NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The mining "settlement" will mean a deluge of profit-sharing propaganda. A certain Mr. Owen Greening has already rushed into the columns of the "Times." He is much concerned as to "some necessary improvements" in the scheme. He is troubled by "the absence of any provision for enabling intelligent miners to acquire the position of part-ownership." "Thrift and enterprising workers" ought to become shareholders "by accumulations of their profit-bonuses." We are left speechless before the task of characterising the mentality of anyone who can write that sort of thing at this time of day. The expedient of skimming off the cream of Labour to form a praetorian guard for capitalism is too barefaced. Happily the miners' vote on the ballot, though it failed to find a defensible last ditch, has shown how little disposed they are to listen to overtures of this type. And what does the offer even to the favoured few really amount to? Even these have no chance of getting on terms with the general run of even the smaller shareholders. We quite agree as to the desirability of the miners' "acquiring the position of part-ownership." But we insist that they must do this corporately. And they cannot do it by buying shares with money saved from wages, even when augmented by the very modest profit-bonuses. The only method by which this can be done on a sufficient scale to give Labour a satisfactory stake in the industry is by the workers starting their own bank, and putting up their share of all fresh issues of capital, creating this on the strength of their real credit. There is no ground on which this right can fairly be denied them. The position is hopeless if Labour is only to be conceded a capital-share equal to the amount it has actually collected in cash, when no such limitation is imposed upon the financial rings. Mr. Greening also reasonably desires that, apart from the question of which one is more likely to get, it does not make any earthly difference whether one asks for a worn-out razor, or for a complete shaving set of the best quality. But is there really any comparison, even in regard to the respective chances of success? The pool actually antagonised the consumers. Many of the most fainthearted of them ignorantly thought that it would inevitably entail a subsidy out of taxation. They suspected in it too, a plot to bring in nationalisation by a side-wind; and nationalisation, they had rightly decided, did not suit their book. The employers were inevitably dead against it to a man. But the Credit Bank (in conjunction, of course, with the Just Price) would have offered to the consumer real rare and refreshing fruit. Many again of the shrewdest of the employers would have thought that, in view of the precarious position of the industry, they had better accept a scheme that promised them a position of security. Altogether the Government would have been subjected to an enormous mass of pressure on the miners' side; and no question of Government control could have been raised. Even Mr. Lloyd George's ingenuity could hardly have refused the demand as to be able to tell the nation, "This is your case." We know, too, for a fact, that at one stage of the dispute there was in high influential circles a readiness to examine the Credit proposals such as never even began to be manifested towards the pool. Even if the immediate attack had failed, the ground would have been well prepared for a sustained campaign of a singularly hopeful character. At any rate, it rested (as we have before pointed out) with the miners themselves to start the bank, and herewith their own pool. Once in full swing such a bank would have a claim, impossible to be permanently ignored, to take part in issuing fresh capital for the industry. As for the Clearing House, if it wished to refuse to recognise the bank, its only course would be to challenge a particular cheque. Suppose it rejected a Miners' Bank cheque for £50,000, the miners could easily demonstrate that their credit was good for so many times as much by threatening to stop the mines for a single day. The ineffectiveness of the strike weapon for forcing people to do something is not here at question; such action would be "striking for" anything whatever. It would merely demonstrate the fact of what the miners' credit was
worth. The “game” of “business” has certain rules, and many of the most level-headed business men themselves would be the first to protest against the Clearing House breaking these by assuming a purely arbitrary power of dishonouring cheques without due cause shown.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, in view of the approaching N.U.R. Conference, has hurriedly published a “great speech” made two months earlier at Derby. Our opinion of Mr. Thomas is well known. But unfortunately he and his kind are always being attacked by the “extremists” on the wrong grounds. He had no great difficulty in justifying himself in regard to “Black Friday.” That a Triple Alliance strike at that moment would have resulted in a great victory is not demonstrably false, but it is an exceedingly reckless hypothesis. Unless that extreme hypothesis just happened apparently were taken, and certainly no report of what shown. ***

Friday. “That a Triple Alliance strike at that moment he and his kind are always being attacked by the “extremists” on the wrong grounds. He had no that would have been the worst disaster of all. In any that was a disaster—but the strike itself, had it come off, that would have been the worst disaster of all. In any case, the refusal of the Miners’ Executive to explore an important new offer made it impossible for their allies to take action when they did. Our feeling is one of regret that Mr. Thomas’s “extremist” assailants have done so much to appreciate the stock of so weak-kneed a leader. Mr. Hodges, too, has been criticising his critics. He attempted no serious justification of his conduct in visiting Chequers. He went there with no sanction from his Executive; the proceedings were wrought in a conspiratorial mystery; no minutes apparently were taken, and certainly no report of what took place was published. We wonder how often Mr. Hodges, in the political flights of which he is so fond, has denouned his own. We might reckon it to him for righteousness that he contended from the first (in private) that the pool was bad ground to fight on, but holding this (as he now congratulates himself) all along, he was as loud as anyone, officially, in insisting on “the pool, the whole pool, and nothing but the pool.” Then, when the men have been led into balloting for holding out for this to the bitter end, behind their backs he—goes to Chequers! We suppose, from the way in which he has lately been “dressing to the right,” he must now be reckoned among the “sane” Labour leaders, of whom the Senior Partner is Mr. Clynes. The latter recently expressed his views at length in the “Times,” just below those of Sir Robert hadfield. We could detect no particular difference between the industrial magnate and the Labour member. And the gulf between is one of the most striking. The “sane” men and the “extremists.” Between them they very effectively do the work of the financial oligarchy for nothing.

The sorest need of the movement is for leaders who will be statesmen, and not seek the applause of the Press for being “statesmenlike.” They must understand wherein lies the essence of “Capitalism”; they must have firmly grasped some fundamentally antiprotocatic categories by which to criticise all suggestions from right or left. They must have a thoroughly constructive, not destructive, outlook; and they must have a sure tact for the policy which (while truly “rational”) will enlist the maximum of support, and rouse the smallest body of antagonists. Where Labour has so far gone wrong is in treating the economic grievance as a workers’, and not as a consumers’, grievance. For this Karl Marx lies under a heavy indictment. The consequence of the misleading slant which he gave to the movement is a (very largely justifiable) resentment on the part of the whole middle class. Suppose Labour had demanded the lowering of prices, not the raising of wages; the middle classes would then have hailed it as a deliverer. Some time ago the miners, tired of the weary game of chasing their own tail, did declare for a policy of “breaking out of the circle” by tackling prices. But the leaders of Labour as a whole soon put an end to that. The refreshing trickle of the water of a new life for the movement sank into the desert sands of one of the usual official “inquiries,” and disappeared. There is reason enough for the sinister influences, emanating from financial quarters, played their part in this business. But it is not too late for Labour to recognise the truth, that it is the consumer, quite apart from what, if any, work he does, and not solely (or even specially) the worker, who is “exploited” through the instrument of prices by the present controllers of credit. That is not to deny that there is a special workers’ grievance. There is, but it is a spiritual, not an economic, grievance (though its root cause is economic). It is in the denial of self-determination; in the treating of the workers as instruments of production. We hold that the common phrase “wage-slavery” is a true description of the present system. Our complaint against the modifed Collectivism of the National Guilds League is that it would not and indeed abet this slavery. But secure “dividends for all”—the objective of the “justice for the consumer” policy—and evidently no one can be brought under any kind of slavery, wage or otherwise. Further, the constantly “encroaching” control by the workers over the financing of their own industry would give them a constantly increasing voice in determining the methods of its administration.

