NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The miners are going back. Assuming the lines on which they chose to fight the contest, they are to be congratulated on getting as much as they have got. They have secured the £10,000,000 after all. It might have been put to a far more fruitful use as the nucleus of the capital for a Miners’ Bank; but they themselves have chosen otherwise. They need not waste tears over the National Wages Board (in their sense) and the National Fool. Neither would have amounted to very much in itself; they rested on no particular economic basis. And if, as has been hinted at various crises of the contest, the insistence on them was simply a strategic move whose true objective was nationalisation, we hope that the repulse will induce the miners to drop that ill-starred device for good and all. That does not mean that we are at all enamoured of price by a fixed percentage means a substantial bonus for the small group of owners. The only variety of profit-sharing that can be really satisfactory to Labour is a scheme which provides that the workers will become the holders of a constantly increasing proportion of the capital. That can only be secured by their capitalising their real credit through the usual kind of nonsense that passes for profit-sharing plan can safely be allowed unless the power of price-fixing is taken out of the hands of the producers. We trust that the miners also will see how shadowy are the benefits of the present arrangement compared with those promised them by the Douglas Scheme, and that they will undertake for themselves a thorough investigation of this policy without waiting for the report of the Labour Party’s committee.

The International Chamber of Commerce has been talking the usual kind of nonsense that passes for wisdom in high financial circles, and has been passing the sort of resolutions that a council of plutocrats would pass. Even here, however, different schools of thought revealed themselves, and, with the "Times" acting as interventor in the debates, the plain man may catch glimpses of light through the baffling clouds of obscurity that surround the operations of the money-power. Criticising a speech of Professor Cassel, the "Times" observes: "One of the chief causes of the world depression is to be found in the excessive post-war speculation which forced commodity prices above the level of purchasing power . . . . prices outstripped the volume of credit." But that is only the ordinary state of things. It may be a little intensified, from the point of view of the average consumer, by "speculation," that is to say, the activities of the profiteer. But these make no difference to the fundamental fact that there is never enough money in the hands of all the people to buy up the whole product of industry; the profiteer merely alters the distribution of some of this insufficient supply of purchasing power. Naturally it is convenient for the "Times" to keep off the fundamental question and to do its best to conceal the real state of things by raising clouds of confusing side-issues. Sir Felix Schuster, however, is an "ultra" even among the money-lords, and he proved a little too much even for the "Times." He wanted all countries to deflate until they had returned to their pre-war gold standards. The "Times" has little difficulty in showing the absurdity of this. But it nevertheless adheres stoutly to the necessity of basing all currencies on the gold standard. The answer to this is patent. The amount of gold available bears no relation whatever to the people’s requirements in the way of currency. It is dependent upon such pure accidents as the discovery of gold mines, accidents utterly unconnected with the flow of general production or the volume of real demand. This is a fatal objection, even were the "gold standard" really a gold standard. In reality it is a fraud. There is not nearly enough gold to fill the bill. Consequently we have the utterly arbitrary fetish of the gold reserve. This small deposit can easily be, and actually is, seized almost entirely by a close ring

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of the Sir Felix Schusters. These men, by sitting on the gold reserve, control the whole volume of credit which is based on it. What else they control, those who know who have learnt something of the mystically pervasive character of credit. There is not the least reason, then, to regret that we have got clean away from the gold standard. The present machinery of credit has, of course, like all states of transition, its difficulties and dangers. But it was perhaps inevitable as an intermediate stage. The thing to do now is to get on as rapidly as possible to the firm ground of a true and honest basis for credit. All financial credit obviously represents, or ought to represent, real nation's real credit.

If the conference were really "representative," the editor of the series, is extraordinary. He says all the usual things with the utmost propriety. But he deliberately recommends those "interested in a practical solution to study Major C. H. Douglas's book, 'Credit-Power and Democracy,' which is attracting a great deal of well-merited attention." If there is anything at all in Major Douglas's argument, then it knocks the bottom out of Mr. Cummings' findings. Either there is more behind than meets the eye, or Mr. Cummings is a far more simple person than we take him to be. At any rate, he makes one really valuable suggestion, that the Government or "some trusted public man like Lord Robert Cecil or a bishop or a banker or a Labour leader," should summon "a representative conference" to be able to speak authoritatively for every class in the community. It thrash out . . . . the condition of England question.

Consumption similarly can only be adequately maintained by our banks on our ability to deliver the goods, and distributing claims to the consumers in advance of production. There is no risk or gamble about this; the capacity of the productive machine to meet the claims is a certainty.

Amid this flood of standardised misrepresentation, there is a refreshing grip with realities about an article by Mr. P. J. Hannon in the "Financial News." This throws some startling light on the remarkable industrial recovery in Germany, and incidentally destroys all the moralists which most of our capitalists are drawing therefrom. It appears that Germany's "pull" is due entirely to the double value of the mark in the home and foreign markets, together with the ingenious financial policy by which the German Government protracts this state of things. The position is that, while the mark has sunk, in its foreign-exchange value, from the shilling of pre-war days to a penny or slightly less, German prices, measured in pre-war P-marks, are only about one-third of English prices. This is, of course, equivalent to a heavy bounty to the German exporter. Germany is preventing her swelling exports from producing their natural result in a re-appreciation of the mark by a steady policy of inflation. At the same time she averting the natural consequences of this policy in a rise of home-prices by "subsidising" food, transport, and raw materials. But now mark the point. Since the new currency is used to pay the "subsidies," they are not subsidies, but genuine credits. Mr. Hannon very reasonably asks, what are we going to do about it? We are not much impressed by his answer: "Pass the Safeguarding of Industry Bill." We note that he points out that with us, "Purchasing power is, save in unemployment doles, distributed only as a factor in the process of production." Exactly; in Germany, as he has told us, the "only" has been abolished. Why not counter Germany with her own weapon?

