CREDIT-REFORM’S CHIEF OPPONENT. By Arthur

The economic explanation that Mr. Lloyd George has gone to look for work for packet. In other words, effective competition with the several millions of our unemployed. With a capacity perform the useful role of dumping-ground for our trade and little prospect of that revival of demand which proposal and infinitely profitable to all parties) would quarter of their present level (a perfectly practicable

At the same time, not only India threatens to cease to supply nor demand is in prospect from more than a few provinces of the Continent. Russia, in particular, is so poverty-stricken that neither forced exports, but the condition of Europe, and of Russia in particular, is so poverty-stricken that neither supply nor demand is in prospect from more than a few provinces of the Continent. Russia is, of course, the skeleton key of the European skeleton cupboard; and in an economic sense it is Russia that will attend the Genoa Conference as the skeleton guest. Either her dry bones will be brought to life again or Europe may repeat that a score of Genoa Conferences cannot save us what may, the Just Price shall not be rung to-night, with the consequence, short of a miracle, that things will continue to their inevitable catastrophe.

Unfortunately, with the exception of Mr. Douglas, who has no official standing, there will be nobody at Genoa capable of understanding and applying the remedy. Our opinion of our domestic Die-hards is well known, and it was confirmed by the feebleness of their attack last week on the present Coalition. But in one respect, and more by the accident of prejudice than by design, they are right: Europe and England will not be saved by the exploitation of Russia. Russia, on the contrary, must be saved, if at all, by Europe and England; and, first and foremost, by Europe and England saving themselves. It is the practice of the Labour party to dope their wretched followers with the fairy gold of a revived Russian trade. All will be well with our unemployment if only the Russian market is reopened. But the fact is that the Russian market will not be reopened in our generation. Russia is a sealed book for at least a quarter of a century. And if, therefore, Labour is to do nothing for itself until Russia is restored to civilisation, Labour’s doom is clearly writ. Our present unemployment, bad as it is, will grow steadily worse. Next winter will be worse than this, and the winter after it worse than that, until, in the end, under the pressure of increasing poverty and desperation, our national life will begin to crumble into anarchy. We repeat that a score of Genoa Conferences cannot save us from this fate, since the saving idea is lacking. What alone can save us is the institution, at home, of the Just Price. The bankers, however, are determined that, come what may, the Just Price shall not be rung to-night, with the consequence, short of a miracle, that things will continue to their inevitable catastrophe.

Mr. McKenna is under propaganda to reappear in Parliament as a non-party Member for the City. There could certainly be no one better fitted to represent the opinions and mentality of that Olympian world; and
And it would be little improvement if the central cameralia were supposedly democratised by being turned into a formal bureaucracy, responsible (necessarily very nominally) to the electorate. The control of policy should be as democratic as possible, though the distribution, in the hands of the mass of the people, of effective command of credit. But we quite recognise the necessity, in the administration of particular organisations, for the technical expert, whether in science or in business, to have ample scope and a sufficiently free hand. Under the most complete Guild system this problem would still arise; and we do not think Guildsmen have as yet arrived at clear ideas on the status of the technician or industrial organiser. But at any rate the problem needs to be faced by different mental atmosphere from that which Dr. Hadley is seeking to spread. The appalling character of his ideals came out most clearly in his treatment of education. He began by saying, very truly, that the acquirement of knowledge is not, one might well ask, what is the use of having an industry than was put into it. If the acquisition of knowledge was not the end of education. But this was at the Mansion House. But if this is duty. "Cheers," very naturally, greeted the trope, even in the simplest forms of labour with hand tools the co-operative efforts of several men can produce far greater results than the sum of what each could effect if working independently. There is an unearned increment arising from the very fact of association. But further, the labourers of mankind largely take the shape of supervising and guiding, for its own benefit, the forces of nature. This is true of some of the most primitive and least scientific forms of wealth production, such as the pastoral and agricultural arts. Still more do we harness the forces of nature and make them work for us through the advance of modern invention. With some mechanical or chemical invention in his hands, an artisan, who may have but the slightest understanding of the scientific principles which he manipulates, can turn with success most of the arguments against the exertion of brain or muscle which he puts forth. Nor is that the end of the story. We have no chance to disparage the devoted labour of many inventors; yet an important invention, once it gets to work, produces in a very short time wealth vastly more than equivalent to all the labour expended in devising it. But there is no need to enlarge on this. Far simpler illustrations suffice to refute Mr. Thomas. Does he really allege that the farmer does not take out-of his

Dr. A. T. Hadley, ex-President of Yale University, has crossed the Atlantic to enlighten our social and political darkness. He is much troubled about our "industrial moral." So are we; but our ideas are different. He thinks the great necessity is to secure the consent of the voters to "some system which would provide for the accumulation of capital and for centralised control by far-sighted men of science and business." We have not been much troubled about the accumulation of capital. We have reached a point when that may be said to provide for itself; it is distribution and consumption that need looking after. As for "centralised control" that is exactly the devil from which we are now suffering. The men of science, it is true, have little to do with it; but men of business (in its financial aspects) are all powerful. We are certainly not in favour of curing the trouble homeopathically, by still more centralisation.

The race between Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. J. R. Clynes for the belt of champion misleader of Labour continues to be as thrilling as ever. By many of his unemployment speeches during the past winter Mr. Clynes seemed to be establishing a strong lead. But Mr. Thomas has countered, from time to time, with very game spurs. His latest utterance has once more put him a yard or two ahead; but we look confidently to Mr. Clynes to come with a fine rush down the straight. The fine effort which has given Mr. Thomas his temporary advantage took the form of a bold reaffirmation of the well-worn tag that we "could not get more out of an industry than was put into it." If not, one might well ask, what is the use of having an industry at all? Getting more out of than you put in, is, in short, the whole meaning of every industrial process. Even in the simplest forms of labour with hand tools the co-operative efforts of several men can produce far greater results than the sum of what each could effect if working independently. There is an unearned increment arising from the very fact of association. But further, the labourers of mankind largely take the shape of supervising and guiding, for its own benefit, the forces of nature. This is true of some of the most primitive and least scientific forms of wealth production, such as the pastoral and agricultural arts. Still more do we harness the forces of nature and make them work for us through the advance of modern invention. With some mechanical or chemical invention in his hands, an artisan, who may have but the slightest understanding of the scientific principles which he manipulates, can turn with success most of the arguments against the exertion of brain or muscle which he puts forth. Nor is that the end of the story. We have no chance to disparage the devoted labour of many inventors; yet an important invention, once it gets to work, produces in a very short time wealth vastly more than equivalent to all the labour expended in devising it. But there is no need to enlarge on this. Far simpler illustrations suffice to refute Mr. Thomas. Does he really allege that the farmer does not take out-of his
field far more than the seed he puts into it? But indeed even that is to treat Mr. Thomas too seriously. Does not he, for example, get out of England more than he puts in?