We have hoped against hope that the railwaymen would learn from the miners’ defeat, and arm themselves with a really constructive policy in view of the approaching decontrol. The proposed grouping of the railways would have formed a most natural basis for a scheme drawn up on the Social Credit lines. But the opportunity has once more been lost. The N.U.R. Conference has reaffirmed the discredited and hopeless policy of nationalisation. Mr. Thomas himself admits that it is not practical politics, and will not be until some quite indefinite future. Our proposals, on the other hand, are practical politics now. The whole Labour forces again are combining in formulating a highly elaborate scheme for nationalising the wool industry. We note that, “It would be necessary to set up a Ministry of Wool and Textile Trade.” We hold that the thought that even the Labour Party would not have chosen this of all times to propose to inflict on the long-suffering citizen yet another “Ministry.” Further, 75 per cent. of the output of some branches of the wool textile trade is sold abroad. Naturally, the “Times” remarks on the absence from the scheme of any reference to “marketing the finished article.” The export trade is the rock on which all nationalisation proposals seem to split. A social control through credit would leave all the ordinary operations of the industry as free as now from State interference. Obviously, the Labour scheme for woollens would rouse the maximum of opposition all along the line. On the other hand, the conditions of the trade are precisely such that a considerable number of the employers would inevitably hail with joy the alternative which we suggest. Nationalisation could only be carried out, in the highly improbable event of Labour coming into power with a clear majority of its own. And supposing that accomplished, it would be found to be simply irrelevant to the real problems at issue. To get the industry working smoothly for the social good, it would still be necessary to adopt the new policy in regard to credit. And if this had been done in the first instance, all the clumsy paraphernalia of nationalisation would have proved unnecessary.

Our lively contemporary, the “New Witness,” has given the place of prominence in a recent issue to an article by Mr. Joseph Clayton, advocating crude Social-
ism as the only alternative to capitalism. He talks in the usual way about the inequities of "the capitalist" (left quite undefined), and makes no attempt at definitely locating the nigger in the wood-pile. He assumes naïvely that "the capitalist" makes his profit out of the unpaid labour of the wage-earner. That crude analysis of the situation naturally leads to collective ownership, and all the rest of it as the presumable remedy. We quite agree with Mr. Clayton that the alternative to capitalism is "the co-operative commonwealth"; but there might be various forms of this besides crude Socialism. We admire the impartiality of the "New Witness" in giving such prominence to an article fundamentally opposed to its own most cherished convictions. But we are at a loss to understand why our contemporary has never alluded to the only definite, constructive policy, so far advanced by anyone, for realising and still more for subsequently stabilising, the social ideal which it shares with us—a distributive State.

The directors of the Linggi Plantations and of the Malacca Plantations, two companies which are among the largest producers of rubber, have decided on further restrictions of output. These will affect about two-sevenths of the plantations of the Linggi company, and a quarter of those of the Malacca. Some of the smaller companies have also taken drastic measures of the same kind. It is cynically stated that this policy is to be pursued "until something nearer an equilibrium is established between supply and demand." The real demand is almost insatiable. There is not a cyclist who would not indulge in new tyres far more often if he could afford them, or who does not long for tyres with as much rubber on them as could be procured thirty years ago. But this withholding of supplies is an indispensable incident in the recognised commercial system, whereby all issues of credit are recovered by the financiers through prices in return for the smallest possible delivery of goods. It would be absurd to denounce individuals for doing what has to be done, if the system is to be carried on. But what hypocrisy to complain of "restriction of output" on the part of Labour! Wholesale ca'canny and sabotage on the part of both Capital and Labour are necessary conditions of such a system being made to work at all. The ultimate resort, to avert its complete breakdown, is the gigantic sabotage of war.

The Press has been full for some time past of reassuring articles anticipating an early revival of trade. With the depletion of stocks and the consequent beginning of a fall in prices, there will of course soon be an increasing call for goods and an upward wave of production. Already indeed the bank rate has been somewhat lowered, and the period of extreme restriction of credit is temporarily at an end. But there is a dexterous suggestion, in all this Press propaganda, that we may hope for a steady progress, year after year, until real prosperity dawns for our whole people. "Hard work and good will" is the slogan that rings in our ears; given these, it is suggested, all will yet be well. We hope that our people will not be blind or forgetful as to be unaware that continuous advance towards prosperity is a thing impossible under the existing system. They have only to cast their glance back to the years before the war to see that trade crises are not rare interruptions of a normally steady flow of production due only to the coincident occurrence. They are a regularly recurring incident at quite short intervals. The excessively (as things are) efficient productive machine begins to over-run in no time, if it is not given its head, and has to be slowed down. Nor is that the worst. The period of good trade is necessarily one of the inflation of credit. Hence prices must necessarily be rising. A glut of goods, or a glut of money; unemployment or high prices; the system has only that choice to offer to the ordinary man. The glut of goods is of no use to him, because he has not money in his pocket to buy them. And when he has the money, it is of little use to him, because his purchasing power is swamped by the rising flood of purchasing power all round him.

World Affairs.

We have arrived at the abysmal deadlock of potentiality and indefiniteness in our long quest, our unprejudiced quest. Humanity Universal and the cosmogony of its order and self-synthesis is our desire and quest. We have come to the deadlock of the foundational dissolution and indetermination of the supernal quest of our duty. To the nadir of our study and to infinite closeness to despair and to being lost, the thread of our problem has brought us. Of the reader we ask attention and benevolence here. Very infinite has our problem become, and daring is needed to speak the dire, indefinable truth of our conviction. It is impossible for pan-human conscience to abstain from confession in this hour, and from incurring the infinite danger of chimera and self-delusion. We have embarked upon high seas, however, and it is our honour and our purpose that demand holy and æonian heroism of confession and proclamation. It is impossible not to speak. Verihood is simple and inconceivable, and the more invincible it is the more omnipotential and indefinite it is. Obvious is verihood. Upon the soul depends verihood. The Race and Providence are the primordial truth. Humanity Universal is verihood. Human spirit must be verihood. Upon the soul of humanity the verihood depends. There must be the Providence of the Creator and the destiny that are Logos and the universe. Indefiniteness is the end, but is the beginning also. Life and humanity are indefiniteness. Responsibility is indefiniteness. The Race is free to-day. Humanity is ripe to-day for an infinite deed. This deed is Humanity's collective awareness. Humanity is existent in this æon and must guide the earth and her creation. To the Eternal the species must bow collectively and for the first time in its collectiveness. To the Human Race in its entirety and to him who is the Universal Man every son of the species should bow in spirit and in will in this æon of turning-point and crisis.

