" were the predominant factor in the causation of war, or, again, that after our best efforts to control the remaining factors of production and distribution, "over-population" continued to be the cause of war, I should be disposed to listen more attentively to the neo-Malthusians. But until we have done our best with the economic factors, it is submissively for capitalism to consent to deal drastically and exclusively with the one vital factor. Moreover, it is my belief that the vital factor will settle itself as the rest are settled. How? I reserve my reply.

While about it, let me consider the subject from another angle. "Over-population" is clearly a relative term—a term, in this instance, relative to the other factors as defined by Secessov. Suppose that in a certain community the population remains stationary at the same time that (a) food consumption increases or decreases; or (b) food production increases or decreases; or (c) food distribution becomes more equitable or less equitable,—or that two or more of these causes occur together—each of these variations will be found to have an effect upon the "population question," making it, at one time, a question of over-population and, at another, a question of under-population. For instance, if a given production is sufficient for a given population, an increase of that production would produce the appearance of under-population, just as its decrease would produce the phenomenon of over-population. The equilibrium of population, in short, the problem of over- or under-population, is conditioned by other factors than population alone; and the attitude of The New Age, I repeat, follows from this fact which even Mr. R. B. Kerr cannot deny. Since, moreover, our chief concern is with the economic problems of production, distribution and consumption; and since, as said, they, singly or jointly, determine the standing of the population (whether it is really over or under)—it will be seen that our anti-neo-Malthusianism is perfectly consistent and perfectly sound. I defy Mr. Kerr to invalidate it!

P. 24: "The origin of modern wars is to be found in the economic situation of industrial communities." There are, we are to suppose, two orders of production—primary production and secondary production. Primary products concern, in the broad sense, the primary needs or the cost of living, namely, food, clothing and shelter. Secondary products, in the broad sense, are the products of "industry"—manufactured as distinct from natural. We need not make a mistake of it or a question for pedantic discussion; we all know the difference between a mainly agricultural and a mainly industrial country. The former is mainly engaged in primary, the latter mainly in secondary production—though each, no doubt, will have a proportion of the other sort of production carried on in its midst.

Very well. Now our author's contention is that the economic situation of industrial communities is such that they need, in proportion as they become more and more industrialised, an increasing supply of primary production from outside. In other words, for the purposes of a growing industry they need a growing supply of food and raw materials, which they are less and less able, ex hypothesi, to provide for themselves. So long as the supply from without continues to increase with the industrial demands, so long is the equilibrium at home stable. But as soon as or if, for other, the foreign supply of primary products is threatened, reduced or actually ceases to expand, the equilibrium of the industrial community is disturbed. In plain words, something has got to be done. What threatens or reduces or fails our expanding primary production which industrial communities need? A variety of causes, e.g., competition of industrial nations among themselves, their own increasing consumption as well as their increasing industrial production (that is, their own decreased primary production), foreign "protection" of the agricultural countries, their refusal or inability to produce more and more; finally, and most importantly, the conversion of agricultural into industrial communities themselves?

P. 25: "The effect of accumulating capital in industrial communities is not only to create a tendency to expand the markets, but at the same time to transform the agricultural communities into industrial ones." The sequence is obvious. Capital accumulates in industrial communities; consequently, there is only Capital to export. But Capital is the parent chiefly of secondary products—machinery par excellence; and these may be a point of the machinery, etc., imported into an agricultural community are the means of industrialising it. Thus it will be seen that the industrialisation of one country leads to the industrialisation or secondary production even of those agricultural communities upon whose increased primary production the very industrialisation of the original community depends. In short, capitalism tends always to a disturbance of equilibrium.

P. 33: "Although there is a pressure upon consumption, there is no real pressure upon the means of subsistence in Malthus's sense. We must distinguish between the "cost of living" and the "standard of living"; between subsistence in the primary sense, and existence in the sense of primary plus secondary sense. Malthusianism forgets to observe that the modern struggle is not for bare subsistence, but for a higher standard of living; for the comforts in addition to the necessities of life.

P. 35: It may be true that the law of diminishing returns indicates that sooner or later a point will be reached when agricultural production must cease to expand proportionately with the amount of labour expended on it; in short, that there may be a maximum return; but Secessov clearly states that "there is no proof that this point has been reached in any modern community." "It is not, in fact, the diminishing returns of agriculture, but the disproportionate production of primary and secondary goods that is of importance."

P. 39: When, owing to the disproportionate production of secondary over primary goods, and its concomitant effects, the economic equilibrium of any given community is disturbed, four means exist of re-establishing the balance: (1) lowering the standard of life; (2) increasing the cost of production of primary goods; (3) reducing the population; (4) finding new primary economic areas to exploit—both as sources of primary goods and as markets for secondary goods. Of these four possibilities, any one or even all are theoretically practicable without war. On the other hand, war effectively re-establishes equilibrium (for the successful party most effectively) by simultaneously putting all four into operation.

P. 40: What are the economic signs (not causes) that precede war? They are, according to Secessov: (a) a decline in the rate of increase of population (indicating a pressure upon the standard of living); (b) a rise in the standard of living itself (corresponding to (a)); and (c) a rise in primary prices due to the increasing disproportion of secondary and primary production. It follows that the post-war period, assuming the war to be a means of re-establishing equilibrium, shows: (a) a decline in the standard of life; (b) a rise in the rate of increase of population; and (c) a rise in the proportion of primary to secondary production—either by absolute increase of primary or decrease of secondary production, or by reduced secondary consumption. Secessov proceeds to show by statistics that the former phenomena preceded the war; and that the latter show signs of following it.
P. 70: The whole essay would be considerably improved, in my opinion, by an adequate treatment of the question left over by Secerov (see vi), namely, Distribution. Here, on p. 70, our author deals with the phenomenon known as "surplus Labour," which, like that of "surplus population" is a term relative to the economic factors of Consumption, Production and Distribution. He here concludes that not only is consumption increasing, and not only is the proportion of primary (or agricultural) production decreasing; but "by the action of the distributive forces a relatively small part of the community is appropriating an increasing part of the national income"; and that, he says, "is the source of the excess of the supply of labour." Clearly, then, Distribution is a factor of some account, some in the American as well as the literary sense. And it is my impression, intuition or call it what you please (in the absence of the occasion for demonstrating it) that just as Population is a secondary factor in the total problem of War, so also are Consumption and Production. I am, of course, not suggesting that Consumption and Production do not matter, any more than Secerov says that Population does not matter. Precisely, however, as he contends that Population is a function of the economic factors, I would contend that Production and Consumption are functions of Distribution. This amounts to saying that if we get our economic factors right, Population will cease to be a problem; and, similarly, that if we get our system of Distribution right, Production and Consumption will cease to be problems. The primary problem, in short, is Distribution; and that is a question of Justice.