One tag has of late been introduced into platitude sermons which is somewhat novel in this connection, and has usually made itself heard on a very different type of platform. At the annual meeting of the Electric Construction Company, Ltd., the chairman, Mr. Philip Beachcroft, pleasantly observed: "As a devastating war has left the country immeasurably poorer, we require the recognition of the old saying that 'if a man must work, he must not work for nothing.' The Paulo-Marxian dogma has hitherto been the most cherished text of the Socialist movement; how often have we heard it from revolutionary platforms! It still constantly does duty at Labour Party meetings. We hope the use to which the enemy is now turning it will give pause to all true friends of the working-class. It is now coming from the lips which it suits best. It belongs essentially to the cruel philosophy of the Grad-
World Affairs.

The end of the earth’s providence is to become a Sun. The consummation of personality is to become supra-personal. The development of the Geon and of the ANTHROPOS is parallel and identical. The purpose of the earth and of Man is one. Correlative are Man and his cosmic incarnation. The Earth is the body and the cosmic instrument of the Species Man. The end of man’s race and of his body and abode is Divinity and the Superman. The end of human being is divinity and magnanimity. The end of Man is majesty, and the Imperium, and the giving of life. Solar love is the only and universal majesty, however. The bestowing of virtue is the IMPERIUM. It is to the heights of Sophia and of Logos that the earth and its Inhabitant must ascend in their spirit to-day and ascend collectively. The human need is infinite in this moment, and Resurrection alone, the supra-humanness of desire and of reason, can raise the spirit of the prostrate. Resurrection from the dead is Creation. Nothing else is Creation from Nothing but Resurrection and the self-existence. So deep is the prostration of consciousness to-day that it is necessary to exist personally and to be infinite in self-resurrection. Self-resurrection and self-creation are the infinite need of the human race to-day. Self-creation and giving, the titanism of un-selfishness, is the need of the Over-Soul in this day. Races owe self-resurrection to the Over-Soul to-day; classes owe repentance and self-transfiguration; empires owe self-revolution and repentance. Beginning from the individual self-transcendence and ending with the resurrection of Sophia from her chaos human consciousness demands in this hour a new holy breaking up and a new mystery.

A new ascent altogether and a new event are necessary if mankind is to transcend its humiliation and its deadlock of the present crisis. There is therefore the necessity for bravery and for sinlessness of the spirit. There is need of the fiery breath in the guidance of races and nations to-day. A new and fiery leadership the world needs. A new law and the realisation of the Infinite Law is the necessity of the Species. The Imperium of Man demands infinity and supra-humanness of its statesmen and leaders to-day, as new race of leaders Unworthy is the statesmanship of the species; what is new and Superior is the new Race of Leaders. Unworthy is the superiority of the superior and new majesty of the Race. What is this new liberation and ecstasy of mankind? It is the resurrection of the earth from its material state to its spiritual state. The globe of Man is Man himself. Each human being is also Humanity Universal itself. Each race of Man is the wholeness of Sophia herself. The world is one single organism. The earth is a living being and a spirit. Humanity Universal is the Eternal Son. And this Son is becoming a personality and one single consciousness to-day. Of this Eternal Son the statesmanship of the world should be worthy. In earthquake and in the convulsion of souls this Son is being incarnated to-day in the organisation of the world and in the functionalism of society. In earthquake and in the physical catastrophe will Universal Humanity be born on earth if the Freedom of men sides with fatalities and appearances instead of with realities and Providence. What the Solar law demands from the Species Man to-day is the breaking up of individual and patriotic and hoministic consciousness, and the releasing of personal, national and human consciousness.

It is only from England or from Slavdom that the sonorous call of universal human transfiguration and regeneration can come in this hour, though it is not
impossible, and it should be possible, for this call and proclamation also to come from the prostrate and humiliated land of Eckhard, Boehme and Hegel. We believe that from the basis of the world, from England and her Commonwealth, the call of freedom, creation and self-transcendence must in this moment be launched on Humanity. For England represents the responsibility of the earth to-day and the omnipotentiality of human freedom. England and the British dispensation on earth is the dispensation of this hour. England represents the immediate present of the world. England’s opportunity is this hour and this minute. The German race has been broken and killed mystically, broken by its own azeonian guilt and for the sake of its regeneration and resurrection. It does not seem, however, that the German people is any longer a mystic reality in the world. The Teutonic kernel of Europe does not appear any longer to be an Aryan force in the world. The apocalypse of the Christian Creed is not the spring of Teutonic renunciation and atonement. The Teuton of Prussia still resists and declines the Sogdian and the Seraphic new birth. And the Latin humanity of Europe is a humanity irreconcilable to Christ and inimical to Pentecost, to humility of spirit. Europe's Providence is not with the Latin world, above all not with satanic and rationalist France; America, on the other hand, is a dispensation of the far future. England is the immediate present of the world to-day. France is the immediate past of Europe. Germany appears equally o belong to Europe's immediate past. It is in England that the destiny of mankind is being decided to-day; for Russia and Slavdom being still to the future, though to the immediate future.

Our Generation.

