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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. DCLXXXIII. NEW SERIES. NOVEMBER 1, 1923.

ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.¹

BY JOHN MORLEY.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of English society for a long time has been its artificial and unnatural silence. On every kind of subject men shrink from speaking the things which are clearest and most constant in their own minds. At no time has a cautious reserve sealed men's lips so fast. So far this reserve may possibly have been a useful condition of the transformation of opinion which has been in progress beneath it. A half-hypocritical silence is no worse than hasty, half-sincere, effusive speech. But silence cannot be an eternal condition of things. Men will not always continue to revere hollow and eviscerated conventions. Signs are not wanting that we are on the eve of an era of free speech. The dullest man as he walks serenely over the ashes of burnt-out ideas must now and again hear sounds as of the rush and crackle of flame beneath the thin stratum which he confounds with the solid everlasting earth. In religion the conflict of ideas is becoming too hot to be smothered up much longer. Ritualists and Rationalists, Puritans and Latitudinarians, are beginning, even the most amiable and conciliatory of them, to see that no one form of sound words can cover them all, and that they must fight the battle out without masks and with no button at the ends of their foils. In politics the Whigs are extinct, and Tories and Radicals are on the point of confronting one another in a final struggle over Redistribution, landlordism, a State Church, sectarian education, Ireland, game laws, county justice. Mr. Congreve, on the one side, says: "We aim at setting aside, or modifying into a more useful form, the aristocracy of England, with its weak adjunct which men call a monarchy." Mr. Carlyle, on the other, advises the aristocracy, which, as he thinks, is the only sound part of the nation, to turn their backs on parliaments and to prepare themselves and their peasants, "rhythmically drilled," for a civil war in due time. In another order an organisation of artisans deliberately declares that killing on behalf of the trade cause is

(1) This characteristic article by John Morley, published in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for September, 1867, is reproduced here as being of peculiar interest.

no murder, and that they would be ashamed to desert a comrade who happened to have incurred the odium of the privileged class by shooting traitors. These are one or two of the hundred symptoms—some of them, like the last, unwelcome enough—that men are taking courage, are learning to face their own views of facts, are recognising the folly of a perpetual mincing of what they believe to be truth, out of an ignoble and cowardly respect for what they believe to be a lie.

This change of temper presses more strongly than ever upon us the desirableness of making journalists responsible for what they write. If controversy is to become more sincere, more earnest, more direct, and if, therefore, there is to be more hard hitting, it is indispensable that those who take a part in it should give the strongest possible guarantee that they mean exactly what they profess to mean, neither more nor less, and that they are ready to stand by it. One may fully believe that most of the men who stand highest in the profession of journalism are men of honour and sincerity. The talk about "literary braves" is extremely unfortunate. There are literary braves no doubt, men who will, without question, execute any commission to cut and slay, or to flatter and tickle anybody whom the editor of their journal may assign to them. But they are not numerous, and everybody who knows the composition of the staff of any respectable journal in London knows very well that the articles which men of my own way of thinking dislike, or, in some cases, despise most intensely, are written by men whom to call braves in any sense whatever would be simply monstrous. Let us say as loudly as we choose, if we see good reason, that they are half-informed about some of the things which they so authoritatively discuss, that they are under strong class feeling, that they have not mastered the doctrine which they are opposing, that they have not sufficiently meditated their subjects, that they have not given themselves time to do justice even to their scanty knowledge. Journalists are too open to charges of this kind, but to think of them as a corrupt and shameless body, thirsting for the blood of better men than themselves, or ready to act as an editor's "instrument" for "money," involves a highly unjust and regrettable misconception.

* * * * *

The offences of the bravo would scarcely be much lessened by the publicity of his name; with or without his name, he is supported by some kind of public opinion or else it would not pay him to ply his trade in this peculiar manner. If public opinion endures a scurrilous article or a shameful suppression, they would not feel any ill-will or disapproval towards the writer. It is not

for the sake of this kind of journalist that we ought to desire the introduction of the practice of signing articles so much as for the men with whom we have to wage serious contest, with no monopoly of good faith on either side. They will agree, to begin with, that nobody ought to say anything in print which it would be unjust for him to say in speech. They may contend that they have a right to say things in print which from circumstances they would certainly not find it convenient or politic to say in open speech. I have heard a man defend anonymity, for example, on the ground that it enables a young writer to speak of a veteran in a manner which if spoken to the veteran in person would pass for impudence and irreverence. Clearly, if it would be impudent and irreverent in speech it would be none the less so in print. A barrister, again, may urge that if he signed his name to his articles solicitors, who are supposed to detest literary barristers, would cease to give him business. To this one can only say that it is rather hard that the journalist should have his profession demoralised because the solicitor dislikes the idea of his profession being elevated. Still, everybody will agree that no journalist ought deliberately to write a word which he would feel disgraced by owning, however unwilling he might be actually to avow it on special grounds. Granting this much, in what way would signing his name affect what he wrote? In what way would it contribute to the improvement of journalism and the diffusion of sound views? Surely in the same way in which the exaction of personal responsibility operates in other fields of activity. First, the knowledge that his reputation was involved would stimulate him to take as much pains as he possibly could to write with cogency and effect. Then, apart from popularity and reputation, the consciousness of individual responsibility adds dignity and strength to a writer as it does to anybody else. A man may write anonymously with as much brilliance and mere cleverness as if he were to sign his name, but the chances are very much against his writing with as much fervour and force in grave subjects. The sense that he personally, and not with an editor or an impersonal journal for buffer, is in contact with his readers steadies a man wonderfully. Among other things, it makes him—odd as this may seem—far less ready to stoop to irrelevant personalities in discussion, because he is conscious that personalities may be in this case retorted or their unbecomingness detected, whereas retort is impossible or futile against a journal. The knowledge that he has no mystic editorial ægis impresses him with the necessity of self-control. Again, the growth of free outspokenness would be promoted, inasmuch as a man with the fear of his friends and acquaintances before his

eyes would barely like to perpetrate those small compliances with conventions, those too sage economies of truth, into which in weaker hours he may be seduced when he knows that their discrepancy with his avowed opinions is not likely to be discovered. The disuse of anonymity would protect the journalist against his own incidental weakness and complaisance, and that he should need this protection is not any more disgraceful to him than it is to the barrister that he should need an unwritten but a stringent law against the sordid practice of hugging. As we are approaching a time when a good many questions which have hitherto been allowed to slumber will assuredly be opened, it is in the highest degree desirable that everybody with an influence—and even the most insignificant of journalists is not without it—should have every possible difficulty thrown in the way of this weak pliancy. The more obscure the journalist the more reason why he should be known. In the case of the chief writers on the *Saturday Review*, for example, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or the *Spectator*, or the *Economist*, there is practically no anonymity. The general public may not know who are their instructors, but each of these writers has a circle of friends who know perfectly well what he writes, and to whose opinion therefore he is virtually responsible. It is, for one thing, because they are thus in fact not anonymous that their general tone is so respectable. But there is a mass of journalism written by one knows not whom, men who are only amenable to a very low public opinion in the people who know what they write, and yet who speak to, and from their position are able in some manner to lead, a public opinion of a far greater moment than that of their own circle. These are the truly mischievous persons, whom the compulsory disuse of anonymity would reduce to a more just level, or else, by stimulating them to more conscientious effort, would make more fit for the level which they already occupy.

One writer, in criticising Mr. Congreve's pamphlet, has taken up the ground that it is our business to answer a journalist's arguments, and not to insist on knowing who he is or on pointing him out to other people as the scurrilous author of an article from which we differ. If all journalism consisted of controversies, in which A might have his say one day and the editorial B might answer the next, this position might be satisfactory. It only requires a moment's thought to see that this is not an adequate account of journalism. Among other things, not every journal—certainly not the most important of all—will admit a single word on behalf of the other side. But controversy is the exception. As a rule, the writer of leading articles is in the position of an oracle or a parson in the pulpit. People do not

sit down to read what he has written in a critical attitude. They will quite willingly take all he says for gospel. Let us never forget that the exertion of mental activity upon public transactions, still more upon questions involving some powers of abstract thought, is thoroughly exceptional. A fallacy must be very staring indeed to strike the mind of the average reader of newspapers if we consider the hasty way in which newspapers are read. Therefore what we have to contend with in a journalist is not merely his arguments, which we might answer, but his arguments and his position as oracle as well. One might easily deal with the orator in private controversy, but the orator and his tub together are impregnable. The assailants of anonymity want the teacher to leave his tub, to come down to the ordinary level of mortals, and to teach and fight on fair ground. They say: "Your arguments we can reply to, but after the arguments are disposed of the majority will still believe that your leading article was not without a certain divinity; we want the public to know your name and address, in order to dispel this worship and to persuade them that you are a mere mortal, with no more title to have everything your own way than other mortals." One journalist, indeed, has said that there is some kind of divinity, or I know not what, developed in you if you belong to a staff of a paper. The paper generates a spirit of its own, which enters into you when you take up your pen to write for it. If you are writing for one journal you will find yourself brilliant and bitter; if for another, your soul will be seized with pomposity and dullness; if for a third, over your spirit there steals either a fine fanciful subtlety or else a pert and delicious self-confidence. This is partially true. The consciousness of association has a very strong and perceptible influence upon the mind of the writer. But then, this has nothing to do with the purely professional question of the desirableness of having journals written by small bands of men. But if you have the band of men, associative and journalistic co-operation will have just the same influence upon their habits of thought or fashions of expression whether each of them signs his own contribution or not. So far, therefore, as this modifying effect of co-operation is good, so far as it is the means of giving concentration and a practical shape to the thoughts of a number of men, the abandonment of the screen would introduce no difference. But is there no part of this influence which is more objectionable? Has it not an evil side as well as a good side? May not the tone and spirit of a journal, originally the creation of the contributors to it, soon assume the mien and size and power of something outside of and superior to themselves, something to which they feel constrained to bend?

I believe most journalists would admit this to be the case. Here, then, we are in the presence of a source of very palpable mischief, because such a sentiment is a thoroughly irrational and misleading superstition. Men who are under its influence, instead of thinking out questions independently and exercising their own judgment, habitually find themselves consulting this demi-god of an abstraction, considering what It would dictate, reflecting in modes, almost in phrases, that they might suppose the demi-god using. Writers are not deliberately dishonest who thus give the world, instead of the products of independent judgment, the supposed thoughts of a shadowy abstraction. It is the anonymous system which teaches the journalist to look upon himself as nothing and his Journal as everything.

That there is this or that drawback to the disuse of anonymity, from a professional point of view, we cannot fairly deny. But they all sink into insignificance compared with the gigantic objection against the present system—that it entrusts the most important of social influences at this moment to what is, as far as the public is concerned, a secret society. The immeasurably momentous task of forming national opinion is entrusted to men who are, as a body, wholly irresponsible. Secrecy, whether partial or entire, demoralises. People assail the project of the ballot by insisting that if a citizen is performing a public function he ought to perform it publicly, without any screen from the eyes of neighbours who are interested in knowing how he performs it. Yet the same people vow that a journalist—and a strong journalist wields a thousand times as much social power, for good or evil, as the most conscientious voter in any borough or county in Great Britain—cannot and ought not to perform *his* function except in as much secrecy as he can secure. For him it is an imperative necessity that he should work behind a screen. Theoretically such a position is absolutely untenable, and the present anonymous system is far from working so well practically as to justify the continued neglect of a sound and unmistakable principle.

MORLEY THE HUMANIST.

By H. W. MASSINGHAM.

MANY thousands of Englishmen must feel that with the passing of John Morley's noble, useful, and benignant career something distinct and memorable in their national life came to an end also. Morley was the last of the great, the true, Liberals. With him there retires from the eye of history, and in effect, if not in name, from politics, the Liberalism that men knew as a definite thing, a scheme of thought different from Conservatism or Socialism, but with a meaning and principles of its own; a temper and habit of mind peculiar to the great thinkers and moralists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and a conception of government consonant with much peace and happiness for mankind. In another and a wider sense his death comes as a symbol and a reminder. Morley was a child and a star of European culture, and he lived to see the Europe that he had known as a home of co-operative thought and energy, peopled with kindred minds, sink to a scene of contention and decay. On the day which opened the history of this new Europe and decreed its ruin Morley left politics for ever. He retired to his books and his friends, speaking little and with reserve about the War, but with a firm conviction of its irreparable power for mischief. The world had yielded him all that he asked of it, more, perhaps, than had been entirely good for him. But it had gone mad, and the place for an aged philosopher was by his own fireside.

The sun which has thus gone to a quiet setting enjoyed a long day, and men born into our age are unaware of its bright dawn and meridian splendour. Morley was an eminently charming and lovable man, and his experience of mere living in the joy of great friendship was wonderful. It was his fortune to win the love and spiritual heirship of John Mill; to count Hugo and Mazzini, and in lesser degree Taine and Renan, as his friends; to have Gladstone as his master and Chamberlain as his pupil; and to receive such men as Spencer and Leslie Stephen, Arnold and Meredith, as intimates of his household of faith. And in himself he was a great power. It is hard for this generation to comprehend the devotional relationship which Morley established with the young manhood of the 'sixties and 'seventies. It reached all sorts and conditions of men, whose faith neither began nor ended with his own. "In my life history," writes a canon of the Anglican Church to me,

"Morley has meant so much that I cannot weigh him and his work in just balance. I owe him too much. His *Compromise* marked an epoch in my mental and moral development, and in many ways he seemed to me more Christian than the average Christian." In the story of the release of young energies for the life of the soul no Fatherhood of the Church ever possessed a tenth portion of the explosive power of the great sceptics. And Morley was such a *pétroleur*. Observers of his age, catching him on the rebound, were apt to think him all caution and mental qualifications. That was a Morley, but not the Morley. The moral enthusiast in him did not die with the writing of *Compromise*. It lighted his long research into the emancipating and humanising work of the eighteenth century. It constituted him, even more than Arnold, the apostle of culture, the exponent in the stronghold of Philistine England of the ennobling and softening mission of letters, and of the value of the philosophic mind. Above all, it made and left him a democrat. While many a *grand lutteur* in the battles of his youth—Taine, Renan, Leslie Stephen—ended in disillusionment about the democratic process, or sank into downright misanthropy, Morley's finer insight enabled him to win through with his belief in the government of the people by itself substantially unshattered. He did not reach this end by rule-of-thumb processes, or by the barren logic of the *ergoteur*. His ground was instinctive and human. "The claims of the multitude," he says in his *Burke*, "are sovereign and paramount just because it is the multitude."

Still less was Morley's way that of the idealist-metaphysician. Just as he poured scornful or indignant rhetoric on Rousseau's passionate exaltations of soul and fatal instabilities of character, so, to the end of his days, he remained stone-cold to Rousseauism and its doctrine of "inherent rights." ¹ In an imperfect world "the criterion of general happiness," pursued through the modest formulas of Liberalism, seemed good enough. Acton, in a passage which Morley quotes with no affectation of assent, says of him that his policy rested purely on the "higher expediency," and that as for him there were no rights of God, so there could be none of man. Our great rationalist need not have quarrelled over the definition, for even in *Compromise* he advanced no higher claim. All he demanded was victory for the "whole ultimate and completed expediency" over the "narrow immediate and personal expediency." Under the utilitarian banner, therefore, he marched to the end, always willing to

(1) "Would it not have been better for the world," he said to a friend, shortly before his death, "if Rousseau had never been born?"

barter for one Mill, or even one Voltaire, a college-full of Hegelians, new or old, taking roundabout ways to the devil.

Morley's intellectual life thus presents itself in a consistent, almost an unvarying pattern, through which ran the connecting strands of Rationalism, practical Utilitarianism, and reforming, pacifist Liberalism. From them he wove the finished piece, for they gave him all he asked for—respect for the individual, the submission of authority to human conscience and judgment, mercy and humanity in law, safety and a measure of content through the representative system, victory in the fight of culture against militarism, its enemy and the thief of all its treasure.

In tracing for Liberalism a broad track from Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, through the French Revolution and up to the humanities of Mill and Spencer, Morley did indeed prescribe the limits of its career. But he also yielded it a fairly wide field of speculative thought, together with an opportunity for enriching the lives of the commonalty, though not of changing their status. Then Socialism came in, and Morley drew the line at supporting an Eight Hours Bill for miners. Was his refusal necessary? For a moderate application of Socialism he had the later Mill to draw upon, and in his *Life of Cobden* he had summarised the case against the Manchester School in an epitome of Mill's argument in favour of a Nine Hours Bill. On the line of principle he had gone a little further. "Unfettered individual competition," he said, "is not a principle to which the regulation of industry can be entrusted." Was it not the business of the humanitarian thinker to open the road from Manchester Liberalism to the social Liberalism of the 'nineties? Morley had a great opportunity. He possessed the ear of the capitalists and of the workmen, and the Nonconformists, divining the soul of the Puritan in much of his thought and writing, and won by his noble oratory, adored him. But there were faults of temper, joined to a real deficiency of social outlook. Laveleye thought that Morley did not know that the social question existed. Certainly on the occasions when he was moved to consider the condition of England his gaze was a little vague and preoccupied. So, with the head prize of Liberalism in his grasp, he hesitated, and finally let it go in order to remain a Liberal *pur sang*. The gesture makes Morley's figure in history look more finished and statuesque than ever. But it lost him the Liberal leadership.

Was he original? It is as hard to be original when your mind is saturated, as his was, with knowledge of all the best things that have been thought and said as it is to be energetic when your study of the blunders of mankind has affected you

with a sad lucidity of soul about the people who committed them. Undeniably Morley had the gift of discipleship. It is well for the world that some natures, possessed both of fineness and of strength, are drawn, as by a magnet, to the great and the lovable, for otherwise the history of religions, including the best religion of all, could never be written.

But when all is said of Morley's dependence on the mind of Mill and on Gladstone's masterful character, there remains to him a high place among the directing intelligences of our times. In speech and in writing he had told the Liberal politician where he came from and what he ought to do. As the only real Home Ruler among the members of Gladstone's first Home Rule Cabinet, his lieutenant in Ireland and his diplomatist—an extremely successful one—with the difficult Parnell, and his co-architect in the structure of the two Home Rule Bills, his work was secondary, but of an admirable finish and thoroughness. Morley's mind lacked fertility and quickness, but it was a model of order, and amid the minute detail of the Irish controversy it moved step by step with his chief's. Much the same comment may be made on his Indian Secretaryship. Morley owed a good deal of his scheme of reform to Gokhale, a statesman if there ever was one. The elder Morley was cautious and a little prickly of temper, and his conversion was gradual. But, once engaged in the great enterprise of opening the door to the new India, he never looked back. He was unfortunate in his Liberal critics in the House of Commons. They were a group of sincere but unhumorous idealists for Indian freedom, who came primed with extracts from *Compromise* and eager to launch them at the head of its illustrious author. Their relations would have been easier had Morley opened his heart a little wider than he did, and given them a hint of his incessant warfare with the people over the water whom he called "the excited Corporal and the angry Planter." The Planter and the Corporal were duly put in their place. But there was also Lord Minto. The Indian group did not know that in the intervals of wagging an admonitory finger at them Morley was playing the part, well suited to the comic muse, of "finishing governess" to the Viceroy of India. From this delightful series of admonitions, reflections, and studies in elementary arts of English government Eton and Harrow may still learn something that their playing-fields have left unrevealed.

But only a fanatic would deny to the man of principle a certain play in political diplomacy. The charge of spiritual faithlessness rests on different ground. The world is a place of vulgar enchantment, and there are few or no Parsifals to

escape from Klingsor's garden without a wound. And it may become a scene of mortal injury to a philosopher. Morley, coming late from the study, where ideas are made, into the political mart, where they are hanelled and spoiled, was peculiarly exposed to this trial. For all the vivid and powerful part he played in journalism and letters, and the grand scale of his friendships, his youth and earlier manhood were passed in voluntary, though by no means ascetic, exile from the conventional world. Was he warped by its flatteries, and did he take his later acceptance by it with a zest a little out of proportion to its worth? Many of his old admirers thought that he did. Certainly he compromised—a little. He liked praise and honour, and he got a good deal of them. He endorsed, if he did not approve, some acts of arbitrary power in India. In the period of his editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* he declined to come to the help of an obscure Secularist imprisoned for saying vulgar things about God. And then there was the Monarchy and the House of Lords. With the former Morley's relation was one of correct formality and no more. The latter offered, in a trying hour, a mariner's rest to a somewhat time-worn and voyage-weary pilot. But in matters of vital opinion Morley's life-record stands to confound the charge of pliability. It has not escaped notice that the *Recollections* contain an uncompromising re-statement of the Rationalist creed. They deal quite unsparingly with Mill's theory of a limited God, specially interested in Christianity. And they repel with firmness, almost with aversion, the revolt of Huxley's and Spencer's later years from the idea of personal extinction at death. There, as in the case of Mill's famous lapse into "Manichæism," Morley upheld the Agnostic flag. As a Rationalist he had lived and thought; it was not for him to re-collect the shadows of a departed dream and fall in his closing years into a dim ghostland of speculative hopes and possibilities.

There was, indeed, one critical instance of apparent failure to live up to his idea of what a Liberal Government ought to be. In his *Life of Sir William Harcourt* Mr. Gardiner lays some stress on the part he played in barring Harcourt's road to the Premiership. It was, at least, a divided share. Most of the Liberals who were for Rosebery were thinking, not of Lord Rosebery's Imperialism, but of the social question and of the unwisdom of merely continuing the Gladstonian tradition in economics. Not a Collectivist himself, Morley had gathered the younger, semi-Collectivist group, with Rosebery as its detached patron, under his wing, and had taken care that it should be fairly represented in the Cabinet of 1892. These men

were not anxious for a Harcourt Premiership. And the Cabinet was in revolt. A prolonged fit of tantrums had made the good-hearted but tempestuous Harcourt unendurable. "The fact was," writes a wise member of the Cabinet of 1892 to me, "a demon seems to have seized Harcourt. During the two years of Mr. Gladstone's last administration, by his interference in matters in which he had no right to meddle, and by his bad temper, he succeeded in making himself hated by his colleagues. . . . Strange to say he completely changed his attitude in the short Rosebery Government. . . . He became conciliatory and good-tempered." Of this band of sufferers Morley was a spokesman, to use his own phrase, "of perfect candour."¹ Candour must also admit that there was something more. Morley himself was in revolt against Kimberley's succession to the Foreign Office, concerning which he cherished an honourable hope for himself. It was defeated; yet who shall say that a half-blind, half-foreseeing instinct did not instruct him of an opportunity to write his name in letters of gold, and even to change the fate of Europe?

* * * *

In a final estimate of values Morley's achievement must rank high. He excelled in journalism and letters, in oratory and statecraft. His personality was a study of charm and grace; his life had real effectiveness. Yet who can fail to add a note of *dis-qualification*? He was an artist, self-conscious as artists are wont to be, and the attitude he liked best to see himself in was one of Promethean firmness. But things with him were rarely as simple as this. Morley was not always firm. A scholar and a thinker, he was no good hand at presenting Truth in the garb of partisan subterfuge and deceit. Scrupulous in speech is a fine quality, especially when one has command, as Morley had, of a plangent and decisive diction, and enjoys using it. But hesitancy in action is a different matter. Noble minds have been infected by it; the true captain of men never. With one critical circumstance in his life, it explains why Morley, the best of the Liberals, their only orator, and after Gladstone the one man fitted to impart dignity and moral and intellectual worth to their creed, and to preserve its priceless tradition of morality in international life, failed of the Liberal succession.

For Morley, indeed, the only Liberalism for which he cared died on August 4th, 1914. He had no use for any other. Imperialism seemed to him the brand of a fatal heresy, a corruption of the Liberal idea, as Constantine's *étatisme* was of the Christian one. Of the Asquith Cabinets he was little

(1) See *Recollections*, vol. ii., pp. 13 to 17.

more than a semi-detached member. He did not belong to the directing Imperialist group; and his concentration on India was a sign of withdrawal into minor eddies. The question of his and Lord Loreburn's full acquaintance with documents implicating us in the Franco-Russian alliance, and carrying with them a real, if not a formal, obligation to intervene in the Great War, is still in dispute. Of effective responsibility for the decision of 1914 he had none. Here and there he may have initialled what he had better not have initialled. But only a pedant or a journalist will seek in his career as a Minister for any true or serious deviation from his consistent pacifism. In that light his resignation was no episode. It was a crowning act of his philanthropic faith, the closing script of a long and glorious contention with the profound irrationality and moral madness of war.

* * * *

Morley was, as he said of Diderot, "an honest and laborious craftsman," and the perfect order of his library, and its fine selection, attested the great range and high quality of his knowledge and the exact method he applied to its arrangement in a well-stored mind. His manner was of a beautiful simplicity and courtliness, which he, who had known the great, chose to extend with much particularity to the young and the unnoted. In conversation he was more penetrating than easy or quick; of irony, in its playful and serious use, he was a master. Where speech could express polite scepticism no further, the familiar gesture of the raised eyebrow was enough. Under the discourse of Mr. Bryan (the subject was British India), I have seen it lifted so high as almost to imperil the etiquette of the dinner-table. In his tastes and aversions he was a little fastidious, a little unsuspicious of insincere courtship, a little prone to be ruffled over trifles. He was no ascetic, but of a warm human temperament, with a rational human love of enjoyment, and his material surroundings were those of a modest and temperate case.

His career in literature rises up in no single monument of classic space and grandeur. But it possesses a true unity of design, no less than a deep moral significance. It was an illustration, as all literary work of the enduring type must be, of the principles which by study and personal association the author had made part of himself, and which gave meaning and a vivid purpose to his public life—the supremacy of reason, the supersession of force in political affairs by ideas of justice and right, and the final superiority of the representative method over the forms and devices of autocratic power. All through his life

Morley was of the school of anti-Machiavel. With him, as with his admired Voltaire, "reason and humanity were but a single word." So when he was brought in late contact with Liberal Imperialism, he could only see in its "new cant of efficiency" a throwback to the "old cant of the good despot." It was but a step from this position to the governing thought of his masterpieces in literary production. Morley aimed at ennobling the sceptical tradition, and exhibiting the gain to mankind, in its release, at the hands of the great Rationalists, from bondage to formal, "absolute" religion, with its issue in a corrupt morality and an unintelligible metaphysic. But with the humanities of the Christian faith he was so little at war that he may be claimed, with Tolstoy, as of the spirit of Jesus, if not of his visible household. "Religion," he said to the workmen of Newcastle in his first candidature there, "has many dialects, many diverse complexions, but it has one true voice, the voice of human pity, of mercy, of patient justice, and to that voice your candidate has always done all he could to listen." Morley joined another Christian attribute to that of pitifulness; in spite of some superficial attitudes, and one or two minor examples of moral compliance, he was an essentially unworldly man. To the society where mean advantages are taken, and coarse standards prevail, and the life of the soul is always in peril, John Morley never belonged; and his rejection of it, in his life and in the written and spoken word, makes the best inscription on his tomb:—

And what is this smile of the world, to win which we are bidden to sacrifice our moral manhood; this frown of the world, whose terrors are more awful than the withering up of truth and the slow going out of light within the souls of us? Consider the triviality of life and conversation and purpose, in the bulk of those whose approval is held out for our prize and the mark of our high calling. Measure, if you can, the empire over them of prejudice unadulterated by a single element of rationality, and weigh, if you can, the huge burden of custom, unrelieved by a single leavening particle of fresh thought. Ponder the share which selfishness and love of ease have in the vitality and the maintenance of the opinions that we are forbidden to dispute. Then how pitiful a thing seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the conventions of the hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter sweeping us headlong through viewless space; as one hears the wail of misery that is for ever ascending to the deaf gods; as one counts the little tale of the years that separate us from eternal silence. In the light of these things, a man should surely dare to live his small span of life with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life, only caring that his days may be full of reality, and his conversation of truth-speaking and wholeness.¹

(1) *From Compromise.*

JOHN MORLEY.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

(Formerly Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.)

Two different country houses in the home district—Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's York House, Twickenham, and Lord Avebury's High Elms, Down, Kent—claim the distinction of being the first roof under which Mr. Gladstone and his future lieutenant and biographer met each other. As a fact, the two men during the earlier eighties were frequently guests beneath each roof at the same time. On the occasion and at the date now recalled Lord Morley had not begun his parliamentary course. Like other clever young men, not too well endowed, who drift into literature, he had stood for two or three constituencies, among them his native Blackburn, without success. His first real entrance upon a parliamentary running began with his futile Westminster candidature in 1880. The effort was regarded more as a tribute of intellectual and political devotion to John Stuart Mill, Westminster M.P. 1865-68, than as his final and exclusive dedication of himself to politics. This process was as gradual as the other successive stages in his development. He had, however, been steadily preparing himself for it, not only since but even during his early struggling days in any department of the London Press where he found an opening. Having educated his own pen he never relaxed his efforts to make it an agency for the instruction and improvement of others. His innate didacticism had from the first been as unfailingly active as the same quality had shown itself in any of the Arnolds or Coleridges themselves. Hence perhaps the caution given him by the first teacher of his Oxford days, Mark Pattison, of Lincoln: "I am afraid," said that pundit to his most promising pupil, "you have too much sense of a mission for a real man of letters." There was never any danger of Pattison's pupil sacrificing the actual and varied opportunities of present training to visions of future service. Mark Pattison had not become the head of Lincoln in Morley's day. His influence as tutor pervaded the place much in the same way that Jowett's personality afterwards dominated Balliol during the mastership of Scott.

The first term of Pattison's intellectual ascendancy at Lincoln included the years 1851-61, during which he shook off his early sympathies and connection with Tractarianism and lived only for the self-discipline and studies which gave him

his European position as a man of letters. The years thus occupied, and the spiritual vicissitudes brought with them, at once deepen and diversify, as well as explain, the various and often, as it seemed, mutually antagonistic forces operating on, and reflecting themselves in, the successive stages of Morley's own development. Mark Pattison's *Memoirs* (Macmillan and Co., 1885) are a study in self-portraiture, showing with equal honesty and pathos the preliminary training brought by events to the reputed original of Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch*. The most famous of Morley's Lincoln friends, but much his senior, was the Cotter Morison¹ who wrote the *Life and Times of St. Bernard*, and who was scarcely less concerned in the growth of Morley's ideas and style than Pattison himself. Pattison and Morison were both outlived by the only other Lincoln man who appreciatively influenced Morley's political as well as intellectual development. This was T. Fowler, afterwards President of Corpus, one among the shrewdest, kindest of Oxford Dons in Morley's day, who became Proctor 1862-63, Vice-Chancellor 1899-1901, and among the most serviceable leaders of Oxford Liberalism. Morley's college memories supplied him with the most varied and pleasant of his conversational topics. His interest in the place generally, and his own college in particular, was never crowded out by the pressure of political or newspaper work. Had he been an Oxford resident he could not have been more gratified than he was by the later distinctions coming to his college from its connection with William Warde Fowler, who wrote on Roman religion and on the *Æneid*, and whose word-pictures, especially on everything to do with bird life at Kingham, where he had a little house, were compressed into a volume of general charm as well as local interest not undeserving a place by Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*. And in the friendly talks of his later days Morley dwelt, not without something of grateful pathos and pride, upon the latest laurels conferred on Lincoln by its scholars, historians, and philosophers who shed lustre upon the college after Morley's time. Chief among these were Samuel Dill, the recreator of daily life in Imperial Rome; E. Robertson, afterwards perhaps better known by a different style; Andrew Clark, the editor of *Antony Wood and Aubrey*, as well as the historian of the college; Pattison's successor in the Rectorship and Morley's old Cheltenham school-fellow, W. W. Merry, the pleasantest not less than the most accomplished among the classicists of his time, shaped, if that could be said of anyone, by nature and equipped by training with all the qualifications for the office of Public Orator which he

(1) Matriculated 1850; B.A. and M.A. 1857. Died 1888.

adorned at the time when Lord Salisbury's death (1903) left the Oxford Chancellorship vacant, and the historic deputation, of which Mr. A. B. Poynton is among the surviving members, visited with all due and mysterious formalities the first Lord Goschen to secure him as Lord Salisbury's successor. To the later Lincoln names should be added those of A. J. Stewart, to-day Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Edwin Wallace, editor of Aristotle's *De Animâ*, as well as a leader and one among the founders of the modern Oxford philosophic school.

The university associations of Morley's introduction to the *Saturday Review* are mentioned on a later page. Here it may be prefaced that one among the earliest members of Douglas Cook's staff, first on the *Morning Chronicle*, then on the famous weekly growing out of it, and still flourishing, was T. C. Sandars, sometime Fellow of Oriel, an Equity Barrister a few years older than Morley, the father of Mr. Arthur Balfour's private secretary, and so far as his legal practice allowed an active figure in the better kind of journalism during his time, provincial as well as metropolitan. Among the Oxford talent enlisted for Cook by Sandars during his frequent Oxford visits was Charles Austin, eventually of *The Times*, and as *Saturday Reviewer* maker of perhaps the earliest of its successful hits in the shape of a "middle." The penny Press was then a comparative novelty. It had been founded by the *Daily Telegraph*, whose rise and influence were established far sooner than might have been expected by the exceptionally capable writers selected for it with a journalistic insight and foresight resembling an instinct by the present Lord Burnham's grandfather. This weekly, happily entitled *Jupiter Junior*, was recognised as the latest newspaper enterprise; its already named writer was a Fellow of St. John's, brother to one of Morley's Lincoln contemporaries, Wiltshire Staunton Austin, to whom Morley did many a good turn in his later days, but whom he reluctantly dropped during his *Morning Star* editorship because of the discovery forced on him that this old college friend knew little and would learn nothing. The West Indian temperament is not always so adaptable to periodical letters as in the case of G. A. Sala. Charles Austin's subsequent connection with *The Times* was for a shorter and less productive period than had been expected; nor did Morley see him for many years afterwards when the two accidentally found themselves in the same railway carriage between Paddington and Oxford.

Morley's literary, like his political, life was opened to him by his north country associations. He knew no other constituency than that of the Northumbrian capital. His earliest journalism

was on the *Literary Gazette*, under a North British editor, William Jerdan, to whose place as editor he succeeded in 1860. The paper was then approaching its last days. The good offices of another north countryman, his chief, perhaps only real Oxford teacher, placed him on the journalistic highway in the direction of success and influence with his pen. Here, again, the opportunity was largely of a North British character. Among Pattison's London guests at Lincoln, the most distinguished in the mid-Victorian age, was Henry Sumner Maine, then of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; he had been asked by the first editor of the *Saturday Review*, the Aberdonian John Douglas Cook, to recommend writers of complete freshness and first-rate ability. The earliest name thus mentioned by Maine was that of his pupil, afterwards famous as Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Most of these, if not all, with the exception of Morley, had previously written for the *Peelite Morning Chronicle*, the owner of which, Sidney Herbert, had made Cook its literary controller-in-chief. The men who had given the defunct daily distinction and influence were more than equally successful with the new weekly venture. To write for the *Saturday*, even though it were an occasional article, formed in those days a kind of higher journalistic graduateship. Together with William Scott, of Hoxton, the late Clement Scott's father, Fitzjames Stephen, for a shorter time Harcourt and Maine themselves, Morley soon became, and till the latest sixties remained, among the most regular and variously trusted of Douglas Cook's men.

That, however, was only a stage, and not a goal, in his literary course. His purely newspaper activities were left behind when there opened itself to John Morley the great high road leading him first to distinction as a thinker and influence as a politician. The Westminster manufactory of statute law had become the oyster which the opportunity of guiding thought by his own pen, and that of others, in the periodical Press was to serve as the sword for opening. Seven years younger than Frederic Harrison, the Oxford writer to whom, after Pattison, he owed most, John Morley found in one by thrice that number of years his senior the philosopher and friend who first ensured him opportunities exactly suited to his ambitions and powers. Grandson of a popular comedian, living into the nineteenth century's last quarter—George Henry Lewes owed his conception of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW as a platform for all the talents not so much to his varied London experience as to his acquaintance with European periodicals whose cosmopolitanism might, he saw, be successfully reproduced in London, where so far his brightest literary work had been in the *Leader*, the short-lived venture financed by a then young

man of fortune, Edward F. S. Pigott, surviving as a licenser of plays into our own time. Among the London acquaintances of and believers in G. H. Lewes was a certain Mr. Digby Seymour, M.P. for Southampton, 1859-65, and above all the late Mr. Frederic Chapman. At that time Seymour lived in the Albany, and in his rooms, under the guidance of Mr. Chapman, took place the friendly meetings that bore their fruit a few years later in the birth of the periodical formed after the plan of its first editor, and destined to provide its second with the literary and political leverage establishing him among the master-minds of his time.

During the FORTNIGHTLY editorship the earliest of his books, *Edmund Burke* (1867), showed him as a writer in severe training for the assembly in which the "Imperial intellect," whom his pen commemorated, too often as a speaker acted as the "dinner bell." Contrast would scarcely be greater than that between the eighteenth century teacher and his nineteenth century pupil and biographer. Burke's later displays, whether in Parliament or in print, were habitually marked by a verbosity, a vehemence, a want of balance and control painfully different from the intellectual order and oratorical arrangement of his earlier style with its artistic balance of clear-cut argument, terse imagery, and disciplined invective. After his two failures John Morley secured a place in St. Stephen's by his election at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1883. A year later he found a congenial topic for his first great speech during the Bradlaugh discussions then agitating the assembly. It was more than a party, or even a passing, political success. Rising in an exhausted atmosphere and in a house bored to death by insincerities, repetitions, and conventional platitudes, Morley treated the whole subject with the incisive freshness and force which had become a feature of European interest in his FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW Chroniques. It gratified, and in a sense flattered, his audience by showing that its intellectual traditions would be safe with the newcomer. As nearly as possible a century before Morley's establishment at St. Stephen's, his earliest political hero, the subject of his first book, was supported by the younger Pitt in the earliest words addressed to the assembly by "Great Chatham's greater son." "It is not," was the verdict of the delighted Chamber, "a chip of the old block; it is the old block himself." So with the future Lord Morley in that eventful 1884. "It is not," was the general verdict, "the former FORTNIGHTLY reviewer; it was that reviewer himself and at his best." Pitt's initial utterance elicited from someone sitting near his great rival the remark, "Pitt will be one of the first men in Parliament." "He is so already," rejoined Fox, whose failings did not include envy. In words similar to

those of Fox did Sir William Harcourt, a fifteen years' Member of the House, congratulate his hearers on the accession to their number of his old *Saturday* colleague, now representing the capital of coal.

The political transactions which the years following that little incident brought with them showed, among other things, the immense service to his public course of the literary training and the editorial responsibilities of his pre-parliamentary period. "A bundle of nerves," was the late Prince Herbert Bismarck's version of his father's description of his undisciplined being. John Morley, had he ever dropped into autobiography, might have given much the same account of his untrained and immature self. Schoolmastering, Thomas Arnold once whispered in the ear of an old pupil, "tends to war against the soul." There are few more severely self-corrective antidotes to the amiable weaknesses of a literary character than the experiences of men who are the causes and the judges of periodical writing in others. It was as an editor that Morley first exercised and strengthened the judicial faculty seldom or never potentially absent from a first-rate intellect. This was the gift, and of that gift his editorial training the preparation, which during the storm-vexed years of Gladstonian Irish statesmanship, actual or abortive, brought Lord Morley so repeatedly and prominently forward into the councils of disturbed and doomed Liberalism. The "Round Table" conference was, of course, from the first an impossible as well as forlorn hope. Morley's eventual consultation with Sir George Trevelyan and Sir William Harcourt was the agency which excited the one flicker of hope before the final miscarriage.

"Great are their leaders beyond all comparison—Comte, Darwin, Huxley, Mill, Morley, and Harrison. Who would venture to enter the lists against such a squadron of Positivists?" Morley's description of himself was simply a "soldier of Universities"; his association with the cult brightly hit off by a forgotten Victorian versifier, Mortimer Collins, in his "Letter to Disraeli" attracted several other clever publicists of their period than those mentioned in this extract. None of them, except perhaps Harrison in his earlier days, handed down to posterity, or himself inherited, much of that enthusiasm for the movement which its English high priest Congreve had derived from its founder, and did his best towards transmitting to a later generation. John Morley survived by less than a year the most distinguished of those literary lights whose fire still illuminated and inspired the Oxford of his undergraduate days. Seven years younger than Frederic Harrison he was his admirer and associate, owing to him in the first instance not a

little of his initiation into the modes and interests of French publicism at its mid and latter nineteenth century best. Unlike Harrison, one of his earliest and most frequent contributors, John Morley seldom and perhaps never contributed to a weekly paper, established, financed, chiefly if not altogether, by the already mentioned Edward F. S. Pigott. Harrison's earliest and most distinguished acquaintanceships among French writers and thinkers were partly due to the then uniquely cosmopolitan association of Pigott first himself and of G. H. Lewes afterwards, with the leading French newspaper men Buloz, Girardin, Souvestre, and the other great spirits who were to raise their own monument in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1831). Morley, we know, was a "Lincoln" man, but its production of Richard Congreve entitles Wadham to be considered the birth-place of the Oxford Positivists. After Congreve this college produced among its disciples J. H. Bridges, who did much to popularise the system, and who only died in 1906. After Comte himself, the oldest patriarch of the cult, Pierre Laffitte, was duly commemorated within Morley's recollection in 1896 by Frederic Harrison at Newton Hall, London, and in Paris, I believe, on the same day. At neither of these functions did Morley assist. That fact did not indeed imply any withdrawal on the part of either from an interest in such occasions and in their mission to mankind. Harrison to the last retained some hope in the reorganising and reforming virtue of the Positivist creed. The fervour and faith originally animating his new year encyclicals had lost much, if not all, of their original hopefulness. An exact understanding of the words may have died with the man who originated them, but Harrison's latest writings dwell at some length on religion as the need of the world and the only cure for the evils of the age, which does not look as if the preacher himself thought much of the evangel which he may have been still ready to proclaim at Newton Hall. Harrison in his later days was only one among the leaders of nineteenth century thought who long and painfully fought against the growing conviction that their democratic panacea, so far from a slowly growing success, was a progressive failure.

These were indeed the commonplaces of a period as rich as that of the French Revolution itself in the glowing forecasts which had scarcely brightened the horizon when they revealed the wreckage of spiritual, intellectual, social and political hopes—doubt, hesitation . . . never glad, confident morning again! No prophecy is of private interpretation, and no poet ever put into words fewer, truer or more applicable to reactions and disappointments of the period now recalled than was done by

Browning in *The Lost Leader*. The Russell-Gladstone Reform Bill (1866) revived the hopes not only of the Liberals themselves, but of the liberally minded and, for the most part, elderly young men who in clubs, drawing-rooms, on the most commanding platforms they could find, in innumerable debating societies and debating forums did their best to keep the Liberal light from flickering out, and were raised from the depths of despair by the unexpected defence of the measure forthcoming from J. S. Mill as member for Westminster. This was in every sense of the epithet a record performance. Robert Lowe taunted the Speaker with being too clever by half, and was characteristically repaid for his sneer by Mill himself in the most graceful compliment that tact and breeding could have devised. Morley was present "under the clock" at this debating triumph. As he passed homewards down Westminster Hall Mill linked his arm in his disciple's, and the two proceeded to traverse Hyde Park together. Meanwhile a perfectly well-behaved and good-humoured crowd had pressed against the frail and ancient rails then surrounding the enclosure, so that they almost automatically gave way.¹ There was never any real danger of disturbance, but Mill, and some of those about him, thought the sightseers might well now disperse. The author of a treatise on *Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive*, still leaning on his pupil, the editor-elect of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, acknowledged in a few passing words the popular salute, walked across the turf abreast of, or followed by, the perfectly decorous little multitude delighted with the outcome and the compliment of leadership paid them by his less famous companion, successor in the office which George Henry Lewes had been the first to fill. This was not the earliest of the occasions on which I saw the greatest of Morley's preceptors. A little earlier I had noticed him in a place where he might have been even less expected to appear than in the enclosure where Mr. Edmond Beale occasionally rallied the supporters of parliamentary reform. Not long before this, among Doctor E. M. Goulburn's congregation in a Hyde Park Episcopal Chapel, J. S. Mill's tall, thin figure, with, if I remember rightly, no one else in the pew, had been conspicuous.

Even when preoccupied with writing, if not with editing, Morley found time for meditating and, indeed, elaborating methods of his own for the spiritual benefit of his fellow creatures. Consciously he shirked none of the ghostly problems encountered in every generation by reformers of their race. "Had

(1) The latest and best account of this little incident is given by Lord Bryce in his *Modern Democracies*, vol. i. p. 34.

he," the question was once asked him, "any method for dealing with the sense of sin in troubled souls more likely to be successful than that set forth in the New Testament?" "I am not," he would say when faced with a question on the subject, "forgetting this, which I regard, indeed, as the essence of my scheme." "It required, however, more time and thought than I have yet been able to give." We know from Morley's record of his great chief that on subjects such as these the two men had agreed to differ, or rather to preserve silence.

On the occasion of his Hawarden visits it was understood that the guest should not be expected to be present at the family devotions, never pretermitted in that household. However pressing the political business to be discussed had been, the host always broke off all conversation with his guest when his library clock pointed to a certain hour. The visitor has described how in his own secular solitude he could hear his host's clear, rich voice reading the Scriptural portion appointed for the day or leading the music of the hymn. In matters of religious faith Morley's position had been much misunderstood. It will perhaps now be best set forth by recalling Morley's own words on the subject. "There are times," he writes, "when the inhumanity of a system stands out so red and foul, when the burden of iniquity weighs so heavy, and the contagion of its hypocrisy is so laden with mortal plague, that no awe of dilettante condemnation, nor minute scruple as to the historic or relative, can stay the hand of a man whose direct sight and moral energy have pierced the veil of use and revealed the shrine of the infamous thing." Here is the explanation of the Voltairean *écrasez l'infame*. By the manads of the Terror the sage of Ferney was shrieked down as a bigot because he did not reject belief in a Supreme Being, and in a moral order of the universe with all that such articles of faith might imply. Such were the ideas that, travelling to England early in the Georgian period, found the spiritual conditions nowhere more matured for their reception than at Oxford, where between 1583 and 1648 Lord Herbert of Cherbury had made the common room of University College the local fountain head of the Deism which, during the years before the Wesleys and Whitefield, was the dominating faith not only for the Isis but of educated England at large. In the Oxford of Morley's time the sacramental school was either succeeded or largely tempered by the beliefs, finding their chief representative and recreator in Thomas Arnold, with his intense devotion to the Second Person of the Trinity, in whose teachings he saw the saving and the strengthening of national as well as individual character. Meanwhile the hard Churchmanship,

largely the outcome of these varied and sometimes conflicting agencies, was softened and sweetened by the gentler and philanthropic orthodoxy of F. W. Faber. That individual influence formed the revelation to Morley, as it did to many others, of the social service still awaiting, and pre-eminently suited to, a religion rightly directed and reasonably trained. Morley's editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1880 was not the opening up of a new connection, but a return to an earlier field of activity; for this was the paper in which at the same time as, though in a far more subdued fashion than, the Wadham Positivist, Mr. E. S. Beesly, he first took up the defence of the industrial classes generally and trade unionism in particular. The Sheffield outrages associated with the name of Broadhead aroused much indignation against the tendency and methods of the new artisan offensive. The crimes committed, or alleged, found no apologist in the then editor of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*; temperately and judicially he showed that the offenders had a case, making it clear at the same time that their methods for enforcing it were suicidal.

Neither then nor somewhat later in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, any more than at an earlier date elsewhere, did he take any special interest in, or attempt any influence upon, Anglo-French relations. His slight acquaintance with Gambetta came entirely from an introduction by Sir Charles Dilke, and was singularly unproductive in its results. The appointment given him by the French dictator at the offices of the *République Française* was, first, for an hour or two after midnight. Subsequently, indeed, a more reasonable hour suggested itself. The interview, however, condensed itself into a few minutes. Some years afterwards, in the present writer's hearing, a casual conversation turned upon European Radicalism generally, its English representatives in particular, and so to John Morley himself. Gambetta's opinion of the English movement, and of its representative, then *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* editor, was asked, but the question elicited no other reply than "*Je l'ai vu.*"

LORD MORLEY AND THE MONTROSE BURGHS.

BY J. P. LILLEY.

IN the fine appreciations of Lord Morley's career which appeared in the newspapers on the day after his death little or no reference was made to the position he held as the Parliamentary representative of the Montrose Burghs. As this was really a turning-point in his public service, it has occurred to me that many readers of the *REVIEW* with which he was once associated might like to have some notice of the work he did and the spirit he displayed in this relation. From having been a minister in Arbroath, the largest of the burghs, in those days, I had not a few opportunities of hearing and seeing him, and the impressions he made then remain still very vividly in memory.

The circumstances that led Mr. Morley to become a candidate for a Scottish constituency are, of course, familiar to readers of the *Recollections*, but they are worthy of being stated again. In 1892 he was one of the members for Newcastle, and was appointed under Mr. Gladstone as the Secretary for Ireland. For a time he enjoyed great popularity in the "canny" city of the North. It was there, indeed, that he justified so fully the sobriquet of "honest John." But, as he himself afterwards confessed, he became too much engrossed with the demands of the Irish Office and rather neglected the special interests of his watchful constituents. Moreover, he did not, simply because he could not honestly, identify himself with the movements of the Labour Party in the city, and refused to accept their views on what was known as the Eight Hours Bill. The result was that in the General Election of 1895 he suffered a quite decisive, though not heavy, defeat, and was left without a seat.

About that time the Montrose Burghs happened to offer a tempting vacancy, and their conjoint Liberal Committee were not slow to agree to the suggestion that Morley should be invited to become a candidate. In many respects it was a position that stood in the line of his special views as an advanced Liberal. For the population of these centres had been largely influenced and were still dominated by the political principles of Joseph Hume, a former representative, and from the outset Morley felt that to be a successor to such a prominent leader in the movement for retrenchment and reform might well be an honour worth striving for. There was, of course, not a little opposition. Many of the ministers of the Church, and especially of the Established Church of Scotland, felt called upon to

intimate that they could not support the candidature of a statesman who was known to hold views on the relations of Ireland to Britain that might imperil the Union and was also supposed to be indifferent or even antagonistic to the claims of the Christian religion on the life of the people. One of the parish ministers of Arbroath went the length of going carefully through Mr. Morley's books and culling from them many statements that seemed to him to confirm his divergence from the doctrinal truths of Christianity. Many readers of the local newspapers were hugely amused at the charge that in his writings the author had, like the Germans, the audacity to print the adjective "Christian" with a small "c."

This kind of opposition seemed to touch ground that was irrelevant, and in the long run became a help to the English candidate. The people as a whole felt that one who enjoyed the friendships that Morley had, and exercised the influences everywhere ascribed to him, must be essentially worthy of support, and the issue was that he was elected by a very large majority. In the *Recollections*¹ he writes: "Thanks to the local leaders, and with the aid of Scottish members who came to speak on my behalf, I was duly elected (1896), and here I remained for a dozen years until 1908."

As member for the five burghs of Montrose, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin, and Bervie, Mr. Morley did not repeat the mistake he made at Newcastle. Every year, as a rule, he went the round of the towns in the constituency and tried to get into close and pleasant intercourse with the leading members of the local committees. It was characteristic of him that he seemed to discern a marked difference in the spirit of the five towns. At the beginning of 1905 he writes: "I visited my constituents when all went well. The meetings were excellent. I noted, by the way, as curious how each of the five burghs had its own physiognomy and *ethos*, like the little city states of the Peloponnesian world." In drawing this distinction, I venture to say, Mr. Morley was fully justified. As found in the population of towns within the same shire, the main qualities of mind and heart were, of course, essentially the same; yet there is certainly a difference of tone. If, for example, Montrose exhibits most suavity and refinement of manner amongst the burghs, and Arbroath has along with its trade the charm of the highest intelligence and interest in history, art and literature, Forfar comes to the front in rugged energy, Brechin excels in dogged independence, and Bervie displays rare pleasure in happy fellowship and pawky humour.

All of the five agreed in welcoming a statesman who was also

(1) Vol. II., p. 147.

a distinguished writer and speaker, and it was to them a source of real delight not merely to see and hear him, but to find his political addresses, primarily meant for themselves, reproduced so fully in all the leading daily newspapers and even commented upon in prominent weekly journals like the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*.

For one considerable period, it may be noted here, Mr. Morley indicated that it was not possible for him to pay his annual visit. The hindrance arose from the fact that he was engaged with the great task of writing the life of Mr. Gladstone. He felt it to be so absorbing that nothing but stern persistence could bear him through it. So he wrote:—

If you have a book on your hands, nothing thrives near it; and that was my own case for these three or four years. . . . But there was no hitch. The volumes appeared on the appointed day in October, 1903. It was no common satisfaction for me to try to pay a debt by inscribing the book to the electors of the Montrose Burghs in grateful recognition of the confidence and indulgence with which they had honoured me.¹

In more practical matters also he could act with great decision and to the best effect. This promptitude was seen in the firm way in which he handled a thorny dispute betwixt two railway companies—the Caledonian and the North British—which had for many years prevented the people of Arbroath from obtaining the new railway station which the expanding traffic of the town demanded. The urgency of the problem at last came to a crisis, and, acting along with the town clerk, Mr. Morley succeeded in persuading them to join in erecting a station at far more than the original estimate of £50,000. It is the best for its size on the whole route between Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

Such warm sympathy and efficient help naturally strengthened the bond of attachment between the constituents of the burghs and their eminent member. In recognition of his services he was made an honorary burgess of Arbroath. The people of Montrose learned his worth so fully that they too joined in awarding him the freedom of the burgh. This kindly recognition in turn brought him into closer touch with prominent men there. He notes with peculiar interest how in this quiet town on the East Coast he found in the minister² of a small Congregational church a graduate of the University of Oxford, who carried with him all the rich memories he himself enjoyed so much, and was lavishing on plain folk all the literary culture as well as religious teaching he, as a minister, had laboured to acquire.

It is only candid to say that the people of the five towns, and

(1) *Recollections*, II., pp. 92–93.

(2) Now Dr. Alfred E. Garvie, Principal of New College, London.

perhaps especially of Arbroath, were sometimes disappointed with Mr. Morley as a public speaker. He had a clear though not a strong voice, and faced his audience in a spirit of frank manliness and sincerity which never failed to arrest attention. But the utterance of his periods was often marred by hesitation in finding the words he wanted for the precise shade of the ideas he was presenting. I suppose that this defect arose from his fastidious instinct for style and the habit he had contracted as a journalist of pausing to make sure that he was employing "the best words in the best order." Yet when the speeches he made at night were read in the newspapers next morning they were invariably found to be pervaded by an increasing purpose and to move towards a definite issue. Moreover, they were always marked by a literary distinction to which very few of his contemporary fellow-statesmen ever rose.

I feel bound, however, to say that there were times when he did speak with utter freedom as well as great force; and one of these was so striking as an illustration alike of the spirit of the Montrose Burghs as well as their member's literary accomplishment that I must take special pains to describe it.

This occasion was the opening of the Free Public Library in Arbroath on June 4th, 1898. This handsome building was planned and erected by the late Mr. David Corsar, of The Elms, a former Provost of the town, at a cost of over £10,000, and occupied a prominent site in what is called Kirk Square. Mr. Andrew Carnegie had no part in providing the edifice, but he showed his good will in a generous donation of £1,000 to fill the shelves with the best literature of the day. The library thus prepared was counted well worthy of a visit from Mr. Morley, and the day appointed for the formal opening proved a great time in the history of the town. The population showed their gratitude for the admirable gift presented to them by turning out in great numbers to see the proceedings. The principal streets were beautifully decorated, and a procession of trades, societies and guilds was made in a way that delighted the inhabitants and visitors from neighbouring villages. The weather, which was at first doubtful, brightened up in the course of the day, and the arrangements were carried out in the midst of congenial sunshine. Mr. Morley drove up to Kirk Place in an open carriage, along with Mr. Corsar, and was received with acclamation by a great assemblage.

After the deed of gift had been read by Mr. Corsar and had been duly received by the Provost of the Burgh, the fine building was opened and the town clerk intimated that, by the resolution of the Library Committee, Mr. Morley had been

elected an honorary life member of the library, and, handing him the leather-encased card of membership, invited him to take out the first book. Mr. Morley at once complied, selecting *The History of Arbroath*, by Mr. Geo. Hay, F.S.A. (Scot.). Thereafter, on the call of the Provost, Mr. Morley gave his address, which was altogether extempore. He had, indeed, prepared a written paper, which he was to have read, in the expectation that the opening ceremony would take place within the building. But, as it was, the great gathering had the opportunity of hearing him speak to greater advantage and with a more stirring enthusiasm than ever before. To justify what I have said, I give here one or two salient portions of the speech as it was reproduced in the principal local newspapers, and that all the more readily that it is a mirror in which the reader may see much of the mental attitude and moral equipment of the speaker.

In old days these Free Libraries were often rather dull, cheerless, and almost repulsive places. This library is as cheerful and inviting a house as I have ever seen in connection with such purposes, and it is very evident from this enormous gathering that you very cordially appreciate what has been done for this town. In old days, in the old cities of Italy and of Greece, when a great statue was to be unveiled by some great artist, or a great picture was known to have been completed by some master hand, it was the fashion for these communities, in their love of beauty and of art, to come forth, much as you have come forth to-day, to welcome the new addition to the wealth and to the beauty of the world. So you to-day. You have come forth to welcome the addition to your town of what ought to be a boon of priceless value to it, and which, I believe, as you show by your feeling to-day, you will use for the beneficent purpose for which it is presented to you.

I am not going to attempt on this occasion to expatiate to you upon the delights and uses of books and of reading. Nearly all that can be said upon that great and admirable subject has been said by far wiser and greater men than I can pretend to be. They have told you what literature does for you, what books can do for you if rightly used, how they enrich life, how they refresh it, how they console it. They have shown in eloquent, sincere and true words that after the first absolute necessities of life have been satisfied, then a taste for wise reading, and a cultivation of habits of wise reading, is almost the next quality in a full and well-lived life.

You well know how from books, and from books alone, from libraries rightly used, and from them alone, you can have that quickening of the intelligence, that awakening up of drowsy thoughts and slumbering impulses. You know all these things. I can only say one thing more, and some day or another, if you let me, I will come to Arbroath and deal with it a little more fully—and as I am now a life member of the library, I have plenty of time—and show you what is, after all, the real purpose of being what is called a well-read man.

Ladies and Gentlemen, you show me a man or a woman whose reading has made him or her tolerant, patient, candid, a truth-seeker, and a truth-lover, then I will show you a well-read man. I have always thought that an admirable definition of the purposes of libraries and of books by an eminent man of letters years ago, when he said, "Their object is to bring more sunshine into the lives of our fellow countrymen; more good-will, more good humour, more of the habit of being pleased with one another." Gentlemen, that is one great purpose of wise reading. I will make a little addition to it—the purpose, yes, to bring sunshine into our hearts, and to drive moonshine out of our heads.

At the close of this meeting a large company of over 200 adjourned to the Public Hall, where a banquet of cake and wine provided by the Town Council was enjoyed. Here Mr. Morley was warmly thanked for his kindness in coming to the opening of the library, and made another bright speech, chiefly on the value of newspapers and the reading of fiction.

Gentlemen, I am not going to make any apology for reading fiction in the land of Sir Walter Scott. I say that he is a very wrongly educated man who has not been entranced by the whole range of fiction from Cervantes down to Scott, to Dumas, Fenimore Cooper and half-a-score other admirable novelists nearer to our own generation. Of course, you can read too much fiction, just as you can (a voice: "Drink too much" and laughter)—just as you can be too cheerful at a cake and wine banquet. (Loud laughter.) But I am not going to quarrel with a taste which so promotes, as we indeed all know that it does, deep human sympathies and teaches us the width of human fortunes and human character.

To the present writer, however, and not a few more, the happiest time in connection with this memorable visit of our member was found at a private dinner which Mr. Corsar gave in the evening in his own house, and to which members of the Library Committee and other friends had been invited. Mr. Morley evidently felt quite at home in our midst, and after dinner spoke with great freedom to a little knot of the company around the fireside of the drawing-room. I confess that, quite unobtrusively, I took a keen pleasure in drawing him out to speak on various topics in which we were interested; so did others. Here are a few specimens of this informal talk, of which I took special note:—

"We have been watching the deep interest you take in the future of the Irish people. Are you hopeful about them?"

"Yes, very hopeful. We shall have to go very far in meeting them. For myself I should not hesitate to do this. I do not see, for example, why we should be reluctant in giving help for the establishment of a distinct Roman Catholic university."

"Ah! we fear that such a step would not commend itself to

your constituents in the Montrose Burghs. We are still prone to hesitate about giving Rome a free hand on such a scale, and we have a proverb in our district to the effect that 'the men o' the Mearns winna drive.'"¹

"Oh, believe me, I know very well the calibre of the men with whom I have to deal. I should never dream of rushing up against them without taking heed."

"Are you aware that some gossiping folk have said that you have a more intimate leaning to the Church of Rome?"

"I have heard that once and again. The only thing I can imagine as giving rise to it is the fact that I have been seen going into such churches in London as the Brompton Oratory. I went there only to enjoy recitals of ancient sacred music, of which I am very fond. As to joining the Church of Rome, I should just as soon think of becoming a negro."

"What a pleasure it must have been to you to come into such a close contact with Mr. Gladstone as you have had."

