NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The King's speech at the prorogation of Parliament assures us that, "Good progress has been made towards the solution of the most critical problems of home and foreign affairs." It needs a certain daring and imagination to see the situation in such resplendent colours. But it is a thoroughly vicious kind of daring and imagination which insists on dressing up the actual in the guise of the ideal. It needs a certain daring and imagination to transform it decisively after the pattern of the ideal.

The optimism too of our politicians is displayed in just the wrong place. Of the optimism, which dares to believe that radical new departures are possible, they have none. Here, where they ought to be optimistic, they are furious optimists. The level of wisdom reached by the speech may be gauged by the dictum: "It is accordingly of vital importance that expenditure should be still further restricted in every department of life, both public and private." A wonderful cure for under-consumption! The sabotage of the social programme, so alluringly dangled before the eyes of the electorate ever since the armistice, is glossed over by the assertion that the need for economy of Almighty God may rest upon the labours of Parliament. The Prime Minister in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet displayed a similar vein of shallow optimism superimposed on a perversely pessimistic optimism. He believed "that we have seen the worst." We have heard that forecast so many times during the present year that we cannot attach any value to it. He went on to exclaim, amid the "cheers" which such sentiments always evoke among City magnates, that, "Work alone will fill the depleted tills of the world." Curiously enough, he immediately insisted that, "You have got to create purchasing power." Mr. Lloyd George must really make up his mind which it is to be; he cannot have it both ways. Either the failure is in the organisation of production; in which case efficiency and hard work are remedied; Or, as the facts prove, the productive machine is perfectly capable of delivering all the goods required; and the only difficulty is that the people have not the money to buy them. In that case, it is, according to the Premier's second and happier thought, "purchasing power" that is needed. This defect could be easily remedied. There is no difficulty in distributing purchasing power, if the Government chooses to do it. But "work" is not purchasing power, and as society is at present arranged "work" by no means necessarily leads to it. Mr. Lloyd George went on to his favourite cock-shy—"the foolish policy of inflation of currency"; and talked about its disastrous results "in other lands." Well, there is inflation and inflation; it is a question of how exactly you choose to condition the process. The Premier always carefully keeps off the proposal of price-regulation, as though he had never heard of it. We would suggest to him once more that, "creating purchasing power." We are not disposed to take too seriously his apparently non possumus attitude. In the City he would be sure to he irreproachably orthodox on finance. Indeed it is his regular method, in all departments of policy, to keep on saying loudly things that will reassure certain powerful sections, up till the very moment when he suddenly does something that, to less agile minds, appears directly to contradict his protestations.
In the most unlikely quarters people are finding themselves hardly pressed against the problem of prices. Even the “Times’” City Notes not long ago glanced at the subject. After speaking of credits and credits for Empire development, the writer insisted that, whatever good these might do, the problem of high prices would still remain to be solved. He pointed out how “practically every commodity sold in this country” is controlled by a trust or a prices-regulating association, and complained that reductions in manufacturers’ prices often go merely into the pocket of the retailer. He declared it “useless to reduce wages unless prices are lowered also.” Hence he held that the Government must “tackle this menace of price control.” Quite so, but how? On this point the writer gave no guidance; and it was not at all obvious what sort of measures he had in mind. Mere attempts to “break up” trusts are foredoomed to futility. The desirable species of credits—credits in aid of the home equipment for production, in turning out an abundant surplus of whatever kind of goods are most in demand at every turn we are met by the problem of prices.”

Sir Charles Addis found himself confronted with the same problem in his presidential address to the Institute of Bankers. The lecture was ostensibly a defence of the Cunliffe Report; but Sir Charles was guarded and hesitant in his support of it. He evidently saw the grave danger of inflation in deflation, and deprecated pushing this policy through to the bitter end. He seemed to think that we might have to stop considerably short of the point “which would ensure a return to the pre-war parity.”

The great point, he held, was to stabilise the foreign exchanges; and whether inflation or deflation would best serve this end, might depend largely on what America did. This is a very timid and apologetic version of Cunliffeism. However, the most interesting portion of the address was that which dealt with prices. Sir Charles was struck by the fact that “at every turn we are met by the problem of prices.” Our whole economic fate, he asserted, depended on our success in this. He thought that “to produce more goods for home consumption would not save us.” By itself no doubt it would not, but indispensable exports should be, as a manufacturer has recently put it, “the overspill of a thoroughly saturated home market.”

Given this, there is no difficulty, with our magnificent equipment for production, in turning out an abundance of whatever kind of goods are most in demand by our foreign customers. Further, such a surplus can obviously be sold at any price necessary to command a market. “Given that we can produce enough wherewith to purchase our necessary imports, no monetary ‘loss’ on the transaction need worry us in the least.” But Sir Charles apparently took it for granted that the price at which we can “afford” to sell abroad must depend on the relative price-levels in the respective countries as settled by the “natural” operation of supply and demand. He revealed the poverty-stricken character of his thought by the naïve way in which in two successive sentences he spoke of “comparative cost” and “relative prices,” as though these came to just the same thing. He went on to point out very interestingly how different sections of the community (and those by no means divided along class lines) have entirely divergent interests in regard to rising or falling prices. That is the crucial point. Any policy conceived on orthodox lines must be a sectional policy. The proposal of the Just Price alone can unite all elements in society (unless we make an exception of a mere handful of powerful financiers). The “Times” comments on the address show that it is evidently uncomfortable about the whole matter. It is skeptical of the merits of the Cunliffe policy, and demands a fresh inquiry into the subject (not, unfortunately, a public one). It even ventures to print the temerarious sentence, “There is nothing sanct about the gold standard as a basis of currency.”

The “Times” may yet become a pioneer of currency reform.

The “Manchester Guardian Commercial” has given us a typical anti-Cunliffe view by publishing a second memorandum on monopoly by Professor Cassel. He is keenly critical of the whole policy of deflation, bringing out forcibly its inevitable evils. He warns us that we may easily reach a position “in which we have to admit that, though the cure was a success, the patient succumbed.” In particular, he makes it very clear that deflation does and must mean a restriction of credit; let us hope that this will be taken to heart by those manufacturers who are calling urgently for deflation, and, in the same breath, for increased credit facilities. He holds that a temporary inflation is at the present moment indispensable. He carefully discusses the gold standard, and seems to be, at least, in very grave doubt about it. His chief difficulty is as to the world’s supply of gold. He points out that this “has become, definitely, insufficient for the rate of economic progress which we used to regard as normal before the war.” But he does not seem to be willing, as yet, to abandon completely its use as a monetary standard. His chief practical recommendation is to “refer the whole problem, as far as it involves purely monetary questions, to a small committee of experts who have handled matters so unsuccessfully hitherto that the public may well refuse to receive with reverent submissiveness the oracular dogmas brought forth from behind the closed doors of such a conclave. Nothing short of an inquiry as public as the Sankey Commission will serve the turn.