Some extraordinary remarks were made by the Chairman at a recent meeting of the Gloucestershire Dairymen's Association. He began by observing that never before has there been such a muddle in the milk trade, and went on to say that "the sole cause of the position was over-production." "We got double the milk we required," he continued, as if to leave no doubt of his meaning; "of the glut of milk now existing, the public could only consume a certain portion." He evidently meant by "could not" a physical or psychological, not a financial, impossibility, for he urged that the public "ought to be educated to drink as much milk as possible." What March madness is this! The real demand for milk, at the moment, is enormous. Millions of the industrial population, and especially their children, never get, year in and year out, the milk they would be only too glad to have, simply because they cannot afford it. More than that, we hear of agricultural labourers' families in the country regularly earning similar sums, when thousands of gallons of milk are being sent off from their immediate neighbourhood to the town markets. And yet further, many of those who are far from "poor" in the pauers's sense have repeatedly since the war to put up with the same by diluted with and condensed variety. When the price is not too high for the ordinary consumer, the farmers, as in the case of London at the moment, deliberately restrict the supply. We have every desire to do the fullest justice to both farmer and dairyman, as well as to the consumer; nor do we doubt the Gloucester chairman's statement that "the margin of profit at the present time is not farthing too much." We are not so unthinking as to demand a reduction in prices regardless of every other consideration; nor do we assume, after the manner of some, that "profits," in every line of production and distribution, are a bottomless purse, open for either labour or the consumer to raid at their sweet will. But there is a plan in the field whereby the suppliers of milk could trade at a price which would command an enormous and steady market, and yet at an assured rate of profit. All the parties concerned would reap astonishing benefits—which is perhaps why, with few individual exceptions, none of the parties is bothered about it.

The Labour group seems bent on effecting its own destruction. Its latest eccentricity is a move towards making deflation something like the official policy of the Party. Colonel Wedgwood, whom we have taken to be the least stupid of the crowd, seems especially eager for this form of economic suicide. What do they hope to gain by such an absurdity? Do they think that this is a direct method of lowering prices? Surely they can see that it would lower wages at least as much. Besides that, it means creating still more unemployment. Deflation means restriction of credit, and this, it hardly needs pointing out, means restriction of industrial enterprise. The problem is obviously to increase greatly our actual production; how much ends; but we would apply it more widely; we cannot use it upon Mr. Best and Sir Allan Smith as well as upon their employees. And we would apply it to Mr. Best and Sir Allan Smith first: to their workers afterwards. A psychological barrier there is in England to the accomplishment of a real free society; but it is a psychological barrier which exists mainly in the unconscious of financiers and employers. In the present engineering dispute it has not been the engineers who have acted out of an anti-human, possessive complex; it has been the employers. The reaction of the workmen has been perfectly normal and salutary: as a matter of instinct and emotion, inevitable. Intelligence, it is true, is lacking on both sides; but that lack is most grievous on the side of those who have the power and the responsibility, and who have in addition in this anti-social warfare taken the initiative. The plain truth seems to be that the Engineering Federation have found the moment when with least risk to themselves and most loss to their employees they can strike a blow at them; and in the excitement of seizing that chance they have forgotten everything else, "the spirit of service which is being revived in modern commerce," the consumer, the thousands of other workers who will be thrown on the streets, the consequences which the labour of impoverished and sullen men (when the A.S.E. is beaten) will have on industry itself. You cannot serve reason and mammon; the actions and the declarations of the Engineering Federation are insensate, and spring not from the intelligent desire to pursue their own advantage, but from the fanaticism and possessiveness; Sir Allan Smith and his supporters demand that they should be permitted to run their factories without interference, and in enforcing that demand they interfere with the whole national life, with production, which is their responsibility to society, with their employees who they clearly put on the same level as their factory plant. All this is simple jealous possessiveness; altogether be-

Our Generation.

In the full blast of the engineering lock-out Mr. P. A. Best, senior manager to Messrs. Selfridge and Co., has been saying "that to-day we had just as splendid captains of industry as in former times, and that the spirit of service was being revived in modern commerce." It is hard to believe that, or to understand how Mr. Best can believe it. He is engaged, it is true, in a different branch of industry from Sir Allan Smith, and it may be that he is altogether another kind of "captain"; but he has taken the trouble to make an apologia for industry, he is definitely on the employers' side, as it is, and he can not be absolved if the nauseating charge of bemoralising Sir Allan Smith and his like. We do not deny to Mr. Best altogether the capacity of moral discrimination; he can shudder with horror over wrongs and crimes which happened a hundred years ago; to him the Industrial Revolution is "unlovely," and he is ethically shocked because "when machinery was introduced the owners seemed to have only one idea in life—to get rich quickly."" "The lecturer drew a sad picture of the time which was, he said, a blot on the commercial history of our land." But there is now nothing unlovely in our industry; now no man would be such a Philistine as to get rich quickly; in short, there is no longer any blot on our commercial life, distinguishable, at any rate, from the general blot which is our national life. "The organisation of modern commerce, Mr. Best said, was as sound as it could be." He concluded with an intelligent plea for psychology. "It was something that must be reckoned with in business management, and the sooner we became acquainted with the mind of the industrial worker the sooner we should be able to prevent the great upheavals we had been suffering in the business world..." Now it seems to us that "psychology" is indeed a necessary thing even when it is used for mean ends; but we would apply it more widely; we would use it upon Mr. Best and Sir Allan Smith as well as upon their employees. And we would apply it to Mr. Best and Sir Allan Smith first: to their workers afterwards. A psychological barrier there is in England to the accomplishment of a real free society; but it is a psychological barrier which exists mainly in the unconscious of financiers and employers. In the present engineering dispute it has not been the engineers who have acted out of an anti-human, possessive complex; it has been the employers. The reaction of the workmen has been perfectly normal and salutary: as a matter of instinct and emotion, inevitable. Intelligence, it is true, is lacking on both sides; but that lack is most grievous on the side of those who have the power and the responsibility, and who have in addition in this anti-social warfare taken the initiative.
neath the plane of reason and justice, and infinitely stronger and less easy to handle. The other week we drew attention to the hostility of employers to psychologists who are willing to put their knowledge at the disposal of industry. For this is to show that all the psychology has been directed at the worker, whereas the employer needs it most of all. But against certain things even psychology fights in vain.