We have arrived at the zenith of our review of the human chaos to-day as well as at the nadir of omnipotentiality and utter mystery and dissolution. From the zenith we can see the immanence of UNIVERSAL HUMANITY in the race, its everlasting immanence in the Species; from the nadir we can only realise the imperative of our despair and anguish, the imperative of the infinite need of our pain. The deadlock and the nadir of our quest is this: that nothing can be known of this real and only problem; knowledge and science do not help us here; for Humanity is an ideal and a reality of the supra-logical realm of values. From God only and through the immanent gnosis of His revelation in human love our guidance can come. If there be a scientific and mathematical key to the organisation of souls and nations and classes, this key can only be an instrument of modality, an instrument and tool, not the purpose and mystery. From love universal and from humility and love our guidance can come. Out of the
deadlock of our helplessness Providence and the Holy Eternal can lead us. From our prostration and confusion our own love for the Eternal and for His divinity can redeem us. From the inefable deed of our freedom and human infinity liberation and ascent can come. From our own loving and obedient Deed of Man in the new motion and ascent can come. We must believe in the Creator and in the holiness and glory of His purpose. We must believe in His Eternal Son also, in our own. We must proclaim humanity. The imperative of our own sovereign and decisive freedom is to give existence to embodiment. That there should be Creator and omnipotence is the demand of our own Luciferic abyss. The Divine shall exist by our own will and with our own permission. HOLY SPIRIT is living Indefiniteness. The Holy Spirit of Indefiniteness is the divinity and life of both the Father of Infinity and of the human race. Pleroma is Indefiniteness proper and life proper. Pleroma is the unity of the divine threefoldness. God is. The indefinite Life is. Mankind is one. Human race is.

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Indulgence and long breath we ask from the reader. To the preachers of death, however, and to the creators of death, to speakers of lies and to abusers of sacredness, we are not only a rock. The perplexities of our investigation are very great, while only human are our powers. Human though they are, our direction is supra-human, and pan-human is the desire of our helplessness. Humanity must exist. It is imperative that the race should become conscious of its pan-organism and omnipotence. Our own nadir of impotent need and the zenith of our omniscient gnosis are difficult to polarise and co-ordinate. Human cause, however, is one cause. Human problems and mysteries, however, are one single perplexity and one single indefiniteness. With the help of the Eternal and of the divine threefoldness, the axis of the historic cosmogony, the axis of the Sophian organisation of mankind, can be established. Humanity and its universal Providence are greater than Aryandom, than Europa, than the empire Albion. It is the SPECIES that is able to consecrate every continent and every empire. To Adam Kadmon even Aryandom must be subordinated. To Man and his Imperium even the Western Hemisphere must be subordinated. Aryandom and the white humanity is only one of the world-organs of the Species. It is the organisation of the species and the destiny of the species that is the calling of the species to-day, both in the Eastern and the Western hemispheres. VIRAD PURUSA, the Anthropos, ADAM KADMON, the Kingdom, has arrived at a turning-point in its cosmic evolution. This point and whirl is the meeting of the cosmic evolutionary line of the sons of mankind with the historic, self-creative eden of the psyche of humanity. Out of the crisis and tension of the present constellation of Man a new and definite constellation of the Superman must needs arise. From the present woeful and chaotic Indefiniteness a new Indefiniteness needs to arise on the globe of the Species, the glory and elasticity of Redemption. The new and divine indefiniteness is the Pleroma to be, the organic, harmonised life. One is the terrible indefiniteness and chaos of our age. One is the crux of the crisis of our world. From one single Deed, from a universal Act, not from movements and actions, human cosmogony can start. This Deed can come out of the Absolute and from personality alone. The Absolute and the Ego are one mystery. Freedom is the modality of men, and Divinity is the valuation of men. The law of the future must needs be the freedom and supra-humaness of this very hour. Divine Providence is with Man, and Destiny is not stronger than both the Creator and the Son of God, the valuer and the chooser and the thinker.

M. M. COSMOI.
less, that is to say, they are content to deceive themselves to eternity.

What may come of a religious man’s becoming religious was indicated last week by Mr. Lloyd George when he advised the Churches to keep their fingers off politics. “Talk about temperance, but not about Ireland,” he admonished them, and his advice reminds us that there may be more yet than we have been able to find in the creed of the Nation. If it is the only duty of the philosopher to philosophise, may it not be that of the Government to govern, and therefore to govern Ireland? The assumption behind these principles of old-fashioned and new-fashioned Liberalism is mysterious, but it is not difficult to see through it. Mr. Lloyd George’s position—and Mr. Lloyd George is notoriously a man of religion—appears to be this: that there are certain activities which should be according to religion, but certain others with which religion should have nothing whatever to do. His very geography is theological; it is not truly religious that religion, as still as much as I think about Islam for example. The conclusion is simple: God sees all things, but if He looks at us when we are doing things He does not like, then we are sorry, but it is not our fault, He should look the other way. The idea that even a religious man is one who has not yet become current in England. Yet the notion that religion must be a thing with a relation to everything in the universe, even to Ireland, or to nothing at all, is quite an easy notion to grasp.

The “Saturday Review” has found time recently to become lyrical about—of all things—Oxford. “We may have no fear,” it is reassuring to be told, “Oxford will stand the test.” Napoleon once said that ‘there is one who is wiser than any of us, and that is tout le monde.’ Similarly we might say of Oxford that there is one who is wiser than any, even than any undergraduate, and that is Oxford.” Oxford, which inspired Matthew Arnold with a sort of bashful calf-love, Oxford, “whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages.” Oxford, “the home of lost romance;” Oxford, “the lost causes,” most of which deserved to be lost; Oxford, this damaged, battered, shamelessly romantic and old spirited city, is still with some of the power and glamor of age about her, even after the war has killed romance for three years. What is it of which Oxford will stand the test? The abolition of compulsory Greek and the admission of women! After this will education be considered by upper classes a thing unconvincingly romantic, but really convincingly casual? This year, among journals at any rate, a really serious question. Oxford is to be blamed for one definite thing: she adds to the superstitions which Englishmen have by right of birth one of her own, the superstition of Oxford.

