NOTES OF THE WEEK.

About two months ago, in the early days of the Miners' hunger-strike, Mr. Frank Hodges declared in the "Daily Herald" that he had been up and down the country advocating the use of communal Credit as the only effective means of settling the coal dispute. Within a few weeks of this momentous declaration, that might have marked a turning-point in the history, not only of Labour but of the world, Mr. Frank Hodges, as everybody knows, was very near to losing his job as the Secretary of the Miners' Federation. His resignation was reported, and though it was afterwards either withdrawn or declined, in circumstances that have never been made clear, the incident was enough to prove upon how slender a thread the career of a Labour leader hangs. The much more interesting fact about the matter is, however, that from that moment to this, the very name of Credit has never, so far as we know, crossed the lips or fallen from the pen of the Miners' official who had declared it to contain the "only" solution of the Miners' problem. Mr. Hodges has successively affirmed, denied and shuffled on the necessity of a joint Pool; he has alternately suggested a market, but at the very worst it cannot make things worse since they are already as bad as they can be. In view of these circumstances, is it not enough to make a cat laugh to hear Mr. Hodges and his friends continuing to invite suggestions from outside and promising to give them full and impartial consideration; or to read in the "Times" that "neither quibble nor convention nor obstinate prejudice shall stand in the way of attempts to find a line of settlement"? The situation recalls the famous retort of Socrates to the Sophist that he was demanding every answer but the right one. For it appears that the solution of Credit, the only possible solution of the problem, is for some mysterious reason not in order in the present discussion.

Our own proffered solution of the problem continues to be ostentatiously ignored, in spite of the manifest and even admitted failure of all the parties to arrive at a settlement. From the rigorous boycott of the Douglas-New Age Scheme, it might be supposed that at least one or other of the parties had a solution awaiting acceptance, or that the industry were either so near to a settlement or so nearly within sight of renewed prosperity, that a radical measure such as our own was generally felt to be superfluous. The facts, however, are that after several months of a dispute costing as much per day as the recent war, no settlement is within sight; and that far from the prospect, even after a "settlement," being rosy, everything points to the immediate necessity of another settlement after the present settlement, and still others after that. Our proposals are not, therefore, offered to an industry that can even muddle along somehow without them. They are offered to an industry that has got beyond the phase of being on its last legs and is now helpless on its back; in a situation, that is, from which it cannot possibly be recovered without the unusual exertions of all the parties concerned. Thus not only does our Scheme offer the only professed solution of the problem on the market, but at the very worst it cannot make things worse since they are already as bad as they can be. In view of these circumstances, is it not enough to make a cat laugh to hear Mr. Hodges and his friends continuing to invite suggestions from outside and promising to give them full and impartial consideration; or to read in the "Times" that "neither quibble nor convention nor obstinate prejudice shall stand in the way of attempts to find a line of settlement"? The situation recalls the famous retort of Socrates to the Sophist that he was demanding every answer but the right one. For it appears that the solution of Credit, the only possible solution of the problem, is for some mysterious reason not in order in the present discussion.

The majority of the London School of Economists have the discretion to refrain from pestering a dying industry with their advice. Their professional activities will be resumed, no doubt, in the post-mortem. But Dr. Josiah Stamp is a statistician within the three degrees of the accepted definition; and though having, no more than his fellow figurative economists, any positive prescription to offer, he has thought to enhance his value by tearing to pieces his own misrepresentation or misunderstanding of the prescription first offered but afterwards hastily withdrawn by Mr. Hodges. A State subsidy, Dr. Stamp is at pains to demonstrate, is an altogether improper means of settling the coal industry in operation again. Perish England rather. It is unfair, the Miners have no claim to it, and the grant of
a subsidy would set a bad precedent—not, however, for the first time. But our notorious statistician, it will be seen, has carefully refrained from dealing with the suggestion as it was made, and as we support it. For, as our leading paragraphs already show, the term a “subsidy” deserves all and more that Dr. Stamp says of it; only, unfortunately for Dr. Stamp, the recommendation made by Mr. Hodges and ourselves was a “Credit” and not a “subsidy” at all. We do not expect any economist of standing—that is to say, of conditional reputation and emoluments—to discriminate between a “credit” which consists in making the money-equivalent of actual production, and a “subsidy” which is a mere transfer of money from one set of people to another. The mystery of money-making is the monopoly of the powers by whose favour economists are economists; and the less they attempt to explore the sources from which their reputation is derived, the safer will it be for their standing and its advantages. But it is carrying even gratitude too far for Dr. Stamp to pretend that the case he has to meet is a subsidy and not a credit.

In the midst of unprecedented unemployment and on the eve of a strike in the cotton-industry affecting several additional millions of citizens, Manchester has announced that a “revival” of industry and prosperity is within sight. This is that things are bad that they can only become better, there is as much to be said for it as for desperation in general; but upon any ground within the calculation of the rational mind, the argument must be pronounced pathetically fallacious. In the first place, a revival of trade can only possibly come from an extension of effective demand, chiefly in the form of distributed wages and salaries; and since our Manchester business men, together with the rest of their tribe, are doing everything within their power to contract still further the volume of distributed wealth, as a passive agent in process of being destroyed by their own hand; they are impoverishing the remnant of their customers. In the second place, so long as the axiom that Prices must be determined by the Quantity of Money relatively to the Quantity of Goods is allowed to pass unquestioned, and the quantity of Money in currency is allowed to remain at the sole discretion of the financiers—so long, we may be certain, will the “old days” never come again. The banks, it can never be said too often, live by making money and putting it into circulation. They make money every dollar they make goods; and since, other things being equal, the more money they make the greater their control over industry and the community (not to mention their profit from the procedure), the certainty that they will concentrate money faster than the manufacturers can distribute goods may be taken for granted. In the absence of a present adequate effective demand for industrial products, the further deliberate reduction of that demand, and the complete control of Prices by the financiers, where, then, we ask, is the revival of trade to be looked for that Manchester professes to see? There is only one direction from which it can come if we rule out the communal control of the communal credit; and that is war. Is war what Manchester is counting upon?