Lord Haldane has been drawing attention recently to the fact that education must become between nations a matter of competition—not in economy. "We wanted more science; we wanted the universities to bring their knowledge to the aid of industry; we had many competitors in the world, and some of them, like the United States and Germany, were showing themselves particularly alert on the question of education."

Having spoken of this practical and necessary kind of education, his lordship said: "It is true, we wanted education for material purposes, but they were not the only purposes. . . . The education he had in mind gave people access to the best society . . . communion with those great spirits who had enshrined their thoughts in imperishable words." [We are sorry to reprint these clichés, but they are not ours.] "He wanted to see, he said, in conclusion, a real democracy, in which there should be no class, and an aristocracy which should be one of talent. He wanted to see it recruited from every section of the population. If it could be realised that would be a better life for England and a better life for the individual." Now it cannot be questioned that in his recognition both of the competitive and human value of religion Lord Haldane is infinitely nearer the angels than Sir Eric Geddes, and that he may be, at a distance, even on their side. He has not the disastrous, pseudo-cultured mind of Mr. Best, a cross between finnicky refinement and efficiency. But, on the other hand, for a man who has a passion for education, and apparently for education alone, he is disconcertingly conservative in his conception of what education is. It is, of course, our right as an educated people that we should have "communion with those great spirits who have enshrined their thoughts in imperishable words"; without that, indeed, our life is a poor, blind, unlit business, a journey between blank walls in a dirty half darkness. And that communication our education does not give us. But if it did, it would not be enough. Arnold fifty years ago wrote: "Education is more and more being understood not as that body of knowledge, of discipline and of taste which it was to Arnold, in the human and practical, and not doctrinaire sense; but as self-development, as the real education is most of all necessary; freedom, that is, the principle of all the faculties of men by themselves, as culture of all the faculties of men by themselves, as a ratio expressed by the two numbers representing the quantities in which two commodities are exchanged—one for the other. From this standpoint the term "standard" would appear meaningless.

The chief opponent of credit-reform and especially of the Douglas-New Age Scheme is the "sound-currency" crank who insists that credit is unthinkable without a commodity standard of value. He will tell you that to be sound credit must be redeemable in some one generally recognised standard having "intrinsic" value, and that since experience shows gold to be the most "stable" of all commodities, it has been universally selected "by the common consent of mankind" as the legalised standard and basis for the world's currencies. In spite of the exposures which have repeatedly been made of the ridiculous fallacies underlying the gold-standard theories, there actually exists a "Sound-Currency Association" comprising Members of Parliament, Bankers, Economists and Merchants who accept these theories and are endeavouring to persuade the Government to revert immediately to the pre-war gold-currency system.

The fact that the only countries where trade is really flourishing are the (like Germany) which have abandoned the gold standard whilst those where the revival of the system has been either attempted or achieved (such as Great Britain and America) are suffering the worst period of trade depression ever known, conveys no meaning to those people! On the contrary, their cure for trade depression is to reduce the means for trading still further by contracting the money supplies! Their remedy for starvation is fasting! and for unemployment—enforced idleness! Impervious as the sound-currency creed is to every argument and object lesson, it is nevertheless essential that the credit reformer should be prepared to meet this form of opposition in order to prove to the unprejudiced mind the worthless basis for such opposition.

In my 30 years' experience as an advocate of credit-reform and an opponent of the gold-standard, whilst I have found it absolutely necessary to deal with this opposition, it has been very difficult either to persuade or compel any gold-standard champion to debate the subject on the public platform. For the past three years the Banking Reform League (of which I am President) have issued numerous invitations to the Sound-Currency Association to thrash the subject out publicly—but so far without effect. The points we have urged against the claims of the gold and all other commodity-standardties are as follows:

1. The term "standard of value" is an absurdity if we are to accept the definition of "value" as given by the orthodox economists. Jevons defines value (i.e., exchange value, which is the special branch of value with which money is concerned) as a ratio expressed by the two numbers representing the quantities in which two commodities are exchanged—one for the other. From this standpoint the term "standard" would appear meaningless.

2. Supposing, however, that the word "value" is taken to mean purchasing power, the selection of a definite weight or mass of any commodity as a permanent standard of purchasing power is also irrational.
Although the Sound-Currency people insist that it is essential to have what they term a "measure of value" just as we have units of physical measurements, it is evident to anyone who has given the subject any thought that in no sense can either "value" or "purchasing power" be classified with these other units. A standard of physical measurement must at least preserve its original magnitude or properties under all practical conditions to be regarded as a standard. If every pint measure and every yard-stick were to change their dimensions with the multiplication of such units, we should certainly not regard them as just or serviceable. But the multiplication of the units of purchasing power, by its very operation, affects the purchasing power of the original and every other similar unit to such a degree that if—for example—sufficient gold were suddenly discovered to pay the national debts of Europe, the whole system would collapse and the purchasing power of the unit would be a mere fraction of what it now is. The Sound-Currency Association think that the Government must be prepared to pay both the principal and interest of the National Debt in gold sovereigns although the moneylenders, when subscribing for the loans which constitute the National Debt, subscribed the so-called "cheap pounds" which were current at the time the loans were created. But if some genius were to find a method of converting pig-iron into gold or if some new gold discoveries were made so that the Government were enabled to pay off the National Debt in golden sovereigns per saltum the reason that the production of such an enormous volume of currency would reduce the value of the unit to a fraction of what it was at any period of the market! The total set of gold that is said to be available for coinage purposes throughout the world is roughly about £2,000,000,000 or about 1/4th of the amount of our National Debt. Paradoxical as it may seem, in the realm of currency it is possible for a part to be greater than the whole; £2,000,000,000 worth of sovereigns would probably be worth more than £8,000,000,000 worth provided they were all to be offered for circulation at one time!

