NOTES OF THE WEEK.

While there is a flicker of hope that the Miners may find a way of saving themselves tens of millions of pounds and the general public scores of millions, all spent and lost to no purpose, we propose to continue saying nothing on the question of the policy of the Miners' leaders. The time will come for that soon enough; and by then, if we are not much mistaken, both the Miners' leaders and Labour leaders in general will be even more ready to take advice than they have hitherto been to take offence. From nothing that we have said concerning the merits of the present dispute can we abate a jot merely because the discussion has now degenerated into a "trial of strength." Solidarity is good, but common sense and reason are better; and if the whole nation should find itself to be about to lose its Waterloo, our contentions would be ever true. And equally, no doubt, three out of four of the vast majority of the working classes and particularly of the miners would have been too comfortable to be concerned about attacking Capitalism or plotting a revolution. Their wages would have begun to purchase more goods and they would have been content to continue in slow improvement. It is, then, to the rise in the cost of living that the present demand for increased wages must undoubtedly be attributed; and if we now turn to the Miner's square meal; that there is no way out by the medium of wage-strikes from the "capitalist" system; that the cleavage of interest between Labour and the province of the Government. The claim of Mr. Frank Hodges it is an increase of wages is the Miners are really demanding. In the final words of Mr. Frank Hodges it is an increase of wages approximately equal to the increase in the cost of living since the last advance in wages was made; in short, it is a demand for more wages to make up for the increase in prices. That this is the root-cause of the present movement is evident when we reflect that if prices had remained stable or had begun to show signs of a substantial decline, it would have been impossible for any Union, no matter how "Left" in theory, to create a feeling in favour of a strike. The vast majority of the working classes and particularly of the miners would have been too comfortable to be concerned about attacking Capitalism or plotting a revolution. Their wages would have begun to purchase more goods and they would have been content to continue in slow improvement. It is, then, to the rise in the cost of living that the present demand for increased wages must undoubtedly be attributed; and if we now turn to Mr. Lloyd George's confident assurance that the Government has made every effort to avert the calamity, and ask whether the Government has tried to reduce the cost of living or even to prevent its further rise, the obvious answer should settle the question both of responsibility for the strike and the value of Mr. Lloyd George's assurance that the Government has really done everything possible. Moreover, there is no longer any doubt, if ever there was, that the cost of living is within the province of the Government. The claim was made when the Miners themselves presumed to attempt to fix the price at which domestic coal should be sold. Price-fixing is a function of the sovereign Parliament and of nobody else. The inference is clear that the means to avert the calamity were within the power of Mr. Lloyd George, and that far from having made every effort possible, he failed to make the only effort that would certainly have been effective. We are afraid that the argument, however valid, is unprofitable; for who is there to bring the Government to book? It may serve, nevertheless, to temper the anger that will undoubtedly be felt with the Miners, who will be seen, in this light, rather as victims and scapegoats of the Government's neglect of its "duty as trustee for the people" than as unreasonable citizens at-
tempting to hold up the community to ransom. The familiar plea, to which, unfortunately, the Miners have fallen in common with the financial classes who know better, that the Cost of Living, can easily be disposed of. As we have been trying to show during the last few weeks, Output, in the sense of commodities actually brought to market, is only a comparatively small fraction of our total production. It is only a fraction of the actual production of the Mining Industry; for only is the charge the Miners bring against the Coal-owners but the charge of deliberately restricting Output in favour of the market, is only a comparatively small fraction of our Production without corresponding Consumption, that is to say, that both are necessary (and we may add the Community Output but Real Credit, the increase of wages would be paid in the event of the reduction of export prices, and widespread unemployment. The real proposition is only a variant of the offer made to the Miners by the Coal-owners. The Coal-owners demand all that part of Total Production that is not actual Output. They know, in short, what fraction of their work yields Coal, and what fraction yields Credit. For all that, however, their leaders have chosen to tell them that their increased wages must come from the price of Output; from Output only; and though it is true that the present selling-price of Output (chiefly from the export market) would allow for an increase of wages, the Miners have no answer when asked how the increase would be paid in the event of the reduction of export prices. As a matter of fact, there is nothing standing in the standpoint of Output alone; and the Government was, therefore, correct in insisting upon an increased Output for an increased wage. For on the assumption that Output is the only fund from which wages can be paid, either Output must be increased or its price must be raised or wages cannot be raised. The fact is, of course, in equating Output with Total Production, and in thereby ignoring, to the advantage of the Coal-owners all that part of Total Production that is not actual Output. And since it is certain that a considerable fraction of the work done in Mines yields not Output, but only the means to Output, all this fraction is tacitly excluded from the fund from which wages might be paid or prices enormously reduced.

In a series of articles on Unemployment in the "Liverpool Echo," Mr. Philip Snowden has been showing some welcome signs of coming to grips with the economic problem involved. Amongst other discoveries he has made the important discovery that the Consumer is quite as essential to Production as the Producer; and that both and mankind (and the Community to complete the trinity) to the industrial function. Production without effective Demand, that is to say, Production without corresponding Consumption, results, he says, in "congested markets, commercial failures, and widespread unemployment." The real problem, therefore, is "to create an effective demand"; it is to give the Consumer the means of purchasing what the Producer can produce. In short, says Mr. Snowden, "wages must be raised as the volume of production increases." We are sorry to have to say that Mr. Snowden is here not quite correct, for far from wishing to be always in critical opposition we should welcome the opportunity of agreeing even with Mr. Snowden. But the truth must be told; and the truth is that unless in the "volume of production" Mr. Snowden includes that part of production that is not Output but Real Credit, the increase of wages would be utterly incapable of bringing about a more equitable distribution of real wealth. All, in fact, that it would do would be to raise the price of "output" by increasing the purchasing-power distributed in the form of wages. It will be seen, indeed, that Mr. Snowden's proposition is only a variant of the offer made to the Miners by the Coal-owners. The Coal-owners demand an increased volume of production as a prior condition of increased wages. Mr. Snowden merely demands that the two increases shall be proportionate and concurrent. The difference to our minds is not worth talking about, since both propositions rest on the fraction of Output or volume of Production instead of upon the integer of Total Production.

When it appears, as it will, that the general level of prices is not, after all, about to fall, the blame, no doubt, will be thrown upon the Miners. This rod has been in pickle for many months, in fact; and we are not at all sure that the "Daily News," for instance, did not prognosticate a fall in prices last week for the sole purpose of persuading its readers that only the Miners' strike is responsible for the lost paradise. In the current morality and nomenclature of Fleet Street this would be called philosophic propaganda, as taught by the Master, Lord Northcliffe. A fall in the price of particular commodities may well be attributed to the strike itself as result of and because of the strike. Manufacturers cannot continue indefinitely to borrow bank credits at 8 per cent. in order to hold up stocks; and the absence of a prospective market, by reason of the cessation of wages in the Mining and other industries, may induce them to "dump" their goods as a desperate means of saving themselves from complete bankruptcy and ruin. In short, they may sell out themselves in order to save the banks from doing it for them. On the other hand, as soon as these held-up stocks are disposed of, the inexorable law of demand will begin to play its old game; and all the fresh goods produced will be charged to the consumer at the price-level fixed by the ratio of Money to Goods. As far as we can see, there is no escape from the conclusion that, individual waves and troughs apart, the present level of prices must remain where it is just so long as the present quantity of Money stands in the relation it occupies to the present quantity of Goods. And since we know, for an absolute certainty, that the quantity of Money is not declining but rather increasing, while the quantity of Goods of the kind that enter into the Cost of Living is on the decline, only very slowly increasing, we may be equally certain that, strike or no strike, the Cost of Living for the masses will either rise or, at best, remain what it is. That the strike will eventually, if not at once, assist the process we do not, of course, deny. All costs of whatever kind are ultimately put upon prices. But the Miners have responsibility enough without being charged with postponing a fall in the Cost of Living.