Dr. Lyttelton has made himself responsible for a startling statement. He declared, in a public address, that he had positive knowledge that the War Office last year requested the leading scientific experts at Oxford and Cambridge to do their best to invent at once a gas calculated to annihilate a whole town in half a minute. We are interested to note that the scientists refused to degrade their profession by complying with this modest demand. But can we rely on all men of science in all countries being always so scrupulous? Dr. Lyttelton might well ask, if this is happening in our own country, what may not be going on in other nations? But a further point occurs to us. A War Office does not plan such definite war devices, with such urgent haste, in ordinary times of peace. Against whom are our military authorities preparing in such grim earnest? Dr. Lyttelton declared that, “if continued to let things slide, another war was an absolute certainty.” But we are troubled by a certain doubt concerning what he meant by “letting things slide.” We fear that he has not got beyond the standpoint of the Norman Angells and Robert Cecil himself, but is still sunk in the dreams of political idealism. Let him find out why ex-President Wilson failed at Paris; and then let him burrow down to the economic root-cause of wars. If prophets are to be helpful guides, they must gaze on the heavenly vision through the spectacles of realism.

Yet another spoke has been thrust into the wheels of Washington’s peace chariot. This time it is France that shows that it is evidently uncomfortable about the whole matter. It is skeptical of the merits of the Cunliffe policy, and demands a fresh inquiry into the subject (not, unfortunately, a public one). It even ventures to print the temerarious sentence, “There is nothing sanct about the gold standard as a basis of currency.”

The “Times” may yet become a pioneer of currency reform.
The New Russia.

By Huntly Carter.

Soviet Russia has undertaken a great experiment in social reform. It agreed, and still agrees, to do much. It agreed to lead the world into a new system of credit—credit between the worker and his immortal soul. But we have no data as yet to show what Soviet Russia is doing in this direction. We have no reliable facts and figures to prove that its present rulers are actually building a better civilisation than the one they set out to destroy. Their Genesis certainly holds the mirror up to nature. It is not, however, a nature exhibiting the operations of grace and foretelling the coming of an embonpoint human character.

Article after article, interview after interview appear in the "stunt" and "spy" Press—the Press which disregards England. Books pour from the publishing houses in an unending stream, books written by fabulists, sentimentalists, economists, journalists who think they think like Christ, but are not in class. They all testify to one thing, Russia is in agony. The agony of Russia is, in fact, a subject that absorbs the attention of Grub Street. Indeed it absorbs the attention of everybody in Russia itself. No one seems able to get beyond it except to glance anxiously towards the grave of Russia. Every instant there is flashed across the wire each turn of the agony which the moment produces. Famine, pestilence, civil war, murder, madness are the attractions. And we who passively participate in the vicissitudes of our fellow men follow the unfolding drama, and pause as its exponents pause—at the latest sensation. So we, in Western Europe, have passed from Russia before Pilate to Golgotha; and are now waiting to pass to the Sepulchre and beyond that to Pilate again. What a commentary on the exquisite new sense which our civilisation has developed.

Beyond the Sepulchre there is the Resurrection and the Transfiguration. Are we such ghouls that we have no thought for these? Is it the misfortune of the leaders of the Russian Revolution that the true Resurrection and Transfiguration of Russia have no place in their philosophy? Must it be said of the Bolshevist leaders, they come to bury Russia not to raise it? Or can it be that they are so possessed by some unseen force that they are powerless to contribute towards the regeneration of Russia? Fear holds them silent. They too have the universal disorder—paralysis of the will.

Fear, fatigue and famine may account for much. The two first certainly account for everything in the countries of the great Debacle. They account for the pitiable condition of England. Fear created the English Navy. Fear still keeps it alive. Fatigue banished the spiritual life from England. Fatigue still excludes it. To-day men are too tired for anything except gross physical indulgence. Indifference blots out all the vital issues of life as with a gas cloud. Recently, for weeks I travelled in train and ship under the very worst conditions. It was like travelling through a world of fear. Everybody was afraid. There were countless refugees fleeing in terror, innumerable people on the frontiers speechless with terror. In great cities and towns there was not one who was not afraid, who did not tremble as though palsied. The murderous accompaniments of fear were so numerous, it was one long journey with them. Soldiers, soldiers everywhere. Was there ever such a spectacle of a craven civilised world self-bound blindfold to the cannon's mouth, not knowing when the fuse will be applied?

To the psychologist the overpowering distrust and
fear which consumes the strong men of Soviet Russia is, perhaps, the outstanding phenomenon. Let anyone who likes examine their authentic thought and action and he will discover that fear manifested in unnatural silence, concealment, avoidance or shrinking, excessive protective measures, fierce aggression for defence. Not a day passes but we hear of the iron hand, the system of spying, the deliberate repression of truth and liberty, the almost fanatical control of speech, the fearful operations of the secret police, iron discipline, compromise concessions, rigid factory discipline, rigid army discipline, rigid controls of all sorts, terrorist methods, holding hostages, shooting down conspirators. And a thousand other acts of repression and suppression, that two-headed servant of Fear. The Russian Revolution is said to be the greatest event since Christianity. Perhaps it is. But how different the methods, holding hostages, shooting down conspirators. Information had to be extracted. This experience is, I think, the strangest I had ever had. Here were men of proven courage, idealists of rank, fanatical in their desire to provide a new heaven and a new earth. Yet they were so consumed by fear that they could not possibly create the ideas for the building of the temple.

As anyone can see who visits Russia to-day, for four years these leaders have been engaged in destruction. Now they are standing on the threshold of construction, but seemingly unable to enter. Time after time they knocked door, conversations in whispers, carefully concealed identities. I asked one leader his name. He replied, "I have a hundred names." I met another out of Russia. He pretended to be of Swedish nationality, and said he had never been to Russia. I called at legations, doors were unlocked and locked at my entrance and exit, conversations were brief, many significant questions went unanswered or were evaded, information had to be extracted. This experience seemed to me the strangest I had ever had. Here were men of words of language, idealists, fanatics; and yet, their desire to provide a new heaven and a new earth. Yet they were so consumed by fear that they could not possibly create the ideas for the building of the temple.

The public disgust with Parliament must have been turned into active contempt by the opening of the debate on Unemployment. It was not merely the terms of the new proposals which were inadequate; the spirit in which they were discussed was incredibly frivolous and puerile. "The principal feature of the sitting," said the "Daily Telegraph," "was the duel between Sir Alfred Mond and his predecessor at the Ministry of Health, Dr. Addison." This was the principal event in a day spent in deliberating on the fate of the nation; our appreciation of realities both in the Press and in Parliament has sunk to this. Of course we know by this time that what is called "news" is a rigmarole of things which do not matter. But the open triviality of Parliament, which tries so solemnly to appear serious, is almost a shock to us even in these times. "The more angry Dr. Addison became," we quote the admiring "Daily Telegraph," "the more his great smile of Sir Alfred Mond's smile. The more furiously Dr. Addison pressed in, the more deftly his rival—his successful rival—struck up his weapon. And the more conspicuously the House laughed. There has not been such continuous laughter in the Chamber for many a long day. The scene was more than comedy; it was broad farce. "There has not been such continuous laughter in the Chamber for many a long day!" But then it is many a long day since the Chamber has had such a comical subject to discuss as unemployment. The "Daily Telegraph" of course approves. But without being against laughter, we should like to point out that only some men have a right to laugh at some things.