Every newspaper is commenting just now on the unprecedented, unparalleled, incredible carnival of sport which is occupying the attention of unspoilt Englishmen; and, strangely enough, the more the newspapers say so, the more unprecedented, etc., etc., the carnival seems to become. There is, of course, nothing to be said against it; a game of cricket is, as an aesthetic spectacle, superior and any other game, the plays which are being produced in the West End. As for the newspapers allocating so much space to "sport," one is glad of it; it prevents them from talking foolishness, or as much of it as usual, on really important matters, such as Ireland, or the Miners' Strike which is now drawing unnoticed to an end. One is not so astonished after all at the present unexpected outburst of good feeling between this country and Ireland, when one recollects that the attention of the Press has been turned for two months almost solely upon the Australian cricket team. If there were a few more cricket pitches, tennis courts, golf courses and boxing rings in the country, and if the newspapers were to devote eight-eighths instead of the present seven-eighths of their space to them, how few, we might be able to settle its industrial and political problems before the advent of the football season. This supposition is utopian, of course, but there is something to be said for it. Axion: if one must have a utopia one should choose the most likely one.

The “Daily News,” having a soul above cricket, has recently made a flight into the realm of higher nonsense. “Are Good People Dull?” it asks, and it cites a Cynic, a Clergyman and the Rev. B. G. Bourchier, the panegyrist of Lord Northcliffe. The cynic thinks that “goodness is associated with dullness because goodness is necessarily dull. . . . It is always a monotonous thing to do one’s duty. A man attempting to be good resembles an athlete undergoing a course of rigorous training.” The clergyman is more humble, but goodness surely needs definition. Can it be that so far as we can gather, containing himself with “bemoaning” “the fact that goodness was made to appear so dull.” The Rev. G. B. Bourchier, that optimist, is convinced that, no matter how good it may be, there are some good points in goodness; or, at any rate, that it has its compensations. “Goodness,” he says, “does not debar one from the legitimate pleasures of life. It is the lack of the human touch that makes so many professedly good persons unattractive.” What, we begin to wonder at last, is this “goodness”? Not even the Rev. G. B. Bourchier tells us. Nullness we know, having lived for a few decades on this island, but goodness surely needs definition. Can it be that so far as we and the “Daily News” are concerned, goodness is still a question, and one which the “Daily News” would not dare to raise? Can one conceive, indeed, any newspaper in this country actually raising in its columns the question, “What is goodness?” Can one imagine any newspaper raising a question at all which was real and fateful? The characteristic of all controversies organised by the Press is a false simplicity, a statement of problems on terms so low that no intelligent man could take any interest in them. The questions are stated deliberately in the meanest possible terms, so that the populace, at the conclusion of the controversy, are no better off than they were at the beginning. Not a ray of light from a mind imperceptibly better than the worst is permitted to penetrate into these discussions, obscurantist from the beginning, and obscurantist by calculation. This is one of the unnecessary sins which the Press commits; for even upon the consideration of circulation the posing of problems at a level higher than the most litterate would
Francis Sedlak.

Our day is in need of real thought and real men, for ours is a day of reality and of need. Our need is great. Our spirit is eclipsed by negative values and weighted, by negative and fantastic reason. It appears to us that Intuition and its divinity can the world and the West expect this guidance, and only from ecstatic and magic Reason. It is the source of revelation and guidance. Reason, and not Intellect, appears to us to be the mystery of our need. Not Intellect but Reason is a glorious and real mystery. Virility and supra-humaneness of Reason can guide the world to-day, the fulness and paradoxality of Reason. Intuition is the source of Reason. Reason is the development and realisation of the infinite truth of Intuition; its development and unfolding only. Reason and its polar thinking, however, Reason and its pleromic quality, Reason and its drive on. Intuition is the glorious and worthy realisation of inspiration, and the ineffable message of the Spirit. The Superman and Reason are the glorification of Providence.

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The Correlativity and Functionalism of things and processes, the polarity and dialectics of concepts and values, is the scheme of our faith. Anthropocentrism and egocentrism is the beginning of verihood in our own faith. The Creed of Christendom is the Omega and the Alpha of our own understanding. The solar conduct of Aryanism is the conduct of our own conviction and ideal. In the heroic and superb work of Mr. Sedlak, to which we draw the attention of our readers, we find much of our own Aryan and mystical faith. Reason and pan-humaneness in the modality of maleness and personality is our own way out and our own policy and proposal. "Pure Thought and the Riddle of the Universe," is in our opinion a book of European amplitude and an act of central importance in the thought of our day. In the modality of Weininger and of maleness, in the Aryan modality of the Superman and of Nietzsche, in the modality of personality, in brief, this philosophical act is done. We do not hesitate in appreciation and acceptance of almost the whole of this noble and exceptional work. We see in this masterly and sovereign exposition of the divine doctrine of Hegel we almost agree in every statement. Who is Mr. Sedlak we do not know, neither do we know what his past works may be, nor to what race and culture he belongs or did belong. From his work it can be seen that the spirit that animates him is the deepest and most real spirit of Europe, which, the readers of The New Age know, we in this journal identify with the spirit of completeness and harmony. "Pure Thought" is not only a solar and logicoc deed, but a work of beauty and completeness, of equity, of establishment. "Pure Thought" and its author are of Europe's character. There is much hope and much significance for Europe and the West in this hot and tyramic creas of revealed truth, in this thinker of essence and of pure, blazing triumphant Reason.