In interviews with leading statesmen on the eve of the opening of Parliament we have been told that Parliament must prepare to deal particularly with three outstanding problems: Ireland, Russia and Unemployment. With Ireland we are not concerned for the moment; it is not a tragedy for discussion, being, as it is, a complex in the diseased mind of civilisation in general. We shall only be able to deal justly with Ireland when England itself is in a state of justice. With Unemployment, again, we are not at this moment explicitly concerned, since it is clearly an effect and not a cause in our general industrial situation. There is concealed, however, under Unemployment the flag of Russia such an amount of misunderstanding that a word or two to Mr. Henderson, who has been to Russia and can never forget it, may be, as usual, out of season. What is the idea, we ask, of dragging in Russia into parliamentary discussion at such a time and tide in our own affairs as the present? Mr. Henderson's reply is that Russia presents such a potential demand for our manufactures and such a potential source of raw materials and other commodities that we could be kept fully employed at high wages if only Russia were opened up to trade. Without questioning the view we have so often exposed so much upon "work" as the only title to life, we would point out to Mr. Henderson's secretary's secretary's secretary (who apparently does his only thinking) that the opening up of Russia to trade is not so simple a matter as his imaginations. We have recognised other European nations if not Russia. We are not blockading or re-
fusing to trade with Germany, Austria, Poland, Tcheko-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and half a score of other continental nations. Yet in spite of this freedom of trade, the volume of trade between them and this country is not very considerable. We doubt whether all their orders put together would keep our Manchester millers busy for more than a week or two in the year. The "employment" due to the opening up of Russia would need, therefore, to be supplemented by other privileges than those enjoyed by the rest of the European States if it were to be made actual. There would need to be added Credit; and Mr. Henderson will discover if he can suit his mind at three removes, that the problem of Credit is common to nations nominally free to trade with us and nations officially cold-shouldered. Credit, however, depends instrumentally upon finance, upon currency; and when we learn that France has printed currency by thousands of millions of roubles. We are, therefore, under the system of proportional representation with various exceptions, the appeal of obligation may be said to be the best of all reasons, that of all races the White race is the most disposed to forget it. If Asia stands in general for the Father in humanity, and Africa for the Mother, Europe is in a peculiar sense the Son ever on the verge of death; said the Prodigal Son in the wilderness; the Son that is always in danger of forgetting his relationship with his Father-Mother, and the duties towards them which his Sonship, now that it has reached majority, owes.

We never had a high opinion of the public intelligence of Manchester business men; and Manchester Liberals in particular are classic in their economic Boeotianism. It was, therefore, a foregone conclusion with us, when we heard that the Manchester Liberals were drawing up a new programme for the party, that it would prove to be a thing of shreds and tatters and a patchwork of compromise; and Lord Haldane's approval of it as "the finest political manifesto he had ever read" confirms our worst apprehensions. Professor Ramsay Muir has had the honour of presiding over the Committee that brought the monster to birth; and be, we must suppose, may be regarded as the sponsor for it, until, at any rate, he is moved to disown it. Eight leading planks are included in the new programme that is to rally Liberalism and ousted Mr. Lloyd George and his friends to put in Mr. Asquith and his friends; and of all the eight it can safely be said that not two of them are in agreement with the rest. We can only imagine that the programme was composed under the system of proportional representation with the usual accompaniment of interneice log-rolling; for everything is on the programme that was contained in the minds of the Committee, and without the least regard to logic, harmony or practical common sense. Nationalisation is there, but only of the Mines and the Railways. On the other hand, some Manchester Liberals have actually heard of Guilds and thus we find provisions made for a "share in control." Then there is "the old curate." Our Mr. G. Hobson, is no doubt responsible for the inclusion of the plank that each industry must provide for its own development. But then, again, the profits out of which this is to be done are to be "limited." And they are further to be curtailed by a "levy on capital." As if this were not enough, "exceptional profits" made in any industry are to be paid over to the State. Finally, our deceased friend, the taxation of Land Values, is brought to life again, and given the place of honour as the last note or trump of the octave. Serious criticism would be worse than useless, since it might conceivably lead to discussion with Professor Ramsay Muir. Liberalism is dead; and the world has no use for Manchester's necromancy.

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**World Affairs.**

Without historical consciousness it is impossible for Europe to do justice to the present, for all the present was contained in and has been prepared by the past. A child that should never know its parents might be considered absolved from gratitude; but a debt would be owing nevertheless, and, in the end, would have to be paid. The solidarity of Mankind is far more profound than in its immediate social aspect. We are, indeed, one of another; we who are living members of the living body of humanity. But the solidarity is more comprehensive than flesh and transcends both time and space. Not only the White race, but they are one with past and future races and nations; the present is a cross-section of the eternally becoming Man; and what any race is to-day or will be to-morrow is conditioned, though not absolutely determined, by what it has been in the past. Particularly is it necessary that Europe should be preserved and should remind herself of this elemental fact, for the best of all reasons, that of all races the White race is the most disposed to forget it. If Asia stands in general for the Father in humanity, and Africa for the Mother, Europe is in a peculiar sense the Son ever on the verge of death; said the Prodigal Son in the wilderness; the Son that is always in danger of forgetting his relationship with his Father-Mother, and the duties towards them which his Sonship, now that it has reached majority, owes.

Researches are at present being made in the field of anthropogenesis which will throw considerable light on anthropological embryology. As the individual is the epitome of his racial history, physiological and moral changes are of inestimable aid in the study of the races; and in this direction interesting discoveries are already in sight. For instance, it is now surmised, if not actually demonstrated, that differences in certain of the mysterious suicidal glands of the body are partly responsible for the organic differences of feature and colour. The thyroid gland, it is suggested, is one of the differentials of the Mongolian racial type, as a peculiarity of the adrenal glands may on the whole be said to account for the characteristics of the Black race. Exoteric science is a long way from scientific certainty as regards any of these things. The true science of anthropology is only just beginning to dawn. But the uniform traditions of the highest cosmogonies, strikingly confirmed by the intuitions of modern psycho-analysis, allow us to suspend judgment hopefully, in the full expectation that, before long, European science will be enabled to define the racial stages through which Humanity has passed and is passing on its way to becoming completely "born" as a self-conscious Man. Whether it may not be proved that the White race is not only the latest-born of all the races, but the first to be really "born" in the sense just indicated; his racial history being chiefly being curtailed by a "levy on capital." As if this were not enough, "exceptional profits" made in any industry are to be paid over to the State. Finally, our deceased friend, the taxation of Land Values, is brought to life again, and given the place of honour as the last note or trump of the octave. Serious criticism would be worse than useless, since it might conceivably lead to discussion with Professor Ramsay Muir. Liberalism is dead; and the world has no use for Manchester's necromancy.