In Europe is the growing struggle for supremacy between Age and Youth. The old men are stagnant; the young are stirring. They have formed ideas in Russia in the elders are growing in ignorance; and the young are growing in knowledge. The old men have lost the courage of their knowledge. Hence mutual fear. But none the less the latter are planning to build as though aware that the balance of power will shift from the elders to themselves. They will become the champions of the liberty which the others promised but have failed to fulfill. Evidence of the growth of the Youth of Russia in and of the sincerity of its ambition could be produced. The spontaneous creative life which is quickening the young workers, young peasants and the children, is beyond question. It is true that the Soviet Government are training the children for a Communist future, but it is also true that the children are exhibiting a tendency to reform, Tolstoyism and to educate themselves over the heads of the Soviet Government. In their theatre work and in many other ways they show they have no use for their old-fashioned teachers. Likewise the young workers and peasants are doing things for themselves—clubs and leagues which the Government cannot do. Their improvisations are revelations. Given the opportunity, the Youth of Russia will do more to regenerate Russia in a few years than the elders can do in ten centuries.

**Our Generation.**

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If the House of Commons were dealing successfully with the problem of unemployment, if it were as effective as it is ineffective, then it might laugh, even consumedly, during a debate which it was carrying to a victorious conclusion. We should all laugh then; we should not be left out of the joke and very much in the cold. But for an assembly which assumes responsibility for the fate of the nation and yet can do nothing to save it, and knows it can do nothing—and for such an assembly to "laugh consumedly" in its dilemma is surely very curious. People who do not happen to be in Parliament are prevented from laughing at certain things—especially at their own open helplessness in regard to other things. And when they do not have taste, by a sense of decency. It
may be, of course, that the 'Chamber' is so stupid that it does not know it is helpless, or that it does not realise why it is a Chamber at all. At any rate, we are not so utopian as to ask any longer for dignity in public debates, or to expect it. On the contrary, we expect soon to have to reconcile ourselves to seeing the Daily Telegraph for money, and earning its bread every day.

In an ironical obituary notice of the late Mr. Kennedy Jones written recently by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the esoteric wisdom of the Press was let out of the bag, and we have managed to catch it by the tail. Mr. O'Connor, in a conversation with Mr. Kennedy Jones and himself. "[Kennedy Jones] then laid down a doctrine with regard to what constituted the success of a paper—especially of an evening paper—which I will not say revolted, but rather surprised and shocked me at the time. I was later on to find how well-founded it was, and to find how much the gigantic success of this moderately-paid reporter was due through its adoption. This was his theory: The public, he said, wanted "results," and they would buy the paper, irrespective of everything else in it, which gave them the results first; and the paper which got the racing came to the one to which the public looked most eagerly. 'Hundreds of people,' he said in illustration, 'stand at the Elephant and Castle at a certain hour waiting to know whether they have won or lost their half-crowns on a race. The paper that has the news of horse and machinery can get to the Elephant and Castle first; that is the paper which will be bought. It does not matter whether it is a Tory paper or a Radical paper; the first paper with the results is the paper that sells.'" There could not be a simpler and clearer explanation of the popularity of the Press. People naturally wish to know what is "happening" during the day, and they buy the first paper which tells them. This, however, explains only the existence of the Press; but one has only to consider the matter a little further to get an explanation of its "influence." Imagine, then, that our citizen at the Elephant and Castle gets his news every evening by the "Evening News" (because it arrives first); he discovers, or, worse still, he does not discover, that he has become somehow or other accustomed to it; its sentiments and ideas "grow" upon him; he finds himself repeating them; he insensibly takes sides; he is "influenced." It is being slick that gets a paper read; it is being read habitually that gives a paper "influence." The "ideas" that it expresses? These do not matter in the least. The man in the street is indeterminate, absolutely un定点 upon ideas; he "believes" in those which he hears most habitually.

I have taken the following two items of news from one issue of a daily paper as typical of what one reads every day; whether it is typical of what happens in England every day who can tell? "Members of the Northampton Education Committee have taken exception to the action of the managers and the headmaster of St. Edmund's School in giving the children a half-holiday to celebrate the winning of the school's team swimming championship without permission, and a resolution was passed stopping the teachers half a day's pay." A very interesting example of mean stupidity. Here is the other piece of "news": "The Bishop of London, in this month's 'London Diocesan Magazine,' writes: 'St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and St. Alban's, Wood Street, are being used as lecture halls during the winter. This is going back to an old custom in the Church, when the naves of churches were used for various purposes. . . . Many who lecture would not be permitted to take services, and it must be understood that these are not public services in any sense. The chancel in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, will be screened off.'" Surely there must be something interesting happening every day among a population of forty millions? Yet the Press selects something that is stupid, meaningless, petty, insipid. Alas, it leaves nothing out.

Edward Moore.

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### The Essence of the Matter.

By Hugh P. Vowles.

#### III.

**Purchasing Power** is simply a measure of the possessor's ability to obtain goods (or services) in exchange for money. Let us consider this in some detail, since purchasing power is a matter of vital importance to each one of us. A man without it, or with an insufficiency of it, is no better than the slave of those who have it, since he will be dependent on them for the means of existence. They can be charitable, and give him a "dole" of purchasing power, or they can find him means to "earn" it, or they can let him starve. In any case they have him at their mercy.

Now everyone knows that the purchasing power of their money varies if the amount of money in circulation (or "at market") increases, without a corresponding increase of goods available for purchase, prices will go up; which is the same thing as purchasing power coming down. More money in circulation means more bidders for the goods available; and you have only to attend an auction sale to realise that the greater the number of bidders (i.e., people with the desire to buy, backed by money to make that desire effective), the higher prices will soar. So that if, for instance, the Government put into circulation a big increase of money—let us say Treasury notes—or if the banks put into circulation and honour a big increase of credit-documents such as cheques, and there is not immediately a corresponding increase in the goods available for purchase, you will see that prices will promptly rise under the present system. This means that the value of all existing money is thereby diluted, the new money gaining purchasing power at the expense of the old. It is very much as though your butler habitually added water to your whisky drinker, by which means he gets his drink of whisky, leaving you under the delusion that you have just the same quantity of whisky as before!

Lest there should be any reader who doubts the ability of banks to create new money I will quote from Mr. G. E. Roberts, Vice-President of the National City Bank of New York. Owing to cash reserves having got too low to meet a run on the banks in the U.S.A. in 1907, loss of confidence having caused a panic, American bankers set to work to manufacture fresh currency to support their toppling fabric of Credit. Belief that the money was there caused a rush to grab what money actually was there. And as the public demanded "currency" the bankers decided they should have it!

Now listen to Mr. Roberts: "Necessity is the mother of invention, and the bankers improvised means of creating currency . . . . (They) issued promissory notes in the denominations of money, and these notes were put into circulation as money. They were not legal tender, or authorised by law, but the public had confidence in them . . . . in nearly every other country this principle had been adopted." The fact that this "money" had no more and no less intrinsic value than the fabric of credit which it represented was of no importance. What was of importance, however, was that the public had confidence in it, and it therefore had purchasing power.