"Yes, a deep delight. He was a great soul and had a wonderful mind. Often have I been amazed at his power of endurance. The foundation of it all lay in his admirable physique. That, indeed, was the secret of his prolonged success. His strength shone out on his very countenance. I never saw an eye in a man's head like Gladstone's. When he was roused it flashed upon one like the eye of a falcon."

"Our public library will be a great boon to our boys and girls, as well as adults. We have fine elementary schools here, and also an influential high school, already recognised under the Act of 1872 as one of the high schools of the country."

"I saw that the Burghs were well equipped for the work of education. It is greatly helped by the discipline of home life. That is where Scottish young people get the chance of superiority. The children of negroes, for example, are often very quick in learning at the outset. They are not so far behind those of white races. But when they reach the age of opening manhood and womanhood their mental growth is apt to be overshadowed by the lack of moral self-mastery, and it is at that point the risk of decadence sets in."

After the party had broken up Mr. Corsar asked me to remain behind for a little while longer and, as he quietly indicated, to conduct family worship. I did not know how Mr. Morley would relish being present at this pious custom, for there flashed upon my memory the fact that when Carlyle was once staying with

(1) I.e., "won't be driven."

his friend, P. D. Swan, of Kirkcaldy, the sage walked out of the room before the prayers began. But I felt that Mr. Morley would never be guilty of such lack of decorum; and as our manse was next door to The Elms, and I knew how to be brief, I consented. After I had read the last paragraphs of the eighth chapter of Paul's Letter to Rome we all knelt down in prayer. I am not sure that the chief guest of the evening had knelt with us. I fear he did not, for when, after a pause, we rose to our feet I saw him sitting on the chair with the Bible on his knee.

It came out afterwards, however, that he had been much impressed by his host's adherence to the practice of Scottish family worship. Perhaps some recollection of Burns' *Cottar's Saturday Night* had swept over his heart, for next morning, as he met Miss Brown, Mr. Corsar's sister-in-law, who had acted as hostess in the mansion, he said to her: "I fear, Miss Brown, that in the religious atmosphere you have in this house you will think me an awful heretic." With the quick sense of knowing the right thing to say she had heired from her father (Dr. Joseph Brown, of Glasgow), she at once replied: "Ah! no, Mr. Morley; we are quite sure that you are really nearer to us all in religion than perhaps you yourself are aware." "It is very kind of you indeed to cherish such thoughts about me," was the rejoinder. The same feeling was also shown when, some months afterwards, Mr. Corsar met him at lunch in the House of Commons, for when he was asking about the friends he had met in Arbroath he recalled the pleasant evening he had spent at The Elms, and even went so far (so Mr. Corsar told me) to inquire for the minister who conducted prayers that night.

The same thoughtful spirit and open mind appeared in the reply to a letter I wrote to him about the time of the crisis in the Scottish churches after the union of 1900. Before ending it I took the liberty, as I called it, of saying how deeply I felt his essential oneness with us in our aspirations after a higher personal life as well as our efforts for mutual good-will and peace in Church and State. In the answer he sent he thanked me very cordially for the kind thoughts of him I had expressed.

To any who may think that I am making too much of such acknowledgments I shall content myself with suggesting that they should read once again the striking words on the *Imitation of Christ*, with which Lord Morley closed his searching essay on *A New Calendar of Great Men*.¹

(1) *Miscellanies*, Vol. IV., p. 141.

Is not the sphere of these famous meditations the spiritual rather than the moral life, and their aim the attainment of holiness rather than moral excellence? As, indeed, another writer under the same head better expresses it, is not their inspiration "the yearning for perfection—the consolation of the life out of self?" By holiness do we not mean something different from virtue? It is not the same as duty; still less is it the same as religious belief. It is a name for an inner grace of nature, an instinct of the soul, by which, though knowing of earthly appetites and worldly passions, the spirit, purifying itself of these, and independent of all reason, argument, and the fierce struggles of the will, dwells in living, patient, and confident communion with the seen and the unseen Good. In this region, not in ethics, moves the *Imitatio*.

A man who could write thus was never "far from the Kingdom of God," and one of his old constituents in the Montrose Burghs will never cease to believe that he will yet be found to have been already well within its confines.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

THE Imperial Conference now sitting is the first to count since the war. During that of 1921 the various parts of the Empire were still staggering under the shock of conflict and obsessed with the sheer necessity for adjusting their own internal and external conditions to the demands of the post-war world. Nothing of any general moment was therefore accomplished, except an emigration scheme which has fallen far short of expectation, and the tendency of that Conference, as will be pointed out later, when it was not for inaction was almost for reaction.

The present Conference has met under exactly the reverse condition. The pressure of world events is all in favour of doing something, at least in the economic and commercial sphere of inter-Imperial relations. For the collapse of markets among those people of the earth who steadily decline to admit that the war finished in 1918 forces the saner and more peaceful elements of humanity to trade more and more with one another; and among these stable elements the component parts of the British Empire take high rank. One might anticipate from this meeting considerable advances in the realisation of the economic unity of the Empire; small or possibly no extensions of a closer constitutional connection; and, finally, at least a facing of the fact that the foreign policy of the Empire has got to be one and undivided if that Empire is to survive.

Such a prophecy, which will be published just as the proceedings of the Conference are drawing to a close, and when many of its conclusions will be public property, requires an explanation and a defence. It must be found in the history of the last forty years and in the subdivisions into which the problems of Empire have grouped themselves. These last are (1) constitutional questions, (2) economic relations, (3) Imperial defence, and (4) foreign policy—which, of course, impinges so directly both on the issues of the Constitution and defence of the Empire that it is scarcely a subject in itself, and yet, next to economics, must be the dominant note of the Conference.

All these subjects have at one time or another come uppermost since the days of the late 'seventies or early 'eighties, when a few prophetic souls began to turn their backs on the Little Englandism which had dominated England since Waterloo. First of all came the dream of Imperial Federation—a logical and self-consistent scheme for a single super-Parliament sitting

at Westminster, or even visiting in turn the various Colonial capitals, as the early English monarchs held Parliaments at Winchester or Marlborough, and with subordinate Legislatures in every part. This proved but a fairy palace of the childhood of Imperialism. It was an ideal solution which ignored all the real difficulties of the problem. Just in proportion as men got to know other parts of the Empire than their own, the vision faded. But the sentiment of common unity continued to grow in strength between the two Jubilees of 1887 and 1897, and men, turning from paper constitutions to trading realities, began to mutter the blessed, if Teuton, word "Zollverein."

But they were hushed into silence by the answer that this implied the awful word "Protection." And still the movement continued to grow with blind intensity. It was the racial and national consciousness asserting itself after three-quarters of a century, in which the high priests of utilitarianism had frowned such emotions off the field of the human heart. And everything all round was growing bigger and more united.

The puny United States of 1815 was a giant; Germany and Italy had accomplished their unity or federation. So to the romance of Empire was added the conception of Britain as a small group of islands on a large globe; and the new school pelted the disciples of Mill with doctrines drawn from Darwin about the survival of the fittest, for might not the largest prove the fittest?

Into the middle of this effervescence was thrown the South African War. Here the Canadian and Australasian regiments of Volunteers fought side by side with ours, and immediately there leapt into being a third realisation of the form the Empire might take.

The old idea of the Colonies as communities protected by Britain at British expense for no very explicable reason was put in the lumber-room. In its place came the idea of a body of white peoples organised to come to each other's defence on sea or land. Thus all these three aspects of Imperial unity—constitutional, commercial, and military—had been canvassed and were in some sort familiar to the British public when Mr. Chamberlain returned from his famous post-war tour of South Africa in 1903. The full implication of Imperialism on the fourth question—foreign policy—was not yet grasped, at least consciously.

Mr. Chamberlain, who was the John the Baptist of Imperialism, decided that it was now or never. Either the unity of the Empire must increase or it must diminish. Following his natural instinct, he seized on what was undoubtedly the most practical

instrument to his hand—the Zollverein. In so doing he galvanised the failing enthusiasm of the forward Conservatives till they preached Tariff Reform with all the fervour of a religious crusade, and nerved them with a faith which made the crushing disaster of 1906 appear little more than a passing disappointment. But with the full implications of the first Preferential movement I will deal when I come to discuss the prospect of a second crusade in the year of grace 1923. For the moment it is sufficient to note that Mr. Chamberlain, instead of choosing, as he thought, a very good time—just after a war cemented by common sacrifice—for the effort towards greater union, really chose a very bad one. His mistake was repeated by Mr. Churchill in 1921 with far less excuse, since Mr. Chamberlain had not lived in an age which gave much opportunity for the study of post-war psychology. That psychology among British peoples is simple enough.

War implies excitement and emotion; after it we need peace, not romance. To offer the public a peace policy founded on war emotions is like suggesting neat whisky or a bottle of port next morning to a man who has had a heavy night. The energy that war evokes produces an equivalent reaction towards passivity. The moment when the peace has been signed is the worst possible one to bring forward a great constructive programme, as the last Coalition Government in England discovered to their cost. Mr. Chamberlain's campaign, therefore, never had quite a fair show.

From 1906 to 1914 the puzzle of Empire, except in one aspect, was comfortably packed away in Downing Street, for the simple reason that the Liberal Government did not desire to solve it, did not even think a solution needed. Their theoretical bias in favour of liberty, or what some would call Disunion, indisposed them to suggest a closer constitutional connection, while the "cash nexus," as implying Preference, was to them, of course, the accursed thing. In fact, the steady tendency of the Dominions for over thirty years is to prefer the material to the legal bond, to be a little nervous of a Conservative tendency to centralisation, and disappointed with the Liberal refusal to meet them on the ground of trade interest.

On one field of exploration, however, the Liberal Government was able to embark, and that was inter-Imperial defence. As we now know, though few were permitted to realise it at the time, these Liberal administrations were well aware that they had entered on a period in which the world had to be labelled "Dangerous." They were therefore willing to bring home to the Governments of the great self-governing communities their

duty of sharing a portion of the burden which successive German Navy Laws were imposing on a British taxpayer who had been led to believe that peace and naval and military retrenchment were the concomitants of a Liberal Government. The oversea Dominions were, indeed, perfectly ready to respond, but there immediately broke out a controversy, as old as Athens and the Delian League, as to whether the assistance should take the form of money and ships contributed to the central control of the Admiralty or the formation of the nucleus of national navies by each Dominion.

This difference of opinion was not between the home country and the younger communities, though the Admiralty had a natural belief that greater efficiency would be obtained by centralisation. The conflict was an internal one in each local community. In Canada it became a subject of fierce party difference. Finally the Dominion decided in favour of the contribution of specified ships to the British Navy, and South Africa followed the same course. But the Canadian contribution was conditional. It was not to be used as an excuse for building less ships against the menace now looming across the North Sea. The ships, in a word, might be manned by the central executive, but they must be considered ear-marked for the use and defence of the outer Empire, or, finally, for that of the Empire as a whole.

Australia, on the other hand, decided in favour of the idea of the local national navy, and, once the decision was taken, the Admiralty gave the new movement generous support. Australia was, and indeed is, in a peculiar position with regard to the problem of defence. She is very far away from Chatham or Portsmouth, and the rise of Japan in the first decade of the century to the rank of a great naval power has induced in her population something akin to the feelings with which the British democracy watched the building of the German High Sea Fleet. The defence problem of the Empire has now entered a new phase with the liberation of the North Sea, and will centre round Singapore and Port Darwin in the present Conference. Here very considerable, though possibly secret, developments may take place in the relation between the Australian and Imperial navies.

Though the question of foreign policy in its constitutional aspect was thus not raised in Whitehall in the period before the war, it was for the first time put forward in domestic discussion in Canada. There it was earnestly debated whether a declaration of war by Great Britain ought, as legally undoubtedly it did, place Canada in a state of war, or whether the Dominion Parliament should be given the right to make a separate declara-

tion if it thought fit to do so. It would be seen at once how very grave from the standpoint of Imperial unity was the question involved, and how far we have travelled from the old proprietary conception of the Colonies.

While some of the Conservative Imperialists in England shook their heads over this and feared that the American invasion into the Canadian West was loosening the whole structure of Empire, they were consoled by the startling and vigorous rejection of American Reciprocity by the Canadian electorate in the General Election of 1911. Sir Robert Borden's Government was returned to keep the current of trade flowing east and west across the Atlantic, instead of north and south down the American continent. The Chamberlainite prophets who had predicted a smash as a consequence of the British General Election of 1906 were thus proved wrong, and when war broke out in 1914 the Imperial connection was at least as firmly established as it had ever been in history.

In the event the foreign policy issue raised in Canada proved academic. The Empire moved as one man in defence of its threatened centre. German diplomacy, ever since the Kruger telegram, had done its work. Reinforced by the menace of growing armaments, it had compelled the whole world of the outer seas to realise that there would be no security for them until the High Sea Fleet was sunk. It is difficult to recapture the exact emotion of that tremendous August of 1914, and therefore unsafe to build on it as a permanent factor in inter-Imperial relations. It was sufficiently obvious to all that our policy had long been blatantly peaceful, that our cause was patently just, and that the Hun was at the gate. The exertions of the Dominions were almost as great as if the threat had been as close to them as it was to us. But with all this the argument is not directly concerned.

The net result was (1) the knowledge that the parts of the Empire had stood a tremendous strain together; (2) that the issue of a joint foreign policy had never arisen; (3) that the Imperial War Cabinet had at one time and in some sense been an executive body representing and directing the forces of the Empire as a whole; (4) that the representatives of the Dominions attached their signatures to the Peace Treaty and became entitled under it to send their own delegates to the League of Nations.

On the third point there came a natural reaction when the war was over. Mr. Churchill hinted before the Conference of 1921 that some permanent body analogous to the Imperial War Cabinet should be set up in times of peace. But this vital alteration in the custom and practice of the Imperial Constitution was

absolutely rejected by the Dominions, with the express approval of Mr. Bonar Law. On the other hand, the more independent status given the Dominion representatives by the Treaty of Versailles was developed in two directions.

At the Washington Conference General Smuts insisted that the South African delegate should attend, and so ratify the agreement come to between the Great Powers concerned and the British Empire. His request was acceded to, and General Smuts was satisfied that he had made his point, *i.e.*, that every part of the Empire should take an active and responsible share in the settlement of great issues of Imperial policy in which foreign affairs and naval and military arrangements are all interdependent. It is argued on the other side that General Smuts did not, as a matter of fact, carry his contention into effect, because the other Great Powers concerned regarded the signature of the South African representative as on a level with those of other subordinate members of the various foreign missions, and that they accepted as operative Lord Balfour's signature alone—signing for the British Empire.

The next, and far more startling, development was that of the Halibut Treaty, signed at Washington in March of the present year. In 1911 the Reciprocity proposals were arranged entirely between America and Canada, the two parties concerned, and the Imperial Government was not consulted. Whether the Imperial Government would have become a party to a Reciprocity Treaty in that year was an issue which never arose, since the scheme was rejected by the Canadian electorate, and the Treaty therefore never ratified. But in the early winter of this year the Canadian Government succeeded in coming to a fishery agreement with the Government of the United States. The Dominion Government insisted, and carried their point, that this Treaty should be ratified by the signature of the Dominion representative, Mr. Lapointe, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, alone, and that the British Ambassador at Washington should not add his signature on behalf of the Imperial Government. On this point Downing Street gave way, obviously with great reluctance. The United States, on the other hand, insisted on regarding the Treaty as having been signed by Great Britain, and stated in a written document addressed to Sir Auckland Geddes that the U.S.A. Senate only ratified the Treaty on the understanding that this was the case. On March 8th, six days after the Treaty was signed, the point was raised by Mr. Percy Hurd in the House of Commons, and Mr. Bonar Law replied: "The plenipotentiary who signs a Treaty does so on behalf of the King, by whom his full powers are issued, and the Canadian

Minister acted in that capacity on this occasion." In that case it would seem immaterial whether Sir Auckland Geddes signed or Mr. Lapointe signed, or both signed the Treaty, whereas the Dominion Government obviously regarded it as essential that the British Ambassador at Washington should *not* sign.¹ The result was a very heated debate in the Dominion Parliament, in which the present Canadian Premier rebutted all charges of disloyalty to the Imperial connection, and indicated his view that the strength of the federal conception of Empire lay in giving greater latitude to its units.

It may be pointed out that there was an immense difference between the action of General Smuts and that of Mr. Mackenzie King. The one insisted on South Africa being associated in an act of foreign policy which affected the whole Empire. The other insisted on the Imperial representative dissociating himself from an act of foreign policy which concerned one part of that Empire—Canada.

The next great alteration since the Conference of 1921 is the presence of the delegate of the Irish Free State, whose Constitution has been founded on the Dominion of Canada, but which differs from the other members of the Commonwealths represented in sending a President instead of a Premier, in possessing a land frontier with Great Britain, and in commanding Britain's sea exits to the rest of the Empire and the world.

It will be seen at once from this survey that the tendency of the present Conference will not be in favour of those who believe in Imperial federation or in some form of political union closer than that which exists at the present moment. The best they can hope to obtain is a permanent Secretariat for the Imperial Conference—an idea turned down in 1921—and possibly the appointment of resident Ministers from the Dominions discharging functions additional to those exercised by the present High Commissioners. This would mean, in diplomatic phraseology, the establishment of Legations in addition to Consulates, for the High Commissioners as established have really no diplomatic powers at all on broad issues of policy. The driving force in this sphere is not coming from constitutional theory, but from the urgent practical necessity of correlating the foreign policy of the Empire, for since 1921 another thing has happened—*Chanak*. This showed, as in a lightning flash, the fearful danger of leaving the entire control of foreign affairs to Downing Street and expecting the rest of the Empire to support its decisions in

(1) For a full account of an article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, May, 1923, "Empire Foreign Policy," by J. A. R. Marriott, M.A.

arms. Fortunately, British public opinion repudiated the action of its Government before the unity of the Empire could be put to the test. But it is quite clear that if any one part of the Empire involves the others in a foreign policy not accepted by those others, and so leading perhaps to a war in which the rest of the British Commonwealth stands apart, the unity of the Empire would be shattered both legally and actually. And this is just as true of a separate war undertaken by a Dominion as of a war plunged into by Downing Street while the Dominions held aloof. In the first case the disaster would not be so absolute—that is all.

This shows the danger of the precedent set by the *Halibut Treaty*, where if a quarrel arose Great Britain might say that she was not interested, since her signature was not on the Treaty. It is clear that what Imperial documents need is more signatures, not less.

Since there can be no Imperial Foreign Secretary both technically and actually representing all the Dominions, what, short of this ideal union of functions, can the present Conference do? Practically, it must and can agree on the main outlines of a foreign policy for the Empire as a whole. When it has done this the several representatives have so to explain and commend the general decision reached to their own peoples that each of the parties can depend on the others honouring their pledges if or when the day of crisis comes. Large latitude must, of course, be allowed for the unexpected and the sudden. But if the main scheme is generally approved the loyalty, friendliness and good sense of the other parties in the Empire could be trusted in an emergency to support the man who had to act swiftly and without consultation.

As a matter of fact, in nine cases out of ten it is the British Foreign Secretary who would have to make this appeal for trust. It therefore particularly behoves the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary to see that the general outline of policy arrived at really conforms to the Dominion standpoint, and that the Premiers from overseas are not bluffed into accepting a position which they could not honestly or successfully justify to their own nations, and therefore would be powerless to support when the pinch came.

The minimum of agreement might almost be set down, as the clauses of a Treaty are: (1) That the whole Empire will rally to the support of each member whenever such a member's existence or vital interest is threatened; (2) that this is a defensive and non-aggressive provision, and does not apply to the acquisition of new territory outside the existing Empire; (3) that the

word "interest" is used in a purely British and practical sense, and does not imply that the whole Empire is committed to fight for Slavs, Greeks, Germans, Poles, Chinese, or Peruvians in accordance with ideas which may be held at any given time by certain statesmen in power in any British country as to what the ideal state of the world ought to be.

This programme can be carried at the Conference, and would be acted on. It would secure the unity of the Empire, and everything that a non-aggressive Empire like ours, with its vast undeveloped resources, really needs. Any other programme of policy which involved us in doing battle all over Europe on behalf of Lord Robert Cecil and the League of Nations might or might not be carried in the Imperial Conference, but if so carried would certainly be rejected by public opinion in the Dominions overseas, and if acted on would shatter the Empire into fragments. Take a few concrete cases of what the whole Empire will fight for and what it will not. If Italy chooses, as a stronger Power, to bully Greece, as a weaker one, over the unascertained facts of a political murder in the Balkans, the outer Dominions would not support Britain in risking a war with Italy on this account. But if Italy were to indicate, as is not improbable, that we have no right to our position in the Mediterranean as exemplified by Malta, the whole Empire would rush to the protection of our sea routes to India, Australia, and the Pacific, and send Signor Mussolini and his new Imperialism to the right-about.

Similarly, the whole Empire would support the integrity of Australia and New Zealand against any possible menace which could come to them from the north across the Pacific. It would certainly not support Australia if the Australians and New Zealanders started a policy of perpetual friction and menace with Japan and the United States by claiming to direct and overlook the morals, interests, and treaty rights of every island and islander in the Pacific. What is the sauce for the Australian gander is sauce for the Downing Street goose. The Dominions will no more allow England to police Europe at their risk and cost than we should allow Australia to police the morals of the Pacific and then expect us to pay the bill in blood and treasure. The Dominions regard our commitments in Europe, rightly enough, with the gravest suspicion, and if the function of England under the League of Nations is as conceived by Herr Branting and the hotheads of Geneva, then the statesmen of Great Britain will have to choose definitely between the continued existence of the League of Nations and the continued existence of the British Empire. The real mind of the Dominions on this

point has recently been expressed by Mr. Loring Christie, for many years the Legal Adviser to the Department of External Affairs to the Dominion of Canada, in a series of articles in which he warns the British Government that if they wish to maintain a united front for the Empire as a whole on foreign policy they must clear out of Europe.¹ All the more amazing was the attitude taken up by General Smuts at the opening meeting of the Conference. He was all for hurling the British Empire further and further still into the European imbroglio. Yet he represents a Union which contains the strongest "isolationist" opinion within the British Empire—the only Dominion apart from Ireland in which there was an actual rebellion against the Empire while the war was still on. In this matter General Smuts no more stands for the average political view of South Africa than Professor Gilbert Murray represents the knowledge a Dutch farmer has of Euripides.

If the gallant General manages to influence the Conference in any way in the direction of his own League of Nations fad he will be more dangerous to the Empire in peace in 1923 than he ever was to it in war in 1900.

The remaining questions are those of economic unity, and specially the vital issue of Preference. A whole-hearted effort is being made to direct British capital, effort, and emigration within the confines of the Empire. On the other hand, the Dominions are doing their best to make a market for British goods. And in spite of the curtailment of British investing capacity due to the loss of capital spent on the war and to other incidental difficulties, much useful work has been accomplished in this direction. Precedents have been set which will be of the utmost value when the tide turns towards prosperity. The Preference scheme outlined by Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame has been accepted gratefully enough by most of the Dominion Premiers, though Mr. Bruce will obviously be satisfied with nothing less than the full Chamberlainite programme in one form or another.

And the Protectionists here reject all these measures contemptuously, calling them "A litter of little white mice," and cry for the nice plump elephant of Tariff Reform and Preference. That the Dominions already have a preference in those duties which we impose for the purpose of revenue does not satisfy them. The Dominions, of course, quite naturally want a tax put on their own especial products in order that they may enjoy a rebate against their non-Empire competitors.

Will the Conservative Government exhume the policy of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain? There is a resolution down for the Con-

(1) Cf. *Sunday Express*, September 30th and October 7th.

servative Party meeting at Plymouth which will put the Party leaders to the test. I am not in the secrets of the Cabinet, but a few general considerations on the issue involved may be worth considering. The strength of the preferential demand to-day lies in the fact that the relative importance of the Imperial market is far greater than normal owing to the collapse of the European demand. A further extension of the Dominion market might therefore be considered by the statesman worth a sacrifice. The trouble is that the politician side of the statesman's mind has got to face the truth that public opinion would regard the imposition of such duties as, in themselves, a loss or a sacrifice. And for this reason: the Dominions impose duties which they would clap on even if no place as Great Britain existed—and then give us a preference. We are asked to put taxes exactly on those articles we should probably let in free, even though we proposed a general tariff on manufactured goods, if no Dominions existed. The cases are therefore not parallel. And it is this element of truth which underlay all the gross lies and moral humbug which accompanied the Anti-Food Tax campaign.

As I have said, Mr. Chamberlain launched his campaign at an unfortunate moment, and yet if he had remained an active force after 1906 his own amazing personality might still have carried it through. But all this is conjecture, while the solid fact remains that many of the best friends of the Tariff movement were convinced after eight or ten years of agitation that while you might carry Protection you would never, never get the electorate to vote for a tax on food. Some of them, now Ministers, had turned their minds in the direction of the really practicable proposal of a bonus on all Empire-grown wheat. To-day the Conservative Party does not possess a Mr. Chamberlain, or indeed, anyone who can be compared with him as an electioneering or dynamic force. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the democracy has forgone its inherent dislike to duties on food imports. If these and other considerations, such as Mr. Bonar Law's and Mr. Baldwin's pledge not to change our fiscal system without an election—a pledge some of our Preferentialists are ready to break quite light-heartedly on the moral basis of some dictum of Mr. Lloyd George—have any weight with Ministers the Imperial Conference must be satisfied with "the little white mice."

This may not be at all a bad thing, for these special measures of internal and mutual Imperial support, which certainly cover a scheme for the development of the Murray basin and a tax and preference on dried fruits, represent one definite and

solid thing—the amount of practically absolute unanimity of opinion to be obtained among nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the British Empire. The late Lord Salisbury, in discussing a measure, once remarked, "I conceive that the effect of this Bill will be small, and I like it the better for that." Without going quite so far in favour of the doctrine of littleness, it may be said that inter-Imperial measures which represent an unshakable advance, with no ebb-tide which may wash them away in prospect, are better than ambitious schemes of Preference which possibly could not be carried into effect, and if so carried might be instantly destroyed by a shift in popular opinion or a change in the Government at home.

The Chamberlainites in 1903 had behind them the impelling urgency of an honest belief that the Empire would fall to pieces if Preference were withheld. We all know now—and I was a Preferentialist in 1903—that they were wrong. The Empire is still going strong. The Empire is safe in the sense that it has travelled beyond the point when it needs heroic measures such as only the romantically daring would contemplate, to preserve it. It has passed the stage of extreme hope or fear, and has become a vast and going business concern. Or, again, it is like a family in which the sons are growing up and establishing themselves. In such cases, while common help or mutual loans may be valuable, there is always the danger that undue interference in each other's money matters may wreck the family unity.

For while the Empire is safe if it continues along its present lines of gradual development it can still be endangered by rashness. Only two such risks loom above the horizon at the present time. A struggle over Preference in which the British electorate decline to adopt the standpoint of the Dominions. Secondly, a blind adherence by Downing Street to a policy of perpetual interference with Europe which the Dominions distrust, in itself involving a perennial risk of a war in which the rest of the Empire would decline to take part. If the present Conference can produce a sound programme of economic development, and yet steer past these rocks, it will have deserved well of the common State. And the latest reports of the Conference indicate that it has successfully accomplished this difficult task.

CURIO.

FOSTERING TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

MEN of science are accused—and not altogether unjustly—of formulating theories and of attempting to coerce facts into conformity with their theories. At first sight this may appear to stifle progress, but that is not the case. The theories of science are not as the laws of the Medes and Persians—they expand or explode under the cumulative evidence of research. They are really summaries of facts known up to the date at which they are propounded, and they afford useful starting-points for further investigation. When something is discovered which cannot be reconciled with the theory a note of warning is sounded, and the theory thus punctured must sooner or later be patched or replaced by another, in conformity with both the new and old evidence.

Theories, however, are not confined to science. Politics, industry, and commerce have all collected data and have endeavoured to control the present and future on theories based upon the past.

Unfortunately, those who formulate theories in economics, industries and commerce differ widely from men of science in that they fail to realise that their theories must continue to explain all new evidence, and that facts cannot be twisted to conform to theories. It is certain that in nature continual change is the rule and not the exception. In time, as measured by the geologists, even the form and climate of the globe we inhabit have changed beyond our powers of imagination. Within a few generations, or even within the lifetime of a single generation, facilities for transport and communication over long distances and the innumerable applications of science to industries have resulted in changes which profoundly affect trade and commerce.

We must, therefore, regard our theories on such subjects as economics, industries, trade and commerce as transient and subject to modification in the light of fresh evidence or changed conditions. They are, in fact, good servants but bad masters.

A study of the industries, trade and commerce of the United Kingdom clearly demonstrates that none of our pre-war theories of the causes of industrial depression and unemployment cover all the facts now known.

The period of great prosperity in the middle of the nineteenth century was experienced under conditions which have been profoundly modified—gradually in the first years of the present century, and violently by the Great War.

There are those who cling to the theories based upon a study of conditions ruling when great prosperity was experienced, and they can see no return of prosperity unless these conditions are re-established *in toto*, regardless of factors which to-day must modify them substantially.

Others admit altered conditions but look to slight modifications in the theories of economics to cover the new factors.

The urgent necessity of reconstructing the whole fabric of our commerce has led others to form new theories, but to carry conviction they must submit incontrovertible evidence that these are in accord with all the known facts.

Perhaps the most important theory of industrial and commercial development now before us is that advanced by those who advocate intense effort to foster trade within the Empire. Opinions even of experienced politicians, industrialists or traders are not sufficient to prove such a theory. Evidence is needed to show that this policy will not only benefit our industries and commerce, but, in addition, that alternatives are less effective.

It is, therefore, desirable to state a case summarising the theory, together with the evidence available, so that factors which have not yet been considered may be examined to ascertain whether they confirm or refute the theory.

Those who advocate this policy argue :—

1. That the British Empire produces almost every raw material that is required to provide the necessities and luxuries of a high standard of living.
2. That by intelligent co-operation between the producers and consumers of these raw materials an ample supply can be assured for the needs of the Empire and a surplus, in most cases, for export.
3. That the different fiscal policies adopted by the States within the Empire to meet *local expenditure* need not be a bar to preferential trading within the Empire if Imperial expenditure is taken into account as a separate and distinct obligation on all citizens of the Empire.
4. That the bonds which hold together the British Empire must be united action by all parts of the Empire in international matters, and the feeling that every citizen of the Empire is under obligation primarily to the Empire, and not to the particular State, province, county or city within the Empire in which he may live or have been born.
5. That on the evidence of statistics the volume of trade of the United Kingdom and of her Overseas Dominions in pre-war times had become approximately equal, and that if each had bought from the other in preference to purchasing from foreigners

the volume of trade within the Empire would not have been materially less than that conducted with foreign countries.

6. That the defence of the Empire, with the essential costly Navy, Army, and Air Service, is an Imperial obligation which should be met by contribution from all citizens of the Empire.

7. That the defence scheme should be considered and agreed by a committee representative of the Overseas Dominions as well as of the United Kingdom, and that each part of the Empire should be assessed for its fair contribution to the cost.

8. That the expenditure of Imperial funds for defence should be regulated solely by efficiency and economy, without reference to the question of spending money raised in any part of the Empire locally.

9. That the maintenance of the great munition and war material factories which supplied the needs of the moment during the Great War is essential as a safeguard.

10. That the best, and probably the only, way to maintain these factories in a state of efficiency is to ensure a steady production from them during times of peace.

11. That the bulk of the expenditure for *personnel* and material for defence must continue to be made in the United Kingdom, where surplus population and existing factories are available.

12. That preferential tariffs in favour of British-made goods granted by the Overseas Dominions reduce the revenues of the Dominions but increase the production profits and taxable wealth of United Kingdom industries, and to this extent afford substitutes for direct contributions.

13. That by granting corresponding preference on imports subject to Customs duties the United Kingdom would fail to benefit by the Colonial preference, and that it would necessitate increased direct contribution to Imperial expenditure by the Dominions.

14. That unemployment in the United Kingdom is essentially due to reduced sales of manufactured goods, and that emigration of labour, even to the Dominions, is a palliative and not a cure.

15. That, given a period of industrial activity, unemployment would be reduced to a negligible figure, and that widespread emigration might result in labour shortage in busy times.

16. That in consequence it is desirable to aim at increasing production and commerce rather than at reducing population in the United Kingdom.

17. That the demand for goods of the United Kingdom and her Dominions is reciprocal in that the former buys mainly food-stuffs and raw material and the latter manufactured goods, while each produces essentially what the other requires.

18. That the pre-war European markets for the United Kingdom products demanded mainly raw materials, and especially coal, and that in exchange they supplied manufactured goods which were competitive with those produced in the United Kingdom.

19. That the interchange of goods between our Overseas Dominions and foreign countries consisted essentially in the purchase of manufactured goods by the Dominions and the sale of raw materials.

20. That, assuming a possibility of fostering trade within the Empire, the external trade of both the United Kingdom and the Dominions would not be affected, since it has always been a pure business transaction, and foreign countries have only bought goods from the British Empire because they got better value for their money than elsewhere.

21. That the condition of Europe is such that the buying power cannot recover quickly, and especially so in respect of Germany, since to pay reparations her exports must exceed her imports.

This formidable list gives some, but not all, of the factors which underlie the theory that the recovery of British industries and commerce can best be expedited by using every effort to foster trade within the Empire.

No evidence is needed in support of many of these statements. Probably, however, the greatest difference of opinion arises when the diverse fiscal policies are considered, and some examination into this controversial question is necessary.

It must first of all be realised how, when and why "Free Trade" became the policy of the United Kingdom. The nineteenth century saw the birth and immensely rapid growth of factory production of goods. After the devastation of the Napoleonic Wars England experienced a long period of peace, at any rate in so far as danger of invasion was concerned. Her command of the sea was absolute, which enabled her to conduct maritime trade in safety. The application of science to industries became an important factor, as also was the development of the coalfields of Great Britain. Factories sprang up apace, and the population migrated steadily from rural to urban districts, where employment was offered of every kind. Agriculture, heretofore the dominant industry, became of secondary importance, and the production of food could not keep pace with the demands of a growing population.

This, however, caused no alarm, since all the world was clamouring for manufactured goods, especially textiles, machinery and chemicals, and in payment were tendering grain and

raw materials produced at prices which were far below those possible in Great Britain.

The urban workers, who gradually outnumbered those interested in agriculture, insisted on cheap food and imports of all kinds. They prevailed, and with the abolition of the corn duties the last vestige of protection for agriculture disappeared. These conditions were summarised into the theory of Free Trade, which could be shown to cover all the then known factors of prosperity in industries and commerce of the United Kingdom.

In respect of the fiscal policies of most of the Overseas Dominions, who collect the bulk of their revenues from Customs duties on imports, a consideration of their circumstances shows that their action was equally logical.

They had large territories, very small populations, and they produced mainly agricultural products and raw materials. The bulk of their population was engaged in agriculture and were able to produce for themselves the necessities of life. As each, however, prospered, he would develop more land, but, generally speaking, the colonists had but little cash available. Those, however, who had made goods purchased imported luxuries, and by imposing import duties on these taxation was contributed by those who could best afford it and substantially in proportion to their wealth. This system, once established, took firm root, and when the different Dominions had advanced further in population, and desired to manufacture a proportion of the raw materials they produced into finished goods, was utilised as protection against cheap imports.

One point in connection with the import taxes in our Overseas Dominions must be kept carefully in mind. Where taxes are simply proportional to the revenue requirements locally, the additional cost of living is a set-off against direct taxation in a Free Trade country.

Higher import duties to establish or foster industries which *per se* cannot compete with imports introduce a widely different policy, but even so this is not of necessity antagonistic to the Empire as a whole. For many reasons it is desirable that the production of certain manufactured goods should not be confined to one or two places in the Empire, even if in these production is cheaper. There are many commodities so essential to the population of all parts of the Empire that their temporary loss in time of war by failure or shortage of transport would be serious, or even fatal. Again, all over the Empire education has made great strides, and universities have produced brilliant technical men. It is highly desirable that these should have opportunities of applying their brains and training to industries

without the necessity of migration to one or two centres. From an Imperial point of view the solution of this phase of the problem is largely financial. Established producers of certain manufactured goods find a determination in certain of the Empire markets to foster home production of these goods by high tariffs. At the same time the establishment of the industries needs capital, experience and technical skill.

In such cases it is logical that the existing producers should co-operate fully and freely by the establishment of branch factories, which would consume raw materials grown locally and employ local labour.

Examples can be quoted of industries established in the United Kingdom which exported goods to certain Overseas Dominions, but met with a firm determination by these Dominions to establish home production. The United Kingdom producers, after doing what they could to hamper this policy, have finally seen other people finance and establish the industries successfully, after, perhaps, costly experimental work which might have been saved by the co-operation of the home producers. Little or no effort has been made in many cases to consider the Overseas Dominions' viewpoint and to study the question Imperially. This is one of the factors in Imperial commerce and industry which needs the closest attention, and if local manufacture under increased protection can be shown to be beneficial to the Empire it merits the support and not the opposition of existing producers.

Another equally important factor is touched upon in paragraphs 20 and 21 above. The chaotic condition of Europe, which is simultaneous with the depression of home and overseas industries and trade, has led to the conclusion that these two conditions are the sole cause and effect respectively. It is argued far and wide that the recovery of Europe is the one and only essential to improved conditions. Many of those who advocate concentration on the internal trade of the Empire are not satisfied with the evidence on which this argument is based. It is true that Europe, and especially Germany, purchased largely from the United Kingdom and her Dominions in pre-war times, but analysis of the trade showed an enormous preponderance of raw materials or semi-manufactured goods in the British Empire exports, and of manufactured goods in the imports.

To employ labour fully and freely necessitates the production and sale of goods which have been wrought to the fullest extent by labour. Coal, minerals, wool, grain and the like are all produced by the labour of men's hands, but the extent to which workers are employed is very small as compared with that

required to produce machinery, woven goods, chemical products, and so forth.

Again, it is not unreasonable to ask the pertinent question: "Does Europe really wish to buy from us?" To a great extent her production is similar to that we desire mainly to foster. The Allied nations are intent upon obtaining goods from the late enemy countries for nothing in the form of reparations. Looking even further afield, the U.S.A. has shown definitely that she does not wish to buy our manufactured goods. She takes certain raw materials which she cannot produce, but has put a prohibitive tariff on all imports of goods she can manufacture at home. Equally, there is the cumulative evidence of those who are attempting to sell goods to Europe that all kinds of petty obstacles are encountered. Personal visits are made difficult, costly and exhausting by passport regulations. Consular invoices at absurd cost are demanded for all imported goods. Inflated currencies are, of course, the most visible factor in declining trade, but it is not by any means certain that these were not manipulated in the first instance as a bar to import by those countries who were anxious to lay hands on the world's markets. Even if the monster they have created has turned and rent them, the desire to confine purchases to a minimum is not disproved.

The theory of Free Trade, which is directly opposed to intensive efforts to foster trade within the Empire, presupposes a desire to trade by all nations. If this does not exist, or is confined to the purchase of British goods on which but little labour has been expended, the recovery of our industries and the reduction of unemployment must be sought elsewhere.

As to the means whereby internal trade in the Empire may be fostered, there are under consideration many alternatives. Mutual preferential tariffs are important. They involve a definite encouragement to the different States in the Empire to exchange goods directly *inter se*. It must not be forgotten, however, that trade of necessity involves sale and purchase by both parties. If one of the Dominions buys a million pounds worth of machinery from the United Kingdom, in some shape or form the United Kingdom must buy an approximately equal quantity of goods in return. Should it be possible to impress upon our overseas possessions the necessity of their purchasing British manufactured goods for the maintenance of industries essential to the safety of the Empire, the United Kingdom must of necessity take in exchange Colonial produce.

It is true that there are two sides to a bargain, but if one party completes his obligations and delivers the goods the other

must find means to meet the bill. In practice it is the reservoir of Capital which makes industries and interchange of goods possible. In the case of the Empire, Capital is assured of safety in that exchange rates vary only within narrow limits. The money necessary to produce a million pounds worth of vegetable oil in one of our tropical Colonies and an equal value of textiles for exchange is available and secure, provided both parties are willing to deliver the goods.

The solution of the problem really lies in this mutual determination, and it rests with British citizens residing in the United Kingdom, in America, in Asia, in Africa and in Australasia to decide that in their mutual interests they will buy each other's products in preference to those of foreign origin. This policy, which is personal to every British citizen, can hardly be established by any agreements, tariffs or preferential trade policy. It must rest on the secure basis of the education of all British citizens to a sense of their obligations to the Empire. "British Goods for British Citizens" is a text which should be displayed in every home within the Empire.

JULIUS L. F. VOGEL.

THE NEW GRAND ASSEMBLY.

WITH the signature of the Treaty of Lausanne Turkey has entered upon a fresh phase of her existence, and there are few more interesting political problems to study to-day than the aims and activities of that new Grand National Assembly, upon the conduct of which will depend to a large extent the justification of Turkey in claiming and obtaining the position of a genuinely sovereign and independent Power. Will Turkey rise to the opportunity that is now opening up before her, or will she again disappoint her many friends and admirers and add yet another proof that

New Priest is but Old Presbyter writ large ?

Some considerable time must elapse before it is possible to give anything like an authoritative answer to this question, but it is at any rate not uninteresting to review briefly some of the main factors in the situation as it exists at the moment.

It is generally admitted that the present Assembly is an improvement on its predecessor. One might, in fact, go even further and say that, in all the circumstances, the composition of the new Assembly is much more satisfactory than many critics had anticipated. The General Election which dragged on so interminably through the summer months was not, of course, anything but what we should call a "packed" election. The terms of the Treason Act, whereby "All who willingly by act or writing work against the decision of November 1st deciding on the abolition of the Sultanate and the incorporation in the personality of the National Assembly of the rights of sovereignty or against the legality of the National Assembly are considered traitors to the Fatherland," was a sweeping enactment which has stifled for the time being the aspirations of that Second Group which was threatening the efficacy and unity of the last Assembly. It soon became evident that the frankly Opposition and even the mildly Independent candidates would not stand a chance of election against the organisation of the Government. Very little trouble was taken to hide the one-sidedness of the electoral machinery, which was worked in the interests of the present Popular Party with about as much impartiality as was shown by the Hungarian Bolsheviks during their elections in 1919. Even such a distinguished soldier as Nur-ed-Din Pasha only obtained 100 votes from the electorate of Constantinople, and even so he obtained just twice as many as his able colleague Ali Insan Pasha.

At the same time, many even of those Turks who frankly deplored the undue muzzling of all opposition, and who argued that the toleration of a certain amount of criticism would act as a safety-valve, are not afraid to admit that the Popular Party has managed to include a high proportion of the educated men available. According to a calculation made by the *Yeni-Gun* of Angora, the present Assembly contains 56 officers, 17 Pashas, 21 Valis (governors of high rank), 25 men of religion, 15 doctors, 9 financiers, 10 jurists, 14 business men, 46 notables, 4 poets, 14 journalists, 3 ambassadors, and a number of other men of very varying callings. The list any way shows that the Assembly is not the collection of illiterates it is sometimes represented as being, and it is quite unfair to picture the Assembly as a collection exclusively of Farmer Hayseeds who have no experience of the world and understand nothing outside the management of their farms and the massacring of Armenians. Whether, however, the Assembly is going to throw up any brains of really first-rate ability is at present very hard for a foreigner, and, to judge from certain criticism in the native Press, even for the Turks themselves to decide. Just before the meeting of the Assembly there were all sorts of proposals for modifying the Constitution and putting it on a more conservative and stable basis. One suggestion, for example, was that the elections should be held every four years instead of every two. A second suggestion was that the mandate of the President should run for six years. A third proposal was that the President of the Council of Ministers should continue to be elected, as at present, by the Assembly, but that he should have the right to propose to the Assembly for election to each Ministerial post the names of two candidates. This last proposal in particular aroused a great deal of interest, as it was seen to involve the first step towards a system of homogeneous Cabinet rule and responsibility such as is completely absent under the existing system, whereby all Ministers are chosen directly by the Assembly and are similarly dismissible by that body without their fate having any bearing on the position of their nominal colleagues.

Unfortunately, there seems to be considerable reluctance to proceed with these proposals. For some time they were dropped like hot cakes, and their sudden abandonment certainly suggested that the silence was something more than a coincidence. It was even suggested that the mere reading of the Government programme to the Assembly would be out of place, as it would connote a certain amount of Ministerial initiative and responsibility; and although eventually Fethi did read out his programme, he was very careful to impress upon his audience that

he and his colleagues were the humble mandatories of the Chamber and that they would always be ready to modify or extend their plans in accordance with the orders of the majority of the deputies. These humble words forbid one, therefore, to expect too much from the proposed reforms when they are ready to be brought forward before the Assembly. At the present moment (September 24th) all that is known definitely is that certain of the reforms have been under discussion at the secret caucus meetings of the Popular Party, and that, while there is still a desire to introduce the principle of Cabinet responsibility, there is no idea of copying in all respects the system broadly obtaining in Western Europe.

Various reasons have been cautiously suggested to account for this unwillingness to proceed more swiftly and more openly with the projected reforms. One suggestion which has found much acceptance is that such reforms must inevitably raise in too striking and in too abrupt a fashion the exact position of Mustapha Kemal. It is a curious thing that if you try to question the ordinary Turk on this point he is quite unable to give a satisfactory reply. So far as I can make out, the most authoritative definition of Kemal's position occurs in the 9th paragraph of the Fundamental Law of Organisation, which lays it down that

"The President, who is chosen by the whole body of the Grand National Assembly, is President of the Grand National Assembly for an elective period. In this capacity he is empowered to sign in the name of the Assembly and to ratify the decisions of the Council of Commissars. The Council of Commissars chooses one of them as President, but the President of the Grand National Assembly is the natural President of the Council."

It would seem, therefore, that so long as things remain as they are no one can successfully challenge the right of Kemal to be regarded as the acting head of the State. Nevertheless, the strict legal position is puzzling. On the one hand there is no doubt that at the moment Kemal is the *de facto* ruler of Turkey. On the other hand there is no getting away from the unequivocal language of the first three paragraphs of the Fundamental Law, which declare that the Government belongs unreservedly to the nation and that the legislative and executive power is concentrated in the Assembly, which is the sole true representative of the nation. This question is of more than academic interest. The time is drawing near when, with the ratification of the Treaty, the Powers will have to decide to whom their representatives are to be accredited. In fact, the question has already been raised in the case of the Persian Ambassador, whose creden-

tials were pronounced not to be in order when he went to Angora in August. It was given out officially that his letters contained references to the "Ottoman Empire," and this seems to have been the case; but it is also rumoured that there were other phrases which were still more obnoxious to the Ghazi. The only precedent on which the Powers have to work is that of Ismet Pasha, who, when he came to Lausanne, came as the plenipotentiary of the Government of the Assembly. This precedent makes it difficult for the Powers to decide to which individual, if any, their representatives should be accredited, and this difficulty has been increased since Mustapha Kemal caused himself to be elected President of the Popular Party. It is, of course, contrary to Western ideas to accredit ambassadors to a party leader, and it has astonished many observers here that Kemal should have thought fit to take this position.

This knotty little problem will be still further complicated if, while the powers of the President of the Assembly are left in their present somewhat vague and uncertain form, really responsible Cabinet rule is introduced. In this case people might argue that the Prime Minister as such ought not to be inferior to a party leader, whatever his other functions might happen to be. So long as Fethi Bey remains Prime Minister the point is not likely to cause any personal difficulties between the two men, who are close friends of long standing. Both of them formed part of the famous Harket Ordousson (Army of Liberty); both took part in the Tripoli and the Balkan wars, and Mustapha Kemal was subsequently *attaché militaire* at Sofia during the time that his friend was Turkish Minister in the Bulgarian capital. Their aims have remained very similar, and they have perhaps even more in common than have Mustapha and Rauf Bey or Mustapha and Ismet Pasha. But it is possible to envisage the possibility that this friendly combination may not endure for ever. Kemal would then be faced with two alternatives. Either the President of the Assembly would have to assume the Presidency of the Council in accordance with what the law above quoted seems to regard as the natural sequence of events, or else he would have to loosen his more purely party ties and definitely become some sort of President of the State on the lines of the President of the United States of America or of France, as the case may be.

This is a step which might easily lead to some trouble. We cannot imagine that so active a man as Mustapha Kemal would consent to accept a position analogous to that which M. Millerand is filling in France. But then if he insisted on wielding the reality of power himself he would not only short-circuit the newly

conferred powers of the Prime Minister, but he would run the risk of being accused of undermining the powers of the Assembly and of setting himself up as a monarch. This charge would at once bring about his ears the whole mass of those people who disapprove of the Caliph being shorn of his temporal powers, and the country would be torn by serious strife. Owing to the Law of Treason it has been impossible for the adherents of the old form of Sultanate to pursue their campaign openly, but one has not to live in Turkey very long before one realises that the partisans of the Caliph-Sultanate are both numerous and active. The position, therefore, of Kemal is not quite so free from anxiety as it is sometimes supposed to be, and it is easy to see that the Government is desperately anxious to do something to justify itself in peace as well as it did in war in order to assuage the swelling tide of popular disappointment.

Some such considerations as these were probably in the minds of the authorities when Fethi Bey made his speech in exposition of the ambitious Government programme. He had an unenviable task. He had to try to placate almost every section of the population, and at the same time he had to announce that the very first requisite was to produce a Budget within the compass of the national revenue. On this point he was very emphatic. He dwelt upon the unsound financial administration of the old imperial days, when the public revenues were squandered at the whim of the ruling clique, and when an uneconomic recourse was had to foreign loans. He reminded his hearers of the sad privations under which the country had groaned in the endeavour to pay off the charges of debts incurred without any visible benefit to the country—on the contrary, with the sole result of putting obstacles in the way of the present recovery of the national prosperity. As a sound financier Fethi Bey might well have amplified this theme even further, but then he was not, perhaps, very anxious to remind his audience that the lending Powers had already shown marked generosity in writing off a large proportion of the original loans, and that, so far as the Turkey of to-day was concerned, her rôle at Lausanne had been to do plenty of groaning but to shuffle out of anything like an acknowledgment even in principle of her obligations on such debts as remain to her.

It might well have been expected that with a programme aiming at nothing short of the complete reconstruction of the country Fethi would have had several striking Budgetary proposals to announce. Nothing of the sort. He announced that in the interests of agriculture the tithe would be reduced to 10 per cent.,

and that the resulting deficit would be made good by increasing the indirect taxation, by raising the taxation on certain monopolies, and by remodelling the incidence of the income tax so as to make it more equitable. All these statements were, however, so vague that it is impossible to say at present what value they actually possess, and the same criticism must apply to his remarks on the intention of the Government to pay off its internal and external debts—a measure which he did not seem to consider as an act of simple justice, but rather as a stroke of high policy destined to revive the faith of the investor in the State and so to raise Turkish credit at home and abroad.

The main body of the speech cannot, of course, be given again at great length here, but it is not uninteresting to mention a few of the main projects, because they shed a vivid light on the social and economic condition of the country.

1. Fethi announced in the very first place that the Government had decided to take steps to improve the lot of all the functionaries, both military and civil, and that it had been determined to invite specialists from abroad to reorganise all the departments. All functionaries engaged in future would, he said, have to be of "impeccable moral character," and would have to prove their capacity in the examinations which they would be called upon to pass. Existing officials of proven ignorance or incompetence would be dismissed or retired, according to the length of their service. Henceforward no officials would be dismissed simply by administrative decree, and their *dossiers* would be kept and acted upon with greater care. If the programme of the Government had contained no other item but this, and if it were satisfactorily carried through, it would in itself be a memorable achievement. But unfortunately Fethi, as an honest man, could only say that the proposed new measures would come into operation in the course of the next year and would be limited by the state of the national finances, and there are already symptoms that this qualified promise has by no means satisfied a large class which is grossly underpaid even on paper, and which is further embarrassed by not receiving even their meagre nominal salary at all punctually. More dangerous even than the Civil servants are the numbers of ex-officers, who are still young men, and who, having in many cases been called to the army before they had completed their studies, now find it impossible either to continue those studies or to obtain employment. It is admitted by the Government that at the present moment there is a severe recrudescence of brigandage in Anatolia, and in fact Fethi has said on more than one occasion that

he will either stamp out this evil or resign. Brigandage has, of course, existed in Anatolia from time immemorial, and the brigands have not by any means always been looked upon askance. Many of them have been of the romantic Rob Roy or Dick Turpin type, who very often gave to the poor an appreciable amount of what they filched away from the rich, and who became almost petty kings in their own districts. Many of them, again, were good guerilla warfare leaders, and several of them rendered the Nationalist forces stout service against the Greeks before Kemal had succeeded in properly organising his own men. But what makes the present troubled state of the country round Smyrna, for example, so disquieting is the knowledge that many of these bands contain ex-officers who are well practised in modern methods of war and are men of intelligence and education. Unless something can be done to check the formation of such bands of, so to say, political brigands, the country will not only lose the use of brains which ought to be working for it, but the peasant will have no incentive to develop the productivity of his holding on modern lines, and that exploitation of the country's raw materials which is being looked forward to as a means of diminishing the adverse trade balance will be rendered impossible.

2. The Government very rightly laid great stress upon improving the standard of national education, and foreshadowed reforms in all branches of primary, secondary and post-graduate study. Promises were made to hold holiday courses for teachers, to institute evening classes, to establish training colleges, to found at Constantinople a foyer to which can come poor bursars from the provinces who have won the right to attend the University or the best secondary schools. At the same time Fethi emphasised the importance of physical culture, and announced that a great extension would be given to the already popular Boy Scout movement. Perhaps the most interesting and the most significant passage in this part of the speech was that in which Fethi declared that equal importance would be paid to the education of girls as was paid to that of boys. With this object training colleges and secondary schools had already been opened in various parts of the country, and it was intended to open also for them schools of arts and crafts. In this one can see strongly the influence of Mustapha Kemal, who has been indefatigable in preaching the doctrine that women ought in no way to be subjected to unnecessary and useless restrictions, and that it is only by giving women equal opportunities with men that they will be able to produce those men of more modern

mentality and character whereof the country is in such need. It will be an uphill task to impress the truth of this standpoint upon some of the ignorant reactionaries of Anatolia. At the last elections the women candidates fared but ill at the hands of the electors, and even the wife of the Ghazi himself, though she stood as candidate at several places, and though she had all the prestige of her distinguished husband at her back, failed to obtain more than the merest handful of votes all told.

3. Fethi admitted that during the long years of war the expenditure on public works had been cut down to such an extent that the roads and bridges were in a sad condition; while almost nothing had been done to develop the ports, and many of the rivers, instead of being a source of wealth, were rather a calamity for the districts through which they flowed. But, after proudly announcing that the credits devoted to this purpose would be six to seven times greater than those which figured in the 1922 budget, Fethi went on to make the interesting statement: "I am anxious to declare frankly to you here that our Cabinet is little disposed to raise a foreign loan simply for the purpose of covering the deficit in the Budget. On the other hand, it is disposed to procure funds abroad in order to assure the carrying out of works of the nature of those about which I have just been speaking. We are ready to grant the greatest facilities possible to capital which shall be invested in the country for public works." These words are extremely interesting after all the chauvinist talk about Turkey being independent of foreign financial aid. It is notorious that several Turks who ought to know better came back from Lausanne with the mistaken notion that foreign capitalists were falling over one another in their anxiety to lend Turkey money, and that they were furious at the idea that Turkey could get along quite well without them. Naturally those companies which already had considerable stakes in the country were eager enough to be enabled to carry on their undertakings, and they proved the measure of their anxiety by the patience with which they put up with the hardships of the uncomfortable journey to Angora and with the cavalier treatment which many of them experienced there. But the experiences of these men were not lost upon other capitalists who had not yet committed themselves, and although there has been no lack of harebrained schemes for exploiting the resources of Anatolia it is remarkable rather that up to the present very few men of sound judgment and solid backing have come forward.

This circumstance, of course, has not been lost upon the Turk, and so we are already beginning to hear another kind of tune.

That the country is in urgent need of a complete overhaul is obvious not only from the speech of Fethi but also from what one hears and sees every day. The problem which confronts Angora is how to attract that foreign capital which is so much needed and at the same time to safeguard those newly won rights which flow from the abolition of the hated Capitulations. Matters have spun themselves for many years past into a vicious circle. Owing largely to their military preoccupations and to the wilful discouragement of progress which was one of the most deadly blights cast on the country by the policy of the Sultans, the Turks have lost such aptitude as they ever possessed for industry and commerce, and they have watched the lucrative exploitation of their soil pass into foreign hands. There are many people who say that this was inevitable and that the Turk never was and never will be a man of business or be capable of organising his own heritage. Time will show if these men are right. The Turks, at any rate, are determined to make an attempt, and the rest of the world may as well resign itself to that fact. From this point of view it is perhaps as well that the Allies gave way as far as they did at Lausanne. Turkey now has her own destiny in her hands, to make or to mar. If, after a few years' tuition from the few indispensable experts, the Turks make good their claim to administer and develop the country themselves they should be entitled to all the praise which one can pour out upon them. But if they fail they will only have themselves to blame.

Meanwhile they are faced with the problem of the trying period of transition. They must learn to walk before they can hope to run. And they can only hope to learn to walk by encouraging the right sort of foreign business man and by dealing with him on a sensible and rational basis. If incompetent Turks are to be thrust into undertakings on an altogether uneconomic scale, and if the various businesses are to be weighed down by a quantity of unnecessary top-hamper, then the Turkish Government must be prepared to take these difficulties of its own creating into consideration, and must be ready to grant more favourable terms than would be required if the experts were free to run their undertakings on normally efficient and economic lines. This will be the supreme test of the new Grand National Assembly. The utterances of the more prominent members go to show that this platitude is fully recognised, and that an attempt will be made to reconcile the needs of the country with the natural ambition of the Turk to be master in his own house. Whether in the event the Turk will prove capable of taking the place of the foreigner and of managing his own railways, telephones, hotels and shops on modern lines is another matter. There is

at least a fair sporting chance that his new Government will put him in the right road to prove his capacity.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

P.S.—Since this article was written the question of the constitution and of the exact position and powers of Mustapha Kemal has again come forward, and has aroused the liveliest interest in the Constantinople Press. As a matter of immediate practical politics it can make very little difference whether Kemal is styled President of the Republic or Chief of the State so long as he continues to be in fact the undisputed ruler of the country. But it is rightly felt that this problem ought to be settled objectively and that the future constitution must be moulded in principle with as little as possible regard to the fact that the first President is to be the Ghazi who has rendered Turkey such transcendent services. A succession of constitutional changes is good for no country, and if a natural feeling of gratitude prompts the Turks now to invest Kemal with powers which they would not grant to anybody else, the country is doomed in advance to further change and uncertainty when the inevitable day arrives that Kemal will no longer be alive to guide his countrymen in peace as he led them in war.

M. H. H. M.

IRELAND AND THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

I.

THE question, very vexed and very much alert in earlier centuries, of Ireland's national rank and status in regard to the Crown, has now been strangely stirred to life again in the turn of a phrase of the very document by which it was supposed to have been answered. It is not a question, proper and important in its place, of old, ancestral claims of the Gaelic State, before English law was heard in Ireland, in days when Ireland held a sufficient dignity of her own in the antique world. Strictly, it is a question rooted in the history and practice of English law itself, entangled in the precedents from which that law is derived, and invested with all the traditions of that law, the peculiar traditions that hang about it like the musty aroma of an old library, without which, however, neither library nor law would beckon with the authority they claim. Yet it is of far more than merely academic interest. It is itself a constitutional question of highest importance as between Great Britain and Ireland; and by implication it affects the constitution of the entire Commonwealth of Nations, of which the Irish Free State is, in the words of her own Constitution, now a co-equal member.

This question so raised, and of so deep an implication, concerns the relation of Ireland to the prerogative exercised by the King in Council, or more familiarly the Privy Council, and particularly that part of the prerogative exercised by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It is raised by Article 66 of the Irish Free State Constitution, which seems, as it now reads, quite clearly to provide for the right to carry appeals from the Free State to the Privy Council, just as that right is protected in the case of all the other members of the Commonwealth, once colonies and conquered possessions, now nations with the rank of Dominions. It is known that that Article was not always as it now reads. No breach of confidence occurs in referring to the statement made freely, and on obviously inspired authority, in English journals at that time, that the draft Constitution taken to London in May, 1922, made no such provision; or to the claim that this was one among several matters where addition or revision was required. Indeed, the existence of a conflict is fairly obvious in the very wording of the Article, which now reads thus:—

The Supreme Court of the Irish Free State shall, with such exceptions (not including cases which involve questions as to the validity of any law) and subject to such regulations as may be prescribed by law, have

appellate jurisdiction from all decisions of the High Court. The decision of the Supreme Court shall in all cases be final and conclusive, and shall not be reviewed or capable of being reviewed by any other Court, Tribunal, or Authority whatsoever:

Provided that nothing in this Constitution shall impair the right of any person to petition his Majesty for special leave to appeal from the Supreme Court to his Majesty in Council or the right of his Majesty to grant such leave.

Manifestly, the two paragraphs of the Article read strangely together, each appearing contradictory to the other. The first supposes the conclusion of a debate that the second reopens. It is on the second that the right of appeal to the Privy Council is presumed to rest. But does it rest there? An examination will show that the presumption is void; that the words fail to achieve their intention because of a curious error in historical reasoning; and that the very history to which it avowedly appeals, with so deft a gesture, not only proves the paragraph itself to be invalid, but unsuspectingly establishes Ireland's rank and status in regard to the Crown.