With little doubt in our own minds concerning Europe's ultimate responsibility in point of actual racial history—though we must repeat that it may prove to be a trust betrayed, for Europe is still far from realising her responsibilities as clearly as she realises her privileges—the appeal of obligation may be said to be equally valid from the point of view of exoteric history. Be it as it may that the Black, Red, Yellow and Brown races are, as it were, the embryological stages of Man-
kind in the process of becoming White, there can be no
doubt whatever that the White race—or, as we prefer to
say, Aryanism, owes an enormous debt to its historic
as well as prehistoric predecessors. With Asia as the
Father-aspect of humanity we have already dealt, how-
ever inadequately; and it is now in order to remark that
Europe is in quite as great a debt as shall we call it
of historic recognition or gratitude, to the Black race
or Mother-aspect of Humanity as to the Yellow.
Enumeration of the Black race’s gifts to the Son would
be impossible; but there can definitely be named among
them the gift of the arts of colour and music, and, even
greater, the gift of Christianity. "It was through
Africa (via Red and Black Egypt) that Christianity be-
came the religion of the world," says Mommersen; and
with equal authority it may be said that our colour-
painting and music are ultimately derived through the
greater.
Treasures beyond count, and had emptied Herself of
gifts in order to bestow them on her Son—would not
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came the religion of the world," says Mommersen; and
with equal authority it may be said that our colour-
painting and music are ultimately derived through the
greater.
Europe is under quite as great a debt, shall we call it
of gratitude to the race that brought them. The Black
race may be anything to-day that Europe may declare
it to be—unfit to govern itself, fit only for menial ser-
cvice, despised and rejected of America and the White
race in its most ignorant and impudent moods. But
none of these present estrangements can affect, still
less obliterate, the actual and historic fact that the
White race owes to the Black race the incalculable gifts
and values of Christianity and Art. If a child should
discover that the Black man had only transmitted to
Europe its treasures beyond count, and had emptied Herself of
gifts in order to bestow them on her Son—would not
the Son be unnatural if he failed to honour the Mother
in her apparent degradation? We are far from saying,
of course, that the Black race is degraded. It is not;
it is only "backward," that is to say, still in the emb-
broil of humanity. The debt is, therefore, only the
greater.
* * *
How has Europe recognised the debt? Europe has not
"come to her senses" in the full meaning of the
word. There is no organised European mind; Europe
as a cultural and, comprehensively, as an Aryan entity
has not yet been developed. It follows that Europe’s
relations with the Black, as with the Yellow race, have
been largely of audacity—its otherness—its specifi-
cally European; for to be instinctive and not intelligent is
to be essentially non-European. Thus it is that
Europe’s relations with Ethiopia have been hitherto
almost indistinguishable from the relations of any more
powerful race of an instinctive character with its less
powerful nature. No race has been so submerged as
the exclusive interests of the "superior" race, and in
place of the establishment of a functional hierarchy of
values. Slavery, in a word, has been the "accidental"
fate of the Black race whenever and wherever it has
come into contact with the still instinctive White. It is
unimaginable to the compliant European what crimes
have been perpetrated by Europe upon the Black race.
All in all, since the re-discovery of Africa alone, a
hundred million Blacks have been enslaved or put to
death in the supposed interests of Europe. Not to
mention the example of America, covert legislation is
at this moment being prepared to perpetrate forced
Black labour over practically the whole of "colonial"
Africa. It would appear, indeed, as if the governing
purpose of Europe were to divide up the Black race and
administer it solely for Europe’s good. That this "im-
perial" world-sixth is, as we assert, instinctive
and not intelligent is evidenced by the protests that
have arisen against it among the best minds in Europe
—let us say, from true Aryanism. That it cannot
possibly succeed, since it is against the nature of Man,
will be proved by no long time. Nevertheless, in the
absence of an organised European Senate or White
Council—call it what we may—the instinctive policy
will continue to be pursued with all the cunning of the
instinctive nature. But the problem, it will be found,
is insoluble on the plane of instinct. Only European
reason can solve it.
* * *
Japan, it is clear, is taken for the present as the hope
of the Black race. From White to Yellow Black has
turned in despair of obtaining justice from the White.
A Black speaker at the recent Ethiopian Congress de-
clared that they looked to Japan to deliver the coloured
races from the tyranny of the White; and in his
"Litanies" Mr. W. E. B. Du Bois includes the following
prayer and response:
In yonder East shines a star.
Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.
Mr. Du Bois goes further; he draws up not only an
indictment of the White race, and threatens "vengeance"
in the name of the Lord, but he speci-
ically challenges Europe to a comparison of values.
Europe does not realise the effect produced on the
coloured mind by the spectacle of the recent civil war
or the extent to which Europe has lost caste in coloured
judgment. Let Mr. Du Bois express it for Europe
when he says that the conclusion to which the coloured
races have come is that their former impression of
Europe was false, that Europe had not temporarily
"gone mad" during the war, but was "Europe herself,"
manifesting in all its nakedness "the real soul of White
culture." From this it is but a step to scepticism and
defiance of European values; and Mr. Du Bois takes
it. "Europe has never produced . . . a single human
soul who cannot be matched and over-matched in every
line of human endeavour by Asia and Africa." Africa
and Asia, in other words, are not only as good as
Europe, but they are better than Europe. Instinct has
begun to react to instinct.
* * *
Nobody can doubt the "naturalness" of the reaction or,
indeed, wonder at its appearance. In world-con-
sciousness a movement in one direction seeks compen-
sation in its own opposite; and the enforced servility
of the Black race under the pressure of the White was
bound to look for compensation in the direction of
mastery. The accompanying ideas, however, are
another thing; and in the case of the Black programme
the two leading ideas that Europe is "found out" and
that Japan is destined to be the saviour of the coloured
races are dangerous notions for the Black race to
entertain. Plausible as both assumptions may be, they rest
on superficial and transitory evidence: the first on the
assumption that the Aryan race touched, not bottom,
but its essential nature during the late fratricidal war;
and the second on the assumption that one race can
discharge the function of another, that Japan, in the
present instance, can succeed where Europe has so far
failed in organising the world on a basis of co-opera-
tive racial function. It cannot be so; there are natural
facts which not even whole races can change; and one
of them is the fact that, for better or worse, Europe
alone can, if she will, exercise the function of world-
organisation. To depend upon any other race for the
discharge of this function is to go against nature.
Equally, the history of the Aryan peoples and of Europe
in particular reveals a very different view of Aryanism
from that presented by the madness of the Civil War.
Who can doubt that the White race has been the prin-
cipal channel of human improvement during the cen-
turies for which it has existed? To deny it is to
abrogate all reason, and to prove that the judge cannot
dispensably and justly exercise the function of world-
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discharge of this function is to go against nature.

M. M. COSMOI.
A Practical Scheme FOR THE  
Establishment of Economic and Industrial Democracy.

THE (MINING) SCHEME.

[The following exemplary Scheme, drawn up for special application to the Mining Industry, is designed to enable a transition to be effected from the present state of industrial chaos to a state of economic democracy, with the minimum amount of friction and the maximum results in the general well-being. An explanatory commentary on the Scheme, clause by clause, appears below.]

DRAFT SCHEME.

I.

(1) For the purpose of efficient operation each geological mining area shall be considered as autonomous administratively.

(2) In each of these areas a branch of a Bank, to be formed by the M.F.G.B., shall be established, hereinafter referred to as the Producers' Bank. The Government shall recognise this Bank as an integral part of the mining industry regarded as a producer of wealth, and representing its credit. It shall ensure its affiliation with the Clearing House.

(3) The shareholders of the Bank shall consist of all persons engaged in the Mining Industry, ex-officio, whose accounts are kept by the Bank. Each shareholder shall be entitled to one vote at a shareholders' meeting.

(4) The Bank as such shall pay no dividend.

(5) The capital already invested in the Mining properties and plant shall be entitled to a fixed return of, say, 6 per cent., and, together with all fresh capital, shall continue to carry with it all the ordinary privileges of capital administration other than Price-fixing.

(6) The Boards of Directors shall make all payments of wages and salaries direct to the Producers' Bank in bulk.

(7) In the case of a reduction in cost of working, one half of such reduction shall be dealt with in the National Credit Account, one quarter shall be credited to the Colliery owners, and one quarter to the Producers' Bank.

(8) From the setting to work of the Producers' Bank all subsequent expenditure on capital account shall be financed jointly by the Colliery owners and the Producers' Bank, in the ratio which the total dividends bear to the total wages and salaries. The benefits of such financing done by the Producers' Bank shall accrue to the depositors.

II.

(1) The Government shall require from the Colliery owners a quarterly (half-yearly or yearly) statement properly kept and audited of the cost of production, including all dividends and bonuses.

(2) On the basis of this ascertained Cost, the Government shall by statute cause the Price of domestic coal to be regulated at a percentage of the ascertained Cost.

(3) This Price (of domestic coal) shall bear the same ratio to Cost as the total National Consumption of all descriptions of commodities does to the total National Production of Credit, i.e.,

\[ \text{Price per ton} = \frac{\text{Cost per ton \times Cost value of Total Consumption}}{\text{Money value of Total Production}} \]

[Total National Consumption includes Capital depreciation and Imports. Total National Production includes Capital appreciation and Imports.]

(4) Industrial coal shall be debited to users at Cost plus an agreed percentage.

(5) The Price of coal for export shall be fixed from day to day in relation to the world-market and in the general interest.