And now let us examine the methods by which purchasing power is:

(a) Distributed to the community.

(b) Withdrawn from the community.

Most people receive their purchasing power in the form of wages, salaries, or dividends, by reason of a belief in their ability to deliver goods, or effectively participate in such delivery. In other words, a temporary Financial Credit is conferred upon them by reason of belief in their Real Credit. Such dispensation of purchasing power may be in the course of the actual production of consumable goods, or the produc-
tion of capital goods, i.e., the plant, buildings, tools, etc., not consumable by the general public, but which augment Real Capital (the ability to produce consumable goods). The purchasing power is then withdrawn in various ways which include various forms of direct or indirect taxation, as:

1. Taxation by the Financier by dilution of purchasing power through increasing the amount of money in circulation in advance of any increase of production.
2. Taxation by the Government.
3. Taxation by the Capitalist by including in the price of all consumable goods the cost of all capital goods such as plant, buildings, etc., also the cost of upkeep of these capital goods and a profit in addition.

The question inevitably arises: Who exercises the final control of purchasing power, so as to dispense it and recall it at will? Here we are at the very basis not only of all industry, but indeed of all organised social life, since the final control of purchasing power is the control of policy, the power to make or break a nation, the power referred to in the words of Delmar already quoted: "to violate every principle of justice and perpetuate a succession of social slaveries to the end of time." This control does not reside in Labour, which controls Real Capital, or in the ability to produce, and is helpless without Financial Wealth, and nearly helpless without capital goods, i.e., the means (plant, etc.) of intensified production owned by the Financier. And just as clearly the final control does not reside in the Capitalist, although he is more favourably placed than Labour. He certainly owns the means of production, but he must not only get the co-operation of labour, by inducement (money or "love") or compulsion (machine-guns, etc.); he must also get the Financial Capital without which he cannot put the means of production into operation, since he must obtain materials and pay salaries and wages in advance of production and revenue.

The fact is that the true seat of power is with the Financier-Banker; and his power—the greatest power on earth to-day, to which Princes, Rulers, Parliaments, Capitalists, Labour and the Press are all in the end subservient—lies in Credit-Control. If the Banker (or Financial Agent) believes that the Capitalist has ability to produce and deliver goods, then the Capitalist has Real Credit, but not otherwise. The Banker believes that a loan made to the Capitalist will be repaid with interest within a certain time, and therefore he confers on the Capitalist a measure of Financial Capital in the form of a loan. Now, and only now, is the Capitalist in a position to go ahead and produce, "paying his way" for materials and wages in advance of revenue from sales of production. If the Capitalist has to erect and equip a works before producing, it will obviously be some little time before he gets any revenue from sales, and is thereby enabled to repay the loan (with interest). Hence he must first inspire faith in the Financier at a profit which includes—among other items—the amount of the loan and interest. Thus if he has spent the loan on plant and buildings, his costs will include an item "depreciation of plant and buildings" or "liquidation of Capital Cost," which means that in a period of months or years the total sales revenue exclusive of profit will include all money spent on capital account (i.e., cost of plant, buildings, etc.), and in the same way he will cover any other items which together total up to the amount of loan plus interest. The question of profit is an entirely separate matter, a private tax which the Capitalist adds to the selling price, and extorts from the general public for his own benefit and that of his shareholders. I say "extorts" advisedly because his Real Capital being paid for by the consuming public should earn them a return but certainly not him; every sort of payment for management and administration being included before the profit is added to price.

Even were no profit made, the Financier would still exercise his control and reap his financial "reward" in interest and such other ways as control of the industrial process will inevitably ensure to him.

A LAMENT.

When Death in fierce excitement strove with me,
I flung him back and cheerfully blasphemed.
For though the blood ran through me wild and free,
To die was not the doom it once had seemed.
And when I reached the homeland, scarred and proud, And acclamation rose on frenzied wings;
High hopes grew strong and cried aloud,
I felt a fit companion for kings.
The feet of Life with silver wings were shod:
The sons of England were the sons of God.
The tide has turned; the land that might have been
Lies fathoms deep beneath the rising flood.
My only heritage... the atmosphere.

* The total amount raised in this country for the purposes of the war was about £80,000,000, part lent by the public and part by the banks.

† "Maintenance" of plant, etc., is a separate item also included in the selling price.

George Abrams.
Music.

Mr. Goossens and Schönberg. If there be such a miracle as entering the fourth dimension or the transcendent world by means of musical line, this miracle takes place in relation to the typical and best music of Schönberg. Whether the Beethoven in simultaneity of the four-dimensional state is attained in the "Five Orchestral Pieces," conducted by Mr. Goossens at the Queen's Hall on November 9, I will not venture to decide, nor whether Schönberg's purpose is to reach the presence of "world's will," whether in accordance with earth-denying Wagner and to earth-affirming Nietzsche, is the supreme aim of musical art. What Schönberg indubitably does reach is the labyrinthine process of the soul's journey through appearances, and of our striving towards the world-rhythm. Spiritual as modern Russians are, their music, even when great, as in the case of Rimsky-Korsakov and Scriabin, is less spiritual and less purely modern than the lightnings of the intellect that strike us from the sound of Schönberg. Again, I do not hesitate to say that the French moderns, spirited and very modern as they are, lack nerve and irrationality when compared with this master of souls. Arnold Schönberg belongs to us; but though he expresses the present generation more completely than either the Russians or the French, it may be that one Russian, at least, will survive both Schönberg and us, one behind whom there seems to push the central landmarks of immortal musical progress, whilst Schönberg expresses the present and mortal generation. What appeals to us to-day is Schönberg's dashing of quest and his single-mindedness. Although, however, there is much reason in Schönberg, there is no light. But there is darkness in him, and in these particular orchestral works there is warmth. His sound is often black and menacing, but a soul is buried in it and exploding in that heavy grave.

Mr. Bliss, Mr. Heath, and Mr. Bax, who are also represented at these concerts, are at present perhaps more patriotic than successful, and resemble different well-known types touring in a foreign country. Mr. Bliss has studied his Beuleker, and as he keeps his eyes open he is able, like Molière, to take his "bien, là où il le trouve." But returned travellers are not always interesting.

I regret to see that Mr. Goossens is going to repeat, "by request," the Bach Fugue in C minor, a dissertation by Sir Edward Elgar and performed for the first time at his new guise) at Mr. Goossens' concert on October 27. Personally, I object to adaptations of any kind in a concert hall. Adaptations are necessary and useful from an educational standpoint, but they should be kept for that purpose since they do not give us what the composer wrote. In the present instance it is a question of completely changing the character of a work written by a man who was a supreme master of the instruments at his command, who wrote masterpieces for many different types of individual instruments; and when Bach wrote for the organ, we may assume that it was because he wished that particular expression of himself to be heard through the medium of the organ. We are told in the annotated programme, that this adaptation is the result of a musical (sic) challenge exchanged between Sir Edward Elgar and Richard Strauss. I do not wish to interrupt a duel between these two distinguished composers, but surely it is not etiquette to murder a bystander and fight across the corpse. I hope, therefore, that Sir Edward Elgar's short box, Mr. Goossens' new Fugue, and Richard Strauss, will have no new version of this "joke." I hope, also, that the words "Fugue in C minor—Bach-Elgar," will not appear again on a concert programme. Mr. Goossens is to be congratulated on his conducting. We seem to be watching the appearance of a modern and enlightened, though young, conductor.