The reason that war is “necessary” is simply that the Productive system is vastly in advance of the Consumptive or Distributive system, and that the discrepancy must be made up, if not by increased distribution, then by the sabotage of the surplus of Production over Consumption. Confirming what has been called “nothing more” than an explosion of productive energy that has been confined by under-consumption, it is certainly true to say that but for this suppression of energy wars in these days would be more and more improbable. Allowing full weight for human frailties and ambitions, the conscience of mankind must be said to be sufficiently awake to prevent wars arising from my lesser cause than real necessity; but it is just this particular kind of war that becomes more and more probable as other kinds of war become less so. In the case of the leading producers, the mischief done by the imposition of a price ceiling is of such dimensions that only a fraction of it can possibly find employment in satisfying the effective demand distributed in the productive process itself. At the same time, even the distribution of this amount of effective demand is conditional upon further production. It follows, therefore, that the only means of disposing of this fraction—that is to say, of ‘employing’ more and more of the proletarian masses—the only means short of giving them spending-power otherwise than through the productive process—is to find a customer voracious enough to create a demand for further labors and production. And that customer, we say, is War. For it cannot be “foreign countries” whose populations are similarly placed with our own and among whom distributed spending-power is similarly restricted. Nor can it be native territories in any part of the world, since they have as yet no spending-power, but must be given spending-power by means of credits. The only effective demand capable of employing all our people in the enormous productive machine which society has created is not a distributed demand anywhere in the world, but the concentrated demand of war.

The objection is raised that a proposal to distribute purchasing power equivalent to our producing power, and irrespectively of the positive contribution of its recipients to the actual work of production, is “immoral,” because it would apparently give some people money for nothing, inexpedient because it might create a still larger class of rentiers, and impracticable, because production would cease if consumption without production were to be formally accepted as a principle of society. It would be foolish to hope that the age-long errors upon which these objections rest could be disposed of in a few lines. Nevertheless, sooner or later, before or after the cataclysm of our civilisation, they must each and all be realised as not only not false theoretically, but as practically disastrous, and responsible, in fact, for the pass to which society has come. Each and all, these objections, we affirm, are based on nothing better than misunderstanding and, at worst, upon deliberate propaganda having for its object precisely the ruin of Christian civilisation. As regards the first objection, the misunderstanding is plain enough. It presupposes that the consumer qua consumer is not a factor in production, merely because he takes, as such, no active part in it; and hence that he has no “right” to a share in the product, except as an act of grace or what-not on the part of the active producer. But this is absolutely false. Both as a common inheritor of the social wealth-producing mechanism and as a passive agent in the creation of the very conception of wealth, the consumer with no other qualification is entitled to a share in the communal product; and without robbing him of his birthright and denying an essential factor in the meaning of production, he cannot be prevented from sharing in the product, whether or not he share in the active production. As regards the second objection, the expediency of endowing the consumer depends, in the first place, upon the ethics of the case and, in the second place, upon experience. Ethics is only expediency in terms of the longest possible run; and if it be true, as we say, that the consumer has rights as a co-inheritor of social wealth and a passive agent in production, then these rights can only be denied at the cost of a breakdown in practice. The argument need not be laboured that the breakdown has occurred or that it has occurred in consequence of society’s refusal to recognise the rights of the consumer. Here we are with a productive mechanism jammed and thrown out of work because the consumer is denied the means of setting it to work. War will come for the same reason,
namely, because the peaceful consumer is not allowed to anticipate and prevent the violent appropriation of the product by war. The inexpediency of the denial of the rights of the consumer is, in fact, demonstrated in the actuality of war; and it will continue to be demonstrated for as long as mankind requires the lesson. Finally, the third objection arises from the ancient error of imagining that work is a curse, a penalty paid for life. So far from work being a curse, it is the greatest privilege in the world; and we have only to cease to apply compulsion to it to see it rank above every other kind of sport. The peril we see here is not inability to find the labour to produce sufficient to get out. It is not inability to find the labour to produce sufficient, but inability to provide "employment" for those with ample income but no special talent.

Mr. Selfridge had little difficulty in disposing of Mr. Penty's plea for "fixed prices" in the "Daily News" last week. Fixed prices are impracticable, and ought to be, for the simple reason that the "just price" is not a fixed price at all, but a price that varies with the ratio of Consumption to Production. A fixed price presupposes a static condition of industry and of society; but a "just price" not only presupposes what is the fact, namely, that industry and society are perpetually changing, but automatically registers and expresses that fact in terms of retail prices. Mr. Penty's error, however, lies in his deep-seated inability to distinguish clearly between the fixed and the just price. (He actually imagines that the fixed price is the half-way house to the just price!) Its source is to be found in his conviction that a "religious" revival bearing all the stigmata of a purely religious revival is the indispensable precursor of the establishment of social and economic justice; as if, in fact, the attempt to establish economic justice were not itself the highest religious activity of our particular day and generation. This tendency of laymen to turn parson is happily counterbalanced by the tendency, now visible, of the Church to turn economist; but it is sufficiently illustrated both in the case of our old colleague, Mr. Penty, and in the case of neo-Fabians like Mr. Tawney. Nor are we alone in observing and deploring the phenomenon. The current "'Times' Literary Supplement," commenting on Mr. Tawney's new book, remarks that Mr. Tawney offers the world a sermon instead of a prescription, and reminds him that, after all, we are in hospital and want to get out. It is perfectly true that the "Times" on another occasion has been justly reproached with being the "parson of its own"; but, in the case of Mr. Tawney and Mr. Penty, its present criticism is completely justified.

The Press is so largely within the control of finance that "news" is nowadays little more than the propaganda of interests. Bulling and bearing the market are familiar operations on the Stock Exchange; but it is not yet realised that the Stock Exchange is now the world and that the Press is its agent. No other explanation, however, will suffice to account for the fact that the world is steadily drifting into war without the least knowledge on the part of newspaper-readers that any calamity is impending. Needless of their doom, the little victims not only play, but they imagine themselves to be fully informed of all that it concerns them to know. To revert, for example, to the case of Yap, how many mere newspaper-readers are aware that the question is still critical and that at any moment it may develop into war? Since the "Manchester Guardian," with its accustomed belittling of great matters, soothed its readers with the assurance that Yap is of no account, the mass of intelligent readers have been doubtless suffused under the impression either that the question is trivial or that it is on the point of easy settlement; whereas the fact is that not only does the question go to the very roots of world-policy to-day, but its peaceful settlement is at this moment more than ever difficult and remote.