Although the Sound-Currency advocates have apparently not the intelligence to distinguish between what they call the legalised gold-standard which consists of a certain weight of gold (i.e., the golden sovereign containing 115 grains of pure gold) and the purchasing power of the sovereign, the difference is so vast as to make the one a perfectly sane definition and the other an absurdity! It was Sir Robert Peel, who defined the standard-of-value as a definite weight of gold. What the Sound-Currency people are after is to secure to the moneylenders all the advantages of a scarce currency by giving to every monetary unit the purchasing power of ounce of gold remain units through the entire period when wheat was varying, so that our wheat represented 200 units instead of 150. By using an ideal unit which enables us to apply the law of relativity, although wheat has risen it has not risen to the extent
assumed by the commodity standard. On the other hand, the commodity standard has fallen in respect of wheat so that we have the relation of 10 ounces of gold to 50 bushels of wheat as 75 to 150. Similar results are obtained when wheat falls in value in respect of gold and wine. In this second case our 10 ounces of gold is represented by 120 units, our 500 bushels of wheat by 300 units and the 100 gallons of wine by 120 units. In short, whilst wheat has fallen in respect of gold and wine these have risen in respect of wheat and our total number of units remain constant, namely, 300. Of course this will apply to any commodity whether it be gold, wheat or pig-iron.

The relativity theory shows what an insidious and colossal fraud the gold-standard system is. Daily, hourly and universally, millions of people are cheated by the operation of this institution which its votaries have the brazen impudence to call “honest money.” Professing to “measure” values justly, it falsifies the exchange relations of commodities and services to an incredible degree by transforming them into “gold-prices.” The gold-standard fraud both creates and inflates debts so that they become irremovable. It enables its controller to dominate the world of trade and industry, to create fictitious wealth, and having exchanged it for real wealth to destroy it. By withdrawing from circulation a few millions of gold our financiers can create a rise in the Bank Rate and a slump in prices and then by simply restoring the same amount of gold to circulation the effects are reversed. The Bank Rate is lowered and prices advance. And the financier is able to profit by both movements. It is an old game played by the international financier in all countries.

No system ever devised by man has provided greater facilities for enabling the few to rob and plunder the many! And the irony of it is that being a legalised institution this swindle has the supreme sanction of law and is held up to public admiration as one of the foundations of England’s greatness, whilst thousands of our youths are taught by our schools and college professors to believe in it as essential to our trade and industrial welfare.

If we take the Quantitative Theory of money—that the purchasing power of the unit is dependent upon the number of units in circulation multiplied by their velocity of circulation—it also shows us that the adoption of a commodity-standard is nonsense and that so long as we give our currency unit a name, such as the pound, franc or dollar, to distinguish it from other forms of currency, is that in which currency should be used. Considering, however, that we have already provided it is of a nature that can enable us to issue a commodity-standard is nonsense and that so long as we give our currency unit a name, such as the pound, franc or dollar, to distinguish it from other forms of currency, is that in which currency should be used. 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The wet, beaded inside of the water-jug glinting diamond and elusive grey-white; And the irregular spots of moisture. . . .

The greens are colding and give one the vertigo And the irregular spots of moisture. . . .

...
The excitement of art comes from this rare and unique communication.

23. Creation of imagery to force language to convey over this metaphor and of different kinds of art we are concerned with here, at any rate, can be defined as an attempt to convey over something which ordinary language and ordinary expression lets slip through. The emotion conveyed by an art in this case, then, is the emotion of vision, direct and unusual communication of this fresh impression.

To take an example: What is the source of the kind of pleasure which is given to us by the stanza from Keats' "Pot of Basil," which contains the line

"And she forgot the blue above the trees."

I do not put forward the explanation I give here as being, as a matter of fact, the right one, for Keats might have had to put trees for the sake of the rhyme, but I suppose for the sake of illustration that he was free to put what he liked. Why then did he put blue above the trees' and not sky? Sky is just as attractive an expression. Simply for this reason, that he instinctively felt that blue above the trees forces that actual vividness and the actuality of the feeling he wanted to express. The choice of the right detail, the blue above the trees, forces that vividness on you and is the cause of the kind of thrill it gives you.

24. This particular argument is concerned only with a very small part of the effects which can be produced by poetry, but I have only used it as an illustration. I am not trying to explain poetry, but only to find out what you want to say escape. Each of us has his own way of feeling, liking and disliking. But observe in the actual perception of external things with which we are concerned with handing over any visual scene, but in an attempt to fix the object.

The feeling conveyed over to one is almost a kind of instinctive feeling. You get continuously from good imagery this conviction that the poet is constantly in possession of a vividly felt physical and visual scene.

25. You can perhaps trace this out a little more clearly in a wider art, that of prose description, the depicting of a character or emotion. You are not concerned here with handing over any visual scene, but in an attempt to fix the object and impersonal aspect of the emotions which we feel.

Language denotes these states by the same word in every case, so that it is only able to fix the objective and impersonal aspect of the emotions which we feel.

26. Certain kinds of prose at any rate never attempt to give you any visual presentation of an object. To do so would be quite contrary to the thing he is most trying to avoid, the progression of direct communication. He picks out or crystallises out into certain moulds. Most of us, then, never see things as they are, but see only the stock types which are embodied in language.

This enables one to give a first rough definition of the artist. It is not sufficient to say that an artist is a person who is able to convey over the actual things he sees or the emotions he feels. It is necessary beforehand that he should be a person who is able to emancipate himself from the moulds which language and ordinary perception force on him and be able to see things freshly as they really are.

Though one may have some difficulty at first sight in seeing that one only perceives one's own emotions in stock types, yet the thing is much more easy to observe in the actual perception of external things with which you are concerned in painting.

28. Poetry. I exaggerate the place of imagery simply because I want to use it as an illustration.

In this case something is physically presented, the important thing is, of course, not the fact of the visual representation, but the communication over of the actual contact with reality.

It is because he realises the inadequacy of the usual that he is obliged to invent.

The gradual conclusion of the whole matter (and only as a conclusion) is that language puts things in a stereotyped form.

This is not the only kind of effect produced on one by verse but it is (if one extends the same quality to the other aspects of verse I have left out the one essentially aesthetic emotion produces on one) that poetry may attach more importance to the other things, but this is the quality the poets recognise among each other. If one wants to fix it down then one can describe it as a "kind of instinctive feeling which is conveyed over to one, that the poet is describing something which is actually present to him, which he realises visually at first hand."