P. 72: "I do not find any proof of a diminution of desire for reproduction: the words only refer to pathological cases or to economic considerations." Note again our author's assumption that the absence of desire for reproduction is pathological when it is not economic. But the evidence is beginning to accumulate in psycho-analysis that all such cases may be otherwise motivated than by pathology or economics. The word pathology is question-begging; and the possible sublimation of the reproductive libido has long ago been taken out of the region of pathology in Secerov's sense of the word. The application of Justice to Distribution (for the first time in human history!) would, I submit, result in new and quite unexpected phenomena, among them, possibly, the transformation of Freudian libido, at least in the minds of the more self-conscious members of his community. At any rate, our first duty is plain.

P. 120: From the statistics given "we may infer that Germany's economic and social situation was quite ripe for a war, without her rulers knowing, were driven to war by the economic phenomena; and if they started the war for other reasons, they obeyed also the pressure of economic phenomena." It cannot be too clearly or too often repeated, in view of Leagues of Nations and so on, that the present system of Distribution necessitates war from time to time as the only available means, within the existing system, of restoring an equilibrium which the present system is always destroying. After Secerov no man has the right to profess to hate war and to support the existing system at one and the same time. He is either a fool or the truth is not in him.

P. 128: The present chapter deals with "Increased Production" as the chief cause of the disproportion of secondary to primary production. The cry for increased production in our own immediate day is clearly a manufacturers' cry, since it is notorious that, since the war, our production of food-stuffs at home has been deliberately decreased in favour of an increase of secondary production. But the war was brought about in consequence of the disproportionate increase of secondary over primary production; and we are now repeating the error! Why? Because the system of Distribution (shall we say Credit?) necessitates it, by directing credit to secondary production away from primary production. In due course we shall have war again: war or justice.

P. 135: "The world-production of primary goods does not keep pace with the world-production of secondary goods." Hence the loss of equilibrium: hence the occasion for a war to re-establish equilibrium by (a) enlarging primary production or (b) reducing secondary production. "Extensive cultivation" is a war to destroy industrial rivals.

P. 142: "The increase in the production of primary goods before the war was one-half of the increase in the production of secondary goods." It follows that "there was a general tendency to rise in the prices of agricultural products. . . . Now the general disproportionate rise in prices of agricultural products indicates the approach of . . . war."

P. 171: We have seen (p. 135) that there is a limit to the new lands open for primary production; and I have suggested that, in place of territorial rivalry, the industrial nations will in future be driven to industrial war in the exact sense—a war of sabotage, the object of which will be to destroy utterly the capital for secondary production of the defeated nation. Germany's action in Belgium and France was probably an intelligent proposal. "Extensive cultivation has its limits . . . . the war indicates that they have been nearly reached . . . . and extensive farming has to be substituted by intensive cultivation." It may be so; but my supposition appears to me the more probable. Certainly common sense would suggest such a change-over from extensive to intensive cultivation, if only as a means of postponing war; but, once again, "the distributive forces in modern communities have effect a continuous accumulation of capital which pushes the whole productive forces to a disproportionate production of secondary over primary goods." The choice, therefore, under the existing system, is not, as Secerov thinks, between intensive secondary production with or without a corresponding intensive primary production. We simply cannot have, under the existing system which favours intensive secondary production, a simultaneous intensive primary production. Intensive secondary production necessitates extensive primary production; we cannot serve two masters.

P. 191: Secerov believes that the stabilisation of economic equilibrium resulting from the present war will last "for a half or a whole century." I don't.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I went to Drury Lane as the representative of that vast concourse of people who have never read "The Garden of Allah". I came away with the determination that I never would read it. Whoever called it "The Garbage of Allah" did not much exaggerate; there is a general consensus of opinion that Mr. Arthur Collins has given us a very bad production, with real camels (brought from the Sahara, says the programme), real goats, real donkeys, real palms—real everything but a real play. It was a production that might easily serve for some other play, or for no play at all; the scene in "The Street of the Ouled Naïls," for example, lasts about seven minutes, but, so far as I can remember, only about three lines relative to the play are spoken. The great stage effect, the sandstorm, is extraordinarily well done; but, so far as I could see, it was an interpolation, not an interpretation; nothing turns on it, the play is held up until Mr. Collins tics of his mechanical exercises. He made one thing clear, at least; he showed us that theatrical production is an autonomous art, in the practice of which he is a virtuoso—and I can see no reason why he should not appear as a soloist, instead of pretending to an accompaniment. It was easy to give us a one-man show, and Mr. Arthur Collins' "Trips to the East" would reduce the cinema to the drizzling impotence of pictorial representation. Reality in three dimensions is much more pleasant than its representation in two dimensions; besides, there is a possible appeal to more than the one sense of sight, even the sense of smell is assaulted at Drury Lane by camels and Arabs. The Drury Lane stage has space enough, and machinery enough, to permit of anything up to a representation of the nebular hypothesis; the production is the thing, and the play is apparently tolerated as a concession to the literary conventions. Sometimes the actors walk through the garden, or scramble over the desert; but I feel sure that Mr. Collins was behind the scenes all the time, wringing his hands, and threatening to have the law on these trespassers. Most of the time they were kept off the grass or the sand, and were confined to that strip in front of the footlights where the desert ended and civilisation began.