**World Affairs.**

Our hour is a crisis and a chaos, a desolation of conscience and the greatest eclipse of the reason of races and classes and sexes recorded in history. For our generation is that one of human generations whose destiny it is to become collectively and generally conscious. Supra-humanity and Superman are conscious of themselves and of everything else in this collective and general way. Our hour is the dawn of the Sophian Âeon, its cataclysmic bursting and flood; and the incarnation of Universal Humanity on the earth is a verity and a mystery equal in abysmal greatness to the appearance of the Logico incarnation in the world. Humanity as a kingdom feels the need of supra-humanity. The sea of the Race and the wholeness of the world desire Humanity and the Superman to-day. For Universal Humanity is the goal of mankind. Superman is the attainment of humanity; and Humanity Universal itself, Sophia herself, is the only supra-humanity. Sophia alone is the goal. Of Man, Superman is the Pleroma. Of Superman, Sophia is the Pleroma. Both humanity and Superman meet in Universal Humanity. Sophia is supra-humanity of the Geon, of the Anthropos. For this reason our Âeon is the insanity of our crisis. For this fathomless and almighty reason our races and classes and sexes are in their crisis. The world is in the Inferno of our descent and prostration; Humanity and Superman in its spasm of self-elevation and self-awakening. And Europe is equally so. The World synthesis is equally so. We affirm that EUROPA is the synthesis or consciousness of the world. The spasm of the infinite effort and self-collection is infinite and universal in Europe and in humanity. It is for this reason that we ask indulgence from the reader. Our repetition and our howling is a result of pain and of our desperate verihood. EUROPA is Geon. Europe is the consciousness of the Species. **

Obedience to Providence and heroism against Destiny is the meaning of Freedom and of men. It is upon men and upon their freedom and omnipotence that the future of Europa depends. Obedying Providence is the calling of Man. In this consists his co-equality with the Eternal. The Unconscious is the Father Minor, the supra-consciousness, the indeﬁnitiveness itself, the divineness itself, that the Son makes possible. It is Pleroma and Holy Spirit that results from the co-equality of the Son. Pleroma is super-consciousness. Man is consciousness and is conscious. Not Asia but Europe is Man's guidance. Europa's meaning in the world is Philoique. Universal Humanity alone is Pleroma. Holy Spirit alone is divinity proper; and life. To Humanity Universal, however, to Holy Spirit, individuality and personality are the gate. Freedom is the condition. Consciousness is the condition, while Creator the Father is the foundation and the ground. Of the Geon and of the Superman personality and consciousness are as much the essential gate and condition as the Infinite and the Unconscious One are the foundation and ground; and therefore Humanity must be led and raised up by Europe's initiative and freedom. And the time has truly come when Europe must consider Universal Humanity and the world. The crisis of mankind to-day demands Europe's obedience. Humanity demands heroism and wisdom from Greater Europe. And as Greater Europe advances, the basin of the Mediterranean, the Balkans, Russia, and the British Isles in addition to continental Europe and what is known as Europe. And the first obedience incumbent upon Europe to-day is to become Europa, Europa in the spirit of the self-consciousness of Greater Europe and the pan-human function of this centre of the world. By Europa we mean the entelechy
of the continents and races and civilisations of the human whole, the organic potency and scheme, the form and the concept of the Whole.

Fullness and Harmony, we say, Mystery and Uniqueness are the essence of Europe. It is the grave disadvantage of this central continent of Man that mystery and uniqueness constitute its essence and perfection. The creed of the Filioque Statement is a difficult and complex truth; for perfection is as incalculable as it is obvious. Fathomless and elusive and impalpable is the mystery of Europe. It also is impenetrable and mysterious. Europe is fathomless in its essence and in its history—is her discovery of harmony and fulness, of balance and measure. The Messiahism of Europe, we believe with a pan-human faith, is immanent in her essence; it is still immanent and providential there. Europe and her genius, and her messianic millions, and her infinite history, is the harmony, the principle of spirituality—of that which cannot be said—in the world.

The synthetic principle is immanent in Greater Europe. The principle itself, we believe, is inherent in Europa. What are the elements of the European fullness and uniqueness? Which are the constituent forces of the European synthesis? Aryandom, Christianity and Socialism are these elements, the Aryan character, the Christ and the Socialist ecstasy. But these three realities and ideals reveal themselves both as the causes and the finalities of Europe. Each of these three foundations of the European race and civilisation is an historical reality and a spiritual standard and ideal at the same time. Speaking essentially and pragmatically, intent on creation and construction, it can be said and proved that Europe's racial bulk is Nordic. Europe essentially is a white continent, not coloured. Speaking again essentially, it cannot be said that Europe is Aryan or solar in character. Too plebeian and too commercialised is Europe, too Semitic and too humanly infirm to be called Aryan in character and spirit. The sinful and impious war which precipitated this Aeon of convulsion will remain a witness to the blasphemy and meanness of European Aryandom in the industrial age. And though Christianity as the religion of freedom and individualism has permeated and shaped European history in a superlatively degree, the result of the Logico or individualistic, separatistic action of Christendom has been disastrous in its declension. The three hypostases of human life, the three kingdoms of human creation have been detached from each other and made dysfunctional to each other. Religion is not Man in Europe. Church. Science is not Man in Europe, and not Gnosis, but technology. And Art also is not Man, but sensualism. Nor is man one with his own soul on this Logico and separatist continent; much less is he one with the world's whole and the universal consciousness. As for

Socialism, it is an objective fact that the civic consciousness of the European commonwealths has been democratic and liberalist from its inception in Greece and in ancient Teutonia. From Hellenic democracy and vulgocracy, however, down to Russian communism and terror, the Socialism of Europe has been the unbridled force than a pleromic ideal, more a rebellion and grotesqueness than ecstasy and personalism. The future, however, rests with the Seraphim of the sacrifice and fire, with aristocratic Socialism. M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

The magnanimity of the English is being so universally exalted at present—I mean in England—that one may be excused for becoming a little tired of it, even a little suspicious: there are so many witnesses to it, and among the witnesses is the Press. An interesting question is "virtue without witnesses" in the English virtue at all? Have we as a people sufficient depth, originality, personality, to imagine that an individual quality, point of view, or active principle, can by any chance be a virtue? "What is lacking in England, and has always been lacking," said Nietzsche half a century ago, "is real power of intellect, real depth of intellectual perception and the principle of intellectual honesty; and too humanly infirm to be called Aryan in character and spirit. The sinful and impious war which precipitated this AEon of convulsion will remain a witness to the blasphemy and meanness of European Aryandom in the industrial age. And though Christianity as the religion of freedom and individualism has permeated and shaped European history in a superlatively degree, the result of the Logico or individualistic, separatistic action of Christendom has been disastrous in its declension. The three hypostases of human life, the three kingdoms of human creation have been detached from each other and made dysfunctional to each other. Religion is not Man in Europe. Church. Science is not Man in Europe, and not Gnosis, but technology. And Art also is not Man, but sensualism. Nor is man one with his own soul on this Logico and separatist continent; much less is he one with the world's whole and the universal consciousness. As for