H. ROOTHAM.

Readers and Writers.

Ant. l'Al Ahlam ibn 'Abdallah al-Ma'arri is perhaps a remote name and not one to conjure with. But that Ma'arri was a great poet is certain, and that his poetry has a particular appositeness to our present needs anyone can discover who will read the essay on him written by Dr. Reynold Nicholson and published early in the year by the Cambridge University Press ("Studies in Islamic Poetry," 26s. net). We learn from the annals of Ma'arri's death that it was a time of social and economic disorder. There were wars and civil wars. "The price of wheat in 'Iraq rose to an enormous figure and a great number of people died of hunger on the road." In 992 at Baghdad a pound of bread cost 1 dirhems and a walnut 1 dirhem. In 1047 Mosul, Mesopotamia and Baghbad were desolated by famine and pestilence; the number of dead reached 300,000. In 1056 (a year or two before Ma'arri's death) plague and famine spread over Baghdad, Syria, and Egypt, and the whole world, and the people were eating their dead." In 1059 'Abu 'Abdallah al-Qununi al-Misri the cloth-merchant died leaving a fortune of one million dinárs, exclusive of goods, merchandise and jewels. It will be seen at once that the period offers striking resemblances to our own. Now Ma'arri was before all things the mirror of his age, and so it follows that his poetry is an echo, and even an expression, of present distress and agony.

"Ma'arri (Dr. Nicholson tells us) stands for the largest humanistic culture of his time. . . . He is not primarily concerned with abstract truth. He seeks the True for the sake of the Good, and seldom loses sight of the practical end. . . What gives him importance in the history of Moslem thought is his critical attitude, his assertion of the rights of reason against the claims of custom, tradition and authority, and his appeal from the code of religion to the unwritten law of justice and conscience; in a word, his rationalism. He is a freethinker at heart." This leads Dr. Nicholson to compare Ma'arri to Euripides, and in this connection he quotes the words used by Dr. Farnell in characterising Euripides as exactly fitting Ma'arri. Since this quotation is an excellent definition of a "type" that is more apt to influence its generation than the more perfect and ultimately more effectual genius of orderly reason, I will reproduce it here:

Being by nature a great poet, he had also something of the weakness of the "polythist" or the "intellectual"; he had not the steadiness of brain or strong conviction enough to evolve a systematic philosophy or clear religious faith; his was, in fact, the stimulating, eager, critical spirit, not the constructive. His mental sympathies and interests shift and range from pole to pole.

To proceed with Dr. Nicholson's comparison of Ma'arri and Euripides: "In the works of both we find three elements:

(a) orthodox religious beliefs;
(b) rational doubts as to the truth of these beliefs;
(c) philosophical views inconsistent with these beliefs.

In Ma'arri's case these three elements are strongly marked. He is not a dramatist, but as a moralist directly exhibiting or disguising his own character throughout. Like Euripides, he wrote for a minority who saw at once that if the pious assertions were sincere, the parallel questionings were absurd, and who judged that the poet was not content to think and write, but who let his subtext makes the application of Ma'arri's philosophy to our own sad case a difficult procedure, expressed as it}

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is in an elusive scepticism related to an alien faith. But Mr. Halcott Glover—Mr. Hardy—has gone bravely in the matter of translation; and though, from what may be personal prejudice, I could wish he had not been so often led astray by the hobgoblin of rhyme, I must admit that many of the 332 translated poems given in the body of his study are completely convincing. From many possible examples I select this one, which reproduces the original metre without the rhyme:

The greatest of all the gifts of Time is to give up all;
Whate'er he bestows on thee, his hand is outstretched to seize.
More excellence hath a life of want than a life of wealth,
And better than monarch's fine apparel the hermit's garb.
I doubt not but Time one day will raise an event of power
To scatter from night's awrt brow her clustering Pleiades.
Ere Noah and Adam, he the twines of the Lesser Bear Untwined:
They were called not yet amongst bears grown grey and old.
Let others run deep in talk, preferring this creed or that,
But mine is a creed of use; to hold me aloof from men. Methinks, on the Hours we ride to foray as cavaliers:
They spend us along like mares of tall make and big of bone.
What most wears Life's vesture out is grief which a soul endures.
Unable to bring once back a happiness past and gone.

Ma'arrí, like others both before and after his time, is famous for his pessimism. He was struck blind very early in life, and while this calamity seems to have quickened his sensibility, it was undoubtedly a cause of bitterness. For most of his life he lived in seclusion—"a misanthropic and world-weary old man." The main themes of his verse were: "the pain of life, the peace of death, the wickedness and folly of mankind, the might of Fate and the march of Time, the emptiness of ambition, the duty of renunciation, the longing for solitude and then—to rest in the grave. The pessimism of the Lucûm (says Dr. Nicholson) wears the form of an intense pervading darkness, stamping itself on the mind and deeply affecting the imagination." At times Ma'arrí reminds us of the sombreness of Donne:

Propped on his side, whilst in the tomb he lay,
To us he seemed a preacher risen to pray.
But more persistently, more nearly, he called to mind the ironic gloom of Mr. Hardy—not only in grave complaint of "Time's ruinous strokes," but even in slighter 'satires of circumstance':

They robed the Christian's daughter,
From high embowered room
In dusky robe they brought her Down, down into a tomb—
And oh, her dress had often been Gay as a peacock's plume.

But if Ma'arrí so often calls Mr. Hardy to mind, it is not always to Mr. Hardy's advantage. There are different values even in pessimism, and Ma'arrí's pessimism, as Dr. Nicholson acutely notices, "is no mood of melancholy retrospect: it is the cry of a man in pain who feels himself driven along ruthlessly 'like victims with halters on their necks.'" But isn't Mr. Hardy's pessimism too often just that mood of melancholy retrospect? It is a romantic mood, of course—the mood of Schopenhauer and Chateaubriand; and it is given the sanction of a "philosophy" by the enthusiastic exponents of Mr. Hardy's genius (but never, one should note with pleasure, by Mr. Hardy himself). It is the unconsoling stoicism of this "philosophy" that appeals to the sham profundities of our modern Die-Hards of criticism. Mr. Hardy is accepted, not on account of his real merits, which lie in the direction of a technical adaptation of lyricism to metaphysical needs (or even in the direction of experiential lyricism simply), but on the more doubtful account of the metaphysical content itself. But this metaphysical content will not, I imagine, bear a sustained examination. It is not even the excuse of a dyspeptic emotionalism, which, in the last extremity, might excuse Ma'arrí. It is not emotional: it is a priori mechanism. It is as rigid as a sausage machine, and more rigid. It is merely the plea in most of the mincing cogs of its "foresightless" action. (I am sorry my metaphor is crude, but I plead that its object justifies it.) But if one thing is certain it is that man is a piece of the whole, a cell in the natural body of the universe; and that any philosophy of life must reveal man in vital and continuous relation to his environment. In the last analysis Mr. Hardy's philosophy will be found to be anthropomorphic. He may, as in "The Dynasts," purposely avoid anthropomorphic personalisations; but that is only because he is a monarch. To prove that this last statement is not first is the particular task before modern philosophy.