Is there anything corresponding to this in Painting?

29. The essential element in the pleasure given us by a work of art lies in the feeling given us by this rare accomplishment of direct communication. Mr. Berenson in his book on the Florentine painters expresses in a different vocabulary what is essentially the same feeling. The part of the book I am thinking of is that where he explains the superiority of Giotto to Duccio. He pick out the essential quality of a painting as its life-communicating quality, as rendered by form and movement.

In the figure arts gives us pleasure because it has extracted and presented to us the structural significance of objects more completely than we (unless we be also great artists) could have grasped them by ourselves. By emphasis the artist gives us his intimate realisation of an object. In ordinary life I realise a given object, say with the given intensity two. An artist realises this with the intensity four and by his manner of emphasising it makes me realise it
with the same intensity. This exhilarates me by communicating a sense of increased capacity. In that sense it may be said to be life-communicating. This emphasis can be conveyed in various ways: by form as in Giotto, and by movement expressed in line, as in Botticelli. This is exactly what Bergson is getting at. But instead of saying that an artist makes you realise with intensity four what you previously realised with intensity two, he would say that he makes you realise something which you actually did not perceive before. When you come to the detailed application of this to art, you find that they are both different ways of saying the same thing. They both agree in picking out this life-communicating quality as the essentially aesthetic one. And they both give the same analysis of the feat accomplished by the artist. The advantage of Bergson’s account of the matter is that the expressions he uses are part of a definite conception of reality and not mere metaphors invented specially for the purpose of describing art. More than that it is possible to explain why it is that the ordinary man does not perceive things at all vividly and can only be made to do so by the artist. Both these things are of very little advantage to anyone who wants to place art definitely in relation to other human activities.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The Playwrights’ Theatre has not, so far, discovered a dramatist; but its triple bill produced at the Kingsway Theatre on April 2 contained two trifles that were amusing, and might be worth reproduction in the commercial theatres. Miss Dorothy Massingham showed, on a previous occasion, a gift for writing amusing dialogue; and “Washed Ashore” certainly gave the actors the opportunity to be very funny. But she has to go a long way, and contrive a catastrophe, to make the opportunity for a little playful satire of our woman-ridden civilisation; she has to go to the South Seas, and wreck a liner, to enable an M.P. (I think) to see Mr. Leslie Banks with only one leg to his intention of populating what he believes to be a desert island with the progeny of the author of “The Cosmic Evolution of Women”; and perhaps if the experiment had been tried the human race would have become even more interesting biologically than it is by the addition of a group or species of mutants. Unfortunately, the lady’s preference for sterility was reinforced by the contingency of civilisation; the island was by no means a desert island, but was a holiday resort of rich Americans, and was fertile in everything but babies. The Revolt of the Male (if an M.P. is a male) was shortlived, and did not go beyond an introductory speech; and he was led back to the hotel chastened by the reflection that he would have to expiate for the rest of a civilised life the crime of having confessed his dissatisfaction with it. Miss Massingham compasses sea and land, and ruins one of the marvels of mechanical genius, only to demonstrate that modern man cannot escape from marriage; and that the attempt to alter the present relations of the sexes only provides an intellectual woman with one more topic for henpecking. Falstaff had “a kind of alacrity in sinking”; but not all the waters of the ocean can drown a feminist, and she snatches from the jaws of Death itself new arguments of man’s inhumanity to woman.

The trifle was delightfully played by Mr. Leslie Banks as the husband, Miss Margaret Carter as the wife, Miss Margaret Yarde and Mr. Ivor Barnard as a couple who had “gone native” within three miles of the hotels, without sacrificing any of the comforts of civilisation.

Beatrice Mayor was the author of the other two items, which were in singular contrast in subject and treatment. “The Girl and the City” was just drivel, utter, abject drivel, drivel without the ghost of an excuse for its banality. It was cast in soliloquy form; a young girl who thinks that she can sing apparently takes lodgings in a shop, and hangs on a notice inviting people to come to hear her sing. No one comes; so she dreams of her wonderful success as a singer, and apparently goes home again by the morning train. For four scenes Miss Betty Potter struggled valiantly to maintain our interest in the time of day, in the fact that people walked along the streets, that one can be utterly alone in a city, that even other tenants of a house are not interested, and so forth; and at the end people were nearly in hysterics with suppressed laughter at the sentimental foolishness of the whole. There are excuses for writing such a thing: the cleverest young women have silly half-hours; but there is no excuse for attempting to produce a thing that only makes the actress playing it behave like an idiot.

“The Thirty Minutes in a Street” has a cast of twenty-one people, and would make an amusing interlude in a revue. It was also written by Beatrice Mayor, and it is a complete contrast to the preceding thing. It does not begin to be a play; it is just an excuse for bringing on a number of characters, giving them a few lines of usually happily conceived character and providing a few incidents of farcical character. We are shown a street in which a half-blind man is trying to deliver a letter, and accosts without success every passer-by to help him to discover the number. There is also an actor dressed as a baboon, who wants a taxi to take him to the theatre to play in “Popoff” and he is equally unsuccessful in his accosting of the passers. At the end the letter is not delivered, nor has the baboon obtained his taxi; but we have seen Miss Margaret Yarde, as a rich lady, having hysterics at the sight of the baboon. Mr. William Armstrong as a curate distributing bills, a couple of charwomen discussing morals and medicines, a wife and her rival exchanging compliments, a child on a scooter, a professor and a student (very dreary, this), two inane shop-girls, an old lady incommoded by a falling petticoat which she tries to discard while carrying on a conversation with a gentleman. Miss Sybil Thorndike made this scene the hit of the evening—but it was well acted altogether. Whether it was worth acting is another matter; it certainly revealed a gift of observation and the power of suggesting a character in a few lines, but its lack of construction (for it is really no more than a string of anecdotes) puts it outside drama altogether.