Suppose that, like mere Italians or Frenchmen, they would stand by and amid the plaudits of the Press magnanimously observe the fire. They are not a musical race! Yet one cannot see, in spite of the praise that is being showered upon them, what less the English public could have been than magnanimously. Suppose that, like mere Italians or Frenchmen, they would stand by and amid the plaudits of the Press magnanimously observe the fire. They are not a musical race! Yet one cannot see, in spite of the praise that is being showered upon them, what less the English public could have been than magnanimously. Suppose that, like mere Italians or Frenchmen, they would stand by and amid the plaudits of the Press magnanimously observe the fire. They are not a musical race! Yet one cannot see, in spite of the praise that is being showered upon them, what less the English public could have been than magnanimously. Suppose that, like mere Italians or Frenchmen, they would stand by and amid the plaudits of the Press magnanimously observe the fire. They are not a musical race! Yet one cannot see, in spite of the praise that is being showered upon them, what less the English public could have been than magnanimously. Suppose that, like mere Italians or Frenchmen, they would stand by and amid the plaudits of the Press magnanimously observe the fire. They are not a musical race! Yet one cannot see, in spite of the praise that is being showered upon them, what less the English public could have been than magnanimously. Suppose that, like mere Italians or Frenchmen, they would stand by and amid the plaudits of the Press magnanimously observe the fire. They are not a musical race! Yet one cannot see, in spite of the praise that is being showered upon them, what less the English public could have been than magnanimously.
Few months men have been committing suicide because a demagogue could make romantic. We crucify by "noble" in our crucifixions; no consolation; they do not crucifiers; nothing which even a religious or literary one—remembering the French vignette of our aristocracy: the most realistic that can be uttered. There is nothing while, as we, rather awkwardly, drive in the nails. And to show our humanity we refrain from throwing and the oxen, who have become the sacrificial priests. It was remarked the other week in this column that desperate; but it is not enough. Who, then, are the transparently generous, that it is a pleasure to turn the Cross, and we turn away our eyes, weeping all the while, as we, rather awkwardly, drive in the nails. It was remarked the other week in this column that desperate; but it is not enough. Who, then, are the transparently generous, that it is a pleasure to turn the Cross, and we turn away our eyes, weeping all the while, as we, rather awkwardly, drive in the nails.

Edward Moore.

The European Current.

"European Philosophy," says Signor de Ruggiero, in this survey* of a century of European thought, "is moving towards a metaphysic of absolute immanence which can be indifferently described as absolute idealism and as the true and absolute positivism." This movement has been spontaneous, national, organic; totally unlike the materialism which, by virtue of its arbitrary, impersonal, schematic nature, half a century ago spread so swiftly over Europe. "An essentially impersonal doctrine," says the author, "naturism has always absorbed the personalities of its supporters: so that to-day it is with the greatest difficulty that one succeeds in unearthing any particular name, and then it is connected rather with some extravagant or commonplace phrase than with any originality of thought." It arose, overspread Europe, and disappeared; essentially cosmopolitan, for it was not grounded upon history, essentially cosmopolitan, too, in that it has had no history, no future. The movement towards a metaphysic of absolute immanence, on the other hand, has been founded upon and has created history; it has been a development, and a development the necessity of which is proved most conclusively precisely in that it has taken place separately in different nations, becoming European most surely in remaining national. The great names in this development are, in France, Laclèrie, Weber and Blondel; in Italy, Spaventa, Croce, Gentile; and in England, Stirling, Caird, and Baillie. Germany has succeeded less than her neighbours in solving the problems which Hegel raised; but, on the other hand, the inspiration of the new movement in philosophy is German: it starts from Kant and Hegel. The demand to which Laclèrie's philosophy was a response was the demand that "nature" in its entirety should be resolved into thought; that thought should be demonstrated as absolute reality. Kant really found the key to this problem in his immortal discovery of the a priori synthesis, but he did not go further, and in his postulate outside of thought the thing-in-itself, and in doing that fell back unwittingly into the 'dramatic slumber' out of which Hume had awakened him, for the assertion of the thing-in-itself was a dogmatic assertion: it put reality once more outside thought. Hegel overcame this contradiction by identifying the laws of "nature" and of thought. "The real is the rational," he said, "and the rational the real." But having made this unifying affirmation, he lost the full value of it by dividing it up into "science and consciousness, the notion and nature, substance and appearance," as Signor de Ruggiero says, "are simply the old forms of [philosophical] dualism under a new guise." The transcendental has not yet been transcended.

Jules Lachêrie was the first to arrive, in a single, daring intuition, at a solution of this problem; and his solution was a development of Hegel's diacritical. Hegel's greatest act had been to take Kant's a priori synthesis, which was a synthesis of relatives, and to transform it into a synthesis of opposites. Kant's synthesis was static, a mere description of the conditions which made thought possible. By discovering the opposites Hegel made it dynamic, demonstrated it as a development. The thesis and antithesis which issued

out of the original synthesis were unified in a new synthesis, and this in its turn produced a new thesis and antithesis. Lachelier grasped the significance of this truth. Thought, he perceived, seeing that it is the judge of everything that is given, cannot itself be given: one can only rest upon it, while everything else can rest upon it. Its character is absolute spontaneity. "Being," says Lachelier, "is not first a blind necessity, then a will which must always be imprisoned in this necessity, but finally a freedom which simply have to recognise the existence of both. It is freedom through and through, in so far as it is produced by itself; will through and through in so far as it is produced as something concrete and real; necessity through and through, in so far as this production is intelligent, and gives an account of itself. In the same way each of us is not first a mechanism of internal states, then a character, which can only be a reflection of this mechanism, then a reflection of the ego, the useless and irresponsible observer of our inner life. On the contrary, the act by which we affirm our own being constitutes it wholly, since it is this same act which realises and fixes itself in our character, and manifests and develops itself in our history." Apparently in contradiction to Lachelier, but actually as a complement to his idea, Weber raised the theory of Absolute Positivism, founded upon the absolute reality of science. The reality of science does not reside for him in its formulation of results, but in its living development; in which it constantly transcends, while resolving into itself, what it has achieved. "Thus science seels the real," he says, "and in seeking it finds only itself. Tad twam asi, this art thou, even this, the infinite search for which is thy essential reason, thy generative reason, and the possession of which, if it were ever possible, would be thy final negation." The desire to make thought concrete is clearly evident here; but this desire by its very vehemence prevented Bergson later on from attaining the true concreteness of thought, as the author shows. But we must turn to Italian philosophy.

The resemblance between the thought of Bertrando Spaventa, the most attractive Italian philosopher of the last century, and Jules Lachelier, the greatest French thinker of the same period, is striking, considering that they probably knew nothing of each other. "Thought is," Spaventa says in words very like Lachelier's, "it cannot not be thought of everything; it is thought itself. The desire is, the useless desire, the desire to know, to think. Thought is Certainty, absolute Certainty. Thought is a dialectical act, a world, a totality, a system. In thinking, simply thinking, I—simply as thought—make, construct, create this world, this world of mine, which is Thought itself. This world, created by Thought, is absolutely certain as Thought, it is Thought itself." His definition of the dialectic of thought is so difficult and so originally put that it must be given in his own words: "In defining being, I do not distinguish myself, as thought, from being: I extinguish myself, I am being. Hence, this extinction of thought in being is the contraction of being; and this contraction is the first ray of the dialectic. Being contradicts itself because this extinction of thought in being (and thus only is being possible) is really a negation of extinction; it is distinction, it is life. To think of not thinking, to make an abstraction from thought, that is to say to define being, is to think; it is abstraction, that is to say, thought. This contraction of thought as extinguishing itself in being, and, in this very act, thinking and therefore distinguishing itself and thinking again, is becoming, understood as thinking."