It is right to note that an authority so eminent as Viscount Haldane is clearly of opinion that such a power of appeal is assured by this Article. On July 25th of this year certain cases were carried to the Privy Council; but as they were thrown out on other grounds, the question whether a right of appeal existed at all under the Article was not argued. Lord Haldane, who presided, declared that "unless a case was one involving some great principle, or was of very wide public interest, leave to appeal would not be granted. An appeal to the King in Council was not as of right. It was an appeal to the King's discretion." Therefore, because of the lack of sufficient substance in the matter of these cases, they did not proceed to argument. Yet, in the absence of argument, Lord Haldane took occasion to observe:—

In Ireland, under the Constitution Act, by Section 66, the prerogative of the Sovereign was saved, and the prerogative, therefore, existed in Ireland just as it did in Canada, South Africa, India, and right through the Empire, with the single exception of Australia, and in that case it had reference only to Constitutional disputes.

Now, these words are remarkable, for in them the pith of the whole issue is contained. Coming from so high an authority, they are a curious instance of the same faulty historical reasoning that underlies the second paragraph of the Article itself. They presume that the analogy of the colonies is applicable to Ireland. They suppose that the history of legal precedents behind each is the same. Examination will show that, in the history and

practice of English law, the two are separated by the widest difference—by a difference, indeed, as wide as that which separates Great Britain herself from her own colonies.

It is striking that Lord Haldane's words reveal an identity of thought with that contained in Article 66. The two fit precisely each to each. He does not say that "the prerogative of the Sovereign was *created* by Article 66," but that "the prerogative was *saved*" thereby, on the presumption that it had existed already. Similarly, the second paragraph of Article 66 declares that "nothing shall *impair* the right of any person to petition, or the right of his Majesty to grant." The word "impair" accords with Lord Haldane's word "save"; and the word is critical, for it is not by the intention of draftsmen, but by the plain meaning of words, that legal instruments are to be construed. It does not create a right: it merely protects a right that is presumed to exist already, as it has existed from the beginning in the case of the colonies as Dominions of the Crown. But if it should prove to be the case that such a right never existed before, prior to the prescription of the Constitution, then this second paragraph of the Article rests on a false foundation; it is emptied of all meaning and validity.

The case may be put in this way. An appellant coming into a court is required to state on what statute or what practice he rests his right to be there. If he can produce neither statute nor practice he has no standing in that court. Now an appellant before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council cannot (as Lord Haldane's careful words themselves imply) produce Article 66 as conferring on him a right to be there. The Article confers nothing. It simply protects. It says that nothing shall impair a right that already existed; and Lord Haldane remarks that it saves that existing right. An appellant must, therefore, when challenged to show by what right he stands in that court, produce the earlier existence, whether by statute or by practice, of that right.

What will he produce? An examination will show that, owing to the circumstances of Ireland's history, no such earlier right has ever existed; and that those who drafted the second paragraph of Article 66 were led astray by the false analogy of the Dominions. Few, indeed, have realised the fundamental change wrought in the Constitution of the Commonwealth by the addition of Ireland as a co-equal member. A brief survey of the arguable precedents that govern the case of Ireland in this matter, as distinguished from the precedents that govern the case of the Dominions, will exhibit the error very lucidly.

II.

The Dominions were once colonies; and, wrote Anson, in one paragraph laying bare the roots of the trees that have now burgeoned so bounteously, "the earliest colonies were acquired by conquest or discovery, and in the latter case were often regulated by a charter granted to a company or an individual. Their connexion with the central government was through the King in Council."¹ That is to say, whether conquered or ceded possessions, or colonised possessions (Quebec, for example, or Alberta), they were established originally under the kingly prerogative, and governed under that prerogative, with the consequence that appeals for justice, in the last resort, returned to the King in Council.

"Whenever," wrote Blackstone in the middle of the eighteenth century—before the extension of constitutional liberties to some of these colonies—"whenever a question arises between two provinces in America or elsewhere, as concerning the extent of their charters and the like, the king in his council exercises *original* jurisdiction therein, upon the principles of feudal sovereignty. . . . But from all the dominions of the Crown, excepting Great Britain and Ireland" (important words, which may be set aside for memory later), "an *appellate* jurisdiction (in the last resort) is vested in the same tribunal; which usually exercises its judicial authority in a committee of the whole privy council, who hear the allegations and proofs, and make their report to his majesty in council, by whom the judgement is finally given."²

In illustration of his comment may be quoted a passage from the Royal Proclamation of 1763, two years before his book was published, by which the Government of Quebec, among other Governments, was constituted:—

We have given Power under our Great Seal to the Governors of our said Colonies respectively to erect and constitute, with the advice of our said Councils respectively, Courts of Judicature and public Justice within our said Colonies for hearing and determining all Causes, as well Criminal as Civil, according to Law and Equity, and as near as may be agreeable to the Laws of England, with Liberty to all Persons who may think themselves aggrieved by the Sentences of such Courts, in all Civil Cases, to appeal, under the usual Limitations and Restrictions, to Us in our Privy Council.³

So it was originally in the case of all the colonies, small and great. The original prerogative was boundless, not only judicial,

(1) Anson. *Law and Custom of the Constitution*, 2nd edition, p. 264.

(2) Blackstone. *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, 17th edition, by Edward Christian, vol. 1, p. 231.

(3) W. P. M. Kennedy. *Documents of the Canadian Constitution*, p. 19.

but legislative; but in course of time that prerogative became limited by its own act. Says Anson: "Until legislative powers are granted to colonies, the Crown can legislate for them by Order in Council"; but "when the Crown has granted a legislative assembly to a colony, its powers of legislation by Order in Council, unless expressly reserved, are at an end."¹ Such express reservation was usually made in the power of veto; for the Parliament of Great Britain claimed (and still claims, though in the case of the Commonwealth the claim is inoperative) the right to make laws binding in all the Empire; and the prerogative of veto was reserved lest any colony should make laws repugnant to the laws of the Parliament of Great Britain.

The prerogative of judicial review, however, having originally existed, was in all cases specifically reserved. "The Crown," to quote Todd, "may, by its prerogative, review the decisions of all colonial courts, criminal as well as civil, unless this prerogative has been expressly annulled by charter or statute, though an appeal, in a criminal case, is rarely entertained by the privy council."² Having never been expressly annulled, appeals to the Privy Council continue to exist, in one form or another, from all the Dominions.

Not until 1867 did any of the colonies cluster together to form larger constellations; and then the British North America Act created the federated Dominion of Canada, comprising four Provinces, each of which had been colonies, and in each of which the prerogative right of judicial review, having existed from its foundation, continued to be practised. Possibly, had its abolition then been sought, it might have been conceded; but the Act of federation left it undisturbed. Eight years later, however, an Act was prepared by the Canadian Legislature to establish a federal Supreme Court; and in that Act it was intended to abolish finally all appeals and petitions to the Privy Council; "but the home authorities, we are told," the chief authorities aver, "intimated that the Queen's assent would be withheld if such a clause were inserted."³ Consequently the right was still retained in that Act; but it was retained by so quaint a phrasing that the clause may with advantage be quoted. Indeed, it offers a striking comparison with Article 66 of the Free State Constitution; thus:—

The judgment of the Supreme Court shall in all cases be final and conclusive, and no appeal shall be brought from any judgment or order

(1) Anson, pp. 273, 275.

(2) Todd. *Parliamentary Government in the Colonies*, 2nd edition.

(3) Clements. *The Law of the Canadian Constitution*, 3rd edition, p. 160.

And see W. P. M. Kennedy. *The Constitution of Canada*, p. 341.

of the Supreme Court to any court of appeal established by the parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, by which appeals and petitions to her Majesty in Council may be ordered to be heard: saving any right which her Majesty may be graciously pleased to exercise by virtue of her royal prerogative.

Singular example of futility! Words are carefully designed to achieve an intention, and other words are added to them that virtually undo all their labour and desire as though they had been expunged, for, unlike the second paragraph of Article 66, this addition is effective. As a matter of fact, however, the greater number of appeals from Canada to the Privy Council, as examination will show, are brought, not from the Supreme Court of the Federation, but from the courts of the Provinces, the original colonies, whether of the first four, or of those that were later added.

A similar attempt to end the prerogative of judicial review was made in 1900, when the Australian Commonwealth was created. In the original draft of the Bill the right of appeal to the Privy Council from decisions of the High Court of Australia on constitutional questions was abolished; but Chamberlain, on behalf of the British Government, insisted that the right should be reserved. A compromise, however, was finally struck; and in his recent sketch of the life of Alfred Deakin, one of the Australian delegates, Walter Murdoch describes the "corybantic behaviour on the part of three middle-aged and solidly-built statesmen" with which the compromise was celebrated.

Nine years later, it appears, something of the same contest occurred when the Union of South Africa was achieved. The proceedings of the Constituent Convention in South Africa have never been made public; but Article 106 of the South Africa Act declares that "there shall be no appeal from the Supreme Court of South Africa or from any division thereof to the King in Council, but nothing herein contained shall be construed to impair any right which the King in Council may be pleased to exercise to grant special leave to appeal from the Appellate Division to the King in Council." These words are important, for they formed the pattern according to which the second paragraph of Article 66 of the Free State Constitution was drafted; but in South Africa a right existed which could be "impaired," which these words therefore reserved and "saved."

It is only necessary to add that in all these Dominions this reservation has proved a source of dissatisfaction and irritation. At the Imperial Conference of 1917, Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, said that "Australia's experience of the Privy Council in constitutional cases has been, to say the least of it, unfor-

tunate." "I think," said Sir Robert Borden for Canada, "we have had just about enough Appeal Courts, and I think the tendency in our country will be to restrict appeals to the Privy Council." "There is," said Mr. Rowell for the same State, "a growing opinion that our own Courts should be the final authority." "You know what our opinion is in South Africa," said Mr. Burton. "In our Constitution we have abolished the right of appeal to the Privy Council as a right. There is no such right at all, but the Constitution merely says that any right residing in the King in Council to grant special leave to appeal shall not be interfered with."

III.

Such has been the growth, and therefore such is the practice, of the Dominions, to which Lord Haldane has likened the case of Ireland in this matter, and which the draftsmen of Article 66 have apparently held before them. The case of Ireland, however, stands on quite a different foundation in English law. At no time, in the ambit of that law, has the King in Council held for Ireland either the right of legislation or of judicial review; and, therefore, no right has ever existed which may now be impaired or reserved, surrendered or saved. A very brief summary of the long and vexed history bearing on this very theme of judicial review will show that the correct analogy to be taken for Ireland is, not the Dominions and colonies, but England herself. The history of the legal precedents that governs England, not that which governs the colonies, governs the case of Ireland; and in England the ultimate court of appeal is not the King in Council, but the high court of Parliament.

The origin of this history was referred to by Chief Justice Sir Edward Coke in 1615, in the case of *Godsøl v. Sir Christopher Heydon*, carried to the Court of the King's Bench where he presided. Interposing in an argument by Attorney-General Bacon (of some fame in other capacities), in which Bacon had referred to writs of error brought there by transcript from the King's Bench in Ireland, he said:—"Henry III., the conqueror of Ireland, ordained that Ireland should be governed by the laws of the Crown in England (and that order was made by him without any Act of Parliament, as he could well do, being a conqueror), and so by that order he annexed that to the Crown of England, of which this is the principal court. And that is the reason why a writ of error lies here on a judgment given in the King's Bench in Ireland, and no writ of error lies in the Parliament of Ireland, and the Parliament here can bind in Ireland." ¹ His reference is

(1) From the Norman-French of the Reports.

to the grant by charter of February 6th, 1217, declaring that "our will and pleasure is, that of our grace and favour to our Kingdom of Ireland, you [Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Earls, Barons, Esquires and Freeholders, and all faithful subjects, to wit] and your heirs for ever should enjoy, in testimony of your unshaken and distinguished loyalty, the liberties granted to our kingdom of England, by our father and ourself." ¹

Therefore, writs of error, as appeals were then known, were carried from the King's Bench in Ireland to the King's Bench in England, as to the principal court, not to the King in Council. It was the principal court because the King originally sat there in person, as he could not, by reason of distance, sit in Ireland. "The Court of King's Bench," wrote Matthew Bacon in his *New Abridgement of the Law*, published in 1736, "superintends the proceedings of all other inferior courts, and being the king's own court, in which he formerly sat in person, by the plenitude of its power corrects the error of those courts. Hence it is that a writ of error lies in this court of a judgment given in the King's Bench in Ireland." ²

Indeed, "the real importance," as Stubbs describes it, of the Privy Council only began to date from this time. In Ireland as in England, the functions of the Privy Council, as "a permanent, continual or resident council," with its judicial staff, are to be traced back to this very reign of Henry III.; and if, as is probable, the Irish Council was copied from, and followed fast upon, the English, the two arose and flourished from the same time together, neither being fiduciary to the other. ³ Only in the Courts of King's Bench, for the reason stated, did an appeal lie in the English Court; and when the English Privy Council began to acquire the special care and governance of the colonies that adventure presented to the Crown, it left "the liberties granted to our kingdom of England" and to "our kingdom of Ireland" unaffected.

Not till the 17th century, however, did parliamentary government, in the modern sense, establish itself; and when it did so, the establishment in Ireland followed speedily upon the English. In the early years of that century the English House of Lords definitely became the ultimate court of appeal, or court of error, for England; and it was not long before the Irish Lords exercised the same function for Ireland, displacing appeals to the King's Bench of England. "If a judgment," says Lord Chief Justice

(1) Quoted by William Molyneux. *The Case of Ireland Stated*.

(2) Matthew Bacon. *A New Abridgement of the Law*, ed. 1832, p. 96 (first published 1736).

(3) Stubbs. *Constitutional History of England*, vol. II., 4th edition, pp. 268, 269.

Hale, somewhere about the middle of this century,¹ "be given in the King's Bench in Ireland it is true that a writ of error lies into the King's Bench in England or in the Parliament of Ireland; and if the judgment be affirmed or reversed in the Parliament of Ireland, no writ of error lies in the King's Bench of England upon such affirmance or reversal in the parliament there, but a writ of error lies in the parliament here upon such judgment given in the lords' house of parliament in Ireland."

It is well known that the implication of these last words of Hale were the theme of mighty contention as between Ireland and England during the whole of the eighteenth century. It was held in Ireland that the parliaments of England and Ireland were the parliaments of two separate kingdoms; and that their powers, having been derived separately, with no devolution from one to the other, were independent and co-equal. By none was this argued more cogently than by William Molyneux (a British loyalist who had fled Ireland during the late wars) in his *Case of Ireland Stated*: argued, indeed, with a wealth of instance, a prodigality of learning, and a force and pertinence, that baffle brief quotation. In England it was claimed that writs of error were returnable in that country; in no case, be it noted, to the King in Council; but from King's Bench to King's Bench, and from parliament to parliament, where, as the practice had developed, appeals were taken from the Irish King's Bench to the Irish House of Lords. Early in this century Lord Macclesfield asserted that "the courts of justice here have a superintendent power over those in Ireland, and a writ of error lies in the King's Bench in England, to reverse a judgment of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland." Upon this, his biographer, Lord Campbell (who had been Lord Chancellor in Ireland, and was yet to be Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor in England), makes a comment more to the point than perhaps he suspected. "I never could understand," he says, "how this writ of error could have originated; for if Ireland were a colony, or a conquered country, the appeal would have been not to the King's Bench in England, but to the King in Council."² A very pertinent and proper distinction!

In 1719 the contention came to a point, as a result of the famous Sherlock and Annesley case. Some years before, this case had been taken, according to the practice now usual in Ireland (as in England), to the Lords' House of Parliament. Had it

(1) Hale. *The Jurisdiction of the Lords' House, or Parliament, considered according to ancient Records*. Not published till 1796, when the original MS. was edited by Francis Hargreave.

(2) Campbell. *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. IV., p. 528.

been left there, history might have taken another course; but Annesley, against whom the House of Lords in Ireland had decided, carried his appeal, in 1712, to the English House of Lords. There he won his case, and the English House of Lords instructed the Irish Court of Exchequer to put Annesley in possession of the estate he claimed; but, when the court issued its order, Alexander Burrowes, the sheriff of Co. Kildare, stubbornly declined to execute an order contrary to that of the House of Lords of his country. Fined £1,200, he brought his case before the House of Lords of his country. Appealed to in this manner, the Irish Lords took counsel of the judges of the country, who declared that the Irish House of Lords, and the Irish House of Lords alone, held the final and conclusive right of judicature for Ireland. So fortified, the Irish Lords declared their rights in a resolution of their House, extolled the sheriff for his vigour, addressed a strong representation to the King, and proceeded to imprison the Barons of the Exchequer.

This led to the Act of the English Parliament of 1719, which marked another stage in the controversy. The title of this Act, however, is remarkable. It is described as "An Act for the better securing the Dependency of the Kingdom of Ireland upon the Crown of Great Britain," and it is significant that, even in the bitterness of this controversy, Ireland is described, not as a colony, nor as a dominion of the Crown, but as a distinct kingdom. It declared that "the said Kingdom of Ireland hath been, is, and of right ought to be subordinate unto and dependent upon the Imperial Crown of Great Britain"; that the English Parliament had the power to make laws binding the Irish Parliament; and that the House of Lords of Ireland "have not, nor of right ought to have any jurisdiction to judge of, affirm or reverse any judgment, sentence or decree given or made in any court within the said kingdom," annulling the decision already given.¹

So the matter lay until the time of "Grattan's Parliament"; and then, as the consequence of strenuous political events, the English Parliament was compelled, in 1782, to repeal this Act. "The several matters and things therein contained," the new Act announced, "shall be, and is, and are hereby repealed."² This brevity, however, was not considered to be sufficient by the Irish Parliament; and therefore, the following year, another more complete and more explicit Act was passed. "The right," it enacted, "claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws and suits at law or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in his Majesty's courts therein finally, and

(1) 6 Geo. I. c. 5.

VOL. CXIV. N.8.

(2) 22 Geo. III. c. 53.

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without appeal from thence, shall be, and is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable." Moreover, it was "further enacted . . . that no writ of error or appeal shall be received or adjudged, or any other proceeding be had by or in any of his Majesty's Courts in this Kingdom, in any action or suit at law or in equity instituted in any of his Majesty's Courts in the kingdom of Ireland." ¹

It is noteworthy that these were English, not Irish, Acts. The Irish Parliament enacted nothing, but simply proceeded to exercise the full power of legislative right and final and conclusive appeal in judicature that it claimed, leaving to the English Parliament the specific repudiation of the claims that it had made. This right has never been annulled. By the Act of Union, in 1800, the separate Parliament of Ireland became merged with the Parliament of Great Britain as one united Parliament for a new unity of the two kingdoms; and to that united Parliament the Irish contribution carried the right of judicial review that had been vested in it by the Act of 1783. "All writs of error and appeals," it was stated in Article 8 of the Act of Union, "depending at the time of the Union or hereafter to be brought, and which might now be finally decided by the House of Lords of either kingdom, shall, from and after the Union, be finally decided by the House of Lords of the United Kingdom." ² These words, judicially considered, abrogate no right that had been gained. Appeals continued to be carried to the high court of Parliament. The King's Bench of England claimed no "superintendence" over the King's Bench of Ireland; and by the Act of Union no appeals lay to the King in Council, for no such appeals had ever at any time existed from Ireland.

Consequently, when in 1833 an Act was passed, "for the Better Administration of Justice in his Majesty's Privy Council," Ireland was not included within the ambit of the Act. Until the Act, appeals to the King in Council were supposed to have been heard, as Blackstone stated, "in a committee of the whole privy council." Actually the jurisdiction had been exercised by members of the Privy Council holding high judicial office; and the Act constituted a special committee of such persons, now in effect the Lords of Appeal in another capacity—with this difference, that their judgments are returned as advice to the King, and issued as Orders in Council. To this Committee appeals could be carried only from places where the Privy Council jurisdiction already extended, "from Courts," said the Act, "in the Plantations in America and other of his Majesty's Dominions or else

(1) 23 Geo. III. c. 28.

(2) 39 & 40 Geo. III. c. 67.

where abroad." The position of Ireland was left unchanged. In the eighteenth century Blackstone had stated that "an appellate jurisdiction was vested in the Privy Council from all the Dominions of the Crown, *except Great Britain and Ireland*." At the end of the nineteenth century the singularly high authority of Maitland is found in confirmation. "The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council," he says, "is the Supreme Court of Appeal for all the King's lands *outside the United Kingdom*." ¹

IV.

From the Union, therefore, until the enactment of the Free State Constitution (with the Anglo-Irish Treaty attached as a schedule thereto) appeals from the kingdom of Ireland, now merged in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, were carried to the high court of the united Parliament. There was no other court to which appeals could in law be carried. At the time of the enactment of the Free State Constitution, both by the Free State Constituent Assembly for Ireland and by the Parliament of Great Britain for its own State, no right, therefore, was present, or had ever been present, "of any person to petition his Majesty in Council," or of "his Majesty to grant such appeal." No rights, therefore, existed that could be "impaired" or be "saved," as the draftsmen of Article 66, and as Lord Haldane, presumed them to have existed, and as they did in fact exist from the beginning in the case of the colonies, now nations with the rank of Dominions. The analogy of the Dominions has proved deceptive, for the legal precedents that avail in respect of Ireland are those that apply to England, not those that apply to the other sister States of the Commonwealth of Nations.

The claim has, however, been made that the word "impair" in Article 66 may be construed as referring back to the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, owing to the circumstance that in Section 53 of that Act reference was made to such an appeal to the Privy Council. Examination will show that the claim is invalid. According to that Act the right of appeal was confined to two matters only, neither of which is operative to-day, both of which have been set aside by the Anglo-Irish Treaty. The first of these concerned the validity of laws, whether they were or were not "beyond the powers of" the Parliaments of Northern and Southern Ireland, and the Council of Ireland, a Council which never came into being, as the Act itself never came into operation. The second of these referred to the decisions of the Joint Exchequer Board, which also failed to come into existence, con-

(1) Maitland. *The Constitutional History of England*, p. 340.

sequent upon the failure of the Act itself. Indeed, the very limitation of the matters in respect of which, by this Act, appeals might be carried to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, of itself disposes of the claim; for the reference under the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, is to two matters only, and neither of these two matters can come into issue, since the domain of this Act has been superseded by the Treaty in these very matters.

Similarly it has been claimed that the Treaty itself created such a right of appeal. This, certainly, is a more formidable claim; yet it, too, passes on examination. It is true that Article I. of the Treaty says that "Ireland shall have the same constitutional status in the community of nations known as the British Empire as the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa." It is true that Article II. says that "the law, practice, and constitutional usage governing the relationship of the Crown, and of the Imperial Parliament, to the Dominion of Canada, shall govern their relationship to the Irish Free State." Yet, it is important to note in passing, the Treaty, as a legal instrument, is but a schedule to the Constitution; and, though the preamble to the Constitution states that it "shall be construed with reference to" the Treaty, Article 66 refers clearly and specifically, not to a schedule, but to some imagined right that is supposed to exist prior to the enactment of either Constitution or Treaty, both being one Act, by the existence of which imagined right it stands or falls.

The contention, indeed, fails on its merits. It contains within itself the argument by which it is defeated. For if the words declaring that the Constitution "shall be construed with reference to" the Treaty can be construed as of themselves conferring the right of appeal to the Privy Council, then why was it thought necessary to add the second paragraph of Article 66? Is it not clear that this paragraph was drafted to repair a deficiency, so as to add something that was not considered to be included until the paragraph was framed to include it? By the competency of the drafting of that paragraph, therefore—by its own construction and not by the construction of anything else—must the right of appeal be considered; and it has been seen that the paragraph fails because of its reasoning from a false analogy.

In no part of the Treaty, however, is any reference made to the treatment of Ireland, either as a conquered country, like Quebec or Nova Scotia, or as a colonised one, like Alberta or British Columbia, both of which are included in Canada, and in both of

which rights of appeal exist to the King in Council, even against the Federal Supreme Court of Canada, with which State the case of Ireland is, as to general matters, likened. Nor can the reference confer on the King in Council a right which has never existed, merely by the statement that it shall not be "impaired." It requires something more specific, something more particular and pertinent, to create a new right after centuries of contrary practice; and since no such right has ever existed, and since no such right existed at the time of the enactment of the Constitution of the Free State, with the Treaty as an attached schedule, and since no such right was created by either part of this joint instrument, no such right exists now. The draftsmen of Article 66 protected what was at the time of the enactment an insubstantial nothing, which, being an insubstantial nothing then and before, remains an insubstantial nothing still.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

GAMBETTA AND DR. STRESEMANN.

IN May, 1921, at the time of the London Conference, I was in Berlin and in frequent contact with German politicians, among whom I thought one was particularly fitted to deal with difficulties then getting out of hand. I spoke with the French Ambassador, M. Laurent, about the man of whom I thought so highly, and who was Dr. Stresemann, and it was agreed that I should arrange for them to meet. They were to lunch with me in a private room at the Adlon Hotel, where I was staying. Suddenly the Upper Silesian trouble took a new and still more acute turn, and M. Laurent sent me a line to say he was afraid the meeting would be misinterpreted and have to be abandoned. The *Action Française*, the leading reactionary paper in Paris, in a sort of attack on me, disclosed these circumstances, which ought to have remained confidential as the unofficial effort of a "mutual friend" to promote an understanding. A source of diplomatic weakness at Berlin has always, since the war, been the absence of private contact with the French Ambassador. After Stresemann had taken office, which I expected he would do much earlier, it might have been too late to begin.

The following dialogue will make it apparent why I thought Stresemann the right man to deal with difficulties which have since then become enormously greater.

Personæ.

DR. GUSTAV STRESEMANN.

MRS. STRESEMANN.

GAMBETTA'S shade.

A comfortable first floor in the Taubentzen Strasse, fashionable quarter of Berlin. Mrs. Stresemann, a graceful, good-looking woman in prime of life, helping the Doctor to take off his coat. Sitting-room. Grand piano. On it bronze statue of Napoleon. On sideboard other bronzes of Napoleon. On walls engravings, some coloured, of scenes from life of Napoleon, originals of proclamations framed, etc. Large rocking-chair.

MRS. STRESEMANN: How tired you must be after that long journey! You ought to have rested after your speeches.

DR. STRESEMANN: It couldn't be helped. I have to live the life of a wild beast tamer.

MRS. STRESEMANN: But even tamers of wild beasts can't be

always in the cage with them. Your appointment with Ebert is (looking up a diary) . . . You have over two hours for a rest (putting cushions on rocking-chair and a stool in front of it). Now lie down quietly, dear. Here is your dressing-gown. (Taking off his coat and putting on dressing-gown—seems half asleep already. Drops wearily into the rocking-chair and puts his legs on stool. Mrs. Stresemann draws a rug over him. Pulls the curtains together. He is already asleep before she is out of the room.) [Exit.

(A pause.)

STRESEMANN opens his eyes, and, finding the light turned on full and a man in an old-fashioned frock coat, top hat in hand, seated on couch facing him: What's this? Why, good Lord, you're like Gambetta. I have a portrait of him over there (pointing).

GAMBETTA (in French): I am Gambetta.

STRESEMANN (in French): Nonsense. Who let you in?

(Dialogue continues in French, which the Doctor speaks accurately, though difficulties from non-practice make him sometimes halt to seek for words.)

GAMBETTA: I found the doors all open and just came in.

STRESEMANN (making a movement of taking down his legs): Doors all open! I must tell my wife.

GAMBETTA: Please sit still. They were only open to me.

STRESEMANN: Only for you! You mean you're a ghost.

GAMBETTA: Yes, Doctor, I am, and yet if you shake hands with me you will feel the warmth of a living man, for what you feel is in you, not in me. Your imagination gives you the sensations of reality.

STRESEMANN: Yes, the imagination is a determining factor in every form of human activity. The lack of it just now is lamentable.

GAMBETTA: I suppose you mean more particularly in Germany.

STRESEMANN: Yes, alas. Imagination, if we had it, however, couldn't fill empty stomachs.

GAMBETTA: It might help, however, to make the pangs of hunger less acute.

STRESEMANN: You say that because you belong to an imaginative people who have a faculty for gaiety.

GAMBETTA: Yes, the faculty of taking nothing tragically, though it has its drawbacks, is a great moral asset for a nation. I see from your surroundings that you are a devotee of Napoleon.

STRESEMANN: Indeed I am. He was a very great statesman.

GAMBETTA (smiling rather sardonically): And autocrat and warrior!

STRESEMANN : It is not as a warrior that I rate him so high. It is for his political insight into the character of nations.

GAMBETTA : Character of nations !

STRESEMANN : I mean his power to generalise character, to foresee the effect of action on the collective mind of a people. Just, as we are told, he saw at a glance the potentialities of his position in an impending battle, and, at a glance, saw also those of his opponent and trusted to his eagle eye, so it was in politics. He was guided by instinct more than by reason.

GAMBETTA : It is a pity, statesmen have lost their trust in instinct, their faith in inspiration. The modern man all round has become too conscious. Modern education tends to discourage intuition.

STRESEMANN : It is certainly so in Germany, where the cult of facts has sapped the divining faculty.

GAMBETTA : It is not only in Germany, Doctor. We in France suffer from the same domination of certificates and examinations more based on knowledge of facts than faculty. This falsifies our selection of men, and places on top a kind of intelligence which has no reference either to character or creative genius.

STRESEMANN : The present craze for equality will not change that.

GAMBETTA : The progress of democracy, however, may eventually develop a better general insight into the qualities which fit men for statesmanship. I sometimes ask myself if the war was not simply the result of its pedantic mediocrity, the inability of a poor mentality to prevent it.

STRESEMANN : You assume that war-lust is latent at all times.

GAMBETTA : I do.

STRESEMANN : Yet England would probably have remained neutral if it had not been for the naval question. We see pretty clearly now the mistake of our rivalry.

GAMBETTA : I am glad to hear you make that remark, because I have always regarded your hesitancy to accede to the English proposals for restriction of naval armaments as a reason why England did not do her best in time to prevent the war. She might perhaps have been able to, by saying in good time that she would side with France or that she would not support Russia.

STRESEMANN : You don't join in the chorus about German guilt.

GAMBETTA : Oh, I don't absolve Germany. Admiral Tirpitz and his naval policy, which were a primary cause of British policy, are there to condemn her.

STRESEMANN : You seem to regard the war as having been essentially an Anglo-German war.

GAMBETTA : Certainly—a war in which my poor country pulled the chestnuts out of the fire like an excited fool for her more

astute neighbour. The result shows it. The only country for which the war has been a solution is England. She is again supreme at sea. Please, don't think I blame her. I am merely stating a fact. When the submarine successes threatened her supremacy, the United States came to her rescue, because British supremacy in the Atlantic is as essential to America as her own supremacy in the Pacific.

STRESEMANN : You don't believe in the popular and sentimental view.

GAMBETTA : Do you ?

STRESEMANN (*smiling*) : Oh, I have never given the subject much thought. My mind has been absorbed by questions of more immediate interest to Germany. The time will come no doubt when the question of German culpability will be solved by impartial witnesses. Meanwhile, the question is how to save Germany from the extremists at both ends of the political keyboard. I wonder that French statesmen do not see the danger to their country of driving a huge neighbour like Germany into the arms of a dictator or a communistic revolution.

GAMBETTA : You mean the danger of contagion.

STRESEMANN : Not only. Revolution in England produced Cromwell, in France Napoleon. Though their respective countries were torn with civil strife, lay exhausted, bleeding from it, they were both raised in a few years to the first place in Europe.

GAMBETTA : You think a German Napoleon may now be in course of hatching.

STRESEMANN : Who knows? Napoleon was still a mere boy when he suddenly burst upon the world at Toulon.

GAMBETTA : Are you afraid of the consequences?

STRESEMANN : We Germans have no gift for revolutions, and much prefer to achieve progress by steady, peaceful evolution. Remember both Cromwell and Napoleon were followed by reactions which set back the clock of civilisation for a generation. It surprises me that a gifted people like the French is so blind to possible consequences.

GAMBETTA : I don't think they are blind to them.

STRESEMANN : Then why don't they change their policy?

GAMBETTA : My dear Doctor, an old Parliamentary hand like you should know that nothing is harder in a democratic country than to rectify a public error. While common sense demands it, "national honour" and *amour propre* forbid it, and the latter invariably pull harder and win.

(*A pause.*)

STRESEMANN : Why can't France and Germany come to terms?

GAMBETTA : It seems to me as if you dare not and we won't.

STRESEMANN : Why daren't we?

GAMBETTA : For fear of offending England.

STRESEMANN : It is true, we should never do anything unfriendly to the only ex-enemy which is treating us at all decently. But why should not England be a party to a settlement between us?

GAMBETTA : She would, no doubt, only there is the question of the Inter-Allied Debt, and England would have to make sacrifices to which she does not seem inclined.

STRESEMANN : You mean that now it is we (*smiling*) who are pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for her?

GAMBETTA : Well, it is paradoxical, but the more you resist France, the greater will be the price of the sacrifice France will ask when she gives way to English pressure, which she no doubt ultimately will.

STRESEMANN : So our resistance may be helping France to make a better bargain with England, you mean, and it would help England, not France, if we gave in. That is indeed a paradox.

GAMBETTA : My dear sir, the German indebtedness to France is *in nubibus*. Our indebtedness to England is an insurmountable fact. The whole question lies in that anomalous situation. We can't pay England unless Germany pays us, and Germany can't or won't.

(STRESEMANN *smiles*.)

GAMBETTA : Yes, perhaps we *won't* either, if England prevents us getting the money from Germany.

STRESEMANN : But Germany will pay. (*A pause*.) She will pay what she can.

GAMBETTA : What do you mean by "can"? The word is very elastic.

STRESEMANN : I mean she will pay as soon as her financial condition permits her to dispose of a balance without so crippling the nation that it can pay nothing at all as at present. The how-much depends on her financial condition.

GAMBETTA : Then she may not be able to pay anything for a good many years.

STRESEMANN : She can pay interest meanwhile. As her public debt is comparatively small, she will soon be able to meet the obligations of a loan, and as her military and naval expenditure is less than that of other countries, she will get a good free start when once on her feet, and soon be in a position to dispose of a surplus. But she can't stir a limb at present, with the handicap of the occupation round her neck and the Ruhr invasion round her legs.

GAMBETTA : You want both to cease?

STRESEMANN : Naturally! We need all our strength for the stupendous economic struggle the reparations impose on us.

GAMBETTA : But you know what France fears.

STRESEMANN : That as soon as Germany is released from the grip of the occupation, she will snap her fingers at the Treaty of Versailles (*Gambetta assents*). You forget that if we come to terms with the Allies about the amount of the reparations, the duration of the moratorium, the interest and so on, the Treaty of Versailles will have been to that extent superseded and the new terms freely accepted. The Germans will respect their freely accepted obligations as good business men.

GAMBETTA : You don't consider the Treaty of Versailles as having been freely accepted.

STRESEMANN : Certainly not. We signed it at the point of the sword.

GAMBETTA : And the Treaty of Frankfort!

STRESEMANN : No! The French delegates met the German delegates—sat round the same table with them, freely discussed with them every clause.

GAMBETTA : But we had to accept the German terms in the long run.

STRESEMANN : No doubt, but you must see the difference between a treaty signed after joint negotiations and a draft imposed like an ultimatum. Besides, the draft was not in accordance with the agreed preliminaries and was admittedly punitive.

GAMBETTA : How punitive?

STRESEMANN : Germany was made in it to declare herself the guilty party in the war——

GAMBETTA : Yes, but——

STRESEMANN : You remember Lloyd George stated, when he declined the first German proposals for settlement, that the Treaty was based on the admission by Germany of her guilt. Otherwise, he said, it fell to pieces.

GAMBETTA : Yes, I remember he said something like that, but that was only an expression of opinion.

STRESEMANN : It was a very misleading expression of opinion, if it was not intended to be taken seriously. The Germans do not regard themselves as solely or primarily guilty of bringing on the war. The publication of the archives of the Russian Imperial Government, the yellow-books issued by M. Clemenceau in 1918, and M. Paléologue's Russian reminiscences, have already largely substantiated their denial of guilt. The logical conclusion from Mr. Lloyd George's words is therefore that the Treaty is destined to fall to pieces, though not entirely, for we

cannot deny a share in the guilt. . . . But the evidence warrants a very substantial revision of the Treaty terms and in any case the elimination of the punitive clauses.

GAMBETTA : Don't you think it better to let the sleeping dog lie? Independent writers will gradually open the eyes of public opinion better than the interested disclaimers of any German Government.

STRESEMANN : I am afraid of letting the subject slumber. On the contrary, I think we must hammer at it till the world pays attention to us. It is by hammering alone, alas, that any ideas penetrate into the thick skulls of the masses. Public opinion is really influenced only by acts and events. It is only by doing things that it can be kept awake.

GAMBETTA : Yet no one can foresee with any accuracy the effects of acts and events. No event is isolated. It is itself an effect, and gravitation, as Einstein I suppose would say, causes deviations as numerous as there are events happening around it at the same time.

STRESEMANN : Yes; there is nothing absolute in politics any more than in the rest of the universe. All is relative.

GAMBETTA : But political activity is based on the false notion that legislation can effect remedies. It assumes that given a certain evil you only have to pass a law forbidding it and it vanishes. In reality it only vanishes into a dark corner where the policeman can't see it. This sort of reasoning is the curse of politics.

STRESEMANN : Yes, my countrymen suffer terribly from it.

GAMBETTA (*smiling*) : So do mine. The administrative success of the Anglo-Saxon, I believe, is due largely to his distrust of political logic.

STRESEMANN : Anyhow, just now French politicians show how misleading political logic is. They thought that, by imposing a *régime* of terror in Westphalia, they would so daunt the Rhinelanders that they would acquiesce in any measures they chose to take, and that a cowardly public opinion would make the German Government promptly go on its knees. The real consequence has been to knit the national bonds of union closer than they have ever been before. French action has produced the directly opposite effect of that which your statesmen were logically entitled to expect.

GAMBETTA : I am afraid you are right.

STRESEMANN : Why do you say afraid?

GAMBETTA : Because its failure would be a cause of discredit to my country.

STRESEMANN : I should be afraid of its success if I were a

Frenchman; its success would be a success for militarism and make a coalition against France almost inevitable.

GAMBETTA : Why almost inevitable?

STRESEMANN : Because with Germany under the heel of France, the equilibrium would be so seriously disturbed that the situation of 1914 would be revived.

GAMBETTA : You think, then, that Germany's super-power was one of the causes of the war? I think you are right. It began in the subconsciousness of peoples, grew in intensity, and gradually rose everywhere to the surface; the fear of Germany, in fact, became a universal obsession.

STRESEMANN : May not that be the reason why there is such a widespread distrust of France just now?

GAMBETTA : Possibly.

STRESEMANN : Are you not afraid of some new complication arising in which France may be involved, as Germany was in 1914?

GAMBETTA : I am indeed, and see but one method of avoiding it—for it would only mean piling further ruin upon what we have already.

STRESEMANN : What is your method?

GAMBETTA : An immediate settlement with France.

STRESEMANN : That is also my idea, M. Gambetta.

GAMBETTA : Well, you are right. It has always been my idea. I became convinced of its being the only way out after 1871. It will have to come some day—why not at once?

STRESEMANN : Without England?

GAMBETTA : England, I think, would only be too glad to see an end to our feud. She knows that among evils the lesser always is peace. She needs France to feed her and Germany to buy her goods. The prosperity of both are necessary factors in hers.

STRESEMANN : That you think so, M. Gambetta, is very encouraging, but of course we will do nothing to disaffect England. (*Light is extinguished. Enter Mrs. Stresemann, who pulls aside the curtains.*)

MRS. STRESEMANN : My dear Gustav, you have been talking in your sleep.

STRESEMANN : Oh, is that you? Curious! Yes, I have been dreaming. I dreamt I was talking with Gambetta. A splendid man was Gambetta, such insight, not as great as Napoleon, but a superman all the same.

MRS. STRESEMANN : You have just time—oh, quite enough—to be punctual at Ebert's.

(*Helping him out of his dressing-gown.*)

THOMAS BARCLAY.

THE ARMAMENTS PROBLEM : ANOTHER WORLD CONFERENCE.

THE armaments problem may now be carried a stage nearer solution if there is the will to seize the opportunity which offers. A number of unassociated events have conspired in the past few months to change the whole outlook of the nations which were least susceptible to the influences which have been fighting for economy on armed force. The ratification of the Washington Naval Treaty by the chief naval Powers, with a consequent scrapping of scores of capital ships, and the concurrent decision of the British Government to develop a first-class naval base at Singapore, conferring world-wide mobility on the British battle squadrons, occurred only a few months before the earthquake in Japan, and the admitted failure, so far as actual Reparations are concerned, of the policy pursued in the Ruhr and the Rhineland by France, with the support of Belgium.

Japan must now settle down to the task of making good the enormous economic damage which she has suffered, apart from the loss of 170,000 lives (with an additional 700,000 persons rendered homeless). For a good many years to come her financial resources will be subject to so great a strain that there will be little money available for armaments beyond the barest minimum. The tendency will probably be to restrict expenditure on new ships of war—cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—within narrow limits, and to concentrate attention on maintaining in efficiency the existing fleet. Similarly, the national finances of France, however the fact may be concealed for the time, have been thrown into further disorder by the prolonged effort to coerce the Germans, and the probability is that plans for the restoration of the French fleet which had been prepared will be revised in the light of the increased burdens which must be borne by the taxpayers of the Republic in the absence of Reparation payments on the scale so confidently anticipated. French action, in association with the passive resistance organised by the Reich, has reduced Germany's productive power to almost vanishing point, and for the present she can barely support the life of her population, much less pay fabulous Reparations sums, in money or kind.

It is impossible to forecast with any exactitude the cumulative influence of these events, starting with the Conference at Washington, but it will be surprising if they do not create an atmosphere favourable to the calling of another international gathering to discuss further measures for the limitation of arma-

ments—naval, military, and aerial. It has passed with little notice that in the United States Naval Appropriation Act, 1923-24, Congress inserted a paragraph to the following effect :—

The President is requested to enter into negotiations with the Governments of Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, with the view of reaching an understanding or agreement relative to limiting the construction of all types and sizes of sub-surface and surface craft of 10,000 tons standard displacement or less, and of aircraft.

At the time when this paragraph was drafted the conditions seemed unfavourable for calling such a conference, and then followed the lamented death of President Harding. Whether, had he lived, he would have taken the action suggested in the new circumstances which have emerged it is impossible to say. But it is obvious that conditions for such a further Conference, embracing military and aerial as well as naval forces, are far more promising to-day than they were in the spring of this year, and the British Prime Minister, when announcing the programme for the expansion of the Royal Air Force, gave assurances of this country's sincere co-operation in any such movement.

The need for limitation of armaments of all descriptions must be obvious on the most cursory examination of the balance sheets of the leading nations of the world. At the moment, in spite of the colossal amount of treasure, to say nothing of human life, sacrificed in the course of the World War, *larger sums are being devoted to preparations for further warfare than at any previous epoch in history.* On the other hand, the burdens borne by the taxpayers of every country as a result of the economic disturbances from which most countries are suffering are far greater than ever before, and are demonstrably delaying the recovery of civilisation from the wounds which the criminal adventure of the German Kaiser and his military circle inflicted on the peoples, belligerent and neutral.

It is not necessary to hold pacific opinions to realise the urgent necessity for economy on armaments. Indeed, the expression of pacifist theories may easily wreck all hope of a change of spirit of nation towards nation and a resultant cutting down of expenditure on navies, armies, and air forces. A study of the last hundred years of European history suggests that the pacifist is, however unconsciously, the best friend of the panic-monger, and therefore the worst enemy of the taxpayer. He creates those conditions of defensive weakness in some States which tempt militarists in other countries to put their fortunes to the test, or by his agitation he encourages individual nations, and our own conspicuously, to cut down over a short series of years

the sums appropriated to bedrock defensive plans, with the inevitable result that an awakening comes and money is squandered in haste in circumstances which often embitter international relations. The pacifist should be anathema to the real lover of peace and economy. In the present situation he may do infinite mischief, but no good. On the other hand, if statesmen of good will and vision could get together at another Conference, preferably called by the President of the United States, there is the prospect that the success achieved at the Washington Conference might be repeated in the sphere of military and aerial armaments, and that the Naval Treaty might be rounded off. It would become apparent at such a gathering that by a *pari passu* reduction of armaments by the leading Powers, none of them would be relatively weakened, while each would save many millions sterling annually, which could be devoted to repairing the damages of the World War, or, in the case of Japan, the destruction wrought by the earthquake.

* * * * *

The Washington Conference has woefully disappointed most of those who have studied hastily, if at all, the Treaties which issued from it. It has not pleased pacifists very greatly because it has not brought about anything distantly resembling disarmament—even naval disarmament. That should occasion them no surprise, for President Harding, on opening the Conference, stated specifically that he and his advisers were convinced that the time had not arrived for discussing any such Utopian project. The subsequent proceedings, and in particular the action of the French delegates, abundantly supported this conclusion. On the other hand, the progress which was made in the naval sphere was displeasing to many persons—we are all acquainted with the type—who regard armaments not as a costly means to a desirable end, the preservation of peace, but as an end in themselves.

British naval opinion accepted the scrapping scheme, as well as the interdiction of capital ship construction over a series of years, with good grace. In the United States, however, something in the nature of an agitation against the principal Treaties was initiated, seemingly under influential auspices. Admiral Sims, fresh from the command of the War College, became the outspoken critic of the Root Resolutions, adopted by the Conference, which placed severe restrictions on the use of submarines, and specifically declared that “the signatory Powers recognise the *practical impossibility of using submarines as commerce destroyers without violating, as they were violated in the recent war of 1914-1918, the requirements universally accepted by civilised nations for the protection of the lives of*

neutrals and non-combatants.” It was added that “to the end that the prohibition of the use of submarines as commerce destroyers shall be universally accepted as a part of the law of nations, they now accept that prohibition as henceforth binding as between themselves, and they invite all other nations to adhere thereto.” Admiral Sims, not without considerable support, has roundly denounced this clause as opposed to the naval interests of the United States. But that is not all. Captain D. W. Knox (the editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, which is reputed to reflect official naval opinion in the United States) wrote a book entitled *The Eclipse of American Sea-Power*, the burden of which was that the Washington Conference had placed a greater handicap on the United States Navy than on any other navy. It was suggested, in so many words, that it would be a blessing if the Treaties were not ratified.

In France the fruits of the Conference were also regarded with disfavour. The battleship ratio assigned to that country was denounced as inadequate, and the submarine clauses were criticised as though they were opposed to the permanent naval interests of the French people. Japan, on the other hand, revealed no disposition to go back on her plighted word; she appeared to adopt an attitude of watchfulness, and then, in characteristic loyalty to those with whom she had conferred, she ratified the agreements. France, after considerable delay, which arrested all action in the United States, at length accepted the agreement with ill grace, protests of a varying character having appeared in the principal papers, and thus she fell into line with the British Empire, the United States, and Japan. From the first it had been apparent that Italy, with vital interests in the Mediterranean, would assent to nothing which France did not agree to, but when it was certain that France would, however unwillingly, acquiesce in what she regarded as an abridgment of her naval pretensions, Italy's concurrence was assured.

If it had not been for the firmness of Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State at Washington, and the sincerity and promptness of the British Government, with the support of the Admiralty, in giving effect to the main Treaty—in particular in respect to the scrapping of ships—and the loyalty of Japan, it is not improbable that little more would have been heard of the Washington Treaties; they would have been still-born.

At last, in face of a great deal of obstruction, the work of the Washington Conference was thus confirmed by all the five naval Powers represented at it.

* * * * *

If it had not been that men's minds were preoccupied with the Reparations problem, and disturbed by reports of little wars and rumours of big wars, the consummation of the work initiated by President Harding, with the support of Mr. Hughes, would have caused the world to ring with the news of this triumph of international co-operation. It would have been discussed in all its various aspects, and humanity would have realised that, while military cynics and rabid pacifists had cause for disappointment, the nations had passed another milestone in their progress away from the conceptions which underlay the exacerbating and exhausting rivalries in naval armaments in past years. The major result of the ratification was dramatic. No fewer than sixty-eight capital ships, on which probably not less than £200,000,000 had been expended, were struck off the effective list of the world's fleets, and either consigned to the scrap-heap or, surrendering their armaments, were set aside for conversion to other purposes than lying in the line of battle. In the chequered history of international conferences nothing resembling this clearing away of the instruments of war had ever been achieved. Yet the results of The Hague Conferences were acclaimed with far more outspoken satisfaction, though they were to prove as ashes in the mouths of hungry men after the World War opened.

The list of capital ships which have been or are now being scrapped under the main Washington Treaty is an impressive one :

BRITISH EMPIRE.

BUILT.

Name.	Launched.	Displacement. Tons.	Main armament.
Commonwealth	1903	16,350	4 12in., 4 9.2in., 10 6in.
Agamemnon	1906	16,500	4 12in., 10 9.2in.
Dreadnought	1906	17,900	10 12in.
Bellerophon	1907	18,600	10 12in., 16 4in.
St. Vincent	1908	19,250	10 12in., 18 4in.
Inflexible ¹	1907	17,250	8 12in., 16 4in.
Indomitable ¹	1907		
Superb	1907	18,600	10 12in., 16 4in.
Neptune	1909	19,900	
Hercules	1910	20,000	
Temeraire	1907	18,600	10 12in., 16 4in.
New Zealand ¹	1911	18,800	8 12in., 16 4in.
Lion ¹	1910	26,350	8 13.5in., 16 4in.
Princess Royal ¹	1911		

(1) Battle-cruisers.

BRITISH EMPIRE—BUILT.—continued:

Name.	Launched.	Displacement. Tons.	Main armament.
Conqueror	1911	22,500	10 13.5in., 16 4in.
Monarch	1911		
Orion	1910		
Australia ¹	1911	18,800	8 12in., 16 4in.
Agincourt	1913	27,500	14 12in., 20 6in.
Erin	1913	22,940	10 13.5in., 16 6in.

BUILDING.

FOUR¹

Before the Washington Conference assembled the following thirteen capital ships, all of which took part in the Great War, had been scrapped or converted to non-combatant purposes: *Cæsar*, *Dominion*, *Hibernia*, *Hindustan*, *Lord Nelson*, *Mars*, *Queen*, *St. Vincent*, *Swiftsure*, *Zealandia*, *Collingwood*, *Colossus*, *Crescent* (late *Glory*).

UNITED STATES.

BUILT.

Name.	Launched.	Displacement. Tons.	Main armament.
Michigan	1908	16,000	4 12in., 8 8in., 12 7in.
South Carolina	1908		
New Hampshire	1906		
Vermont	1905		
Kansas	1905		
Minnesota	1905	14,948	4 12in., 8 8in., 12 6in.
Louisiana	1904		
Connecticut	1904		
Nebraska	1904		
Rhode Island	1904		
Georgia	1904	12,300	4 12in., 16 6in.
New Jersey	1904		
Virginia	1904		
Maine	1901		
Missouri	1901		

BUILDING.

Washington	1921	32,600	8 16in.
South Dakota	—	43,200	12 16in., 16 6in.
Indiana			
Montana			
North Carolina			
Iowa			
Massachusetts	—	43,500	8 16in., 16 6in.
Constellation ¹			
Ranger ¹			
Constitution ¹			
United States ¹			
Lexington ¹ ²	—	33,000	Not to exceed 10in.
Saratoga ¹ ²			

(1) Battle-cruisers.

(2) To be converted into aircraft-carriers.

JAPAN.			
BUILT.			
Name.	Launched.	Displacement. Tons.	Main armament.
Settsu	1911	20,800	12 12in., 10 6in., 8 4.7in.
Aki	1907	19,800	4 12in., 12 10in., 8 6in.
Satsuma	1906	19,350	4 12in., 12 10in., 12 4.7in.
Kashima	1905	16,400	4 12in., 4 10in., 12 6in.
Katori	1905	15,975	4 12in., 4 10in., 12 6in.
Kurami ¹	1907	14,600	4 12in., 8 8in., 14 4.7in.
Ibuki ¹	1907		
Ikoma ¹	1906	13,750	4 12in., 10 6in., 8 4.7in.
Hizen	1900	12,700	4 12in., 12 6in.
Mikasa	1900	15,200	4 12in., 4 10in., 10 6in.
BUILDING.			
Kaga	1921	40,100	10 16in., 20 5.5in.
Tosa	1921		
Akagi ^{1 2}	—	42,000	10 16in., 20 5.5in.
Amagi ^{1 2}	—		
Takao ¹	—		
Atago ¹	—		

FRANCE.

BUILT AND BUILDING.

None under Washington Treaty

ITALY.

BUILT AND BUILDING.

None under Washington Treaty

Not only have all those ships been ear-marked for the scrap-heap or conversion—including twenty-three which were in course of construction—but the ratification of the conclusions of the Conference carried with it agreement that, apart from the two "Washington battleships" now building on the Tyne and at Barrow-in-Furness, as agreed at the Conference, none of the nations embraced in the British Empire, nor the United States, nor Japan, would lay down a capital ship before 1931. France and Italy, owing to their peculiar circumstances of naval weakness, are at liberty to lay down the keel of one vessel respectively in 1927. Under normal circumstances the civilised world would have been vocal in praise of the initiative of the United States Government, and the arrest of the competition in the building of capital ships, particularly as it

(1) Battle-cruisers.

(2) To be converted into aircraft-carriers.

was accompanied by so great a destruction of existing vessels, would have been hailed as a promising illustration of what could be effected by international agreement to limit military and aerial armaments. But the astounding success has attracted comparatively little notice and has been marked by no celebration in any of the countries concerned, though it relieved the taxpayers of the three principal naval Powers of the expense of maintaining sixty-four capital ships—making allowance for four to be converted into aircraft-carriers—and freed them from the liability, extending over a period of years, of building further vessels under the impulse of a fresh phase of international competition. The battle fleets of the five principal maritime countries are now definitely stabilised in accordance with the 5-5-3-1.75-1.75 ratio.

It is impossible to set a limit to the effect which this "naval holiday" may have beyond the limits covered by the main Naval Treaty. It may do what the arguments of air and submarine fanatics have conspicuously failed to do—kill the capital ship. At the current charges for labour and material, a capital ship on the restricted displacement specified in the Treaty cannot be built for less than £6,000,000, and in the United States, France, and Italy, if not also Japan, the outlay would probably be considerably greater. What arguments based on disproved or unproved theories have failed to do financial stringency may accomplish. It is, indeed, possible that the two vessels now building on the Tyne and at Barrow-in-Furness will prove to be the last vessels of their type to be laid down in any country on the score of expense—the putting of so many eggs into one basket, and that basket exposed to heavy gun, submarine, and air attack. If at a subsequent Conference for the limitation of naval armaments one of the Great Powers proposed that no more battleships should be built, what would be the consensus of opinion? That is an enquiry which cannot be answered positively, but the prospect is that an international agreement might effect what no amount of argument, mostly fallacious, has done. If it were certain that the majority of Powers favoured an indefinite continuance of the "naval holiday" in the building of capital ships, would any one single country decide to pursue a lonely course? Admiral of the Fleet Sir Doveton Sturdee's recent remarks at the Royal United Service Institution seem to suggest that he is satisfied that in those circumstances no capital ships would be built.

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But if the capital ship of 35,000 tons, mounting 16in. guns, were banished owing to the influence of financial stringency throughout the world, would not a new, smaller, and cheaper

"capital ship" soon be evolved? That is a possibility, for under the Naval Treaty there is no limit to the number of light cruisers which may be built. The only operative clauses apply to displacement; no vessel may exceed 10,000 tons, or carry a gun of more than 8in. calibre. What is going to happen? It is already apparent that, unless a further international agreement is reached limiting cruiser construction, a new form of rivalry will develop. That is suggested by the latest official return of the world's fleets (White Paper 67). From this White Paper it appears that the following light craft are being built:—

	Light Cruisers.	Flotilla Leaders and Destroyers.	Submarine.
British Empire	4 ¹	6	8
U.S.A.	10	—	27
Japan	14 ²	38 ²	39 ⁴
France	3	18	13
Italy	2 ⁵	11	4 ⁶
Totals	33	73	91

Those figures suggest that the arrest of the building of capital ships has directed attention abroad to the building of light cruisers, as well as destroyers and submarines. The activity in constructing torpedo craft—surface and sub-surface—to the number of 150 by the four foreign Powers which were represented at the Washington Conference is a very significant development in view of the existing strength of the several fleets in these vessels. The United States already possesses 315, Japan 188, France 129, and Italy 117, while the whole British Empire has 267.

But even more significant is the attention which is being devoted to light cruisers. In that respect the figures reveal only the partial truth. They show that 33 light cruisers are building or projected, but they take no account of the new programme of the United States, which is about to be presented to Congress. The Navy Department is seeking authority to lay down eight more cruisers, besides four river gunboats and three cruiser submarines. France will also begin six more light cruisers in the near future, and Japan and Italy will certainly follow the lead of the Powers with whose naval strength they measure their own—the United States and France respectively.

Four of the light cruisers which Japan is about to begin, as well as the latest American, French, and Italian cruisers, will,

(1) Laid down during the war.

(3) Including 21 projected.

(5) These vessels are projected.

(2) Including 6 projected.

(4) Including 28 projected.

it is stated on reliable authority, be of the "Washington design," displacing 10,000 tons each and mounting 8in. guns. If we except the *Courageous* and *Glorious*, the British Navy has nothing as large, as powerful in offence and defence, or with as large a radius of action as can be obtained on such dimensions, and there is reason to believe that the new foreign vessels of this class will carry aeroplanes. Practically all existing British cruisers were evolved under the conditions which existed before and during the Great War. Most of them were intended for service in the narrow limits of the North Sea, and it was assumed that the Main Fleet would have associated with it battle cruisers, to which the light cruisers would act as "eyes." The battle cruiser is now a dead type; the Washington Conference has killed it. What is the position? Whereas in pre-war days we spoke of "sea power," we have in the new naval situation to speak of "ocean power." Our eyes must henceforth be fixed on the great oceans—the Atlantic and the Pacific. Cruisers of great radius of action will be needed. The increased strategic value of the "Washington light cruisers" over even light cruisers of 7,500 tons may be gauged from the fact that not only is the gun power greater, but the radius of action is doubled.

* * * * *

Something has been said of the line of development of light cruisers as indicated by the action being taken by America, Japan, France, and Italy. They will be almost as large and as costly as the greatest battleships built in the earlier years of Queen Victoria's reign, will have, of course, a far greater radius of action, and will carry aeroplanes, as also will the submarines. The United States and Japan, as recorded in the *Naval and Military Record*, are moving in this direction.

The United States Navy has decided to fit all its ocean-going submarines of the "S," "T," and "V" classes with special small seaplanes. These aircraft have just passed very successful tests, and they can be struck down and stowed on board a submarine or patrol vessel without difficulty. Experiments are to be carried out with an all-metal machine now being built, but in the meantime no opportunity is to be wasted, and the older wood-and-canvas machines are to be ordered at once.

Some months ago a report that the Japanese were designing a large bomb-dropping machine that could be taken to pieces and stowed in an ocean-going submarine caused considerable comment along the west coast of the United States. The Germans have also been carrying out similar experiments, although they are not permitted to own submarines.

Should any naval power in future warfare use under-water craft against merchantmen, the added danger of a flying tender can well be imagined, for there would be no longer any hope of eluding the enemy by dazzle-painting to disguise the course and speed of the ship, or by apparatus for concealing by smoke, except, perhaps, in narrow waters, where the enemy

would not dare to stay sufficiently long on the surface to get the seaplane away. The machine would not be used for bomb-dropping, but would probably follow the tactics of the seaplane tender of the German raider *Wolf*, which not only acted as scout and greatly increased her range of vision, but also flew on ahead and opened fire on her intended victim with machine guns, which generally persuaded her to stop and await the arrival of the raider.

It is recognised abroad, though the British Cabinet's recent action shows that British Ministers are blind to the development, that air power is an essential extension of sea power. Every foreign fleet is developing its own air arm to meet the peculiar necessities of naval warfare. Light cruisers and submarines, as has been indicated, are being designed by the Navy Departments of the United States and Japan to carry aircraft, which will be manned and operated by naval *personnel* specially trained to meet the aerial requirements of those navies. Provision is made for full unity of control, which is the secret of success in preparing for war, as well as waging war. Captain Luke McNamee, Director of Naval Intelligence in the United States Navy Department, has recently explained, for the enlightenment of the American public, that the United States Navy, "far from opposing the development of aircraft, is anxious to develop its offensive and defensive powers to the maximum, because it is realised that the aeroplane is one of the most powerful auxiliaries of the fleet. Aeroplanes, and dirigibles, too, in some cases," he declares, "will make effective scouts, giving early information of the approach of the enemy and of the disposition of his fleet. They will be used for observing and directing the fall of our shots during battle, and will attack, when possible, the enemy's vessels with bombs and torpedoes." In every foreign navy such air forces as each country's naval liabilities are held to dictate are being designed, trained, and operated by the navy itself. Foreign naval officers would as soon think of borrowing army units to fight the guns and discharge the torpedoes of their ships as they would of borrowing aeroplanes and pilots from some other department. In this island country alone it has been decided to cut off the Navy's air arm and place it in charge of another Department—the Air Ministry.