That is the disquieting feature of these performances of the Playwrights’ Theatre. Hundreds of plays are written every year, and we must presume that those selected for production are the most likely to be suitable for the professional theatre. Yet the only things so far produced that can be recommended to the notice of managers are Miss Dorothy Massingham’s curtain-raiser, and an interlude in a revue. When we see the stuff that is being produced it is obvious enough that there is plenty of scope for new writers who have something to say, and some skill in saying it; and we look to such organisations as the Playwrights’ Theatre to find them. I shall not wait very much longer for a new dramatist; in sheer despair I shall take to writing my own plays, and never enter a theatre again if the rising generation does not do its duty to the stage.
Art Notes.

NOTES FROM A STUDIO.

The magic principle that similar causes produce similar effects is still held as a basis for art. But since the time that art has stopped being local matter this principle cannot be valid. We humans are more widely differentiated than ever before and this fact makes it more probable that similar causes do not produce similar effects. Where the effects are similar they are so variegated that it is impossible to generalise about them.

The attempt of the youngest generation of French, German, Russian and Italian painters and critics to plunge into mysticism and find there support for their theories is a step taken in despair. It is stimulated simply by the fight for self-preservation, and by the desire to come to the surface. Mysticism is a peculiar state of mind which it is not easy to get into at will or without special gifts and it is so elusive that it cannot provide us with any more intelligible point of view than we have already. Moreover it would be necessary to bring into the same state of mind a large mass of people in order to make the scheme work. Unfortunately, the days of conversion have gone by. The mistake most commonly made is that mysticism is confused with mystification. Whereas the desire of mysticism is to grasp the relations of units to the whole clearly.

Industrial development certainly has a great influence on our life and through it on our art. That does not mean—as a considerable group of artists and critics believe—that our plastic works of art must have the appearance of engines. Every work of art is an engine in its own way, but its mechanism is by no means so discernible than that of a good motor car in its finished state when looked at from outside. A work of art should perform its function as efficiently as an engine does; that is, its construction should arise from necessity and should show the greatest economy. But then that always was so although the rule of economy was not always kept.

There are no beautiful or ugly works of art. "Feeling," "beauty," "aesthetic emotion," "significance," are so elastic that they mean nothing. All these sensations are entirely personal and for everybody they mean something different. They are nothing but personal reactions which depend on innumerable other causes besides the work of art. These reactions can serve as an excellent subject for literature, an essay and poem, but they cannot be taken as a basis for art criticism.

Art criticism is not journalism. It is nearer to science than to any other form of human thought and expression. The aim should be to measure a work of art and not to amuse the public. It is journalism only in the sense that it is often printed in newspapers.

Esthetics have nothing to do with contemporary art. It is always busy with the established and has no connection with the present nor bearing on the future. While aesthetics work backwards art works forward. Aestheticians cannot give us a unit of measure for criticism of the plastic arts.

There is no authority in art. Even Leonardo knew that "those who rely on authority use their memory instead of their reason." To recognise authority in art means to stop its progress. To stop its progress means to petrify it. The result of authority in art is academism and half-a-dozen modern movements.

Every school in art consists of one artist and I do not know how many monkeys and parrots equally divided into two groups: painters and art critics. The clever man in the affair is an efficient art dealer. The public pays for all this.

There is a possibility of finding a unit of measure for the plastic art. Until it is found those concerned with art criticism should be prevented from thinking in words and forced first to learn something about art. "Lyric," "tragic touch," and similar expressions cannot be applied to the plastic arts. In fact there is no possibility of an analogy between the plastic arts and literature. The only possible analogy is mathematics, geometry in particular. If there is an emotion produced by the plastic arts it is essentially different from those produced by other mediums.

For the primitives it seems that the unit of measure for a work of art was either its magic efficiency or its pictographic meaning. In Assyria, Egypt, Greece and the Mediaeval Ages the unit of measure consisted of the three following elements: ethics, utility, and craftsmanship.

A picture can be a good one without being a work of art, just as a painter can be a good painter without being an artist. An artist cannot be without his being also a good painter.

Art is entirely abstract and should be measured not by comparison with nature or other arts but by its own standards. It is our forefathers and fathers who left us in the present horrible mess and unfortunately the latter are still trying to steer the boat.

The plastic arts are arts in space and therefore without interference of time. Architecture and sculpture because of their use and material possess dimensions. Painting has no dimensions. It cannot have any more dimensions than a conception. It has predominance over literature because it is materialised in a conception of space while literature is realised—like music—in time. It is the canvas that has dimensions, but not painting. √—2 cannot have any dimensions. In painting only the directions of the different forces are marked.

A work of art is nothing else but a proportionate arrangement of different values. It is very similar to any problem embraced by analytic geometry. To make a work of art means (essentially) to find the proper place of all the elements in relation to a given centre in order to get the desired result. It is analogous to finding the position of all the points at an equal distance from a given centre. The difference is that in geometry that case always results in a circle while in art essentially it is a circle but it can be the appearance of any form or combination of forms. It is a circle in the sense that a self-contained work of art is continuous within its frame and in that case can be imagined as a circle or variants thereof. "That's right; everything is number," Pythagoras would say.

There is only one principle in art: perfect concord between the conception and the execution. This principle can be subdivided, for the sake of analysis, into three: conception, execution and concord between them.

On conception depends the originality and importance of work of art. Commonplace conception with most elaborate execution makes a commonplace work of art.

Execution shows the mental power of artist. Execution is the logic of a work of art. It is the right rearrangement of known factors of an arithmetical progression in order to define unknown ones belonging to the same progression. Every new conception is a new problem, therefore two differently conceived works of art cannot have the same way of execution.

Concord between conception and execution is the absolute solution of a problem. It proves the genuineness of the artist and makes a work of art necessary.

R. A. Stephens.
WAR AND WEALTH.
If authors knew with what misgivings reviewers read such a title as this,* they might be willing to forgo a little emphasis for the sake of the livelier interest that a more reasonable title could evoke. For the reviewer who, like myself, has had to wade through innumerable treatises on the subject, who knows that the proposed "solutions" are as many and various as the stated "problems," is not disposed to admit that this method of approach is valid. If war were a problem, it might be solved; if it were an idea, it might be refuted; but it is a destructive activity to which most, at least, of civilized human beings are at some time exposed, and for which some civilized human beings have a natural propensity trained, perfected, and organised. Every attempt to prove that only man goes to war is beside the mark; for it is impossible. Cromwell put forward argument after argument, and was refuted; but his final argument: "I must breathe a vein in the neck of Charles," cannot be answered. Argument itself is only a "sublimation" of the lighting instinct, which has converted the first resort of men who differ into the last resort; indeed, in political affairs, the threat of war is one of the arguments that may be used. To demonstrate the calamitous effects of war, then, is beside the mark; for it is precisely for its calamitous effects that it is threatened and waged. It is an attempt, as the phrase goes, to bring disputants to reason; and certainly, as the Treaty of Versailles shows, agreements may be reached after a war that were not possible before it. War is simply an extension of policy; and even if the policy of nations were limited by the considerations put forward by Mr. Grant and others, unless that policy met with general agreement a nation would either have to go to war or forgo its policy. It is not easy for a nation to forgo a policy; for the policies that lead to war are usually the expressions of national energy seeking an outlet, behind the political expression usually lies the economic cause, and energy will not be frustrated.