This trinity of attributes has been further defined by G. Gentile, and there for the moment Italian philosophy rests. For him self-consciousness is the synthesis of subject and object, and the "moments" of development are affirmation of the subject, of the object and of the synthesis. Corresponding to these there are three forms of the spirit: art, religion and philosophy. But art is not merely affirmation of the subject, nor religion merely affirmation of the object; they are not the mere reflections of abstract moments but are concrete and real, they are complete, threefold, integral. Art is religion and philosophy as well as art; but it is not religion or philosophy in the sense that it states religious or philosophical conceptions, but in the sense of that activity of thought which is not religion or philosophy.

Thus the absolute autonomy and the absolute reality of thought are being established in Europe in a development of philosophy which is a continual discovery, a constant struggle, an eternal rising over itself. Signor de Ruggiero is the passionate narrator of this epic. His history is itself a piece of living dialectic which never loses its grasp either of its subject or of reality.

W. J. A.

**Douglas by Diagram.**

The diagram on the opposite page illustrates the flow of goods in a small group of industries, and the consequent appreciation and depreciation of National Credit. It is assumed that the reader is already conversant with the Douglas Scheme and the conclusions arrived at in the works thereon are taken as premises in regard to this diagram. I am concerned merely with a graphic representation as an aid towards the more ready understanding of the operation of the Scheme.

In order to take a starting point in the diagram it is necessary to break into the circle of National Credit. The break is made at a point where raw material is obtained, i.e., at the coal-mine. The coal for domestic, as distinguished from industrial, consumption, is sold at a fraction of cost price. The coal used by (a) manufacturers of steel forgings, and (b) manufacturers of steel drilling machines, is sold to them, as a capital commodity, at cost price. The forgings are sold at cost price to a motor car manufacturer, who sells his cars, as ultimate commodities, at the same fraction of cost price as domestic coal. The drilling machines are sold to constructional engineers, at cost price; and the engineers erect steel buildings as factories, also at cost price. The car manufacturer buys one of these factories; and steelwork for pithead structures goes to the coal-mine. Another of the factories is used as, say, a soap works, the products of which, as ultimate commodities, are sold at the above constant fraction of cost price.

In every case, where goods are sold at cost price, they are, either temporarily (coal), or permanently (forgings, drilling machines and factories), appreciations of National Credit. The flow is shown on the diagram by long dashes. Where a manufacturer is selling nothing but capital goods he is completely self-supporting, his cost prices covering every charge on his business, including dividends. He can, however, have access to National Credit, in the shape of a loan, if extensions are contemplated and advisable.

The producers of ultimate commodities, either entire ('manufacturers of steel forgings, and steelwork for pithead structures), or part (coal, steel for steel buildings, gold for factories, etc.), require credit from National Credit by the amount in which their takings are in defect of the costs.

The outflow of National Credit, whether for the purposes of recoupment, or as loans, is shown on the diagram by the fine dotted line.

This diagram could be extended again and again, until it embraced every industry in the country—and the complete diagram would, by the way, be a pretty clear indication of the extent of interdependence between all industries, and thus be of use in the formation of National Guilds.
Flow of goods shown thus → Flow of credit appreciation → Outflow of credit as loans or recoupment to producers
Drum.
By John Francis Hope

My first impression of the revival of "Man and Superman" at the Everyman Theatre was its peculiar irrelevance to this Malthean age. The actors did not understand it, the audience laughed at it like people who knew a trick of that. Sterility is no means the monopoly of the poetic temperament, as Ann Whitefield thought it was; one can hardly open a periodical without seeing the advertisement of someone offering free advice to married women, or selling pills to cure "female irregularities," Even the unexpected crop of "war babies" did not materialise; and the present work of the Divorce Court suggests that the war-marriages were only tolerable in the absence of the husbands and the receipt of the separation allowances. So long as the Government was willing to subsidise discontinuous domesticity, marriage flourished; but such marriage had no obvious connection with the Life Force. We probably established more V.D. hospitals than maternity hospitals during that period; and if we are to measure vitality by fertility, "Getting Married," with all its objections to getting married, is a better and truer indication of modern tendencies than is "Man and Superman." The modern woman has no use for Habeas Corpus, she only applies for re-stitution of conjugal rights to establish one ground of divorce, technical desertion: "It's your money we want," is the motto, and the pensioned widows consoled themselves with the reflection that "a fat sorrow is better than a lean one." Andrew Underwood's preference for a good income to a good conscience seems to have been adopted by munition-makers in general. "Man and Superman" does not deal with life as we know it; supermen, even, are not born of women, but created by the Yellow Press—but we were not shown the scene in Hell, and the modern woman's difficulty is not so much to find a father for her unborn child, as Doña Ann's was. On the contrary, she sometimes has difficulty in establishing the paternity of those of her "irregularities" as have occurred before she has learned to correct them. "Man and Superman" is really an improvisation on the theme of maleness and femaleness, which is what most of us think of when we generalise about men and women. It is by no means the only possible way of regarding the relation of the sexes; Nietzsche struck deeper with his "Love, in its expedients, is the war of the sexes; and in its basis, their mortal hatred"; and even the very ordinary George Stevenson said: "Marriage is like life in this, that it is a field of battle and not a bed of roses." We may agree with Shaw that "man is to woman a means"; but "the end in" not always "the child." It is sometimes merely ascendency over other women, usually it is ascendency over men. It is peculiarly a man's delusion that the sexual appeal of women to him is proof of a sexual purpose in them confusing the price that women are prepared to pay with the purpose for the attainment of which they are prepared to pay it. If the price were identical with the purpose, women would never cheat in their intimate relations; and a considerable portion of specialism in nervous diseases would be rendered superfluous. If we must talk biology, self-preservation is the first law of Nature, for women as well as for men—and a very interesting essay could be written on the theme that sex is the price that women pay for preservation.