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What, then, must be the attitude of the British peoples all the world over to the competition in the building of cruisers and submarines, now that the battle fleets of the world have been stabilised by the Washington Conference? Can they afford to regard the movement with indifference, in recollection of the

events at sea during the World War? They are, in a peculiar degree, sea-dependent. Their trade routes are sea routes. Their free development, politically and socially, must be subject to their confidence in the security of the ocean highways, which are the vital links of an incurably maritime Empire. They must, however unwillingly, maintain their strength in cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, unless their freedom, as well as their livelihood, is to be imperilled.

The only alternative to this renewed rivalry is an international agreement, and to that end invitations to a Conference, as proposed by the American Congress last spring, might not be unwelcome to the five chief naval Powers. Any such Conference would, however, raise quite other issues than those which were brought to the basis of agreement in the capital ship ratio. For, in extent as in population, the British Empire, even if we ignore its peculiar dependence on the sea, demands greater resources for ocean patrol and coast defence than any other country, even the largest and most populous, the United States. We brought ourselves to concede at Washington that in capital ships the familiar Two-Power Standard should be replaced by the 5-5-3-1-75-1-75 ratio. The whole British Empire—the Dominions, Crown Colonies, and Protectorates, as well as the Mother Country—is pledged to support a battle fleet no stronger than that of the United States. It is obvious that the 400,000,000 people of the British Empire, living on and by the sea, need light naval forces far in excess of the capital ship ratio, unless they are to exist under the threat that their life-line may be severed.

That is the new problem which presents itself now that many indications are forthcoming that rivalry in the construction of light cruisers up to 10,000 tons displacement, with 8 in. guns, as well as of sea-going submarines and large destroyers, is developing surely and swiftly in other countries. Even so outspoken and sincere a pleader for disarmament as Mr. Arthur Guy Enock admits in his recent and informative little volume¹ that "the food supply of any country is vital to its existence, and unless and until—even in time of war—it can be guaranteed one to the other by a league of civilised nations, the most potent cause of naval armaments will remain operative." The action of Congress in suggesting another Conference offers a way of avoiding the threatened rivalry, infinitely costly, and the proposed treaties of mutual guarantee drafted by the League of Nations might be accepted as the starting-point for discussion at such a world assembly.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

(1) *The Problem of Armaments.* (Macmillan.)

CERTAIN BOYS OF DAUDET.

ALPHONSE DAUDET died too soon to rejoice in the perfecting of an Entente Cordiale with which he would have been in entire sympathy, although his kindliness towards England was based on the airiest of fantastic foundations. An early passion for Defoe, manifest in more than one of his best books, a much later passion for Dickens, fruitful of controversy—such were its slight origins. Moreover, he only knew them through the distorting medium of translations. There was no call of the blood as in the case of Sainte-Beuve, who began life as a small solitary boy on Boulogne beach, looking towards the England of his grandmother as towards a promised land, envying the dingiest lad on the blackest collier the privilege of touching the golden shores of his rose-coloured dreams.

That the Dickens-Daudet parallel has been exploited beyond actuality is clear when searchlights applied to certain characters merely reveal analogy remote from real likeness. Yet it cannot be ignored here because they had in common such noteworthy comprehension of boys. Monsieur Léon Daudet settled a disputed question when, in 1908, he replied to a letter from the Scotch author of an intelligent study of Charles Dickens and Alphonse Daudet, *Romanciers de l'Enfant et des Humbles*, published by the University of Toulouse. "Mon père ignorait la langue anglaise, et n'a lu Dickens que très tard, mais il l'aimait, et l'admirait, et l'admirait beaucoup." Striking proof of the strength of this admiration was found in a note-book after the death of Daudet. He had intended to write a *conte* concerning a grandson of Dickens who was to journey to London to sleep a night in his grandfather's room, to see mysterious visions in a house remote from reality and Gadshill. There is Gilbertian piquancy in the fact that the only duel ever fought by Daudet was in answer to a charge of having imitated Dickens before he had read him! One Albert Delpit "lui reprochait d'avoir décarcassé le style de Chateaubriand, et d'imiter de trop près Dickens." It is pleasant to know that tiny, delicate Daudet, further handicapped by his eye-glasses, was able to give his preposterous antagonist a nasty sword-thrust in the arm. That he should have resented such an aspersion upon his originality did him credit, and stopped Delpit from writing nonsense for the time being.

Monsieur Gauthier-Ferrières rightly asserts: "Ceux qui ont

la manie de ranger à toutes forces un écrivain dans telle ou telle école, seront toujours bien embarrassés par Alphonse Daudet. Venu après Flaubert, en même temps qu'Emile Zola et les grands réalistes, peut on dire qu'il appartienne à cette dernière école? Car son génie fait justement de liberté, s'accommode aussi mal d'un système que l'oiseau d'une cage. Il ne transcrit pas. Il interprète."

Despite his fiery readiness to fight rather than be branded a plagiarist, Daudet was proud of being associated with one his discernment and generosity alike recognised as greater than himself. It remains a perennial puzzle why the seemingly untranslatable genius of Dickens has succeeded in touching the heart of the world to its core. It is scarcely more bizarre to hear that the pig-tailed Chinaman is keenly interested in the wooing of Mr. Barkis than that zealous French devotees claim to understand "the serious, the real Dickens," best because they are less "hampered" by the humour, often diminished to vanishing point, in translation. Mr. Munro, Bachelier-ès-Lettres, of Toulouse, is right when he gives their ardent child-championship as constituting the chief similarity between Dickens and Daudet. Both were at their best when they began at the beginnings of their heroes, both lingered lovingly over the iridescent years giving colour to the future. Both, again, were of the period when the boy made an inexplicably sudden and triumphant entry into literature. He came to stay. As witness *Sinister Street*, parts of which might have been written by Daudet, though before his right hand had found its full cunning.

Dickens and Daudet shared the misery of premature care. That the Lycée at Alais was Daudet's Murdstone and Grinby's, the wretched *pion* of fifteen has bitterly recorded—Alais, remembered by some of us for its ruined abbey, by more for its sparkling white wine. Balzac's poverty was picturesque, framed enchantingly by the châteaux of Touraine he was destined to re-awaken to robust Rabelaisian life in the *Contes Drolatiques*. But the mean street in Lyons resembled the mean street in Kentish Town where Micawber had his genesis. Dickens was torn reluctantly from pleasant Rochester of the pealing bells, the redcoats, and the music of the bugles; Daudet from Nîmes of the prodigal beauties scented with the Midi. To those who are intimate with its charm, who have wandered by Diana's translucent bath beneath empurpled Judas trees, or wondered at the Saracen-towered amphitheatre where the past is more real than the present, it is an ideal cradle for a great novelist. It was not strange that the ache of homesickness torturing the sensitive child was never really cured even by

Paris and success. The figure in the Champs Elysées is an exile. The white statue set in the green garden with the pools where swans float, witnesses that Daudet has come home to Nîmes at last.

With the first dawn of genius there came to Dickens and to Daudet a boundless pity for their own blighted boyhood, flowering into catholic compassion for the legion of martyrs deprived of their right divine of happiness. They seemed to themselves in retrospect to have embodied peculiar suffering in its intensest form, and they alike accepted as a duty the task of seeking to lessen it for victims equally innocent. The boys of Daudet cannot boast the abounding humour of certain of the boys of Dickens. "L'humour," said a French critic, "est une production essentiellement anglaise, et le comique de Daudet toujours voilé d'ironie est d'un ordre tout différent." He gave us no Bailey Junior, no Artful Dodger. It is idle to search for non-existent parallels when even the oft-quoted resemblance between Desirée Delobelle and Jennie Wren is purely superficial. It is not more surprising to know for certain that Daudet had never read *Our Mutual Friend* when he produced his perfect portrait of Desirée, than that Dickens knew not *Froment* when he imbued the dolls' dressmaker with her touch of elfin magic.

These men of genius had marvellous memories, retentive of every least wretched incident of the early trials serving a noble ultimate purpose. For they sent them as brothers of pity, to blazon forth the wrongs of those on whom the sins of the parents are heavily visited. They echoed Mrs. Browning's solemn warning that "the child's sob in the silence curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath." Either the sunny nature of Dickens or his consideration for his idolatrous public made him concede conventional cheerful endings to all his books. Thus, *Oliver Twist* drops from a dramatic exposure of the evils of the workhouse system circa 1836 to an almost dull attempt to prove that everyone who was virtuous lived happily ever afterwards, with the added satisfaction of perceiving every malefactor got his deserts, *Oliver Twist* meanwhile degenerating into a wooden lay figure. *Jack*, tragic from its first pages, is worked to an inevitably tragic conclusion with far finer artistry. But where there is an undeniable likeness of method is in the way the precocious gift of observation allowed both to use actual experience with such skill that whole chapters of autobiography adorn *David Copperfield* and *Le Petit Chose*.

When Daudet became secretary to the Duc de Morny his chief occupation was to supply graceful verses for the forgotten operettas of the dandy cynosure of the Imperial Court. It was a

strange preface for such a novel with a purpose as the *Petit Chose* of 1868. For the usher of Alais, grotesque boy-man, was its hero, its thesis a scathing indictment of the educational system from which France was struggling to break free when the war came, surely to give it the *coup de grâce*. It is only necessary to read that grim human document by Paul Marguéritte, the section of *Les Jours s'Allongent* he calls *Prison d'Enfance*, or Loti's sickly-sweet *Roman d'un Enfant*, to be convinced that for all its brilliance Daudet's imagination played him no tricks. They gave us their experience in biography. Daudet, like Dickens, preferred to use a transparent veil of fiction. There is nothing in *Petit Chose* quite as revolting as certain pages of *Prison d'Enfance*. Nor is its sentiment, albeit cloying here and there, the "weak, washy, everlasting flood" of Loti when he writes of himself infinitely worse than of his sea-washed *Pêcheurs d'Islande*. The glaring defects are pitilessly revealed. Intended to harden, the training tended to weaken moral fibre and was parent of much insidious evil. The unhappy pupils, marched out like prisoners, lacked outlets for the vitality which, rightly used, is a gift of the gods. An unwholesome curiosity infested their minds like a contagious disease, with the result that they became "too wise in that they should not know." *Le Petit Chose* has much to repel English appreciation because we find it insufferable to admit its reality. Yet, with all his faults, the boy hero charms us while he is a boy.

The beloved *Robinson Crusoe* plays the lead in "Les premières, les seules bonnes années de ma vie," as it did in *Les Petits Robinson*, written by Daudet after the siege of Paris to show how a tiny damsel of eight found fairyland in a cellar. *Petit Chose*, entirely happy in his own radiant world, of which the destruction draws nearer day by day, is flesh and blood. He, too, lands upon a treasure island where, monarch of all he surveys, his right there is none to dispute. The shadows on the hearth never darken its tropical sunshine. A living parrot peoples it, and fancy provides the palms, the gorgeous flowers, the teeming adventures. "Je suis né dans une ville de Languedoc où l'on trouve, comme dans toutes les villes du midi, beaucoup de soleil, pas mal de poussière, un couvent de Carmélites, et deux ou trois monuments Romains." *Petit Chose* only tells us half the truth, for, surely, his birth-place was *Crusoe's* evergreen Eden, the Paradise of the boy.

When his father's bankruptcy compelled exile, the crowning disaster of the journey was the loss of the green parrot in its blue cage, sadly symbolical of the loss of his radiant kingdom. Yet Daudet gives assurance the blue of illusion, the green of

hope, never deserted Petit Chose. That his brother Jacques altogether resembled Daudet's own brother Ernest is doubtful, although both welcomed their juniors to Paris with an equally unselfish affection. Jacques, for ever in tears in his childhood, is an irritating impossibility to any Briton with a rag of insular prejudice. Sir J. M. Barrie would have stigmatised him as pre-eminently "Maryannish." He only becomes interesting when Petit Chose finds an exercise book bearing his name with the imposing endorsement, "*La Religion : poème en douze chants.*"

Of the twelve cantos only a fragment exists, but sufficient to make Petit Chose, that born lover of the limelight, envious.

Religion, Religion,
Mot sublime, mystère,
Voix touchante, et solitaire,
Compassion ! compassion !

Jacques took poet's licence for obscurity and irrelevancy. Petit Chose might have complained that "it, of course, was very clever, but he didn't understand it," had he been acquainted with Bab and Tupper. As it was, he was pricked to emulation by such amazing evidence of genius in the weeping Jacques. The tables turned speedily, resulting in the self-sacrifice of Jacques, who spent his all to give the world the poems of Petit Chose, and buy the entire edition secretly that he might believe he had "arrived." Jacques is such a goose at starting, his development persistently wears an air of improbability. Or, is he too good to be true? *Petit Chose* is not a book that counts, for the sake of the Paris chapters, with their inevitable tawdry intrigue with the woman we have met too often, nor care to meet again. The claim to live rests upon its proof that poverty cannot kill the real romance of childhood, and upon the arresting study of the Lycée at Alais, the ingenuity of the cruelty of the boys towards one it was an irony to call their master.

The over-confident, pathetically ignorant lad of fifteen hurried eagerly towards his ordeal with visions splendid of the dignity of manhood. He makes boast of the glorious career before him to the old nurse he visits, and dazzles on the way. For Petit Chose, true meridional, sees the future gilded after the good cheer, and the good wine, and the worthy *cabaretière* is as deeply impressed as was Peggotty by her more modest David. Alas ! the fate of Mr. Mell at Salem House at the hands of Steerforth was happiness compared with that of Petit Chose. Mr. Mell had no such sustained siege against his innocence as was laid by depraved associates. That they were powerless against his better nature is shown by the episode of his championship of the

deformed dwarf Bambin, and there is a touch of true nobility in this victory of compassion over physical repulsion. Years later, in the heyday of success, Daudet wrote :

Je me sens au cœur l'amour de Dickens pour les disgraciés, et les pauvres, les enfants mêlés aux misères des grandes villes. J'ai eu, comme lui, une entrée de vie navrante, l'obligation de gagner ma vie avant seize ans. C'est là, j'imagine, notre plus grande ressemblance.

There was another. Daudet, like Dickens, was a born giver. His first public reading was in aid of a children's hospital; his chief regret, when seized by his terrible illness, that he could no longer visit, as a toy-laden godfather, those for whom the "Spirit of delight comes on small wings." It is good to know that Daudet's autobiography stops dead in *Petit Chose* soon after the Alais chapters. To the satire, playful or mordant, of *Femmes d'Artiste* his own marriage offered charming contradiction. His was, indeed, a happy union with the gifted woman who loved and understood her delicate genius.

Four years separate *Petit Chose* from the first, and best, of the Tartarin series. Daudet's versatility is startling. He determined to make Paris smile again whilst the wounds of '70 bled, and his merriment was irresistible. Tartarin himself has been styled the French Pickwick, and at least they both came into the world genially middle-aged. It seems ungracious to find fault with such a jewel, but why did not Daudet give us details of Tartarin's boyhood? We have instead only a tantalising glimpse of the malicious urchins taunting him with the delay of his much-advertised quest for lions. They bawled beneath his window a Provençal refrain which may run in English doggerel :

Old Monsieur Gerson
Was a sporting toff,
He shouldered a big loaded gun,
But never let it off.

The outraged hero appears in his shirt-sleeves, his half-shaven jowl bedaubed with soap :—

Des coups d'épée, Messieurs, des coups d'épée. . . . Mais pas des coups d'épingle ! Belles paroles dignes de l'histoire, qui n'avaient que le tort de s'adresser à ces petits fouchtras hauts comme leurs boîtes à cirage, et gentilshommes tout-à-fait incapable de tenir une épée.

To know Tartarin properly it is essential to have spent if but an hour or two in the little white town of the boundless imaginations. If the Tarasque lurks in a shabby shed with its fires spent, the boys sing as they sang to Tartarin with a nasal shrillness : "Et alors-s. . . ."

If the part they played in *La Défense de Tarascon* is

unaccountably omitted in *Contes du Lundi*, boys are ubiquitous in its pages. The miniature of a Cosway may be as true a likeness as the full-length of a Raeburn. Daudet's boys in these stories of '70 are drawn with master strokes, and painted in unfading colours. Their variety is endless. There is one delicious scrap, said to be biography, telling of a truant who, lured by a syren river, rowed all day in a stolen boat instead of going to school. Forced to hit upon some way of avoiding awkward questions at home, necessity proved the mother of invention. He bursts in upon his ultra-devout family with the appalling news that the Pope is dead, and no one doubts the small liar. "Je me souviens d'une soirée funèbre et douce, le père très grave, la mère atterré." A born actor, he successfully assumed a gentle melancholy, listening with pious attention to the familiar tales of the virtues of Pio Nono; for, often as he had heard them, they had a weird new interest. When he fell asleep it was to dream of the blue boat on the sun-bediamonded water, his last comfortable waking thought was, "Demain matin, en apprenant que le pape n'est pas mort, ils seront si contents que personne n'aura le courage de me gronder."

It is naturally the group of war boys in the *Contes du Lundi* which rivet and deserve attention. Not for nothing did Daudet, despite his delicacy and his short sight, hurry to put on the *képi* of the Garde-Mobile. There is the brief, poignant tragedy of the child-spy. The penniless little lad, with a precocious longing to gamble, yielding to the temptation of his depraved elder, and slinking into the German camp to sell the secrets of France. Once there the shame overwhelms him, and even a Prussian, born before the age of "kultur," calls after him "Pas chôli, pas chôli!" The silver pieces in his pocket buy no solace. Conscience compels him to full confession to his loving father, and his chastisement is swift. Seizing the Judas-money, the Père Stenne vanishes into the night to take back the price of honour, never to return.

Then there is the comedy of the slave of duty who was the very Casabianca of the cake shop where he was *mitron*. However, on one sunny, eventful morning he must needs gad after the soldiers with the crowd instead of going straight to Monsieur Bonnicar's to deliver the *petits pâtés* that worthy regarded as part of the ritual of the proper observance of Sunday. The Commune does not disturb Monsieur Bonnicar like the unpunctuality of the pastrycook. Furious, he rushes off to give him a piece of his mind, deaf to the pleading cook urging with the eloquence of a true artist that the joint will be burnt to rags, the young green peas ruined. He utterly refuses to tuck in his serviette

before the hot *pâtés* steam before him. Arrest and insults are the rewards of his greediness. It might be a cautionary tale by Jane and Ann Taylor, for instant retribution comes when the errant *mitron* is apprehended with his comrades. Yet even Mrs. Fairchild might have conceded he was not wholly lost as he clings to his white-napkin'd burden and confronts the astounded Bonnicar with it in the prison yard. Dutifully he offers his *pâtés* to his starving patron, who is thus saved from breaking his inviolable rule of eating them once a week.

Kadour, the boy Turco, is a winning figure in his simplicity and courage. He has been in a Paris hospital all the winter, and when he creeps out into the lilac-scented streets he has no idea the fighting there is not against the old enemy. Kadour hates the Bosche, and loves France as if he had been in the trenches of yesterday with his sons. He is shot proclaiming himself "Bono Française" with his last breath, believing he is dying for his adopted country.

Daudet's sympathies go with the lovers of the "school of the green bushes" instead of the stuffy classroom. Fortunately, one truant Alsatian does not wander away on the memorable day of *La Dernière Classe*. He too learns the last French lesson to be given by a broken-hearted schoolmaster. In silence, with a mute sense of impending sorrow, the idlest boy does his work with a strange zeal. When the bell tolls in German dominion, Daudet leaves the certainty that in the last class the seed was sown of the harvest he did not live to see reaped when the school reopened in triumph.

Space lacks for anything approaching a complete survey of the boys of Daudet, and there are reasons for not touching upon such of his books chosen in chronological order. In certain of them, grappling with intricate social problems, the boy is inconspicuous. For instance, there is but a word of the boyhood of misfortune's toy, Frantz Risler, and the weak George Froment, before Sidonie broke their lives at her malignant pleasure. We first meet the faulty, lovable Numa Roumestan at the zenith of his career. It is history that Provence herself was godmother to the grandson of the illustrious Marquise de Sévigné, and such was the throng in the streets for the baptism of Numa's first-born history might seem to be repeating itself. And Daudet convinces us satisfactorily that the regeneration of the father will come through the son's hold upon his wayward heart.

Les Rois en Exil underlines afresh the consolation of a son. Most dramatic is the scene where the strong young queen of an effete king, indifferent to his lost realm and to glory, goes *incognito* to an eminent doctor to see if her afflicted princeling can

bear an operation. Like nearly every other great novelist, Daudet steps aside to pay a tribute to a great profession. "Qu'est-ce qu'il a?" dit Bouchereau, l'attirant à lui avec un accent de bonté, un geste paternel, car sous la dureté de son visage se cache une sensibilité exquise que quarante ans du métier n'ont pas emoussées encore." After examining his piteous little patient he tells the trembling mother the bald, hopeless truth: "Si c'était mon fils je ne l'opérais pas . . . sans bien m'expliquer cette petite nature, je constate d'étranges désordres, un ébranlement de tout l'être, surtout le sang le plus vicié, le plus épuisé, le plus pauvre." "Du sang de roi," gronde Frédérique, brusquement levée, avec un éclair de révolte. "Oh, Madame, si j'avais su!" Then a voice at her side asks a poignant question, the voice of the boy who, for all his frailty, has borne his martyrdom with royal courage: "Maman, si je ne suis plus roi, est-ce que vous m'aimiez tout de même?" "Oh! mon chéri." Elle serre passionnément la petite main tendue vers les siennes. . . . Alors le sacrifice est fait. Réchauffée, réconfortée par cette étreinte, Frédérique n'est plus que mère."

Two or three boys are dragged under in the car of Juggernaut of *L'Évangéliste*, the terrible soul-monger Jeanne Autheman. There is the cruel, mendacious young convert who might have gone to school with Uriah Heep to learn the hypocrisy of unctuous piety, the reality of low cunning. There is the stupid Maurice, doomed by his undiscerning parent to a vocation he loathes. It was left for Daudet to suggest that the right sort of stepmother might have been a saviour if Jeanne had not broken off the marriage between his father and Eline Ebsen of the loving nature, the fine intuitions. The sacrifice of clumsy Maurice is all part of the havoc wrought by one potent will ruthlessly ruining lives by taking the name of religion in vain. Maurice has a shrinking from the sea. "D'abord l'enfant fut enchanté du respect que montraient ses camarades pour cette vocation glorieuse, surtout pour sa casquette d'aspirant . . . puis quand cela devint sérieux, quand il vit arriver les mathématiques, la trigonométrie, aussi peu de son goût que l'océan et les aventures, sa légende était faite, partout on l'appelait le marin, il n'osa plus protester. Dès lors, sa vie fut empoisonnée. Il prit cet air lamentable, abruti, affaissé sur la menace de Borda dont tout le monde la bombardait, son nez s'allongea sur les équations, les figures graphiques et géométriques, de gros livres préparatoires trop forts pour lui, et il resta à perpétuité le futur élève de navale, terrifié de tout ce qu'il devrait apprendre pour y entrer, plus épouvanté encore à l'idée que peut-être on pourrait l'y recevoir."

Not Crossjay Patterne himself could have made of Maurice a

sailor worth his salt. Yet, thoroughly unprepossessing as he is, Daudet wins pity for him as yet one more victim of distorted ideals.

It was when *Jack* appeared in 1876, and no critic denied it the rounded completeness of a masterpiece, that Daudet gave the world a study of boyhood ranking in insight with *Pip* of *Great Expectations*. He unconsciously embodied much of his own valiant nature in this exquisite book. If his weakness may be found in *Petit Chose*, the strength behind it is here. "C'est une impressioniste qui voit tout à travers lui-même, d'élégance, son style en est pétri. C'est à la fois de la lumière, des couleurs, des larmes, des sourires, mille choses qui jettées pêle-mêle et toutes vives, font un ensemble, un tout, exquis et indéfinissable. Ce style suggère encore plus d'émotion qu'il n'en exprime. L'artiste semble suspendre sa phrase pour nous, laisser à nous-mêmes le plaisir de l'achever." This is the truth, not panegyric. At first sight the purpose of *Jack* appears to be to show the appalling effect of selfishness of one supine woman. Merely the apotheosis of the deep-rooted passion of the Frenchman for his mother, set to haunting verse-music by Albert du Bois. Unworthy as at last he knew her to be, Jack, when dying, turns from the pure, devoted Cécile to listen despairingly for the footsteps of the mother who came too late. "Jack, c'est moi, je suis là!" Pas un mouvement. La mère eut un cri d'épouvante"—fear, not remorse, even then—"Mort?" "Non," dit le vieux Rivals d'une voix farouche. "Non—délivré." The rest is silence. Here the art of Daudet is superior to that of Dickens, for his was the supreme art of knowing when to let imagination do its share. Jack rightly dominates his own story. The opening pages of it make us realise the fine shades of his character just as plainly as we visualise the blond godson of the fictitious "Lord Peambock, homme parfaitement distingué et . . . quel valseur!" His face is wistful, and he is a little awkward in his outgrown kilt.

The shallow daughter of pleasure, *dite* Ida de Barancy, strikes the keynote of Jack's pathetic sonata at once. In her complete ignorance she takes him to the Jesuits at Auteuil, where the keen-eyed Superior sees the truth behind the glib tissue of falsehoods. Yet he is struck to such a degree by the distinction and obedience of the child he offers him the great chance of his life upon two conditions: he may remain as a scholar, but he is not to go home until after the marriage his mother asserts is near at hand, and she is to see him privately, never among the glories of the *parloir* crowded on holiday Thursdays with smart ladies of another world than hers.

No thought for the future of her son checks her angry refusal. Jack, as he is hurried away clinging to her hand, hears with vague uneasiness the pitying words "Pauvre enfant" he is destined to hear often. The die is cast. He becomes a pupil at that dreariest of pretentious failures the *Gymnase-Moronval* instead. Not the academy of Mr. Squeers, not the castle of the infant-quelling Pipchin, are better drawn than this wretched school with the tyrannous Eurasian at its head. Specialising in what he calls his "petits pays chauds," Moronval dazzles the foolish Ida with the information that the son of the King of Dahomey, a future king himself, will be Jack's playtellow. The idyll in black-and-white of the friendship between Jack and the negro drudge, in whom he is amazed to find the little prince, is a marvel of lifelike tenderness. Mâdou was at first exploited as a splendid advertisement, and Moronval gets him paragraphed with such pertinacity that an interviewer comes from the *London Standard* and publishes a lengthy account of Mâdou's schemes for future government. His remark "Tout manger, bon à manger; toute parole, pas bon à dire," is quoted as evincing marvellous perspicacity. Then, alas! remittances fail to arrive from Dahomey. Moronval desires at once to keep his prince and make him pay. He does this by turning the gentle savage into a dusky Smike, and, like Smike, he runs away only to be recaptured. That he and Jack, with his absurdly long fair hair, should cling together is only incongruous to those who do not know boys, and before his lonely death he owes one day of real happiness to his friend. For Jack induces his mother, always good-natured unless it affects her own comfort, to take them both to the *Jardin des Plantes*. There the little prince becomes royal again when, trembling with emotion, he sees the palms, the gorgeous birds, the elephants of his native land. He mounts and rides far, far away to Dahomey until he is forced to descend from the red-and-gold saddle to grey reality. Is there a boy in fiction who makes a sadder figure than Mâdou, who, after much debate, is by a final irony given a costly funeral? "That the number of pupils is strictly limited" is the only true line in the school prospectus, but "such obsequies will surely impress parents who read the sonorous obituary notices."

When Said the Egyptian, a sort of French Toots, seeks to console Jack with cigar ends, Jack displays a touch of Paul Dombey, though his flight recalls that of David Copperfield under other circumstances. Believing his mother has abandoned him, he flies to the Boulevard Haussmann, where he finds with secret resentment the auctioneer in the act of selling his gilded cot, and hears she is at Etioilles. His mourning for the liberated

Mâdou was real, and he sorely missed those wonderful stories of Dahomey which made him forget his misery. Chilled by his first approach to the mystery of death, his fancy dwells obstinately upon some terrible reason for the absence of his mother. Already the bar-sinister casts a shadow darkening his path, and Daudet, in his compassionate divination of his suffering, reflects Thackeray's gentleness when he describes the boy Henry Esmond in the same piteous plight. Innate piety makes Jack shrink from evil and thrill with horror at a slighting word spoken of his idol. Ida—her very name changed—is now the Charlotte of the terrible Vicomte who has been his bugbear as master at the *Gymnase* before fortune let him settle down luxuriously in the comfortable rôle of genius *incompris*.

Jack finds his way to Etioilles at last, after what seems to him a lifetime of fear and weariness. When he reaches the mother's home, never to be his, all is forgotten in one rapturous moment. "Oh! la jolie maison tranquille baignée de lumière blonde!" Tout est encore fermé, pourtant on ne dort pas. Car une voix de femme fraîche et joyeuse se met à chanter:

Mes souliers sont rouges,
Ma mie, ma mignonne.

Cette voix! cette chanson! Jack croit rêver. . . . 'Maman, maman,' appelle Jack d'une voix faible." For this once his appeal was fully answered. "En un instant elle est près de lui, et de toute chaleur de son cœur de mère, elle réchauffe l'enfant à demi mort, glacé des terreurs, des angoisses de tout le froid et l'ombre de sa dernière nuit." He might have echoed David Copperfield's words upon his last evening alone with his young mother, with far better cause: "I wish I had died. I wish I had died then, with that feeling in my heart! I should have been more fit for Heaven than I have ever been." But Jack's sorrows were only just beginning, though he had a whole week in Paradise first in the dewy forest full of wonders, scented with wild roses, merry with birds and beasts.

Then d'Argenton returns. The character of this man is a piece of subtle analysis, unlike the rather careless caricature of Murdstone. That amiable stepfather would hardly have relished a parallel between himself and the author of the *Credo de l'Amour*, with his irregular ménage, and himself "pomadé, ciré, fatal." Yet their educational system was precisely the same, and also their sullen jealousy of their pupils. First bully an intelligent boy, then punish him until he becomes almost stupid. If Murdstone had known French he would have enjoyed reiterating the bald platitude "La vie n'est pas un roman" before

dismissing David to wash bottles. Jack's fate was worse. With this consolatory aphorism for moral ballast he is sent to Indret at twelve years old as apprentice in an iron foundry, after d'Argenton and his toadies have prated to the undeceived child about the glorious future of the workman. The fear of degradation sinks deeply into Jack's soul before his departure, preceded by the first innocent love which is destined to be his last. He and Cécile, the granddaughter of the good doctor who fights and loses Jack's battles, are for awhile happy, like David and little Em'ly on the shore at Yarmouth, at play in the green palaces of the friendly forest. Jack is always winning. Even at Indret *l'aristo* gains respect and liking from the rough, kindly people with whom his lot is incongruously cast. When the terrible toil of the day is ended he labours over his books to be worthy of Cécile, who has vowed to wait for him and makes him proudly sure that her word is her bond.

Once he breaks bounds and goes up the river drinking with comrades, the only time in the white life he led with such black hands. He dreams of his childhood and his dear *Robinson Crusoe*—"avec sa page, jaune et usée"; the childhood he recalled later with a sharp pang when, as a grimy stoker, he sees on board ship a fair-headed boy in Scotch dress caressed by his pretty mother. Boyhood passes to manhood in the burning underworld of ceaseless toil and red-hot iron, and is finally shattered by a collision from which he is rescued badly injured. He creeps back to Paris, where d'Argenton is spending his money upon an absurd Review, to secure pages whence no malicious editor can bar the printing of his turgid verse.

The faithful Dr. Rivals is at hand to rescue him, to take him back to sunny Etioilles to learn something of the joy of the harvest as he and Cécile, a girl as graceful as a windflower, roam the ripening vineyards in the mellow October days. Again hope smiles; again Jack sets indomitably to work. Then back comes his mother, who has quarrelled with her poet, clamorous for the protection he lavishes upon her with utter loyalty. A boy still with illusions nothing can destroy, he loves her and believes in her. And for a brief moment she wastes his tiny savings and plays the devoted parent until she tires of the comedy. Then she goes back to d'Argenton, and the castle in Spain falls like a house of cards. Still frail from the effect of the wreck, Jack succumbs to pneumonia. "Pauvre Enfant" might be his epitaph.

Because of his mother's heartlessness Jack dies, and Cécile is left to wither desolate. A sombre moral with which to adorn a tale if it were the only one. Seeming failure is, indeed,

"triumph's evidence." Nothing alloys the pure gold of Jack's nature. Daudet plainly shares the faith of Browning in the dominant power of goodness, and blessed are those who are disciples of their creed in this day of difficulty. Like Daudet himself, his boys are no cowards. They fight against their drawbacks, moral and physical, as he fought against his, bearing continual pain with such a Stevensonian cheerfulness his legion friends proclaimed him "Marchand du Bonheur."

Monsieur Paul Marguéritte may well assert "Il croyait à la vertu et l'efficacité du bonheur." Something perennially boyish lingered about him even in his "hour of fame and suffering." Petit Chose might have footed it in that gay farandole when Daudet and Mistral "notre grande" danced in the warm southern moonlight with the pretty Arlesienne bride who had an even more glorious hour when her grandsons marched as gaily to the Rhine.

Anatole France expresses the whole conclusion of the matter: "Et ce qu'il y a de merveilleux, c'est qu'un tel observateur si exact, si sûr, qu'un esprit travaillant ainsi sur le vif, ne soit point cruel, n'ait rien d'amer, ne s'assombrisse jamais jusqu'au noir. C'est qu'il aimait les hommes." True, though surely, even as Dickens, he loved his boys better.

ROWLAND GREY.

OUR EMPTYING VILLAGES:

THE DANGER AND THE REMEDY.

OF the many unfavourable aspects of the present condition of British agriculture there is one which is by far the most serious from a national point of view. This is the declining population of the villages in spite of a general increase in the country's population. The reasons for this are various.

Unlike other industries, agriculture has this handicap, that its workshops (that is to say, the land) are of fixed extent and there can be no development in this direction; it is only the methods of production that can be extended, so that the introduction of labour-saving machinery, while of national benefit, has resulted in decreased opportunities for labour to be expended upon arable farming. Instead of this surplus labour being expended in further development of the industry, it has been forced to find other outlets, and too often this has meant immigration into the towns. Unfavourable corn prices have compelled many farmers to put land down to grass and thus employ less labour,¹ Colonial development has attracted many agriculturists abroad, city life, with its prospect of better wages and more amusement, has called others to the town, and the growth of a mechanical era seems to have evoked a corresponding mechanical *flair* in some of the younger members of the rural population that has led them to the workshop rather than the fields. It is the old question of competition between country and town for labour, and one can only assume that the attractions of agriculture seem so inferior that many prefer to risk starvation and unemployment in the towns. It may be argued that families to-day are only half as big as they were fifty years ago, that the present agricultural system only allows a limited number to make a living by agriculture; but the fact remains that, with an increase in the general population, the rural population has gone backward. In my own village, for example, some seventy children are attending the school. Ten years ago there was nearly double this number, while the adult population has also decreased since the previous census. Emigration only accounts for a small part of the difference; the remainder has gone to swell the already over-full towns.

The result is a great loss to the community by the reduction of part of its healthiest stock. In the war the county regiments

(1) Since the repeal of the Corn Production Act in 1921, there have been 97,000 less workers employed on the land.

were the backbone of the Army, and the soldiers who confronted Napoleon and the most stalwart of the policemen who patrol our streets were, and are, of agricultural descent. Even under the stress of war and living under the most exacting conditions, the men who left office and workshop in 1914 for active service in the field filled out and grew in health and strength incredibly. Not only is the number of the healthiest part of our population diminishing under the present conditions, but, by their adoption of town life, the balance is being swelled on the other side, where the highest proportion of unfit is found. Already the towns are brimming over and neither houses nor work can be found for many of their inhabitants, while the superfluity of labour lowers the wages of the artisan and diminishes the capacity of the wage-payers to extend their business or increase wages because it is on them that the chief burden falls of keeping a host of unemployed in unwilling idleness. If things continue as they are, there seems little hope of the flood of immigrant rural labour abating. Emigration abroad is a natural corollary, which means that our country is deprived of so many potential wealth-earners per annum, who thus become rivals instead of partners. With the opening up of corn-growing land abroad arable farming is likely to become less popular on medium-sized farms in this country, and with the fostering of trade within the Empire we cannot adopt a tariff against Colonial imports. Agricultural history also shows that tariffs or bounties become, in the end, only subsidies paid by the rest of the community to the landlords. More medium-sized farms, therefore, will be given over chiefly to stock-raising, which means that less agricultural labour will be needed. England, who was an exporter of corn up to 1765, will become less self-supporting than ever, with an increased bill for imports when already our expenditure is exceeding our income. If, by a sudden act of war, the seas were closed to us, we should be starving in little over a month, and in time of peace we are sending money out of the country which could be kept at home. "When a country becomes a depopulated wilderness," said one of our Prime Ministers,¹ "it is a doomed land." But the depopulation continues unchecked.

It is a gloomy enough picture, and there would be no object in painting it were there no remedy. This short, pessimistic excursion is necessary in order that the need of finding and applying a remedy quickly may be realised. The remedy lies in a serious and whole-hearted attempt on the part of the Government to introduce a small-holding scheme on a scale large enough and practical enough to be effective.

(1) Mr. Lloyd George at Criccieth in 1922.

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We are the slaves of words, and the mention of the phrase "small-holding scheme" invariably raises a storm of criticism, especially among agriculturists. There is no great desire to hold small plots of land, we are told. Also that countless small-holding schemes have been tried and proved unsuccessful; that they mean harder work and less return than the plain agricultural labourer gives and receives; that there is the difficulty of setting up houses and buildings on land thus split up into ten- or fifteen-acre homesteads; the difficulty of the small-holder providing himself with the requisite capital for carrying on his business; of marketing his produce economically on such a small scale; of learning his job.

I will take these criticisms in order.

No one who has lived in country districts can fail to have been impressed by the strong desire on the part of the poorer members of the community to possess land of their own. It has even caused some of them to countenance schemes for the nationalisation of the land against their deepest instincts and better judgment. Far from wanting to see all the land owned by the State, they really want to see as many people as possible owning the land; they want to own it themselves. All of them accept allotments, when offered, with the greatest alacrity, and in dealing with the Land Settlement Scheme after the war the great difficulty of the county agricultural committees was, not to find men who would avail themselves of it, but to select the most suitable of the thousands who applied. Agricultural labourers save from their meagre earnings to set up on their own, and face the greatest hardships to stay in their holdings. The statement that they do not wish to own land, when analysed, is so far removed from the facts that it has no bearing on them whatever, save in the sense of being a direct inversion of them.

That many small-holding schemes have been tried and proved unsuccessful is perfectly true, but the reasons are not from any fault of the small-holder. Very often the poorest land has been chosen for them, or land for which a rent is asked far in excess of the prevailing agricultural rent in the district. The attempted system of small-holdings in Scotland known as "Pentacles" was an instance. The land chosen for them was all deer-forest, so poor that *any* rent asked would have been exorbitant, and even rabbits must have found it difficult to scratch a living there. Needless to say, the Scottish crofters failed to make human existence possible from it. The small-holder up to now has been dumped down on his land, with the merest smattering of agricultural education, and left to his fate. He has to fight

against his own inexperience, high rents, poor land, lack of capital or facilities for credit, at the mercy of a bad season, and with no existing scheme for buying or selling his goods on anything approaching an economic basis. The wonder is not that such schemes have, broadly speaking, failed, but that any small-holder has survived them.

Small-holdings mean hard work, we are told—which is true—and are therefore unpopular—which is false. The men who work eight or nine hours a day for a farmer and then go home and dig their allotments until dark are not the ones to fear hard work. What they do fear is a bad season which will leave them destitute, their savings gone, and their work done for nothing. The farm labourer probably does as hard a day's manual work as any member of the community, and he does not make a great deal of fuss about it. Therefore it is fair to assume that he would cheerfully work even harder for himself, especially if his income were going to be increased by it and if he alone were to reap the full benefit of such increased labour. There must always be a difference between work done for wages only and work done for personal profit and out of personal interest. Poor land, too little capital and too little education have been the cause of failure amongst small-holders far more often than laziness or even bad seasons.

The setting up of houses and buildings on land split up into small plots is a difficulty that can be dissolved by the Government taking a broad view. If they are willing to build houses in towns, for which the full financial return is an uneconomic rent, the equipment of holdings and the settlement of families on them must appeal as a better investment in every way. The settlers would cheerfully pay 3 per cent. on the outlay, and the land and buildings would be the Government's security. But the real return for the investment would be the production at home of the commodities we now buy from abroad. Although the best British bacon cannot be beaten, we send approximately £50,000,000 out of the country every year for foreign pig meat. Altogether something like £100,000,000 is sent abroad every year for farm produce (excluding corn) which could be produced at home. If we can spend £400,000,000 on the enervating and totally unproductive practice of doles to the unemployed for doing nothing, we can surely afford to finance a productive scheme for increasing the nation's wealth and lessening its bill for imports. At most some £1,500 per settler would have to be lent.

The question of the economic marketing of produce is a vital one, and the solution lies in an effective co-operative system.

It is no use blinking the fact that unless such a system can be introduced, and run on the most up-to-date business lines, all talk of small-holding is mere folly. In these days, if things are bought in small lots the buyer pays a greatly enhanced price for them; if he sells in small quantities his market is uncertain, the cost of marketing is proportionately high, and the price realised proportionately low. A big milk retailer, for example, is indifferent as to whether he can buy a hundred gallons or so from a small farmer or not. What he wants is an assured supply of so many thousands of gallons per day. To make certain of this he will make a contract with another party, at a figure acceptable to both, for so many gallons at such and such a price. The individual milk-producer will have his small quantity accepted if it suits the retailer, but the retailer can refuse it without inconveniencing himself. It is only by collective bargaining that a sure market and a suitable price can be secured for the producer. Were it not that the adoption of such methods by farmers is only very recent history, one would hesitate to propound such a very obvious fact. For the small-holder, producing on an even smaller scale than the farmer, the necessity is even greater. Apart from milk, there is, practically speaking, no co-operation in the commerce of agriculture to-day. There are co-operative societies, but most of them are co-operative only in name. They exist on huge overdrafts guaranteed by a few philanthropists and enthusiasts who are in the position of investors facing a big liability for a strictly limited return of interest, and the other members, far from giving their societies their unquestioned loyalty, seem to take a positive delight in finding a dealer who will offer them another penny a quarter for oats than their own organisation offers, not realising that it is the existence of their co-operative society as a competitor that has brought the temporary offer of a better price into being. An English co-operative bacon factory to-day is forced to accept pigs of unsuitable bacon type for fear of offending its members. A Danish farmer, on the other hand, finds that unless he breeds the right kind of pig he cannot sell it, for in Denmark co-operation is so strongly organised that it suffers no competition and so can refuse what is unsuitable. The result is that the Danish farmer is forced to grow the kind of pig needed for bacon, and this is why Danish bacon is such a serious competitor with English. By compelling the producer to provide what is wanted the Danish system has brought about the most beneficial results to the industry and the nation.

If the British farmers cannot be induced seriously to co-operate and make a prospective small-holding co-operative scheme an

adjunct to their own co-operative societies, then it must be undertaken for the small-holders under Government supervision. This need entail no expense to the nation whatever, *provided that business men are chosen for the work*. This is an essential. Small-holders might, and perhaps should, be represented on the committees, but a co-operative society can only be properly run if a man with a business brain is at the head. The farming instinct and the business mind is seldom found co-existent, and we saw enough of the adventures of the bureaucrats into the world of commerce during the war to pray earnestly that, whoever is put in charge of such societies, it may not be they. The fact that the aim of co-operation is to eliminate the middleman contains the danger that, unless it is skilfully organised and prudently administered, it may become flabby and slipshod in its methods in the absence of a competitive spur. A vast amount of detail and organisation is required in running such societies, and so men of first-class business ability would be needed. Their salaries would necessarily be high, but the advantages that an efficient system would bring would enable the societies to pay them handsomely, and still the benefit to the members from the existence of such an organisation would be invaluable.

Lastly, there is the question of agricultural education. There is no doubt that this has been sadly neglected in the past, both by farmers and small-holders. Farming has usually been a family business, in which the rising generation has picked up its knowledge, almost from the time it could walk, from its fathers. The better-class farmers may have been able to send their sons to agricultural colleges, but a large majority have simply left the education of their children to instinct and example. Up to a point this has been successful, and, indeed, few farmers have been successful who have not been country bred; but the system makes no allowance for any definite attempt at teaching new methods or applying new discoveries, and it encourages that narrow outlook that is chiefly responsible for the agricultural *débâcle* to-day. Had the bulk of the farmers been educated to see things from a broad point of view and to keep their minds alert, the Herculean task of trying to make them combine and act together in their business would never have been necessary, nor would the adoption of new methods and the adaptation of the old have been so long deferred. The education of the small-holder has been rather worse. Where he has sprung from farming stock he has naturally come from the poorest, and therefore the least educated, of the farming class, and often he has set out on his venture with the vaguest

notions of how to conduct his business. The Land Settlement Scheme after the war encouraged men of every class to enter into small-holding, and offered them two years' education by apprenticing them to farmers who were willing to take them. In many cases the farmers themselves knew none too much; they were inclined to let their pupils take the course of least resistance, and the pupils, instead of gaining an all-round practical and theoretical knowledge of agriculture, degenerated into mere tractor-drivers or mildly interested onlookers. The farmers were not to blame, for not every man is by nature an instructor, and the pupils, who were for the most part young and freshly returned from the horrors and hardships of the war, felt that they were entitled to take things easy. It was the scheme that was at fault; it meant well, but was far too haphazard and unsupervised.

But there are in the country farm institutes where anyone anxious to learn the business of agriculture may be educated for the nominal and inclusive sum of about a pound a week. These are run by the county councils, assisted by the Government, and not only do they afford the embryo agriculturist opportunity for education, but they are of great service to agriculture generally. They are under the guidance of a Principal of proved agricultural knowledge and ability, who is in the position of headmaster to the pupils who attend the institute, and agricultural experimenter to the farmers in the county. A regular curriculum is arranged which includes theoretical and practical work; students are given a thorough grounding, and experiments in different methods for cultivating crops, feeding stock, etc., are made which are afterwards made public for the benefit of the agricultural community. If the number and the accommodation of these institutes were increased the difficulty of agricultural education would be in a fair way to being solved, especially if old pupils felt that they could always apply to the institute for advice and help. At present advice can only be sought from the Ministry, which, although prompt and courteous in answering queries, carries with it the inevitable impression of being distant and disinterested. This is meant for no slur on the Ministry; it is merely the nature of things, and one of the unavoidable drawbacks of bureaucracy.

In answering the unfavourable criticisms of small-holding schemes we have formulated what seem to be sound rules for their conduct. The first necessity is productive land at an economic rent. It is an old agricultural maxim that too little money cannot be given for really bad land. At no rent at all it cannot be made to pay. And here it may be said that in

selecting small-holding sites it is advantageous for their future owners if they can be grouped together. It facilitates co-operative marketing of their produce, it is more attractive from a social point of view, it makes it easier for them to meet together to exchange ideas on ways and means of running their business, and for outside help to be given in the shape of advice and lectures.

The next necessity is an effective and all-embracing co-operative scheme for the buying and selling of their requirements and products. Without this, and unless it is run efficiently and patronised by all, no small-holding scheme can be successful.

A scheme of State credit at an easy rate of interest is equally essential. It is required to establish the settler in his holding and to enable him to run his business. If there is a distaste for small-holding it is because the prospective settler feels that he has not sufficient capital to run it properly, and that he is at the mercy of a bad season which, if it comes early in his career, will ruin him beyond the possibility of recovery.

Lastly, opportunity for agricultural education must be extended to all who want it, and the fact that they would be called upon to pay a nominal sum for it would check any tendency to abuse it.

There is no reason why a scheme drawn upon these lines should not be successful, and the example of Denmark may be quoted. Denmark started on her present system when her agriculture was bankrupt. She was in a very similar agricultural position to England to-day. By a vigorous and long-sighted policy she has now become the most prosperous agricultural community in the world. England is bigger, and, by methods which do not come within the scope of this article, corn-growing on a large scale might still be made an economic proposition for us; but what the Danes can do with small-holdings we can do. Our land is no worse and our climate is better. We are more wealthy and our men are not inferior. Denmark offers land and buildings to all who can make a small deposit, and finances them with credit on easy terms. No one is given less than ten acres of good land or fifteen acres of indifferent land, for this has been determined as the minimum that will support a man and his family. There exists an effective co-operative scheme to which all subscribe, and this has done more than anything else to encourage the production of the right article. Agricultural education is made possible for everyone, and no one may begin farming unless he has had this. As an instance of what this education has done, milk-recording in Denmark is now a general practice, and has resulted

in the milk yield being almost doubled. In England this practice is new and very far from being general. No one is appointed to the Danish Ministry of Agriculture who has not been a practical farmer, and, moreover, this Ministry only costs them £500,000 per annum, as against £3,000,000 spent by our own. What the Danes can do we can do.

It can no longer be urged that the land is socially unattractive, that it is useless to urge people to go back to a place where they know they will be bored. Women's institutes, boys', girls', and men's clubs, travelling cinemas and county council lectures, the increased use of bicycles and the development of motor 'buses in country districts have changed all this. In my own village in the winter there is scarcely a night when the village hall is not being used for something, while the women's institutes, by reviving the old village handicrafts, offer the women an occupation for their spare time and enable them to put a useful sum of money in their pockets every week.

All that is needed to re-establish the rural population is suitable organisation for enabling it to make a living. To put such machinery in motion needs foresight, patience, and money, but it is an investment that would pay the country back again and again. By fostering individualism it would create the strongest possible barrier against Sovietism, for nothing teaches respect for property so well as the ownership of property. If Labour had a definite and personal interest in the land the tendency would be for it to resent any interference with its ownership by the State. It would help in solving the unemployment problem not only by the actual increase of numbers of those employed in agriculture, but also by the increase of wealth available for buying boots from Northampton, cotton goods from Lancashire, woollen clothing from Bradford, etc. It would reduce our bill for imports, encourage a healthy rural population, and, in fine, bring back prosperity to an attenuated countryside.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

THE recent *coup d'état* in Spain, whereby General Primo de Rivera overthrew the Alhucemas ministry, and established a dictatorship, is an event of first-class interest, not only to the immediate neighbours of the Iberian kingdom, but also to the whole world. Outside observers, who have been paying attention for some time past to developments in Spanish politics, have not been altogether taken by surprise at the new crisis. It had been obvious for the last three years that between the Army chiefs and the professional politicians a wide divergence of views existed, which the recent disaster in Morocco, when General Silvestre and several thousand of his soldiers lost their lives, accentuated largely. The Army Juntas blamed the Government for carrying on the war in a negligent manner, while the political chiefs strove to hold the military authorities responsible for the disaster.

The Spaniards have always been a proud people. Even at the times when their military and political prestige have been at the lowest point, the inherent courage and independence of the nation, despite the lack of competent leaders, has successfully resisted conquest and absorption by a foreign enemy, qualities that the bastard Spanish-Americans, such as the Mexicans, have also shown. To a nation like the Spaniards, with their splendid traditions, the defeat of 1921 came as a thunder-clap; and the demand for the punishment of those responsible for the disaster was urged repeatedly and furiously. Each government that succeeded to power, whether Conservative or Liberal, was faced with this impossible question. To put the official blame on the Army would provoke a military pronunciamiento such as those of Espartero or Prim; on the other hand, to find the professional politicians guilty would mean the break-up of party politics, and the Rotativist system, which has ruled or misruled Spain since the unhappy days of Isabella Segundo. Further, the thorny question of Morocco itself had to be solved; and here the dilemma was a cruel one. Only two courses were likely to be beneficial in the long run to Spain. One, to leave the Spanish zone altogether, apart from the presidios, Ceuta, Tetuan and Melilla, cut their losses, and devote their attention to the urgent reforms for which the whole country yearned. This would, of course, involve an undoubted loss of prestige to Spain, with Abd el Krim, the implacable, jubilant, and the thousands of Spanish dead unavenged. It would also have a

repercussion on the other side of the Riff and would give trouble to the French. The other course, which presumably commended itself to the late General Silvestre, whose career in Morocco up to 1921 had been brilliant, was to concentrate the whole power of Spain on the reduction of the Rifeños, which would undoubtedly mean a long and costly war, and if it were attended by other disasters, a quite possible contingency, in view of the nature of the terrain and the poor *morale* of some of the Spanish units, would cause a ruinous revolution and a change of *régime* within the peninsula itself. Successive ministries steered a hesitating middle course, which exasperated public opinion. The presidios were weakly reinforced, and this to the accompaniment of mutinies among the embarking troops; negotiated in a half-hearted manner with the arrogant Abd el Krim; and promised an enquiry, which no one believed they would have the courage to carry out. The change of ministry during the winter, and the accession of the Liberals to power, gave transient hopes of some action, as the Liberal traditions, from Señor Canalejas on, have been against a penetration of the Riff. But the Liberals have never been *personæ gratae* with either the Church or the Army, and the accession of the Alhucemas Ministry, and still more, the personality of Señor Alba, undoubtedly precipitated the late pronunciamiento.

It is, however, questionable whether the recent *coup d'état* of the Marquis de Estella would have taken place in this form but for similar events in other countries. Within the last twelve months or so there have been no less than four utterly unconstitutional revolutions on the part of the Army, unaccompanied by a change of *régime*, and with the object of saving a country drifting to anarchy. Most important of all, of course, was the Fascisti movement in Italy, by which Signor Mussolini, acting in concert with his sovereign, saved the State from Communism. In Greece, immediately after the Ionian disaster, three generals overthrew the government, shot some of the politicians, made use of others, and generally attempted, with a fair measure of success, to clean up the troubles that their civilian predecessors had made. Still more recently the Agrarian despotism of M. Stambulisky in Bulgaria was ended in a single night by joint efforts of officers and bourgeois leaders. In not one of these cases was there a change to Republicanism; yet one might safely affirm that but for these three *coups d'état*, Greece and Italy would have experienced the horrors of a dictatorship of the proletariat, and Bulgaria have enjoyed the rule of ignorant Moscow-fed peasants.

This fourth revolution, in which the Marquis de Estella has

played the part of Mussolini, Gonatas and Zankoff, is also monarchical. It seems to have the approval of King Alfonso, who, though a constitutional monarch of a high order, must have often despaired of the future of his country in the hands of professional politicians. That it will be called reactionary by the cosmopolitan organs of the Extreme Left is only too likely; though the fact that that doughty patriot, Señor Lerroux, the Radical leader, has lent it his support ought to have a restraining effect upon public opinion. No one believes that Spain will be governed under military law for more than a transition period, while spring cleaning is being carried on.

Nor is it in the least likely that the Marquis will seek to emulate Mussolini's high-handed action at Corfu, and present a pistol at the head of Portugal for the possession of Elvas. The unhappy condition of that latter country has clearly demonstrated to the Spaniards that the murder or exile of a king, and a consequent change of *régime*, does not bring about a panacea, but rather a change of misgovernment. King Alfonso, in his personality, represents all the best side of the Iberian character. Generous, courageous, and tactful, he has devoted his whole life to the welfare of his people—a fact that even Republicans, when they humorously promised him the first presidency, have acknowledged. The faults which have brought disaster to Spain in the past cannot be laid to his charge by an unprejudiced critic; though there is little doubt that recent events, and the alarming increase of Syndicalism, which it is hoped the new government will eradicate with a firm hand, had seriously undermined the prestige of the Monarchy. Bolshevik envoys, anxious to repair in Spain the rebuff that they had suffered in Italy and elsewhere, were assiduous in fanning the legitimate grievances of Spanish workmen into a blaze. The ill success of the Moroccan adventure, and the unpopularity of service in that inhospitable land, were used as levers to influence the rank and file of the Army, which many believed to be the sole prop of the Throne. The recent barbarous murder of the popular Archbishop of Zaragoza showed that the Reds did not content themselves with propaganda alone. Events were drifting to a catastrophe as in 1868, when the Army took the lead into its own hand, and struck a blow for the rehabilitation of the Spanish Kingdom, the effects of which will not be slow to appear to the world.

That the Army has long been dissatisfied with the conduct of affairs by the political bosses may be seen from the formation of the "Juntas Militares" (Officers' Defence Committees), who made two attempts to overthrow the politicians, but were ap-

parently dissolved by the Conservative ministry of Señor Sanchez Guerra last year. Attempts made by the Juntas to approach the sovereign officially failed, for King Alfonso is a constitutional monarch, and his recent action in receiving the new directorate must be due to the fact that he despairs of the regeneration of Spain by the political parties. Besides, the Juntas derived their main support from the Socialist and Regionalist parties, and were therefore suspect as encouraging decentralising and subversive elements. The influence of the German Secret Service at Barcelona and Bilbao in 1917, when the Juntas were first active, was also apparent.

Despite the failure of the earlier efforts of the Juntas to overthrow the politicians, they did succeed in one of their objects, the cancellation of the permanency of military advisers around the sovereign, who were to be changed every four years.

One reason for the ill success of the Juntas was that no officer above the rank of colonel was allowed to join them. The present movement, on the other hand, seems supported by all ranks, though it undoubtedly originated with the general officers. The Socialists, who sympathised with the Juntas, are content to wait for the Directorate to ameliorate the lot of the workers. To these the Moroccan war was a burden; they shared the risks, but had none of the glory; while to the officers, to whom reverses brought promotion, and victory medals, the campaign wore a different aspect. Will the Directorate succeed in filling the rank and file, too, with enthusiasm for the campaign, when dishonest contractors and general graft have been adequately dealt with?

Despite the fact that Spain, owing to her neutrality during the war, was relatively better off than her neighbours from an economic point of view, the financial position of the country has not been satisfactory. The high value of the peseta severely handicapped the export trade. Unemployment, especially in Cataluña, was rife, and afforded a convenient handle for Bolshevik agitators. The land question, particularly in the south, was especially a thorny problem; the relations between a powerful and well-organised Church and an awakening and resentful democracy, which, as in other Latin countries, is inclined to frank scepticism; and the maladministration of several provincial governors, all contributed to the general dissatisfaction; and when the grim spectre of the perennial Marruecos campaign, with its constant drain on the resources of the nation in human lives, material and money, be added to the foregoing, there can be little wonder that the Marquis de Estella has resolved to set Spain's house in order. It is true that, apart from the Moroccan

question, the civilian power has been very unfortunate in losing its ablest heads. Señor Canalejas, the ablest Liberal leader since Sagasta, was assassinated in the autumn of 1912, just at the moment when Spain seemed to be firmly set on a new road of reform and prosperity. Señor Maura, the ablest Conservative leader, was hounded from office by the *izquierdistas* for his share in the execution of Ferrer. More recently, Señor Eduardo Dato, a sincere and honest statesman, was brutally murdered in the streets of Madrid, and vile threats made to his innocent family by the Bolshevik assassins.

Let us examine the programme of the new dictators to see how far they can be considered reactionary. This includes: (1) A dissolution of the Cortez, and abrogation of the indemnity for Senators and Deputies. (2) Convocation of a new Cortez without *official pressure*. (3) Reduction of the number of officials. (4) Formation of tribunals presided over by non-political magistrates, to settle the responsibility for the Moroccan defeat. (5) Prohibition of discussion on the Moroccan question. (6) Redistribution of the administrative system of Spain. (7) Justice, without party bias. (8) Morality in the administration. (9) Organisation of the Army to obtain the highest efficiency. (10) Suppression of unnecessary branches of the military bureaucracy. (11) War against all classes of corruption. (12) Reorganisation of the police. (13) Administrative decentralisation, devolving local business to the provinces.

It will be seen from this that the work of the new rulers of Spain is no light one. The civil service has been left in the hands of the officials, but the latest reports from Madrid seem to infer that the iron hand has already made itself felt on the civil bureaucracy, in the lengthening of the hours of work. Civil corruption in Spain has long been notorious. It has been whispered by not unkind observers that, the official salaries being inadequate, a large part of the taxes due to the State never reached the Treasury; while a prominent British official narrated to the writer an experience of his, when goods consigned to him reached him in a perished condition, through his having paid the legitimate duty rather than the unofficial but speedier backsheesh to the customs official. The waste of material caused in this way reaches an enormous annual value, according to the estimates of the best authorities; and it is a known fact that the Government fixes the taxation at an excessive height, realising that it will only collect about half the estimate.

There is no word in the programme of the Marquis de Estella as to the continuance or non-continuance of the Moroccan campaign. We must not expect a speedy withdrawal until all the

man" in every sense of the word. The lawn tennis champions of Spain have victoriously competed with Anglo-Saxons. The proverb of "Mañana" is being superseded by that of "Hoy."

Spain is still woefully behindhand in means of communication. The question of the direct Madrid-Valencia line has now become an object for humour in the lighter papers. It is only too characteristic of political wire-pulling. Yet that line, and others, may still be constructed by the new Government, which has not to consider the necessity of satisfying the local interests of Valencia, Cuenca and Aranjuez. The mineral riches of the kingdom are enormous; yet a vast proportion of their profits finds itself handed over to foreign capitalists owing to native indolence. The industrial outlook is ominous. Strikes have been frequent, especially in Cataluña and Vascondagas, owing to Bolshevik activities. The Marquis de Estella will find in these industrial problems a task of a formidable character, though by no means insurmountable.