I feel sure that Drury Lane ought to be called the National Theatre, instead of the Theatre Royal; its productions so obviously appeal to what we have been taught to regard as the typically English character. There is manifest an insistence on the artificial, the workmanlike manipulation of things; there was also the insistence on the truth of the likeness of the setting—we were told that Mr. Collins had actually visited those places for the purposes of the production. The play-actors, with their assumption of "let's pretend to be other people," clashed with the solid integrity of the setting; here are real gardens, real fountains, real seats—but false people, mere phenomena in a world of nounema. But what particularly appeals to the practical sense of the English people is not so much the real thing in the right place, as the real thing where one would least expect it. We accept a garden in England, for example, almost as a fact of Nature; there always have been gardens in England; but a garden in a desert is "a garden of Allah"—and the fact that the desert is not a desert seems to be the only height of the genius of the producer. The fine arts strive to translate natural phenomena into terms of human emotion and thought, or, at least, so to represent them as to appeal to human emotion and thought, to make them mean something to us. But the mechanical arts dump the things in front of us, and are confined to that similarity to that produced by the stories of disembodied spirits at seances dumping real sunflowers with real earth clinging to the roots on the table between the sitters. We want to know what the desert means to man—and Mr. Collins blows something like sand all over the stage. We want to know the significance of gardens—and Mr. Collins builds up a bower of palms, installs a real fountain within a street (think that!), and would, if he thought of it, play tricks with the air to produce that cool, slightly damp effect of gardens on the physical frame.

But the emphasis laid on the practical ability manifested in the setting does not enhance the importance of the play; a good deal would have been stouter (think that!), and we would, if he thought of it, play tricks with the air to produce that cool, slightly damp effect of gardens on the physical frame.

The confessions, which did not take place until after the sandstorm (this is certainly a new way of extracting the truth from an apostate monk), was the only distinctly rendered passage in the play: incidentally, it revealed Mr. Tearle as a power emotional actor, with a line sense of recitation (that being a monastic choir of chanters from the best Catholic

But the real production could carry off the audience with a display of stage-craft; with a scene outside the monastery, and a monastic choir of chanters from the best Catholic
choirs," as the programme informs me. Real Catholics chanting real Catholic chants (for I suppose that the music was neither heretical nor apostate) fitted over this overdose of realism.

Rural Walks.
By C. E. Bechhofer.

II.

Mr. George Brightwell, the village wheelwright, having told me all he knew about my ancestors, the Durmans, of whom I have written before, I returned to the "White Hart" Inn at ten o'clock, just as the last customers were leaving and the landlord was shutting up for the night. Standing at the door with him, I drew his attention to the big bunch of black plaster grapes that hung over his sign-post and I asked him what connection they had with the sign of the "White Hart." "Oh," he explained, "they are white-heart grapes, aren't they? Or white-heart cherries?" This he said with complete seriousness, clearly intending no pun. "You see," he continued, "someone climbed up the post for a lark and knocked 'em down and bruised 'em a bit. But they're fine when they're all painted up fresh."

My own impression is that either the inn was formerly called "The Grapes," a not uncommon sign, and that no change of symbol had followed a change of landlord and of name, or that the grapes are really a symbol after the fashion of the old-time bush that used to be hung above taverns, to inform passers-by that vinous refreshment is to be obtained within.

The landlord complained of the dearth of beer. In the old days he used to be able to use his supply for three days in his cellar before he put it on the "engine," and that made all the difference to its flavour; but a month ago he had obliged a neighbour to draw a barrel and had not since been able to catch up again, so that the beer had to go on as soon as it was sent to him by the brewers. And now with the new minimum wages, all the villagers wanted bitter beer instead of the cheaper ale which they had used to drink. In the old days, he said, when the farm labourers got only twelve or thirteen shillings a week, they could not afford bitter beer, but now that the new minimum wage had been fixed at 38s. 6d. a week, 45s. for carters, they would not touch anything else. "The old wages were shameful," I said. "That they were indeed," said he: "Why, in the old days most of the men never saw a bit of meat except on Sundays; they used to live on bread and cheese and pickled onions. And some of the old men are so used to this that they still won't eat hot dinners even now, when they can get 'em; no, they prefer to eat their hunk of bread and cheese and onions. Put a nice piece of hot meat in front of 'em, and they won't touch it."

We spoke of the visitors to the inn. "Things was very slack during the War," he said, "but they're looking up now." But the other night a man and woman had knocked him up at midnight and asked for a room. "Said they'd been walking over the Downs all evening. I looks at them through the window and I says, 'No, I can't take you in.' Of course you see, it might have been 'im and 'is wife; but then it might have been 'im and someone else's wife. How was I to know as late as that? If they'd come earlier in the evening, I'd have taken them, of course," he added inconsistently. "As what was they doing out on the Downs at that hour, I'd like to know. Lost? Why, they could have made the next village by 10 o'clock easy." With bitterness he told me of another visitor, a reserved taciturn man, who stayed in the house for three weeks and never even returned a "Good morning" or "Good evening" to his host and hostess and in the end paid his bill and walked out of the house without even a "Thank you"!

After I had walked round with the landlord and seen him feed his pony and settle her for the night, I went up to bed. I had been given a very small and spotless room at the side of the house with a tiny window looking out over the lower end of the village street. In the place of honour on the wall was a photograph of Queen Victoria, followed by a large framed representation of the "First Council of the Rutland Hall Pleasant Sunday Afternoon." Half a dozen small family photographs and two vivid cardboard texts ornamented the other walls, while at the head of the bed was a cardboard representation of a tomb and on it a printed mourning inscription for some departed and long-forgotten member of the family. The bed, as my hostess had assured me, was a good one and I slept soundly till the morning, when I woke to find the sun streaming upon me through the little window.