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The time is arriving and must come if culture and history are ever to become identified in part of the other, wholly fulfilled, the time, it appears to us, must soon

* "Pure Thought and the Riddle of the Universe." By Francis Sedlak. (Allen and Unwin.)
come when Humanity and Jewry will cease adoring and hallowing crucified and dead prophets only. It was in this same journal that an elevated mind, an Englishman, Mr. Allen Upward, put forward his superiority and living excellence. It remained only was in this same journal that an elevated mind, an
come when Humanity and Jewry will cease adoring
of God. Lower humanness is the Jewry and
book, "The New Word," was a plea for living
however, consists the mystery of the regeneration of
is not yet a reality in England; nor is it in Europe.
real history. Red history is culture and the production
is not a genuine work of childhood. The only
published by the Perse School, Cambridge, and they are
by boys are those published
of the race as a whole, the bliss of souls, the
of excellence and of divino-human values is the best
adoration and the cult of genius is the birthright
"whitch," who may
PETER : Yes, Dad.
OUGHT not to have burned her hut, but no less
dramatisit's interest in action, and he goes straight to
Mumpry, do you know Mumpry might know.
“The Lamp of Death,” is an obviously inspired
without preamble.—J. F. H.
be helped from perishing under the end of that
4.
(Enter Mum.)
rendered of tragedy; tragedians
in confusion. Indeed, to the bringers of excellence, Socialism at least must be just.
the Lam of Death.
A Tragedy.
BY PAUL RORKE.
ACT I. SCENE I.
Mr. Rainfield sitting with Peter playing soldiers.
Raineried: He’s dead, isn’t he?
Peter: Yes, Dad.
Raineried: Yes, and I killed him with a smaller gun.
Do you want to hear a story. By the way, I
tent to tell you before.
Peter: Yes please, Dad.
Raineried: It is true.
Peter: Cheers.
Raineried: Well, once I was in a wood and I burnt a
which’s hut and so I beged her not to kill me so
she gave me a lamp and spirit to burn and when
it went out I should dye.
Peter: Poor Dad, let me out.
Raineried: Well it has nearly run out and I don’t know
at all whear it has gone. But still, lets go up
stairs.
ACT II. SCENE II.
Two enter bedroom.
Peter: What have we come here for?
Raineried: Nothing but to pray to the gods that I may
be helped from perishing under the end of that
lamp. I wish I had never done it, confound it.
Peter: Poor Dad, what can I do for you.
Raineried: Nothing but pray my boy. The gods will
shurely help me from dyeing.
Peter: What will I do if you dye dad.
Raineried: Mumpry will look after you but lets hope
I dont. Now let us pray. (Burys his head on
floor. Peter jumps on his back and all roll over.)
ACT II. SCENE I.
Drawing Room.
Mr. Rainfield alone at table reading.
Raineried: I wonder where all the spirit has gone.
Mumpy might know. Mumpry, do you know
where the spirits have gone. (Enter Mump.)
Mumpry: Sir, I am sorry but I drunk it.
Raineried: Oh you drunkard, knew you not that that
lamp has burnt for 100 years and when it has
burnt out I shall dye. Oh you cursed, you wretch you drunkard. Look now, it burns low and soon I am ruined—done. My son Peter will have to be in your charge. (sinking down says) may the gods pity you for I am done (lamp goes out and he dies.

MUMPHRY: Dead Dead Dead. (Enter Peter.) Exit Mumphry and enter with stretcher and both carry him out.

PETER: Is he dead poor old dad (cries.)

ACT II. SCENE II.

Rainield laid on a bed.

PETER: Is he really dead. No I can see him smiling. Mumphry here (enter).

MUMPHRY: Yes, Peter.

PETER: Look he is smiling.

MUMPHRY: No he is not he is really dead.

PETER: I will pray for him.

MUMPHRY: That is no good he is dead for ever.

PETER: (Climbs on the bed and hits Mumphry's face.) Through you he died.

MUMPHRY: Naughty boy I never knew. (Fall against each other in despair and exit.)

Same bedroom at night.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mumphry gets into bed and puts light out.

MUMPHRY: Nice thing to sleep in the same bed as my master lied dead on. My room is flooded. (Pause of two minutes. Enter Head.)

HEAD: I am the head that tell to the door through you you cursed. (Exit. Enter Hand.)

HAND: I am the hand that lit the lamp. (Exit.)

MUMPHRY: Here is my dagger for the next one—I hear him now. I will get some poison from my trunk. (Exit. Enter with trunk opens and out comes a ghost.)

GHOST: I am Mr. Rainield come to haunt you. (Mumphry throws dagger but it goes back and cuts him.)

GHOST: Am I in an oven or in hell, if you are right you shall live, if you are wrong you shall die.

MUMPHRY: You are in hell. (Falls dead on the floor. Ghost laughs.)

ACT III. SCENE II.

Bedroom at morning. Peter call Mumphry but no answer is made so he enters.

PETER: What are you doing on the floor, you silly fellow says the gods pity you for I am done (lamp goes out and he dies.

WHITCH: Oh that whole which Rainield burnt is letting out— (cries.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Whitch's Hut.

WHITCH: Oh that whole which Rainield burnt is letting leaves in but worst of all cold he is a newsence. I will get my wand and put the lamp out (Goes to the cupboard. Enter 2 ghosts from cupboard)

OCCupy the only two chairs.

WHITCH: Where am I to sit.

GHOST I: On the floor (tits her down).

GHOST II: Now me girl.

GHOST I: I am Mr. Rainield come to haunt you because of your lamp.

WHITCH: You should not burn or at least tried to burn my hut. See now it lets leaves and cold in.

GHOST I: You should not have been a whitich.

WHITCH: Mind your own business. Does not hurt you if I am.

GHOST I: It hurts other people even if not me but it did hurt me.

GHOST II: It will hurt you now.

WHITCH: How?