II. (4) Industrial coal shall be debited to users at Cost plus an agreed percentage.

The purpose of the provision herein made is clear. It is to secure that the estimates of Cost (See II. (4)) shall include all costs, this being a condition of the subsequent fixing of Price by the ratio of Cost to Price. Furthermore, since the use of coal for industrial or Capital purposes is not yet the use of coal for ultimate or personal consumption, the full cost of industrial coal must be debited to the Production in which it will afterwards appear as an increment of Real Credit; in other words, it must be fully charged to the industry that proposes to create Real Credit by means of it. The contention, that since domestic coal is consumed without return (save in welfare!) while industrial coal is consumed only to reappear as enhanced Real Credit, therefore domestic coal should be charged at Cost and industrial coal sold below cost (reversing, in fact, the provisions of the Scheme) will not bear examination. It is true that domestic coal is consumed without yielding credit, while industrial coal is consumed to yield credit; but since the final definition and purpose of Real Credit is to deliver the production of our Real Credit to that or nothing being the sole justification of the maintenance of the community—it follows that Real Credit is only actualised by final consumption; until it results in the actual delivery of actual goods to the actual consumer, it is only part of the process of cost. Price, in short, must be confined to the act of transferring ultimate goods to the ultimate consumer. Until we reach this stage in the process there are no Prices properly so called, but only Costs of producing Real Credit. Finally, no industrial user of coal can complain if he is charged merely with the cost of his coal; it is entered among his costs in general; and he is given full credit for it. In course of time we shall deal with his final product in the same way in which coal is now being considered. That is to say, his final product also will be sold “below cost.”

II. (5) The Price of coal for export shall be fixed from day to day in relation to the world-market and in the general interest.

Without consenting to the doctrine that “the foreigner must pay,” it is obviously impossible to apply to the world, which is not yet a single Credit-area, the principles applicable to a community that is. Coal is one of the factors in the production of our Real Credit; and it may be that, by exporting some of it abroad in exchange for other commodities, our Real Credit may be more enhanced than by consuming it all at home. The Price to be charged abroad cannot, however (as yet) be fixed in either the ratio for domestic coal or at the cost of industrial coal, since in the case of exported coal our only return is what we get in immediate exchange for it. We can sell coal to our own domestic consumers “below cost” because the supply of the domestic consumer is the ultimate object of organised society. We can sell coal to our industrial users at cost because this cost reappears as an increment of Real Credit. But in the case of exported Coal, save for what we immediately get in return for it, it is gone without yielding either satisfaction of the consumer or Real Credit. In general, therefore, we can make on the exchange or the use we can make on the exchange. It is conceivable that our own use of coal might be so skillful that nothing we could exchange for it would be worth exporting it for. Our Real Credit might, perhaps, be best increased by consuming all our coal at home.

COMMENTS.

II. (4) Industrial coal shall be debited to users at Cost plus an agreed percentage.

The purpose of the provision herein made is clear. It is to secure that the estimates of Cost (See II. (4)) shall include all costs, this being a condition of the subsequent fixing of Price by the ratio of Cost to Price. Furthermore, since the use of coal for industrial or Capital purposes is not yet the use of coal for ultimate or personal consumption, the full cost of industrial coal must be debited to the Production in which it will afterwards appear as an increment of Real Credit; in other words, it must be fully charged to the industry that proposes to create Real Credit by means of it. The contention, that since domestic coal is consumed without return (save in welfare!) while industrial coal is consumed only to reappear as enhanced Real Credit, therefore domestic coal should be charged at Cost and industrial coal sold below cost (reversing, in fact, the provisions of the Scheme) will not bear examination. It is true that domestic coal is consumed without yielding credit, while industrial coal is consumed to yield credit; but since the final definition and purpose of Real Credit is to deliver the production of our Real Credit to that or nothing being the sole justification of the maintenance of the community—it follows that Real Credit is only actualised by final consumption; until it results in the actual delivery of actual goods to the actual consumer, it is only part of the process of cost. Price, in short, must be confined to the act of transferring ultimate goods to the ultimate consumer. Until we reach this stage in the process there are no Prices properly so called, but only Costs of producing Real Credit. Finally, no industrial user of coal can complain if he is charged merely with the cost of his coal; it is entered among his costs in general; and he is given full credit for it. In course of time we shall deal with his final product in the same way in which coal is now being considered. That is to say, his final product also will be sold “below cost.”

II. (5) The Price of coal for export shall be fixed from day to day in relation to the world-market and in the general interest.

Without consenting to the doctrine that “the foreigner must pay,” it is obviously impossible to apply to the world, which is not yet a single Credit-area, the principles applicable to a community that is. Coal is one of the factors in the production of our Real Credit; and it may be that, by exporting some of it abroad in exchange for other commodities, our Real Credit may be more enhanced than by consuming it all at home. The Price to be charged abroad cannot, however (as yet) be fixed in either the ratio for domestic coal or at the cost of industrial coal, since in the case of exported coal our only return is what we get in immediate exchange for it. We can sell coal to our own domestic consumers “below cost” because the supply of the domestic consumer is the ultimate object of organised society. We can sell coal to our industrial users at cost because this cost reappears as an increment of Real Credit. But in the case of exported Coal, save for what we immediately get in return for it, it is gone without yielding either satisfaction of the consumer or Real Credit. In general, therefore, we can make on the exchange or the use we can make on the exchange. It is conceivable that our own use of coal might be so skillful that nothing we could exchange for it would be worth exporting it for. Our Real Credit might, perhaps, be best increased by consuming all our coal at home.
Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

A performance of "Henry V" that does not arouse enthusiasm in the patriotic scenes, and uproarious merriment in the comic scenes, has failed somewhere; and that somewhere is the mind of the producer. It was not very well for Mr. Graville Barker to produce. The Dynasts" within a picture-frame (Mr. Murray Carrington played in that production as well as this); but it is simply absurd for Mr. Bridges Adams to produce "Henry V" on a similar plan. "Henry V" is above all a drama of action; Chorus herself tells us how cramped Shakespeare felt on the Elizabethan stage—but to confine the actors in a few square feet, as Mr. Adams does, to give a backcloth and a seat for the Boar's Head Tavern, a triangular pen for the Dauphin's tent, a paltry table and throne for the Council Chamber, and so on, is to hamper the actors unnecessarily. Better curtains but not more than a pictorial representation and about twelve square feet of space. The New Shakespeare Company is not composed of marionettes; when it is, Mr. Bridges Adams' setting may be sufficient for them.

What whimsy was it that inspired Mr. Bridges Adams to set the battle-scenes? Surely there is nothing more absurd than an actor addressing a passionate speech to about two dozen "supers" dressed overdoing in Mr. Bridges Adams' battle-scenes; but I have seen more real pugnacity exhibited by a crowd trying to get into a theatre (in the days before the queue) than Mr. Bridges Adams permitted on the stage. These were "little soldiers weak"; in all probability Mr. Bridges Adams picked them out of an old tapestry. There is only one art of the theatre, the art of acting; and if a producer cannot give it scope and direction, for God's sake let him take his scenic toys out of the Council Chamber, with the King stating the pacifist argument against war on a mere legal quibble, the insult from the Dauphin, and Henry's terrible answer to it, here was rhetoric and not a mere footnote of explanation to it. It was an army without a charge in it; and when we saw it "fighting" at Agincourt we could only laugh. For there is only one art of the theatre, the art of acting; and what is the use of Mr. Murray Carrington's rendering of Henry's argument against war when it is as crabbed as it was then? Mr. Stanley Lathbury, an exceedingly good actor, who played both Philip and the Dauphin, made him a real person. All that discussion about the wars of the ancients became intelligible in his person; he was young, he was full of learning which, to his surprise, was not acted upon in this war. I felt glad that he did not live to meet Napoleon; his dream of waging war classically would have been even more completely shattered. But his patriotic pride, his determination to say a good word for Wales or Welshmen whenever he had the opportunity: "Gower is a goot captain"; his hot scorn of cowardice, and swagger, and unnecessary cruelty in war, all this came over the footlights and built up a picture of a thoroughly likeable man. He cudgelled Pistol with rare gusto, and Mr. Baliol Holloway played so well with him that this scene was really "made." A little clearer enunciation would have made Mr. Holloway's study of this parody of "Marlowe's mighty line" much more effective; it is necessary to hear what Pistol says before we can see the humour of his "swellings, and his turkey-cocks"; and when Mr. Holloway says everything as clearly as he said, "All hell shall stir for this," the audience will be as warm as if it were true. Mr. Newbold were not good foils to him, and it was with something like amusement that I saw their scenes going without a laugh. They are not merely supposed to be comic, they are comic; and I draw Mr. Bridges Adams' attention to the fact that the play is, as it were, that it is his duty to make it rouse an audience to more enthusiasm than I observed. One might as well have been in a church as in the Strand Theatre.