The problem of the regeneration of the Spanish people now rests with them alone; and it would be impertinent for any foreigner, however *simpático* he might be, to offer any advice. If Spain, regardless of provincial jealousies, can make a combined vigorous effort, and thus imitate the example of her eastern neighbour, the stolid virility of the race should prevail, and she will once more take her place amongst the Great Powers. The danger of disintegration, of the separation of the Basque provinces and Cataluña, cannot be altogether flouted, but it is far less likely than under a change of *régime*.

In the attempts of the new Government to purify and reform Spain, the Marquis may be assured of the sympathetic good wishes of all lovers of that country. To Spain, throughout the passage of time, Europe owes a debt that, it must be acknowledged, has been inadequately expressed. After the repulse of the Mohammedan invader from their own soil, the Spanish rulers in the Middle Ages took upon themselves the task of saving the Mediterranean coasts from the barbarous Ottoman pirates. To Spanish valour we owe that crowning victory of Lepanto. To Spanish daring and love of adventure we owe the discovery of the New World. Through a mist of slander, begotten of sectarian or national animosity, we now more clearly see her civilising work in America. Hers was the proud task of overthrowing hordes of savages delighting in human sacrifice, of teaching a purer Faith, and the lessons of peace; of building cities, roads and cathedrals, which bear witness to the zeal and energy of the *conquistadores*.

(1) To-day.

The Spanish infantry from the time of the Great Captain to the battle of Rocroy was invincible. Even during the years of decay, the Spanish resistance to Napoleon ruined that Emperor's plans of world-wide hegemony. During the Great War Spain was neutral, a position that the divided sympathies of her people imposed; but her intervention was not desired by either side, and in the realm of international humanity she played a noble part.

Spain, in her self-imposed task of ending corruption and apathy, deserves the moral support of all right-thinking people, both in internal affairs and in her civilising mission in Northern Morocco. It is to be hoped that the all-powerful Press, of whatever political complexion, will not make her burden heavier by hasty criticism. Let us, who by the royal marriage have become so happily connected with Spain, give her the expression of our sympathy: that, by the united efforts of King, Government and Nation, she may rise, like the Phoenix, from the ashes of an unhappy past, and pursue a future freighted with fortune, on her splendid mission of peace, triumphant over party bias, corruption and lassitude, and prove an example of honour to other nations who are still wrestling with problems of no less gravity.

KENNETH LEDWARD.

avenues of eventual success have been explored and found wanting. If the war goes on, and in whatever line he proceeds, the Marquis will have the support of King and people, and we may confidently look to the recovery of the "lost eagles" of General Silvestre, and to a humbling of the power of Abd el Krim.

There is no word in this programme of reforms of any agrarian policy; no suggestion is made as to the more equitable distribution of land in Andalusia, where vast stretches of land are parcelled out among a few proprietors—a state of affairs that undoubtedly calls for redress, and has given much cause for dissatisfaction among the peasants. For them taxation is far too heavy; life, with its constant round of toil, with inadequate remuneration, provides a rich harvest for the Socialist agitator. Yet, if the programme of the Marquis be realised, they will be indirectly aided, for with the disappearance of graft and waste, the State can be contented with lower taxation when the greater proportion finds its way into the Treasury.

The question of Church and State is likewise absent from the list given above. Signor Mussolini managed to remain on more or less friendly terms with Don Sturzo's Popular Party; will the Marquis and his friends be able to avoid conflict with the powerful Spanish hierarchy, which no ministry has defied and lived? There is much need to develop the educational side of Spanish life; far too great is the percentage of illiterates; and, unless this problem be dealt with in a tactful manner, the new Government may have to choose between quarrelling with the Church or disappointing the popular elements. A sane education is by no means inconsistent with the dogmas of the Catholic Church; the new Pope is undoubtedly Liberal in his ideas; and if such tendencies can be reflected in Spain, a *viâ media* may be found by the new Government which may satisfy ecclesiastical authority and popular clamour. But this question is so delicate that one hesitates before discussing it in any form.

There is no need for the Marquis to embark on hasty or ill-conceived reforms. It is his task to lay the foundations of the State upon a firm and permanent basis. Unlike the Rotativist camarillas, he has no need to bribe the voter with promises he is unable to carry out, and if carried out, would harm the State. The patriotic movement may carry all before it at the present juncture and the hands of the Dictator be left free.

There is no need to underrate the forces against the Directorate. Unlike the ill-fated Sidonio Paez of Portugal, De Rivera has the chief of the executive on his side; but, unlike Mussolini, he has no well-organised party to crush the opposition. If the Directorate carry out their threat to abolish that curse of Spanish

life, *caciquismo*, or Boss Rule, the bosses will join the disgruntled politicians in their sullen enmity. The Civil Service, purged of its sinecures and unofficial perquisites, will naturally view the new *régime* with indignation. Rumour says, too, that the military side was nearly as corrupt as the civil. To carry out their programme, the new Government must also strike a blow at military privileges. The question of the seconded officers, ordered to rejoin the Army, will raise up an even more formidable array of antagonists. The Marquis, if he carry out his programme, even though, as generally happens in Latin countries, it be tempered in its application, must face a powerful array of vested interests in arms to overthrow him.

Though public opinion, apart from interested elements, in Spain seems prepared to support the Directorate, its continued success must depend on prestige. If the Moroccan campaign, as now seems probable, be carried on, and the reverse of Silvestre signally avenged, the Marquis de Estella will be able to defy *caciquismo* and build a more honest fabric in its place. He has no easy procession, as to a Fiume or Corfu. Abd el Krim is a formidable antagonist; but it is inconceivable that a government born of a military pronunciamiento would celebrate its accession to power by a withdrawal from the Riff. On the *moral* of the reformed Spanish Army must rest the success and failure of the new movement; and the consequences of defeat are too terrible to contemplate. A satisfactory settlement of the Tangier question will also be expected.

At the present moment, therefore, the Directorate would seem to have behind it the great bulk of public opinion, wearied of corruption and the tergiversations of the political groups. There is a new spirit abroad in Spain, which may be noticed by even the most casual traveller with a slight knowledge of Spanish. A few years ago Spain, except for three or four cities, was unknown territory to the majority of cosmopolitan visitors. Before the War for a foreigner to mention the name of a political question, party or politician, was to court, at least, a rebuff. Now Spaniards will tolerate a reasonable and tactful discussion with a sympathetic foreigner. Spain seems to be anxious to leave her proud isolation; her interest in the League of Nations proves that she is not indifferent to questions of world-wide importance; and she has skilfully avoided being drawn into any alliance. The growing keenness of the Spanish youth for Association football, though a minor point, is perhaps indicative of this trend of public opinion; and the day may not be far distant when even bullfighting will lose its popularity to the worship of a leather sphere. The Spaniard is fast becoming a "sports-

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

By the election to the Presidency of China, on October 5th, of Marshal Tsao Kun, Tuchun of Chihli, Shantung, and Honan, and chief of what is generally known as the Chihli Party, a fresh turn has been given to the internal politics of the Middle Kingdom. During the last eight years China, as regards her politics, has been a vast arena in which various parties, or factions, as they are often termed, have contended for power, and the main argument of each of them has been one and the same—the very ancient but never antiquated argument of force. It has been usual to describe certain of these factions as "Militarist," as, for example, the "Northern Militarists," a phrase applied at present by many to the Chihli Party, though that party does not represent the "North," as it was constituted before Marshal Chang Tso-lin, after his defeat by Marshal Wu Pei-fu, proclaimed the independence of Manchuria. The truth is that Militarist is a word that has not the same meaning with respect to China as it has in some other countries, say in Japan, where Militarism expresses an aspect rather of her foreign than of her domestic policy, and is besides a general national characteristic, as it certainly is not of China. Japan has a great and splendid army as the instrument of her policy, just as France has. On paper China has the largest standing army in the world, but it is so worthless from an outside point of view that it serves merely as an indication of her military impotence.

In the *China Year Book*, 1923, which is edited with such a wealth of knowledge by Mr. H. G. W. Woodhead, of the *Peking and Tientsin Times*, there appears an impressive list of the *personnel* and distribution of China's army, but with the exception of a few divisions the army is no better than a rabble, and the few good divisions would be considered very inferior stuff by any European commander. Speaking broadly, China is a nation of pacifists. Moreover, her army, such as it is, does not recognise any central authority, but is broken up into various provincial forces, subject to the control, not always very effective, of the Tuchuns, or military governors, of one or more provinces. These Tuchuns, in groups or singly, as the case may be, dominate the game of politics in China, and in that game the pieces they move are their armed forces: to that extent they are Militarists. This is as true of Sun-Yat-sen and the so-called South as of Tsao Kun and the Chihli Party: all the factions are Mili-

tarist in this restricted sense, and each of them plays for its own hand. Some more than others pay lip-service to the Constitution and the Parliament. The vigorous but crude Young China Party has its mouth filled with the political ideology of the West, which it only half understands and knows not how to apply. Meanwhile, the Tuchuns go on with the game—with Tsao Kun now in play as President of China. How has it come about, and what does it mean?

In an article entitled "The Unification of China," which was published in the August, 1922, issue, and in other articles in earlier numbers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, the writer sketched the political history of China since the Revolution in 1911, which led to the overthrow of the Empire and the establishment of the Republic. It has long been evident that the Chinese were thoroughly unprepared and quite unready for such a complete change, and that this is in the main the cause of the present chaotic condition of their country. For two or three years after the introduction of the Republican *régime* the great Yuan Shih-kai, who governed China by traditional Oriental methods, and not according to Western ideas, maintained the fabric of the State unimpaired—at least as unimpaired as when he became President. Whether he was carried away by ambition, as was widely supposed, or whether he was inspired by the profound conviction, from his knowledge of his countrymen and their needs, that a republic was not the form of government which was best suited to China, the fact remains that in 1915 he sought to re-establish the Empire, with himself at its head. Owing to revolts in several of the provinces, and even more because of the opposition of Japan, which was supported by England, Yuan's effort failed, and in 1916 he died a broken man. It is perhaps idle to speculate on what might have happened if he had been successful in his attempt; but it may be said that if he had succeeded the state of China would in all probability not be so bad as it is now.

At any rate, it is from 1915 that China has lapsed more and more from that solidarity, that unity, which characterised her then. In the years that have followed some half-a-dozen Presidents have flitted like shades across the stage, the North and the South have been divided by civil war, both North and South have themselves been split by factions, the Parliamentary system has become a futility and a mockery, and much of the land has been impoverished or laid waste, either in the struggles of the Tuchuns or by bandits from whom the soldiers of most of the Tuchuns are scarcely to be distinguished. In an article on "The Crisis in China," which appeared in the January, 1921,

number of this REVIEW, the writer suggested that what China needed most of all was a saviour—a great Chinese who could save his country from the divisions and strife with which it was cursed, and restore its unity. In 1922 it certainly looked as if that man was to be found in General (as he then was) Wu Pei-fu, but the hopes that were based on his military successes and his advocacy of unification have so far not been realised.

It may be recalled that in April-May, 1922, General Wu had defeated a great combination that had been formed for his destruction. The leading spirit of the combination was Chang Tso-lin, the super-Tuchun of Manchuria, but it also included Sun Yat-sen, then in power in Kwantung and Kwangsi, the Anfui Party headed by Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, the Tuchuns of Honan, Anhui and Chekiang, and others who had come into conflict with Wu, and desired his ruin. It will be seen that it was a very powerful combination; it was much the greatest that had been formed in China since the Revolution, and most people thought that it spelt certain disaster for Wu. It did not, however, include Tsao Kun, the super-Tuchun of Chihli, the former patron and superior of Wu. The reason for the combination was that Wu had become the greatest military figure in the country, and that his opponents were jealous or afraid of him; therefore they determined on his "elimination."

When a young man Wu had joined the Third Army Division, of which Tsao Kun was commander, and, showing capacity, was soon given a battalion; early in 1916, when he was about forty-three, he became commander of a brigade. When Tsao Kun was made Tuchun of Chihli, he passed over to Wu the command of the Third Division, which two years later recaptured the cities of Yochow and Changsha from the "South." At that time the "Strong Man of China" was reputed to be Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, and when Wu wished to return with his troops to Chihli he was opposed by the Marshal, for what to him was a very good reason: he had seen these troops before, and knew they were the best fighting men in China. He did not want them in Peking, where he felt they would be a menace to his power. In 1917 General Chang Hsun had proclaimed the restoration of the Manchus, and had brought the boy Emperor from his seclusion to place him on the Dragon Throne. Chang Hsun's *coup d'état* was brought to naught by Tuan, with the aid of Wu, whose forces did the only real fighting that took place. So Tuan did not wish to have Wu and his now famous Third Division in Peking again; but Wu marched from Hunan to Chihli, defeated Tuan, and broke up the Anfui Club, whose chief Tuan had been. The result for Wu was his appointment as

Vice-Tuchun, under Tsao Kun, of Chihli, Shantung, and Honan. In 1921 he was made Tuchun of Hupeh and Hunan, and thus became a super-Tuchun himself. The three most important men in the "North" then were Chang-Tso-lin, of Manchuria, Tsao Kun, of Chihli, and Wu, but Wu, because of his military exploits, was the most important of the trio. It was in these circumstances that the combination was formed for his overthrow. But it was the combination that was overthrown, not Wu. Sun Yat-sen was unable to take the field, and thus freed Wu from any anxiety regarding an attack from the "South." Chang advanced from Mukden towards Peking with considerable forces, but was defeated utterly after a brief campaign by Wu. This contest is known as the Fengtien-Chihli War—Fengtien is one of the three Manchurian provinces—and the other thing to note here is that, though it was Wu who did the fighting, it was Chihli that got the credit of his victory, and that meant Tsao Kun. After the struggle was over Wu, now a Marshal, retired eventually with his troops to Loyang, in Honan, leaving Tsao Kun supreme in Chihli. All this has to be understood if Tsao Kun's position is to be understood.

In his article on the unification of China the writer sketched the career of Wu Pei-fu, and ventured to express the hope that in this remarkable man China might find her saviour. When the article was written there was a good deal to give substance to that hope. Sun Yat-sen, who had shown himself to be very little of a genuine constitutionalist, had been driven out of Kwantung, and his successor, General Chen Chiung-ming, was in favour of Wu's plans for unification. The core of these plans was that the whole nation should agree to the recall of the "Old Parliament," which had been dismissed in 1917, and to the restoration of the Provisional Constitution of 1912. In June of last year Wu announced that his proposal for the recall of the Old Parliament had been accepted not only by Chen, of Kwantung, but by the Tuchuns of Chihli, Honan, Shantung, Shansi, Shensi, Kansu, Hupeh, Hunan, Kiangsi, Kiangsu, Czechuan, Yunnan, and Kweichow—fourteen out of the eighteen provinces of China proper; but they coupled this assent with a demand for the resignation of the President, Hsu Shih-chang, whom they charged with opposition to unification. Hsu did resign, and, after hesitation and delay, General Li Yuan-hung, who had resigned the Presidency in 1917 under pressure, agreed to re-assume the office on the specific request of Wu, who promised to support him. One of the first acts of President Li was to reconvoke the Old Parliament; it reassembled at Peking at the beginning of August last year, though it did not start functioning for

weeks afterwards. A new Cabinet was appointed, with Wang Chung-hai as Acting Premier, and it contained among its members several representatives of Young China, among them being Wellington Koo, well known both in London and in Washington, as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It will thus be seen that there was a prospect of the unification of China with Wu behind all these striking developments, and that ground did exist for the hope expressed by the writer, who, however, was careful to explain that the upshot depended largely on Wu, and that time alone could disclose whether Wu was to be enrolled in the slender, if splendid, ranks of soldier-statesmen. Wu is a soldier, not a politician, and he has still to show that he is a statesman. He was offered the office of Minister of War, but declined it on the plea that he was not in politics and desired to remain a soldier. The resuscitated Old Parliament proved a keen disappointment, and it was in deep disgust with the politicians that he finally withdrew to his headquarters at Loyang. Now, Tsao Kun is better described as a politician than anything else, and he had begun his campaign for the Presidency even before Wu's retirement to Loyang. Wu was well aware of what was going on, and in consequence there was a coolness between him and Tsao Kun. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that Tsao Kun could have become President without the open or tacit support of Wu, whose active antagonism would have been fatal, it may be supposed; but it is possible that Wu is in such a position that he deems it wiser at present to be silent. By far the most patriotic of the Chinese leaders, Wu is not much beloved by his fellow-Tuchuns, who, while professing devotion to the idea of unification, are in reality more anxious for the continuance of their own individual power.

Soon after Li Yuan-hung's resumption of the Presidency Tsao Kun had begun his campaign to take Li's place. President Li was not struck at directly, but he was identified with the new Cabinet, and it was the Cabinet that was attacked. How things were going was seen in a crisis which was precipitated towards the end of last November by the plots, intrigues, and bitter jealousies of the ordinary Peking politicians, with Tsao Kun active behind the scenes. Lo Wen-kan, the Minister of Finance, was charged with violation of the Constitution and with bribery in connection with the adjustment of certain pre-war Austrian loan contracts. Like Wang Chung-hui, then Acting Premier, Lo is a "Western-educated" man—both are members of the Inner Temple—and may be taken as representing Young China at its best. In the Parliament resolutions were passed calling for the impeachment of Lo, and also of Wellington Koo. Lo was

arrested. Wu Pei-fu protested at first, but after a while concurred, though he stipulated that Lo should be given a speedy trial by a specially constituted court. All the three members of the Cabinet who have been named were strong advocates of unification, and Wu's action showed a change of front in the direction of Tsao Kun and away from President Li, the result being that Wang and his colleagues were driven from office. The charge against Lo proved to be trumped up, and the whole business was exceedingly discreditable to the Chihli party. Next followed a conference of the leaders of that party at Paotingfu in connection with Tsao Kun's birthday celebrations, and General Chang Shao-tseng was chosen Premier, and in January his nomination was confirmed by the Parliament.

Premier Chang had unification written large in his programme, but the only thing of genuine interest in Peking was Tsao Kun's campaign for the Presidency, which was being conducted largely by means of bribes and—prosperously. At this time Wu Pei-fu's attention was concentrated on what was happening in the South, where his plans had gone awry. Chen Chiung-ming, who had ousted Sun Yat-sen, was ousted in his turn from Canton, and Kwantung was once more invaded by forces from Yunnan and Kwangsi in the interests of the South—that is, of Sun. Wu feared that if Sun returned to Canton he would renew his alliance with Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, and that thus the combination of 1922 against Wu would be formed again. How tangled is the web of Chinese politics is manifested from the fact that about this same time Tsao Kun was negotiating with Chang of Manchuria, and was prevented from making a deal with him only by the opposition of Wu. By March Wu had put such pressure on Tsao Kun that both combined in demanding from the Government certain appointments in Kwantung and Fukien with a view to checkmating Sun, and the Government, not knowing what else to do, forthwith resigned, but cancelled the resignation on being assured that neither Tsao Kun nor Wu was seriously displeased with it. Such is the sort of comic-tragic Government that sits at Peking. And the nature of the Parliament may be guessed when it is said that it was just then that the Government sent a Note to Japan expressing a wish for the abrogation of the treaties embodying the famous or infamous Twenty-one Demands of 1915, the reason being that the Parliament had passed a resolution declaring these treaties null and void. As if China were in a position to take such an attitude towards Japan! As well she might, Japan simply laughed. As for Sun, another turn of fortune's wheel, and Sun, who had re-entered Canton, had again to fly and take refuge in a handy gunboat.

Putting aside for a moment the Lingcheng outrage, we come to the first impressive sign of the success of Tsao Kun's scheme in the enforced flight from Peking of President Li, which occurred about the middle of June. A week or so earlier the Government, which at best was a makeshift affair, had resigned. President Li denied that he had resigned, but he was kept a prisoner at Tientsin till the seals of office had been given up. Released, he sought safety in the British concession in that city whence he sent an appeal to Chang at Mukden to put down the revolutionists—the Chihli party, or at all events some of its leading members—who had driven him from the capital, and to come to the rescue of the Government. But Chang did nothing, for he knew that, however much Wu approved or disapproved the action of the "revolutionists," that redoubtable soldier would not tolerate his presence in Peking. From Tientsin President Li passed southwards, and, getting into touch with the partisans of Sun in Kwantung, now joins with them in their opposition to Tsao Kun. For some time there was no Government at all at Peking, neither President nor Cabinet. A few of the Ministers who had resigned returned to their former official offices and transacted whatever business they could. There was very little business in any case, because the Treasury was empty, which was not in the least surprising, for politics in China, whether North or South, to politicians meant emptying the Treasury at any and every opportunity. As a matter of plain fact, the Government of China had long been virtually bankrupt, though with anything like a proper Government China should have very little difficulty in financing the necessary services. For three months there was no President at Peking.

Tsao Kun persevered with his candidature, which was conducted mainly by bribing members of the Parliament, and, after an unsuccessful attempt that showed he had somehow miscalculated, he had bought by the end of his campaign enough votes to ensure his election by the requisite majority. So there is once again a President of China, and this at least is something. On October 10th the ceremonial inauguration took place, and on the same day the National Constitution, which the Parliament has been considering intermittently for several years, was promulgated. It is perhaps significant, despite the Constitution, that President Tsao Kun received, immediately after his inauguration, the congratulations of the young Manchu Emperor and the Ching nobility. The restoration of the Manchu dynasty cannot be said to be an impossibility; not a few people, both in China and elsewhere, think that events are rather tending that way, and that it is a good thing if they are. May be that is the true

Voice of China, the Voice for whose call Wu Pei-fu has often lately said he was listening. It is a fascinating speculation, but it may be nothing more. In any case, President Tsao Kun, in his inaugural address, declares that he will work for the unification of his country, and deprecates the continuance of internal strife. An old-style Chinese, Tsao Kun may very well believe in his heart of hearts that the unification of China may best be attained by placing the Manchu Emperor on the throne of his fathers; indeed, he may think that it is the only way.

It is not often that China gets much space in the British Press; she is "played up" to a considerable extent in most American papers. But she came in for plenty of publicity in our own journals in connection with the Lingcheng affair—the outrage on the Tientsin-Pukow railway, a train being held up and most of its passengers, Europeans and Americans as well as natives, seized, maltreated, carried off to the mountains, and held for ransom by brigands, many of whom were soldiers or ex-soldiers. Brigandage has long been rife throughout China, and previous to the Lingcheng affair there had been attacks by bandits on Europeans; but the railway outrage was of a far graver nature, because of the large number of its victims. By some it was thought to indicate the renewal of the anti-foreign feeling that had led to the Boxer troubles. Its real significance, however, lay in its being a sign of the general disregard of authority and a symptom of the consequent disorder prevalent in the country. Security was to be found only in the Treaty Ports and in the great cities, and not always in them. British and other foreign merchants and traders sent emphatic protests to their Governments, and it was no wonder that the interested Powers were soon making strong representations to the Chinese Foreign Office. In August a joint Note was sent, at the instance of the British Government, demanding compensation for the injury to their nationals and the punishment of the guilty, as well as of the officials in whose jurisdiction the outrage had been committed, and proposing the organisation of a Chinese police force, to be officered by foreigners, for the protection of the railways.

But there was no genuine Government of China to which the Note could be presented; there was no President at Peking, and no Cabinet—only the merest shadow of power in a few Government officials. There was, therefore, something farcical about the Note. The British and other foreigners resident in China urged active foreign intervention as the one thing that would produce any practical effect. But the Powers were certainly not prepared for any drastic measures of this kind, and the Chinese politicians knew that perfectly well. Towards the end of Sep-

tember the Chinese Foreign Office returned a reply to the Note of the Powers, and it was nothing less than a plain rejection of their demands regarding compensation and punishment, and a refusal of the proposal for the organisation of a native police force under foreign officers for the railways. The reply intimated that China could not consider the proposal about the police as it was manifestly an interference with what was a matter of purely domestic concern. Behind these words rose the barrier erected by the Washington treaties against the intervention of the Powers in the internal affairs of China. The reply could hardly be looked on as satisfactory, and on October 4th the Diplomatic Body in Peking renewed the demands contained in the original Note. And so stands the position when this article is written. President Tsao Kun will have to give his attention to the business, and what he does will show how far his power extends. Meanwhile, Chang-Tso-lin has pronounced against him, and Sun Yat-sen is scarcely likely to take a different course. Much, if not everything, will depend on the attitude of Wu Pei-fu.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

P.S.—OCTOBER 17TH.—Since the foregoing article was written Marshal Tsao Kun has received the congratulations of the Diplomatic Corps in Peking on his election to the Presidency. This implies that he is recognised as the official head of China, and that a Chinese Government, in the view of the Powers, is once again duly functioning. An immediate improvement of the general situation was seen when the new Government, otherwise President Tsao Kun, sent a fresh Note to the Diplomatic Corps accepting most of the demands that body had made in consequence of the Lingcheng outrage, practically the sole reservation being concerned with the proposal that a force of native police should be officered by foreigners. This, however, is the crux of the whole business, and it remains to be seen how it will be settled.

R. M.

"BACK TO METHUSELAH."

I.

IN his preface to *Man and Superman*, twenty years ago, George Bernard Shaw wrote a penetrating criticism of himself. Comparing himself with the filaments of an electric lamp which resist the current and will not let it through until it has produced light and heat, he wrote: "If I am to be no mere copper wire amateur but a luminous author, I must also be a most intensely refractory person, liable to go out and go wrong at inconvenient moments, and with incendiary possibilities. These are the faults of my qualities; and I assure you that I sometimes dislike myself so much that when some irritable reviewer chances at that moment to pitch into me with zest, I feel unspeakably relieved and obliged. But I never dream of reforming, knowing that I must take myself as I am and get what work I can out of myself."

In *Back to Methuselah* the light of his inspiration has certainly gone out and gone wrong at inconvenient moments, but the failure is only intermittent. Always the light comes back with even more brilliance. In this metabiological Pentateuch he has found a dramatic form that has given his intensely refractory genius the fullest scope for expression. Certain qualities of that genius I gladly confess I had not fully appreciated until I had seen the stage performance of *Back to Methuselah* at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre last month. It is at once an epitome of all his plays with something that has never been fully expressed by them, but was, I now see, the spiritual force that inspired them. Possibly Bernard Shaw himself never quite visualised the goal to which all his destructive criticism of life pressed forward: redemption from the flesh. Yet one can quite easily trace the germs of *Back to Methuselah* in his earlier plays, and in *Man and Superman* the germs have developed into almost a complete organism.

The lengthy prefaces to his published plays are, in some ways, a confession of dramatic weakness. He felt, no doubt, that the plays as plays did not say all he wanted to say, or might not be understood without a fuller explanation. What he really needed was some such plastic form as this metabiological Pentateuch has given him. Here we have five plays (the work might with advantage have been a Hexateuch) connected by a central idea, and gradually working to a climax.

II.

In reading through *Back to Methuselah* two years ago I was consumed by curiosity as to its effect on the stage. It was not possible to come to any conclusion from the criticisms of the work when it was produced in America. They did not make any point of its special divergence from other dramatic works. That divergence was particularly striking at Birmingham. It is simply that Bernard Shaw is a subjective dramatist. In his separate plays that has amounted to dramatic weakness. With but few exceptions his characters have been mere projections of himself, and the scope of each play had not enabled him to dramatise himself completely. We were asked to accept that subjective incompleteness as a picture or, at any rate, as a criticism of life, and it seemed to many of us to be nothing but an objective picture of Bernard Shaw himself. He did not succeed in making a drama of his ideas. In *Heartbreak House* there were patches of that drama, but they were obscured by the irrelevant discussions, criticisms, and, for the want of a better term, Shawesques.

There are the same criticisms, discussions and irrelevancies in *Back to Methuselah*. Some of them are witty, amusing, and penetrating as criticisms of civilisation; others mar the design of the Pentateuch as a whole, but even at their worst, as in the rag between Lubin (evidently Mr. Asquith) and Joyce Burge (unmistakably Mr. Lloyd George) in *The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas*, they have a place as part of Bernard Shaw's drama of ideas. For in *Back to Methuselah* ideas are the actual material of the drama. The five plays represent the whole of one man's mind.

Outwardly, they deal with creative evolution and with the idea that it is the path to godhead. Theatrically, as a means of providing strange characters and interesting settings, the five parts are connected by the theme that man can and does will an extension of normal life to three hundred years. But actually *Back to Methuselah* is the dramatic embodiment of one man's criticism of life and, what is more important, of his faith. Creative Evolution and the extension of life necessary to enable man to develop his powers fully are merely the dramatic machinery of *Back to Methuselah*. Obviously, the ordinary, objective methods of drama would not have served Bernard Shaw. He is not a scientific romanticist, and could not, if he would, write a play on the lines of matter-of-fact make-believe. Sooner or later he would have had to break through. He has therefore made a new form for himself. This makes no pretence of imaginative reality. In *The Beginning*, which shows how the Serpent told Eve the

secret of life, and *As Far as Thought Can Reach* are separated by thousands of years (the latter play takes place in A.D. 31920), but there is hardly any difference of treatment. The phraseology is the same; the thoughts of the characters are Shawesque, and their language too.

To those who expect romance or poetry this may seem a blot on the play, but I do not see how the drama of ideas could have been expressed in any other way. In objective drama we might have had a pretty picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and some strange and fantastic representations of civilisation when man lives for three hundred years; but we should have missed the sanity of Bernard Shaw's drama, and without that sanity there would have been no sincerity in its criticism of life. For *Back to Methuselah* is not poetic make-believe. It is didactic satire. At no point does it pretend to be anything but the expression of a living man's faith spoken to a modern audience. But that is not drama?

III.

If I had not seen *Back to Methuselah* on the stage I might have agreed. But, as an actual fact, there was no mistaking the dramatic value of the Pentateuch. It thrilled its audience. After all, can there be anything more moving than a sincere expression of faith? Is there anything more dramatic than this life of ours, or anything more mysterious than its meaning? Shakespeare was never weary of putting such thoughts into the mouths of his characters, but what they say is an excrescence on the action of his dramas. With Shaw the speech of his characters is the drama itself.

Everything is conditioned to that. The action of each section of *Back to Methuselah* is simplicity itself. In *The Beginning* merely deals with Adam's abhorrence of immortality and the consequent invention of natural death by himself and Eve; with Cain glorying in being the first man to discover killing; and with Eve learning from the Serpent the secret of life. *The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas* is practically static. All that happens is the announcement of the brothers' gospel that normal life is not long enough to solve the problems raised by civilisation. Shaw makes them conveniently forget that experience is handed down from generation to generation. That and a long wrangle between Lubin and Joyce Burge on politics in general and the effect on the electorate if their party made the Barnabas gospel a plank in the party platform is all the material of the second section. The third section, *The Thing Happens*, introduces us to a couple of

human beings as examples of the extension of life. *The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman* is more dramatic, for he is shown as an example of Everyman who is so disgusted with the shams of the world he has lived in that sooner than return to it from the holy island of the West, which is inhabited by long-livers, he prefers death. The final play, *As Far as Thought Can Reach*, has no main action at all.

I do not make this brief description with the intention of giving an idea of the Pentateuch, but to show how Bernard Shaw has simplified his action in order to give scope for his drama of ideas. He has simplified it to such a degree that here and there he has had to fall back on what could be described as padding. The political discussions of Lubin and Joyce Burge in *The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas* is nothing more than padding. It expresses Bernard Shaw's contempt for party politicians, but the play falls flat after the sustained fantasy of *In the Beginning*. *The Thing Happens* has also to be padded out with irrelevant discussions. They also break new ground in making the English in particular, and not mankind in general, need an extension of life to perfect civilisation.

I felt at Birmingham a gradual disappointment with the progress of the Pentateuch to this point. The author seemed to have lost sight of his original idea and to be searching for it in any direction that promised a successful discovery. With *The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman* the drama of ideas is set going again, but even here there is a rather tiresome scene between Napoleon and the Oracle. In the final play, *As Far as Thought Can Reach*, the padding takes the shape of long discussions on art. They represent, no doubt, what Bernard Shaw thinks of art as an interpretation of life, and indirectly bear on his main thesis, but they are prolonged far beyond their importance to the drama. Many of Bernard Shaw's plays suffer from the same fault. The form of drama is not big enough for his mercurial and brilliant mind. *The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas* and *The Thing Happens* have been devoted almost entirely to discussions naturally arising from the main idea of the Pentateuch, but having no very direct connection with it. These two sections carry us forward but very little. But, strangely enough, they do not seriously mar the total effect of this curious drama. Although they would be ineffective as separate plays, they fall into their place in one's recollection of the Pentateuch as a whole. In the same way one's appreciation of Wagner's *Ring* is not seriously marred by the many prolonged and wearisome scenes that are part of it. When listening to them in the opera house one is sensible of growing irritation, but the splendid ending of the

Ring justifies it as a whole. That feeling for climax also crowns the end of *Back to Methuselah*. To be able to lift his audience with him, as Bernard Shaw has done, after many scenes of quite modern and even flippant discussions, is an extraordinary achievement. But it is not any more extraordinary than the style of narration which he has employed to convey the spiritual lesson which is really the inspiration of *Back to Methuselah*.

IV.

He has been successful in this because his knowledge of stagecraft is extraordinary. He knows how he can impress his audiences through their eyes, and he knows exactly when it ought to be done. Although he has always written for "a pit of philosophers" he does not underrate the theatrical effect of contrast and of an interesting *mise-en-scène*. In *The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas* he has no great opportunities in this respect. Accordingly, he makes his discussions between politicians take on a topical interest. Lubin and Joyce Burge are unquestionably meant to be Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. That leaps to the eye from the text. The censor forbade this, I believe, but Birmingham or Bernard Shaw turned the tables on him by making Lubin, who stands for Mr. Asquith, very like Mr. Lloyd George except for a small beard, and by giving Joyce Burge some resemblance to Mr. Asquith as a younger man. In *The Thing Happens* the costumes give the stage pictures an uncommon appearance, and there is some amusement in the use of a pictorial telephone by which the speakers not only hear but see one another. *The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman* is even more interesting to the eye, and no doubt the figure of Napoleon was introduced to give the play variety. The final vision of the Oracle, wonderfully well done at Birmingham, makes a very impressive ending to that section. No one but Bernard Shaw would have dared to write an anti-climax to that vision. But he has done it successfully. The elderly gentleman left alone with the Oracle is assured by her that what he had seen "was only a foolish picture" of herself "thrown on a cloud by a lantern." To an ordinary dramatist such an admission would seem a foolhardy anti-climax, but in making the elderly gentleman die rather than be cast out of the holy island and return to a life of Shaws, the dramatist easily caps his vision. It is one of the most impressive moments in the Pentateuch, and owes its effect to an uncharacteristic degree of concise drama. Then, again, in *As Far as Thought Can Reach*, the stage picture

is full of charm, and there is plenty of movement and contrast. In reading the play these things are not so apparent. One can imagine a good deal, but a play is dead until it is produced on the stage. It is necessary to mention this side of *Back to Methuselah* because, in giving a rough idea of its main drama, it might be thought it possesses no kind of theatrical entertainment, whereas the contrary is the case.

V.

"Civilisation needs a religion as a matter of life and death," writes Bernard Shaw in his preface, and, with characteristic audacity, he has proceeded to give us one. Except for that brief quotation from the preface, I intend to interpret *Back to Methuselah* entirely from its stage representation, for it has been put forward as a play and must stand by itself. When we first see Adam he is very depressed by the burden of immortality. He does not want to be himself for ever. "I want to be different; to be better; to begin again and again." There is a voice in the garden that tells him things. "It is very low; but it is so near that it is like a whisper from within myself." Eve hears voices from all sides. "But I have some thoughts that come from within me and not from the voices. The voice that we must not cease to be comes from within." Adam, to ease himself of the burden of immortality, wills to live only a thousand years. Eve learns how they need not "cease to be" from the Serpent. Neither Adam nor Eve has the instincts of sex as Milton describes in *Paradise Lost*. The second scene of *In The Beginning* takes us forward a few centuries. Cain has already murdered Abel, and has introduced killing into the world. Adam still delves, and Eve spins. With his shameless flattery of woman and her part in life, Bernard Shaw makes his Eve the motive force of creation. She dreams of better things than digging and fighting. Some of her descendants are poets, painters and musicians. Enoch, who hears the Voice continually, is a prophet. She is not impressed by Cain's blustering self-glorification, and she thinks that if Adam were not a fool he would find something better for both of them to live by than spinning and digging. "Thou need not always live by bread alone. There is something else. We do not yet know what it is; but some day we shall find out; and then we will live on that alone; and there shall be no more digging nor spinning, nor fighting nor killing."

From this part we dramatically understand that the Voice (the vital element which is not of the body) spoke to Adam. That he had the power of willing the duration of his life, but that Eve

was the conscious creator of the human race. That idea runs through all Shaw's plays. Man is never anything but an instrument for woman's needs. It will be seen that, roughly, Bernard Shaw has broken away from the idea of the Darwinists. Man is not a survival of the fittest. He begins with a soul. But to what goal should he press on? The clerical Barnabas and the scientific Barnabas in the next section have come to the conclusion that man's life is too short, but they also believe that if he really wills it life can be prolonged. When that does happen it is by no means the goal. It is only a means by which it may be reached. But the responsibility of long life brings new wisdom. In our present state life is too short for anyone to bother much about it. And shortness and length are only relative terms.

In the last section, 31920 A.D., human beings have not changed very much. One almost suspects Bernard Shaw of laughing at his own idea and at his own religion. For the young people in *As Far as Thought Can Reach* are very like the young people of to-day, although they live in a world which no longer produces animals, and apparently they are physically different from our men and women. The "ancients," one of whom has lived for eight hundred years, are not very encouraging specimens of a new religion.

Bald and dressed like Yogis, they find their happiness in a modified Nirvana. They tell the young people that they cannot conceive the blissful delight of having conquered the body, but on the stage they seem merely depressed. It is left to the ghost of Lilith at the very end of the play to interpret Bernard Shaw's religion. She is not the Lilith of the Talmud, the night-horror that killed children and women, nor is she Adam's first wife, but is the mother of Adam and Eve, and is borrowed, more or less, from Wagner's Erda, the world-goddess. "I brought life," she tells us in one of the finest passages in modern literature, "into the whirlpool of force, and compelled my enemy, Matter, to obey a living soul. But in enslaving Life's enemy I made him Life's master; for that is the end of all slavery; and now I shall see the slave set free and the enemy reconciled, the whirlpool become all life and no matter." Because the ancients, men children to Lilith, are reaching out towards this she will have patience with them still. . . . "Of life only there is no end; and though of its million starry mansions many are empty and many still unbuilt, and though its vast domain is as yet unbearably desert, my seed shall one day fill it and master its matter to its innermost confines. And for what may be beyond, the eyesight of Lilith is too short. It is enough that there is a beyond." With this noble passage *Back to Methuselah* comes to an end.

This mystical eternity, and so far as the conduct of life goes, the pressing forward to the goal of redemption from the flesh do not make a popular religion, it is true, but some such religion is in the minds of most modern men who are not materialists. The success of *Back to Methuselah* is that Bernard Shaw has, as dramatic poet, made a moving drama of what, in mere words, seems vague, unsatisfying, and even unhuman. He has put before us an ideal, by which our civilisation may be judged. He criticises it severely, but shows us that we have it in our power to rise above its past mistakes. And, best of all, he does it with wit, humour, and sympathy for human suffering. In no other play has he so opened to us the doors and windows of his mind.

E. A. BAUGHAN.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE second volume of *The Farington Diary*¹ proves to be a better book in form than the first, for it is not so abundant, and is consequently more convenient to handle. The contents, too, suffer no diminution of interest, because the period, 1802-1804, this second instalment covers was an eventful and memorable one. It commences with a very interesting account of Farington's visit to France during the brief Peace of Amiens—that curious little interval in the Napoleonic saga of storm, when, for a year, the Drums of War were silent, and every English person who could rushed over to Paris, and various French people of distinction came to London. Among the latter was Madame Récamier, who presented to astonished English eyes the first glimpse of the coming scanty modes of the Empire. Emma Sophia, Countess Brownlow, noted in her *Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian* that Madame Récamier "appeared in Kensington Gardens à l'antique, a muslin gown clinging to her form like the folds of the drapery on a statue; her hair in a plait at the back, and falling in small ringlets round her face, and greasy with *huile antique*; a large veil thrown over the head completed her attire, that not unnaturally caused her to be followed and stared at."

But over all the restless, laughing "General Post" game of social movement and reunion between France and England there was a tension—a conviction that these diversions were but a lull in the storm, and that the Dogs of War would again be unleashed as soon as it suited the ambitious plans of Napoleon. And so it proved. Farington saw the First Consul several times. On the first occasion it was a review of 6,000 troops—horse, foot, and artillery—in the great Court of the Tuileries:—

At 10 minutes past 12 a body of officers rushed hastily out of the great entrance of the Palace and mounted their horses, and were followed by Buonaparte, who was upon his white horse almost as soon as seen, and advanced forward, followed by a cluster of Generals, among whom were Berthier and Murat and aides-de-camp, along the first line of troops. He was dressed in Blue with White waistcoat and Breeches. His Hat, quite plain, with a very small Cockade. After passing along the front of every line He took his stand in the front of the Tuileries before the great entrance, where I had a constant and full view of him, and had the opportunity I wished to consider his appearance and manner. . . . As all circumstances are remarkable about an extraordinary man, I noticed that He picked His nose very much—sometimes took Snuff, and would take off His Hat and wipe his forehead in a careless manner. . . . the Troops were passing before him in a state of the highest display, and the most exact order, with Trumpets and musick, which had a very military effect.

(1) *The Farington Diary*, by Joseph Farington, R.A. Edited by James Greig. Volume II. (1802-1804). Hutchinson and Co., 21s. net.

Farington in this passage is quite at his best, for, despite his careless grammar and spelling, he paints a picture which vividly conforms with the scene as one has mentally fixed it from numerous paintings and the illustrations Phiz furnished for Charles Lever's *Tom Burke*—the figure of Napoleon, plainly dressed, on his white horse at the head of a cluster of generals in brilliant uniforms, the curveting horses, the parading troops, with the crash of their bands and rolling drums, the dust, and the roar of the saluting cannon of the Invalides—it is all as real as an actual memory.

The review over, Farington, in the company of Samuel Rogers, proceeded to the first landing of the grand staircase of the Palace in order to get a near view of Napoleon:—

He passed me so close that I could have touched him. His eye having glanced upon strangers, when He came opposite to me He looked me full in the face, which gave me an opportunity to observe the colour of his eyes which are lighter, and more of blue grey, than I should have expected from his complexion. . . . I thought there was something rather feverish than piercing in the expression of his eyes, but his general aspect was milder than I had before thought it. . . . His person is below the middle size. I do not think more than 5 feet 6, I rather judge him to be less than that measure. . . . He is not what can be called thin. Rogers stood a little way from me and had an equally good opportunity of seeing him, and observed that He looked us both full in the face. Rogers seemed to be disappointed in the look of his countenance and said it was that of a little Italian. That he had no eye-brows or eye-lash to give strong expression, and that his eye was rather weak. . . . His general appearance from his dress (Blue and White) bore some resemblance to the Uniform of the Officers of the English Navy,¹ and while I endeavoured, while viewing him, to consider what I should think of him simply as a man, I thought he would be a very passable figure upon an English quarter deck. The Physiognomist might perhaps write a dissertation upon the form of his head and his countenance; to do that I am not qualified. What struck me was that there are points of *determination* in the formation of his head and in his features. It would be extravagant to say that there is that expressed about him which denotes that such a man must be superior to others in an eminent degree, but I certainly felt no disappointment on seeing him after all I had heard of his character, unless it was that his deportment was more easy and open than I had pictured to myself.

It is interesting to compare these accounts with the more sentimental one of Lady Brownlow, whom I alluded to just now, for she witnessed apparently this same review before the Tuileries on October 7th, 1802. She says Napoleon "was attended by Rustan, his favourite Mameluke, in his national costume; and le Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, the son of Josephine, was there, commanding, I think, the light cavalry; but my eyes and attention were riveted on Buonaparte. He was then thin, and his figure appeared to be *mesquin*; but how grand was his face, with its handsome features, its grave and stern and somewhat melancholy expression! A face once seen never to be forgotten. It fascinated

(1) Farington notes in another entry that he saw a bust of Nelson (executed by Mrs. Damer) in one of Napoleon's private rooms in the Tuileries.

and acted upon me like a rattlesnake, for, though a mere child, I felt all the English horror of the man, and yet could not look at him without admiration and awe." Lady Brownlow's *Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian*, by the way, received the distinction of a special review by George Meredith in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of February 1st, 1868.

When in Paris, Farington visited the Tivoli Gardens in the Rue de Clichy, and witnessed a scene which might well be one of to-day in a modern "Palais du Danse" in England:—

It is a Vauxhall, but upon a larger scale. It appeared to me that some thousands of persons were assembled, and all was gaiety and pleasure. The dancing was to me a very agreeable sight, for I then saw the French in their element. There are large spaces near the Orchestra covered with boards, answering the purposes of stages on which the people assemble and dance, hundreds of couples being in motion at the same time. The effect was very gratifying to see them striving at their favourite exercise who should be most alert or most graceful. The women were light, airy, and easy in their motions and their persons, in general, well formed for the purpose. The men appeared in comparison to much disadvantage; inelegant in their dress, and as below the class and rank of the women, and ill-suited to them as partners.

One tune seemed to have a magical effect upon them, it was that to the "Walse Dance." It was no sooner played than a Couple began to turn round, which is the whole figure of the dance, and as they moved forward, proceeding in this circular motion, they were followed by other couples that never ceased to advance while the music of the Orchestra continued. I observed that in this dance the man makes a Circle with his arms, within which the woman continually turns round. Many of the women assumed attitudes while turning to appear easy and graceful, and those who were most perfect in it seemed to receive scarcely the touch of a finger from the man. A few that were clumsy made a rolling, awkward business of it. What particularly surprised me was that no giddiness appeared to be caused by it, which shews what practice and habit will do. On observing this multitude I could not but be sensible that beauty among the women is much more rare than it is in England in large assemblies, but in form, and more particularly in carriage, the French women cannot be looked upon without much interest.

Farington's editor, Mr. Greig, might have added a note about the history of the waltz. It would seem that the steps have changed somewhat since Farington wrote of "the walse" that "the man makes a Circle with his arms, within which the woman continually turns round." The origin of the waltz is a favourite subject for dispute among quidnuncs. The Germans claim it as their national dance, and the Austrians brought it to melodic perfection in the flowing rhythms of the Strauss family. ("The Blue Danube" dates from 1867, and Mr. John Drinkwater, or his producer, was, therefore, historically incorrect when he caused that waltz to be played in the ballroom scene of his play, *Robert E. Lee*, which portrays events in 1861-2.) In all probability, the waltz is a direct descendant of La Volte, danced at Paris as early as 1178, and later known in England as the Lavolta of the sixteenth

and seventeenth centuries. Sir John Davies wrote of this dance in 1596:—

Where arm-in-arm two dancers are entwined,
And while themselves with strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound.

An anapest represents three syllables, the last being accentuated.

All books of reference seem to repeat the error that the waltz was first introduced into England in 1813—that is, eleven years after Farington saw it danced in Paris. But it certainly was known and practised over here much earlier. Mary Russell Mitford related she learned the waltz in 1801; and a *Domestic Encyclopædia* of 1802 heavily propounded:—

In the heavy days of autumn and winter, when the atmosphere is loaded with humid particles, when a sedentary life disposes the human body to hypochondriacal affections, dancing is an admirable amusement. . . . But those maniacal turnings and gesticulations which have lately become fashionable in this country under the appellation of *German Vaults* (or rather, *walzen*, i.e., performing a circular motion, like that of a man on the eve of intoxication) are attended with very different effects. . . .

And so on, until the Encyclopædist finally and alarmingly advances “that avenging disease, *Consumption*,” as the penalty of violent dancing.

Byron’s “Apostrophic Hymn,” *The Waltz*, was written in 1812, and published the following year. In this poem the date of the arrival of the waltz craze in England is placed contemporaneously with the news of Austerlitz, namely, 1805:—

O Muse of motion! say,
How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way? . . .
While unburnt Moscow yet had news to send,
Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,
She came—Waltz came—and with her certain sets
Of true despatches, and as true gazettes:
Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest despatch . . .

Byron, of course, in this pseudonymous production, assumed a mock virtuous attitude of reprobation of the waltz and the intimate contact its exponents enjoyed:—

Hot from the hands promiscuously applied
Round the slight waist, or down the flowing side,
Where were the rapture then to clasp the form
From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm?

Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint;
If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
Or give—like her—caresses to a score;
Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
The little left behind it to bestow.

There exactly, from the words of a hundred and ten years ago, we have the gravamen of the charges against the dancing of to-day. Contemporary moral censors and critics, in tilting at the immodest dances of 1923 and the scanty costumes of the damsels who fox-trot (and fall, as represented nightly at Wyndham’s Theatre) imagine a vain thing if they believe they wage war against new sins. Such laxities as they reprobate are ever the aftermath of a great social convulsion like the recent war. Let these grim judges study the feminine fashion plates of the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century, and ponder over this little paragraph from a paper dated June 8th, 1812:—

A young lady of rank and high condition, in the warmth of her dancing heart, thus addressed her partner at the late Lord Mayor’s Ball: “God bless you, take care and don’t tread upon my muslin gown, for you see that I have nothing under it.”

In December, 1802, Stothard told Farington he had recently been at Burleigh House executing some paintings for the first Marquis of Exeter. He was much pleased with Lady Exeter, the third wife, and formerly Elizabeth Duchess of Hamilton, “who appears to conduct herself in a very domestick and proper manner in the family, paying great attention to his Lordship’s children by a former wife.”

Again, the editor might have pointed out that these “children by a former wife” were those by Sarah Hoggins, the daughter of a small shopkeeper of Bolas Magna, Shropshire—she who became the “peasant” Countess of Exeter and the idealised heroine of Tennyson’s *Lord of Burleigh*. “Three fair children first she bore him, then before her time she died.” The children became the second Marquis of Exeter, Colonel Lord Thomas Cecil, and Lady Sophia Cecil, who married a member of the Pierrepont family, and has the present Duke of Wellington for one of her grandsons. Historians shatter all romances now, and when Mr. Vicary Gibbs published the fifth volume of *The Complete Peerage* he rather tarnished the Tennysonian idyll by pointing out that the eldest child of the “village maiden she” was born four months after her marriage with “John Jones,” Lord Exeter. He had divorced his first wife the same year, 1791. The “peasant” Countess only lived for five years after her marriage, and she died in giving birth to her second son. Despite her uneuphonious name of Hoggins, her romantic story has attracted many poets and artists. In 1875 an oratorio—or rather cantata—based on her career was performed at the Birmingham Musical Festival.

A footnote on page 72 of *The Farington Diary* relating to an earlier Elizabeth Duchess of Hamilton—wife of the sixth Duke, and one of the beautiful Gunning sisters—contains an error which should be corrected in future editions. Maria Gunning is spoken of as

"Lady Maria Coventry": she was, of course, Maria Countess of Coventry. On page 150 the date of the marriage of Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer, needs to be corrected from 1775 to 1755; and on page 59 the caption "Dieppe's One Pretty Street" is misleading: what Farington wrote was "Dieppe has one pretty long street," which is quite another thing to "pretty."

Farington has a reference to Mrs. Fitzherbert when she was present at the Royal Academy in 1804, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit, and looked, according to Benjamin West, the President, like a "Mother Windsor"—meaning, presumably, an ungraceful, bunched figure such as Queen Charlotte presented. The editor has gone astray in his footnote about Mrs. Fitzherbert in stating she "married first Thomas Fitzherbert, and then in 1774 Edward Weld." The facts were that she married first Edward Weld, in 1775, and he died the same year; his widow married Thomas Fitzherbert in 1778, and the Prince of Wales in 1785.

In 1803 Farington makes many interesting references to the expected invasion of England by Napoleon. All sorts of quidnuncs, as in 1914-1918, came forward with ideas of how the enemy would advance on London and how he should be met. At a meeting of the Deputy-Lieutenants of Middlesex, Lord Cathcart described his plan of defence when the Napoleonic hordes should approach London by the river Lea; and the mother and sisters of Halls, the artist, were removed from Colchester on the advice of General Sir J. Craggs. "The General said that if, unluckily, the French were to succeed in their first attack, they might in a few hours be in possession of Colchester, which is but ten miles from the sea." On July 19th the motion of the Secretary of War for arming all persons between the ages of seventeen and fifty-five passed without opposition, but two weeks later, when Farington took an agreeable walk through rural Chelsea, he noticed the crowds of people strolling about and enjoying the fine weather—"The apprehension of Invasion has certainly at present very little effect upon the public mind." By the autumn there was more amateur bellicose activity to be seen in the fields then existing north of the New (now Marylebone) Road:—

October 16th (1803). Military preparations abound. On my way to the (Fitzroy) Chapel I saw the large Corps of the Duke of Bedford's workpeople drawn out and performing their exercises. The St. Pancrass Corps was also out this morning. . . . Then walked to Chalk Farm, where many Volunteers were firing at a Target.

All over the country it was the same. Worthy tradesmen, like Melchizedek Meredith, reversing the Scriptural aphorism about swords and ploughshares, resigned their shears and other implements of business, and blossomed out as officers of "yeomanry cavalry." All round the coast useless forts, such as those still

to be seen on Portsdown, near Portsmouth, were erected. The procedure was repeated during the recent war, when little "pill-box" forts were put up on the East Coast. There was only room for a few men in them, and what such flimsy toys were to do in the face of the advancing Teuton legions, with their heavy artillery, is not clear.

Farington notes that in 1803 William Gifford, author of *The Baviad*, told him that "the name of the French Physician who refused to poison the French troops who were sick in an Hospital in Egypt, which Buonaparte proposed to him to do, the name was Des Genets. . . . Des Genets was a prisoner to Lord Hutchinson, to whom he told the circumstance. After he refused to do it, Buonaparte prevailed on one of His (the Physician's) mates to mix opium with their food. Out of upwards of 500, about 12 or 14 had strength of constitution which enabled them by means of emetics to get the better of the poison. The particulars, fully authenticated, were transmitted to France, and are in many hands, but the interest and the power of Buonaparte has prevented the publication of them." Curiously enough, in this same conversation, Gifford mentioned to Farington that he sometimes saw William Combe, author of *Doctor Syntax*, who was still within the rules of the King's Bench Prison. Combe, in his "Hudibrastic Poem," *The Life of Napoleon*, thus describes the alleged poisoning of prisoners at Jaffa by the order of Napoleon:—

Another great thing Boney now did,
With sick the hospitals were crowded;
He therefore planned, nor planned in vain,
To put the wretches out of pain;
He an apothecary found—
For a physician, since renowned,
The butchering task with scorn declined,
Th' apothecary, tho' was kind.
It seems that Romeo met with such a one,
This is a mournful theme to touch upon,
Opium was put in pleasant food,
The wretched victims thought it good;
But in a few hours, as they say,
Almost six hundred breathless lay.

Mr. Greig is to be congratulated on the continuation of his valuable work in editing so industriously *The Farington Diary*. The third volume will be awaited with interest.

* * * * *

Walburga, Lady Paget, has gazed upon an extensive and varied panorama of life for eighty-four years. She was born in Saxony, and spent her early and impressionable days there and in other parts of Germany. Fate decreed that her middle years should pass at the capitals of Europe—Berlin, London, Copenhagen,

Rome, and Vienna—by reason of Court and diplomatic duties. And in serene old age she lives at Newnham, by the wide Severn. It follows that her long and intimate associations with many of the highest and most influential persons of Europe during the period 1858-1893, and the confidences many of them entrusted her with, would provide material for a most interesting book.¹ *Embassies of Other Days* proves to be eminently that, and, further, it is often of historical value, although the author has been compelled to omit much that is still of too private a nature for publication at present. In consequence, the narrative is at times rather formless and vague, for, as the writer herself says, "the book is like a string of beads with many gaps between them, for I have not tried to change or arrange things, such as is generally done in memoirs written years after the events have happened." But it records faithfully the first impressions of events and people and experiences as they appeared at the time to Lady Paget.

It is a pity her book has not been more carefully edited and corrected, thus obviating many errors in the spelling of proper names. For example, "Longleat" occurs always instead of "Longleat," and the title of Lord Ingestre, who was drowned in a pond in the Prater at Vienna, is perpetrated as "Ingestry" at least eight times. By the way, according to *Burke*, Lord Ingestre's death happened in 1820, at the age of nineteen, and not in 1826 as reported by Lord Churchill to Lady Paget. Further, the account of the three ladies, dressed in conventual-like black, seen at Rudolstadt in Thuringia in the 'Forties, needs some genealogical explanation: "They were the Duchess of Angoulême . . . the Comtesse de Chambord, her niece by marriage, and the Duchess of Parma, Madame de France, the sister of Henry the Fifth. I was deeply impressed, and remember their poor, plain, dignified appearance to this day."

Now, as the Duchesse D'Angoulême was the daughter of Louis XVI. and the daughter-in-law of Charles X., the Comtesse de Chambord, whose husband was a grandson of Charles X., would at best be but a niece by marriage of the Duc D'Angoulême. And who was Henry the Fifth?

To pass from carping to praise, Lady Paget can paint a word-scene most picturesquely. She has a vivid imagination together with the artistic temperament, and a deep appreciation of history and legend and romance and the influences of ancient buildings and impressive scenery. As a daughter of Count Hohenthal-Puechau and granddaughter of Field-Marshal Count Gneisenau, the author of this book had wide acquaintance with many of the romantic, legend-haunted castles in the land of wild mountain peaks, pine forests, and rushing streams; and she deduces her own name of Walburga or Walpurga

(1) *Embassies of Other Days*, by Walburga, Lady Paget. In two volumes, with sixteen illustrations. (Hutchinson and Co., 42s. net.)

from Walpurgis Nacht, the Great Sabbath of the Witches, May the 1st—"On that night the young ones mount broom-sticks, the old ones goats, and they fly storm-driven through sulphurous clouds till they land on the Blocksburg, the highest peak of the Hartz Mountains. There they perform their unholy rites upon the big stone, which is reddened by the heart-blood of little children and the flames of sacrifice." In later years the Princess Royal and Lady Paget's children were solicitous that she should reach the Brocken appropriately, and so on every May 1st at night she would find on her bed a new broom-stick decked with gay ribbons and flowers! Not the least attractive of Lady Paget's pages are those which describe the German castles of Gothic romance. Of Puechau, her home, built by Henry the Fowler in the ninth century, she writes:—

Below lay the village, overshadowed by secular oaks, here and there only a white wall, a steep red roof, or a bit of thatch would show between the green leaves; but the thing which enthralled my imagination and for hours filled my mind with vague and wondrous thoughts, were the mossy, dark green old orchards behind the peasants' houses. My eye dived down into them from the heights, and I was fascinated by the deep, silent pools overhung by the large white flowers of the ancient elders, out of which on a still summer's evening came the saddest of sounds, the call of the "Unke." I used to listen to that cry breathless and thrilled, kneeling by my mother's side and looking at her graceful and stately form in her white dress as she sat on the raised seat of the deep window. I believed the old German fairy tale that if unseen I could slip out of my bed on midsummer eve and spread a deep blue kerchief on the margin of the pool, the little "Unke"—this strange creature which never dies and which no eye has ever seen—would leave a tiny golden crown upon it, which in the morning I should find.

That is a passage full of descriptive power and suggestion; it is like one of the old graceful engravings illustrating a romantic story in *The Keepsake* of ninety years ago. Another of Lady Paget's descriptions is also very characteristic. This time it is the castle of Sommerschenburg, the home of her mother's family:—

This delightful old place on the last spurs of the Hartz mountains, with its solid square towers and long, dead walls, charmed my romantic soul, and I was not indifferent to the comfort and luxury with which my uncle had furnished it. He had lived in England, especially at Belvoir, from which he had copied a good deal. His fruit gardens were those of the Hesperides, with strawberries like plums, currants as big as cherries, and apricots which defy description, and which I gathered myself on the sun-steeped terraces, on which the castle sat. These terraces, piled high one above the other, looking south, filled me with longing for lands unknown, and the wilderness of fragrant, old-fashioned flowers and aromatic herbs, which shrouded them in mystery, called up in my mind elusive memories of things and days long vanished in the mists of many centuries.

This is the old Germany of romance which George Meredith pictured in his early and undeservedly forgotten poem, *Pictures of the Rhine*:—

The Spirit of Romance dies not to those
Who hold a kindred spirit in their souls.

Beauty renews itself in many ways;
The flower is fading while the new bud blows;
And this dear land as true a symbol shows,
While o'er it like a mellow sunset strays
The legendary splendour of old days.

The mountains on each other climb,
With spaces for rich meadows flowery bright;
The winding river freshening the sight
At intervals; the trees in leafy prime;
The distant village roofs of blue and white,
With intersections of quaint fashioned beams
All slanting crosswise, and the feudal gleams
Of ruined turrets, barren in the light.

To dream of fairy foot and sudden flower;
Or haply with a twilight on the brow,
To muse upon the legendary hour.

Rare is the loveliness of slow decay,
With youth and beauty all must be desired,
But 'tis the charm of things long past away,
They leave, alone, the light they have inspired.