Mr. Grant does not seem to consider war as an extension of State policy. He covers an extraordinary amount of ground, shows a good deal of varied knowledge that he does not co-ordinate, and does not enable me, at least, to regard as relevant. It is very interesting, for example, to discover that "crystals cannot multiply so as to outrun subsistence," but the fact is not the most obvious or convincing refutation of the Malthusian law of population. I have made it clear on other occasions that I do not accept the Malthusian law; but we need something more relative than this to show its invalidity. But Mr. Grant wastes a lot of time and space on "The Biological Aspect" without ever coming to grips with war as an act of State policy.

But Mr. Grant apparently does believe in the economic cause of war; although it is impossible for me to see in what way his particular theory works in practice. We may grant that, according to English law, no subject can own land; and we may further grant, if we like, that the economic rent of land should therefore be the revenue of the State. It is easier to grant this because the Fabian Essays, published a generation ago, argued that Socialism meant the socialisation of rent. But Mr. Grant nowhere demonstrates in what way the private monopoly of land in this country precipitated the European war; and therefore it is impossible to see how the socialisation of rent would prevent the next war. All that he has to say about profiteering, and usury, and taxation, and so forth, is quite well said; but it is very familiar, and does not help us towards a solution of the problem of war.

Mr. Grant, if I understand him rightly, proposes a single tax on land values as the solution of the problem of war—but without showing either its relevance to the problem or even suggesting a scheme or defining its terms. He sings a panegyric of the millennium that will be inaugurated when no one is taxed according to his ability to pay, but the revenue of the State is limited to the economic rent of the land. It is argued on the authority of the classical economists that a tax on rent is the only tax that cannot be passed on; but as the classical economists have never been able to convince anybody of this, as everybody believes that the rent of land is an arbitrary, and not a specific quantity, as everybody knows that only the economic man pays economic rent while the ordinary human being pays monopoly rent, Mr. Grant’s assurance that the landlord must pay the single tax is not convincing.

But even if it be so, this is a barren world; and the landlord may well ask why he alone, of all classes, should be singled out for taxation. One grants that he does nothing for his money; but the underwriter of shares, the shareholder in a limited liability company, does no more. It is worth while looking a little more closely at the facts than Mr. Grant does; and in the first instalment of the minutes of evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Income Tax I find some figures. I find that the net produce of the Income Tax for 1918-19 under Schedule A—i.e., Income Tax on "Profits from the Ownership of Lands, Houses, etc."—amounted to 15.8 per cent. of the total; under Schedule B, "Profits from the Occupation of Lands," amounted to 2.0 per cent., a total of 17.17 per cent. The "Profits from Businesses, Concerns, Professions, Employments, etc.," for the same year amounted to 62.3 per cent., or, including the amount extracted from weekly wage-earners, 64.9. Apparently Mr. Grant’s argument is that if the State limits its taxation to the economic rent of land there will be so much more money for everybody in the country—although the fact that the weekly wage-earners only contributed 2.6 per cent. of the Income Tax suggests very strongly that there is a problem of the distribution of wealth that is not solved by Mr. Grant’s limitation of the basis of taxation. Without some reconsideration of the functions of the State, which Mr. Grant does not make, it is impossible to believe that the State will voluntarily limit its power of taxation; it is equally impossible for me to understand why, if it did so, the nation as a whole would benefit, and also impossible for me to understand in what way his proposal would prevent war. For a State promptly levies new taxation when it goes to war, and therefore no restriction of its basis of ordinary taxation would prevent war.

A. E. R.

THE ELVES AND THE COBBLER.
There once was a cobbler, you’ll find him in Grimm Who worked hard but never grew rich, Till the dwarfs came at night and made him his shoes, Then he prospered and scarce did a stitch.

There still lives a cobbler, who seeks to work hard To earn clothes and something to eat; But the good fairy atoms now make all the shoes, So the cobbler has none to his feet! 

* "The Problem of War and its Solution." By John E. Grant. (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
Reviews.

Monday or Tuesday. By Virginia Woolf. With Woodcuts by Vanessa Bell. (The Hogarth Press. 4s. 6d. net.)

Bertrand Russell has said that "mathematics may be defined as the subject in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we are saying is true." Mrs. Woolf, in these sketches, comes to see that mistaken literature for mathematics. She writes a whole sketch, "The Mark on the Wall," because she does not know what she is talking about, nor whether it is true. "The Mark on the Wall" was a snail; but as she refused to examine it, she concocted a whole history of the house and its occupants, switched on to a description of antiquaries, drifted somehow or other to "Whitaker's Table of Precedency," and from thinking of a chest of drawers jumped into a description of landscape, and of details of some of the objects in it. All that she wished to tell us was that, speculating on the mark on the wall, she fell asleep. Sometimes, as in "Monday or Tuesday," she tries to do in words what can only be done in music or painting; on the other hand, when she writes about "The String Quartet," she translates music into the terms of life. A miserable woman in a train inspires her to concoct "An Unwritten Novel"—but none of Mrs. Woolf's work can be called written. She tumbles out words and ideas in the hope that they will convey some impression other than that Mrs. Woolf has a disordered mind, and does not know how to write. She rushes drivel, as in "A Society," with the certainty that it is wisdom; and her idea of honour is unmistakably feminine. Of the quality of her "art" of word-painting, judge by this paragraph from "Monday or Tuesday." "Desiring truth, awaiting it, laboriously distilling a few words for ever desiring—a cry starts to the left, another to the right. Wheels strike divergently. Omnibuses conglomerate in conflict—for ever desiring—the clock asserates with twelve distinct strokes that it is mid-day; light sheds gold scales; children swarm)—for ever desiring truth. Red is the dome; coins hang on the trees; smoke trails from the chimneys; bark, shout, cry 'Iron for sale'—and truth?" Ay! Truth? Mrs. Woolf, like the mathematician, does not know whether what she is saying is true; neither do we, nor do we care. In her own style, we retort: "Lobatchesky! Guru! Miaow!!!"