I loathe boys played by girls; they savour so of pantomime, and the silly "business" of Miss Gower Richardson eating an apple or a slice of white bread and butter whenever she was talking did not remove my loathing. She did not look like a boy, nor talk like one; so I suppose that she was well in the "artistic" tradition of producing Shakespeare. Miss Ethel Warwick played Pistol of Mrs. A. B. Tapping was in a different tradition; she was natural, she was human, and her grief at Falstaff's death was touchingly unaffected—but she did not realise those unexpected touches of poetry and humanity that "Hamlet" is capable of: "And so a cried out, God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God,' etc. But until the main mood of a play is realised, detail cannot be properly rendered; until the contrast between scene and scene is effected, the contrast between the one and the two thoughts expressed by the supineness of delivery, cannot really be honored. The ungrateful parts to play are those of Katherine and her lady Alice, for the average audience knows no more French than Henry did; but Miss Ethel Warwick sent on dressed as a Doctor of Laws is usually dressed on the stage, carrying a big book under one arm, and allowed to talk like a schoolteacher? She is supposed to be a symbolic figure, Shakespeare's Muse, doing in epic narrative what he failed to express dramatically. She requires the utmost tragic power in some passages, a skill in declamation that will make of her speech a play within a play. She is not a mere prologue, but a prophecy and continuation of the action; in her, the passion sings with the single voice, she is, for the time being, the action of the play, and not a mere footnote of explanation to it. When people say, as I heard them say: "This woman again!" Chorus has failed to express dramatically; Mr. Bridges Adams' setting may be sufficient for them.
Phyllis Relph made the courting scene one of the most effective in the production, with the assistance of Miss Hele Nash. Mr. Murray Carrington put off his majesty with his cloak and became very human in this scene; and with that pleasant scene in my remembrance I would forgive, if forgiveness were possible, the general air of dullness that pervaded the whole play.

Readers and Writers.

"Coterie," a Quarterly of Art, Prose and Poetry, published by Mr. Henderson, of Charing Cross Road, at 2s. 6d., has the usual "editorial committee," consisting, apparently, of everybody who is about to write for the comparatively new magazine. - The "democracy" of this proceeding is dear neighbour of anarchy, and I can only imagine that young modern writers must be of Polish descent with the liberum veto in their blood. Mr. Chaman Lall, it is true, has his name on the magazine as the "General Editor," but with a Lower Chamber composed of his contributors his powers must be merely nominal. I note the name of Mr. Wyndham Lewis among the "Editorial Committee." For a moderate "output" Mr. Lewis has earned the privilege (if it is a privilege) of sitting upon more editorial committees than any man I can recall. What he or any of them does on the sacred task of securing publication for his own manuscripts, I have not been able to discover. There is no sign of what our QUEENS-men call "team-work" in magazines edited by literary crocodiles. They are, in fact, much less obviously "edited" than journals and magazines under an individual autocracy. However, to the contents...

Mr. John Gould Fletcher began his career as a poet, I think, many years ago in The New Age. He developed considerably and in the work of what grandiloquently may be described as his middle-period he showed signs of becoming equal to a modern minor Elizabeth. Alas, however, he was stricken down by the epidemic of vers-libres; and now he can only write the verse contained in the present issue of "Coterie"; and, for its sub-acidity, might have been written by Praed. Praed, in fact, would be Mr. Aldington's perfection. Are there any more? No, I think that is all.

The prose is no better than the verse. It is clear that Mr. Aldous Huxley has read too much modern French literature for his own good. He is a bad model for anybody, but he is particularly bad for a sincere writer like Mr. Huxley. The "atheism" of ANTOINE France I, for one, find puerile even in French; it is unworthy of the theism of PASCAL and suggests once more that there is a doom on "rationalism" never to be able to arrive at dignity. Here, again, I can only forgive, if forgiveness were possible, the unalleviated resentment, of hate without love, of satire without passion. Here, again, I can only direct such moods to their classical forms, and refer to the works of Juvenal. Mr. Edmund Blunden confirms my impression that he is intended for a Nature-poet; but he is still only collecting material for entry in his note-book.

The wild rose-bush lets fall Her sweet-breathed petals on the pearl-smooth lawn.

Note-book, note-book! And these two-decked adjectives are very dangerous. One per poem is as many as can be used without injury. Mr. Osbert Sitwell is not in the region of poetry. His "verses" are clever and effective, but they owe more to the art of advertisement than to the art of poetry. Mr. Aldington's "Bones" is the nearest approach to poetry of any of the verse contained in the present issue of "Coterie"; and, for its sub-acidity, might have been written by Praed. Praed, in fact, would be Mr. Aldington's perfection. Are there any more? No, I think that is all.

The complaint, to everybody's knowledge, is most unjust. On the contrary, the series of magazines I am now considering are evidence enough. Younger writers of to-day are anything but "bottled up"; and they certainly have not been "bottled up" during the fourteen years of the life of The New Age. I make no other comment on the quality of the liqueur when...
it is out; the magazines are before us—most of them happily behind us! Even ditchwater, however, can out to-day; particularly ditchwater.

R. H. C.

Music.

By William Atheling.

Stroescro has gone to l'Opera Comique and one may perhaps be permitted a moment's satisfaction that the precision and fine chiseling which we commended in Stroescro's work have received this higher commendation, this certain approbation. The London season will be the poorer for his absence, and for that of Mlle. Nevada, also absorbed by the Comique; of Tinayre, now in America; of Rosing, engaged in one knows not what vague and errant activities. We shall have to find a new set of favourites.

Kathleen Parlow (Aeolian, October 1), after twelve years' hard work, has got over her nervousness; to some extent, or at least makes her audience less aware of it. Pizetti, whose Sonata in A she presented "for the first time in England," has attained a style, or at least a personal idiosyncrasy—something to bind his various works together; and which may be distinguished from other works. It may be, sometimes, a relief not to know just what a composer is driving at; in Pizetti's case it often causes one to wonder just why, if he is so anti-classical, he retains certain classical phrasings, on what grounds he accepts, on what grounds he rejects this or that part of the tradition. Here he has joined piano and violin so that the combination is not annoying, but he has hardly discovered a unified musical dialect. The second movement did not retain one's attention; the third demonstrated Pizetti's capacity for musical writing "musically." True, Mr. Marshall indicates the existence of poems not suitable for musical rendering, but he does not, and, by the samples presented, Mr. Robertson does not, distinguish between the various sorts of 'poetic' composition. A musician's flattery of, or subservience to, the literateur is of no avail unless the litterateur have reached out toward music. A writer may, obviously, write with the sole aim of exact expression, he may put this composition into prose or into a regular metre, or even into an irregular metre, of which he is not musically interested, or ready exhausted; or he may, secondly, try to throw up colours and images, as does Keats in "Endymion," without much singability, or he may as Burns, or as Waller, or as Browning when he writes "songs," or as perhaps some of the modern writers of free verse (for the most part unknown to us), compose his words in such a way that music will further develop their "souls" or meaning or mode. From a recent critical work I take the terms legopoeia, phanopoeia, melopoeia, and even in this latter division the musician is concerned properly only with one of three categories for a poet writing "literally" may write "poetical" in speech, or in a sort of intonation, or in song; and, for this latter, the words are fitted together in a manner different from that required in the two preceding categories. All of which emphasises Mr. Marshall's plea for closer co-operation between writers and composers.