Breakfast over, I fastened on my knapsack and parted on good terms with my hosts. After a call upon Mr. Brightwell for final instructions, I set out back to Petersfield by way of Buriton. I walked for some distance, not failing to turn at the top of the hill to admire Harting in the morning as much as in the previous evening, and did not meet anyone but two or three cyclists who sped by on their way to Petersfield. Soon it became necessary for me to inquire my direction, and I was glad to meet a farmer jogging along in his cart. He knew a footpath to Buriton, oh yes, he knew a footpath, but "it's a complicated path," and he advised me to go round by the road. Where did I want to come out at Buriton, he asked. "The church," I suggested, thinking that this would probably be the centre of the village—besides, there might be some Durmans buried in the churchyard. "Ah, den you goes past the road," he said, in the sing-song drawl of a Sussex farmer. "It's one of de nicest liddle churches in de country," he added, "it's de winder at de fur end costed seven hundred pounds."

I went down the road some little way as he had instructed me, and soon came in sight of the turning that led away towards Buriton. Here I overtook a queer fellow-pedestrian. He was a rather dirty old man, almost doubled with rheumatism, hobbling along with a stick and a bundle tied in a huge and ancient umbrella in the other. His face was all wrinkled and covered with an uneven growth of white whisker; his eyes were exuding tears, and I was glad to meet a farmer jogging along in his cart. He sat down to rest on a bank at the side of the road and I joined him. "I never knew sech hard times," he quavered. "Ah! shaking, shaking! I heerd two big gentlemen d'odd day in Winchester and dey says dere was so many people alive now as we should all 'ave t'ate one anoder soon. Sech poor craps, ye know, sech poor craps, I never see. And prices is so high. It's bad in de country, but 'tis worse in de towns. Mark my word, dere'll be a mutiny afore long in London—ah! a' will—dere be hundreds of thousands of men up dere out o' work, dey say, an' it can't go on; dere'll be a mutiny surely. I've seed hard times in de old days, but never such hard times as now. Iss, when I was a little lad of five, un had to go two miles to a shop for to get a bit of bread, and un had to pay a halfpenny for a loaf. No, I can't take you in." Of course you see, it might have been 'im and someone else's wife. How was I to know as late as that? If they'd come earlier in the evening, I'd have taken them, of course," he added inconsistently. "Ask what they was doing out on the Downs at that hour, I'd like to know. Lost? Why, they could have made the next village by 10 o'clock easy." With bitterness he told me of another visitor, a reserved taciturn man, who stayed in the house for three weeks and never even returned a "Good morning" or "Good evening" to his host and hostess and in the end paid his bill and walked out of the house without even a "Thank you"!
he replied. "Is, seventy an' de rast! Eighty-fower last birthday, I was." I insisted that he did not look his age and that he was much too hale in his time, ah! an' lived hard too. When I was a lad I would think nothin' o' a man's age, but de roomatics fower last birthday, I was." I insisted that he did not look his age and that he was much too hale time, ah! an' lived hard too. When I was a lad I would think nothin' o' a man's age, but de roomatics fower last birthday, I was."

"Iss, saventy an' de rast! Eighty-year, and I haven't arned no money, not a penny. No, I 'as crippled me cruel. 'Twas binding out in de rain 'uns an' look in a-shop window now, prices is say, "but times is 'ard for old men nowadays!" I can't ate it, I can't arsted no money from him, and I 'opes the monied folk backs broke turr'ble. It's no use saying un can pay un. Ah, turr'ble bad times for de small farmers, 'tis now."

"Some says as de War will be signed to-marrer; dey's turr'ble starbborn, de Jarmins is. Dey're so turr'ble starbborn, dey says, ' We don't live round dese partses now. But I don't live round dese partses now. I lives at Winchester now. Where the blarckies are; iss, there's six or seven harndred blarckies there from 'Murriky—soldiers—an' a rare lot of 'Murricans is dere besides un. Fine men dey is, some of un. D'Other night dey broke all de winders, yes, and dey done de same a year ago and un can't gat glass for to mend un. Ah, parful fine fallers, some on un be."

"Dere's a lot of small farmers with deir backs been broke by dis War. I used to know deir farders and deir grandfarders afore un, but dey're all dead and gone now. 'Tis all right for de big farmers, dey's been de ruiniation of de country roads. Yes, I've just been to see my son out Harting way. 'Tis jest as 'ard for 'im as 'tis for us old uns. I've never seen sech days. Dey do say dere's goin' to be a meat shortiage this year; but an 'Ol' man in Pittersfield -- I've known dere besides un, but dey're all dead and gone now. 'Tis all right for de big farmers, dey's been broken to mend un. Dat was my trade when I was a lad. I was a parful strong man in 'is time, was Mr. Durman, and a good 'un too, 'e was. 'E 'ad a Pipers Dean Durman, I've heard say. An' I used to make brooms for Mr. Durman, too, I did; I used to make brooms as well as do the roads. And dere was anodder Mr. Durman too; 'e was a wheelwright by trade; an' dey do say 'e went up to London, but I never knew rightly.

"But I don't live round dese partses now. I lives at Winchester now. Where the blarckies are; iss, there's six or seven harndred blarckies there from 'Murriky—soldiers—an' a rare lot of 'Murricans is dere besides un. Fine men dey is, some of un. D'Other night dey broke all de winders, yes, and dey done de same a year ago and un can't gat glass for to mend un. Ah, parful fine fallers, some on un be."

"I must go on now; I've got to de train at Pittersfield to get to Winchester to-night. Ooh! I've got cramp a-settin' here. Ah! 'tis hard for an old man like me to get about these days. I'll be dead soon though, I reckens."

With my help and his stick and umbrella he pulled himself up on his feet. "I hopes you'll never be as stff as I am," he said, as he prepared to move off; "Good-bye." He held out a grarded hand incrusted with the grime of several generations, and tottered slowly down the Petersfield road.

I took the branch road to Burton and came to the church at last, very hot and a little footsore, for the roads were hard as iron from the drought. This church, a beautiful Norman building, was the mother-church of the Burton and Petersfield parishes in old times. The ivy-coloured tower of the church, the farm beside it, the encircling leas and wooded hills and the yellow road straggling off to the village composed a perfect English landscape. I noticed in particular one brass let into the wall, which showed on their knees behind him, while on the other side knelt a lady and two girls, his wife and daughters. Below was this inscription: "Here lyeth enterred the bodye of Thomas Hanbury Esq'r, one of his Maties Auditors of the Exchequer: who deceased the xxiiijth Day of July Año 1696. R.I.P.