Through some marriage connections the young Countess Walburga Hohenthal was early brought into contact with royal circles. Her kinsman, Count Alfred Hohenthal Koenigsbrueck, was married to Marie, Princess of Holstein, sister of King Christian IX. of Denmark and aunt of Queen Alexandra; and her uncle, Count Adolf Hohenthal, married the Countess of Bergen, widow of William II., Elector of Hesse Cassel, and a very prominent figure in Berlin and Dresden society. It was through this latter royal relative that at the age of eighteen the Countess Walburga went to England to take up the duties of Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Royal on the occasion of her marriage, in January, 1858, with Prince Frederick of Prussia (he did not become Crown Prince until two years later).

The Countess gives an amusing account of life at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace in those days. One is surprised to find that dinner was as late as 8.30; in most houses in England the dinner-hour then might be anywhere between 4 and 7 o'clock. Queen Victoria, the Princess Royal, and all the ladies wore coloured woollen petticoats; a glass of lemonade or water was served before the company retired to bed; and at a State Ball the Countess Walburga danced with the Duke of Brabant (later King Leopold II. of Belgium). "who the whole time squeezed my hand in the most peculiar way." But it transpired later that all the dance partners that night of the royal life-long philanderer had the same unflattering experience.

These memoirs bring out strongly the fact how much more easily and simply people were amused sixty odd years ago. The foreign visitors for the Royal Wedding were entertained at several State functions and went to a few dull plays, where the ladies were frozen with cold and could not put on even a mantilla, because the Queen never felt the cold and dressed accordingly. Then there were the hectic excitements of visits to the "Sydenham Palace" (how little the young Countess Walburga thought then this building, years later, would be preserved for the public by the exertions and financial aid of her son-in-law of the future, the late Earl of Plymouth), the Chamber of Wax Horrors, and a Polytechnic School, where a diver remained ten minutes under the water. And yet, as the author points out, though she was but eighteen and associating mainly with people double her age, she was perfectly happy.

In due time she proceeded with the Princess Royal, now married, to Germany, and had to participate in the prodigious life of the Prussian Court—dinner in full dress between 2 and 5 o'clock, and tea and supper at 8; a great scarcity of water and washing utensils; huge beds in mysterious vast rooms; and a prospect of seeing the ghostly White Lady of the Hohenzollerns' Schloss. The Maid of Honour was eighteen, the Royal Bride seventeen, and the former had been requested by Queen Victoria to write once a week and report all that her daughter was doing. This was an unpleasant task, naturally, for there was no desire to tell tales, and the Princess Royal sometimes said "Don't tell Mamma this":—

I confess that these letters cost me many sighs . . . The Queen was beginning to be anxious, for the Princess had been married three months and yet there were no prospects of an heir, when in April she slipped on a staircase and was laid up for three weeks with a sprained ankle, after which, to Her Majesty's great satisfaction, it was announced that the Princess was in an interesting state.

A curious topic for a youthful Maid of Honour to be required to report progress on. But Queen Victoria was the High Priestess of Philoprogenitiveness, and as soon as the members of her family were out of the school-room they were married off at once, preferably to cousins, without much thought for the suitability or prospects of future happiness of the victims of her decisive matrimonial arrangements. Thus her next two daughters, the Princesses Alice and Helena, were both married at the age of nineteen to impoverished German princelings. The granddaughters shared the same early marital fate, and in the case of the Duke of Edinburgh's second daughter, Princess Victoria Melita, with most disastrous results. Lady Paget relates a conversation she had with the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria when the Duke of Edinburgh's eldest daughter, Marie, now the truly regal and beautiful Queen of Roumania, was but lately married, æt. 18, in 1893. The Emperor said: "You sent

something much too beautiful to Roumania. I don't understand how the Duchess of Edinburgh could make up her mind to do so."

The Princess Royal married and the mother of the infant destined to become the ex-Kaiser, she and Queen Victoria now resolved to find a wife for the youthful Prince of Wales, then but seventeen years of age. The young Maid of Honour was called into consultation, and she wisely represented that the Prince "was much too young, not only in age but also in disposition; but the Queen and the Prince Consort thought it would keep him out of mischief." So the Princess Royal and the Countess Walburga set forth on a scouring of Germany to find a future Queen of England. Every available German princess was paraded at a huge supper-party at Düsseldorf. Princess Elizabeth of Wied, later to be Carmen Sylva, the literary Queen of Roumania, was the only one worthy of a second thought—but she "looked insignificant then. She was hardly pretty—beauty in my own mind I had settled on as a *sine quâ non* for the Prince of Wales's wife. We therefore returned to Berlin, having mercifully done nothing."

This was indeed fortunate, because two years later the writer was able to play a very prominent part in finding the right wife for the Prince of Wales. It came about through the Countess Walburga's own marriage, in October, 1860, with Augustus Berkeley Paget, of the Diplomatic Service, and a son of Sir Arthur Paget, who was a brother of the first Marquis of Anglesey, the gallant leader of cavalry at Waterloo. Augustus Paget was Minister at Copenhagen, and there his young wife met her connections, Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark and their beautiful daughter Alexandra, who she rightly resolved was the fitting bride for the Prince of Wales. The story of the negotiations for the marriage, and how the Prince first saw his future wife, and how the Princess Alexandra set out for England (where she has been beloved as no Queen Consort ever was before)—all this must be read in Lady Paget's book. In her own way, she has proved as distinguished a diplomatist as her husband, and England owes her many thanks for Queen Alexandra.

I wish I had space to follow Lady Paget's records of official life in Copenhagen, Rome, and Vienna, where she has much of interest to relate concerning the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth and the tragedy of Meyerling. In England, too, the narrative is ever interesting and amusing for the side-lights it throws on innumerable people of distinction. The account of Ouida's visit to the second Lord Lytton at Knebworth cries out for quotation, like many other amusing stories, but I must refrain.

The book is a notable contribution to the literature of Memoirs.

S. M. ELLIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—In my article on "The German Political Murders," I inadvertently did an injustice to Professor Gumbel, to whose book, *Vier Jahre Politischer Mord*, I was indebted for the major portion of the information which I used.

I wrote that Professor Gumbel's list of the German Secret Societies "has no real value except as proof of the extent to which Germany has, in the last two years, been honeycombed by organisations of the kind." I ought to have added that this is Professor Gumbel's own characterisation of his list, the imperfections of which arise out of the nature of the subject. The mysterious proceedings of the Societies make the composition of any fully trustworthy catalogue impossible.

Professor Gumbel has, in any case, done much to penetrate the mystery which surrounds them. His book is the one authoritative work on the subject, and presents a mass of interesting and valuable material which the restrictions of space prevented me from including in my *résumé* of its contents.

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

Authors' Club.

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CALVIN COOLIDGE,
COMMONER AND PRESIDENT.

SOME surprise, and even scepticism, was expressed courteously by an Englishman, well versed in affairs, when told, soon after the Presidential election of 1920 in the United States, that the choice of the American people for Vice-President, Calvin Coolidge, was the son of a farmer, the descendant of a long line of farmers, and that he had grown up to young manhood in a country village. Yet those who know Calvin Coolidge intimately are likely to agree that from this environment and experience are derived many of those elements of character and much of that mental habit and power to which he owes his success in public life and which have won, in such high degree, the confidence of his countrymen in his capacity and honesty in the greatest office of the land.

For the rural community has given to the United States many of her leaders. A toll taken of the men who have won distinction in all walks of life would show that a majority, at least, spent their boyhood in the country. A lad in a farming village learns by actual experience lessons of industry, frugality, and thrift. Such discipline came in full measure to young Calvin in the Vermont town of Plymouth, his birthplace, where his father still lives. As a boy he did his share of the everyday work of the farm and home—the “chores,” to use the Yankee term. Life is a serious business for the dwellers on those hills, and early begets a sense of responsibility. The home is a true centre of family life; parents and children toil and enjoy in common. In the village one finds exhibited on a small scale, but in bold relief, those institutions and activities—social, political, economic, educational, and religious—which make up the warp and woof of human life. One knows intimately the clergyman, the village squire or lawyer, the town officers, the schoolmaster, “the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker.”

Perhaps nowhere are the motives underlying conduct and action so closely questioned as in a village, where everyone knows everyone. That “fierce light which beats upon a throne” is no more searching than is the scrutiny to which those in positions of

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The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.

authority and trust are subjected. The annual town meeting is a veritable judgment day for the public official, and at every fireside, in every place where citizens gather, one hears frank and full discussion of legislative measures, State and national, of candidates for office and of the record of those entrusted with public responsibilities, from the President of the United States to the village constable. Young Coolidge was doubtless a faithful listener in this training school for citizenship.

To appraise rightly these influences and experiences one must know something of the character of the people of Vermont. The State is small in area; its population is in the main composed of the stock of the original settlers of New England, of English and Scottish origin. Vermont, unlike so many other States, has not been flooded with immigrants from other than English-speaking countries. Therefore it is homogeneous in quality. Again, Vermonters seem to know each other intimately. Ask a man from the northern section about someone in the south, and you will get an accurate estimate of strong and weak points. The State is, and has been for many years, dominantly Republican in politics. Once on a time a prominent member of the Democratic Party, who resided in Massachusetts, and who was blessed with a sense of humour, was asked to address the Democrats of Vermont. He replied: "Yes, bring the Democracy of Vermont down to my front lawn, and I'll make a speech to them all at once." So the State is like one large family, and the farmer in the smallest village is on speaking terms with the Governor, with the head of the railway system, and with the prosperous business man. Such relations broaden his outlook and increase his sense of personal importance as a member of the larger community. Vermont has also been fortunate in holding the vigorous and capable members of her citizenship, while in the neighbouring States during the past half-century there have been serious losses by migration to great business and industrial centres and to the broad lands of the West. The farmers of Vermont, the Green Mountain State, are a sturdy, self-resourceful yeomanry.

What manner of men these are may be understood from the quality of the ancestral stock from which Coolidge himself has sprung. It is recorded that John Coolidge settled in Watertown, a few miles from Boston, on the Charles River, in 1630. He was one of that band of Englishmen who, actuated by the passion for civil and religious liberty, fared forth across the ocean and endured the perils and hardships of the wilderness rather than submit to the tyranny of the Stuarts in England. They were of the same stuff as Milton, Fairfax, Hampden, and Cromwell, who

remained at home to fight for the vested and cherished rights of Englishmen. Out of such metal Cromwell forged his Ironsides. Coolidge has thus described these early colonists:—

Another fact that must be noted is the character of the colonists and, especially, those of Massachusetts. These were the Puritans, who had fought the wars of liberty in England. Then, because they were not satisfied with church ordinances, Archbishop Laud drove them to seek for religious freedom across the sea.

Of all the race, they were most tenacious of their right, and the most jealous of their liberties.

Together with this keen sense of civil rights and readiness to maintain those rights against every form of despotism there was blended a fine and strong reverence for God and His immutable laws of righteousness. That the name of John Calvin occurs in the Coolidge line of descent tells of the stern theology in which those religious convictions were expressed. The Puritans may have erred at times on the side of narrowness and intolerance of other creeds, but there has probably been no conception of life and its meaning that has developed so thoroughly the sense of moral responsibility, strength of conviction, and devotion to duty, no matter what the cost, as did that he held.

Another marked characteristic of the founders of New England was intellectual force, combined with a high regard for education. The Calvinistic doctrine called for mental acumen and for capacity in argument and close reasoning. Men trained in this theology ever sought for fundamental principles and eternal truth. Then the struggle for existence with adverse conditions of soil and climate developed a shrewdness of judgment that has become proverbial.

The Vermonter is slow to act, and is governed in his decisions by common sense and hard thinking. There is nothing of the "hair trigger" quality in his make-up. While not lacking in sympathy, feeling, and affection, he does not wear his heart on his sleeve, and rarely gives way to outward displays of emotion. He is prone to reticence, and is wont "to think twice before he speaks, and then say it to himself." His language is plain, simple, and unmistakable; he rarely indulges in figures of speech or other devices of rhetoric. Frequently he possesses a dry wit and a shrewd humour that, at times, has a caustic quality.

This, then, is the heritage of ancestry and environment into which young Coolidge entered. And now for the main facts of his life and career in the half-century that has passed since he was born on July 4th, 1872. He is the son of John Calvin and Victoria J. (Moor) Coolidge. The family traces its beginnings in America to that John Coolidge who settled in Watertown

in 1630, and, while other strains of blood are doubtless to be found in his lineage, the forbears of Coolidge appear to have been, to a degree unusual in America, the holders of names that are distinctly English in origin. The father, in addition to working his farm, kept the village store, and, while he has never won large distinction, is manifestly held in high regard by his fellow-townsmen. It will be remembered that he administered the oath of office to his son when the latter swore "to faithfully execute the office of the President of the United States and to the best of his ability preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States." The simplicity of this ceremony, which occurred at 2.47 on the morning of August 3rd, "in the sitting-room, with its hand-braided rugs, its clutter of venerable colonial furniture, its old wood stove and its family Bible," was entirely in accord with the wishes of both father and son.

As a boy Calvin worked on the farm, attended the village school, and entered into the homely life of the countryside. He had his definite tasks in the home. He sawed and chopped wood, watered the cattle, drove the cows to pasture, planted potatoes and corn, cared for the garden, and, as his strength increased, followed the plough and bore the heat and burden of the long, hot day in the hayfield. Sports were few and simple—fishing in the mountain brooks, coasting downhill in the winter, perhaps playing a game of ball with his mates on the village green. Entertainments were rare, and the boys had to depend largely on their own resources for amusement. Meantime, Nature displayed her wondrous pageantry, without money and without price: the rich procession of foliage, flower, and fruit; the majesty of the everlasting hills, most majestic, perhaps, when wrapped in snow and ice; the stars in their courses; the succession of seed-time and harvest; the sun by day and the moon by night; the gentle rain from heaven; the fury of the tempest mingled with the crashing thunder. It is hard to think of a more wholesome and tonic environment for a growing boy than that to be found in a hill town in the Green Mountains of Vermont.

There were other than these natural influences. The family library, one may surmise, was not large, but the books were carefully chosen. The Bible had the first place. Calvin Coolidge shows in his speeches that he is well versed in the teaching of Scripture. He is familiar with the greatest writers in the English tongue—Milton, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Macaulay, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson. This familiarity is disclosed in apt quotation, some quality of style, and, even more frequently, in the fundamental truths he holds and on which he rests his

case. Coolidge really masters and makes his own that which he reads. He reads with the understanding.

At the village school what are known as "the three R's"—Reading, (W)riting, and (A)rithmetic—made up the main body of the teaching; the instructors were often men or women of superior character. Now and then a college student would eke out his scanty funds by "keeping" school during the long winter vacation. It may have been from some such source that young Coolidge gained his desire for a college education.

A great sorrow came to the boy in the death of his mother when he was only thirteen years of age. This is a time when such an experience is felt most keenly. This grief has been kept as something sacred. There are two occasions, at least, which reveal how the memory of the mother is cherished. When Governor of Massachusetts, in 1919, he pays this tribute in his Lincoln Day Proclamation, a tribute which doubtless voices his own experience:—

About his cradle all was poor and mean save only the source of all great men, the love of a wonderful woman. When she faded away in his tender years, from her death-bed in humble poverty she dowered her son with greatness. There can be no proper observance of a birthday that forgets the mother.

Then, it is said, that as he left his old home early that August morning to enter on his duties as head of the nation he halted the automobile and, entering the village cemetery, stood silent for a moment or two at the place where his mother rests.

Coolidge prepared for college at academies in Ludlow and St. Johnsbury, in his own State. As in the English grammar school, stress was laid in these academies on Latin and Greek, mathematics, and English literature, with a modicum of modern subjects, as French and German, science and history.

In 1891 Coolidge, then a little over nineteen years of age, entered the freshman class of Amherst College, in the neighbouring State of Massachusetts. To send a boy to college from a home with such limited resources called for self-denial on the part of the father and for a willingness on the part of the student to forgo any but the actual necessities. Probably the country lad, unaccustomed to city ways, shy and reticent to a painful degree, awkward in manner and without the thorough preparation for his work that many of his classmates possessed, felt strange and a bit lonesome in his new environment. It is said that the set expression of his features, sometimes called a "poker face," as like that of a player of cards, who seeks to give no clue as to his feelings, is due to his schooling himself not to show

the painful embarrassment he experienced when entering a room in which there were strangers.

Amherst is a small college; the student body is about five hundred, and was probably even less in Coolidge's time. The curriculum is limited in range, but consists of the liberal studies—the ancient languages, mathematics, natural and physical science, history, literature, economics, sociology, and philosophy, with French, German, and Italian. Let us take Coolidge's own valuation of what this college meant to him, as given at Commencement in June, 1919, when, as Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, he was present as guest of honour:—

But I would fail in my duty and neglect my deep conviction, if I did not declare that in my day there was no better place to educate a young man. Most of them came with a realisation that their coming meant a sacrifice at home. They may have lacked a proficiency in the arts of the drawing room, which sometimes brought a smile, but no competitor met the Amherst men of that day, on the athletic field, or in the post-graduate school, with a smile, that did not soon come off. They had their pranks and their sprees, but they had the ideals of a true manhood. They were moved with serious purpose. He, who had less, lacked place among them. They are come and gone from the campus, those men of the early nineties, and with them went the power to command.

Those were days that represented especially the spirit of President Sellye. Under his brilliant and polished successor, the Faculty changes were few. . . . There were Morse and Frink, Richardson, Hitchcock, Estey, Crowell, Tyler and Garman. All these and more are gone. The living, no less eminent, I need not recall. As a teaching force, as an inspirer of youth, for training men how to think, that faculty has had and will have no superior.

“So passed that pageant.”

While Coolidge does not appear to have distinguished himself in the classroom, it by no means follows that he did not make the best use of the instruction and experience at Amherst. [There was another graduate of Amherst in early days, Henry Ward Beecher, who barely secured his diploma, and yet who often expressed his obligation to his teachers and to the influence of the life at Amherst.] Nor does Coolidge seem to have impressed his classmates, those judges who are often keener in their estimate of their fellows than are instructors. His selection by his class to give the Grove Oration at Commencement was recognition of his gift of dry humour. When the class voted on the man most likely to succeed in life, Coolidge had one vote, but that vote was cast by Dwight W. Morrow, who had the largest number of votes and who is now, as member of the firm of the J. P. Morgan Co., a leading figure in the financial world.

The study of law in the office of Hammond and Field, in the

city of Northampton, seven miles from Amherst, was the next enterprise of Coolidge. He entered this office in the fall of 1895, and twenty months later, in 1897, was admitted to the Bar.

And now begins that remarkable career in public life that, step by step, has brought Calvin Coolidge to the Presidency. Perhaps a chronological list of the offices he has held will best show how steadily he has risen in public regard and in the importance of the positions occupied. Such a record is impressive in itself.

- 1899. Member of Common Council, Northampton, Mass.;
- 1900. City Solicitor, Northampton, Mass.;
- 1901. Resumed practice of law;
- 1907. Member of Massachusetts House of Representatives;
- 1908. Member of Massachusetts House of Representatives;
- 1909. Practice of law;
- 1910. Mayor of Northampton;
- 1911. Mayor of Northampton;
- 1912. Member of Massachusetts Senate;
- 1913. Member of Massachusetts Senate;
- 1914. Member of Massachusetts Senate;

Coolidge appears at this time to have decided definitely on public life as a career, as he made an active canvass for the Presidency of the Senate and was unanimously elected to that office.

- 1915. Member of Massachusetts Senate and President of that body;
- 1916. Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts;
- 1917. Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts;
- 1918. Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts;
- 1919. Governor of Massachusetts;
- 1920. Governor of Massachusetts;

In this year he was elected Vice-President of the United States to take office March 4th, 1921.

- 1921. Vice-President of the United States.

He held this office till August 3rd, 1923, when, on the death of President Harding, he automatically became his successor.

It is doubtful if there is a similar record of any public man in the United States, past or present. If we assume that Coolidge did not decide, finally, on a political career till 1914, then he was only nine years in reaching the highest office in the land.

While Coolidge had been growing in the esteem and confidence of those who knew him, it was not until towards the close of his first term as Governor of Massachusetts, in the fall of 1919, that he won national reputation. When the opportunity came the man was not wanting.

Some understanding of social conditions in the United States at this time is necessary for a true appreciation of the crisis with which Coolidge, as chief executive of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, had to deal, and of the wide-reaching effect of the decision he made and the action he took. The demoralisation

that follows any war, the loosening of the bonds of custom and the weakening of established authority appear to have come to a head during the year 1919. While the United States had not been so deeply involved as the countries of Europe in the great conflict, the demobilisation of an army of three million men, and the general world disorder, economic troubles, the aggressiveness of labour unions, combined to produce serious unrest. There was a rising tide of crime and lawlessness. People were bewildered and fearful. With an election due in 1920 politicians were unusually timid and time-serving. Agents of communistic organisations, some of which were international in scope, were active in the work of propaganda. Such was the confusion in men's minds that there was difficulty in defining the issues at stake. It was as if one were looking into a mist. Then suddenly, as is wont to be the case, an incident of minor importance in itself brought into clear relief the danger with which organised government and social order was menaced. The police of the city of Boston defied their superior officer, abandoned their posts, and left the city without protection and at the mercy of a mob that was not slow to seize the opportunity for loot and plunder.

The grievance of the police that led to their action was the refusal of the Commissioner to permit affiliation with the American Federation of Labour through the regular labour unions. It was held that if the police were associated with other labour organisations, and there should be a strike in any trade, then the police could not be depended on to maintain order in case of violence. The police might have their own organisation, but must not identify themselves with other unions. Some of the police disobeyed this ruling and joined labour unions. They were at once suspended by the Commissioner; their comrades on the police force threatened to strike unless the suspended men were restored. The Commissioner refused to restore the men to their posts. Then a large number of the police quitted their beats, and at once, as with the spring of a tiger, the lawless and disorderly were masters of the city. Life and property were no longer safe. Business and traffic were at a standstill. The entire country stood aghast at the spectacle of staid, cultured Boston, the home of the Puritan, in such a plight. If these things can be in Boston, who can be safe? It was clear that something must be done. But what, and by whom?

Governor Coolidge was at his home town, Northampton, when the matter came to a head. He at once went to Boston, to be in close touch with the situation as it developed. Orders were issued that the State Militia should be held in readiness for duty.

It is said that the Governor was also in communication with the War and Navy Departments, so that their forces would be available if needed. At the request of the Mayor, the Governor put the city in charge of the Militia, and by an executive order instructed the Commissioner to discharge his duties under the direct orders of the Governor.

In a short time, as the result of this action, order was restored in the city of Boston and the supremacy of the law asserted and maintained. But there was another issue to be faced by Governor Coolidge. Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labour, a most powerful organisation, telegraphed to Mr. Coolidge and asked him to discharge the Commissioner and to reinstate the striking policemen. This message gave an opportunity to present to the country the real questions at stake. The answer to Mr. Gompers, too long to quote in its entirety, is dated September 14th, 1919. Some selections will illustrate the terse, epigrammatic style of which Coolidge is a master:—

I have already refused to remove the Police Commissioner of Boston . . . The right of the police of Boston to affiliate has always been questioned, never granted, is now prohibited. . . . Your assertion that the Commissioner was wrong cannot justify the wrong of leaving the city unguarded. That furnished the opportunity, the criminal classes furnished the action. There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time. You ask that the public safety be placed in the hands of these same policemen, while they continue in disobedience to the laws of Massachusetts and in their refusal to obey the orders of the Police Department. Nineteen other men have been tried and removed. Others having abandoned their duty, their places have, under the law, been declared vacant by the Attorney-General. I can suggest no authority outside of the courts to take further action.

To this telegram there has never been an answer from Mr. Gompers. The Commissioner of Police, with the approval and support of the Governor, organised a new police force.

Significant results followed this action of Coolidge. The forces of law and order, the country over, began to assert themselves. Timid executives took courage. It was seen that the elements of disorder could be held in check, and that the people would support those who maintained the laws. The influence of the firm stand against mob rule, riot, and anarchy in Boston acted as a tonic, even beyond the borders of the United States. From that time the tide of licence and of revolt against lawfully constituted authority began to ebb and that of sanity and good order to rise. This process still continues.

But what was the effect on the political fortunes of Coolidge? Never was he less concerned as to his own fate. When he was considering calling out the Militia some of his political friends

begged him to consider the welfare of his own party. "Governor, if you do this the Republican Party in Massachusetts is doomed." "Very likely," said Coolidge, as he signed the proclamation. Other counsellors urged a compromise that the votes of labour might be held. He had won his election, a year before, by the narrow margin of 17,000 in a total vote of about 500,000, and was to be candidate for re-election in the following November. "The question is not whether I am to be Governor of Massachusetts," Coolidge answered. In the campaign that followed his opponent sought to make all possible capital out of the police issue; he appealed to the elements of discontent; he catered to labour; he was profuse in promises. It was not clear how public opinion was trending. When the votes were counted the plurality of Coolidge was 125,000, one of the largest given to the Republican candidate in recent years. Calvin Coolidge became a national figure, and a presumptive candidate for the highest office in the land. A year later he was elected Vice-President, and now, by the death of Harding, is the chief magistrate of 100,000,000 people, the executive of the greatest republic the world has ever seen.

But what of the man himself? What manner of man is he? How does he bear himself? How transact public business? These and other like questions are sure to be asked.

Coolidge is of medium height, somewhat slight in build, well proportioned, and wiry in body. His features are symmetrical and clean-cut, as is wont to be the case with the New Englander of the old stock. His hair is reddish and not very thick. One gains the impression that he has abundant resources in physical endurance, gained from a long line of sturdy ancestors and fortified by his own wholesome life as a boy on a hill farm. He works without waste motion. Such a make-up has called forth the saying "put together like a Waltham watch."

He has schooled himself to keep his countenance in severe lines, so that the impression is one of cold reserve and, even, aloofness. His eyes show that he is attentive, observant, and even sympathetic in his attitude. Conversation is, however, as a rule, on one side—that of the caller. Coolidge's capacity for eloquent silence is fast becoming proverbial. He is a good listener, and he who talks with the President may be sure that everything, pertinent and of moment, is stored away for thought and consideration.

When there is need and occasion, Coolidge can speak and with effect. He has little suggestion of the orator. He does not depend on rhetoric, or gestures, to hold attention. His personal appearance is not imposing. His voice has none of the sonorous

quality of that of a Webster or a Bryan. Yet, as he enunciates clearly and speaks deliberately, every word is distinctly heard. A slight nasal twang gives a certain piquancy to his utterance. Coolidge has the gift of holding his audience to an unusual degree. The manifest sincerity of the man, his careful choice of words, his thorough preparation, the merit of the substance of his thought and his self-restraint and brevity, all win a response from his hearers. Since he came into prominence he has been called upon to address gatherings of widely different kinds on a great variety of subjects and occasions. These duties he has met with fidelity and increasing acceptance.

In 1919 a personal friend of Coolidge, Frank W. Stearns, of Boston, a graduate of Amherst College, assembled the more important of his speeches and messages from 1914, and published them in a small volume, under the title *Have Faith in Massachusetts*. This work has had a circulation already of 100,000 copies. A study of the text reveals, in a striking way, the literary quality and resources of President Coolidge. His style is terse and simple. He has ability in epigrammatic statement. At times one is reminded of Macaulay by his use of antitheses. Already Coolidge has contributed to the literature of American politics phrases that are current coin. He has been compared to Emerson, because of the skill with which he sets forth generalisations and combines shrewd, commonplace remarks with philosophic abstractions. He drives home, oftentimes, a far-reaching truth by some reference to everyday homely experience in a way that startles. And he has the virtue of "adequate brevity." Now for a few illustrations.

His inaugural address as President of the Massachusetts Senate in January, 1914, could not have taken more than ten minutes in the delivery, and yet one finds therein much of his political philosophy.

Men do not make laws. They do but discover them. Laws must be justified by something more than the will of the majority. They must rest on the eternal foundations of righteousness.

Self-government means self-support.

Ultimately, property rights and personal rights are the same thing.

Expect to be called a stand-patter, but don't be a stand-patter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up.

Statutes must appeal to more than material welfare. Wages won't satisfy be they never so large.

Man has a spiritual nature. Touch it and it must respond as the magnet responds to the pole. To that, not to selfishness, let the laws of the Commonwealth appeal.

Again, in speaking to the Amherst Alumni Association of Boston, Coolidge sets forth some of his convictions on the bases of civilisation and the conditions of progress :—

All growth depends on activity. Life is manifest only by action. There is no development, physically or intellectually, without effort, and effort means work. Work is not a curse, it is the prerogative of intelligence, the only means to manhood and the measure of civilisation. Savages do not work. The growth of a sentiment that despises work is an appeal from civilisation to barbarism.

Here is his appraisal of democracy, as made in an address, on July 4th, 1916, at the home of Daniel Webster, in Marshfield :—

Democracy is not a tearing down ; it is a building up. It is not a denial of the divine right of kings ; it supplements that claim with the assertion of the divine right of all men. It does not destroy ; it fulfils. It is the consummation of all theories of government, to the spirit of which all the nations of the earth must yield. It is the great constructive force of the ages. It is the alpha and omega of man's relation to man, the beginning and the end. There is and can be no more doubt of the triumph of democracy in human affairs than there is of the triumph of gravitation in the physical world ; the only question is where and when. . . . Its foundation lays hold on eternity.

And here are some pithy sentences selected, almost at random, from various addresses, that have, to an unusual degree, caught the imagination of the people :—

We need more of the Office Desk and less of the Show Window in politics. Let men in office substitute the midnight oil for the limelight.

Laws do not make reforms, reforms make laws.

Industry, thrift, character are not conferred by act or resolve. Government cannot relieve from toil.

Politics is not an end, but a means.

The written and spoken words of Coolidge reveal, in an unusual degree, the intellectual resources and the mode of thought of the man. He has manifestly read widely, wisely, and well the best books on philosophy, economics, sociology, and history. From his college days he has exhaustively studied the development of American political institutions. When in his senior year at Amherst he wrote an essay in competition for a gold medal offered by the Society of The Sons of the American Revolution, which exhibits an intimate knowledge of the origin of free institutions and the evolution of self-government among English-speaking peoples. Underlying his discussion of the break

between the Colonies and the Mother Country, one notes the idea that the struggle was fully as much in the interest of free institutions in England as to deliver America from tyranny, and that both these countries are destined to work together in the great cause of self-government and democracy. Literature, ancient and modern, has also contributed to his equipment as speaker and writer, as to style, allusions, references, and quotations. Like a golden thread there runs through his utterances passages, texts, illustrations, and maxims from the Scriptures. "The classic of all classics is the Bible."

As an administrator, Coolidge consistently refuses to meddle with the man on the job, as long as he is faithful and competent. His sense of orderly procedure is strong, and he practises as well as preaches "that responsibility is personal, not collective." It follows that he never seeks to gain credit for what another does. In the issue of the anthracite coal strike which faced him on his entrance on the duties of President, he referred the entire question to the Coal Commission as the responsible body. While Coolidge cannot be said to be a good fellow or a mixer, he does win and hold the respect, regard and loyalty of those associated with him, because each man knows that he will be supported, treated with fairness, and given credit for all he does. Deference to regular, constituted authority has almost the force of an obsession with Coolidge. His administration will be solid, not spectacular.

While, as has been said, Coolidge is a thinker, he is not a student in the narrow scholastic sense. His early life on the farm gave him a grip on the stern realities of life. He cannot cherish illusions or dwell in any blissful Utopia. He looks at things as they are. As an executive, he has shown himself capable of prompt decisive action. Yet he depends much on the education of public opinion, the one source of authority which he recognises. Here, again, it often happens that he gains no credit for that which he brings to pass. But what matters that, if the thing is done? Since he has become President he has discouraged discussion as to his nomination for that office in 1924. His chief concern is to do his work well. His political future can take care of itself.

Perhaps a word should be given to his family life. He married in 1905, when he was 33 years of age, Grace Goodhue, a native of his own State, Vermont, and whom he met in Northampton, where she was a teacher. His home life has been true to the best ideals of New England. Until he was called to Washington he has lived in unpretentious style in Northampton, in what is known in England as a divided house. Simplicity and comfort

are the characteristics of that home. There are two sons, John and Calvin, jr., who appear to possess the sterling qualities of their race and family. Mrs. Coolidge has adapted herself with skill, tact and grace to the larger responsibilities that have come to her as her husband has been called to more and more responsible positions, and, according to report, is making a most favourable impression on Washington. It should be said that the holiday most to the liking of the Coolidge family is an outing on the old farm in the Vermont hills, where Calvin can go fishing with his boys, once again help in the haying, talk with his neighbours and schoolmates of yore, and live, for a time, "far from the madding crowd," the peaceful, industrious routine of a New England village.

As to the future and as to how Coolidge will meet the demands and opportunities of his new office there is naturally much speculation. Some things are clear. There will be no fireworks. The spectacular will not be desired. Evolution, not revolution, will be the watchword. Honesty and fairness may be taken for granted. The President has, to an unusual degree, the confidence of the country. His past record gives assurance that he will grow in capacity to meet the larger demands on his knowledge and judgment. He will favour economy in expenditures, the best use of public money. There will be little patience with the violators of law. Congress will listen to what he says and ponder thereon. The United States will be safe in his hands. His grip on the helm will be steady and he will steer his course, not by the will-o'-the-wisp of expediency, but by those eternal truths that shine steadfast as the stars in their courses.

But what of the United States in its relations to Europe and the world situation? Are there any clues as to what Coolidge will do? One may be sure that he is not indifferent, and that he bears on his mind and conscience this solemn charge. He has on several occasions shown that he is facing, with open mind and steadfast gaze, the tremendous problems raised by the World War, and seeking some way out of the present crisis in civilisation. It will be recalled that the Republican Party at its convention in 1920 refused to commit itself to the League of Nations, and that a large and influential group of leaders advocated that America must keep altogether aloof from Europe. Now, early in September of that year, Coolidge, speaking at Portland, Maine, on the eve of the election in that State, which is taken as an index of how the country will vote in the following November for President, expressed himself somewhat as follows :—

A world relationship exists. It is. The duty of the statesman is to find how this relationship may find adequate expression. It may be

that the League of Nations is so intertwined with the affairs of Europe that this may be the means, or it may be through some conference or association of nations.

Again, in 1922, as Vice-President—although the opposition of the so-called "isolationists" was more virulent than ever to the League—Coolidge delivered an address in which he used this language :—

The lessons of the great conflict have not gone unheeded. There is a general admission throughout the world of a mutual relationship and a mutual responsibility. There is the League of Nations, which, whether it be successful or not, whether imperfections may be contained within its terms, is, at least, the attempted expression of a noble aspiration for world association and understanding.

To say those words called for deep conviction and courage. Coolidge is not the man to interfere in the affairs of Europe. The rulers and peoples of that continent must, primarily, face their own problems. He is certainly intently and sympathetically studying the developments in the Old World, and is keenly alert as to the fateful choices humanity is making in these days. He recognises the problem. Those who know him are hopeful that, when the time comes, he will do his best to throw the weight of the moral and spiritual power of America into the balance on the side of peace and goodwill. Let us quote Coolidge again from a speech on Bunker Hill Day, June 17th, 1918 :—

Are we not realising a noble destiny? The great Admiral, who discovered America, bore the significant name of Christopher. It has been pointed out that this means Christ-bearer. Were not the men who stood at Bunker Hill bearing light to the world by their sacrifices? Are not the men of to-day, the entire nation of to-day, living in accordance with the significance of that name, and, by service and sacrifice, redeeming mankind from the forces that make for everlasting destruction?

The hope of many was that when the sword was drawn in Europe in 1914, and in 1917 by America, it was drawn to end war. The white flag of that Massachusetts to which Calvin Coolidge has plighted his faith bears the motto, "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*" (With the sword she seeks secure peace under liberty). Let us hope and pray that under the leadership of her President America may help to make that sentiment prevail the whole world round.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

A FELLOW ALUMNUS.

MUSSOLINI.

A BIOGRAPHY BACKWARDS.

SOME time ago the editor of a newspaper in Turin started an enquiry among his readers as to their views on Mussolini. The latter, having been informed of this, sent the following telegram to the local prefect: "Call the editor of the *Piemonte* and ask him to stop the referendum. Tell him, that Mussolini himself does not know exactly what he is, and therefore it is difficult for others to judge him. The referendum can be resumed fifty years hence."

But, really, we know about Mussolini more than he suspects. It is not for nothing that for many years he was an active journalist and editor of a newspaper. The files of the *Avanti*, of the *Lotta di Classe* and of the *Popolo d'Italia* abound with his articles. There is sufficient material, not only to understand Mussolini's character, but also to acquire a clear view of his motives and of his plans for the future. Mussolini has been in the world's eye for two years only, yet he has been in the political arena for nearly twenty years. His personality is clearly defined by his speeches, his writings, and the biographical data published by himself, and by his admirers and enemies.

I have always thought that the biography of a man, who is splendidly alive and who has come into prominence among us, should be written in a different manner from that of a person already belonging to the past, whose life represents a complete cycle. When writing about a living man one should take him as he is to-day and then, gradually working back through his previous life, one must try to discover the explanation of his acts and some indication as to his schemes for the future. To me this procedure is more attractive than the orthodox way of beginning a man's biography by the description of the room in which he was born.

For more than twelve months now Italy has been governed by a man whom she likes and obeys and who, in a fashion all his own and which may not appeal to others, leads his country along a path of constructive statesmanship and of practical realisations. Those who knew Italy as she was not so long ago—distracted by party strife and rotten through and through with the poison of Bolshevism—will agree that a remarkable change for the better has taken place in the life of the country. This work of redemp-

tion was begun and is being carried out by the Fascisti under the leadership of Mussolini.

One may not like Mussolini, but he is a factor in European affairs which may not be ignored. And if, as some people pretend, he is a danger to the peace of Europe, all the more reason to watch and to study him. Mussolini pretends to be a mystery. Let us try and unravel it with his own help. Mussolini the journalist and Mussolini the public orator will help us to discover how it is that the poor peasant lad of the Romagna, the brick-layer of Lausanne, the Socialist journalist and agitator, became the leader of a great movement of conservative reaction and the first man in the kingdom after the Sovereign himself.

On October 25th, 1922, at the assembly of the Fascisti at Naples, just before the victorious march on Rome, Mussolini declared to his followers: "All Italy is looking towards our assembly. Let me tell you, without that false modesty which is often only the mask of imbecility, that since the War there has not been an event more interesting, more original and more powerful than Italian Fascismo." The leader is convinced that the movement behind him is a great political event in the existence not only of Italy but of the whole of Europe. He believes that his mission is to save Italy, that this mission is of a spiritual, I would say of a divine origin. And it is in Rome that it will be accomplished. "For in Rome took place the greatest miracle known to history—the transformation of an oriental religion, which we did not understand, into a universal religion, which under another form has taken over the Empire carried by the consular legions of Rome unto the ends of the world."

Mussolini goes on to declare that "we will make of Rome the city of our spirit, the pulsating heart, the living soul of the Imperial Italy of which we dream." Here we have a complete spiritual doctrine. And we find in these words also an indication of the close alliance which Mussolini has now established with the Vatican as the greatest and strongest national institution. A year later, speaking about his attitude towards the Catholic Church, Mussolini said: "Our relations with the Holy See are excellent and full of respect on our part. It would be an error to ignore the moral power of the Church, now two thousand years old, and whose influence grows daily." The advantages which Mussolini has reaped from his alliance with the Vatican are well known. But this alliance is based not on interest, but on sincere conviction. The violent Socialist and materialist has returned to the impressions of his youth. In his autobiography he tells us how on the occasion of his first communion he nearly fainted from spiritual emotion. It is remarkable that even at

this early period the son of the poor village smith of Dovia seems to have had premonitory knowledge of coming grandeur. When he was sixteen he once told his doting mother : " Mamma, you will see the day when Italy will have to look up to me."

Mussolini is at the head of a great national movement. He proclaims that he is the son of the people and the people's servant; but his rule is that of an autocrat. He tells us why this is so. In a speech at Udine in 1922 he said : " Number is contrary to reason." He is the apostle of individualism. He despises the rule by majority of votes and admires individual will and individual achievement. Here is his definition of what is Fascismo : " Fascismo represents a reaction against the false substitute of the democratic idea, which would like everything to be in the mass, mediocre and levelled down. In this falsified state, from the chief of the State to the last messenger boy, everything is done to attenuate, to nullify, to render ineffective and transitory the authority of the State. From the King, who is too democratic, to the most humble official we see the consequences of this mistaken conception of life. Democracy believed that it was making itself beloved by the masses, and failed to understand that these masses despise those who have not the courage to be what they must be. . . . Fascismo brings back style into the life of the nation, that is a line of conduct, colour, force, the picturesque and the unexpected, the mystical—everything which appeals to the soul of the mass." Mussolini to serve the people in fact refuses to be their servant. The belief that individuality in the long run is stronger than a cheap popularity and the conviction that people love those who scourge them is deeply rooted in Mussolini's nature.

This takes us back to the beginning of the Great War in 1914. Italian Socialists had declared for the strictest neutrality. Mussolini, an influential member of the party and the editor of the famous *Avanti*, stood aloof watching events. Then illumination came to him : " No, Italy cannot remain neutral. She must come into the arena and prove herself." In October of the same year Mussolini resigned the editorship and declared for " War on the side of the Allies." It was a tragic day of the same month when the Socialists met in Milan to sit in judgment over Mussolini. As foreseen, he was sentenced to be expelled from the party. Cries of " Traitor " were heard. Mussolini's parting words were characteristic : " You hate me to-day because you still love me," and he calmly went his way.

This assertion of his individuality is Mussolini's remarkable distinction. Going further back into his past to the period when as a poor bricklayer he eked out a hungered existence in Switzer-

land, we find the incident of his quarrel with Jaurès, the great French Socialist. Mussolini, not content with his manual job, studied diligently in the evenings and acquired a considerable amount of general knowledge. He also learnt the French language. One day Jaurès, then already a famous leader, came to address a meeting at Geneva. His eloquence took the audience by storm. When he had finished his speech the chairman of the meeting asked if there were any objections. The loud applause of the audience seemed to show that all were with Jaurès. But a cool, deliberate voice proclaimed : " I disagree," and calmly, dispassionately, young Mussolini told the crowded hall why he could not accept Jaurès' views. His speech was simple and direct. Jaurès was delighted with his independence, and foretold a great future for his obscure opponent.

Mussolini is a man with a past. That is, his life has been full of experiences which count and leave a trace on a man's character. Of such experiences I see three of transcending importance—Mussolini's emigrant's life in Switzerland, his period of stormy Socialist propaganda, and his service as a simple soldier in the trenches during the Great War. As a youth barely out of his teens Mussolini left his native village in the Romagna and set out towards the Swiss hills to see the world. His earthly possessions were slender, and soon he was reduced to walking the high road as a vagabond, often begging a crust of bread for his daily sustenance and sleeping under bridges. And here one must place an incident which Mussolini remembers vividly and says that he will always remember.

It was late at night. Mussolini was tramping in the dark along the hard-metalled, dusty road. Suddenly at the roadside appeared the light of a lamp : a family was sitting in the garden of their house around the supper table. The lamp, standing in the middle of the table, shed a ring of light on the white napery on which were arrayed several dishes. The people round the table were in the shadow. They were startled by the apparition of a dark figure close to the table. It was Mussolini. Hunger had made him lose control over himself. " Give me bread," shouted he, hoarsely. Silence prevailed round the table, but a graciously slender hand and arm of a woman came out of the shadow into the golden light, took from the table a large chunk of bread and carried it towards Mussolini. His fingers seized the bread, and with a bound he was out of the garden running along the road into the night. Wild anger filled him, he powerfully swung his arm to throw the bread into a torrent, but the arm fell back, and with hot tears in his eyes Mussolini fell to and devoured the bread given by the unknown woman.

The seeds of the Socialist doctrine were put into Mussolini, so to say, at birth. For his father, Alessandro, the blacksmith of the tiny village of Dovia in the province of Forlì, in the Romagna, was an ardent follower of Marx, and availed himself of every suitable occasion to leave his bellows and his anvil to make a speech to his fellow-villagers. This course of Socialism was interrupted in 1892, when Benito Mussolini was nine years old and was sent to the school of the Salesian fathers in Faenza, and later to the college at Forlimpopoli. Mussolini's first literary attempt occurred in 1898, when he sent a biting criticism of a book of verse to the *Avanti*. Mussolini laughingly assures that the postcard received from the editor, who promised to use the article, was the real beginning of his career in journalism; although the article did not appear after all. In 1902 Mussolini went to Switzerland, working there as a bricklayer by day and studying by night. It is during this period that he really acquired the groundings of Socialism and blossomed out as a speaker of no mean power. When he returned to Italy for good in 1905 he began to ascend swiftly to the front rank in the party; his development was spectacular.

Starting as a journalist, Mussolini by sheer power of talent elbowed his way higher and higher up in the profession. He became the editor of the official party organ, the *Avanti*. From the beginning of this century political life in Italy has been full of industrial unrest and class war. Strikes, riots, risings, miniature revolutions, even, happened constantly. The Socialists were ruthlessly attacking the social state of the *bourgeois*, not caring much if in the process the ground slipped away from under their own feet. Mussolini was always there where the fight was fiercest. A Socialist of *marque*, and yet not one. For in this ardent daily combat his spirit was being fashioned on the individualistic lines which are now so apparent. A comrade said of him at the time: "He is a good Socialist, and yet I feel that he is not of us. He will surprise the world some day." It is remarkable how in the violent articles written then by Mussolini one can discover already the principles which have made Fascismo the arch-enemy of Socialism.

Mussolini wrote: "To quantity we will prefer quality. To the obedient flock, which resignedly follows the shepherd and runs away at the first howl of the wolves, we prefer the small knot of bold and resolute fellows, who combine faith with reason, know what they want and march straight to the object." Mussolini the individualist, the organiser of Fascismo, is in these words. As well as in the following: "We have many disciplined followers, but their brains are poor and their culture is

superficial." This is Mussolini the aristocrat, the man who will place intelligence and spiritual culture far above the mob of "robots." "It will be my aim to substitute ideas for phrases. The old oratory, with its rhetorical flourishes, has lived its day. Now we need conciseness and precision." The new Mussolini who was to surprise the world when he swung himself up to the Capitol in 1922 was born already, and the Fascist ideals were already in him. He served Socialism and was preparing already its overthrow.

When Mussolini came into power he gave short shrift to the substitute for democracy which was the Italian parliamentary system. The country for many years had been the prey of the politicians, who never could agree upon a single thing, except on graft. Mussolini swept them out. It was many years earlier that he had made up his mind what to do with these people, suffering from "parliamentary cretinism": "Of all the paralytics who encumber parliament the Socialist deputies have the malady in its severest form"; and, "The Italian Parliament is to be sold and bought."

The new Mussolini appeared definitely on the surface when, in 1915, he became penetrated with the conviction that Italy must fight on the side of the Allies or be dishonoured. The break with the party followed, and Mussolini started his famous newspaper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, the protagonist of the Allied cause and of Italian patriotic duty. When the War began on the Italian front Mussolini joined a Bersaglieri regiment as a private. After months of hard campaigning he was dangerously wounded and lay for a long time at death's door. He is the only Prime Minister in Europe who has fought as a soldier in the Great War, and carries unto this day in his body splinters of an Austrian shell. The life in the trenches completed Mussolini's spiritual transformation. He became an out-and-out nationalist. The evolution was complete, and the man stood ready to undertake the leadership of the great Italian reaction against the disruptive theories of international Socialism and against the poison of Bolshevism. How he achieved this we all have seen, and none can deny his success.

This is not a complete recital of Mussolini's achievements. Just an attempt to supply the link between Mussolini as he is at present and his past history, so that we can form a just appreciation of his motives and foretell to a certain extent his future development. We are especially interested in the shaping of Mussolini's foreign policy. For here he touches upon interests which are not only Italian. In the old files of the *Avanti* there is an article by Mussolini written, I think, in 1905 against the

first Italian adventure in Tripoli. Mussolini violently opposed it. But the reasons he gave for his disapproval were peculiar and not quite orthodox for a Socialist leader. For he said : " I oppose the expedition, but not because blood will be shed. I oppose it because the blood shed will not be commensurate with the advantage we can obtain. One must weigh the blood one risks to lose against the profit one may make." Does not this peculiar statement made by the Socialist in 1905 foreshadow the occupation of Corfu and the 50 millions fine on the Greeks by the Fascist leader in 1923?

Mussolini told us more than a year ago 'what his policy really is. At its base is the cry : " The Mediterranean for the Mediterranean nations "—with the whispered reservation : " Under the hegemony of Italy." In this short sentence is the explanation of all that Mussolini has done and will do in foreign affairs. His is an Imperialism not extending to all parts of the world, but intensely active in the basin of the Mediterranean. This Imperialism may become a European danger. But let us be wise in this respect and leave the future to take care at least of part of the future. However, here is Mussolini, with the new and splendid weapon of Italian national feeling at his disposal, ready to affront the world and under circumstances to fight it. For has not Italy in the growing surplus of her population a great reservoir of man-power which some day may be used as fodder for the machine guns? Naturally this would be only in " a high and splendid cause."

This question of the Italian surplus of population is the economic backing for Italian Imperialism. Mussolini and his Government are casting about for an outlet for all these hundreds of thousands of men, who before the War would have emigrated to the United States or gone to seek work in Germany and in Austria-Hungary, and who are now pent up in the narrow limits of the peninsula. These masses are asking for work, and if the Government does not find it possible to find for them an outlet in the usual system of emigration, then—well, then a war may be welcomed to thin out the population. Export of soldiers is also a sort of emigration. The enmity of the Italians for the Greeks is caused by the feeling of jealous competition against another prolific nation which is considered also to be on a lower level of civilisation and therefore not entitled to a share of the Mediterranean hegemony.

The growth of the Imperialist feeling brings with it a demand for Italy to take a place in the family of nations worthy of her ancient traditions and of her present position. It rankles in the minds of Mussolini and of his Italians that some of us desire to treat them as " the largest of the small States of Europe. Small

in fact, but with a desire to play the part of a Great Power." If the surplus of population supplies the economic backing for Italian Imperialism, the will to assert Italy's force is a moral stimulant. Behind the latter the historic stiffening is supplied by the claims of the Irredenta. If one has watched Mussolini carefully since his accession to power one cannot have failed to have remarked how his intolerance has increased towards anything which could be construed as an attempt to diminish Italian prestige as a Great Power. The conflict with the League of Nations was brought about for this reason. If France dislikes the League for considerations of far-reaching political foresight, Mussolini is opposed to it because his pride cannot tolerate the existence of an international organisation where small States or weak States can outvote a Great Power like Italy on questions in which she is vitally interested. Mussolini applies to the League his old Fascist principle that the vote is nothing if there is not the quality behind it. He quite sincerely refuses to admit the equality of voting power between small South American Republics, with more cows than people, and his own splendid Italy.

Mussolini's Imperialism finds its ultimate expression in the demand for the Italian hegemony in the Mediterranean. This demand is not formulated in words, but one has the feeling that it is there all the time, and that the day is approaching when it will be expressed in no indistinct manner. Paraphrasing an old proverb, Mussolini may say : " Nothing Mediterranean can leave me uninterested."

The War has given back to Italy a large slice of the Irredenta. But to the Italian mind the question awaits yet its final solution. For is there not the old possession of the dominating positions on the east coast of the Adriatic to be re-established? The Adriatic must become an Italian lake. The French hold ancient territories of the Savoyan dynasty near Nice. The island of Corsica is an ancient Roman possession. So long as it remains in foreign hands the Tyrrhenian sea, on the west coast of the peninsula, will not be an Italian lake. To the south there is Malta, with its natives akin to the Italians. It is necessary for the Italian domination of the basin of the central Mediterranean. Irredentist aspirations are very real. Some of them are topical, others are stored away for future development. For the Italian policy has much more of wise prudence and of common sense than the fiery eloquence and the vivid acts of Mussolini permit some people to imagine.

Friends and foes alike must agree that Mussolini is a factor in European politics which it is impossible to ignore.

VLADIMIR POLIAKOFF.

GAMBETTA CALLS ON SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

I MUST warn the reader that, though I know Mussolini and had a long talk with him last spring at Rome, this dialogue is imaginary. I believe, however, that it is not far from the truth. I have tried in it to describe political tendencies of the Italy the name Mussolini stands for, and which is undoubtedly the Italy of the immediate future.

Personæ.

GAMBETTA's shade.

MUSSOLINI.

BARON RUSSO, *Mussolini's confidential secretary.*

SERVANT.

In a large room in the Palazzo Chigi. Some inferior pictures on walls, all good ones having been removed elsewhere. Broad bureau-ministre, chairs, armchairs of no particular style. A look of improvisation, except ceiling decorated in Roman style of the period of the palazzo.

A young man (Baron Russo) of intelligent, good-natured features is rapidly arranging papers on table.

(Presses button.) Enter servant in black frock-coat; looks rather improvised also.

RUSSO : When did his Excellency say he would arrive?

SERVANT : He said rather vaguely he'd be here about midday, but he arrived from Milan early this morning.

RUSSO : What? By the night train?

SERVANT : Yes, sir, and went out riding. His Excellency said he needed a breath of fresh air after yesterday's foul atmosphere.

RUSSO *(to himself, half aloud)* : How reckless!

SERVANT : Yes, sir, that's what I said to myself. His Excellency is a Hercules in strength, but all strength has its limits.

RUSSO *(rather impatiently)* : Yes, that's true. That's all I wanted to know. Thank you.

By a different door enter Mussolini, looking tired. A strongly built man of medium height, about forty or forty-two, dark-complexioned, his beardless face unshaven, square, broad lower jaw, masterful chin, massive head and forehead reminding one distantly of David's¹ Napoleon. Has on his riding-gaiters, and

looks dusty and ungroomed, a contrast with the well-groomed Baron Russo.

RUSSO : Your Excellency looks tired. I hope you have not forgotten that you have called a Cabinet meeting for this afternoon.

MUSSOLINI : No, Russo, no, I remember it all right, and I shall not countermand it, though I'm dead beat. The stifling heat in the hall at Milan and the stuffy carriage were too much for me. I had to ride it off. I shall be all right in the afternoon; I'll take a sleep in that armchair *(pointing)*. Forbid all entrance for a couple of hours, and have some food brought in for me at two sharp. I'll eat a biscuit meanwhile *(takes a biscuit out of his pocket)*. *A la guerre comme à la guerre.* We'll see the correspondence after I have had a sleep. *A tout à l'heure.*

RUSSO : *A tout à l'heure*, your Excellency. *[Exit.]*

Mussolini pulls a silk neckcloth from his pocket and folds it, sinks into armchair after pulling a stool from under the bureau for his feet, and places the neckcloth over his eyes. Falls asleep immediately.

(A pause.) A well-groomed, rather stout man, with iron-grey hair and beard, rises from a corner where he had been invisible and walks softly up and down the room as if not to disturb the sleeper, holding his hat in his hands crossed at his back.

Mussolini, muttering in his sleep, suddenly pulls the neckcloth from over his eyes. (Starting.)

MUSSOLINI : Who the devil are you? *(jumping up and calling).* Hola!

(No answer.)

GAMBETTA : Please don't be alarmed, M. le Président.

MUSSOLINI : I am not alarmed. You are disturbing my privacy. Hola!

(No answer.)

GAMBETTA : M. Mussolini, sit down and be quiet. I am only paying you a friendly call in your sleep.

MUSSOLINI : I am not asleep.

GAMBETTA : Yes, you are. And I am Gambetta, who was dead when you were still a babe in arms. I am paying a few calls on the statesmen of Europe, and you are one of the most interesting.

MUSSOLINI : Well, sit down *(sitting down himself)*; take that one *(pointing)*. Awful chairs we have in this place. No comfort, quite the contrary. One doesn't get much rest on a hard seat, and rest is indispensable for recuperation.

GAMBETTA *(smiling)* : Yes, a soft couch, also well-cooked, tasty food, a glass of good red wine neither too young nor too old, and

a cigar matured with all its flavour used to comfort and rest me.

MUSSOLINI: Cigars? Oh, by the by—no, I have no cigars here. Sorry. And now, M. Gambetta, I may tell you I have always been interested in you. Your Genoese origin would have sufficed to account for that. I have another reason, however. My affection for everything French—and you are really French, or, I should say, were—

GAMBETTA (*interrupting*): Please regard me as living. While I am here conversing with you I am as alive as you. In fact, you are just now no more flesh and blood than I.

MUSSOLINI (*laughing*): Both ghosts, in fact?

GAMBETTA: *Giusto!*

MUSSOLINI: As I have a Cabinet meeting this afternoon, and would like to have some undisturbed sleep for an hour or so, perhaps you would let me know what—

GAMBETTA: I won't detain you long. What I want particularly to know is, What is going to be Italy's policy as regards my country?

MUSSOLINI: You mean France?

GAMBETTA: Of course!

MUSSOLINI: Difficult to say. I am an opportunist, M. Gambetta, as you were. If I mistake not, you were the first to use the term in politics, and applied it to your own policy.

GAMBETTA: I did. And there is no other policy that is not dangerous.

MUSSOLINI: Yes, I know, you were no believer in any necessary sequence in political action.

GAMBETTA: Events succeed one another with sequence no doubt, but we only begin to divine the factors in its causation through after-knowledge. Therefore opportunism is less dangerous than action based on a logical sequence which is necessarily artificial and as untrustworthy as all reasoning on imperfect knowledge.

MUSSOLINI (*laughing*): Yes, nothing more unreasonable than logic, eh? That's a truly French paradox, M. Gambetta?

GAMBETTA (*laughing*): Don't laugh at paradox, M. Mussolini. After all, paradox is always nearer truth than an unqualified statement. A paradox is a qualified statement embracing the counter-limitations of two conflicting truths. Logic is reasoning confined within blinkers. The blinkers shut out deviations, and the result is proportionately wrong.

MUSSOLINI: M. Gambetta, you distrust logic, I paradox. Paradox is too subtle for statecraft. Much as I admire Anatole France, for instance, I am in terror of him. I need plain, simple

truths for the government of millions. He would raise his ironical eyes, no doubt, and, with a smile masking a sneer, would ask, "What is a truth?" And if you asked him to define it himself, I suppose he would tell you truth is the sheen of things, and the difference between it and falsehood is one of degree, for they are both sheen. The more dangerous, he might even say, is the so-called truth, for it may mislead for ages, whereas falsehood, like murder, will out.

GAMBETTA (*laughing*): Yes, M. Mussolini, you may be right, though I am not aware that I have ever read any such praise by Anatole France of paradox or denunciation of truth.

MUSSOLINI: My system is simple, as all guiding principles must be for democracy. It is: Italy first, all for Italy, nothing but for Italy. Italy has had more than one great past. It is her duty to herself to be great again. The means by which she shall recover her greatness are the method, and the statesman who takes charge of the ship of state must sacrifice his individuality to his duty as its captain, entrusted with a cargo and passengers to land them safe and sound at the destination he has held out to them as their goal. Italy's prosperity, Italy's grandeur, are my goal. I have no other. That is simple enough for even our *analfabeti* to understand; and all Italians do understand it, for there is no people which depends so little for intelligence on school teaching as the Italian. The Italian is born with the traditions of his race in his blood, and feels its glorious history in his heart-throb. My immediate predecessors never realised this. It needed a man sprung from the people, nursed in the microcosm of a village, a village schoolmaster cast among the horny-handed peasantry, face to face with a new-born generation, to understand his country as the academically trained never can understand it.

GAMBETTA: M. Mussolini, you are a man of my heart. Yet pardon me if I say I have a feeling that Italy shows a certain indifference to moral considerations in her foreign policy. (*A pause.*) I mean Italy's contractual obligations.

MUSSOLINI: Do you mean Italy's attitude towards the League of Nations?

GAMBETTA: Yes, towards the Covenant.

MUSSOLINI: What is done is done, but guarantees are merely of eventual application, mere statements of common interest. If the interest ceases to exist the guarantee loses its *raison d'être*.

GAMBETTA: Then there is little hope for the executive clauses of the Covenant.

MUSSOLINI: I practically said so in my statements about the Albanian assassination. Nothing can prevent Italy from with-

drawing if she does not think it her interest to remain a member of the League.

GAMBETTA : But she has contracted certain obligations under the Covenant. Among other things, she guarantees the territorial integrity of her fellow-members.

MUSSOLINI : Do you seriously believe that France would hold herself bound to send an expeditionary force to join in the repression of a violation of neighbouring territory by Italy, or England would join us to stop any aggression by France? Only a fatuous dogmatist would dream of such a thing.

GAMBETTA : Then you don't believe the League to be of much use?

MUSSOLINI : Do you?

GAMBETTA : Well, yes. It may have a very great moral influence, and, in fact, I think its moral influence would be increased if the clause relating to the employment of force were omitted, because it is not capable of performance, and the dead body of a still-born clause should be cast out.

MUSSOLINI : And the boycott clauses?

GAMBETTA : They might be employed, no doubt.

MUSSOLINI : Do you see England boycotting French cattle and eggs and butter and fruit, and depriving the English people of food, for the sake of a guarantee clause in a matter of no particular importance to her?

GAMBETTA : Alas, I am afraid there is much truth in what you say. And yet don't you think that a ruthlessly selfish national policy, in the long run, may turn out unprofitable? Look at men around you who think only of themselves and their self-interest. Have you seen that they made their lives worth living?

MUSSOLINI : But that does not apply to nations. Look at England. Has she ever followed a policy of altruism?