But this is not the theme of "Man and Superman," which is, in the main, a reaction against the romantic conventions. Love is not itself a statement of the romantic conventions, for it insists on the reality of passion; the reaction is against the conventional mode of expressing it. But prudery is as uncommon in these days as it was common a generation ago; apparently, it survives only in the Law Courts, where barristers blush to discuss things before women jurors. As a consequence, a good deal of Tanner's raving falls flat; it is difficult to see how he could have shocked anybody with such obvious truisms. There is no need to exhort women to break their bonds; the difficulty now is to discover anything that will bind them. Nothing but fashion seems able to do it, and that changes so rapidly that the modern woman never seems to wear the same dress twice, and yet seems to be dressed the same as every other woman. As for Ann Whitefield, it is only the fact that Tanner is a Member of the Idle Rich Class that makes her husband believe that when she was richer than Tanner was richer than Octavius, otherwise, the tamer the husband the more suitable, if Tanner's estimate of her was at all accurate.

I am compelled to take this view of the play because the performance gave no hint of Shaw's Life Force. Actually, it is a play with a basis of passion that finally rises into consciousness and sweeps away all Tanner's theorising. Ann Whitefield should be perpetually appealing to Tanner's passions, trying to lure him from his intellectual exercises, which she could not follow, to her own chosen group of sex war of the sexes; and in its basis, their mortal hatred"; Miss Mariel Pratt has apparently not discovered that she is a woman who might, and, in this case, ought to be attractive to a man. She huddled even throwing the boa about Tanner's neck; she put her arms about him with as much allurement as if she were embracing a lamp-post; in her voice retained its metallic ring, she seemed to be incapable of cooing, or murmuring, or even letting the voice richen in tone. Here is a woman who is supposed to manage men by making them sentimental about her; and Miss Pratt played her as though she were buying a husband in a shop. Mr. Nicholas Hannen goes from bad to worse as a Shaw actor; he seems to have imagined Tanner as a ranter, and tried to rattle off his speeches at an express rate. What with forgetting his lines, and getting his tongue twisted, Tanner seemed a miserably inefficient person. Mr. Hannen is altogether too contemptuous of his audience to do justice to Shaw's gift of creating scenes; Tanner requires versatility in an actor if the significance of his reactions to each different person is to be revealed. One would have thought, for example, that the obvious comedy of contrast of style in the scenes with Straker would have appealed to the players; but Mr. Brember Wills never got the Cockney accent, and had more aitches than he accused the elder Malone of possessing—and I remembered Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and sighed. But Mr. Hannen failed to make any point with his chaffing of Straker; there was not even a contrast of manner between them. Mr. Hannen's only variation of a monotonous ranting was to shout and fling his arms aloft; for the rest, he talked from cue to cue without understanding what he was saying, and trying to make up in speed for what he lacked in subtlety.

Some of the minor parts were well played. It was a relief from the prevailing incompetence to see Mr. Felix Ayler come on as Hector Malone, and make the definite impression of a real person. Mr. Joseph Dodds, as his father, was another, although he did not get that black Irish passion in the reference to "the starvation." Miss Margaret Carter (a very variable actress) was in good mood, and made Mrs. Whitefield intelligible; and Miss Hazel Jones, although lacking an inch or two in height, gave Violet Robinson the frigid touch. But if Tanner, Tavy, Straker and Ann were failures, and even Roebuck Ramsden lacks authority, one is not much consoled by the fact that smaller parts were efficiently performed. If Shaw were not actor-proof, the Everyman season would not be the success it is.
On Statuary.

I.
Statuary is Sculpture. Form is the Shape of the Image in Statuary. Sculpture is Form. Image is the meaning of appearances. Humanity is the soul of appearances.

Body is Instrument. Soul is Inwardness. Inwardness is Causation. Causation is Living. Embodiment is Realisation.

II.
The instrument of the person is Figure. The Symbol of the human is Figure. The body of the soul is Figure. Figure is the triumph of Life. Figure is the bearer of Life. Figure is the message of Life.

Form is presentation of Figure. Function is causation of Form. Motion is Function.

III.
Convexity is Statuary. Shaping and building is not creation of Convexity. Colouring and illumining is not creation of Convexity. Forming of convexity is Statuary.

Creation of Form is Sculpture. Forming of Figure is Sculpture. Carving of Function is Sculpture.

IV.
Three-dimensional is the Space of Sculpture.

V.

Awakening of communication is Art in Sculpture. Unveiling of thought is Art in Sculpture. Liberation of Symbol is Art in Sculpture. Cutting is awakening of eternal potentiality. Fusing is unveiling of potentiality. Carving is liberation.

VI.
Line is a Statue. Song is a Line. Melody is a Song.

The Art of the Line is Sculpture. Melody of the Line is Intuition. Statuary is embodiment of Cognition.

Ralph—Court Jester.

He might have made the rafters ring With apt ironic jest, But he would always try to sting Approval from the best.

And so he lost the acclaim that tells How all men love a clown. He scorned to wear the cap and bells, Yet could not win a crown.

H. Caldwell Cook.

Recent Verse.

Wilfred Thorley. Fleurs-de-Lys : a book of French Poetry freely translated in English Verse. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

To make an anthology of the lyric poetry of any country requires courage; but in addition to translate the collection, containing every period, every school, every style, into a different language, requires courage plus a host of other qualities: tact, confidence, pliancy—and hard work. Mr. Thorley is to be congratulated both on his attempt and on his achievement. Taking all the necessary imperfection of a work of this kind into account, his volume remains a feast of literary resource. He has not succeeded in rendering the spirit of all the poets he has selected into English; he has not attained real felicity, real finesse of interpretation, indeed, except with one or two; but on the other hand, he is never clumsy and egregious, and even where his translations are inadequate his approach to the subject, his treatment of a recalcitrant poem, is always interesting. To translate a hundred odd poets, each of them with his individual style, his unique spirit, and to do every one of them justice is a task too great for one writer: a synod would have to be summoned for it. The best praise that can be given to Mr. Thorley’s book is that it does convey a sense of the richness, individuality and distinction of French poetry. He has caught the spirit of French poetry, and the feeling and atmosphere (though not so often the form) are French in every translation in the volume. This is the first essential in any good translation: that we should feel that not merely a writer of a different nation, but a different nation itself, is speaking to us. The second essential is that, the spirit of the nation being given, the various voices within it should be individualised, remaining national while becoming personal. Speaking generally, Mr. Thorley has only rendered the French note, and not the individual French note. He has, for example, a special convention for rendering all French poetry from Froissart up to Ronsard, and he translates in practically the same idiom Villon and Charles D’Orleans. His success with one of these is paid for by his failure with the other. It is superfluous to praise his rendering of the roideau of Charles D’Orleans beginning:

Ty me hath throwne downe the robe he bare Of winde and cold and chillye rayne, And now with sunbeams cleare agayne In lordlye raiment deth he fare.

and ending:

Now fountaynes, streams and brookes repair Their sheeny floods that downward drayne With gold and silver in their trayne; All thynges new vesture nowe doe ware :

Tyme hath throwne downe the robe he bare Of winde and cold and chillye rayne, And now with sunbeams cleare agayne In lordlye raiment deth he fare.