GHOST II: Like this (Throws a sheet over her and strangles her with string turns into a ghost and all dance).

THE END.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Among the interesting ventures of this season must be included the Playwrights' Theatre, which, on June 21, gave its fifth matinee, and was only invited to produce two matinées, and received no preliminary notice of the activities of this theatre; so the management have no one but themselves to thank for this belated notice. The directors of the Playwrights' Theatre are Miss Irene Hentschel and Mrs. Monica Ewer; its address for all purposes is 52, Acacia Road, N.W.8. It is, of course, a subscription society, but tickets for single performances can be purchased at ordinary rates. Its purpose, as defined by Miss Hentschel in a speech at the fifth matinée, is to provide a play-shop where managers may see on the stage the works they are asked to buy, while the public that is interested in drama may see various things "tried on" which it would otherwise have no opportunity of seeing. The cost of production is borne equally by the author and the management; any profit on the sale of tickets is equally divided, but the management take all risk of failure. If a play is accepted as a result of production, an agreed sum or a commission has to be paid to the management. On its business side, the Playwrights' Theatre is a very enterprising agency; as an artistic venture, it has interested, so far as I know, yet overcome the initial difficulty that apparently no one is writing ordinariously good plays at present. Miss Hentschel told us that she is getting plays from all over the world, so that the obvious poverty of dramatic imagination is not exclusively an English failing. I can only hope that the prospect of getting a trial performance on reasonable terms, under conditions which provide the maximum of useful publicity, will induce some of the dark horses of drama to come into the light of day. This much I can honestly say after seeing two performances, that if skilful acting and production can recommend a play to an audience, an author need have no fear in entrusting his work to the Playwrights' Theatre. We all have our grievances against actors, but it is astonishing to observe the amount of good work they put into a single show on behalf of unknown authors. The fourth matinée consisted of five one-act plays, no one of which, except perhaps "The Goat," by Miss Dorothy Massingham, was worth a second thought; but it is not often that one sees such finished acting in curtain-raisers as these five plays received. In such a case as this, the Playwrights' Theatre offers practical opportunities to producers (of whom there were five) as well as actors; it is above all an experimental theatre.

At the fifth matinée were produced a one-act "scene from life in Japan" called "Sayonara," and a four-act comedy called "East or West." "Sayonara," by N. A. Pogson, might as well have been called "East or West"; for its theme is that of a conflict in the soul of a Japanese woman between the claims of her family, that it was her father who was shot by her husband; and so her falls the "honour" of exacting revenge. It is the Hamlet theme again—but not the Hamlet treatment; Bushido makes provision for little
things like hesitation to perform the sacred duty of revenge, and O-Habna-San first poisons her husband, and then goes to perform a pilgrimage ending in "honourable self-immolation." Obviously, it is the development of the wife's internal conflict that is the real drama, but N. A. Pogson shirked it. Dramatists must learn that they cannot successfully treat tragic themes in the low-toned commonplaces of everyday life, however realistically they may be observed; certainly, the King in "Hamlet" drank poisoned wine, but a man quietly reading a novel and unconsciously drinking a poisonous whisky-and-soda (symptoms of death poisoning) has not the same appeal. Besides, the interest of "Hamlet" does not lie in the slaughterhouse of the last act, but in the soul of Hamlet himself. As Emerson said in another connection: "We do not want actions, but men," or, in this case, women; and we must resist the degradation of tragedy to a mere murder. That may satisfy Bushido, but not drama.

Mr. Lewin Manning made an impressive figure of the Japanese uncle, and what little character Charlie-San had was quietly revealed by Mr. Ernä Chadwick; but the pretty-pretty Japanese wife of Miss Nora San had was quietly revealed by Mr. Ernä Chadwick; but the prettiest of the two. Mr. Hugh Dalrymple reverted to the English tradition of expressing emotion. She had a poor chance in the construction and development of the character; but she did not make the most of that poor chance, because she broke away, in her emotional passages, from the convention of character she had been taught. "East or West," by Hugh Dalrymple, was an absurd comedy of "low life above stairs." Judging by a reference to "'Enery Hainley in 'Pyulla and Franchesky," as well as other internal evidence, it must have been written about twenty years ago. I think that it was in 1884 that Sir William Harcourt said: "We are all Socialists now;" since that date the Countess of Warwick has become a Socialist, and even Lord Haldane flirts with the Labour Party. Why Lord Ronald Bain-questre (we were carefully informed, several times, that the correct pronunciation was "Banks"—broken ones, I presume) should have become a bricklayer as well as a Socialist, was not obvious; nor why Lady Sylvia Wey-bridge (perhaps this should be spelled Weighbridge: I do not know) should have become a parlour-maid as well as a Socialist. The assumption throughout the play was that Socialists were costermongers (costermongers are confirmed individualists, like most small traders), and spoke like Gus Elen; and most of the "humour" of the play sprung from this assumption. Indeed, the Cockney accent finally cured both Lord Ronald Bain-questre and a Socialist—and I wonder what converted them to it in "honourable self-immolation." Obviously, it is the interest of "Hamlet" does not lie in the slaughterhouse of the last act, but in the soul of Hamlet himself. As Emerson said in another connection: "We do not want actions, but men," or, in this case, women; and we must resist the degradation of tragedy to a mere murder. That may satisfy Bushido, but not drama.

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Felix.

It can hardly be denied that the Wormses have been uncommonly successful. Felix, my brother Daniel's son, is the solitary exception; but is there any one family of which a close scrutiny would not reveal a ne'er-do-well daughter, is also unlike the rest of the Wormses; she is curiously indifferent to wealth and display, her interests are centred in her husband and children. She is merely a maternal instinct. I can imagine her being perfectly happy yoked to a stallion navy and living in a three-roomed cottage.