An example of Mr. Robertson's error was Mr. Mather's poem, intended to express the quiet of a Chinese valet annoyed with the "twitching faces" of occidentals, so read by its author, with extreme quietness, and then set to a melody which demanded squawks and shrieks. The less said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the Chinese valet annoyed with the "twitching faces" of occidentals, so read by its author, with extreme quietness, and then set to a melody which demanded squawks and shrieks. The less said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the. An example of Mr. Robertson's error was Mr. Mather's poem, intended to express the quiet of a Chinese valet annoyed with the "twitching faces" of occidentals, so read by its author, with extreme quietness, and then set to a melody which demanded squawks and shrieks. The least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the. An example of Mr. Robertson's error was Mr. Mather's poem, intended to express the quiet of a Chinese valet annoyed with the "twitching faces" of occidentals, so read by its author, with extreme quietness, and then set to a melody which demanded squawks and shrieks. The least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the. An example of Mr. Robertson's error was Mr. Mather's poem, intended to express the quiet of a Chinese valet annoyed with the "twitching faces" of occidentals, so read by its author, with extreme quietness, and then set to a melody which demanded squawks and shrieks. The least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the. An example of Mr. Robertson's error was Mr. Mather's poem, intended to express the quiet of a Chinese valet annoyed with the "twitching faces" of occidentals, so read by its author, with extreme quietness, and then set to a melody which demanded squawks and shrieks. The least said of Mme. Brunel's recitation in her "La Steppa," nor did he approach the.
The Ideas.

By Denis Saurat.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: Original ideas come not through research and meditation, but of themselves, when they please—often at times inconvenient to us. We are not their masters. They leave us only when they are complete; and they pour forth their associations without taking into account our desires or needs. They exalt our beings and then, physically even, exhaust us in their expression in us. Unless we write them down and so capture them, they often disappear never to return. And they are not captured swiftly, for they are elusive. Our brain and consciousness are too weak for them.

Pascal gives witness: "Hassard donne les pensees; hassard les idee; point d'art pour conserver ni pour acquérir; Pensee echappee, je la voisent ecrire: j'ecri, au bien, qu'elle m'est echappee; cela me fait souvenir de ma faiblesse, que j'oublie a toute heure." When we begin writing them down, we know not where they may lead us. Often, we only see at first their insignificant parts. They lead us absolutely.

Nietzsche says: "Man hort, man sucht nicht; man nimmt, man fragt nicht wer da giuet; wie ein Blitz leuchtet ein Gedanke auf, mit Notwendigkeit, in der Form ohne Zogern; ich habe nie eine Wahl gehabt." Hence the poverty of our expression when we write them down; we do not understand them well; we torture or spoil them. As a matter of fact, what we put down is not the Ideas, but our imperfect remembrance of their coming: our impressions at their visitation.

Rousseau: "Si j'avais jamais pu ecrire le quart de ce que j'ai vu et senti, sous cet arbre, a ete bien faiblement mir daraus, wie ihr in eurem Morgen aussahet, ihr plötzlichen Funken und Wunder meiner Einsamkeit, ihr meine alten gegeben, schlimmen Gedanken!" Therefore others often rarely recognize the possibility of our ideas; great artists are those that can impress men with that force.

Often the Ideas come in multitudes; we cannot write them down all at once; they are too numerous; they have to wait. One crosses our mind while we write down another, unsparing them, because it causes it to be lost; sometimes gets lost itself. Thus many are lost, as with Rousseau. There must have existed many thinkers who lived only for the exhausting pleasure that Ideas give; not caring to transmit them on to men. Others who, once back into their normal state, did not believe in them, nor in their importance. Others who have considered them undesirable, because of the suffering of physical and intellectual exhaustion which they cause. Hence the modesty of true genius; men of genius know Ideas do not come from them, nor are in their power. Nietzsche: "Mein wurde in der That die Vorstellung, blos Incarnation, blos Mundstuck, blos Medium übermächtiger Gewelten zu sein, kaum abzuweisen wissen."

THE METAPHYSICIAN: Things happen as though the Ideas existed, independently of us, and used our consciousness as ourselves intensely for one moment, then disappeared, without troubling about us. We keep only the remembrance of them. And that is even what happens. In the subdivision of being—Universes, Men, Ideas—the Ideas are superior to us in will and intensity, as much as we are superior to the earth. The plan of being is made in relation to them, with an aim to the production of them; it is made by them, more than by the rest of beings. Thus, each such Idea is a being superior to us, infinitely more intense, which is born, lives and dies in us, as we in the earth. They seem to be parts of us; they are so, as the more precise is a part of the less concentrated; so we are not their masters, but they ours. The rest of our lives is organised from our remembrance of them. Born into us, from parts of us which concentrate themselves, the Ideas raise and enlighten us at their birth, but they cannot live in the material world. Their presence itself disorganises our physical functions: breathing and circulation are upset, the head is disturbed, the brain rapidly exhausted. If their intensity were material, madness would seize us. Thus, in the struggle against material expression, the Ideas fail.

THE POET: They will come back in the ideal world, at the end of physical time. It is enough for them to have been born. Henceforth immortal, they can wait securely for the world to come.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: Our chief mistake lies in thinking that we produce them.

THE POET: The ancients were wiser, who believed in Revelation. The Ideas do reveal themselves to us: the initiative of their coming belongs to them. They exist ever in their abstractions, in their possibilities, as parts of us, intense and strong—as men, going forth into the waste earth, are stronger and more intense than it. The earth neither produces nor leads them, except in a vague general way of which she is not the mistress, but of which they are the masters. So the Ideas come into us, if they find favourable ground, and while in us reign over us as men reign over the land. We may prepare the ground for them, call them. But will they come when we do call for them? Genius is visited by them. Talent studies them, which is our duty. As the earth can crush and end us, accidentally, so can we the Ideas, by ignorance and mishap, for they are the best of us.

THE METAPHYSICIAN: So they come by their will more than by ours, according to the general Plan of Being, which they had more share in the making of than we had. They accomplish, beyond us, the passing of Desire into Ideas.

THE POET: The Spirit bloweth where it listeth. The ancient theories of divine inspiration are therefore true. At the foundation of religions were the revelations of Ideas to the prophets. And in times of old, the powers of our senses being fresher and greater, the power of our intellect less formal, the sense that the Ideas came from beyond us predominated, and we cast them forth into the outer world, in the shape of radiant apparitions or divine voices. The Gods were seen by the old prophets, and may still be seen by prophets to-day. And nevertheless all vision of the Gods is delusion.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: Another mistake of ours is to mix with our perception of the Ideas our own interpretation of them: our ordinary knowledge and intellect. And that mistake is well-nigh unavailing. Thus are the books of man, among the general ruin of systems, Ideas remain and shine here and there, from antiquity to the present day, as great and impressive of old as now, and now as of old.

THE POET: Thus it has been truly said that the aim of mankind is the production of men of genius, for in them the Ideas incarnate. And so by them the Plan of the World is partially revealed to us.

THE METAPHYSICIAN: And it behoves the societies of men to be careful and arrange themselves in harmony with the Plan of Being: else they run into catastrophe. The world cannot live without organisation; it has no road to organise except the fitful light of passing ideas.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST: What we call an idea, in our language, is only the remembrance, the written or spoken expression we kept of an Idea. The Idea is that living thing in us for a moment of a superhuman life, when we "conceived" it. Thereafter it was dead; we remember it, speak of it to our brothers, rouse in them similar ideas, if their desires will be responsive to our expressions.

THE METAPHYSICIAN: An Idea, coming to us, is
necessarily true. It is utterly beyond our intellect, and our individual experience, and the experience of our race: it is verily incommensurable with them. Therefore it comes from none of these springs, but from the deeper grounds of Being, and is necessarily true. The Psychologist: We may know it experimentally by its physical impress upon us, and its impetuosity. But in trying to express it, even to ourselves, we immediately and unavoidably mix it with our customary errors. The originality of a mind is not the sign that the Ideas are present. It is no condition of their coming. Sometimes it warps them, sometimes it helps them. Originality belongs to the world of men, and is not genius, which is the faculty of receiving the Ideas. The Port: Thus, and not otherwise, are the purposes of this world fulfilled: in the passing of Desire into Ideas.

Views and Reviews.

Psychic Research.