On another wall of the church I found an old marble tablet, crowned by two coats of arms, with a punning epitaph, as follows:

Anna Layfield virgo pia
matura, quam pie, sed heu:
praematuré decessit
Nov. 16. 1666.
R.I.P.

I did not stop to make any inquiries about the Durmans in Burton but followed the Petersfield road through the village. After a while I emerged upon..."
a highroad and soon afterwards I came unexpectedly upon a tavern which declared itself with emphasis to be the "Jolly Sailor." I was on the Portsmouth road—whence the origin of the tavern sign—and the brickyard of my great-grandfather (if he it was) should be near by. Sure enough the brickyard was there, but with a stranger's name upon it. I asked a workman if he could direct me to the proprietor, and he sent me a little along the road to a row of bright brick cottages. I knocked where I had been sent and was welcomed by the owner, a large and jolly personage. I asked him if his brickyard had once been Mr. Durman's; he said, "It is supposed to suppose that I came of the Harting or, as it now seemed, the Petersfield and Buriton branch. It was agreed that I should go and see the old Mr. Durman in Petersfield, although on account of his deafness it was doubtful if I should be able to converse with him. They were giving me directions how to find his house, when suddenly the lady, looking through the window, cried: "Why, there is Mr. Durman!" I looked out and saw a tall old man plodding with his stick along the road, hale enough except for the strained look so often found on the faces of the deaf. It was useless to run out to him; I knew that the open road is the worst possible place to attempt a conversation with a deaf man. I let him pass on, deciding to go to his house later.

(To be concluded.)

Indiscretions; or, Une Revue de Deux Mondes.

By Ezra Pound.

Before the birth of the infant Gargantua, the great elephant Sampson broke loose from the travelling circus, and upset the lion cages and chased his keeper out of the tent; and his keeper jumped on his caicoos and put for the railroad siding, and you could have seen the cowboys out after it, letting off their six-shooters into its rear.

I heard it all from Rip twenty times over, before the trainer wrote his reminiscences (illustrated:"Satur- day Evening Post"). The trainer omits the detail of the cowboys, his attention having been fixed on the narrow opening between the two ore cars, because an elephant "never goes round anything." It was undoubtedly very clever of the trainer to get the mad animal wedged in between the angle of those cars where it could be dealt with. And they tied down the elephant Sampson and beat him with hot iron bars, and he grit "On them, on them," he couldn't make his trumpet. And his keeper begged them not to kill him, but they had to anyhow, only a few months later.

And as the inhabitants weren't uncontaminated savages and as Fraser's "Golden Bough" was not in their list of reading; they none of them realised what it meant. ("Il vero intendimento," Dante remarks, of the first sonnet he sent to Guido.)

And the infant Gargantua was born, and was photographed, and Maria Easton came out to see if he looked like his pictures. And the cowboys, as we have written, shot up the town of Cheyenne, where she had to change cars and spend the night. Forty of 'em came down the main street on their ponies, yelling and letting off their six-shooters. Of course they didn't do any harm.

Only it must be remembered that Maria Easton had been known to turn a corner and wring a strange doorbell for protection, because she thought a man was following her in the street. And she didn't understand what it meant. It might have, to her disordered mind, signified Fenimore Cooper Indians scalping all the inhabitants. And the hotel had only wooden partitions, and you could hear everything that went on in the next room. And there wasn't any lock on her door.

["Lock! Lock!"] as Rip said to me fifteen years later. "You wouldn't, a man wouldn't, lock his door out there. If you had locked your door, they'd suspicion you."

And Maria Easton got on the train next morning and came to Halley, and she said, "Oh Rip, how could you bring my daughter to such a place?"

And Rip felt somewhat flabbergasted.

Then they had a Chinaman to do the cooking and he was a model of virtue. Anything he was shown how to do, that did he exactly in replica, with company, he failed to distinguish between the implement for removing crumbs from the table [implement known in those days as a crumb-brush, often long, curved implement, about the sixth part of a circle's circumference, with bristles on the under-side] and the hearth-brush; and with ceremony and gravity he removed the crumbs with the hearth-brush; and the company maintained its decorum until he had retired. But from the kitchen he heard their hysterics, and there was a great noise in the kitchen. "And you would have thought he was breaking all the dishes" altogether; and after a long and anxious interval the dessert "finally came in."

Then Hermy went to the hotel, whither the prospector's wife had preceded her; because there was only one hotel and no more cook-housemaids whatsoever.

And Hermy always thought it was very nice of the prospector's wife not to sign the protest about the hotel-servants using the ballroom.

And Hermy couldn't stand the high altitude any longer, and had to be taken back east in the blizzard, behind the First Rotary Snow-plough. And the infant Gargantua had the croup, and woke all the people in the "sleeper." And the Inventor of the First Rotary Snow-plough was on board, and he said, "Madame, if you will give that child a little kerosene oil it will cure him." And Hermy was indignant. And Gargantua attacked of the croup. And the Inventor of the First Rotary Snow-plough said again to Hermione: "Madame, I have retired seven myself, and they have all had croup. And I have cured all their croupus with a few drops of kerosene oil, dripped onto a lump of sugar."

And Hermione, at last, consented; and the Infant Gargantua slumbered until the train pulled into Chicago.

Thus was the Infant Gargantua saved from a severe attack of the croup.

And as Joel the brother of his great-grandfather rode behind the first railroad train in America, so the Infant Gargantua rode behind the First Rotary Snow-plough.

"Et celuy temps passa comme les petits enfants du pays c'est assavoir: à boire, manger et dormir, . . . Toujours se vautroit par les fanges, se masqueroit le nez, il se moucheroit à ses mains, . . . patru- loit par tout lieu, . . . lervoit en mangernt so soupe, mangeoit sa fouace sans pan, pissoit contre le soleil, s'asseoit entre deux selles le cul à terre, etc., et gardoit la lune des loupes."
The Language of Matter.

By Denis Saunet.