It is said that in France at the present time there is a wonderful renaissance of interest in Nietzsche, signified by M. Chas. Andler’s book on Nietzsche’s life and thought. Considering how bitter sentiment among intellectuals in France has been towards Germany, one may read more than usual significance into this, and see in the fact of Nietzsche’s recognition in the country in Europe by accident most hostile to him the presage of his approaching recognition by all Europe as modern Europe’s most significant spiritual event. Never yet has Nietzsche been taken seriously (in the best sense); never yet have the questions he raised been listened to unless, that is to say, they are content to deceive themselves to eternity.

I went to see the Phoenix revival of “Bartholomew Fair” with some misgiving, in spite of Mr. Montague Summers’ assurance that “it is indeed a supreme effort of Jonson’s titan genius, a masterpiece where the richest humour and most brilliant realism combine with immortal satire that is yet very applicable and sufficiently needed as a corrective amongst ourselves to-day.” The trouble that I always have in reading Jonson is that his “efforts” are so obvious; as Shaw once put it: “Effort defeats itself; the thing that is done well is done easily.” Jonson’s immortal mind apparently only worked with titan effort to provoke the guffaw; his humour in “Bartholomew Fair” is a ramping, stamping, back-slapping humour that is itself as rustic as the things it laughs at. He has his “Hee, hee” strangulando even over the lack of sanitary conveniences for ladies at the Fair—and the man who would descend to the “Please teacher, may I leave the room?” sort of joke was fortunately “rare” Ben Jonson. I have only heard it used in a nigger minstrel entertainment, a fact which indicates the type of mind to which Ben Jonson belonged. His immortal satire of the Puritans was nothing but the very obvious revelation that a man may use casuistry to justify the satisfaction of his stomach with a gorge of roast pork, and afterwards satisfy his conscience by denouncing all those who ate roast pork without his godly motives. Like most Titans, Jonson only saw the difference between extremes; there were rogues and there were fools, and to bring roguery and folly together was Jonson’s idea of a joke. He asked us to believe incredible things—for example, that Justice Overdoo would suppose that the cutpurse was an honest young man. But the dullest man could not for long sit in a court without developing some knowledge of human nature; Justice Overdoo might be a fool, but not such a fool as to suppose that the first young man with a nice face he saw in Bartholomew Fair was necessarily an honest one. Jonson, like most men who joke with difficulty, was so afraid that the audience might not see his jokes that he outraged probability to make his point obvious to the meanest understanding—and bang into the ribs went his fist as he roared out that the justice was mistaking a thief for an honest man. One would like to think that nowhere, outside Bartholomew Fair, would such a thing pass for humour; but James I and Charles II (him, even!) apparently loved the play, while Pepys, the old fool, said: “The more I see it, the more I love the wit of it.” He made better jokes himself.

One could have wished, in the interests of realism as well as of music, Mr. Allan Wade had revived the actual street cries of the sellers. I learn from a book by Mr. Walter Bell, “More About Unknown London,” that Sir Frederick Bridge has discovered all of them in the British Museum in the works of Orlando Gibbons. Mr. Bell, and Gibbons’ greater habit of giving the most complete list. The Fair scenes were very tame, and the horse-and-man’s toys were too obviously modern—especially the horse. The players, with a few exceptions, were all at sea; Jonsonian humour did not easily inspire the modern actor. But when it did, we got the gargantuan pig-woman of Mr. Roy Byford, a gross, sweating, blasphemous travesty of the female form divine. When one remembers how Falstaff made fun of his own fatness,
one can only regret the “realism” that deprived Mr. Roy Byford of a similar chance to make merry in the part. Only one really good-humoured thing was permitted to him, and that was when he tried to rise but could not, and raised himself from the grip of his armchair; for the rest, he swilled, and swore, and sweated quite in the Jonsonian manner. It was not his fault that the part was not so funny to us as it was to Jonson; what interpretation could do, Mr. Roy Byford did, and we saw Ursula as Ben Jonson intended.

Mr. Ben Field, as Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, was another one who got the hang of Jonson’s intention. The monotony of which some critics complained is in the exceeding tiresome, very exceeding tiresome”—repeated it like a Wagnerian leit-motif. A man who has to use phrases always developing emphasis in the same way is, as “A. B. W.” said, “very tiresome, exceeding tiresome”—and the disputation with the puppets was the most tiresome of all. But had Mr. Ben Field played it otherwise, Jonson’s crude satire of the Puritans would not have been obvious. The only touch of human nature permitted him was quite delightfully his discovery that the stocks were unfasted—but Jonson wanted us to throw bricks at these people, and Mr. Ben Field made me feel like that. Mr. Ernest Theisger, as the Squire Cokes, would have deserved well of Mr. Jonson, who, at the part, swilled, and swore, and sweated quite in the Jonsonian manner. It was not his fault that the intellectual difficulty in question is simply a case of intellectual hypochondria; that it does not call for solution, but simply for a summary dismissal.

In order to show that his difficulty is genuine, Einstein refers the velocity of light to a railway carriage moving with a uniform velocity v, as against its original reference to the embankment, and expects us to agree with him that the resulting velocity of light is c−v (supposing that both the light-stimulus and the carriage move in the same direction), comes into conflict with the principle of relativity as set forth in a previous section (p. 12). There he bids us to “imagine a raven flying through the air in such a manner that its motion, as observed from the embankment, is uniform and in a straight line. If we were to observe the flying raven from the moving railway carriage, we should find that the motion of the raven would be one of different velocity [italics are mine] and direction, but that it would still be uniform and in a straight line. Expressed in an abstract manner we may say: If a mass m is moving uniformly in a straight line with respect to a co-ordinate system K, then it will also be moving uniformly and in a straight line relative to a second co-ordinate system K′, provided that the latter is executing a uniform translatory motion with respect to K. . . . We advance a step further in our generalisation when we express the tenet thus: If, relative to K, K′ is a uniformly moving co-ordinate system devoid of rotation, then natural-phenomena run their course with respect to K′ according to exactly the same general laws as with respect to K. This statement is called the principle of relativity (in the restricted sense).”

Let us notice that in the original case of the flying raven, the changed velocity of its light-stimulus from the moving railway carriage, is considered as a matter of course and that the principle of relativity is presented as consistent with this change. All that matters is only that the motion of the raven “would still be uniform and in a straight line.” Then, however, the light-stimulus is substituted for the flying raven, then the change in the observed velocity suddenly “comes into conflict with the principle of relativity set forth in Section V. For, like every other general law of nature, the law of the transmission of light in vacuo must, according to the principle of relativity, be the same for the railway carriage as reference-body as when the rails are the body of references. But, from our above consideration, this would appear to be impossible. If every ray of light is propagated relative to the embankment with the velocity c, then for this reason it appears that the propagation of light must necessarily hold with respect to the carriage—a result contradictory to the principle of relativity” (pp. 18-19).