As psychic research is the cure for spiritualism, I have much pleasure in welcoming this newcomer. When one is confronted with such titles as "Scientific Method in Psychic Research," "Psychology and the Survival of Bodily Death as Philosophic Problems," I am reminded of Bishop Blougum's cosmogony, Geology, ethnology, what not, (Greek endings with the little passing-bell that signifies some faith's about to die). For spiritualism, it cannot too often be repeated, is a "faith" in the specialised sense in which Bishop Blougum used the word: that is to say, it begins with a theory of the nature of man and the universe, and then discovers facts which seem to support that theory. But precisely because spiritualism is a theory of the universe, it must explain everything in the universe, and can be tested at any point. When people really believed in spirits they believed, as Kepler did, that angels pushed the planets along; and it says something for the increase of knowledge that spirits are now limited to pushing furniture; they have come down from the solar system to the séance-room. So far as I know, Kepler did not believe that the planetary angels required "sympathy" from us to enable them to get on with their work; but no self-respecting "spirit" will now manifest to unsympathetic people. There is a definite declension here which I need not insist upon.

But psychic research really has other objects; and the fact that Dr. Schiller calls "the will to know scientifically" springs from a different source (Did not the Catholics attribute "sympathy" to the Devil?) and if we accept the localisation theory of mental functions (as we shall probably be obliged to do soon), it has its seat in different regions of the brain. Psychic research can, like every other scientific enquiry, only propose truth as its object, whether that truth be comfortable or not. The chief difficulty of psychic research, from the scientific point of view, is the delimitation of its subject-matter; psychology itself has not yet satisfactorily established itself as a separate science, and even if psychic research attempts to confine itself to what are loosely called "psychic phenomena," psycho-pathology covers the same field.

The only article in this first number that deals with a "psychic" phenomenon is Sir William Barrett's article on "Dowsing," although why sensitiveness to the presence of water or metals should be regarded as "psychic" and logical inference as not psychic is puzzling from a psychical point of view. Sometimes we find that we are told by the editor, has nothing to do with this problem of the survival after death—although, on the spiritualistic hypothesis, it ought to have as much to do with it as, say, automatic writing. If "spiritual things are spiritually discerned," the spiritualists have shown us that what they call "material" things are also spiritually discerned; discernment, we might almost say, is a spiritual activity, and as spiritualists, probably unconsciously, tend to assume that only discernable spirits are active, even artistic inspiration being attributed to them. Psychical Research can, like every other scientific enquiry, only propose truth as its object. When, therefore, we should assume that any other sort of spirit is responsible for the other "psychic phenomena" is unintelligible.

But the other articles that I have mentioned seem to be trying to discover their subject-matter by a process of elimination, and Mr. C. A. Richardson, in his article on "Immortality and the Survival of Bodily Death as Philosophic Problems," seems to eliminate spiritualism. His metaphysics leaves him "with the hypothesis that the ground of our sense-data is spiritual, that is, constituted by other subjects of experience, for by 'spirit' we can only mean 'subject of experience,'" he argues that "the subject is not in space or time," and he also argues that, "although the parts of an object of experience are spatial-temporal entities, it is not itself a spatial-temporal entity." The "whole," in short, is different in nature from the parts. Mr. Richardson certainly holds that "it is an essential characteristic of the subject that he is not a whole of parts, but an indivisible unitary entity," an opinion, I may say, that is not supported by anything known to the science of physiology, unless, which is not clear, by "subject of experience" Mr. Richardson simply means "the subject of an experience," and is therefore dealing with "states of consciousness" and not consciousness. But let that pass. If "spatial and temporal ideas are applicable only to sense-data, and not to the object or subject of experience," the problem of immortality becomes very difficult of statement; for if "a subject of experience is not a temporal entity, the conjunction of 'I' and 'for ever' in the question: 'Do I exist for ever?' is strictly meaningless." After various attempts to give a precise statement to the problem of survival which shall not be philosophically meaningless, Mr. Richardson puts it as follows: "Are there in the succession of elements which is the private time-series of any given individual elements which are successors of those constituting the complex which is bodily death? and, further, are such elements correlated (as regards time) in the usual way with elements in the experiences of others which are successors of the complexes which constituted for these other given individual?" It is an ingenious solution of the problem of statement, for, in this form, the problem cannot be solved on general grounds, but only by an appeal to empirical evidence. But the difficulty of the
whole problem lies in the "correlation" of the two series; if "we have very little ground for directly connecting the law of the observer's output of experience with anything occurring at the correlated time in the experience of the individual (assuming his survival) of whom the apparatus is a manifestation," it is not clear by what means this correlation becomes easier in the case of automatic script. Ex hypothesi, if "we can make certain events taking place within our own private experience," we cannot know whether elements in our experience are correlated with elements in any other individual's experience. How are we to know what is the time on "the other side"? But, as Mr. Richardson has succeeded in stating the problem in a particular form, logic has done enough for one article.

But it is quite clear from such articles as Dr. T. W. Mitchell's on "Psycho-pathology," etc., and Dr. Schiller's on "The Scientific Method," that psychic research is quite likely to result in the destruction of its subject-matter, if it has any. For the whole of these phenomena are, prima facie, not evidence of the existence of discarnate spirits, but of abnormal powers of the unconscious. No phenomena without medium is the rule; and even if we limit psychical research to determining the evidential value of communications, the technique of psycho-analysis, Dr. Mitchell argues, must be applied to determine whether the information given derives from a normal or super-normal source. A very probable consequence of this reassociation of the elements of the medium's consciousness is the loss of the mediumistic power—on the other hand, "without the fullest co-operation and the most unflinching honesty on the part of the analysed person, psycho-analysis is impossible," and the mediumistic temperament, by its very nature, is not capable of these mental expressions. Either psycho-analysis or spiritualism will destroy the mediumistic powers or it will fail to determine the source of the information. In the one case the manifestations will fail, in the other they will have no evidential value.

Reviews.

Economics For To-day. By Alfred Milnes, M.A. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Alfred Milnes has a gift of clear exposition that should make this elementary text-book intelligible to the simplest mind. His book is divided into four sections (each containing several chapters): "Making"; "Preliminary View of Exchange"; "Sharing the Produce"; and "Exchange"; and he gives a clear conception of the mechanisms of economic life. But the matter that he expounds is hardly worthy of his gift, unless we are to regard economics as a purely abstract and theoretical science not subject to correction by observation. That industry is subject to the law of increasing returns, and agriculture to the law of diminishing returns, for example, is simply not true; everybody knows that, in industry, a point is reached at which it costs more to sell the thing than to make it, when every unit of production entails a disproportionate increase of the charges for distribution without which production is not complete. On the other hand, the law of diminishing returns as applied to agriculture is rendered nugatory by the proviso: "unless the arts of agriculture have been improved." Again, the statement that "rent can be neither fixed nor abolished by any human power" reveals not a fact but an assumption; the assumption that the ownership of land is of supernatural origin and authority. It is simply not true that "the true rent is the difference between the fertility, and consequent yield, of two pieces of land"; historically, rent is requisition (as we can see in the exactions enforced by the Spartans from the Helots and Messenians), and it has no more to do with "the margin of cultivation" than the man in the moon. It may be true, according to the Law of Rent, that "under ordinary circumstances, rent can never be any part of the cause of the price of the produce"; but the most scientific costing systems (as well as the most unscientific) include it as an important item. All capital charges contribute to cost, and are considered in price—economics or no economics; or as a capital charge, or a positive exaction, according to the state of civilisation. When Mr. Milnes talks about money, also, he ignores the facts when he says that "the stamp [of the Mint] adds no value whatever to the coin; it only gives a certificate of the quantity and quality of the gold it contains." The fact is, of course, that it gives a legal tender value to the gold; obliterates the stamp, and the coin will no longer function as money, although the bullion value is intact. That legal tender value is itself reflected in the price of gold; demonetise gold, and the bottom would fall out of the market as it did when silver was demonitised. Mr. Milnes may be interested to hear that it has been estimated that the pre-war gold currency of this country was equal to about fifty years' supply of the material for manufacturing purposes, at the same rate of consumption; and the fact should enable Mr. Milnes to perceive that "if the functions of money are—a medium of exchange, a measure of value, a standard of value, and a store of value," gold is not the most efficient performer of those functions. As a measure and standard of value, indeed, it fails so lamentably that Mr. Milnes' last chapter is devoted to the explanation of the economist's device by which he measures "the measure of value" and sets a standard for "the standard of value"; and the Index Numbers are certainly a more scientific method of measuring value than is legal tender currency. "Economics For To-day" needs to be brought up to date; otherwise, it is an interesting little manual.