HERBERT READ.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

There are times when I do not want to write of what has been done on the stage in London, but of what is going to be done; and this is one of them. It seems to be my fate to be confined to what are the more definitely artistic theatrical ventures; and although I sometimes kick, and go to a "commercial" theatre, the utter lack of the spirit that appeals to me in most of the successful West End productions disheartens me. They make me think, as does the popular Press, of Lorenzo de Medici corrupting the people of Florence with his masques and processions, turning their thoughts away from politics and the real things of life as Napoleon proposed to do by gilding Notre Dame. I hold no brief for the "propaganda" play; the function of drama, as I see it, is not the elaboration of ideas, but the communication of spiritual influences, the establishment of real attitudes towards reality, the enunciation of the spiritual values of life. This is usually done without intention; as Browning put it:

O'er importuned brows becloud the mandate,
Carelessness or consciousness, the gesture.

The difference between the artist and the artificer is chiefly due to the difference of their interests; the artist is not merely interested in, he is possessed by, his subject, he wants to convey its very essence; but the artificer is interested in his skill in presentation. So we can say of the work of artificers that this is better done than that, but, of the artist's work only "How true?" or, what is even more fundamental, simply: "I like it," or "It appeals to me." One suffers much from the crudity of the searchers after reality, but not vitally; and occasionally a work is produced that reminds us that England still has a soul that can be expressed in the theatre.

Such a work is Mr. Halcott Glover's "Wat Tyler," which I reviewed when it was published. It will be produced at the Old Vic on Monday evening, November 14, and repeated on the following Wednesday evening, Thursday matinée, and Friday evening. Four performances of a play that for reality of spirit, greatness of conception, and skill in handling crowds, sends me back to Shakespeare. It is true that Shakespeare did not approve of popular risings; neither does Mr. Glover, for that matter; but in spite of Shakespeare's snobbery, the spirit of humanity expressed itself through him. But, in one sense, Mr. Glover's play is an advance upon Shakespeare; the most important conflict in 'Wat Tyler' is not the political conflict, but the spiritual con-
fict between Wat Tyler and John Ball. Tyler might almost stand for England itself; "heavy fellows, steeped in war and trade and politics and persecution. They are as blind to the foot where the shoe pinched; while John Ball, drawing his inspiration from the Christianity that has never been tried, dreamed of a new heaven and a new earth, would, once he had taken the sword in his hand, have let Hell loose upon earth in the hope that the Kingdom of Heaven would establish itself. How to make our ideals practical, and our practice ideal, is the problem that confronts everybody; the crusading spirit has its value, but if Christianity means anything, the world will be redeemed by the love, and not by the wrath, of God. I shall write more of this after its production; at present, I remark on the fact that it is produced for four performances at the Old Vic, and not for four years at His Majesty's Theatre—and in that fact one may discern a criticism of our present state. I have been asked to state that Wallace's "Maritana" will be played on Thursday and Saturday evenings, and Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" at the Saturday matinee at the Old Vic in the same week.

In the same week, for two performances, the Phoenix will revive Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy." The history of the play, as given by Mr. Montague Summers, serves to remind us of our vandalism in matters of art. It is rarely that we see in the West End a complete rendering of a Shakespeare text; Barker did it, and the Court and the Old Vic do it, but usually we are asked to admire pageants, or scenery, or some novel scheme of lighting, and go without whole sections of the play for that purpose. "The Maid's Tragedy" has suffered similarly; for just as Colley Cibber "improved" on Shakespeare, so Sheridan Knowles "improved" on Beaumont and Fletcher; and Macready gave a "brilliantly successful" programme at the Haymarket in 1837 of the revised version called "The Bridal," with "three original scenes" by Sheridan Knowles, and other modern "improvements." Various revivals of this, and other adaptations, have been made; but Mr. Shaw, who has a novelist's consciousness, is not dead in England when he says: "It would probably be no exaggeration to say that, until the present production, 'The Maid's Tragedy' in its entirety has not been seen on the English stage since the days of Mrs. Pritchard and that noble 'Pupil of Betterton and Booth,' James Quin." If, as the Catholics are always telling us, the Reformation was the cause of all that we deplore of the present day, this turning back to the classics of English literature should be a step on the way to the recovery or renewal of the real English spirit that has been mislaid to the worship of externals, and a denial of the human values.

On Tuesday evening, November 15, the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, will produce four plays by Lord Dunsany. "A Night at an Inn," "The Tents of the Arabs," "Cheeso," and "The Lost Silk Hat"; and it will be interesting to compare Lord Dunsany's exotic Cockneyism with the more authentic inspiration of the other productions. What I remember of Lord Dunsany's "Plays of Gods and Men," and what I saw in "If," suggests that he hovers uncertainly between His Majesty's Theatre and The Grand Guignol, tries to thrill us with spectacular magic for no apparent reason. If he were to mention every one of the three hundred and thirty millions of Gods of India, I should still be sceptical of his power to work their magic, but Mr. Sheldon asks us to believe; but as a writer of fairy tales for children, illustrated by a Cubical artist, I believe that he has the play a real future.

Recent Verse.

LILY DOUGALL and GILBERT SHELDON. Arcades Ambo: Verses. (Blackwell. Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

How alike all these volumes of contemporary verse are! Written for no particular purpose, except to amuse the authors, in a style neither good nor bad, but simply undistinguished, they yet convey a sense of an—oh so gently emphasised—individuality, of the possession of which the authors in the background are—you can feel—placently proud. The pride is in nine cases out of ten misplaced, for the individuality revealed is generally the individuality of the average man. The occasion of these remarks is the present volume, in which there is a thoroughgoing absence of flavour. It is as uninteresting and as inoffensive as a glass of water. One neither wants to read it nor to throw it out of the window. It is not even lukewarm so that one could wish —. But that is not done nowadays.

Mr. Sheldon's technique, however—let us force ourselves to take some interest in the matter—is a shade better than Miss Dougall's. He is never quite so bad as this, and his collaborator frequently is. It is from her "Portrait of a Lady."

Your soul, lady, is like a crystal, losing
Nothing of the sun—
Tell me how three true loves could be of your choosing:
Duty points to one.

Now, where, oh where, is the connection between the first two lines in this verse, and the last two? The last line certainly is extraordinary, but the penultimate seems to be a few fathoms too long. Surely the author has lost count? As this verse, from "A Ministering Spirit," is typical, we may profitably—or not—devote a little attention to it.