In so far as there is here a dilemma, it consists solely, so far as a thoughtful reader of Einstein’s book is concerned, in the way in which Einstein can possibly remain unaware of the looseness characteristic of the
way in which he tries to spring upon us a dilemma, in view of which there presumably "appears to be nothing else for it than to abandon either the principle of relativity or the simple law of the propagation of light in vacuo. Those readers who have carefully [sic] followed the preceding discussion are almost sure to expect that we should retain the principle of relativity, which appeals so convincingly to the intellect because it is so natural and simple. The law of propagation of light in vacuo was then to have been replaced by a more complicated law conformable to the principle of relativity. The development of theoretical physics shows, however, that we cannot pursue this course. The epoch-making theoretical investigations of Maxwell and of Helmholtz have shown that the optical phenomena connected with moving bodies show that experience in this domain leads conclusively to the principle of relativity. The development of the law of the propagation of light as such, but only a case of its combination with other velocities, is ignored. The distinction between Being-in-itself and Being-for-other or Constitution is simply dropped as so much rubbish. Einstein feels superior to such restriction. He finds no need of ΑEther; hence, there is no ΑEther. The fact that, when estimated in reference to the moving carriage, the observed velocity of light is diminished by the space covered by the carriage in the same time, carries with it a change in the law of propagation of light. Are we then to assume that the hypothetical ray of light should, after the first second, be still the distance c in front of the point reached by the carriage after the first second? But since in that case the light-stimulus would have to cover the distance c and v, the law of propagation of light would be equally changed.

Is it not plain that Einstein's dilemma has, indeed, arisen under the sway of his fixed idea as expressed in his version of the principle of relativity? And does it not further follow that the immaculately conceived problem amounts then simply to this: If a light-stimulus advances in accordance with the law x = c t, what becomes of x and t when changing over from one body of reference to another? In that case we have of course x' = c t' and the evaluation of x and t becomes an exercise for schoolboys according to Lorentz's transformation formulae. Mathematics does not trouble about the soundness or absurdity of the problems submitted to its laws, but unlocks even non-existing mysteries! In this case it acts as midwife to the Einstein's theory of relativity.

When we reflect upon the consequences of this theory, such as the negation of what Einstein, with the characteristic irresponsibility of an empty raisonneur, does not hesitate in proscribing as the two unjustifiable hypotheses of classical mechanics, i.e., the necessity of fixed standards for the purpose of measuring time or space intervals, it is brought home to us that, as a matter of fact, Einstein is taking the very term Relativity in vain. For, surely, Relativity is not merely a matter of purely quantitative, but also of qualitative relationship. In this far, however, as time and space enter Einstein's argument, not from the standpoint of their full idea, as expounded in the system of pure thought, but only from quantitative considerations, time is degraded to the rank of a fourth dimension or simply brought into line with space to the exclusion of the qualitative distinction between them. So comes it that the theorem of the addition of velocities is proclaimed to be invalid and standards of measure are made dependent upon the condition of motion of the body of reference, i.e., made dependent upon what is irrelevant to the standpoint they represent in a well-balanced as well as the ordinary mind.

The hollowness of Einstein's version of Relativity may be broadly be said to consist in this, that Motion is treated as admitting of being referred to—Motion again. But, then, to quote from my own recently published book, "Pure Thought and the Riddle of the
The dream is a cupful of death which gives us—with the ennui of disenchantment, without the ravages of alcohol, and without the chagrin of leaving the world before having solved its enigma—the most entire of pleasures, the unnixed sweetness of not existing.

This is the mood of a relaxed brain, a tedium vitae. The influential world of the senses becomes the only reality; the understanding of the world is of no concern. This defect is pitifully apparent in another confession:

Never save literary works seems so beautiful to me as when at a theatre, or in reading, because of lack of habit or lacking a complete knowledge of the language, I lost the meaning of many phrases. This threw about them a light veil of somewhat silvery shadow, making a poetry more purely musical, more decorous.

It is no wonder that Mr. Pound finds it expedient to cover this achilles heel with a footnote. Dust for sparrows, indeed!

The general practitioner of these columns (who, I may say, has only reculed pour mieux sauter) has often urged us to cultivate the notebook habit, but I one make a very poor show after several years of effort. My mind floresces often enough, but I cannot evolve the simple reflex action of annotating the thing on the spot (bright ideas come to me at such incongruous moments). The only success I do achieve is a nailing down of other people's ideas that strike me as particularly relevant to some course of thought of my own. My notebooks thus become unconscious anthologies.

This is by the way, and ! only introduce one confession so that I can more easily make another: namely, that one of my extracts, framed in many inky lines, is from Remy de Gourmont's "Le Problème du Style"—a book that a wise Republic would translate and distribute freely to all men engaged in the public administration of letters (I say this despite de Gourmont's many sins). The sentence I have evinced reads:

Il n'y a pas telle ou telle sorte d'art; il n'y a pas d'un côté la science et de l'autre la littérature; il y a des cerveaux qui fonctionnent bien et des cerveaux qui fonctionnent mal.

And that sentence is a text I recommend to all critics.

It is, of course, merely a descriptive criticism: it does not define the method of exercising the activity. Indeed Remy de Gourmont, though one is aware of a scientific reserve, errs precisely in presenting a merely descriptive front. It is strategically false because it does not explain. It is strategically false because it does not maintain its lines of communication. I can perhaps make my meaning clear by reference to no less a person than Descartes, who is the most readable of philosophers (just as he is the least scholastic of them). The cartesian method, as you know, rejects the syllogism in favour of a logic of intuition, meaning by intuition "not the fluctuating testimony of the senses, nor the misleading judgment that proceeds from the blinding constructions of the imagination, but the conception which an unclouded and attentive mind gives us so readily and distinctly that we are wholly free from doubt about that which we understand."

Perfect criticism to my mind proceeds in a similar manner. The statements made about a book or a poem should be so simple and so clear that no sane man can deny them. But though the analogy with cartesian philosophy ends there, the method of literary criticism proceeds a stage further, for criticism impies judgment. I here transfer my affections to the intuitionist in ethics, and I hope he is the last prophet of the aesthetic. The very last aphorism in this series—perhaps the last line he notes—is a sufficient epitaph:

Readers and Writers.