Four Blind Mice. By C. C. Lowis. (The Bodley Head. 7s. net.)

Official life in Burma seems to be a very dull affair, and not even the eternal triangle can make its domestic interiors lively. Mr. Lowis has drawn his Major Brattlethwaite with such fidelity that we want to escape from him as ardently as when he buttonholes us in the smoking-room; he is too dull-witted even to make love to his hostess, and why she should quarrel with her husband about him is unintelligible. The story is nothing but a series of matrimonial bickerings about a man who not only did no harm, but meant no harm, and was blind to the fact that his friendship was a subject of scandal and a cause of domestic friction. A set of native criminals provide some diversion, and incidentally are the means by which the whole affair is brought to a head, and Major Brattlethwaite is restored to his native wife with a prospect of domestic felicity. Delia and Douglas Selbridge also understand each other at the end, and determine that they will be very good to each other in the future. Rangoon gossip has practically no literary value.

The Child-Welfare Movement. By Janet E. Lane-Claypon, M.D., D.Sc. (Bell. 7s. net.)

This handbook is primarily designed for the guidance of those actually engaged in or preparing for work as health visitors or in welfare centres, crèches, nursery schools, etc. The development of the Child Welfare Movement, its present organisation, the opportunities for service which present themselves, and the laws which affect the work are fully discussed. Dr. Lane-Claypon served for four years as Medical Inspector for Child Welfare under the Local Government Board, and her opinions have been formed as a result of that work.
Sinocens.
By H. I. Harding.

THE WAYFARER AND THE OLD MAN.

Scene: The entrance to Prince Sun's tombs at Lung-k'o-chang in the province of Shansi. In the background parts of the beach are visible. The old man is sitting quietly on a stone terrace. Some 20 yards away a very old man with dim eyes and white beard leans against the parapet of one of three bridges which, crossing a dry channel, lead to the tombs. In the middle distance the pine trees of old Manchu graveyards stand out black against them. All around are clean fields and white fields around them. And white and equidistant seeming, belonging to the white-blue sky above them rather than to the earth; in the middle distance the pine trees; no wind. As I re-enter the temple at nightfall the clouds. If the north wind blows strong to-night the trees will be bare to-morrow.

WAYFARER: Hey, old man! Is it you who are selling these persimmons?
OLD MAN: Yes. Copper apiece.
WAYFARER: I'll buy one. (Takes it and begins to peel it.)
OLD MAN: Don't peel it. If you do it'll spill.
WAYFARER: (Explains the theory of gorges, files, chaleras, etc. Meanwhile the persimmon spills, Wayfarer gives up trying to peel it and eats it skin and all.)
OLD MAN: There's water over there if you want to wash your face.
WAYFARER: (Proceeds to bucket of water and washes his face, arms and hands; returns and changes the subject.) Are you employed here to take care of these tombs?
OLD MAN: Yes. There are five families of us who take care of the tombs, turn about. But whether it is my turn or whether it isn't I always sit here of an afternoon; I sit here until the stars appear in the east. The others are at work when I should be looking after the place and if I were not here things would be taken or young trees would be eaten by animals passing. I myself planted all these cypress trees.
WAYFARER: Old man, what, may I ask, is your honourable age?
OLD MAN: I am seventy-nine this year. Seventy-nine. Ai yah, life is bitter. I was born in this place, as my fathers were before me; the last four generations of us, that is to say. Here I am alone, with my son dead and the son whom I adopted for him dead, too. You understand what "adopted" means? He wasn't my son's son but the son of someone else, I don't know whom. My master knew that my son was dead, so he offered me as grandson a child of three which had been picked up somewhere; the master was Minister of the Interior at that time. Ai yah! Seventy-nine!
WAYFARER: Well, old man, you have a nice quiet place to live here and you have enough to eat and you have not to work hard. (Pause.) How things have changed during the part of your life that you have been able to remember things!
OLD MAN: (Brightens up, struck by the idea of an apt subject for conversation.) Yes, they have! Why, I was in Peking during the tenth year of Hsien-feng (1860) when the French and German soldiers entered the city—or was it French and Belgian? All the other retainers of my master had fled and I alone was left to take care of his possessions. I know how it all happened, too. I don't suppose you have ever heard—listen to me. The foreign merchants had for years been selling their goods at Chefoo. Chefoo is a seaport; you know. Well, they had been taking the paper money we used in those days, ten tael notes—just as now one would take notes of ten foreign dollars. They had been paid in this way for years and finally they wanted to get cash for their paper. But at that time, though the Son of Heaven was good and though the people were good, the officials were bad, and traitors among them had told the foreign merchants that the Treasury contained no silver, so that they could not exchange. So the consequence was that the foreign soldiers came to Peking. Of course it was not right that they should fight simply as merchants doing business, but they came. They entered by the Gate of Settled Peace and marched south by the Main Street of the Well of the Prince's Palace, until they reached the arch which stands on the Street of Perpetual Peace. I was standing there as an onlooker. There were cavalry and infantry, all carrying banners and guns. When they came to the arch they put down their banners and the foreign envoy stood still on his horse, put his hand on his breast and pointed to heaven (action with left and right hand). Then the arch of Ten Thousand Years found out the true reason for the foreigners' attack on our capital, and as there was really plenty of silver in the Treasury he paid out some of it and the soldiers went away.
WAYFARER: Were all the notes cashed which the foreigners held?
OLD MAN: Oh no! There were heaps of them, as high as that (action). They were not all cashed, but many were. Then the Emperor had all the traitors executed—you understand that?—heads cut away from their bodies; all done at the Vegetable Market outside the Stiun-chih Gate.
WAYFARER: I'll buy another persimmon and the price of this one shall be higher than that of the last. (Hands him a ten-copper note.)
OLD MAN: How much is it for? I can't see to read, my eyesight has gone.
WAYFARER: Ten coppers.
OLD MAN: (In tone of genuine distress.) But I have no change. Take it back, I won't take anything, they come from my own tree.
WAYFARER: The first persimmon cost one copper; this is a better one and I wish to pay ten coppers for it. It is for me to say what I will pay; please take the note.
OLD MAN: (In the manner of a Vicerey of India to whom a half-crown tip has been offered.) I will not take it.
WAYFARER: (After vain efforts to induce the old man to take the note, resumes it and pays a copper for the persimmon.)
OLD MAN: Now it is a question of proper buying and selling. I will take your copper. (The conversation then turns to the question of places and distances and soon the Wayfarer, bidding farewell to the Old Man, resumes his way.)

October 14, 1919.

AN EVENING IN LATE AUTUMN.

Houses of grey-brown earth mid earthen fields, thinly lined with young wheat; red wall of the temple where I live. Marsh-water giving back the autumn yellow of the western sky; grey-brown reed-flowers against the sky. Blue smoke lies in heavy lines against the yellowing trees; no wind. As I re-enter the temple at nightfall the bell of the evening service is ringing; incense renders fragrant the air.

Temple of Mercy and Grace. November 2, 1919.

BEGINNING OF WINTER.

Yesterday was the beginning of winter; the tree leaves are yellow or already fallen. Only the weeping willows are still green as in spring; their branches hang down, mourning for the end of the bright year. It is warm to-day; the south wind blows and there are clouds. If the north wind blows strong to-night the trees will be bare to-morrow.

[Note.—"Beginning of winter" is a term of the Chinese solar calendar; it occurs 45 or 46 days before the winter solstice.]

Temple of Mercy and Grace. November 9, 1919.

A MORNING IN LATE DECEMBER, AFTER SNOWFALL.

To the east against the sky, two city gate towers linked by a mile of grey wall, still in shadow, seen through interpenetrating tree branches. Westwards, the far away mile-high mountains and nearer, lower hills, all eternally white and equidistant seeming, belonging to the white-blue sky above them, brighter to the eastern mountains than to the middle distance the pine trees of old Manchu graveyards stand out black against them. All around are clean fields of snow, crossed by blue tree shadows. Here and there red temple walls stand out, contrasting with the black trees and white fields around them.

December 22, 1918.