Mutualism: A Synthesis. By Arthur Travers-Borgstroem. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Travers-Borgstroem has given serious consideration to the credit business which he recognises as the vital spot in our industrial system. It is therefore not surprising that he has made some discoveries. One is that "our pacifists have no chance so long as they only keep up a general wail against militarism, ignoring the gist of the matter: industrial over-production, with its consequent scandalous international scramble." The author condemns "the obsession that exports, and exports only, make the life of the nation," and believes it "possible for any given country ... to become the self-supporting producer and consumer of its own industrial and agricultural produce." What is needed is to impress "into the service of the community that great modern power, Finance .... making of it the lever wherewith to turn the world right side up again." So Mr. Travers is on the right track. But when he comes to practical proposals, he turns aside to follow the seemingly broad and easy path of nationalisation. His suggestion—merely given in outline, the formulation of a scheme being left to the competitors for an international essay prize—is that Banking and Insurance should be a monopoly of the State. Mr. Travers-Borgstroem knows that "banks and insurance companies have been so busy organising, centralising and monopolising themselves that the State has really only to step in with a smile and a thanks, and no one the wiser." Does he imagine that the controllers of these vast organisations do not now hold States in the hollow of their hand, or that they would allow the nationalisation of finance except as a means of consolidating their own power? "I would not mind doing it myself," was the banker's reply to the author's suggestion of nationalisation carried out by edict of the Chinese Emperor, "if they made me the boss of the bank of China!" Our magnates do not mind in whose name the credit business is carried on so long as they have the running of it. If the nationalisation of finance really meant withdrawing power from their hands, nothing less than a revolution could bring it about. If the power remained where it is, the use of State machinery would only mean more effective centralisation. And centralisation, rather than private ownership, is the root of the evil.

Marriage and Motherhood. By Alice, Lady Lovat. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 6s. net.)

We should have thought that Dr. Marie Stopes had left nothing to be said on this subject, but perhaps her works, as well as the many other works written for the ordinary person, are on the Index for all good Catholics. This book is addressed to a Catholic public, and contains an intolerable deal of exhortation to go to Mass to remarkably little instruction concerning motherhood. Lady Lovat's counsel may be summed up in a few words: "Call a doctor and obey his instructions." For the rest, go to Mass regularly; if the lady cannot go to Mass she should read the service to herself; have the child baptised as soon as possible, read the Lives of the Saints, and generally commend herself to the Catholic God by her faithful performance of the duties of a worshipper as defined by the Catholic Church. We suppose that the book has the main purpose of edification, as the Archbishop of Westminster has written a preface asking God's blessing on it; certainly, unless some supernatural favour is bestowed upon it, we cannot imagine its thriving in competition with the other more efficient handbooks now before the public.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A STANDARD OF VALUE

Sir,—The more advanced among our orthodox financial friends are showing such remarkable unanimity in the proposal to stabilise value to a Standard by means of alternate inflation and deflation, that a few remarks on the origins of this proposal may not be out of place. At the same time I will point out what it is doomed to failure in practice, and why, even if it succeeded, it would still be a failure since it would only serve to perpetuate injustice.

APRIL 13, 1922

THE NEW AGE

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A very fair example of the arguments in favour of the proposal will be found in the March "Fortnightly Review," where Sir John Miller deals with the subject at some length. And now even your Rip Van Winkle contemporary, the "New Statesman," is waking up to the fact that there is a proposition in existence called The Tabular Standard of Value.

This idea was first mooted by Joseph Lowe in 1824, just one hundred years ago. (But what are one hundred, or a thousand, years in the sight of God and the "New Statesman"?) It was subsequently taken stabilised to such a standard by means of inflation and stabilisation are bound to lead to injustice, since the profits, and continue to borrow after the Bank Rate has usually so timid after deflation that a lowered Bank Rate is not fully operative in adjusting prices until some time the action of the check. 

Progressive; increasing pro rata with productive capacity.

It can also be shown that the borrowing public cannot be kept stable to a standard by inflation and deflation, for the simple reason that these monetary policies only take effect after the event—as I pointed out in the "Financial News" recently. During a period of rising prices merchant caterers save about profits, and continue to borrow after the Bank Rate has been raised, thus delaying the action of this "check" on inflation. The rising matter of buying (at the higher rates) to "worthy" customers, in order to tide them over the impending slump, which again delays the action of the check.

And this leads straight to the Douglas-NEW AGE AGE.

"Moonshine!" says the "New Statesman," after staring them when they first saw him. If Mr. Pickthall is a leader. It is an epithet frequently used by physically weak people against lusty and dominant men.

Mr. Pickthall's second article, "Mahatma," is, of course, in the same vein. He frankly admires Gandhi. So do I. Gandhi, amongst other things, is a mediaevalist. He believes Indians were happier in the past. Well, so do I, though I admit the belief is groundless. But I do not believe that one can restore the past or that the spinning wheel will oust machinery. Gandhi has had great success. He has great influence in India. Mr. Pickthall maintains that the false report of the burning of Europeans and the slaughter of Indians in Amritsar; in other words that he was the cause of the violence, and vice versa. I feel, because of this I quite understand the Government's action in arresting him. A non-sentimental government would have arrested him before. The rulers of Native States in India, so I am told, systematically forbade him and his lieutenants to enter their territories. In mediaval days they would, I think, have taken his life.

When Gandhi, preceded by a great reputation, arrived in Bombay from South Africa, the Indians, who crowded to meet him, were disappointed to note that he looked like a coolie. Indians, Non-Co-operators, whom I know, have told me that this was their impression that he was when they first saw him. If Mr. Pickthall is a psychologist and not merely a specialist in Oriental psychology, he will be able to connect this physical impression with what he calls the "Soul of India," but which a Nietzschean would call a different name.

If your readers wish to understand the Non-Co-Operative Movement let them read Nietzsche's "Anti-Christ" and two or three numbers of "Young India" (Gandhi's paper).