Mr. Ezra Pound has been translating for the "Dial" a series of aphorisms by the late Remy de Gourmont. I have read them month by month and it strikes me that serial publication is the best thing that can happen to aphorisms, for to sit down solemnly with a bookful of them is worse than tedious: one's mind is subjected to a long succession of explosive little thoughts which end by cancelling one another's effect. I should suspect an age that became enamoured of the aphorism:

It is a manner that illuminates but its place and so far commands our respect. But, in the interest of mental sanity, we must draw attention to the conceptional nebulosity resulting from misapplication of categories beyond their legitimate spheres. An attempt to interpret the higher in terms of the lower and this erasure of its true meaning comes to the front when at a theatre, or in reading, because of lack of habit or lacking a complete knowledge of the language, I lost the meaning of many phrases. This threw about them a light veil of somewhat silvery shadow, making a poetry more purely musical, more decorous. This defect is pitifully apparent in another confession:

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When we have said that, we have said all that it is necessary to say about instinctual libido. Mr. Tridon and his urges are an unnecessary encumbrance upon the psycho-analytic field; nor does he serve any good purpose by stating that sensations simply instinct when it actually possesses an intuitional function as well. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Tridon is working all the time with a pathetic belief in that monstrosity of science, the "cave man." As his style also is that of over-drawn popular "histories," this book of his is only negatively of value as a reductio ad absurdum of the cave man theory for such as still need such a reduction. However, let us pick a few examples from his book. "Modern society," he says, "is, generally speaking, essentially founded upon a belief in masculine superiority. That belief may have had its origin in the infantile observations as to the physical differences between sexes." The impertinence of these "scientists" is marvellous! "Folklore, religious legends, epics . . . . all voicing man's desire for power, self-gratification and security from death." That is how the "first" religions were "established"; "compensating man for his shortcomings." I was saying a short while ago that the Freudians ran great danger of seeing their theories reduced to the ridiculous; but I must not expect to find so Freudian a writer as Mr. Tridon performing that feat in such an oracular manner. "The first song originated when the first combination of sighs, groans or shouts was repeated after being found pleasing, or when the emission of some sound accompanying some physical motion was found to add a certain pleasure to that motion." In the beginning was the motion, I suppose? Mr. Tridon should know that Harmsworth, Sir Ray Lankester and Mr. H. G. Wells have already brought this sort of guff to the highest state of efficiency. For the matter of that his own country has suffered under Jack London. "The hallucination known as 'Revelation.'" I am lost in wonder at the vision displayed by Mr. Tridon. Before the reader accuses me of having wasted his time, let me point out that the chaotic blather I have been quoting is a demonstration of the inadequacy of the notion that there exists only instinct in the unconscious. Mr. Tridon has propounded his theories in phrases that need only quotation to sound as hollow as any drum. In the negative sense his work has rendered a most valuable service to psychology, for there is no one who could read through his book without automatically saying that his theory of urges is not quite the final dictum of psychology. A great deal is talked to-day about the scientific exploration of psychology. Indeed, at the close of his work Mr. Tridon says that he is saying what he calls the "new ethics" must be based upon "scientific" reasoning. Well, let us suggest to him that it is not really so very scientific to deny the intuition by which we actually live. Science is knowledge, and knowledge is awareness; that is all. If we are unaware of the fact that man does not live by bread alone, we are unfit to be psychologists. If we are aware of that fact and see fit to deny it in that fit of perversity that is to-day called science, we are, to put it mildly, taking up a false attitude. Mr. Tridon can have whichever cap fits him best. He will find no "new ethics," however, under either of them. They are the headgear of Dryasdust. Well, who else could have spoken of the "hallucination known as 'Revelation.'" So there is a definite value to be found in this book, after all. And the value is that here is a complete reductio ad absurdum of both the Freudian and Adlerian theories as universally applicable to the entire field of human activities. There is no need to controvert these theories any longer. We need only quote what Mr. Tridon. There remains then that third theory of Jung's which Mr. Tridon only employs when he finds it fitting in with his urges. And the value of Jung's

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**Psycho-Analysis.**

As the preface to this book says, of the making of psycho-analytic books there is no end; and there are several introductory books on the subject that deal in a competent manner with this or that psycho-analytic theory. But here the author, Mr. André Tridon, an American, has tried to "sum up in a concise form the views of the greatest American and foreign analysts," in a fashion and style for which we cannot congratulate him. While, he says, he has the deepest respect for Freud, he holds "that no analysis would be complete which did not take account the researches of the Zurich school and of the Individual Psychologists (Adlerians)." Now it is only possible to sum up views that are entirely subversive the one of the other by presenting them each in rotation to the reader, with an entire disinterestedness. What Mr. Tridon has actually done has been to paint us a most painfully crude picture of the quaintier side of the Freudian theories, interlarded with rather disparaging interjections of. Adler says this, Jung says that. Let us try to disentangle the substance of his views. He gives what he calls a short history of psycho-analytic research that need not detain us, and plunges forthwith into a definition of the unconscious as Urges, three in number, the nutrition urge, the sex urge, the safety urge. His only difference from Freud is that he postulates an egotistical as well as a sexual libido; and with this conception of the unconscious as his foundation he essays a complete survey of all human activities, all in the compass of some two hundred and fifty odd pages.

But in the first place, why should we fash ourselves with urges when we already have that excellent term instinct, with Jung's definition thereof as "a teleological impulse towards a highly complicated action," which is, in essence, to be and to perpetuate being?  

* "Psycho-Analysis." By André Tridon. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.)
theory—omitting for the moment his re-orientation of the Freudian conception of the dream—is that it admits the presence of intuitional activities. A correspondent jumped down my throat some weeks ago for having said that Freud est Jung inversus. I was not over-careful at the actual moment of writing that; but it is nevertheless somewhere near the truth to say that what these two theories stand for; namely, instinct on the one hand, and on the other hand, intuition, are opposites. Which else does the "Mahabharata" specialise in? The "rishis "with their vital seed drawn up," i.e., transmuted? Instinct is the theosophist's "astral envelope," while intuition is buddhi, which, in one aspect at any rate, is the ability to experience the world aesthetically, to feel affect without desire. Mr. Tridon's urges would not of course permit of such action. Yet, on the other hand, it is possible to suggest to him that such action might be the norm. J. A. M. Alock.

Music.

OPERA INTIME. MR. ROSING AND HIS COMPANY AT THE AEOLIAN HALL.