GAMBETTA : Pray do not misunderstand me. The alternative is not altruism, but one that adjusts the consideration of an immediate self-interest to possible moral consequences. England has a moral credit in the world which is a greater force than all the artillery of Christendom put together. Why? Because, without sacrificing any essential national interest at any time, she has always shown herself too great to shut her eyes to appeals to her sense of justice. Distinguished German writers before the war made the mistake of thinking this a sign of weakness, whereas, in reality, it was a sign of strength. German historians misled German statesmen and German public opinion. People grew up in the mistaken idea that, as England had acquired her dependencies by conquest, and conquest is theft, Germany could inaugurate a new era in which the thief would

be divested of his ill-gotten gains. The new paladin, this Germany that was to be, was to set matters right and restore the stolen property to its rightful owners. But the only country which has ever shown itself capable of such moral courage is just England. Don't forget it was she who restored Corfu to the Greeks.

MUSSOLINI : Restored it? Why, the rightful owner was Venice—that's Italy. If she had wanted to do an act of justice, of restoration to the rightful owner, she would have returned Corfu to us, who till 1795 owned it, had owned it for 400 years. Has England owned any of her dependencies for as long as that? Why, 400 years takes us back to the piratical age of Elizabeth, when England's naval heroes were still highwaymen of the high sea.

GAMBETTA : That only shows that, however discreditable the origins of empire may be—and Rome was as much an example of this as England—a time comes when a nation is strong enough to be just. That is what the German historians did not see, and all their prognostics were belied by the late war. It did not make England's down-trodden dependencies rise against her, but drew them closer to her. It was not her army nor her warships, but her moral credit, that did this.

MUSSOLINI : Yes, you may be right, but Italy is still in the building stage. We are an industrial people with a growing population. Germany regarded herself as the heir of certain British dependencies, though, as you say, she posed as a freedom-giving redeemer. We have no such quixotism. We need markets for our goods, employment for our population, and colonies for our overflow. And behind all this must be power, physical power, for we have no illusions as to our friends. Remember that Italy is not like France, who has both an Atlantic and a Mediterranean seaboard. Italy has only one. The Mediterranean is her only sea. England at Gibraltar controls her outlet to the Atlantic, as she does to the South Seas at Port Said. At Malta, an Italian island, she has placed a sentinel to keep guard between the two. England, fortunately for her, has always been our friend, and always will be so long as France is the chief power in the Mediterranean. And the greater the strength of France, the greater will be England's friendship for Italy. That is, no doubt, what you mean by an intelligent self-interest; it adjusts itself to a sort of proportionment between the immediate and permanent. Italy, M. Gambetta, has taken France as her model for her laws and political and social institutions, and Italians will always gravitate towards a country with which they have so much in common. I have personally a great

affection for France and everything French, and so have most of my countrymen; but we cannot disguise from ourselves that, in spite of England holding the keys to the Mediterranean, France and not England is our rival in that great inland sea, and that England keeps access to the outer world open for us, whereas any other Power at Gibraltar and Port Said might or might not be able to regard our interests with the same detachment. I have answered your question, M. Gambetta, and must now sleep, for this afternoon I . . .

(He lies back, puts the neckcloth over his eyes again. Light is extinguished.)

THOMAS BARCLAY.

HAS DYARCHY FAILED IN INDIA?

I.

NEARLY four years have elapsed since the last Government of India Act, better known as the Montagu-Chelmsford Act, was placed upon the Statute Book and the rules framed to carry it into effect were approved by Parliament. All the legislatures created under the measure save one (the Council of State, the so-called "Upper Chamber" of the central legislature, which has yet another year to run) have completed the first term of their existence, and elections have recently been, or are now being, held. In this circumstance one is entitled to ask if the "constitutional experiment" has succeeded, and, in case it has not proved a success, to inquire what action needs to be taken.

Mr. Montagu and his colleagues, who designed dyarchy on lines unknown to the science of governance, knew well enough that there was no one in India who would receive their creation with enthusiasm. From the time the talk of reforming the constitution began, the British officials in India, almost to a man, assumed a hostile attitude, and when Parliament was persuaded to overrule them in the matter they did not profess to be converted, but, with the exception of a few who hoped to secure promotion through the passage of such legislation, they remained apathetic, if not inimical to it. Some among them, though not opposed to reform itself, were dissatisfied with the form given to it, and though they undertook to work it loyally, they had no faith in the "experiment" and their support was half-hearted. No section of Indians looked upon the Government of India Act, 1919, as an imaginative or courageous measure. Those who felt grateful to its authors accepted it because they knew they could not do better at the time, and hoped that they would soon be able to secure a further and more satisfactory instalment of constitutional reforms.

Even if the Act had roused enthusiasm in India difficulties would have arisen. New electorates, unused to the functions which they had to perform, had to be created. Qualifications for franchise were laid down which, on the one hand, excluded millions of men who could read and write, and, on the other, included hundreds of thousands who were unlettered. Privileged classes of all kinds secured over-representation. It was hardly fair to impose these handicaps upon the Indian genius for self-government, which was supposed to be on trial.

II.

Between the fashioning of the Act and its introduction a wave of bitterness of feeling swept over India which very nearly wrecked the reforms. The refusal of his Majesty's Government adequately to punish the high civil officials and military officers whom that Government itself had judged guilty of attempting to terrorise and to humiliate Indians in the Punjab in the spring of 1919, embittered every section of Indians, who (especially the Muslims among them) were greatly dissatisfied with the Treaty of Sèvres which the Allies sought to impose upon Turkey.

The Indian National Congress, which, at its Amritsar session held not long before the announcement of that decision, had promised to work the reforms, though it found them to be entirely inadequate and unsatisfactory, refused to have anything to do with the Act. Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak, the head of the Indian Nationalists, had died in the meantime, and the leadership had passed over to the Mahatma Gandhi. Round him gathered all the non-co-operationists, Hindus, Muslims, and Sikhs, determined upon withdrawing their support from the Government until it saw fit to remove their grievances.

Ignoring the example set by the Irish Sinn Fein leaders, the Congress or Nationalist Party did not put up candidates, with a view to showing the world its strength by leaving many seats empty in the central and provincial "councils." This line of policy was much criticised at the time, both from within and from without, as entirely unpractical, no matter how high it might be morally.

The most noteworthy fact about the first elections which took place under the Reforms Act was that a great many of the leaders who were known throughout the country did not stand as candidates. They and their followers carried on an intensive propaganda to dissuade voters from going to the polling booths. In some instances they put up men of straw in opposition to the "Moderates," and helped to elect them, thinking that they would thereby bring the legislatures into contempt.

These devices resulted in sending to the legislatures, which were inaugurated early in 1921 by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, men who, with few exceptions, were little known to the country, and leaving nearly all the great leaders to carry on their propaganda outside them. They rendered the "Councils" unrepresentative even of the *intelligentsia*, and exposed them to the jeers of the sturdier section of the educated classes. The contact between them and the electorates was, in any case, slight, because only a small percentage of the voters, themselves con-

stituting an infinitesimal fraction of the Indian population, took part in the elections. There were cases in which only four per cent. of the electors participated.

An "experiment" conducted in this cheerless circumstance could hardly result in data which would accurately reflect the capacity of the Indian people at large for self-government.

III.

For a time it seemed as if the non-co-operation movement would help rather than hinder the progress of the semi-constitutional institutions. Those Indians who might have created friction--possibly deadlocks--in the legislatures preferred to stay out of them. For obvious reasons, the British officials could not afford to quarrel with those Indians who showed willingness to work with them, and in so doing exposed themselves to being libelled as "place-hunters," and even to a species of social persecution.

An atmosphere of good will—even of cordiality—pervaded the "Parliaments" during the first part of their existence. Indian members—"private members," as they would be called in Britain—complimented the British officials playing the part of "Ministers" for the ease with which they had developed into parliamentarians and the skill which they displayed in debate. The Indian legislators told their people that the very bureaucrats who, not long before, had been accused of acting as autocrats—of riding rough-shod over Indian wishes—had become transformed, as if by magic, into constitutionalists who had no other desire in life than to bow to the will of the people's representatives. The officials returned the compliment by paying tribute to the Indians for their forensic ability and for the sense of restraint and responsibility which they displayed in speech and in action. It was supposed to be a case of transformation of character on both sides, complete despite its having taken place in the twinkling of an eye.

Much actually occurred in the legislatures to give an air of reality to this exchange of compliments. British officials, from the Governor-General and Governors down, almost without exception, treated the legislatures as if they were sovereign bodies whose will was their law. The powers which they possessed to overrule the people's representatives were studiously kept in the background, and on occasions even a show was made of submission to the inevitable when it would have been easy for them to assert themselves.

The deference paid to the Legislative Assembly, the so-called "Lower Chamber" of the central legislature, during the early stage of its existence was noteworthy, especially in view of the

fact that, whereas each provincial administration was responsible to its legislature in respect of specified subjects, the Central Government did not owe responsibility to its bicameral legislature in any matter or to any degree. The Joint Select Committee on the Government of India Bill, set up by Parliament, took pains to justify its refusal to endow that body with any of the powers of a sovereign legislature while conferring upon it many of the functions of such legislatures.

That fact notwithstanding, the Government of India, so long as the principal author of the new system (Mr. Montagu) was at the head of the India Office, acted as if it had no will of its own, but existed merely to execute the wishes of the Assembly. When that body refused to provide funds for a Committee set up by the Secretary of State to make an enquiry into the conditions compelling young Indians to go abroad for study, and the opportunities open to them in Great Britain and elsewhere, the Earl of Reading and his colleagues, and Mr. Montagu, bowed their heads to it. The cuts made by the same body in the next year's Budget were also accepted without demur.

Such action inspired hope in enthusiasts that, despite the refusal of Parliament to set up in India a system of responsible government, such a government would come into being through the establishment of a convention that the executive was to govern with the consent of the legislature. Announcements made early in the life of the central legislature by the Government of India promising the repeal of legislation impinging upon the freedom of the Press, speech and movement, and of the sections of the Criminal Procedure Code which made for racial discrimination, and that the Government of India would fight hard to insure equality of treatment for Indians within the Empire, accompanied by considerable legislation of a liberal character, served to confirm the impression that arbitrary rule was being superseded by a constitutional form of government. The same suggestion was conveyed by the acceptance of the resolution that India should enjoy full freedom to place in the cheapest market her orders for stores required by Government Departments and State-managed railways, running annually into tens of millions sterling, thereby ending a system which was believed to be used for purposes of subsidising British industry. The Government also complied with the Assembly's wishes to explore avenues for the curtailment of the expenditure incurred upon the Army and other Departments.

The Government of India has carried out these pledges, most of them in a fairly satisfactory manner; but before it could take final action in some of these matters the atmosphere within the

"Council" chambers had completely changed. Shortly after the new Secretary of State for India (the Viscount Peel) had assumed charge of his duties he sent out a despatch refusing to listen to the Assembly's prayer for the grant of further powers. Hardly had the Prince of Wales's back been turned upon India when the prosecution of the non-co-operation leaders began, resulting, in nearly every case, in their conviction. A little later the announcement of the appointment of a Commission to hold an enquiry into the grievances of the Britons serving in the Indian Public Services was made, though it was known that the Assembly was opposed to the employment of that means of investigation. The Assembly defeated the Government over the proposal, but, in view of its constitution, that defeat only served to express the Indian legislators' anger. When the Budget came up they promptly refused to sanction expenditure for carrying on the enquiry; but the Government of India, instead of bowing to its will, calmly used its powers to overrule it.

The Government repeated that action a little later when the Assembly defeated the proposal for the enhancement of the duty on salt with a view to balancing the Budget. Other defeats followed, showing the great tension of feeling prevailing between the Government and the "Indian House of Commons."

The climax came towards the end of the Assembly's first term of life over the refusal of His Majesty's Government to assign, in theory and practice, to Indians in Kenya a status of equality with the Britons in that Colony. The announcement had been delayed so that any action taken by that body could have been overruled on technical grounds but for the shrewdness shown by one of the members (Dr. H. S. Gour), who, anticipating such tactics, had put down a motion which enabled discussion to take place. The Government of India pleaded for a mature consideration of the issue, but every Indian who could think knew precisely what action to take, and in consequence the Gour Bill, designed to prevent a national of any unit of the Empire from receiving in India better treatment than his mother country metes out to an Indian, was passed. The Government has been given a breathing spell by the other Chamber rising before considering that measure; but the issue will have to be faced shortly.

IV.

The legislatures and the executive in the provinces have not come into such open conflict, though there has been some friction between the British officials and their Indian chiefs. One of the Ministers in Behar (Mr. Madu Sudan Das) had the courage to

denounce the system which refuses to give the head of a department control over the principal permanent officials serving therein, and even arms some of those officials with power to get their chief's decisions upset. He has since resigned. Both the Ministers in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh (Mr. C. Y. Chintamani and Pandit Jagat Narain) were compelled a few months ago to resign their office as a protest against the Governor of the province having dealings with an official behind the back of the Minister under whom that official was serving.

In the course of my recent tour in India, covering over 40,000 miles, I frequently heard complaints from Indians who had been placed in a position which no political chief in England or elsewhere would for a moment consent to occupy. I heard even more bitter complaints from some of the British officials who talked to me frankly. It was evident that there was great tension of feeling between the officials, who until recently were the *de facto* rulers of the country, and the Indians who have been set in authority (!) over them. There is a tendency on the part of both to try to hide that tension under a cloak of compliments; but I know that bitterness of feeling exists, and is due to the partial supersession of men who regarded themselves as "rulers" by persons whom they consider to be their inferiors in education, experience, and character. The hard things said of the British officials by the non-co-operators have, I fear, served to accentuate this bitterness.

V.

Dyarchy has had to labour under great financial difficulties, which have been aggravated by the increase in the scales of salaries, allowances of various sorts, and pensions, sanctioned on the eve of the introduction of the reforms, or shortly afterwards. Persons who have thereby benefited, and their partisans, explain such increment as having been overdue owing to the increased cost of living and the necessity of offering emoluments which would attract the best men to India. There are, however, many Indians who firmly believe that it was really offered as a sop to the Services, which the authors of the reforms knew were more or less solidly opposed to them. It is plain, moreover, that their appetite has been whetted, and already agitation for a further rise has resulted in the appointment of a Commission, upon which the Assembly—and, indeed, Indians in general—look with disfavour.

The financial difficulty has also been increased by the multiplication of offices. Work which, during the pre-reform *régime*, was done by one highly paid official, has now been parcelled out to two or more highly paid officials. That method has been

employed partly to find jobs for British officials who would otherwise have been left without posts owing to the process of Indianisation which the reforms are supposed to have accelerated, and partly because the bureaucracy in India is, in reality, uncontrolled by Indian or British opinion, and confuses progress with the creation of new posts and new departments.

The Indians employed in higher offices refuse to have their status reduced by being made to accept a salary lower than non-Indians in the same or similar positions are paid. The grant of overseas allowance to public servants of non-Indian blood, recently put into operation, is regarded as a clever device to handicap Indians of the same or even superior qualifications. So far as the effect on the finances is concerned, it is not much use to lay down an Indian scale of salary until such time as, in actual practice, non-Indians are employed in public offices only in isolated instances.

The bloated, expensive establishments at the capital and in the provinces eat up much of the money available for civil expenditure. It is obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to examine the budgets of any province that the Services, over many of which the provincial Government, or at least the Indian Ministers, have no control, consume most of the revenue which that province is permitted by the Central Government to keep for internal purposes, and prove a drag upon the wheel of progress.

The manner in which the Central Government fleeces the provinces, especially Madras, the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, and the Punjab, and then lavishes money upon non-productive services, is sufficient to dishearten any provincial administrator. The Government of India appropriates to itself practically all but two of the sources of revenue capable of yielding large income, and yet it refuses to live within its means. The provincial administrations cannot thrive so long as this blood-sucking process continues.

The most annoying part of this system lies in the fact that money exacted from the provinces is used to feed departments at the capital which merely duplicate departments maintained in the provinces. Education, Sanitation, Agriculture, and the like, have been transferred to Ministers supposed to hold office at the will of their respective legislatures: but the Central Government, which is legally and otherwise outside the control of its legislature, continues to maintain similar departments. There is, in consequence, needless expense, delay, heart-burning, and, worst of all, irresponsibility.

Such a system adds to the disinclination of men holding office

through the good will of electors to increase taxation. Non-co-operation has also served to strengthen that tendency. No wonder that not a single provincial legislature has put into operation any imaginative scheme for providing the large sums of money needed for the expansion of the departments of a benevolent character, such as education, sanitation, and medical relief, upon which the well-being of the people largely depends, and which were starved under the old *régime*. The legislatures imagine that they have got over the difficulty by imposing the responsibility of initiating compulsory primary education upon local authorities, which, though notoriously bankrupt, are to find 50 per cent. of the cost incurred upon the provision of additional educational facilities.

The functions of provincial administration are so interwoven that any arbitrary attempt to divide them into two separate watertight departments must inevitably create complications. Some of the men who have had to work dyarchy have indulged in plain talk about these difficulties, and shown how it is impeding progress.

In more than one province I heard the complaint that the convention laid down by the Joint Select Committee on the Government of India Bill that the two sides of the dyarchic Government should take counsel together on all matters is not always scrupulously observed. I was told that in matters pertaining to the maintenance of law and order, for instance, secrets are kept from the Ministers in some provinces.

Whether that complaint is justified or not I cannot say, but it is quite clear that the dyarchic system, though devised to train Indians to exercise responsibility, inspires in them a sense of irresponsibility in regard to the subjects purposely held back from legislative control. The very members who consider it an article of faith to support the Ministers in regard to the proposals respecting the departments under them which they bring forward seem to take delight in defeating Government when the proposals pertain to the reserved subjects, which, as the Joint Select Committee emphasised in its report, are in a very real sense outside legislative control.

To my great amazement I found such obstruction going on even in Madras, where the Governor has put the most liberal construction upon the powers conferred upon him by the rules under the Reforms Act, has sought to conduct his Government, as far as possible, as if it were wholly, and not partly, responsible, and has even gone so far as to assign the portfolio of law and order to an Indian member of his Executive Council. If such tactics are employed in that presidency, what of those

provinces in which the Governors are known not to be very enthusiastic about the reforms scheme, and which insist upon drawing the line taut between the transferred and reserved functions?

As for the electorates, the dyarchic system is so designed as to make it almost impossible for the common people to realise their responsibility. The subjects which visibly affect their lives the most are precisely the ones which have been left outside their control. If land revenue and the police had been transferred and Ministers had mismanaged affairs, the most illiterate person in the backwoods would have suffered from that mismanagement, and there would have been an outcry. If education and sanitation were, however, to be ruined by them, the common people, who have not been brought up to realise the beneficence of those departments, and, therefore, to insist upon their maintenance upon a generous scale, might not for years know that anything had gone wrong.

VI.

This rapid survey shows that when all allowances have been made for the complications caused by the non-co-operation movement, and the handicaps of inexperience in working parliamentary institutions under which British officials, Indian Ministers, and electorates alike labour, it is clear that the dyarchic system imposed upon India is gravely defective, because, firstly, the provinces have not been given complete autonomy, even in respect of the transferred subjects; secondly, they are financially starved by the Central Government, which refuses to live within its income; thirdly, the Indians who have been entrusted with certain portfolios are not only handicapped by lack of funds necessary to carry on their work on a large scale, but they find that they are not masters over their departments; fourthly, the division of subjects makes it impossible for the Cabinet spirit to develop, and puts a premium on secretiveness, and also develops in the legislature a sense of irresponsibility in regard to the essential Services; and, fifthly, the contact between the legislatures and the electorates is slight, since the franchise is narrow and excludes literates while including illiterates, and is also ineffective, since the subjects in which the common people are vitally interested have not been made their concern.

In view of these considerations, to go on with the "experiment" without modifying it is to do India serious injustice. I suggest that:—

(1) The provinces should be given full autonomy. The introduction of dyarchy in the Central Government with a view to

ensuring that all control over transferred departments shall entirely go out of the hands of officials not directly responsible to any Indian authority will not suffice because it will continue to cause duplication and friction.

(2) The Government of India should release provincial revenue for purposes of provincial development.

(3) Only those persons belonging to any Imperial Service should be employed in the provinces who are willing to serve under conditions no better than those in which permanent officials serve in Whitehall, while the present practice of a subordinate possessing the right to take papers to the Governor in an attempt to upset his chief's decision should be stopped, and he should be placed under the control of the head of his department with no greater safeguards than are provided for civil servants in England.

(4) Contact with the electorates should be made real by widening the franchise to include at least the literate population.

(5) The Government of India should be made responsible to Indians in all matters of domestic concern.

Obstinately to defer to an arbitrarily assigned date the rectification of defects which experience has brought to the surface is the surest way to dishearten the Indians who are working the system, and to strengthen the Indian suspicion that the British are not really sincere in their intentions, but that they mean to preserve, as long as they can, their monopoly of power, and to add fuel to the non-co-operation fire. Immediately to modify the institution would, on the other hand, demonstrate beyond all doubt that it is possible for Indians to realise their ideals within the British Empire.

Persons who may grudge India provincial autonomy need to be reminded that this concession was hinted at in the Delhi Durbar Dispatch sent by the Lord Hardinge's Government as long ago as 1911, and that since then she has become so politically conscious that full provincial autonomy, unaccompanied by a radical change in the Central Government as well, is not likely to prove acceptable. Only bold, imaginative statesmanship can save India for the Empire.

It is impossible to go about India to-day without realising that Indo-British relations have become greatly strained; that Indian faith in the honesty of British intentions has been shattered; that Indians—"Moderates" and "Extremists" alike—openly scoff at the British claim to rule India for her good; and that the belief has widely spread that the political factor is utilised economically to exploit Indian men and materials. India has acquired so high a sense of self-respect that the talk in which the British, many of them with the highest of motives, indulge

about "testing" the Indian ability to rule, grates upon Indian ears, and the denial of further power rouses the strongest antagonism.

With the decision of a powerful section of the non-co-operators to contest the elections the danger of deadlock between the legislatures and the officials has become all the greater. The sturdy element among the "Moderates" will no doubt join the non-co-operators elected at the polls, and opposition to policies formulated and pursued by Governments only partially responsible, or entirely irresponsible, will, in any case, become greater. If a further instalment of reforms is deferred, a crisis unlike any which has hitherto occurred in Indo-British annals may be precipitated.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

IS GERMANY A NATION?

Is Germany a nation? At first sight this seems the sort of question that might be asked by an amiable lunatic or by some entirely, blissfully ignorant backwoodsman. For the last two generations we have had dinned into our ears stories of German thoroughness and craft, intense national ambition, admirable organisation and efficiency. Even before the War, with its revelation of German purpose, we had grown accustomed to look upon Germany as a homogeneous whole, working with well-oiled bearings, pursuing a well-defined national policy—in short, as a magnificent specimen of the highly organised modern State.

In some ways Germany was all these things. The question is whether it was so by natural, healthy growth or whether it had been made so by artificial and unnatural means. In other words, did the process of unifying Germany and forging into the single, flawless blade of steel it proved to be in 1914, correspond to a genuine instinct in the mind of the German people?

The question is of an importance hardly to be exaggerated. If Germany is an unbreakable, national whole, if Germans are indeed a nation in the sense in which the French are a nation, the outlook for Europe is unpromising indeed. Germany will in that case, remain a sullen, discontented unit, seeking for means of revenge. And, do what we may, we shall not be able to prevent her. Sooner or later, the chance combinations of European politics will present Germany with an opportunity upon which, given real national consciousness, she will seize eagerly.

But if Germany is not a nation—and some very shrewd observers who know her well, are beginning to believe that she is not—the prophetic vista becomes vastly changed. In this case, the process of German unity which Bismarck imposed by sheer force of will on his race, will be reversed. The natural lines of division are there; they are dictated by political, economic and religious differences. The South is Catholic and monarchist; the Rhineland is Catholic but republican; the Centre is Protestant and moderately republican; Saxony is almost communist; the North-East is Protestant but Monarchist. Without a strong central Government, these elements will not hold together long.

Germany will, if this theory is correct, become a heterogeneous collection of States, each with its own problems, and each attracted by some peculiarity of its people into the orbit of a neighbouring Power—Saxony to Russia, the Rhineland to Belgium, Bavaria to Austria. The citizens of these States would

all be Germans in a sense, just as Zurichers or Bernese are Germans to-day. But not in a political sense. As a Power of the first magnitude, Germany will have ceased to exist. The peace of Europe would, in that direction at least, be assured, for no one need then fear the spectre of German revenge.

Such is the question. Such are its implications. What answer do the facts give to it?

For the facts we must go partly to the present and partly to history. Let us first take the present.

The world saw what a gaping wound was left in the side of France by the tearing off of Alsace-Lorraine in 1870. We in Britain can conceive what a burning outrage it would be to the national consciousness of every man, woman or child of us if some two or three English or Scottish counties were to be alienated to a foreign Power, either permanently or merely for a time.

To-day, Germany is playing at a show of similar resentment. Her politicians, her agitators, her leader-writers are uttering sonorous sentences about the inviolability of German soil and the indivisibility of the German people. Her ordinary citizens will, when conversing with foreigners, knowing them to be foreigners, use very similar language. But penetrate more deeply into the life of the people, study their thought and their viewpoint as one of themselves, or at least as one who can pass for such, and you will discover an entirely, dramatically different state of affairs.

Make no mistake. The average German is intensely annoyed at the Franco-Belgian seizure of the Ruhr. But the annoyance has its roots in economics, not in politics.

Between themselves, Germans do not use, when discussing the Ruhr, flamboyant phrases about the sacredness of Germanic soil. They concentrate on the one point: we in Berlin, or in Hanover, or in Leipzig, or wherever it may be, are in an extraordinary economic mess because the French are in the Ruhr. We have to pay absurd prices for bread, butter, meat and the like, because the French are in the Ruhr. We are units in a great industrial organism, of which the Ruhr, we are told, is an essential part. So long as industry is paralysed in the Ruhr, so long must we suffer. That is the line of argument, or, rather, line of feeling. It contains no more element of German nationalism than does Mr. Baldwin's line of thought on the same subject, which, incidentally, it curiously resembles.

And this is no isolated instance. The same thing happened a year or two ago about Silesia. German politicians and journalists went into hysterics about Silesia; it was, they said, like tearing the very heart out of the living body of Germany. Silesia was

in everyone's mouth. Now, you never hear the name of Silesia mentioned. The wound has closed. It has almost healed. Why? Because it never was a real wound at all. The average German had been told, and therefore believed, that the loss of Silesia meant the ruin of German industry, of industry in his own bit of Germany. That affected his own little world, his job, his family, himself, so he raised his voice angrily. But, little by little, he discovered that German industry was not at all dead, and that to its continued welfare it mattered not one row of pins whether Silesia was under the German or the Polish flag. The minute he realised that, he ceased to care about Silesia. It was dead meat to him.

Germans from outside Germany are not blind to these portents. A very prominent Austrian, able journalist and shrewd man of affairs, who has just been spending some time touring Germany, said to me the other day: "I used to believe in German national unity. I was wrong. It was an artificial creation. It started with Goethe on cultural ground, it was created by Bismarck on political ground, and it was carried to a pitch of convincing perfection by the schoolmasters and university professors of the Wilhelmian era. But it has no substance. If it had, this Ruhr question would have inflamed the hearts of men from the Alps to the North Sea. It has inflamed the hearts of nobody except two or three quixotic young men. It has filled the gasbags of professional politicians and irritated the pocket of the man in the street. That is all."

Evidence tending in the same direction abounds on every side. It is a truism among men who are interested in emigration that the German families that proceed abroad, become more speedily denationalised than those of any other race. And that, despite the fact that before the War an elaborate and costly machinery was set up to keep German emigrants true to Germany by means of German clubs, leagues, schools and newspapers. The failure of these efforts, particularly in North and South America, used to be one of the great griefs of Wilhelm II. A Scotsman in the Argentine does not require official machinery to prevent him from becoming an Argentino. The German in the Argentine, becomes to all intents and purposes an Argentino in one generation.

But, it will be said, surely there must be a great common cultural bond between Germans? The Germany of Goethe, Schiller, and the intellectual giants? The Germany of flourishing universities, of successful scientific research? Do these things, then, count for nothing?

They count for a great deal. Without them there never would

have been even the semblance of German national unity. But in themselves they do not prove the reality of that unity, and to-day they are beginning to count very little. The average German, when you get to the root of him, has very many admirable qualities, but real culture is not among them. He does lip-service at the altar of Goethe and the "giants," but in essence they are mere names to him. They do not colour his life; they do not influence his thought. He is essentially a sentimental materialist. His horizon is limited by his family, and his emotions are governed by his own little romance. The furthest stretch his political or cultural imagination will take without artificial aid from such things as the school instruction of the Wilhelmian era, is the Tribe. It is not for nothing that the ex-Kaiser so frequently, in his addresses to his subjects, made use of the phrase "German tribes."

This is true politically. Left to himself, the average German's utmost limit of vision is, not the empire, but the tribe. Above all else he is a family man, and the tribe idea appeals to him because it is just an enlargement of the family idea on a scale still understandable to him.

It is also true culturally. There is a chasm between what one might call the cultural atom of, say, the Pomeranian and the Bavarian, or the Suabian and the Westphalian, or the Prussian and the Saxon. So different are they that only by artificial means can they be reduced to a common denominator. Those means were provided before 1918 by the strong Imperial Government in political matters, by the standardised system of national education in cultural matters. Now the former has gone, and the latter is becoming looser and more regional daily. There is nothing to replace them.

The talk has been so far of the average German, of the masses. There are the intellectual classes to consider; and surely here, it will be thought, there must be an active, persistent response to the impulses of German national culture. The curious thing—and the significant thing—is that there is not.

The very men who to-day may be described as the cream of German intellectual society, are precisely men who have and profess the most profound contempt for so-called "German national culture." They are Nietzscheans. To the British public this probably conveys precisely the opposite to what it is intended to convey, for by some extraordinary aberration—for which, I am sorry to say, slipshod journalism is chiefly to blame—the British public has come to identify Nietzsche with the Might is Right, super-Hun ideas that were the fashion among the ruling classes in Germany before the War. In reality, of course, as everyone

knows who has read him, Nietzsche stood for the very reverse; his contempt for so-called German culture is scathing. For him it simply did not exist. It was the consciously artificial creation of a few really great men such as Goethe, who, realising the cultural inferiority of the race to which the accident of birth had made them belong, and determined to be world figures despite it, deliberately created or invented a German cultural stage on which they might shine. One may agree with the theory or one may disagree with it. It happens to be the theory held openly by very many intellectual Germans to-day, and, in their heart of hearts, by very many more.

Facts of the present, the history of German culture, and, if further proof were necessary, the political history of the German people (the main facts of which are surely too familiar to require expansion here), all tend towards the same conclusion: that Germany is not a nation.

If, in the history of individuals, prophecy is rash, in the history of a race it is foolish, and the present writer has no intention of making a dogmatic statement that Germany will inevitably dissolve into several States. There are accidents that may very conceivably prevent it. Germany may produce her Napoleon. Some incident in her foreign relations, may bring about a temporary renewal of a feeling of solidarity among the German tribes. The artificial unity created during the last century, may by some new artificial means, be given a further lease of life.

These things are all possible. But the balance of probability is the other way, because the other way is the way of nature, the line of least resistance, the course that responds to the deep-set instincts of the great mass of Germans.

French policy, in striving to foster an independent Rhineland, has appeared to most British observers to be based on a chimera. On the contrary, France, in basing her policy on the belief that Germany is only artificially and not naturally a nation, appears to be drawing logical conclusions from the real facts. If this be so, her desire, open or secret, to destroy Germany as a homogeneous political unit, is not, as many hypersensitive leaders of British public opinion have held it to be, a crime against the German people, but simply a legitimate attempt to ensure the peace of Europe by restoring the natural state of affairs which the ruthless policy of Bismarck altered to the grave disadvantage not only of Europe but of the Germans themselves.

There remains but one argument to offer, or, rather, to emphasise, for it has been touched on sketchily already. We are rather prone, in Britain, to see foreign affairs through economic spectacles only. In itself that is not essentially wrong, though it is well to remember that economics are, though an important part,

yet after all only a part, of life. But one should make quite sure that the spectacles are correct.

The British Government, "the City," and the majority of British newspapers, look on this German problem chiefly from the economic point of view. It is doing no injustice to any other organ of opinion to take it that the ablest exponent of this school of thought in England is the *Manchester Guardian*, so that one may well take its views as typical.

It is probably a fair statement of its case, from the economic point of view, to say that a flourishing industrial Germany is essential to a flourishing industrial Britain, and that it is therefore the duty of Britain to resist any policy, even that of our closest friend, that hinders the industrial recovery of Germany.

It is a clear, and it seems a logical, case. How is it affected by the proposition that Germany is not a nation, and that, in seeking to foster its return to normal disintegrated conditions, France is pursuing a perfectly sound policy?

It is neither confirmed nor denied: it is simply shown to be irrelevant. An industrial unit is not, or need not be, a political unit. That has been clearly shown, once and for all, by the case of Silesia. The line of demarcation between Germany and Poland, cut right athwart one of the greatest industrial and mining districts in Europe. Loud were the shouts of the economic Cassandras. Yet, as everyone knows, given the general unsatisfactory position of European industry, Silesia has done, and is doing, remarkably well. The political frontier has not led to a splitting of Silesian industry into two industrial regions. The truth is that commerce and industry are to-day so internationally compact that, given ordinary common sense on either side of a frontier, that frontier will have little or no effect.

Silesia was a case where two bitterly hostile countries were concerned, yet, after the first confusion, no permanent harm has ensued. Conditions would be very much more favourable in a case where the countries concerned were not separated either by lingual differences or by racial enmity.

Whether Germany remains an apparently coherent whole, or whether she returns to the course of nature, and splits up into her several parts, German industry will and must continue, and German burghers will and must go on buying British goods and producing goods for export to Britain in exchange.

If it is true that Germany is not a nation, the sooner the inevitable change comes, the better for Germany, the better for Europe, and, incidentally, the better for British industry.

To seek, as we are doing, to bolster up an artificial German unity, is neither good business nor good politics.

PAUL BARR.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MAXIM GORKY.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Berlin.

I FIND it difficult to write down *verbatim* everything Gorky said, or to describe the physical man, except as he was revealed to me through a laugh or a gesture. My latest visit took place but recently, and already his appearance is curiously mingled with his words and thoughts, and a portrait begins to compose itself in my mind. But I wish to confine my remarks to a simple statement of the facts: if my impressions are worth recording, their value, I think, lies in their casual formlessness; this is the way they came to me, and this is the way I record them.

Maxim Gorky is one of the few men I have met who immediately reveals himself as great-souled. During the long hours of our conversations I forget the man who sits at my side or towers above me, and I seem to see his soul. This is no figure of speech; it is the literal truth. The barriers of language and tradition would seem to stand in the way of mutual sympathy and understanding, but they don't. I know no word of Russian, and Gorky knows no word of any other language, but I understand him.

I remember the closing words of Gorky's beautiful little booklet, his *Reminiscences of Tolstoy*: "And I, who do not believe in God . . . looked at him and thought 'The man is godlike.'" The younger man—should I call such a man an Atheist?—is in his way godlike too. But not a remote deity: a genial, friendly, and very human god. The Tolstoy that emerges from the pages of Gorky, has lapses of sceptical brooding, but the Gorky I have come to know is serene, confident, full of an indescribable energetic curiosity; eager, enthusiastic, unsophisticated. Unlike Tolstoy, he appears to be a man among men; he has no "message" with which to make his fellow-beings uncomfortable.

* * * *

Gorky lives at a sanatorium in Saarow, not far from Berlin. A quiet house in the pine-woods, where all the patients live the simple life. The first time I went to see him I had dinner with members of his family and his secretary-interpreter. I sat next him at the table, and it was curious to find myself conversing without the help of the interpreter. True, our communications

were made largely by gestures, but it seemed as though Russian was not altogether a foreign language.

He is very tall, with narrow shoulders and a slight stoop: tubercular. Deep lines like furrows in his cheeks, a large broad nose, wide mouth, and wonderful light blue eyes. The thick, bobbed hair you see in most of his portraits is gone; in its stead is short, cropped grey hair brushed back into a pompadour. His face is that of a peasant, though, of course, vastly more expressive. There are traces of sorrow and suffering, but the constant smile makes you forget that. He reminds me of the late photographs of J. M. Synge. Perhaps it is the bushy, drooping moustache.

I think of him standing by his desk, dressed in a grey sweater-vest, a blue shirt with a soft collar, grey trousers, and large, heavy boots. There is something almost childlike about his geniality; it is entirely without afterthought, and quite without conscious dignity. There is abounding life in him, and a ceaseless interest in life.

I constantly forget that I nearly always speak to him through a third person. But during the brief intervals when we are left alone we converse by means of a curious psychic interflow. Gorky is always so eager to convey his meaning that even when he speaks in Russian he turns to me and ignores the interpreter. We generally speak about books and authors, and Gorky jumps up and runs from room to room bringing books. One day, at lunch, we were discussing Fenimore Cooper, one of Gorky's favourite writers; Alexei Maximovitch darted into his study and returned with the latest Russian edition of one of the *Leatherstocking Tales*, to which he had written a preface. After lunch we chatted about war memoirs, and in an instant the small table before me was covered with Russian books. Without the aid of the interpreter, he smiled his comments on the monumental work before me: the memoirs of one historian—or was it a general?—ran to six fat volumes, and the period covered was up to 1917. "How long will these memoirs be when they are completed?" That was expressed with a magnificent sweep of the arm and a broad smile.

* * * *

It amuses me—and Gorky—to remember the first time I came to see him. Though he had stipulated beforehand that he would not discuss politics, I had made it a point to read his latest work—a volume of political and social essays. I was a little intimidated by his savage and militant hatred of certain ideas and people—Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, the middle classes,

capitalism, all suffered under the furious onslaughts of this earnest "revolutionary." The word now only raises a smile: if all revolutionaries were like Gorky, there would be no need of revolution.

As I went up to his room my thoughts turned to that disgraceful incident, years ago, when my compatriots very nearly expelled Gorky from the uncontaminated soil of America. Would he show resentment about that? Absurd, but with Russians one is never sure. Was I not only too obviously a member of the middle classes? Then I had heard a deep voice upstairs, and on entering the study my fears were dispelled, with all my preconceptions. Since that first moment I have found it hard to associate the Gorky I know with the writer of *The Destruction of Personality* and the dark tales of barbaric Russia.

No matter what subject we discuss, our talk invariably returns to literature. Another strange preconception of mine has vanished; it vanished very soon. I believed Gorky would be more interested in politics than in art. Not a bit of it; what I have to say of recent American letters evokes a multitude of questions, and what I tell of political prisoners and free speech and prohibition, leads nowhere. He is primarily an artist; he judges his own works and those of others by the standards of art. His own political utterances, I conclude, are to be considered as quite apart from his literary productions. His social conscience will occasionally force him to take up the pen—he acknowledges that he is not a good controversialist—but his novels and stories are the product of his heart and soul. We were turning over the leaves of a volume of his political essays, and he finally shut the book. "No, no," he said; "I don't look well in that." He strode over to the bookcase, and brought me the second volume of his autobiography, *Among Strange Men*. "This is better," he said, and wrote a little inscription on the title-page.

During my first visit to Saarow, I remember, to my dismay, that I did most of the talking. I have noticed that most Europeans—with the exception of the French, who know little of anything outside their own country—insist upon knowing what the United States are doing and thinking and producing. "Who are your new writers?" "Have you a real native drama?" are questions I have had to answer a dozen times recently. "And what has Upton Sinclair been doing lately?" Not a single Russian or German writer has failed to ask me that. Gorky asks the same sort of questions, and I tell of the

new novelists and dramatists, of Hergesheimer and Cabell, Sinclair Lewis and Willa Cather. Eugene O'Neill is always a fruitful subject.

Gorky is leaning over his desk, wrapped in a magnificent barbaric kimono of crimson silk. I tell him he ought to join the Russian Ballet. He laughs, and then turns the tide of conversation:

"You thank me for allowing you to come and see me, but wait a moment. I have a favour to ask *you*. I am founding a new magazine, an international organ, to be published in Russian. Romain Rolland has just sent me an article on Gandhi, but this is not primarily a political paper. Will you write something for me about America? I want merely your own impressions. Something on your new writers, on the theatre, perhaps. You were telling about O'Neill. Give me an article on him.

"And then there's O. Henry. I like him. I've just read—what's it called?—*Kings and Cabbages*."

Yes, I have something to say about O. Henry, and I proceed to outline a short essay. I tell how, to my mind, many authors "suffer from their complete works," O. Henry among them. Gorky jumps up and brings from the bookcase a pile of paper-bound Russian books.

"See here," he says, "I have selected only the *best* things of these writers. You're quite right; it's a great mistake to give the reader *all* of any author's works. Quite right," he repeated, rubbing his hands.

"And now, Mr. Gorky, let me ask *you* a few questions." I wished particularly to know about the plays. *The Night's Lodging* is perhaps Gorky's best-known work. I had seen it in English, French, and Russian during the past year or so, and I was curious to hear what the author had to say about it. He sat on the edge of his chair as I explained my question to the interpreter. But he was restless; he was like a child who is being discussed by his elders. He kept interrupting:

"What does he say? What does he say? Oh, my plays!" A deprecatory gesture and a shrug of the shoulders. "I don't like my plays."

"Why not?"

"Oh, bad! Very bad!"

I said I considered them perhaps not up to the high standards of his novels and the autobiography, but I maintained that *The Night's Lodging* had proved universally interesting.

"Possibly—perhaps. I didn't know how to write then. But

all the plays are bad. I don't like them at all. However, my latest—do you know it? It's called *The Old Man*. I have the manuscript somewhere. That may not be so bad as the others. I wrote it a few years ago; it was performed in Russia. No, it is not published, but I'll have a translation made. And then you may feed it to the fishes—or the fire. But first I'd like you to look it over. It might interest you in the States. Its theme is likely to appeal to Americans. Yes, *The Old Man* is in some ways not so bad. It's the story of a Siberian exile, an ex-convict, who, after long struggles, has succeeded in building up a business. But there is another man who knows his secret and holds it over him, and gradually manages to ruin the old man's life. It's a sort of blackmail process, you understand. The play's much more 'dramatic' than my other plays."

Once I asked him how he had come to write plays, and what his aim had been in putting his ideas into dramatic form.

"The source of all art," he answered, "is no more than the overflow of the soul with impressions of life. When the artist can no longer contain himself he produces his works of art. What precise form that art will take seems to me a matter of small importance. Sometimes it's a play, sometimes a novel, and sometimes a picture. If I have written plays it was because I had to write them, or thought I had to."

"But the drama," I said, "is held to be a highly specialised form, largely a matter of technique. I think better of your plays than you do yourself, but I imagine you never studied the technique."

"Never—that's why my plays are so bad, perhaps." Then he added, with a broad smile: "But if I *had* studied the theory of the drama they would have been much worse. There's an interesting point in connection with my writing of *The Old Man*: the idea I had to express demanded the dramatic form. I tried at first to do it as narrative fiction, but it would not write itself that way."

"You speak of your 'idea.' Just what do you mean?"

"I mean that my philosophy is expressed in it. That philosophy is briefly this: that suffering gives no one the right to judge the world. The world is not bad, and if it seems so we have only ourselves to blame, for it is we who are bad. The world, indeed, is invariably good. It is a happy world; the only trouble is that we are the makers of our own tragedies in it. If the world were bad and man merely the victim of universal evil, then we should all hang ourselves. But we don't hang ourselves; we go on living, building houses, pursuing our trades, and always hoping. We continue to hope because the world is

essentially good and life is sweet. The man who complains of his suffering, is utterly and blindly selfish; suffering is his sole occupation, his one aim in life. He sees nothing but his own sorrows. How can he help being miserable? He has only himself to blame.

Strange words on the lips of a Russian novelist! "If you go on expressing that philosophy," I said, "you will lose your reputation." Another smile, as he continues:

"*The Old Man* is radically different from most Russian works; it has little of what the world calls the 'modern Russian spirit.' It shows, among other things, the possibilities of the human will. It is a denial of the devastating philosophy of the author of *Sanin*. It proclaims the strength of the individual. Russia is neither essentially pessimistic nor abnormally cynical."

On another occasion we returned to this subject. Gorky was telling me of the new note in Russian literature, a note of faith and hope: "Suffering and madness and death are not the only subjects we can treat."

"When I am ill I hate myself. For my past sufferings I have only myself to blame. I have been in prison, I have been mercilessly beaten, and I have almost starved to death. All my own fault. I ought to have avoided those sufferings."

Optimism from Maxim Gorky! But why not? To understand I had only to watch his smile.

"Now, perhaps," he went on, "you will realise the meaning of what I have written about Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Great artists, both of them. But their influence has been bad. The philosophy of despair, which runs through most modern Russian art, is largely due to the influence of these two writers. They both preached the subjection of the will, and almost succeeded in destroying faith and initiative."

"But why," I interrupted, "do you blame artists for failing to live up to certain standards that have nothing to do with the art they practise? You surely cannot believe that the writer of fiction should make it his business to impart social or moral doctrines?"

"Not at all, and to make myself perfectly clear let me take two examples—Flaubert and Tolstoy. They are both great artists, granted; but with Flaubert's ideas I have no quarrel, as Flaubert consciously stood aloof from politics and ideas. But Tolstoy is another story; he, like Dostoevsky, laid definite claims to leadership, he was self-confessedly a reformer and preacher. They both proclaimed themselves representatives of social and intellectual movements; it is as leaders, and not as artists, that I attack them. Don't you see?"

"But what harm have these writers done?"

"Tolstoy and Dostoevsky were in agreement for once, and that was in the 'eighties, during the period of great reaction under Alexander III. At almost the same moment these tremendously influential thinkers helped the sinister forces of reaction by playing into the hands of the enemies of freedom and tolerance. Said Dostoevsky, 'Bend your pride, and be patient'; said Tolstoy, 'Wait, do not oppose evil with evil'—as if there were any other way of opposing it! Since that time a large part of our people have succumbed to the philosophy of despair. This naturally finds its reflection in much of our literature. The will has become weakened and pessimism firmly rooted.

He was silent for a moment. I opened my marked copy of Gorky's *Reminiscences of Tolstoy*, and we glanced at several passages together. These random notes, I said, had given me a glimpse of Tolstoy the human being, as distinct from the teacher, that I had found nowhere else. I wanted him to say something about Tolstoy, but he only smiled, and said jokingly:

"I wish someone would write an article about me." A loud burst of laughter. There was not a trace of egotism in this. Knowing him as I now do, I realise that he meant that the idea of anyone's going to the trouble of writing an article about him personally, was funny. He is always joking, and his contagious laughter is no more than the overflow of his vitality. In the *Reminiscences* he quotes Tolstoy as saying that he couldn't imagine Gorky as ever having been young. "You're a very remarkable creature," said Tolstoy; "it is as if you sprang into life full-grown." Gorky must have changed since that time, for I cannot imagine him as anything but young. I think he has outgrown the bitterness to which he has a right—or, no! according to him, no one has a right to enjoy the "luxury" of bitterness.

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It is hard for me to realise that he lives in a sanatorium. Did he come here to die? No one would think it, to see him or hear his laughter. No doubt he was aware of his then dangerous condition, but he is the sort of man who will work up to the last minute, regardless of his ultimate fate. How old is he? I could easily find out. Sixty, perhaps? He may at one time have been old, but he is no longer so. Fortunately, he has practically recovered from his old-standing consumption, and is to winter in South Italy.

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"Tell me," I asked, "what you think of *What is Art?* I have always felt it to be the work of an irritable old gentle-

man. It is a repellent book, written by a Puritan embittered by his own thoughts, perhaps his own experiences."

"No, it's a sincere book," said Gorky, pacing the room, "because Tolstoy was always sincere. He believed everything he wrote, though he was often uncertain about his convictions before and after he had formulated them, even his religious ideas. The teacher in him was always predominant. He sometimes reminded me of our popular Russian character 'Vassika Buslayeff,' who is eternally experimenting, searching, doing what he is told not to do. He gets into trouble on all occasions, just to see what will happen.

"So it was often with Tolstoy. There was in him, I think, a perverse desire to astonish. That was one of the motives that led him to write *What is Art?* It was a strange book to write; it was the result of a mood. The worst thing about it is that Tolstoy is—I hardly like to say it—very ignorant of his facts. He simply doesn't know the theory or history of art. The most serious fallacy in his reasoning is this: All culture is based on religion, art, and science; he tried to eliminate art, which is one of the most important elements. You cannot tear out the keystone and have any culture left. Tolstoy was a curious mixture of diverse elements. He was always maintaining that books were of small importance in life, and he used to make fun of me, calling me a 'bookman.' But, let me tell you, I used to read to him, sometimes from my own unpublished writings, and sometimes from the books of others. Once I read a passage from Lamennais to him, and the tears rolled down his cheeks!"

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I find the following paragraph in the *Reminiscences of Tolstoy* (Tolstoy is addressing Gorky): "You're a bookman, really. Don't be offended, but that's not good; it will stand in your way."

It was not long before I discovered for myself that Gorky was indeed a bookman. We are constantly discussing books and authors. I think he has read nearly all the books that are worth reading, in Russian translations, which means a large part of the world's great literature. He often tells me that he has never learned languages, chiefly because of the excellence of Russian translations. He has spent years editing translations of the classics. I had read about the new edition of world literature undertaken by the Soviet Government when Gorky was in the Cabinet.

I spoke to him about this. His eyes lighted up, and he strode once more to the bookcase, and brought me an armful of paper-bound volumes.

"See here, we planned to issue four thousand different volumes, each edition to consist of a hundred thousand copies. So far only a hundred have been published; the costs of manufacture were so great that we were unable to continue. Here's an idea, now, for a capitalist. Subsidise this series. If you want to propagandise the Russians, give them books. Lectures, newspapers, motion pictures—these are nothing compared with books. Think of it: you can sell a hundred thousand copies of an old classic in starving Russia!"

American writers are widely read in Russia. "Who among the moderns?" I asked.

"Upton Sinclair and——"

"Tell me why you Europeans are so enthusiastic about Sinclair? Nine out of every ten of you know his work, and nothing of his more talented contemporaries."

"Most of us read him because of his ideas. His books are scarcely literature, but his ideas are interesting. As a Socialist I——"

"What other writers do you read?"

"I, of course, read only what is translated, and therefore know very little of your latest authors. I enjoy O. Henry, even though his translator turns him into a miniature Bret Harte. I can see that that's misrepresenting him. Mark Twain, Howells, Henry James, Horace Traubel, Le Roy Scott, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce—they are all well known. I enjoy Bierce's war stories immensely. And your classics are our classics: Thoreau and Whitman, Poe and Emerson, and, above all, Cooper."

"I understand Jack London is immensely popular?"

"Very. You know, the popularity of Jack London is an encouraging sign. He has had a tremendous effect on Young Russia. There is a new movement among our later writers! You don't know their works yet, but you will, and you won't be able to recognise the old Russia you think you know. The new men no longer worship the god of despair; they have begun to exalt the will! That is largely due to Jack London. One of our most promising young poets has just sounded the new note. A man of immense talent—Khodassevitch. The following verse is a new gospel, a gospel never before uttered in Russia:

Sing not the praises of the conqueror,
Nor pity the conquered.

The conqueror needs no praise, that is, nor the conquered comfort. No, we young Russians are not admirers of suffering."

It is Maxim Gorky who says this! The tramp who wandered over the Steppes, consorting with thieves and prostitutes, the

man who has starved and suffered in prison, who was almost thrown out of the "Land of the Pure." What has sustained him, given him youth and faith? "It is a happy world."

"You are funny—don't be offended, but you're funny. It's remarkable you are so good-natured, you who have such excellent reasons for being full of hatred. Yes, you have good reason to hate. . . . Though I don't understand your soul—it's very subtle—but your heart is clear." It is Tolstoy who speaks. I think, however, that Gorky's soul is as simple and clear as his heart; and perhaps that is why Tolstoy failed to understand it.

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Finally, I asked him:—

"Mr. Gorky, I am surprised at your attitude towards books. From your writings I had always imagined that literature was to you more or less a side-issue, and your books no more than the expression of a human being who cared for human beings alone."

His answer was remarkable: it was not altogether satisfactory, and I must ask him another time for enlightenment, but it astonished me. I record his exact words:

"Books are a fetish to me. I have learned more from books than I have from human beings."

BARRETT H. CLARK.

SUNT LACRIMAE RERUM.

ONE day in early childhood I was taken into the library at Moore Hall to be shown a portrait of my grandfather painted in Spain when he was my age; we were compared feature by feature, grandfather and I, nose, eyes, and mouth eliciting unexpected points of resemblance. Were George in his grandfather's clothes, my father said, none would suspect that he had not sat for the portrait; and, despite my protests, William Malowney was told to return the little boy in green to his place above the library door. I watched him through gathering tears, for I had looked forward to wearing Spanish clothes and to bringing our visitors to see me in grandfather. But the Spanish clothes! Where were they? And with my sorrow already half forgotten I seized Betty McDonald by the hand, crying: "Come, Betty, and help me to find the clothes." "Master George, the clothes are not in the house." "Yes they are, Betty; in the store-room or in the lumber-room." My father and mother laughed at my impulsiveness, and I heard that my grandfather did not leave Spain till he was twenty. "But he wouldn't have left his clothes behind him," I answered, whereat I was laughed at again; and, determined to prove myself in the right, I beguiled Betty McDonald into many vain searches through the litter that a century gathers, and I do not think it was until I had outgrown the Spanish uniform or Court dress that the desire to parade as my grandfather passed from me and my interest was transferred from the little boy in green to the sad old gentleman in white waistcoat over the chimneypiece—my grandfather at the age of sixty, the author of many books, written in his library, so Betty told me.

I was pleased to hear that I had a clever grandfather, and viewed differently from before the prim chocolate-coloured coat, one shoulder showing against the dead gold of the armchair, and the voluminous cravat swathing him chin-high. But, more than the external aspects of the portrait, the kindly, peaceful face enticed me and led me into a love of the library in which he had lived, writing histories and reading, it would seem, books of travel in preference to any others. He had had a paralytic stroke early in life and could not undertake long journeys—Betty's explanation of how he came to like reading about Chile, Peru, and Paraguay. I liked better the words "Syria," "Persia," and "Egypt," for my father had travelled in these countries and brought home many drawings of pyramids and camels, and was easily wheedled in the drawing-room after

dinner into telling stories of the bringing of a boat across the hills from Joppa to the Dead Sea. And, certain that there was no Dead Sea in a country called Chile, I would turn to the round table to read of scimitars and daggers in the *Arabian Nights*, or to ask Betty to tell me about the robbers who sallied from our lake islands in olden time to raid the villages along the shores of Lough Carra, and from her I heard that it was Fion the Fair, the greatest robber of all, who had built the castle lying beyond the bay. She could tell me nothing about the castle lying to the left under the Brownstown shore, which was a pity, for cormorants used to roost there every evening; but Fion would put forth, she said, on a raft and carry off cattle and sheep, everything he could lay hands on, including prisoners that he held to ransom. I asked her if there was much about Fion in my grandfather's books. "I don't think there can be, Master George; your grandfather was born in Spain and never heard about Fion the Fair." "Why did you not tell him?" "He never asked me." "What did my grandfather write about?" "I haven't read any of his books; they are far too learned for me." "I shall read them when I grow up," I replied triumphantly, my enthusiasm for my grandfather's writings abating somewhat when she began to tell me that a certain Galway historian, O'Flaherty, or O'Flanagan, had got ahead of him. The words might mean that O'Flaherty knew something that my grandfather did not know, or that he wrote better, or that O'Flaherty, hearing my grandfather was writing a history, sat up at night and got his book published first.

I was sorry indeed that my grandfather had failed as an historian, for that much of Betty's story I believed, but not the part about O'Flaherty. Galway and Mayo were rival counties, Galway being always a little ahead of Mayo in hunting and in shooting, but until the name of O'Flaherty was spoken I did not know that Galway had a priority of literature. And, my thoughts turning from Betty to my father, I began to ask myself if I dared speak to him about his father. I had been enjoined by my mother never to mention the name of Augustus, his brother's name, or to speak to him of my grandmother, who had died within my memory; but it seemed to me that I might ask him why grandfather had not written about pyramids, scimitars, and the Dead Sea (my father never wearied of telling his travels in Syria). What did he write about? My father answered: "Your grandfather, George, wrote several historical works, notably one on the English Commonwealth; all are in the library." And the question I longed to put, "Why didn't people buy his books?" died on my lips, so aloof and distant was his

manner. All the same, it was, I think, from the few words my father spoke on the single occasion when I ventured to speak to him of the gone that I gathered my grandfather to have been looked upon in his own house with affection, no doubt, but as a disillusioned man of letters. And, not daring to question my father again, I turned to my mother, who, though she had never seen her father-in-law, had heard of him from his wife, and she told me that my grandfather had left five hundred pounds to defray the expenses of publishing his history of the French Revolution. My mother did not know why the executors had not published the history, nor to what purpose the five hundred pounds had been applied, and I was never altogether free from the suspicion that my father had acted dishonourably, till my brother showed me the preface to the history of the French Revolution, in which my grandfather tells that he shrank from the task of putting the finishing hand to his history. "Having published," he says, "several times, but never with success, I am tired of publication in my lifetime." Rather than exhibit himself in his own house as a failure, he preferred that fame should be posthumous. And, turning to my brother, I asked him if it were not his duty to complete and revise his grandfather's work; he, in his turn, said that I was the person to edit the history, to which I made no answer, but stood looking at the portrait, thinking that it was becoming like me—I mean that I was becoming the portrait of my grandfather in old age. He was sixty-seven when he died, and the thought crossed my mind there and then that if I lived to that age the likeness would have reached its height, and that if I lived on into my seventies the likeness would begin to wane, some of it remaining recognisable to the end: the high, round forehead, the large nose, the small, truthful eyes. For my eyes are truthful, I said to myself; they belie me if they are not; and I fell to thinking that, though truthful, they did not tell a soul as beautiful as my grandfather's. He brought, I said, a beautiful soul into the world and took it away with him, leaving little of it to his son, and none, I am afraid, to his grandson. But I regret nothing, for had Nature given me my grandfather's beautiful soul—a soul of almost Virgilian melancholy—I should have remained at Moore Hall, re-living my grandfather's life.

Nature designs no two leaves the same. I needed my grandfather and my grandfather needs me, for none other would have admired his portrait as I do, understanding all the pretty accents that the painter caught among the grey hair tossed about the forehead; none other would have valued the sincere and simple drawing of the eyes, or been able to affirm that the portrait was

painted by one of Lawrence's pupils, who, however, included much more of the individual life of his sitter than is to be found in any of the master's portraits. As the portrait was painted in the beginning of the nineteenth century, about 1830 or 1833, it is needless to say that it lacks the art of the great periods; and yet it may be doubted if even the great periods told a story more plainly than Wyatt, a little too plainly, perhaps, but how truthful the reader will be able to judge for himself without seeing the painting, for my grandfather's artless confession is merely a translation of Wyatt's portrait into words:—

I, this day, complete my sixty-fourth year. I have for some time been engaged in a history of the French Revolution. I early in life began collecting books on this subject, and they now fill up an entire side of my very pretty library in this beautiful place. They are most of them bad in style, and worse in spirit and sentiment. There are few of them which I could endure reading were it not for the task I have laid down for myself. This task has the effect of giving interest to the most wretched productions. Any book which offers me the choice of a new fact, or the solution of any difficulty attached to old facts, interests me, and I find amusement in examining it. Amusement and the banishment of what the French call *ennui* are my principal objects. Beautiful as this place is, and much as I love it, I confess I have not always been able to exclude *ennui* from its precincts. There are hours in which I have not been able to keep it away; general vague reading, without any specific object, afforded me no protection against it, but since I have sat down to my task I have scarcely known what it is. I have a rough copy carried on nearly to the present time. To every written page I have left a blank one, in which I put down any new facts or reflections or news. I wish to go on for some time longer in this manner. But my age, as mentioned at the head of this preface, admonishes me there is no time to be lost if I wish the public ever to have an insight into my history. My rough copy with alternate blank pages it is impossible for anyone to make anything of, and it is not till after my death I wish my history to appear, not in the form in which my rough copy exhibits it.