"Pilot of floating cloud, hast left the blue,
'Lighting to play?"

Or wind-wraith, that with wings of sunrise flew
From gates of day?"

She passed in sun and shade, now grave, now gay.
This is addressed to "a shining one" introduced in the first verse, and revealed in the last as "the Joy of Spring." This young person, this "ministering spirit," has, as it is clear, an adventurous time, not the least risky of her tasks being the piloting of "floating clouds" through the shallows of Miss Dougall's verse. But if she is alternatively a "wind-wraith" that flies "with wings of sunrise" from "gates of day" she is certainly a creature with more points than we could reckon. She is "now grave, now gay," too. We are not surprised at it: the circumstances are such as to make anyone grave or gay. So are the following lines, taken from another poem of Miss Dougall's. The scene is a convent garden, and a novice sings:

Gather my spirit, as dandelions
Are spoilt for a baby's sport in spring,
That in belt more brilliant than Orion's
He may strut for an hour while blackbirds sing.
There is a compendious collection of literary sins for you. Nothing can be said of them except, perhaps, that the "dandelions" are of less offence than the desperate blackbirds who are thrust into the last line to sing and so to rhyme with spring. We feel that they are as surprised to find themselves there as we are.

Mr. Sheldon is a trifle better than this, but, unfortunately, he is not interesting, and he sounds very often like a well-bred echo. As, for instance, when he says:

who can say
When, to full stature grown, the human mind
Shall leave the narrow, toilsome earth untrod,
Down whose it stumbles blindly, and essay
The boundless world of spirit unconfined.

Wherein the souls of heroes walk with God?
This questioning is really far too safe a "line" for the
We do not deny the sincerity of the opinion, but the expression makes it anything but impressive. In "The Suicide's Soliloquy" the expression is not any better:

Hence! this vile lust of life's dull wretchedness.

The root-of-evil is the will-to-live.

So is 판단ed Belgium! From this hill

And in this same street. E. M.

Views and Reviews.

THE NEW HUMANISM—I.

This "study of the biological, sociological, and psychological foundation of the family" is very modestly proffered. "Such a summarisation of our actual knowledge of the biology, sociology, and psychology of the foundations of the family institution this book aims to present, and if it can at the same time suggest a starting-point for amore rationalised system of social control in this field its purpose will have been accomplished."

There is nothing more certain than that the problem of civilisation is the population problem, not, as the Malthusians do vainly say, because population outruns subsistence, but because, as Faguet put it, "a non-reproductive people placed beside people very prolific or only more prolific than it is quietly and continuously invaded by them. France, between Germany and Italy, loses one peaceful battle a year to Italy, and two to Germany." But it is equally obvious that the simple doctrine of "increase and multiply" does not meet the necessities of the case: moral and sociological questions complicate the matter, and as Mr. C. E. Pell has shown so clearly in his "The Law of Births and Deaths," the physiology of fertility is not the least important of the subjects involved. The fact remains, as the authors of this study repeat, that if any society is "to hold its own numerically, its women must have, on the average, two children each, plus about one more for unavoidable waste—death in infancy or childhood, sterility, obvious unfitness for reproduction, etc., i.e., three in all." There is, presumably, a time limit to be observed; because, with the lowering of the death-rate and the increase of the average expectation of life, the generations tend to overlap: but there the fact is that group survival demands from each of its women three children, and the implications of that simple necessity ramify through the very foundations of society. All the other problems are subsidiary to this vital problem, and such a survey of our knowledge of the subject as the authors here present is a necessary preliminary to our fumbling with the umbilical cord of civilisation.

The first essay by Dr. M. M. Knight is the more valuable because it puts the feminist writers and their...
chief authority, Lester Ward, out of court. The gyneco-
centric theory was invalid even at the time of its publi-
cation; it was published "long after its main tenets 
had been disproved in the biological laboratory"; the 
theory of the matriarchate was no more than a mis-
understanding of savage customs. All the twaddle 
about man being created by woman for the specific pur-
pose of fertilisation, which Mr. Shaw repeats even in 
his "Back to Methuselah," has no scientific warrant; 
the genetic basis for both sexes exists in each indivi-
dual, and the result of de-sexing men is not that they 
become female, but infantile. Put quite briefly, man is 
not a differentiation from the female any more than 
woman is a differentiation from the male; both alike 
have in varying proportions the qualities of both sexes, 
and the existence of the "inter-sex," which sometimes 
presents all the ordinary female sex characteristics, and 
yet possesses male sex glands, indicates that neither 
feminism nor hominism is worth a moment's considera-
tion (except for purposes of personal wrangling), but 
that a new humanism is the only scientific foundation 
for modern society.

The new humanism involves the quantitative theory of 
sex differences; Schelling's principle: "all difference 
is quantitative," the identity-philosophy, really seems 
to be justified by science as well as religion. It is 
necessary to state simply what "the quantitative theory 
of sex" implies, and how it is demonstrated.

Experiment with transplanted sex glands, with sex-
gland extracts (testicular and ovarian), and the observa-
tion of intusions of a male-type bloodstream into a female 
body, as occurs in nature in some cattle and in the so-
called human "hermaphrodites," indicate a gross chemi-
cal difference between the respective determiners for 
males and females. So the chemicals involved, though 
not yet isolated, must be presumed to be qualita-
tively different, since they produce such different results.

But such experiments also indicate that both deter-
mners must be present in some proportions in every 
individual of either sex. The basis for both sexes being 
present, the one which shall predominate or be expressed 
in the individual must depend on the quantitative 
relation between the determiners which come together at 
fertilisation. The quantitative theory merely means that 
this predominance of one factor or the other (maleness or 
femaleness—Gynase or Andrase) is more pronounced in 
some cases than in others.

In brief, then, the quantitative theory of sex is merely 
the most reasonable explanation of the known fact that 
inter-sexes exist—that is, females with some male charac-
teristics, or males with female characteristics, in greater 
type than the average, or vice versa. Laboratory biology 
has established the phenomena of inter-sexuality beyond 
question, and the word "inter-sex" has become a scientific 
term.

One of the inferences to be drawn from these facts is 
that whatever may be the right way for society to 
treat these inter-sexes, the wrong way is certainly that 
pursued by the House of Commons in its discussion of 
the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. Mr. Macquisten, 
on August 5, talked about "the falling away of femi-
nity morality," and its "civil and sociological effects," 
with the purpose of inducing the House to pass a 
vindicative amendment, and obviously needs a better 
grounding in biology.