But Adela is divinely stupid.

Felix is not stupid; he is mad. How shall I describe him? He is a sort of Ishmael, born discontented, at war with society, unbalanced, neurotic. He was ever a sore trial to his poor father while he lived. Wayward, capricious, taking up now with art and now with literature, and failing in both, he is now bitten with some latest craze in socialism, and lives in the East End of London, where he shares three rooms with a Russian refugee in a smelly tenement. About two months ago I chanced to have some talk with him. I still remember his talk. He looks forward to an era, which, according to his account, is even now upon us, wherein men will establish a community of goods and live together in peace and amity. But this golden age he is prepared to see ushered into the world by a liberal use of fire and sword.

Felix—my morbidly sensitive nephew Felix—does not shrink from the prospect of bloodshed. He is opposed to moderate measures on principle. He pours scorn on all such rest content with a slow and gradual process of social change, decries radical measures. Like the saint who prayed that they will be got rid of, but it is satisfactory to think that they will be got rid of; and, in short, that the seeds of art, science, and literature, pretty tender things, flowers and weeds, that flourish on it here and there, in odd nooks and corners.

"This immediate task before us," he went on to say, "is one of destruction. The year is red and yellow, with decaying leaves; let us rake them together and burn them, with other rubbish. Our eyes will smart during the operation, the clouds of smoke be unpleasant, but they will disperse in the wide vault of heaven. Look at our governing classes; they are revolutionary enough upon occasion. If they conceive that there is some good to be gained by it they do not shrink from plunging the nation into war, pouring out blood and money as freely as water. Let the masses take a leaf out of their book; that is, act boldly, resolutely, in the interest of their own ulterior welfare. Taken in hand in good time and performed with skill, a surgical operation may do wonders in the way of restoring an ailing organism to a state of pristine health. The saviour of society is often no other than the individual who assails it—the rebel, the revolutionary. He rescues it from lingering disease, from gangrene, from death."

Thus Felix. He is amazingly sanguine. But he gave a further reason for extolling the benefits of immediate action; it was exquisitely absurd.

He is serenely apprehensive that humanity may arrive too late at its far-off goal of felicity unless it speeds up its efforts to reach it within a measurable period of time. The laurels of victory will otherwise prove a crown of sharp thorns. Our satisfaction in our hard-won happiness will be poisoned by the memory of our sorrowful past. Any tragic poet can tell one that at the end of the fifth act of an eventful drama there exists but one elegant solution—true and appropriate ending, for the tribulations of his much-tried hero—he must die. Nothing short of that will do; it would be an error in good taste, in poetics. There are memories that cannot heal; they have cut too deep. How pass a spasm of oblivion over the dreadful past? The grave alone possesses the needful balm of forgetfulness. Now, according to Felix, we shall find ourselves in this position at last, unless we are careful.

Arrived, at long last, at our far-off goal, our troubles over, the "far-off divine event"—so dear to the fervent Liberal—at hand, we shall look back on the long road we have traversed, and we shall cicken at the sight. Arrived, at long last, at our journey's end, at the welcome hospitable inn, we shall be invited to sup on—horrors. Our self-righteous humbug—after a bloody victory, finds satisfaction in shouting "I have achieved perfection." We have heard of the ruthless sultan who wades to a throne through a sea of blood and reigns thereon happy for ever after. Is this figure to stand as a type of our future blessedness? Fie upon it! An overpowering nausea will overcome us, and we shall have no other desire but to turn our face to the wall and to die.

Felix would have none of this. He confesses that he shares the smug bourgeois's commonplace dislike for any other but a cheerful ending to an eventful story. He has no love for tragedies, however sublime. Yet it is not inconceivable that a disastrous fate is awaiting humanity. Felix finds the thought revolting. Therefore he prays that we may without further delay find a way out of our muddle, and save the situation before it is too late. Let us therefore be up and doing, wave the red flag of revolt, sound the tocsin. And now!

But Felix is mad. And he is a Worms too, that is the surprising part of it. The Wormses profess to be eminently sane. Perhaps the marked neurotic strain in him has come from his mother, Arabella, whom my brother Daniel, being at the time a dissolute widower, picked up one day out of the gutter, took a fancy to, and, to our disgust, ultimately married.

Henry Bishop.
Igor Stravinski and the Modern World.

By Edith Sitwell.

(Continued.)

One of the characters in Mr. Shaw's "Heart-break House," fumbling, as it were, amid the dusty lumber of years, cries suddenly: "I have a terrible fear that my heart is broken, and that heart-break is not like what I thought it was."—This cry, so piercing and revealing in its disillusionment, sounds over and over again in this music, which is the epitome and revolution of the modern world. Stravinski, the Isaiah of Civilisation (crying to us, as he does from strange and desert places, amid the eternal reeds), knows that heart-break is no longer the gigantic wreckage left from the combat of beasts and of gods, but a little and gradual change, melancholy and shallow as the withdrawal caused by the slow dropping of water upon some vast stone image. This slow withdrawal will change the tragic mask through which strange gods have cried, until, seen through the death-cold rents in the saturnine leaves it seems, almost, to echo in its form the cold laughter of the water. And this, too, is the fate of the comedy masks, smiling and clear as vermilion fruits. Modern heart-break is merely a dulling and retrogression, a travelling backward: till man is no longer the bastard of beasts and of gods, but is blind, eyeless, shapeless as the eternal stones, or exists with the half-won sentence of the vegetable world—a sentence that is so intensely concerned with the material world (as apart from the visual) that it is like the sentence of the blind.