The limpid freshness of that is accentuated by the archaism in the spelling; everything is so natural and so naïve that the transposition into a different language is forgotten. But take, on the other hand, this passage from a translation of Villon:

Ah! Godde, hadde I in my wild youth But studied well and walked arighte, I mighte have hadde an house in sooth And lain between warm sheets o’ nighte. But, naye! from school I took my flighte As any naughtye ladde will doe. Nowe when these woefull words I write My heart comes nigh to break in two.

All the intensity of directness in the French is lost among Mr. Thorley’s carefully quaint turns of phraseology, and the archaic spelling which in the renderings of Charles D’Orleans and Ronsard is artistically appropriate here takes away from the reality, the eternally contemporary quality of Villon’s poetry. The author would have been wiser, in the first two sections of his book, to use archaic forms only where the spirit of the poem required them.
But Mr. Thorley is most felicitous throughout in his translations either of idyllic or of elegiac poetry. The sonnet by Ronsard beginning magnificently:

Nauseat the skiey space, the solid claye
Feel icy fetters or hard-peltynge hail,
And the stark horror of the frozen gale
Stiffens the meadowe-grasse to bristles graye;
the "Clytie," by André Chédrier, and a song by Verlaine beginning "Ere thy soft ray be lost," show the author's finesse attaining a perfect success. The last two of these, I am glad to say, appeared, like so many of the others, in The New Age, where I remember enjoying them. Mr. Thorley is worst in his translations of poems with an epic note, such as de Vigny and Leconte de Lisle; or of tragic spirits like Baudeleire. The beauty of Leconte de Lisle's "Le Cœur de Hjalmar" is utterly lost in translation.

Dans Upsal, oh les Jarls boivent la bonne biere
Et chantent, en buvant les cruches d'or, en chœur
endless as is a desperate attempt to give the verbal content and nothing more. Verlaine's "Chanson D'Automne," the despair of translators, remains still, after Mr. Thorley's attempt, the despair of translators. His versions of de Hérodale are, on the contrary, excellent.

Rustic and shattered, or, sundown or dawning,
Flaunting its gold and crimson for an awning,
is a gallant attempt to reproduce the colour of Hamburger, rustic et clos, ou fier du pavillon,
Triomphalement peint d'or et de vermillon.
—in "Le Lit." We notice that the author terminates his rendering of de Vigny's "La Maison du Berger" before he comes to the penultimate stanza ending with the wonderfule lines

quand devant notre porte
Les grands pays suxts longuement s'etendront.
But Mr. Thorley has earned by his courage the right to an occasional piece of discretion.

DOROTHEA STILL. Poems of Motherhood. (Blackwell, Oxford. 26. 6d. net.)

With discipline of emotion and of craftsmanship, but especially of emotion, Mrs. Still should be able to render in poetry her sense, clearly authentic, of the sacredness of maternity. As it is she ruins everything by an inflated formle:ness of style, and by a deliberate promiscuity of sentiment. She says, speaking truth, but speaking badly: With my love I create thee, my babe, with the whole Of my life and the memory of my sins.

I make life, I am one with the God who made me.

Then follows a catalogue of the gifts which the mother gives her child; music and scent of summer winds, cool of dawn, and so on. It could be said with the tongues of angels and the author says it carelessly. She has one striking phrase: the mother of men

Working her miracle day by day
Pouring the universe into thy soul.
There is possibility in this little volume; but the author has still to learn the whole art of poetry.

EVERARD LINDBEY BRINK. Poems. (Blackwell, Oxford. 26. 6d. net.)
The author was a young officer and a victim of the War, who died in 1918. There is nothing in the book to indicate exceptional ability. The best poem is entitled "New College Gardens: Spring," and begins:

Over me the sky was hushed with blue April,
Brown-trees green and silver in the spring-light;
Under me the grass white-feeked and odorous,
All about me glimpses of blue hyacinths.

E. M.

Views and Reviews.

WHAT IS PSYCHOLOGY?
The first volume of Professor Brett's work (which, unfortunately, I do not possess) was published in 1912 with the title: "History of Psychology; Ancient and Patristic." These two volumes cover the "Medieval and Early Modern Period," and "Modern Psychology," and complete the history with an account of psychical research, or mentalistic analysis. Professor Brett therefore covers the same ground as Dr. Bernard Hollander covered in two recent volumes, "In Search of the Soul"; but he limits his exposition to the discussion of psychological theory, and although he does not ignore the physiological school, he does not expound its teachings as Dr. Hollander did. Dr. Hollander's book is to be preferred for its detailed history of the physiologists, anatomists, surgeons, and alchemists—that is to say, for all practical purposes except those of reference to psychological theory, of which Professor Brett is inerrant no less than Dr. Hollander. But the net result is much the same; neither history is a valuation, but Dr. Hollander's use and illustration of the theory of localisation of mental functions indicates a possible direction of practical advance, while Professor Brett is so impartial that he leaves us without any guidance, without even a delimitation of the subject-matter of psychology.

What is psychology? Its history shows us that it has been theology, philosophy, mathematics, physiology, mysticism—anything that anyone pleased to make it. "When Augustine said, 'I desire to know God and the soul,' he was directly formulating the scope of psychology for many succeeding centuries. Though he may not have been fully aware of the fact, his own treatment both of God and the soul was a complete fusion of theology and psychology. It was the Augustinian influence that made the spiritualists of the seventeenth century speak of the powers of the soul as a copy of the Trinity; it was from Augustine that men acquired the habit of treating such problems as the origin of language in the form of discussion about the possible ways in which Adam may have named the animals. To pass over this period in silence would be to ignore the real beginning of many important inquiries, though that beginning was indeed obscure and veiled in curious terms." So says Professor Brett in the first chapter of the second volume. But the net result of the inquiry based on the premises that Kant, for example, dispensed with the idea of the soul, just as Laplace, I think, dispensed with the idea of God. Neither had any need of these hypotheses.

The fact demonstrates that the very basis of psychology had vanished, if Augustine's postulates were correct. But the same thing has happened with every other postulate: the soul-body, mind-matter antitheses have gone the way of the God and the soul theory. Define psychology as the science of mind on the data of consciousness, and it is soon seen that the conception is so sterile that super-, sub-, and un-conscious states are added. Define man as a knowing, feeling, willing being, and the question: "What is knowing?" arouses at least three schools of epistemologists, while every philosopher has a "Will" of his own. It was one of Nietzsche's shrewd observations that every philosophy is the expression of its author, a kind of involuntary and unconscious autobiography; and psychologies seem to be equally personal in nature. Professor Brett, for example, speaks of "Lotze as a supporter of another kind of psychology" from that stated by Herbert; we are even told that "metaphysics apart, we owe to Schopenhauer another element in modern thought, the restoration of the will." One gathers that Man is the creation of the psychologists

* "History of Psychology," Vols. 2 and 3. By George Sidney Brett, M.A. (Allen and Unwin. 16s. net each.)
as indeed he is; for not Man, but only men, exist, not the will, but only volition.