But the quantitative theory of sex does not imply 
that it is possible "to identify absolutely the conditions 
of the sexess," as Mr. W. L. George put it; unless we 
are to disregard reproduction, and let society collapse 
generation. Sex itself is a differentiation, a 
specialisation for a vital function; it involves a differ-
ce in metabolism, and requires its own conditions for 
proper functioning. The test of all theories concerning 
individuals in society must obviously be the social signi-
ficance and value of those theories; and a theory that 
glours the different life-cycles of men and women 
plainly has no survival value for society. It is true, for 
example, that sex-employments do not even require a 
muscular skill beyond that possessed by ordinary in-

viduals of both sexes;" but the inference that, there-
fore, it should be a matter of indifference whether a 
man or woman did a particular piece of work is not 
socially justifiable. As Dr. Knight says:

It ignores the primary consideration in the sex problem 
in society, the first of the following two parts into which 
the whole problem may be divided: (1) How to guarantee 
the survival of the group through reproduction of a suffi-
cient number of capable individuals; and (2) How to 
make the most economical use of the remaining energies, 
first in winning nutrition and protection from the en-
vironment, second in pursuing the distinctly human values 
over and above survival. The sex problem as a whole is 
concerned with adjusting two different general types of 
individuals, male and female, to the complicated business 
of such group life or society.

Identifying the conditions of the sexes is obviously 
not the way to do it. 

A. E. R.

Reviews.

"L. P." The Treatment of Inflammation and Sepsis 
by Lipoid-Paraffin Dressings. By A. White Robertson. 
Breet Lient.-Colonel, R.A.M.C. (Routledge. 3s. 6d. 
net.)

Readers of Dr. White Robertson's "Studies In 
Electro-Pathology" will remember that his main doc-
trine is a reversal of Listerian practice: "I am con-
vinced that the scientific method of treating an injured 
cell, no matter where situated in the body, and no mat-
ter by what means injured, is to concentrate upon the 
restoration of the cell and to neglect the bacillus 
absolutely. That is a revolutionary view and a highly un-
orthodox announcement. My study of cell-physiology 
and of bacteriology, and my experience of wound-treat-
ment have, however, convinced me that we must aban-
don the Listerian practice. It will be remembered that 
Lister made some very important studies on infamma-
tion, demonstrated that it was a condition precedent to 
bacterial invasion, and then, under the influence of 
Pasteur's work, devoted himself not to the cure, allevia-
tion, or prevention of inflammation, but to the destruc-
tion of the bacteria. The discovery made by the electric-
ian, Mr. Baines (with whom Dr. White Robertson 
worked "during a very crowded year"), that inflam-
mation is an electrical phenomenon, that "local pyrexia 
interferes with local insulation resistance," and the pos-
sibility of restoring insulation by the use of a standard-
ised paraffin, has enabled Dr. White Robertson to 
answer the question that Lister raised but did not 
answer. The importance of the discovery may be 
understood from the fact that this simple dressing 
makes unnecessary the elaborate "sepsis" technique 
that has been developed from Lister's teaching, and ac-
cording to Dr. G. T. Wrench (one of Lister's bio-
ographers) is less successful in avoiding infection of 
wounds than Lister's simple carbolic technique was. 
The reports of cases treated by this paraffin dressing at 
the Fort Pitt Military Hospital, Chatham, show that 
when the cases were received early, and the patients 
were not chronically toxic, the dressing acted like magic. 
It was most obviously successful when the 
inflammation was high, and erysipelas and cellulitis 
vanished, while pneumonia was aborted in a few hours. 
The cases given here include wounds, erysipelas, cellu-
litis, septic pneumonia, burns, conjunctivitis, keratitis, 
periostitis, suppuring appendicitis, septicaemia, 
empyema, inflammation of kidneys, cystitis, and gan-
grenous wounds, all of which responded rapidly and 
favourably to the treatment of cases at the Millbank 
Hospital showed similar results; but in 
this series of cases, not treated until February, 1910, 
did not. In this series the dressing was used by doctors 
who were not acquainted with Dr. White Robertson's 
theory and technique, on "debilitated very chronic cases 
saturated with toxins, refractory to local treatment, and 
offering little chance to any fresh local application."
Until the general toxemia was cured, no local dressing could succeed; and it does not seem to have occurred to these doctors to use the paraffin internally. Even so, the reports are to the effect "that Lipoid-Paraffin was not found to be superior to the usual remedies thus employed." This pamphlet explains the cause both of its astonishing success in acute and early cases, and its comparative failure in chronic and late cases; and justifies the author's claim for a more extended trial of the dressing, and the technique. "L. P." is offered to the profession as a remedy for Inflammation.

One Woman. By Alfred Ollivant. (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Ollivant credits his "one woman" of Sussex with a strain of Spanish blood; why, we do not know. She was "raped" by one man (Mr. Ollivant ought to study that question of rape in police records; he is very innocent). Married to another, and resisted the solicitations of a third and fourth. No need for Spanish blood, it seems to us—unless Mr. Ollivant has a Mahlisian mind—and thinks that no Englishwoman would have preferred death unless she had, potentially at least, a tendency to immorality. This strain of Spanish blood, however, keeps every eye out for the girl's career; she might run straight—and yet, how could she? So her friends meditate. Her enemies, of course, are emphatic; of course, she doesn't run straight, how could she? Mr. Ollivant writes of her in this strain: 'Ruth, now thirty, was in the full bloom of her passionate womanhood; drawing with her far-flung fragrance the pollen-bearing bee and drawn to him. The girl who had been seized and overthrown by a passing brigand was a woman now who looked life in the face and meant to have her share of the fruits of it. The old Christian doctrines of patience, resignation, abnegation of the right to a full life, made no appeal to her. Richly dowered herself, she would not brook a starved existence. She who was empty yearned for fullness,' etc., etc. Meanwhile, she was a cottager's wife, with four children, "twenty-two bob a week," and a husband who took to drink. At the end of the book, she was still in the cottage, with the same number of children, quite satisfied with her husband (when he had braced up and gone to the war), and applying for relief to a Committee of one of the Funds. Her morality was questioned, and triumphantly vindicated; and we wonder, therefore, what Alfred Caspar is doing throughout the story. His trump card of blackmail was that she was not legally married to his brother, Ern, because she had previously married Captain Royal whom he successfully blackmailed. As blackmail was that he was not legally married to his wife, who had been seized and overthrown by a passing brigand. The girl, who had been seized and overthrown by a passing brigand, was a woman now who looked life in the face and meant to have her share of the fruits of it.

Jesus Christ: Man, God, or Myth. With a Special Chapter on Was Jesus a Socialist? By George Whitehead. (The Pioneer Press. 2s. net.)

Mr. George Whitehead does not answer his question; but his general treatment leads us to infer that he regards Jesus Christ as a man who was exactly the opposite of the popular conception of Him. He plays the game of Bible-banging very well; but as he regards every verse in the Gospels as of equal authenticity, interprets them quite literally from the standpoint of the average citizen, his pamphlet can serve no other purpose than that of awakening rather dull people to a consideration of what they really mean by "Jesus Christ," and what they think of Him. "We have but faith: we cannot know," does not apply to documents on record; and Mr. Whitehead's chief contention is that Jesus Christ is a myth based on ignorance and misunderstanding of the records of a man. The question: "Was he a Socialist?" could as easily be asked of Karl Marx; or Mr. Whitehead himself challenges the Fabians on this ground; and one tires of Hyde Park oratory.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Sir,—Will your readers kindly note that the original of Dr. Steiner's article first appeared in the international weekly, "Goetheanum," edited by Albert Steffen, to which, in consequence, acknowledgments are due.

TRANSLATOR.

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