Mr. Rosing's interesting venture at the Æolian Hall raised some points which we think should not be ignored in future undertakings of the same kind. It is unfortunately rare to find good acting and good singing combined, but it was on this occasion made clear to us that a big stage and a chorus help to cover or attenuate many lapses on the part of the principal artists. Ugly movements and mechanical gestures thin off into space on a big stage, but on a small one they seem to concentrate, to resolve themselves at last into visible entities, until each singer becomes merged, as a personality, in his—or her—own movement. Another point is, that the chorus provides a solid mass of vocal colour which compensates for certain monotones in the soloists. When that colour is removed (as it was at the Æolian Hall) it is obvious that the soloists must rise to unaccustomed heights to restore the balance. Mr. Rosing himself rises to any and every height under any sort of circumstance, but if, as we hope he will do, he repeats his experiment, we hope also that he will get a higher general level of performance, both dramatic and vocal. The possibilities were present in nearly every case, but not the achievement.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY. We were unfortunately prevented from being present at the meeting of the directors of the British National Opera Company, held at Covent Garden Theatre on June 29, but we are able to give details of this most important scheme. Alone amongst the great capitals of Europe, London has no permanent grand opera; even the smallest grand-ducal towns of Germany once put her to shame in this respect. Some years ago the genius and enthusiasm of a private citizen created the splendid organisation known as the "Sir Thomas Beecham Opera Co., Ltd.," which, although it was unable to make a permanent home in London, yet seemed to be a permanent institution in England. The calamity which put a temporary stop to its work is regarded by all the directors of the British National Opera Company, Ltd., and will run the organisation on co-operative lines. The control of the organisation will be vested in a board of directors, elected by ballot. Its constitution is as follows: Four representatives from the stage—Miss Agnes Nicholls, Mr. Norman Allin, Mr. Walter Hyde, and Mr. Robert Radford; three from the orchestra—Mr. Thomas Busby (managing director), Mr. Horace Halstead, and Mr. Van der Meerschen; one from the musical staff—Mr. Percy Pitt. We wish the venture every possible success.

Views and Reviews.

THE ANSWER TO MALTHUS.—II.

It is clear that our problem is not the same as that which perplexed Malthus. He was confronted with a rising birth-rate, we are confronted with a declining birth-rate. What perplexed him was fertility, but we are perplexed by sterility. It is admitted on all hands that, as Dr. Stevenson put it in a paper read before the Royal Statistical Society, "in the declining fertility of the classes which, having achieved most success in life, are presumably best endowed with the qualifications for its achievement, we see that we have to face a new and formidable fact." It is not "new," although it is formidable; every great civilisation of the past has faced the fact, but has failed to understand it. The Malthusian theory still obsesses everybody who writes on the subject, and it is assumed by all, from the Registrar-General downwards, that sterility is deliberately induced by the use of contraceptives. It is admitted, as Mr. Walter Layton said in a quotation given in the previous article, that "the point is not capable of statistical proof," but none the less, he declared that "there is little doubt that the decline in the birth-rate is in the main due to an intentional restriction of the family."

But there is considerable doubt: one cannot explain, for example, the seasonal fluctuations of the birth-rate by this theory of voluntary restriction. "Under Francis I," says Mr. Pell, "French families averaged seven children; under Louis IV, five; in 1789, four; in 1890, three; and by 1914, the average had declined to about two." This historical decline of fertility is also not explicable by the theory of voluntary restriction.

Besides, there is the fact of complete sterility which even Dr. Whetham, who approves intentional restriction in the cases of small families, admits is due to natural causes. But why should we assume that complete sterility is due to natural causes, but that a low degree of fertility in the same classes of people is due to voluntary restriction? There is no evidence of it; "the point is not capable of statistical proof," and curiously enough, the statistics that have been collected do not support the assumption. Three inquiries were made by the National Birth-rate Commission, Lady Willoughby de Broke, and the Fabian Society, putting the direct question whether measures were taken to limit families and asking for particulars. The result was that "only about one-third appear to have been taking real contraceptive measures; while in the case of two inquiries out of three the number of children per family was actually smaller in those families which were unlimited than in those where it was claimed that contraceptive measures were taken."

In spite of these facts, though, the National Birth-rate Commission declared that there was no evidence of a decline in fertility due to natural causes, and that the unexpected divergence "could do doubt be explained in many ways." As it did not explain the peculiar fact that the unlimited families were actually smaller than the limited in even one way, there is still very considerable doubt.

We have to remember, as Mr. Pell says, that "those classes the members of which combine a comfortable income with a considerable degree of intellectual activity have invariably a very small average family, and a very large proportion of completely childless families."

"The Law of Births and Deaths": Being a Study of the Variation in the Degree of Animal Fertility under the Influence of the Environment. By Charles Edward Pell. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
couples. Thus the average number of children among the English intellectuels is about 1.5, and the proportion of childless marriages among any selected body of them will usually work out at from 25 to 33 per cent. Taking a list of twenty-eight of the leading members of the Eugenics Society, I found that the average size of their families was 2.33, and that 25 per cent. of the marriages were childless. The Eugenics Society is composed of able people who believe that it is desirable to secure the largest possible proportion of children from the ablest sections of the community, and that the present position in which the least capable are reproducing most rapidly is likely to be disastrous to the efficiency of the race in the long run. It is not at all likely that they would publicly expose such beliefs, and yet take measures to limit their own families, seeing that they are themselves among the able sections of the community. Here again the number of completely sterile marriages provides the best test, and by far the most probable explanation is that the vast proportion of such marriages among them is due to the same causes which have produced a similar result among the staff of Cambridge University. The proportion is greater than among the nobility, and illustrates the fact that intellectual activity seems to be more potent in reducing fertility than social position. It may be added that the families do not consist all in exclusively of one or two children, as we should expect on the contraceptive theory, but of sterile marriages, with ones, twos, threes, fours and fives, scattered in just the random fashion we should expect from a like the random fashion we should expect from a
A. E. R.

The Challenge. By Seaward Bellows. (The Bloomsbury Press, 28. 6d.)

The facts that Mr. George Lansbury has written a preface to this play in four acts, and that "performances are being given in the Little Theatre attached to the author's church in Leicester," indicate that its appeal is not primarily to the literary and dramatic public, but to the Labour world. It presents a Congregational minister with Labour sympathies with a challenge from his own committee; his public activities on behalf of Labour have become a scandal to them and their party, and they ask him to desist with a strong hint of "other action" if he refuses. Being a clergyman he, of course, draws analogies between his own situation and that of Christ (although, so far as we remember, Christ was not a Congregational or any sort of clergyman; He held no living, and had no obligation towards any Church), and finally decides that he must speak the truth as he feels it, and is resigned. For those who like that sort of thing, that is the thing they would like; and the Labour movement provides a place of refuge for local preachers, parsons without livings, and embryo Government servants. It is a queer way of getting the Church to support the workers, and the Rev. Thomas Dow seems to have no policy.

The Story of the Durham Miners (1662-1921). By Sidney Webb. (The Labour Publishing Co., Ltd. Cloth, 8s. paper, 2s. 6d.)

The present appearance of this little history makes it seem topical in intention, until it is remembered that there has been scarcely a month since 1918 (one might almost say, since 1912) when the miners' case was not more or less before the public. It is concerned with a scandalous condition of a century ago, before the miners took the initiative. Lord Durham's lecture in 1834 has a familiar ring: "These men [the delegates] know, or ought to know, that the rate of wages depends on the price which is given by the public for the work produced. Now the price of coals is very low, so much that little or no profit is made by the colliower." In 1834 low prices had to bear the blame for low wages; to-day high wages are denounced as too high. The Malthusian heresy has been a blunder from the beginning, and, like most blunders, it has acted as a blinker on subsequent inquirers. Mr. Pell has the merit of looking at the problem with open eyes.

