

CHRISTIANSTED THEATRE

8.30 THURSDAY EVENING 8.30

Screen Magazine

More startling chapters of the exciting serial.

"The Lion's Claw."

The episodes to be exhibited surpass all previous ones shown. A big night in store for all.

Episode 11 Chapters 21 & 22 "CAUGHT IN THE COILS"
Episode 12 Chapters 23 & 24 "THE SPIES CAVE"

Comic.

Wise Wives

ADMISSION.

ADULTS — Reserved Seats 40 cents, General Entrance 20 cents.
CHILDREN—Reserved Seats 20 cents, General Entrance 10 cents.

Bankdirector Holst Lectures on Finance.

Concluding Remarks.

And thus we have come to the end of our journey. We have passed through a Country which otherwise has proved of but slight attraction to travellers. The question is now, whether the journey has been worth the trouble? We have been sight-seeing like tourists, without settling down anywhere long enough to know and understand the rules and laws of the Country thoroughly. But yet, we have seen something.

We saw the *function* of Money primarily as a medium of exchange, as a common measure of value, as a standard of deferred payments, and as a store of wealth.

We saw the *evolution* of Money; spoke of codfish and tobacco money, of Wampum, Metal and Paper money, and of Deposit Currency; saw, how the Banks were the large factories of Credit.

We discussed the Equation of Exchange, that the level of prices will vary with the quantity of money in use. We spoke of productive and non-productive expenditure, of the Foreign Exchanges—the Gold Points—the exchange between two towns—the inflation of credit—the issue of paper money and of inconvertible. Notes whose value will depend on the price which the principal exports fetch in Gold in foreign markets, as compared with the price which they fetch in paper in the home market.

We dwelt with particular interest on the General Level of prices.

We saw how the money-currents flowed towards the large monetary centres of the world, from thence to circulate, as the blood from a large heart, out to

the remotest parts of the earth, to work there for human progress; for better or for worse.

We saw how the monetary system worked like gigantic machinery, with mighty steel-cylinders, where pistons moved up and down, according to the pressure inside; noiselessly, pitilessly, conformable to the laws of nature.

We saw how the credit influenced the pressure in the cylinders; how the credit would lift the price-piston if the bottom area of the cylinder was not increased proportionately, i. e. if the production and volume of trade was not augmented correspondingly.

We saw how the velocity of the water in the monetary river was equally important to the volume of the water; how the pressure could be regulated by the spring-coil called the rate of interest; by the gas-bag of Credit; and by the valve that is called the rate of Exchange.

We have seen how this mighty, sensitive, and highly developed machinery was harnessed before the heavy wagons of war; how it was speeded up and ran smoothly and willingly along the trails, drawing everything along. Ever greater became the speed. The engineers became serious but winning the war was the sole aim. Therefore more pressure was put on—with the help of the combustible credit-gas. Then Armistice came—but the speed did not slacken, but on the contrary. Forward it went along unknown trails; although, it was not even unknown trails. The old engineers on the engine, they knew they felt *instinctively* what was ahead. Therefore they sounded their danger-signals, time after time; whether you call these danger-signals high interest, high or low exchange, contraction of credit etc. etc. They protested every time, talk was of putting on further speed. But whenever they attempted to apply

the brake, or slow down the speed, then the passengers in the train hooted at them; those passengers who did not understand where it lead to, and who thought that everything was working just fine. And foremost among the hooters were found the uncanny figures which we call War Profiteers.

What do you really believe has created the War Profiteer?

Well, I do not see him entirely as he is commonly considered as a kind of human hyena who is prowling around everywhere looking for "money" and ready to commit anything in order to gain his point; to betray his country; to rob it of its foodstuffs and means of maintenance, thus sucking its strength, and selling it away: the interior foe who was playing hand and glove with the outside enemy, with only one object in view: personal gain.

No, I do not consider him entirely so.

In the final make-up I see in the War Profiteer the direct product and outcome of the time which went before, and created the Great War. The entire human Society was kept together and kept working by a certain kind of fear. By one great fear; the fear of becoming poor to be trodden down when one could not earn more, or not earn *enough*. Hence one had to earn while it was possible, and everything which was possible by any means, to be secure. Hence it came, that men considered each other as *competitors*.

Has the War, which killed so many men, made any change in this? Has it made it easier to live? No, assuredly not! On the contrary! But why? If there was not work enough for all of us; if there was not wealth enough for all of us; then one should think that when so many people were killed, then there would be left so much more for the others. But that is just the mistake. Every man (who deserves the name of a man) is a producer as well as a consumer. *And he produces more than he consumes*—that is how a surplus came into the world; and that is why we are all poorer now, and begin to realize it.

Somewhere in the Old Edda, the old Vola sees out of the conflagration of the old world a new world emerging:

"More fresh, more verdant than the last, with fruits

"Self-springing, and a seed of man preserved,

"Who then shall live in peace, as then in war."

Someone has meant that this was applicable to our time. But I do not consider it so. I see no sun shining over self-springing fields. I see only "sword time and wolf time" ahead; "darkness and bloodshed, brother against brother."

It seems to me that all of the old forces of society have given up,—that it is leading towards the worse of all, towards anarchy where there is no order, right,