The METAPHYSICIAN: Matter is a language. We use it to express larger and less subtle desires than are expressed in human language, and we have it in common with many other beings. A whole category of our desires can only be expressed properly through it. Like human language, matter has its faults, its impossibilities, its errors. Its laws make the expression of many of our desires impossible. We can only alter it very slowly and with great difficulty, because the collaboration of the beings who use it stretches much too far for our control. Hence it is necessary for us to create our own languages, which are less universal, less real, but more supple, more delicate, and more individual than it.

The Poet: Just as the sounds of human language are vibrations, so matter is made up only of vibrations.

The PSYCHOLOGIST: To act is to express oneself in the language of matter, just as to speak is to express oneself in human language. Man and most beings express themselves chiefly in this material language: hence its reality and importance.

The METAPHYSICIAN: All beings collaborate, by their conduct, in the establishment of the conventions that rule over the language of matter; and they refuse to admit into that language, to understand, to take into account, all expressions that break these conventions.

The Poet: Science is the grammar of the material language. But scientists study only the forms of it that enable us to use it, not the meanings behind it. Just as the laws of our language do not entirely apply to thought, so the laws of matter do not entirely apply to being. In matter those laws of matter have no absolute value: they are only conventions.

The PSYCHOLOGIST: Activity and thought are equally expressions of will or desire, only in different languages. Just as we have the power to do or not to do some action (which is an expression in the language of matter) irrespective of its righteousness or timeliness, so we have the power to believe or not to believe in some thought irrespective of its truth.

The Poet: The work of all beings is the building of the languages which express being, by which and through which being realises itself: the construction of the world.

The METAPHYSICIAN: The language of matter is learnt from our fellow-beings like our own languages. Birth is the adoption of this common language, which the world gradually teaches us. The child cannot yet use it well, and most of the universe does not exist for him. Each being naturally copies the language of other beings, in order to be understood, to take into account, all expressions that break these conventions.

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The Poet: The work of all beings is the building of the languages which express being, by which and through which being realises itself: the construction of the world.
solution proposed by Federal Devolution is not less legislation, but more Parliaments—which means more elections, still more assertion of the efficacy of legislation, still more congestion of business, and finally, I suppose, more devolution. A more promising line of thought is that advocated by the critics of democracy in The New Age and elsewhere: I may say that I am aware that they call themselves "democrats," and not critics of democracy, but I use the word democracy with rather more precision. The National Guild System, with the propaganda of which T. H. T. Macaulay was so associated for many years, attempted a dichotomy of powers, assigned to the State the political, and to the Guilds the economic functions. This dichotomy, as is well known, is theoretically very difficult to make; Mr. Ernest Barker, in his "Political Thought from Spencer to To-day," went so far as to declare that it was impossible to make it. "The State is one body; no clever essay in dichotomy can get away from that fact." The existence of the Co-operative Movement shows us that the dichotomy is not so difficult to make in practice; the State did its part when it passed the Industrial and Provident Acts, under which Acts Societies are registered, and, in the main, they perform their economic functions of manufacture and distribution without coming into conflict with the State. The only legislative proposal relative to its economic functions that I can remember the Co-operative Movement making is a request for a mere amendment of the Industrial and Provident Acts, to remove the limit of £300 imposed on the capital holding of the individual members, and to permit trading with non-members. For the rest, it is subject to (or shall I say superior to?) the Courts in doubtful cases. The argument that non-sovereign law-making bodies, three or more in number for the United Kingdom, if it can, as it would have to, determine what powers are proper to a sovereign and a non-sovereign body respectively, it is equally capable of providing a working definition of "economic" and "political" functions—with a resort to the Courts in doubtful cases. The argument that "the State is one body" will not fail to be urged if proposed to set up three Parliaments in the United Kingdom, and it is further suggested that England should be divided into several areas. The reason given for this proposal is that "a Parliament for England as a whole, possessing large legislative and administrative powers, might become a formidable rival of the Imperial Parliament, and might even, in the eyes of the electors, assume an importance and authority overshadowing that Parliament." I have said before that Federalism is primarily an attack upon England by the other constituents of the Empire, and reveals a determination to put the resources of England under the control and at the command of those constituents. Dicey, with a singular lack of insight, declared: "Nor is it possible to see how the federalisation of the United Kingdom would facilitate the growth of Imperial federalism." So long as England remained the pre-eminent partner, so long as she functioned as a whole in Imperial affairs, there might be some difficulty; but an England divided into areas, thrown back in political evolution to the days of the Heptarchy, would be reduced to the level of a colony. We do see that it was understood that a united England would most probably be the one body that conceivably might secede from the Imperial Federation; and as we do not yet know the suggested constitution of the Imperial Parliament, the possibility of secession must be given its full value. But an England reduced to a number of provinces of herself, each one of no more importance in wealth and population than a colony, would be an easy prey for those who are already working on the principle of Divide et Impera, and are as determined to deny India a share in the federation (except as a subject) as they are to reduce England to a mere group in its own Parliament. It is admitted that this division will be difficult; the Speaker wrote of "formidable administrative difficulties"; Mr. Murray Macdonald says that "the real difficulties are legislative rather than administrative." But neither of those difficulties arise in the formulation of the National Guilds system, for the nation is preserved as a unit, its economic functions are organised on a national scale, and the congestion of business that now hampers Parliament will be relieved by getting the people to do for themselves what they can do—viz., mind their own business.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Beauty and Bands. By Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.) The moralising novel, like poor humanity, is ever with us; and Miss Fowler has ecified us with her sermon on the text: "I took unto me two staves: the one I called Beauty, and the other I called Bands." We know now exactly what to do to live a happily married life; first of all, we must marry a beautiful woman who, because her mother had died young, has never had any training in consideration of other people, and is suffering from an overdone of personal vanity. Then we must bore her to such a degree that she runs away, and has a railway accident; from which she recovers with a disfigured face and a lost memory. Then we must woo her again in the belief that she is her cousin, and finally contrive that she recovers her memory and is restored to us with all the advantages of a Christian re-education by her grandmother. This will take some years, during which we shall contrive not to say anything brilliant, or do anything daring or shocking or even distinguished; we shall not even get killed in the war, or lose both prehensile organs. One arm is needed to embrace the long-lost wife—and the Germans would spare that to a Lord.