Mr. Dimock. By Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. (The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan gushes very agreeably about love, and in the course of some three hundred and sixty pages instructs several nationalities and countries, with occasional quotations from their languages. Perhaps it is fitting that the small nationalities should pass from political to emotional fiction; and Belgium and Serbia and Ireland become the staple of conversation of characters in a novel. Everybody in this story, we think, is in love, or has been in love, or is going to be in love; even Mr. Dimock, the villain, seems to be genuinely in love every time he commits matrimony, with or without the ceremony. He was a versatile lover; he wanted a woman in every phase, and the profits from "Bovo" enabled him usually to satisfy his wants. We do not quite see why the woman with four husbands should raise him at the end, except on the ground of barrenness, for his amorous activities cannot be traced in the statistics of births; but we suppose that reproof is the woman's way of feeling superior. Mrs. O'Sullivan gushes her way into hospitality, tells us all about a tea-party gives to the villagers, takes us to a hostelry for refugee Belgians, to a nursery, to Holland, to America, and generally behaves like a cicerone to international love.

Reviews.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE CHILD'S PATH TO FREEDOM."  

Sir,—May I point out that your reviewer has made several rather unfortunate mistakes about my book? In the first place he clearly did not read it in the light of its three divisions: "Anticipation," an apologia and propagandist introduction; "Realisation," a practical description of application in a pictorial form; and "The Call of the Future." He can hardly blame me for not having made the first part fulfill the functions of the second.

I hardly know whether he means to suggest that I am following in the steps of Mr. Caldwell-Cook—for whose work, let me say en passant, I have a profound respect. In point of fact and no doubt to my disadvantage, I knew nothing of Mr. Cook's work—this was back in 1912—until I had worked out my own educational ideas.

Neither is there now any close parallel between the work of Tiptree Hall where the children work without a master and without a time-table, and where the whole of the learning is on auto-educative lines, and the work of those, however enlightened, who have to conform to the administrative framework of a school. Perhaps we would agree that Mr. Caldwell-Cook's work is more likely to influence the world for that very reason than mine—but ought THE NEW AGE to be the first to cast a propagandist introduction? "Realisation," a practical administrative framework of a school. Perhaps we would agree that Mr. Caldwell-Cook's work is more likely to influence the world for that very reason than mine—but ought THE NEW AGE to be the first to cast a stone at revolutionary practice?

NORMAN MACMUNN.

Sir,—I should be glad if all those interested in the Douglas-New Age Scheme of Credit-Reform in Portsmouth would communicate with me. 34, Dunbar Road, THOMAS K. JUSTICE. Portsmouth.

Pastiche.

IN PRAISE AND PRAYER.

God made the World, He made it Good: He made it in Six days. Oh, all ye Peoples praise the Lord, Praise Him in all His Ways. He gave to Man the boon of life; Oh, let us give Him thanks. He gave him Skill and industry, And then He gave him Banks. He made the earth to bring forth fruit, And none may wear or eat? But who Creates inflated Costs? The devil echoes "Who?" That suavely spoken few— The vampire-men who finance War— Who credits them to Credit us? Oh, let us give Him thanks. The devil echoes "Who?" What of the teeming Warehouses, With Clothes and food replete, Which none can sell and none can buy And none may wear or eat? Who are those mighty Creditors Holding the world supine, Who say "The ass, let him eat grass"? The devil answers "Mere." God made the world, He made it Good, For which His name be praised. May He reward them suitably By whom the Bank Rate's raised. Then praise the Lord all heaven and earth, For Sun, for Stars, for Skies, For Banks and High Financiers, But most of all for EYES!

L'HIBOU.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

A report on the light castings trade by a sectional committee of the Sub-Committee on Building Materials appointed by the Standing Committee on Prices and Trusts states that the profits and trading margins are not unreasonable, but criticise the "monopolistic control!" of the National Light Castings Association as being so open to abuse as to make it a menace to the public interest. . . . The industry is that branch of the iron founding industry which specialises in the production of light castings used in house building. It includes grates, stoves, mantels, registers, rainwater pipes, baths, etc. The National Light Castings Association is a trade combination which covers 95 per cent. of the British output of light castings, while the Builders' Merchants' Central Committee represents almost the whole distributing trade. The former fixes the prices below which the castings manufactured by its members should not be sold in this country, and the latter issue to the great majority of builders' merchants instructions as to the minimum prices at which light castings should be sold "over the counter" from stock. By a pooling arrangement the association penalises any member who increases his output, and rewards any member who reduces his output relative to the rest. The Committee regard this arrangement as tending to restrict output, and to stereotype the lay-out of the industry, and to retard the improvement of efficiency. They consider it to be contrary to the public interest—"Times."

WHAT IS A "JUST PRICE"?

A QUESTION FOR CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

Has justice anything to say about such matters as wages and prices? Christians, strangely enough, can be found who deny this and insist that such things must be left to be settled by the blind working of economic forces. However, the old Hebrew prophets did think so; nor did the Christian Church in its great days in the Middle Ages, when (whatever its faults) it was a power in Europe. The Church in those days had a great deal to say about economic and industrial concerns. And its ruling idea was that of a "Just Price." It was insistently taught that, in all buying and selling, a fair equivalent for what was taken must be given—neither more nor less. Though only rough and unscientific methods of fixing the "just price" could then be used, the enforcing of the principle does seem to have had considerable results on the welfare of society. But the time has now come for big and bold new departures. In mediaeval industry fixed capital was a small item: there was no elaborate, permanent plant. To-day the standing machinery of production becomes continually more intricate and expensive. Who pays for this? and how? The cost of it is smuggled into prices and piled on to the final consumer of the goods turned out. In paying for your domestic coal or your clothes or your bicycle, you are paying not only for what you personally get and use but for an addition to the nation's permanent facilities for producing wealth—an addition which increases the real credit of the nation as a whole. By all the principles of the Christian Church, you should pay only the equivalent of what you get. The nation as a whole should credit the producers with the value of their contribution to its real credit.

As it is, it is arithmetically certain that the total payments going out to the consumer (wages, salaries, dividends) cannot equal the total price of the output. Hence our magnificently efficient productive machine must be continually overrunning its possible market. Hence, Unemployment.

The true ratio of a "just price" to the total costs is now known. The necessary credit-adjustments would be a simple matter, if society made up its mind to control credit in the interests of all. Do you believe in carrying out Christian principles in these matters? Do you wish to apply scientifically to present-day conditions, the Church's teaching on the "just price," and so solve the Social Problem? If so, read THE NEW AGE or make further inquiries from THE NEW AGE Office, 38, Cursitor Street.

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