It is this world which we are given in such works as the "Chansons Plaisantes"—bucolic comedies full of a subtle meaning. We are always given sharp and bare winter aspects, beneath the hairy and bestial skies of winter. And beneath these skies, the country gentlemen are rooted in the mould; and they know that beyond the sensual aspect of the sky (that harsh and goatish tent) something hides—but they have forgotten what it is. So they wander, aiming with their guns at mocking feathered creatures that have learnt the wonder and secret of movement, beneath clouds that are so low-hung that they seem nothing but wooden potting-stands for the Range des Diablerets stars. (They will win the prize at the local flower show.) The water of the shallow lake gurgles like a stoat, murderously; the little unfeathered feathers of the foam have forgotten how to fly; and the country gentleman wanders, hunting for something—hunting.

These queer folk would, however, be among the first to laugh at the clown Petrouchka, at the terrible comedy masks, smiling and clear as vermillion fruits.

The variants of the "Sacre du Printemps" he gives us the beginning of a subtle meaning. We are always given sharp and bare winter aspects, beneath the hairy and bestial skies of winter. And beneath these skies, the country gentlemen are rooted in the mould; and they know that beyond the sensual aspect of the sky (that harsh and goatish tent) something hides—but they have forgotten what it is. So they wander, aiming with their guns at mocking feathered creatures that have learnt the wonder and secret of movement, beneath clouds that are so low-hung that they seem nothing but wooden potting-stands for the Range des Diablerets stars. (They will win the prize at the local flower show.) The water of the shallow lake gurgles like a stoat, murderously; the little unfeathered feathers of the foam have forgotten how to fly; and the country gentleman wanders, hunting for something—hunting.

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thus had read the first chapter of Exodus, he might have noticed that the more the Egyptians afflicted the Jews, the more they multiplied and grew. If he had have noticed that the more the Egyptians afflicted the Jews, the more they multiplied and grew, he might have hit upon the truth that poverty and fertility are allies. Premare says (Book I, chap. 12) : "It cannot be said in China, as in Europe, that the poor are idle, and might gain a subsistence if they would work. The labours and efforts of these poor people are beyond conception. A Chinese will pass whole days in digging the earth, sometimes up to his knees in water, and in the evening is happy to eat a little spoonful of rice, and to drink the insipid water in which it was boiled. This is all that they have in general. The inference that Malthus drew from the fact was that "all that has been added [to the population] by the encouragement to marriage has not only been an addition of so much pure misery in itself, but has completely interrupted the happiness which the rest might have enjoyed." For, apart from the fact on which Doubleday insists, that the rise in the birth-rate in England in the 1830 decade was closely connected with the fall in the standard of living, with the implication that the only way to check the excessively heavy birth-rate was to improve the condition of the mass of the people, there was a passage in "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," published in 1813, which Mr. Pell quotes : "It is very certain that high living vitiates the humours and prevents fecundity. We seldom find a barren woman among the poor, while nothing is more common among the rich and affluent. The inhabitants of every country are prolific in proportion to their poverty; and it would be an easy matter to adduce many instances of women who, by being reduced to live upon milk and vegetable diet, have conceived and brought forth children, though they never had any before. Would the rich use the same sort of food and exercise as the better sort of peasants, they would seldom have any cause to envy their poor vassals and dependents the blessings of a numerous progeny, for which they no longer need to look in sorrow for want of a single heir to their extensive domains." Indeed, far from agreeing with Malthus "that population does invariably increase where there are the means of subsistence," history shows us that abundance of subsistence tends to sterility. Darwin noticed in his time that 10 per cent. of the English nobility were childless, which was more than three times the average for the rest of the nation. Mr. Walter Layton, in his preface to the "Everyman" edition of Malthus, says: "Two phenomena stand out as characteristic of the latter part of the nineteenth century : 1, the decline in the marriage-rate, and 2, the fall in the number of births per marriage." Of the latter, he says : "Civilisation has perhaps introduced some influences which may have diminished the ability to bear children; but, though the point is not capable of statistical proof, there is little doubt that the decline in the birth-rate is in the main due to an intentional restriction of the family. [Mr. Pell, as I shall show, disproves this assumption.] This tendency seems to be almost universal in Europe, and is most marked in the most wealthy communities [where, according to Malthus' theory, it should not be manifested]. In Australia, for example, where the working classes are perhaps better off than in any other country in the world, the number of births per marriage is almost the greatest of all. Differences of creed, race, occupation, or domicile, have sometimes been brought forward to account for differences in the 'fertility ratio; but statistics show that it is an invariable accompaniment of increasing wealth and culture."

The concluding sentence has the support of history as well. Ancient Greece and Rome perished for lack of men; the declining birth-rate was their problem as it is beginning to be ours; and Exodus suggests that Pharaoh himself was perplexed by it. To France, whose population in 1919 was three millions less than in 1914 (I take the figures from Dr. Saleeby's new book "The Eugenics Prospect", also published by F. A. Unwin), the problem is most urgent of all; and Mr. Pell's study of "the variation in the degree of animal fertility under the influence of the environment" is aptly produced.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Karl Marx and Modern Socialism. By F. R. Salter, M.A. (Macmillan. 6s. net.) The Life and Teaching of Karl Marx. By M. Beer. Translated by T. C. Partington and J. Stenning, and Revised by the Author. (Leonard Parsons. 6s. net.)