But the appeal to experience has been made at various times, and with increasing frequency and power since Paracelsus. But if the appeal to experience were accepted as valid by psychologists, experimental psychology would have been the only, or at least the chief, means of psychological inquiry. Instead, we find that its results are by some, declared to be irrelevant to psychology; Titchener, indeed, has called experimental psychology the "theoretical psychology of the laboratory," and "philosophical psychology" dissociated itself from "scientific psychology" in the same year that Wundt opened his laboratory. 'The difficulty is not the will, but only volition.'

Means of psychological inquiry. Instead, its results are, by some, declared to be irrelevant to that Wundt opened his laboratory. 'The difficulty is not the will, but only volition.' Instead, its results are, by some, declared to be irrelevant to

In my wilderment, of the story that Lord Fisher told of a First Lord of the Admiralty who asked his secretary to give him the facts relative to a certain matter. "What does your lordship wish to prove?" was the reply. It is impossible to make any statement of what psychology wishes to prove from its history; if Wundt maintains that there are psychic qualities and that they can be measured, the idealists, led by Bergson and ably seconded by Aliotti, argued that all measurement was impossible. Even intensity, they argued, was "a word used to bridge the gulf between the external plurality (things in space and time) and the internal unity which is not capable of being spread out or dismembered in the same way; that intensity is therefore not really a magnitude in any sense nor in any sense capable of being measured. As always, the two pairs of terms seem to be talking about different things; and in this case the idealists are obviously talking nonsense. 'The idealistic attack on 'mental measurement' seems to lose significance when viewed from the standpoint of practice, for its principles could be applied universally, and so make impossible any kind of measurement,' says Professor Brett. The astronomer, for example, has measured the distance between his idea and himself and his idea of Arcturus as 100 light-years—and so forth; and the internal unity and external plurality seems to me to be as useless a division as any other.

What does psychology wish to prove? Is it the nature of man; if so, which man? Is it the nature of things; if so, what things? Is it the nature of reality? If so, what is meant by reality? All of practical value seems to me to emerge from this theorising is a rejection of 'comparative anthropology' tends to a rejection of 'comparative psychology'...

In his suggestive study of the means of communication—material and ideal—which have reduced the size of the globe, Mr. Clark calls attention to the fact of the importance of which to the student of international relations can hardly be over-estimated. The material problems of transport, as he plainly sees, have been solved; the international problem is now a psychological one. The influence of printing, photography, wireless telegraphy, etc., on the mind of the peoples is a revolution in thought-habits of equal or greater importance, and this is a field where further investigation is needed. The unifying process is repeatedly pulled up short at the barriers of nationality. 'The same films of moving pictures are unrolled in Mesopotamia as in Massachusetts,' "there is no world in which frontiers are more important than in the business world." None the less the history of to-day is that of "a great tissue of changes by which America is becoming a European Power, by which the old European system of States is spreading out to embrace the whole world."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—Residents in Belfast and neighbourhood interested in the Douglas-New Age Credit Scheme are invited to communicate with me.

T. KENNEDY.

199, Marlborough Park Central, Belfast.

... *

Sir,—I should be glad if anyone in Stockport and district interested in the Douglas-New Age Credit Scheme of Credit-Reform would communicate with me.

R. G. SHEPPARD DALKIN.

147, Woodsmoor Lane, Stockport.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

(To the Editor of "Justice.")

Comrade,—While appreciating generally the way in which "Justice" is conducted, and agreeing mostly with the views put forward, I cannot help feeling that anyone who had to depend on "Justice" alone for constructive Socialist ideas and information as to what developments were taking place in Socialist theory would get woefully out of date.

For some years now writers in The New Age have been formulating and discussing plans for organising industries and securing a nationalisation of them, yet, until a literature of quite a respectable size had accumulated, and the "guild idea" had spread to the Colonies and other countries, not a word was to be read of it in "Justice." It was ignored even more than Mr. Asquith's recent speech was ignored by the "Times." Yet the movement is now big enough to indulge in the luxury of a threatened split of its own, and to have its doings made the subject of comment in a magazine devoted to improved methods of capitalist organisation.

Now during the last two years a series of articles by Major Douglas has appeared in The New Age dealing with the relation of finance to prices. These were subsequently published under the titles of "Economic Democracy" and "Credit-Power and Democracy." Yet, until someone sent "Tattler" a cutting from a non-Socialist paper, no writer in "Justice" appears to have heard anything of them. "Tattler" has not, I think, quite grasped Major Douglas's main point—that the amount of money distributed in wages and profits, or the money cost of this, of course, went on to the present output, was that many men were employed on development work, which was not production to-day was energised by bank credits, and because if these things were put upon the markets they would kill the manufacture of similar goods.

Another effect of the present condition of things was to turn industry into an excessive production—of goods that the consumer could use—but of machinery for the production of goods—factories and plant. The system was always going to give the goods they wanted.—To-morrow. The object of every one who produced was not to secure the widest distribution of the goods—but to keep the price as high as possible, and to supply as slowly as possible. The whole of society. He urged the necessity for democracy to deal with the matter of bank credit in a democratic way.—"Yorkshire Post."

In conclusion, free trade as practised in England has proved to be no panacea for unrest, no panacea for profiteering, and not panacea for war. It has been a fierce competition for foreign markets, which was so ably described yesterday, has had a great deal to do with bringing about the war. Until a few years ago, it was almost universally believed that to maintain peace you had to prepare for war and to have big armaments. Some people believe it to-day, but millions of people know that it is a lie; millions of women know that it is a lie; millions of soldiers know that it is a lie. We have had the biggest preparation for peace in the shape of war material the world has ever seen, yet we have had the bloodiest war, and in the knowledge that it is no guarantee of peace, no panaceas, lies, to my mind, the hope of the world. If you once get enough people making up their minds that a certain thing is desirable, they are going to get it; they always have done so. There are two roads, one leading to destruction and absolute annihilation—that is war—and some other road, if you can get enough people looking for the other road they will find it. Here is a ray of hope. Already there has been published in the last year a book by Major C. H. Douglas. I have not the time nor the ability to review his book, but I have read it, and I commend it to every hon. gentleman in this House and to every banker and every labouring man in this country. It is not Bolshevism; it is not Socialism; it does not pull down, but it does show the way whereby we can avoid war.—From a speech in the House of Commons (Canada) by Major G. W. ANDREWS, D.S.O., M.P. (Winnipeg), March 2, 1921.