The Book of Youth. By Margaret Skelton. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.) To say that the story is "too long" would lay us open to the retort: "Polonius!" so we will simply say that it is an unnecessarily tedious treatment of the theme of feminine excellence. It is idealistic, largely because the author lacks wit and humour; she takes the feminine assumptions and assertions (with which we were so badgered and bored during "the raging, tearing campaign" before the war) seriously, and projects them with a fatal facility in the form of persons. The horror with which she rejects the sexual origin of hysteria, offered by Sir Almroth Wright (and others) as an explanation of the absurder forms of feminism, defeats its object with the general applicability; there is something ludicrous in women becoming ill when they discover that men believe that the specifically feminine function is maternity (obviously, it cannot be paternity). It is difficult to conjure up any interest in these characters; in Monica, who went half-mad as a consequence of the feeding made necessary by her wilful abstention from food in Holloway (she babbles about The Spectre of Human Cruelty, and completely ignores the fact that her expression of The Devil of Human Stupidity had evoked it); in Anny, who, because her lover had written against women in "The New Comet"; and in Anthony, a musical genius of the worst type—who everybody loved and nobody cor-
rected. As an indication of what the women thought of themselves, the book is valuable. It deals with a certain section of life up to the outbreak of war, has its illuminating episodes in Denver's Town, touches on "the social evil" with appropriate horror at the discovery, and follows the extreme Tractarian tradition of the women's movement. But the anti-sex bias defeats the artistic purpose; there is not a man in the book who is not a caricature, not a woman who is not a dreamer. These women do not accept their sex; they resent it, make it morbid by extruding it from their general consciousness; and it returns gibbering in other forms than that of love, as spectral horror of denunciation and resistance instead of the fruitful providence of creation. Chastity should have charms, not limited to those revealed by “fleeing Diana” with her everlasting “Touch me not” ; and we suggest a course of “high living and plain thinking” to Miss Skelton to correct the too heady exuberance of her idealistic sentimentalism. Women are not divine mysteries, but maternity is; “God accepted no man’s person,” but reveals Himself in processes.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.
THE LABOUR INQUIRY.

Sir,—You have been good enough to mention my name in connection with the evidence now being taken by the Committee appointed to investigate the cause of high prices, and it is my intention to know that no official invitation has ever been tendered to me by any of these Committees except the one presided over by the late Lord Cunliffe.

I was asked unofficially to allow my name to go before the Committee presided over by Lord Colwyn about three years ago, and I received a note from the Secretary saying that he did not think that my evidence would be of any particular value to the Committee because he understood that the only financial experience I had had was whilst residing in the United States. I told him that he was quite in error and that I had had considerable experience both in America and in this country and was prepared to give the Committee the benefit of this experience, but I received word that it was too late and that the Committee had closed its investigations.

In regard to the Committee on Currency and Foreign Exchanges presided over by Lord Cunliffe, I was asked to send a copy of my written criticism on the Committee’s interim report, but the Committee did not feel inclined to ask any further questions.

To those who are familiar with the appointment of these Committees, the whole system appears as a farce. For example, the Committee on Currency and Foreign Exchanges presided over by Lord Cunliffe has been specially selected for this particular purpose. The setting up of these Committees is nothing more than a sop thrown to the public to make it appear that the Government is doing all that it can to seek information whilst the real object is to enable Ministers to pursue the policy they have adopted and then refer their critics to these Committees as their authorities for such policies. Of course the members of these Committees are specially selected for this particular purpose. For example, the Cunliffe Committee consisted entirely of Bankers and moneylenders, with the exception of Professor Pigou, who is a notorious upholder of the money-lending interests. Particular care is therefore taken to ensure that all the evidence presented is of a nature to support the orthodox opinions.

As for the Labour members themselves, they are as ignorant of the true principles of finance as the Fabians. It may interest you also to know that quite recently the Banking Reform League tried to bring some of these people into the oven with a view to exposing the fallacies of the so-called “cold standard” and a challenge was sent to Lord D’Abernon and Mr. Mason, the leaders of the Bankers and Currency League. The leaders of the Bankers and Currency League were not to be drawn. They probably know as well as the Professor that a public discussion would be fatal to their theories and for the same reason these various Committees have that to deal with credit and currency fright shy of discussion and publicity.

ARTHUR KITSON.

Old England—V.
(HISTORY OF ONE DAY.)

By Bernard Gilbert.

BANNISTER HIDES, JUNIOR.

I always did enjoy the Feast, and now I’m eighteen and do a man’s work, Dad can’t expect to keep me in:

I’m meeting Vi Challands at six:

She says we live like pigs, ‘coz we have meals in the kitchen with the servants;

But it’s the handiest place!

She’s stuck-up since she went to Eastbourne, and reckons we ought to use the Manor properly, instead of chitting potatoes in the best rooms;

But you must chit potatoes somewhere;

And Dad and me would lose each other in them big chambers!

We’ve got apples and pears in the attic;

And machinery stores full about ten bedrooms.

Vi thinks if she marries me we shall live here when Dad’s gone;

With a score of servants and a regiment of gardeners and grooms;

I say nothing, because I’m scared she’ll take Arthur Mogg, what’s always after her:

But we’ll see!

I love the Feast, with its lights, and three or four lots of music going in your ear,

And all the folks from as far as Hordle with their families and dogs;

And the Circus and “Pictures” and steam-roundabouts and peep-shows and boxing- booths and sweet-stalls;

Serving men and waggoners in their best clothes,

And girls that tickle you with feathers and squirt water down your neck:

Not a house in Fletton but hasn’t company in Feast week, some of them sit down twenty strong for pork-pie teas.

I won eight shillings last night at the shooting-gallery and spent it (and more) on Vio, inside five minutes:

She’s got such bright goldy hair and silk stockings with blue garters!