There is much similarity between the conclusions of these two writers: the one cautiously anti-Marx, the other critically anti-Marx. Both Mr. Salter and Mr. Beer insist, that the Marxian teaching and influence is complete and moderate, but is open to the same objection in most refutations of Marx: viz., that it destroys his theories without suggesting any adequate alternative. As Herr Beer admits, "Marx is, in respect of economic theory, predominantly an agitator." The value theory, says this candid disciple, "has rather the significance of a political and social slogan than of an economic truth!" and he adds: "It is with such philosophical fictions that human history works." There is much truth in this view, and it serves to explain why the Marxian creed needs something more than refutation. A body of aspiration and emotion, such as has gathered round the ideas of economic determinism, the class-struggle and surplus-value, will not be seriously affected by purely negative criticism. Only when these ideas are challenged from the standpoint of new conceptions, equally vital, and better fitted to explain existing facts, will their power over the general mind be shaken. The academic critic proves to his own satisfaction that the predominance of the class-struggle is a delusion; but he offers the worker no satisfactory explanation or cure of his hardships. He dispenses of the Marxian theory value, but puts forward others calculated to demonstrate that there is nothing seriously wrong with the present distribution of wealth. It is not surprising that the Marxian dogmas survive his death-blowes. Mr. Salter is by no means convinced that all is well with the world; but his hesitating conclusion that self-government in industry may be the workers' salvation is based or no diagnosis of their complaint that can in any way compete with the explanation provided by Marx.

Herr Beer does not claim finality for Marx's doctrines, but only the distinction (which few would deny him) of having "thrown potent thought-ferment into the world," and "bequeathed . . . a multitude of ideas and expressions relating to social science, which have become current throughout the whole world." Not the value-theory (which, as we have seen, he throws overboard), but the Class-Struggle, is for him the corner-stone of Marx's teaching. Yet this is closely dependent on the theory of surplus-value; and it is a question whether, in the form in which Marx stated it—the opposition between "bourgeoisie" and "proletariat" constituting the final phase—the class-struggle itself must now be ranked as another "philosophical" concept. Herr Beer devotes a paragraph to this question; which, however, is not of merely academic interest. Whatever the answer, it is vital to civilisation.
If the sympathy of the Catholic priest and the Catholic social worker is on the side of the oppressed, their opposition is a sufficient reason for directing attention in the "Irish Theological Quarterly" to what are undoubtedly thought-impelling studies of the root causes of the present unrest and threatened revolt against the Capitalist system. Under the title of "Economic Democracy" we have an analysis of the present economic structure of society—an analysis which aims at directing the Catholic's attention to the fact that in capitalism the usurpation and monopolisation of Financial Credit, which belongs of right to the community, by the world's big lords of finance, who are thus enabled to exploit indefinitely the most powerful of all existing credit or loan bonds and securities to their present possessors. The thesis is not exactly a new discovery, but it is, perhaps, too much to say that it is novel and startling to the general public. The author's attempt to vindicate and illustrate it obliges him to grapple with the very fundamentals of economics—with the aim of production and distribution; the cost of production and capital and wages and profits; the just price of commodities; the nature and function of credit; purchasing power, and the medium of exchange, and so on. This he does, on the one hand, successfully. Indeed, it is so successfully that these remarkable books—which are reprints from The New Age—form a serious challenge to the whole financial credit system of Capitalism. He points out that financial credit in the Capitalist system is simply a mortgage or lien on the potential labour capacity of future generations of the world's workers; that it belongs of right to the workers, or rather to the community; that it should be drawn upon only by public authority; that its advantages, belonging to the community, should accrue only to the community; but that in defiance of natural equity it has been usurped by a certain number of years' purchase; that it can be improved without limit. Science is as yet only sufficient quantity that which it requires? What is the point at which the powers of civilisation are short-circuited? It is not that there is any defect of productive capacity. During the war the population of this country increased by more than a million, and the amount of the increase was probably greater. The productive power exists, therefore, but at present it is not a talisman the conviction of the essential simplicity of the economic process is that of the worker or the producer. The productive power itself; it does not indicate any flaw in the productive machinery. Each economic function is dependent upon the other parts of the machine. The power to produce does not operate spontaneously. It has to be set in motion from outside. In ordinary language it is necessary that the goods should be demanded. In war when the demand for goods increased, we saw that the producing function proved itself capable of responding almost indefinitely. It must be that in peace there is something wrong with the ordering function—"Capel Court" (April).

There are only two things in the economic situation; production and consumption; and the two are in natural and unobstructed relation to each other. There is no more conflict between a man and a society; what is the new factor which, in a society, destroys that relation? Why does not a society produce and consume, according to its capacity, the goods it needs? This is the problem of economics. There is no other problem in economics but this. This is economics.—"Capel Court" (March).

Why cannot a modern community, with the powers that natural science has put into its hands, produce in sufficient quantity that which it requires? What is the point at which the powers of civilisation are short-circuited? It is not that there is any defect of productive capacity. During the war the population of this country increased by more than a million, and the amount of the increase was probably greater. The productive power exists, therefore, but at present it is not a talisman the conviction of the essential simplicity of the economic process is that of the worker or the producer. The productive power itself; it does not indicate any flaw in the productive machinery. Each economic function is dependent upon the other parts of the machine. The power to produce does not operate spontaneously. It has to be set in motion from outside. In ordinary language it is necessary that the goods should be demanded. In war when the demand for goods increased, we saw that the producing function proved itself capable of responding almost indefinitely. It must be that in peace there is something wrong with the ordering function—"Capel Court" (April).