Directly the Feast’s over I’m going to talk to Dad about settling me:

He says the Agent’s awkward;

But I shouldn’t think they’d refuse Dad, if he meant it, ‘coz everyone owns he’s the smartest furrow anywhere.

What with our farm here and three outside the Estate, we’ve seventeen hundred acres of the best, and more machinery than any of the neighbours.

If the Agent can’t find a place, Dad must let me have the “Red House,”

There’s only one of our foremen in it, and I think Vio’s a face like Dad’ll agree:

Only you’re never sure if she means what she says!

She’s a regular little devil, and knows what’s what:

We were trying the new mare to Mr. Dane’s “King Bruce” yesterday;

And just as he was getting properly to work, she walked down the yard as cool as a cucumber,

Never turning a hair, but standing to watch the stallion, while I didn’t know which way to turn;

Then asked if I didn’t want to come and look at their new motor;

When we went through the shrubbery I gave her such a hug!

Unless Dad does something quick, he may find himself with a word or two, and then a snore;

And I’ve pieced it all together!

I shall go crazy if this keeps on!

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I shall go crazy if this keeps on!
Of course I shouldn't tell anybody,
We might both land in jail for letting out Post Office
secrets;
But he might tell me!
It can only be one of two women in Fletton:
I'm sure of that.
(One of 'em is my sister-in-law, the schoolmaster's wife);
And to-night I shall say their names over and over to
see if he gives any sign.

JACK KEY.
That bloody Australian did a cross on me,
But I shall have it out with him again;
I wasn't fit that day:
Next time I shan't touch a drop till I've won:
He thinks because he knows a bruiser or two he can
beat anybody,
But muscle and beet must tell,
And after this fist has landed on his jaw, his grandfather
won't know him;
Nor yet any of the girls he's after.
I've licked all the gypsies that come nigh Fletton
And should have smashed that bastard, Waddy,
If he hadn't sprung a dirty trick on me before I was
rightly ready.
Jumping and dodging about like a monkey:
I'll monkey him!
What can he do to interfere when we was going to
ran-tan Herbert Dobney's wife?
(Unless he'd been there first:
Which is more than likely!)
The sooner he's run out of Fletton the better!
He's talking about buying horses, and will spoil the
market:
Which has been all right till now;
You can't buy wrong, 'coz the Government takes all at a
profit!
I've cleared twenty-two specie on three yearlings I got
out of that young fool Edgerley,
And should have had Hemsley's if it hadn't been for that
interfering Rowett,
Who wants them himself!

ISAAC CREASEY.
There ought to be a law against folks letting property
down;
They have turned out lazy farmers lately,
And that good-for-nothing Thomson should be dealt
with;
Letting the finest house in Fletton go to ruin!
He'd be better off in a small place;
But though I've pressed him to change with me, he
only laughs.
There will come a day, however, when he can't pay the
mortgage interest!
If it was mine I could entertain the visiting pastors:
As Senior Deacon the right is mine,
But I've no room in Ivy Villa, and Dobney takes all:
I must have another chat with Lawyer Ferrett.
Thomson is a child of the Evil One,
He scots at the righteous in the Golden Cross:
Maybe the Almighty will lose patience and strike him
down;
But the wicked have no fears.
There's Frederick Dobney who will press for a har-
monium,
Whilst I lead the singing no profane instrument shall
enter Bethel;
I will have no tampering with the Bible!
Especially as the end of the world is so near.
It is foretold in Prophecy that this War is the last
warning,
I agreed to the "Baptistry"
Because the old way of immersing candidates in the
river,
Although according to Divine practice, it is unsuitable to our wintry weather;
And we lost Mrs. Watson altogether:
She was ripe, and willing to assist us,
But didn't—unfortunately—last until the spring:
The ways of Providence are indeed mysterious!

William Bowles the Second Deacon will bend to the
women about that harmonium when I am gone.
Meantime Dobney would be better occupied in looking
after his business:
I know more than he thinks;
And the time approaches when he will outface me no
longer—
The stiff-necked son of Belial!
His name was not written in the book of the Elect:
He and Thomson will burn together.

JEREMIAH LOWE.
It's a strange thing if you come to look at it!
Folks are born and live here for a century or so,
Yet never know anything about the place!
It's a wonderful old village;
Mentioned in the Doomsday Book as Fletton,
And at different times named Flegton and Flyton:
Here, Parson says, before the Romans.
Since I retired from the coal-business,
Having neither kith nor kin to follow me,
I've spent my time finding everything I could about it,
And am minded to write a book:
There's plenty of history!
The Cootes got it from Charles Second.
(They say Charles First, but it wasn't.)
It was given to one of his whores for a bastard,
And they've kept up the family tradition.
Fletton's full of left-handed Cootes.
There's one in Paradise Row to-day, a worthy descendant
of the founder.
Our old Church dates from Stephen,
Though, I admit, not much of it,
But the Antiquarians from Bly say the belfry threshold
is indisputable.
The Register's full of interesting facts:
Families don't die out here,
Whilst foreigners aren't encouraged:
The Mogg's were here in sixteen-sixty,
And though Davis swears there's no connection—
His father hearing of Fletton for the first time from a
servant-girl—
I have no doubt it's the same lot!
How came he to get a servant from Fletton, anyway?
There's always been an Esau Burrows and a George
Jenkins and a Butler Atkin!
The Lowes came here in seventeen-sixty and can hardly, claim
it as their own:
(Though my cousin Amelia denies it hotly),
I've been reading about the Enclosing of the Commons:
So it scarcely becomes me to write its history:
Yet if there's no one else I suppose I must.
I've been reading about the Enclosing of the Commons:
And it's given me a nasty shock;
It was the worst thing ever done in this country;
The register of its effects:
It's a relic of Old England,
Living memory, untouched by the city's bustle,
And so long as we keep the railway off, we're safe.
Although the schoolboys when they "beat the bounds"
(Which means "grass")—
I am going now to look at a bottle dug
up by Fred
overton:
Who's very fly, and thinks it's valuable:
It may be old but I shan't offer him more than two
shillings.

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should
be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street,
E.C.4.