I have several times published, but never with any success, so that I am tired of publication in my lifetime. Besides, as I foresee my history will be pretty voluminous, I do not like the trouble of superintending the proofs. As I am a man of fortune, I leave by my will five hundred pounds to defray the expenses of publication. As the publication is in this manner ordered and appointed by me in my testamentary deposition, no one who sur-

vives me will be answerable for anything it contains. I foresee many things I say will give offence, but my objects are truth and my country. As amusement was my great object in undertaking this task, it may be said I have already gained my end in never knowing *ennui* since I began it. But having written a history of the French Revolution, impregnated with all the feelings and sentiments of an Englishman, and written in a style, I hope, purely and thoroughly English, I am ambitious it should be read after me. I have had no celebrity in my life. But a prospect of this posthumous fame pleases me at this moment. I may say with Erasmus : *Illud certe praesagio, de meis lucubrationibus, qualescumque sunt, candidius iudicaturam posteritatem*, though I cannot add with him : *Tametsi nec de meo seculo queri possum*. Having missed the applause, and even notice, of my age, I ought, perhaps, to be indifferent about the opinions of those that follow ; their applause, should I ever gain it, will not reach me when the grave has closed over me. This is true ; but we are so made that while we are living we think with pleasure that we shall not be forgotten after our deaths. The nature of this feeling is beautifully expressed by Fielding in a passage which Gibbon has transcribed in the account of his own life. What adds to my wish that my history should be read after my death is, that I am convinced no account of the great event of the French Revolution in all its parts will be fair and impartial coming from a Frenchman, none certainly will do justice to my country. I am anxious to have the merits of the Duke of Wellington duly appreciated as having done more in war than any captain that ever existed. He entered on the contest with more disadvantages on his side, as will be explained in the history. He had greater difficulties to encounter, and arrived at more glorious results. Though not a Frenchman, I am perfectly acquainted with the French language, and there are few Frenchmen better informed with respect to the history, literature, and what are called the statistics of France than I am, so that I conceive myself perfectly well qualified, as much as any Frenchman, for the task I have undertaken. In this improved copy which I am now transcribing, I break the history into chapters, with a view to the grouping of the facts of which it consists. It is this which I call grouping that distinguishes the task of the historian from that of the annotist, and there is no point of greater importance in a history than the manner in which this grouping is executed. The deficiencies of some celebrated historians in this particular may be noticed. . . .

In reading this fragment the reader, if he have an ear for English rhythms, will remember Goldsmith, for the influence

of this very English writer is visible almost everywhere down to the close of the century, and long afterwards, in Ireland. His comment will be : An almost anonymous prose, a still reflection of the writer's mind, altogether free from that pleasure and pride in writing which began with Carlyle and was continued by Meredith and Stevenson. For a man to write as well as my grandfather and to miss the satisfaction of readers, demands a more searching explanation than Betty McDonald's, and I think we find the explanation we need in the preface ; for does he not speak of himself as an amateur, and literary history furnishes few examples of men of fortune attaining literary celebrity, one, I think, of a man of fortune living in exile among an alien people, and how alien England is to Ireland the Irish Protestant knows. Protestants and Catholics do not mix, and the Moores of Ashbrook and Moore Hall were always staunch Protestants ; an ancestor fought on the side of William at the Battle of the Boyne. Two centuries of Ireland do not make an Irishman, though two centuries may succeed occasionally in absorbing those of English stock ; but in the next generation ancestral memories break out, and whosoever does not yield to them loses himself, as I think my grandfather did in the house overlooking Lough Carra, and as I should have done had I remained there. He would have done well to have left his house for a country upon whose traditions he could draw whilst using Moore Hall as a dreaming house, his spirit going forth at the end of the day's work to wander in the deserted corridors, in and out of the empty rooms, the doors opening before him, meeting everywhere pleasant detentions, finding one in an almost forgotten water-colour, another in a faded curtain of remembered pattern, and still another in a chess-board. We had relatives in India who sent home ivories and porcelains and rare carpets, but his own books would in the end beguile him from these ; and a book out of its place catching his eye, he would ask himself who was the negligent reader that had forgotten to put it back on its appointed shelf, and write instructions to Betty McDonald for the better keeping of his library, without, however, asking that a needed book should be sent to him. Moore Hall, he would feel, must not be despoiled of anything, for so did I feel always, and I cannot think that my grandfather thought less kindly of the house over against Lough Carra, nor that he was blinder than I was to the complete enjoyment of it. No fear could have ever disturbed him that a Land Act would rob him of his dreaming house, or that it would be burnt by Irish rebels. He never was roused from his bed by a fetch-light and flung himself, as I did, across the hearthrug, breaking my wrist in the fall.

A Collis fracture, Tonks said it was, and he went away in

search of a surgeon, returning an hour later with one who set my wrist, and whilst setting it questioned me about the accident. But I could tell him no more than that I had broken my wrist in a dream; on seeing a flame shoot up, I had plunged forward to quench a burning house. "A burning house!" they said. "But what house?" I answered that I did not know, nor was it till the burnings of our houses began two years ago in Ireland that I connected my dream with the burning of Moore Hall; but when the spark was put to the train of thought, a day seldom passed without my seeing in my imagination Moore Hall blazing amid its woods, casting a fierce light over the tranquil lake, lighting up the old ruins on the island. The lake, I said, is several hundred yards distant, and the water that will be pumped from it will not avail to quench the fire. My house will burn like a torch. Moreover, even if the villagers came to quench the flames, the Republican Army would not allow them to do so. Everything will be lost; and I doubted not the fulfilment of my dream; and, my thoughts turning to an eighteenth-century Dresden tea and coffee service, my heart began to ache till I could no longer endure the thought of its possible perishing, and moved from my armchair to the writing-table to ask that it might be sent to me. But no more than a few lines of the letter were written; the thought that a trained packer would be needed to ensure safe transport stayed my hand. The news, I said, of the emptying of the house will be a signal for the burning of it; and I returned to my chair thinking of my grandfather's portrait, which my steward could take from its frame and wrap in a newspaper. Tom Rutledge was coming over to London; why should he not bring it with him? And it was I know not how many days after the posting of the letter that a telegram was handed to me: "Moore Hall was burnt last night."

Conventionally we die only once in a lifetime, but in truth our lives are beset with deaths, small and great. I lost father and mother and brother without consciousness of any deadly disaster having befallen me, an admission that will be interpreted as an absorbing egoism, a hardness of heart; but this judgment will be reversed by a memory of Virgil's line: *Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt*. The words will rise to the surface of the mind like a strain of music; they have attained in the long years to the condition of music and to the condition of drama when the woman in the play tells that she is not thinking of her dead children but her five beautiful dolls. We left the theatre railing against what we wished to consider as nonsense, but could not even then, and since then only the bluntest have remained aliens from the thought that the sorrow

occasioned by the loss of little things is often deeper than any we can feel for greater things. Her dolls were the half-witted woman's dreams, and to-day I stand in near relation to her, for my dreaming house is gone, with only the portrait saved to hang on the first landing in Ebury Street in a little lobby, whence it looks out and catches my eyes as I come downstairs, a sort of fetch-light or corpse-candle, reminding me that my race is over, betrayed, scattered, and in exile. Every race has its day, it says, and every creed; every grief, every joy, dies sooner or later. Memory outlives the dead; it, too, dies, but we are powerless to crush or to bury it; and were I to remove the portrait to a garret and turn its face to the wall, my grandfather's eyes would still haunt me and oblige me to rehang it in the lobby, for I shall lack strength always to write to the director of a public gallery and ask him to relieve me of it.

GEORGE MOORE.

OCCUPATIONAL FRANCHISE.

IN a series of articles lately published by the *Spectator*, Mr. Skelton writes of a referendum as being the "crown and apex" of the conservatism of the new era, and he apparently looks on this form of democracy as the best weapon to combat the doctrines of socialism. At the same time he states, "It only needs a blunder or two on the part of the Cabinet, a General Election dominated by passion and prejudice, and the flank of the Constitution is turned."

Mr. Skelton is not very clear why a referendum would be less dominated by passion and prejudice than a General Election, but he is undoubtedly correct as to the precarious condition of our Constitution, which is being steadily undermined by socialistic doctrines. Such being the case, it is up to the Conservative Cabinet to utilise its large majority to reconstruct the ramparts of our Constitution the better to meet this socialistic attack whilst there is time to do so.

There probably has never been a greater or more able opponent of socialism than the late Mr. W. H. Mallock, and his work, *The Limits of Pure Democracy*, is a classic which all who are fighting socialism should study. Incidentally Mr. Mallock had a very poor opinion of a referendum as a means of ascertaining the "will of the people," which he contended has no meaning outside very primitive communities. These are his words: "The pure will of the many, unless it is unified by the formative influence of the few, is neither a foolish will nor a wise will; it is a will which does not exist." Moreover, it would appear that Lord Balfour is more or less in agreement with Mr. Mallock, for he is reported to have said: "Democracy is government by explanation." When, therefore, we read of the "sovereign will of the people," what we really mean is the voting of a majority of the electors controlled by Conservative, Liberal or Labour oligarchies, as the case may be. In fashioning this so-called sovereign will, organisation and propaganda play a part far more important than honest conviction, but what Conservatives and Liberals have to offer cannot be compared with the attractions (mostly unattainable) which the Labour Party is prepared to promise, and the only wonder is that we have not been ruled by Labour since the franchise was extended.

Mr. Skelton pins his faith on the shrinkage from change of habit, which is characteristic of our race, to counteract these doctrines of spoliation. A generation ago this might have saved us, but in the present day it will not, it is feared, be of much

avail. Mr. Mallock, in his work referred to, devotes pages to show the best means of meeting this "vain rebellion" against their social condition which is in the minds of so many of the workers, and he considers that only two methods are likely to prove successful: (a) persistent appeals to reason which, however obscured, is present in the persons themselves whom this mad vanity affects, and through their reason to their imagination; (b) the costlier method of teaching by results which must ensue if this irrational mind is carried to its logical conclusion, results of which the state of Russia at the present time offers the world such an appalling object lesson.

Mr. Mallock's appeals to reason take the form of analysing the socialists' formulas, which he shows are fallacious or contradict each other. He also insists on the capitalists' wage system being rearranged to ensure the workers a living not only "equal to the best which they could possibly compass if working on their own, but so definitely and indubitably superior that any crippling of the system would result in calamity for them."

Reasoning as he suggested may prove efficacious to a few, but for the masses the stabilisation of their wage will do more to allay unrest than anything else. Let us therefore confine ourselves at first to discussing the best means of accomplishing this objective. Mr. Mallock was such a profound thinker and devoted so much of his life to the study of socialism in all its branches, that I hesitate to express any views which may be interpreted as in conflict with the conclusions which Mr. Mallock has recorded. Nevertheless, greatly daring, I venture to suggest that the best and only way of combating socialistic doctrines and establishing the wage of content sought after is to borrow from the socialists themselves some of their methods and then utilise these same methods to prevent the remainder of their programme from being carried through. In short, we should endeavour to hoist them with their own petard. What are these methods which we should adopt?

Mr. Cole is perhaps the ablest of the socialistic writers, and in his *Guild Socialism Restated*, he has set forth what he considers to be the best form of government attainable. Mr. Cole has in his imagination created a Utopia which may be considered as outside of practical politics, but there would appear to be no insuperable reason why all the workers (brain and manual) should not be organised into guilds; further, by grafting these guilds on to our own Constitution, why we should not forestall trades unionists and prevent them from creating a Labour Parliament which would, once created, be ever in conflict with our existing governing institutions. In other words, let us recon-

struct our House of Commons on the basis of an occupational franchise.

The trades union organisations will greatly facilitate the creation of these guilds, as some five million or more workers are already registered on the books of the several unions. The larger unions might, in this newly constructed House of Commons, have several representatives, but some of the smaller will have to be amalgamated to qualify for even one. Casual workers who are to-day finding employment with one industry and to-morrow with another offer certain difficulties, but they might be organised as a "casual" political unit, and be granted representation as other more defined forms of labour. It is not pretended, however, that all casual workers can be thus absorbed. There must inevitably be a residue outside the pale of any organisation. This residue will, so it is proposed, be regarded as submerged strata too far down to have a representative in the House, but, as in the case of workhouse children, the State as a whole will be their guardian and they will have the right to live both in health and sickness.

The welfare of these submerged strata of the community will be the better assured by the State prescribing for them a minimum wage when employed, also providing for them a subsistence allowance when out of work or when sick and during their old age. This subsistence allowance to be paid to all workers alike by the State irrespective of whether they be or be not registered members of a guild or association. When employed, wages will, of course, be paid by the employers of labour.

For registered workers a wage scheme will be drawn up by the executives of their respective guilds or associations, labour being classified, and provision made for the workers with more skill or greater experience being remunerated at a higher wage or salary.

In this way there will be an incentive for all to qualify for classification as high-grade workers, and the guild certificate will guarantee employers getting the labour that they require and are prepared to pay for. It will be noted that in this respect the proposal is anti-socialistic and contrary to the restrictions which some unions insist on. The guild executives will also have the right to levy a tax on their members for the purpose of augmenting the sick and other benefits provided by the State. Guildsmen and members of an association will thus (apart from having a representative in the House of Commons) have certain privileges, and consequently membership will be sought after and every worker will recognise that it is to his or her advantage to be registered; at the same time, registration need not be obligatory in the case of individual craftsmen who earn their livelihood independently. But in certain professions and scientific associa-

tions membership will continue to be obligatory, as is the case now.

The wage scheme of each guild and the salaries and fees prescribed by the several associations and professions will be subject to the approval of the House of Commons or some superior authority designated by Act of the House to ensure that there is no exploitation of other guilds and the wages do not exceed what the particular calling can economically carry. The executive of each guild and association will be elected by the members on democratic lines and will be authorised to prescribe regulations to be followed by all their members, including the right of expulsion from the guild or association.

Such is briefly the guild organisation of workers proposed, which it is contended will go a long way to establish the "wage of content" sought after by Mr. Mallock. But so far we have made provision for workers only, and unless our reconstructed House of Commons is to be merely a workers' Parliament (as Labour is now endeavouring to create by a federation of unions), some provision must be made for the non-workers: that is to say, those with sufficient capital to exist without making use of either their brains or their hands. Let us, therefore, next consider whether these main divisions of the community, brain workers, manual workers and capitalists, are to be represented in proportion to their numbers or whether, seeing that manual workers are in an overwhelming majority, some scheme of proportional representation should not be devised.

As regards the brain workers, even the most rabid socialist will admit that with our advanced civilisation manual workers cannot exist for any length of time without the support of the black-coat workers. It is on this account that these workers are being encouraged to join the manual workers' confederations, but rather as a poor relation than on terms of equality. Further, socialist leaders now generally recognise that labour without capital cannot compete with labour backed by capital. The only question being whether the said capital can in the interests of the community be best produced and utilised by the State or by private individuals. In fact, it appears to be accepted by all that if we are to thrive in the future there must be *mutual co-operation* of brain workers, capitalists and manual workers. What we therefore have to consider is, can this *mutual co-operation* be maintained with one of the three always in possession of the driving wheel?

For the sake of argument, let us suppose that the capitalists have in the past been too long in possession, but do not let us go to the other extreme and refuse to let them have anything more to say as to the direction or speed we are to travel. Further, let

us agree that this *mutual co-operation* can best be assured when in the matter of control no one of the trinity (hand, brain, and capital) is greater or less than the other. In this way we reach the conclusion that a House of Commons elected by an occupational franchise, and consisting of brain workers, manual workers and capitalists in equal numbers, is the best form of government which we can devise.

Supposing, therefore, that this form of franchise be accepted; how will it affect our party system? Brain workers would be the unknown quantity, as manual workers and capitalists might be expected to vote solid. It is ever dangerous to prophesy, but the writer is inclined to think that there is hardly cohesion enough amongst the brain workers to form a party of their own, and the chances are that when the interest of any particular section of brain workers was not involved, the party on the whole would split, some voting for labour and some for the capitalists. It would, in short, rest with the brain workers whether a labour or capitalist government ruled the country. Surely this would be one of the many advantages which the system offers, as if we are to be governed by a majority, it is as well that the votes to count should be cast by electors whose calling in life necessitates their making use of their brains. Neither would the British tradition of government by one of two parties be much affected.

It may be argued that without any drastic change in the franchise this is what will happen under our existing system, the two parties being Labour and Conservative with the Liberals as a Central Party holding the scales. But will it, or shall we continue to see three-cornered elections with the Liberal and Conservative votes cancelling each other to the advantage of Labour?

There is in reality only one alternative, and that is for the Liberal and Conservative organisations to close down permanently, not as a temporary measure (as the nation hates coalitions) and be reconstructed as a new national party to fight Labour, or rather their socialistic extremists. But tradition dies hard in this land of ours, and the writer maintains that it would be less difficult and more advantageous for all to adopt his or some other form of occupational franchise for a Central Government, leaving domestic legislation for county councils or other subordinate parliaments to be elected on the existing franchise. In these local parliaments Conservative and Liberal organisations might still be made use of.

Finally, let us discuss to what extent the reform of the House of Lords would be affected by this scheme of occupational franchise. There can be little doubt that sooner or later some form of devolution will have to be introduced in our Parliamentary

system irrespective of any change of franchise which may be eventually agreed on.

If the devolution part of this scheme materialised, the House of Lords would be no longer the revising authority for domestic legislation, but would continue to have a good deal to say as regards matters which concern the United Kingdom. The constitution and reform of the Upper Chamber is therefore a question which cannot well be entirely disregarded. Some years ago Lord Rosebery told us that the danger with our House of Lords was that "it invites unrest, it invites agitation, and in certain cases the cup might boil over and it might invite revolution." If Lord Rosebery's views are still to be accepted as the popular opinion of our Upper Chamber, well, we had better create another more in keeping with the requirements of the age. An Upper Chamber which, in the words of an Australian statesman, "shall have within it the only conservatism possible in a democracy, the conservatism of maturity of judgment, of distinction of service, of length of experience, of weight of character." Can we create such a Chamber and at the same time retain much of the tradition attached to our British Constitution?

From statistics recently published in *The Times* one learns of the number of Peers who have never voted in the House of Lords during the past five years. One learns further of the large proportion of Peers who have only exercised that privilege on rare occasions. These figures would appear to indicate that for legislative purposes, were the members of the House of Lords reduced to a couple of hundred or so no one would suffer and few would have any cause to complain. The selection of these Peers who will form our Second Chamber offers no great difficulty. Peers who sit in the House by virtue of their office might continue to do so. Peers who have themselves been created Peers have presumably performed meritorious service and will come under the head of eminent men who have earned the privilege. Of the hereditary Peers not a few have either held office or been Members of the House of Commons during their minority, and may be also considered as qualified without further election. For the remainder the election of representatives by the Irish and Scotch Peers gives us an excellent precedent to follow. If these comparatively simple reforms are carried out we shall have a House of Lords which may safely be entrusted to exercise all the privileges of a Second Chamber without any of the restrictions imposed by the Parliament Act of 1911, which might be annulled. With our Constitution reconstructed as indicated, we need no longer have any anxiety of what may happen "when Labour rules."

CHARLES E. COLES.

PLAYS FROM NOVELS.

It is a true saying, and worthy to be believed, that plays which are based upon or adapted from novels are seldom good plays. Any regular playgoer in London during the last few years has had many chances of testing the truth of the statement, for there has been a steady stream of stage versions of stories which first saw the light in novel form; and in all the number there have been only a few passable plays and hardly any good ones. Now, the turning of novels into plays is not going to stop. In the present condition of our theatre I do not see how it can possibly stop. The theatre to-day is very largely in the hands of men who, while often possessing every other quality of the ideal impresario, lack the first and most essential of all—the courage of their convictions. Thanks to the high rents of playhouses and the increased cost of play-producing, they have lost their nerve, or at any rate their enterprise. Rather than face the risks which the exploitation of unknown talent necessarily involves and always has involved, they try to ensure success by importing quantities of plays which have already been tried out upon, and found popular with, the American or the French public. This is a miserable, pusillanimous policy; but it exists, and seems only too likely to endure—until, at least, time works some happy miracle to make the public tire obviously of imported food, or to lower costs, or to bring to the few courageous managements fortunes large enough to excite their merely commercial rivals to envy and imitation.

For the present, the policy has the inevitable result of drying up the supply of new plays. If an unknown man has a good story to tell, his chance of getting it published as a novel is immeasurably greater than his chance of getting it produced as a play; so he writes it as a novel, hoping that when he has made a name for himself in that sphere he will have a better chance in the theatre. Often enough, therefore, your young novelist is really a playwright who has been forced to approach his true calling by a roundabout route owing to the plain necessity of earning a living while he is trying to learn stage technique and to find a manager willing to risk capital on his work. There is little enough money in novel-writing, save for the fortunate few; but in playwriting there is none at all, save for the handful that are luckier still. If a man whose chief ambition is to write plays happens to be independent of what he earns by writing, he can afford to peg away at his play-writing, treating it as a hobby till success comes his way; but if he needs the money

that his pen may bring in, play-writing is a luxury that he cannot afford. He must stick to novels, to short stories, to journalism until he has won his independence. Then he may turn to his true line; and his most obvious and easy way of doing so is to begin by dramatising any of his own novels that may seem to be suitable for stage adaptation. Indeed, if he should chance to have written a novel of real popularity, he has the cheering knowledge that there is a public already made to give a stage version of his book a favourable hearing. This latter reflection does not appeal only to the novelist who *can* write plays; it also makes playwrights out of many popular novelists who have no special call whatever to write for the stage—except the knowledge that if a reasonably acceptable stage version can be manufactured out of (say) *The Way of an Eagle* or *Paddy the Next Best Thing*, the box-office receipts may bring in riches beyond the dreams even of popular novelists. No—the turning of novels into plays is certainly not going to stop; and therefore I am making this attempt to state the reasons why so few of the novels we have seen on the stage during the last year or two have made plays of commensurate merit.

The man with a tale to tell has a choice of several ways in which to tell it. Some themes, no doubt, can only be satisfactorily handled in novel form, others are best as plays. But it is obvious that many themes are equally well adapted to either treatment. Many a novel contains the material for a good play; few good plays are made out of novels. It must logically follow that it is in faulty handling of the material that failure consists; and if so, there is no valid reason why such faults in handling should not be diagnosed and eradicated. The first part of the task—the diagnosis—is simple enough. These plays fail because they are bad plays; and they are bad plays because they are written not as plays but as dramatised novels, which is fatal. The adapter seems in almost every case to court disaster by writing with one eye—if not both—firmly fixed upon the novel from which he derived his first inspiration. In the book he comes across pieces of dialogue which please him—somehow they must be brought into the play; he finds scenes which make him laugh or cry—somehow a place must be found for these, too. Dialogue and scenes may all be quite extraneous to the main scheme of the novel, quite out of place in the more closely constructed fabric of a play; but the author has not the heart or the courage to make the necessary sacrifice. He alters his plot so as to drag in the passages in question “by the hair,” and spoils his play. The most glaring example of this particular blunder that I can recall occurred in the stage version which Mr. Ian

Hay made of his own novel, *The Safety Match*. There was in the book a very successful scene, in which two mischievous children, lunching by themselves at a big London restaurant, had a complicated passage-at-arms with a solemn but (as it turned out) far from unresourceful waiter. In the play none of the acts could be set in a restaurant; but the author could not bear to cut out this scene. He set to work with some ingenuity to invent a set of circumstances which would enable that particular incident to happen plausibly in a private house; but all the ingenuity in the world could not make it an integral part of the play. It became a little interlude, which held up the action of the play completely for fifteen minutes or so; and even then it proved not to be half so funny on the stage as in the book. In fact, it fell rather flat. A sad story—but I am not going to pretend that I don't think it served the author right.

This is just one example of the kind of thing which ruins the majority of adaptations. I am myself quite convinced that the proper way to adapt a novel for the stage, whether your own or another's, would be to read it through to get an idea of its main theme and its characters, and then to shut the book and get to work on an entirely independent dramatic composition—new in dialogue and, if necessary, in development. Only in this way could you be sure of resisting the temptation to include attractive but irrelevant material. Once the play was completed in the rough, you could turn back again to the book and use it to polish up such of your dialogue as had chanced to run on all-fours with that of the novel. I am quite aware that in many cases practical considerations would crop up to make the method that I have outlined extremely difficult to follow; but I am so far convinced of the rightness of the method as to assert dogmatically that you will not make good plays from novels by any other—except by accident.

In this connection novels fall naturally into two main categories—those by authors who are dead (which I will refer to loosely as “classics”), and those by living writers. If I am right in thinking that a novel can only be turned into a good play by a process of complete remoulding, it stands to reason that the adapters of “classics” are at a very great disadvantage. The best man—the only ideal man—to adapt a novel is its author; if lack of inclination or stage sense prevents him from doing the work, he should at least collaborate in it, should suggest alterations or additions and supervise their carrying out, and so preserve the unity of the conception. In the case of a “classic” an adapter has not the author's invention to rely upon, and is usually prevented by respect for his original, or fear of public

opinion, from using his own. In consequence, I believe that the best that any man who sets out to adapt a “classic” can hope to achieve is honourable failure.¹

Consider the difficulties that faced Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Squire when they decided to dramatise *Pride and Prejudice*. They held, perhaps, with Mr. A. B. Walkley, that Jane Austen's dialogue and her exquisite sense of character are essentially dramatic gifts, and that if she had been born into a more broad-minded generation she would probably (instead of making Fanny Price shudder at the mere mention of the word “theatricals”) have chosen the stage as her means of expression. They determined to try to make out of *Pride and Prejudice* the play that it might have been. The book might be said to contain all the necessary material; their task was simply to take the book to pieces, select the bits they wanted, and rearrange them in a new pattern suitable for the stage. This is the strict and reverential method of adaptation—to admit no word or turn of phrase into the play that has not the authority of the original behind it. It is the natural method to use when handling work of such quality and delicacy as Jane Austen's, but it ties the adapter's hands intolerably. In fact, to speak brutally, it degrades him from the high calling of dramatist and makes of him something more akin to the expert solver of jig-saw puzzles.

Unfortunately, if you are led to treat a work of art like a jig-saw it will behave as such. When you have taken a puzzle picture to bits you can put it together again to make only one satisfactory pattern—the original one. You cannot reject some of the pieces and make a new picture with the remainder; either there will be unsightly gaps in the new picture, or important bits will turn up that cannot be induced to fit in except by a drastic whittling down process that deprives them of all significance. Something of this kind happened in *Pride and Prejudice*. The dialogue retained the correct Austen flavour, but the characters seemed to dwindle away. Mr. and Mrs. Squire's version was received with the respect due to a gallant attempt, but all the same it brought upon itself stern disapproval from Mr. Walkley in his dual capacity of dramatic critic and Austen authority. For myself, I felt after this performance that what the authors had set out to do could hardly have been better done, and therefore could not have been successfully done at all.

So much for the strict method. Next in order come up for discussion those adaptations of “classics” whose makers, while

(1) The worst that he can achieve I know by sad experience to be almost incredibly bad. A recently seen version of Disraeli's *Tancred* may be cited as an example.

sticking to their originals as closely as possible, have boldly invented new dialogue or incidents when nothing exactly suitable was to be found in the texts. Here the adapter stands to the playwright in much the same relationship as the skilled "faker" of old furniture stands to such artists as Chippendale or Sheraton. His task bristles with difficulties. If his "faking" is done with the least degree of clumsiness it becomes obvious to the most casual eye, and even at its most skilful it cannot hope to deceive the expert. In this connection I can produce a small piece of first-hand evidence. A short time ago I, in company with several other dramatic critics, went down to Dorchester to see the local players in their own dramatised version of Mr. Hardy's novel *Desperate Remedies*. I arrived in the town rather earlier than was strictly necessary, and during the afternoon I made the acquaintance of Alderman Tilley, the adapter. From him I learnt that Hardy himself takes practically no part in the preparation of his books for the local stage, beyond preserving a genial air of benevolence towards the players and their works. I at once asked Mr. Tilley whether he had found it possible to stick entirely to the original text, and he admitted that here and there he had found it necessary to interpolate incidents or dialogue of his own. He gave me one example—a scene which he considered (rightly, to my mind) would have "petered out" completely on the stage if presented as it stands in the book, and for which accordingly he had invented a more intense ending. A couple of hours later the curtain fell on that particular scene, and my neighbour—a fellow-critic who, having arrived by the later train, possessed no inside information—turned to me. "Well," said he, "I've never read *Desperate Remedies*, but I don't mind betting that Hardy never wrote that last bit of melodrama." Alderman Tilley does not, of course, claim to be anything more than an amateur author; his Hardy adaptations are a labour of love, a hobby for the spare moments of a busy life. It is probable that in his place a professional dramatist of experience would have succeeded in inventing an ending for the scene in question that would have been less obviously a "fake" and still have had the necessary dramatic "punch." But it does seem to me that even at the best you cannot expect by such a patchwork method to get a play fit to be compared, as a work of art, with the book from which it is taken. The highest hope of technical success in an adaptation of this kind is to be found where the adapter—being a dramatist of proved skill—has the courage to assert some measure of independence and put into his play so much of his own work that the "faking" metaphor ceases to apply to him. Of

such a man it is fairer to say that he has taken his "classic" and boldly used it to supply specifications, foundation, and scaffolding whereby to erect in his own materials a building conforming to the original architect's design. The most successful example of this type that I have yet come across is Mr. J. B. Fagan's *Treasure Island*. In this case the adapter was favoured by his subject; he could not have followed the strict method if he had wanted to. There is hardly any actual talk in Stevenson's story, and therefore nearly all of the dialogue of the play is—because it must be—Mr. Fagan's own. It all sounds amazingly satisfactory on the stage.¹ And yet even here the classic proves intractable in the end. For all its fine rendering of the characters and atmosphere of the book, for all its very solid commercial success and its prospect of revival, *Treasure Island* is not a good play. That is to say, it is not so good a play as it would have been if Mr. Fagan had felt himself as free to invent new incidents as he was to invent new dialogue. In this respect he was firmly shackled to the fame of his classic. If he had altered the plot a storm of protest would have broken over his head. We all know the story of *Treasure Island*, and we go to the theatre to see the story that is in the book, as near as may be. Stevenson, by taking full advantage of the novelist's privilege of mystifying his readers whenever he likes, keeps the secret of Ben Gunn's removal of the treasure, and so nurses the excitement of his book till the last pages. Mr. Fagan, compelled to give away this secret early in his play in order to make its development intelligible, is forced to a conclusion which is not a *dénouement* at all, but a sheer anti-climax.

This brings me to my second main category of adaptations—the books of living authors. I realise that if I am to make this a truly well-balanced article I have at this point a plain duty to perform. Having established to my own satisfaction the inherent inadequacy of stage versions of classics and the reasons therefor, obviously I ought now to proceed to exhibit the bright side of the picture, to demonstrate by hosts of examples how comparatively easy contemporary writers find it to turn—or help to turn—their own books into good plays. But, alas, the truth must come before niceties of antithesis; and I have to confess my case is not so simple as all that. Two strong pieces of evidence are ready to hand, it is true. *The Little Minister* and *The Great Adventure* are good plays, because Barrie and Bennett, being playwrights as well as novelists, *did*

(1) It is interesting to notice that the one or two unconvincing details are supplied by such purely Stevensonian touches as Ben Gunn's curious idiom, which the adapter naturally felt himself bound to transfer direct from page to stage.

construct their work anew when they prepared it for the stage; but beside these two¹ I can call to mind only a few pieces of successful work on a lower literary plane, of which *Tilly of Bloomsbury* and *Bulldog Drummond* are about the best. In both these cases the adapters brought considerable skill and judgment to the task of cutting away the unsuitable and selecting and supplementing the suitable parts of their novels.

When it comes to the production of negative evidence, however, I am in no difficulty. I can think of only too many adaptations which came to grief because they were not plays but mere scenic paraphrases of the novels upon which they were based. It is, therefore, by the examination of some of these examples of "how not to do it" that I must hope to prove my point.

The great majority of the books which are turned into plays are novels with a wide popular appeal—the best-sellers. I have already made passing allusion to the peculiar difficulties and temptations which beset the man who sets out to adapt a work of this class. The chief consideration that leads to the dramatisation of a "best-seller" is commercial. The stage version is made, not because the novel in question is specially fitted for adaptation and is likely to make a good play, but simply because the public, having paid a great deal of money to enjoy the story in one form, may naturally be expected to pay still more to enjoy it in another. This commercial consideration dictates the very form that the stage version is to take, making a "best-seller" just as difficult to adapt as a classic. Indeed a "best-seller" may be defined with fair accuracy as a temporary classic, for during the period of its vogue it holds among indiscriminating readers just that position of honour which people of more sophisticated taste reserve for genuine classics. Consequently, the pressure of public interest compels the adapter to confine himself to translating the book with reasonable efficiency and as literally as may be into terms of the stage. Sometimes, in the case of novelists of the Ethel M. Dell or Gertrude Page order, stage versions thus made turn out commercial successes; more often they fail, being (like most translations) halting and unsatisfactory pieces of work. Miss Dell's *The Way of an Eagle* was a fair, and Miss Page's *Paddy the Next Best Thing* a great, popular success in the theatre; the same two authors' *Knave of Diamonds* and *Edge o' Beyond* were almost failures. None of these four

(1) It is possible that *Kipps* ought to be added to the list. Unfortunately, when I saw it in 1912, no happy presentiment warned me to take mental notes in case I might some day want to compare its technique with that of other adaptations. Consequently, I remember little about it except the acting of Mr. O. B. Clarence and Miss Christine Silver, together with the fact that I considered at the time that my half-crown had been well spent.

plays established a claim to be judged by any but a low critical standard, and the success of one or failure of another seems to me to have depended less upon the comparative merits of the plays than upon the comparative popularity of the players. Paddy introduced Miss Peggy O'Neil to an adoring public in a tomboy part which just suited her unmistakable talents and rather overwhelming personality, while the opportunity of seeing Mr. Godfrey Tearle as the Dellian Strong Man must have been a bait that few flappers could resist. In order, therefore, to put the case for the adapted "best-seller" in as favourable an artistic light as possible, I will take as my example that most pronounced of all popular favourites—Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes*. This novel is the work of a serious literary artist whose aim is to understand and portray human nature, not to caricature it after the ecstatic manner of the Ethel M. Dells of this world.

The miraculous success of the book made the eventual appearance of a stage version a foregone conclusion, quite irrespective of the suitability or otherwise of the story for this purpose; and the narrative style of Mr. Hutchinson is so diffuse, his method of development so leisurely, as to be quite unfitted for the stage. So far the omens concerning Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings' adaptation could not be called good. But still there did seem to be a chance that so experienced a dramatist, given the theme and characters, might be able to make a good play out of *If Winter Comes* by allowing his dramatic story to develop naturally along its own lines. But when Mr. Hastings got to work he found himself forced by the presumed weight of public opinion to make a mere *pis aller*—a version ingeniously manipulated so as to contain not only theme and characters, but as many of the incidents of the book as possible. The result was a play so episodic that playgoers who had not read the book found themselves at a loss to comprehend motives which had been completely clear in the original, which is to say that a great part of the human understanding to which Mr. Hutchinson owed his immense popularity had evaporated in the process of adaptation.

Thus we come to the last and best class of all, to which *The Little Minister*, *The Great Adventure*, *Kipps*, *Tilly of Bloomsbury*, and *Bulldog Drummond* can all be assigned—the books which were selected for adaptation in the first instance because their authors discerned in them the makings of a good play. Sometimes the authors are wrong, because human judgment (in all things fallible) is in no one respect less reliable than in matters concerning the theatre. Accordingly, this class contains, besides its few successful ventures, a number that were foredoomed from the outset to failure. The swift death of Mr. H. G.

Wells's *The Wonderful Visit* was due rather to an inherent unsuitability of its subject to the stage, coupled with an unsuccessful experiment in production, than to any shortcomings on the part of Mr. St. John Ervine, the adapter. But even in cases where the author's choice of a theme is justified, the results of his labours are too often disappointing. This brings me to the saddest and the most convincing of all my cautionary examples—the failure of Joseph Conrad's own stage version of his novel *The Secret Agent*. I am sure that the story of this book does lend itself to dramatic treatment, that there was a good play to be made out of it. I am still more certain that Conrad did not make it. His version as produced at the Ambassadors Theatre was not a commercial failure only (as certain disgruntled literary men would have us believe), but a dramatic failure too. *The Secret Agent* failed because it was a bad play; and it was a bad play because its author did not take his novel to pieces and reconstruct it before beginning to rewrite. He followed the lines of the novel, and in particular he committed the novelist's commonest and most fatal stage crime—he allowed a very important incident, one upon which the whole action hinged, to take place in an interval between two acts, so that his audience only came to hear of it at second-hand and piecemeal. As a natural result the whole trend of the play became obscured and its action devolved into talk. Since I have dealt with this particular point at some length elsewhere, I am relieved to observe that my allotted space does not permit me to elaborate it once more in these pages. I must be content with stating my conviction that Conrad's dramatic failure was due entirely to his ignorance of the technical requirements of the stage, and that it was, in its discouraging effect not only upon himself, but also upon other eminent authors, a heavy blow for our theatre.

I have tried to make this little survey as comprehensive as possible, but I have not been able within the confines of one short article to examine all the available evidence. The list of plays from which I have picked my examples—a list made and added to at random, but as complete as my memory can supply—contains thirty titles. It may be, however, that some stubborn soul requires still more weight of testimony to convince him that an adapter, to get the best results, must be prepared boldly to reject attractive but unnecessary material, and equally boldly to invent new material where it is needed. For him, if he exists, I have one good shot left in the locker. I refer him to the works of Shakespeare, *passim*.

W. A. DARLINGTON.

MR. BALDWIN'S NEW POLICY.

THE world of politics which has been for some months undisturbed by questions of first-rate importance is now again in a state of turmoil and unrest. The apathy which followed on the defeat of the Coalition Government has changed into the clash of conflict, and public interest and attention is again awake, eager, and even excited. The Prime Minister, after an interval of what has been mistaken for inertia but which is now shown to have been one of careful thought and anxious reflection, has spoken, and he has spoken in a manner which claims attention and will inevitably provoke attack. For some months Mr. Baldwin has been taunted with having no policy either in foreign or domestic affairs. It was said that he was drifting, merely waiting on events, and neither doing nor knowing how to do anything to guide and direct them. It cannot be denied that these criticisms or accusations, especially when repeated by the myriad voices of great newspaper combinations, have had their effect, and that his reputation and his prestige have weakened. But by his speeches at Plymouth and elsewhere Mr. Baldwin has shown that he has a policy and that he is determined to carry it out.

Leaving for the moment the question of foreign affairs, I would direct attention to the momentous declaration which the Prime Minister has delivered on the great domestic issue of Unemployment and how to cure it, on which he has spoken with no uncertain sound. It is important that on this matter there shall be no mistake as to what he meant, and it is necessary therefore to quote his *ipsissima verba*. This is how Mr. Baldwin views the question:—

“Mr. Bonar Law's pledge given a year ago was that there should be no fundamental change in the fiscal arrangements of this country. That pledge binds me, and in this Parliament there will be no fundamental change, and I take the words strictly. I am not the man to play with a pledge. But I cannot see that any slight extension or adoption of principles hitherto sanctioned in the Legislature are breaches of that pledge. But at any time, if I am challenged, I am always willing to take a verdict. Now from what I have said I think you will realise that to me at least the unemployment problem is the most crucial problem of our country. I regard it as such. I can fight, I am willing to fight it. I cannot fight it without weapons. I have myself come to the conclusion that, owing to the conditions

which exist to-day in the world, having regard to the economic environments, having regard to the situation of our country, if we go pottering on as we are, we shall have grave unemployment with us to the end of time.

"I have come to the conclusion myself that the only way of fighting this subject is by protecting the home market. I am not a clever man, I know nothing of political tactics, but I will say this, having come to that conclusion myself, I felt the only right and honest thing to do as a leader of a democratic party was to tell them at the first opportunity I had what I thought, and submit to their judgment."

A few days later, at Swansea, Mr. Baldwin carried his proposals a step further. He made the point that the vast development of transport had completely upset half the premisses upon which the arguments for Free Trade were founded, and suggested that a system which was introduced when steam was in its infancy and electricity unknown surely deserved fresh examination to-day. At any rate, Mr. Cobden's prophecy of universal Free Trade was further than ever from realisation. He repeated that he could not fight against unemployment without a weapon, and that his weapon was Protection.

At Manchester, at the historic Free Trade Hall as a platform and with Lord Derby in the chair, challenging thus the traditional policy of Lancashire, the Prime Minister proceeded to dot the i's and cross the t's of his scheme. He proposes—

(1) To put a tax on manufactured goods, with special attention to those imports that cause the greatest amount of unemployment among our people.

(2) To give a substantial preference to our Dominions.

(3) To put no tax on wheat or meat, but to investigate the best way in which to offer help to agriculture to maintain the tillage of the nation.

(4) To examine, co-ordinate and improve the existing schemes of insurance, and adjust those evils that affect the life of the people such as old-age, ill-health, and unemployment.

(5) To develop our estates, our Empire.

In the course of this speech, Mr. Baldwin made some telling hits at our present system and the arguments by which it is defended, as for example:—

"I want in the beginning to say that we are dealing with a post-war problem, and nothing that happened before the war has any bearing on it at all. What Cobden and Bright did eighty years ago has no bearing on our problems to-day."

"No war in history has ever had such economic reaction as the Great War. . . . The condition of things is reflected

in fresh barriers to trade throughout Europe, and where before the war we had moderate protection, and a system of commercial treaties, you have now, not only in the old countries, but in the Succession States of the broken Empires, economic systems which are almost prohibitory to our trade, built up between one and another. It is only two years ago that Italy devised a high-tariff system, and the Fordney tariff in America is only too well known to all of you. It is a tariff which makes it especially hard for us to pay that debt which we so willingly acknowledge and so rightfully consented to pay."

"He was glad to have the support of the high authority of Sir Alfred Mond, the ablest controversialist on the Free Trade side in England. Speaking in the House of Commons on the Safeguarding of Industries Bill, he said:—'Exchange is a hard, daily business fact that has to be reckoned with. Because that makes it difficult to do any exporting business, it is surely all the more important that we should try and retain at any rate our home trade. You cannot do an export business without a home trade. There is not the slightest doubt that without the solid basis of home consumption your export trade would simply be a flower without any stem or roots. If you allow the home trade to be cut away, the export trade will follow.'"

Dealing with the staple industry of Lancashire—though he professed that he did not like to speak of cotton—"of which he knew nothing personally"—he pointed out three weaknesses in the position at present:—(1) Our dependence on America for supply of the raw material; (2) the fact that Lancashire had no longer a monopoly of its manufacture; and (3) that they could no longer rely on India as a certain market for their products, for India was going protectionist like the rest of the world. "He would not be satisfied . . . until we have developed our Empire . . . till we shall be absolutely independent of America."

"In the meantime British Imperialism has been emptied of any aggressive meaning, which it may once have had, for it has been redeemed and ennobled by the sacrifices of the Great War. The Dominions have grown to be sister nations. . . . We have travelled far from days when a cynic observed that any party would rather lose a colony than a division. How far we have travelled you may gather from a short extract I am going to read you from Mr. Philip Snowden—words of profound truth, words of vision:—'We must look upon these overseas Dominions as a part of the homeland, separated by distances which are being lessened by every improvement of communication. If we so regard the Anglo-Saxon Dominions, we shall

not look upon the emigrant who goes from England to Canada or New Zealand as being lost to the homeland any more than if he migrated from Dorset to Midlothian. Our kinsmen in the Dominions certainly look on the matter in that way.' "

Mr. Baldwin concluded by saying what he wanted:—"I want power to negotiate with other countries. I want to see what reasonable arrangements we can bring about by commercial treaties. My proposals are not sensational. They are not dramatic. But they are within our capacity. I sympathise with my critics who find in my speeches an absence of revolutionary proposals, or Utopian promises. I want to persuade my countrymen by reasoning quietly with them, and not by a raging, tearing propaganda, for which I am absolutely unsuited by nature, and which I believe to be the veriest humbug."

Such, then, is the programme which the Prime Minister puts before the country. Summed up in a sentence, it means development of our great estate of the Empire mainly by preference, and cure of bad trade and unemployment by protection of the home market. He is prepared to take the decision of the country on it: what will be the verdict at the General Election, which cannot be long delayed?

The first effect of these proposals will be to accelerate the reunion of the Liberal Party. Here is a God-sent opportunity for raising the old cry which was so overwhelmingly triumphant in 1905. Mr. Asquith, it would seem, thinks he has only to take his old speeches out of their pigeon-holes, and with a few modern touches deftly applied bring them up to date, to convince the country as he did twenty years ago—that for England Protection is a fatal mistake. And Sir John Simon, who has already shrunk with horror from the prospect of a few less currants in the buns of the children, has an inexhaustible field for his analytic genius. And to them will be added, it is to be expected, those members of the National Liberal Party who are beginning to find their position intolerable, and who are already clamouring for readmission to the orthodox fold. I have again and again pointed out in this REVIEW that at the next election the National Liberals will have to make their choice as to which king they will serve under. Now, when Protection is to be the official programme of the Tory Party, there can be no further shirking the plain facts of the case. Not only so, but they will no longer get Tory votes unless they toe the Tory line. There can be no doubt that in the main they will come back, whether in a white sheet or not, to their old party. The Liberal Party will go into the election once more united and firmly opposed to Protection in any shape.

What of the Conservative Party? Will it split in twain as in 1905? Will Lord Derby and the Lancashire members forsake their old views and blossom out into full-blown Protectionists? Will the shipowners of Liverpool support a policy which must restrict their carrying trade and make their new ships more costly to build? Will Lord Salisbury and Lord Robert Cecil remain in a Protectionist Government? It is difficult to forecast, but on the whole it seems likely that there will be no extensive disruption of that party, such as we saw twenty years ago. The feeling of that party, so far as I am able to judge, has become more and more strong in favour of "protecting the home market." The old Free Traders of the type of the late Duke of Devonshire are gone, and their successors do not carry the same guns, and are perhaps not so certain on which side to employ those they have. And, further, there is not now a Prime Minister like Mr. Balfour, leaning now to one side, now to the other, and whose main care was to keep the Government and the party together. Mr. Baldwin is as plain and distinct as was Mr. Chamberlain, and that means much. From one quarter, I must admit, there comes a cry of distress which might melt the hardest heart. *The Spectator*, or, rather, Mr. St. Loe Strachey in *propria persona*, bares his soul to the public gaze, and waxes lyrical on the terrible fate of what he still calls the Unionist Party. "Protection is the evil genius of the Unionist Party. It falls like one of those family curses which strike always at the moment of hope and fruition—when the heir is twenty-one, when the eldest daughter is betrothed, when prosperity seems to be at its zenith." The party was never so safe. "It provoked no enmity. Its watchwords were" (all in capitals after the manner of Bulwer Lytton) "Stability, Retrenchment, Good Faith, Democracy and Reform without Revolution. . . ." And now look at the party. It is shivering as a ship shivers when she has struck a huge mass of floating wreckage—the wreckage of Tariff Reform and the Chamberlain policy." But though the Bad Fairy Baldwin has struck this cruel blow, do not let us despair. "How can the curse be avoided, and the party saved from disruption?" Of course, the answer is—a Referendum, as we used to call it, or a "Poll of the People," which is Mr. Strachey's panacea for all political ills. "We ask this respite not as a favour for ourselves"—(that is really a sublime touch)—"but as a lifebelt for the Unionist Party."

This is very harrowing, but Mr. Strachey has written a volume on Economics, and his irritation is pardonable. I do not think

either his diagnosis or his remedy has any relation with reality. The party will remain united, if no longer Unionist. One important result of the Prime Minister's declaration has already been that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has at once announced that if Mr. Baldwin means business he is with him heart and soul. His separation from his friends was never anything but an artificial one, and was due more to his loyalty to Mr. Lloyd George than to any other motive. It is to be presumed that he will come back to his rightful place in the Government—a notable accession to its strength. I place that fact against the fears of *The Spectator* and let who will judge: he will bring Birmingham with him. In a subsequent speech Mr. Chamberlain, while still announcing his support of Mr. Baldwin, expresses his disappointment that, so far at any rate, the Prime Minister had shrunk from the full programme of the old Tariff Reform League, and had ruled out what was the only real essence of Imperial Preference, viz., the preferential taxation of corn and meat. He did not believe in going to the country on "half a programme." Perhaps his influence may yet decide Mr. Baldwin to take the plunge: at the moment the prospect seems otherwise.

The attitude of the Labour Party is more obscure and complicated. Some of their chiefs have already declared that if Mr. Baldwin thinks he can impose or dictate the conditions of the appeal to the country he is vastly mistaken. They are not going to allow the General Election to be fought on the question of tariffs, a question which in their view is only a quarrel between interested capitalists on one side and the other, and in any case of very minor importance in comparison with the sweeping Socialistic changes which can alone cure unemployment and make the country safe for the workers. They regard the fresh introduction of this issue into politics only as a red herring drawn across the path of social progress, and they are bitterly afraid that the old cry of their food in danger will lure many of their supporters back to the Liberal side and defer their victory for another generation. Yet, protest as loudly as they choose that they will select their own platform from which to appeal, they will be totally unable to avoid or evade the question which the Prime Minister is going to put to the country. Their difficulty will be great. The dire spectre of unemployment and the fear of further unemployment without, instead of with, the "dole," will lead masses of the workers to listen to the voice of the man who says he can fight that evil, but that to do so he must have the weapon of Protection put into his hand. They

will have to decide which side to take, and their choice will be no easy one. Mr. Baldwin's declaration is a sad blow for the "official" Labour Party.

And now, what will be the decision of the country as a whole? At the present time there are numberless people who are not within the ranks of any party, and in particular there is the great unorganised body of women voters who are in the main quite uninstructed on matters of economics or even on matters of business, and who have never yet had an opportunity of expressing their opinion on Free Trade versus Protection. Into the ears of the women will be dinned with constant reiteration the cry that Protection will make everything dearer and of worse quality. That will no doubt produce its effect; but on the other hand the housewife is the person who knows what unemployment means to her and her children, and the women may be well inclined to try any remedy which is held out to them. They will not be all found in the ranks of the Free Traders. The main organised opposition will come from the Liberal Party.

It must not be forgotten that in 1905 the Liberals fought and won with everything in their favour. Then there was a discredited Government which had long outlived its popularity and "exhausted its mandate." There was a strong suspicion that one motive at any rate in Mr. Chamberlain's mind was to distract attention from the mistakes and misdeeds of the Government. Trade was good and there was no parallel with the want of work which is now paralysing the country. The conditions are to-day entirely different and much more adverse to the chances of the Liberal Party. Trade is bad and its prospects worse; unemployment has reached a pitch undreamt of twenty years ago; and more important than all other factors, the exchange is so favourable to foreign manufacturers so far as the sale of their products in this country is concerned, that the arguments which were decisive in favour of Free Trade in 1905 lose much of their weight to-day. The Safeguarding of Industries Act was passed, and approved by some Free Traders, with the express object of counteracting the exchange, and if there was a need for such an Act at the time it was passed, that necessity must have become more urgent to-day.

The attitude to the proposals of Mr. Baldwin which would be taken by Mr. Lloyd George was, until he returned from his triumphal progress across the Atlantic, a matter of interested conjecture, and of some rather wild prophecy. The suggestion has been made—no doubt the wish was the father to the thought—that, having had an opportunity, though a short one, of learning what Canada wants and of how America fares under Protec-

tion, he might think that the time had gone by to "bang, bolt, and bar the door." He is a shrewd observer of the signs of the times, and has the instinct, in the words of the French diplomat, "*voler aux secours du vainqueur*." All doubts are now set at rest. Having crossed the sea to call the New World to the rescue of the old, Mr. Lloyd George has made up his mind, and at once declared it with all his own picturesqueness of phrase and wealth of imagery. The moment he arrived at Southampton he poured out his feelings to the reporters, and this is what he said:—"I think Mr. Baldwin's pronouncement is a piece of unutterable folly. It is an insult to the intelligence of the nation to feed starving industries on the mildewed straw of the last century with every grain of statesmanship beaten out of it. . . . The issue is now—Free Trade and Protection: I have no hesitation in fighting on these lines. . . . My platform will be the Free Trade platform." Holding these views, it is not surprising that he went on to say:—"I am prepared for Liberal reunion at any time." The question was put:—"Would you be prepared to follow Mr. Asquith?" "I would follow anybody who would serve the country faithfully." Asked whether he would appear on the same platform as Lord Birkenhead—a most insidious question—Mr. Lloyd George said he did not know. This latter answer seems a trifle ungrateful in view of Lord Birkenhead's description of him in America as "the greatest living Englishman," but it is ominous to the existence of the Centre Party. Mr. Lloyd George is evidently eager to take occasion by the hand and grasp this Heaven-sent opportunity to rejoin his old party. Whether that party will be so anxious to welcome him remains to be seen. But his adherence to the Free Trade cause is of considerable importance. Though not an expert economist, he is still a "spellbinder" of great power, and his influence will count.

Mr. Churchill, too, is apparently about to rush into the fray. Fresh from the completion of the most brilliant "apologia" which has appeared since Newman's, he can be trusted to support with all his might the cause for which he originally left the Tory Party, and he will be a powerful if not entirely an acceptable ally of the Liberals. It is impossible to deny the influence of these two powerful advocates.

The declaration of the Prime Minister on Protection has displaced Foreign Policy from the position of chief interest in the country. Yet it must not be forgotten that, whatever be the future of the fiscal policy of England, the European question remains of great importance, and urgently calls for solution. Happily, Mr. Baldwin's latest pronouncement on that point has

been received with general approval by all parties, and will hardly furnish ground for attack or even grave criticism at the impending General Election. Would that the assent of the country could be accompanied by the agreement and the co-operation of France, Italy, and Belgium on the one hand, and of the United States on the other. For it is clear, to Englishmen at least, that it is only by the frank interchange of opinion and the cordial agreement of these Powers that anything like a settlement can be arrived at. Unfortunately, it would appear that both the offer of America to assist, and the acceptance of France are subject to conditions, and at the moment there is grave reason to fear that those conditions are not identical, and that a conference may not take place, or may be so circumscribed as to be shorn of half its usefulness.

Meanwhile, the political fortune of Germany is obscure. The particularist tendencies of the various States—tendencies so often described and deplored by politicians like Prince Bülow—have made themselves very evident during the past few weeks, and the break-up of the Reich seems by no means an unlikely event. Some writers in this country have found what they consider evidence that this movement towards separation is the direct result of French encouragement and intrigue, and have shrunk with horror from the contemplation of a dissolution of the German Empire. The same writers have been warm advocates of the separatist movement which has resulted in the formation of the Irish Free State. To other observers, and I confess I am one of them, the ideal solution of the question of safety for Europe seems to lie in the Federation of the German States, a United States of Germany, in which the racial instincts of the various constituent bodies would have free play, and which would have no menace for the future peace of Europe. The predominance—almost the hegemony of Prussia—has been a curse to the world. Why should we deplore that it should be put an end to, with all its implications of militarism by which it was established and by which it has been maintained? There need not be any economic loss by reason of such a confederation, and there would be a great political gain. Whether it be a monarchy or a republic it is for Germans themselves to determine; but the establishment of such a constitution need not be a humiliation for Germany, nor a disadvantage to the rest of the world.

The European problem, however, will not be the issue on which the election will be decided, although no doubt political capital will be made, in the manner usual at elections, of the failure of the Government to settle that thorny question. Most

people will probably think that Mr. Baldwin has not yet had time to deal effectively with the foreign difficulty, although it will be a matter of complaint that he has chosen after so short a period of office to throw the country into the welter of an election when the condition of Europe is so critical, and when he had received so unmistakable a mandate from the electors to make the influence of the British Empire felt in the terms and conditions of the settlement. The main issue will be Protection. Mr. Asquith has already rushed into the fray with something of his old energy and his command of analytic and Socratic criticism. The Government are regrettably weak in advocates of their policy, and will need all their ability to put their case effectively before the country. But, as I have already indicated, in my judgment they will win.

W. PERMEWAN.

STRESEMAN'S ECONOMIC DICTATORSHIP: A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, November 8th.

HAVING lasted not quite three weeks, the constitutional dictatorship in economical matters established in mid-October by Dr. Stresemann came to an end on the second of this month. Therewith ended the most curious, though not the most spectacular, of the events which make up the new anti-parliamentarist, sometimes anti-constitutional, movement of post-war Europe, a movement which properly began with Russia. Taking mainly political forms in Italy, Spain, and Bulgaria, the new dictatorship took an economical form here. In addition to this difference in programme, the Stresemann dictatorship differed in origin from those of Italy and Spain. Both the latter were at first frankly unconstitutional; they were really *coups d'état*, and the Spanish dictatorship still keeps that character. Stresemann got his enormous powers by constitutional means from the Reichstag—in fact, by a legally enacted amendment to the Constitution of 1919, by the so-called Empowering Law (*Ermächtigungsgesetz*) of October 13th. This amendment gave him powers far exceeding those claimed by, or at least exercised by, other European dictators. The Empowering Law enacted that the Cabinet could put through by mere decree, and without consulting the Legislature, but with full force of law, any economical, financial, or social measure whatsoever that seemed good to it. Thereby it could not only by decree pass new laws and amend or revoke old, but it could override any article of the Constitution. It obtained, therefore, not only all the Reichstag's powers, but powers which the Reichstag normally has not. It also got power to raise loans, to impose taxes, and to expropriate property. The only limitations were in the domains of labour hours and social pensions, matters in which the Socialist Party, which in general supported the dictatorship, is jealous and distrustful. The Cabinet could enforce its measures by any punishment it liked; it could even inflict the death penalty by decree if the offence was "economical, financial, or social." The Reichstag retained power to demand the revocation of dictatorship decrees, but it could not veto them in advance. To the scope of the dictatorship there was practically no limit; any measure can by a little ingenuity be made to look "economical, financial, or social."

Alone the duration of the dictatorship was in doubt. The

Empowering Law was valid only as long as the Stresemann Cabinet in its then party composition (coalition of all parties except Nationals and Communists) lasted. The Socialists, in some measure also other parties, while willing to grant unlimited power to a Cabinet in which they were represented, were not willing to grant it to future Cabinets of unknown composition; in particular the Socialists, who have no great love for the ex-royalist Stresemann, feared that his Cabinet, once rid of their representatives, would embark on an openly anti-Labour policy. This condition ended the dictatorship. On November 2nd the three Socialist Ministers, Robert Schmidt, Radbruch, and Sollmann resigned, not because of objections to any measure taken under the dictatorship, but because the other parties in the Cabinet would not abolish the military executive system established all over the Republic in reply to Bavaria's revolt, and further because the other parties would not (at risk, or with certainty, of civil war) compel Bavaria to return to obedience and to hand back to federal command the army division of von Lossow, which the Knilling-Kahr *junta* appropriated and converted into a local Bavarian force. When the Socialist Ministers resigned, the Empowering Law lapsed automatically; and to-day again laws—unless they appear as emergency decrees under Article 48 of the Constitution—must be passed by the Reichstag and Reichsrat.

The fruits of the brief dictatorship were very considerable; and they will endure. Dr. Stresemann himself, or any succeeding Chancellor, cannot rescind the dictatorship measures; these, having the force of law, are revocable only by the Reichstag. Altogether forty decrees were issued in the three weeks, the most important being that creating the new currency, or *Rentenmark*, and that putting taxation on a gold-mark basis. Ever since 1918 German economic affairs have been largely regulated by extra-parliamentary means, that is, by *Verordnungen*. The most important of all innovations, the Eight Hours Labour Law, was established by mere *Verordnung*. But the sphere in which such *Verordnungen* could be issued was limited by law; many matters which were both important and urgent could not be regulated in this summary way. That proved to be a main cause of the State financial and currency breakdowns. Even when working its hardest the Reichstag took weeks, sometimes months, to put a law through, and therefore all such laws as dealt with money values—dealt, for instance, with the paper mark rates of taxes—were hopelessly out of date before they came into effect. Hence the eagerness with which, before the Empowering Law, Cabinets seized upon Article 48 of the Constitution, an article which authorises the Government, when the Republic is in

imminent danger, to take temporary measures, and, if necessary, to violate five other articles of the Constitution (those usually described as the Constitutional guarantees). Dr. Wirth set the example when under Article 48 he forbade free dealing in exchange. This was undoubtedly a violation of the intent of Article 48; but though there have since been many equally clear violations no one protests. Germans recognise that the ordinary legislative machinery has failed, and that if reforms are not put through by dictatorial means, and are not rapidly adapted by the same means to changing circumstances and money values, they might as well not be put through at all.

Even if Dr. Stresemann and his Ministers were only normally competent, conditions fully justified a dictatorship. These conditions were so bad, and the remedies had to be so quickly applied, that a mere normally competent Cabinet would, if empowered to act at once, achieve more than the most brilliant administration dependent on the Reichstag. As the evils of mid-October have necessarily continued and been aggravated since the dictatorship began—the remedies have not yet had time to act—it is well to give the bare facts about economic conditions at the latest date. The currency has depreciated to such an extent that even the Russian rouble in comparison appears to be a high exchange; the Cabinet has actually recognised that fact by rescinding an old decree of 1919 forbidding import of roubles. In April this year the rouble was depreciated 7,000 times more than the mark; the last mark exchange of around 600 milliards to the dollar shows a value of about 1-700th of a rouble. The fall of the mark to half its gold value in one week used to be considered a sensational event, but in one week recently the dollar exchange in Berlin rose from 4 to 40 milliards of marks. The paper mark circulation of the Reichsbank rose between December 31st, 1922, and October 23rd, 1923, from 1,280,094,000,000 to 524,330,557,240,269,000 marks; and the latter figure is by now enormously exceeded—at the beginning of this month the Reichsbank was printing over three trillion marks a day. Despite this activity, cash has been almost chronically short, the cause here being that, rapid as is the circulation increase, the mark's decline in buying power is still more rapid; the whole 524,330 billions circulating on October 23rd had a value of only £2,000,000, against £300,000,000 circulating in coins and paper before the War. This week the Cabinet, after a struggle with itself, permitted unlimited use of foreign currency in home trade. The internal depreciation of the mark—and this is a new feature—has been even more rapid than its exchange depreciation. The dollar exchange rose from 7,548

marks on January 2nd to 628 milliards on November 7th. Between January 1st, 1923, and November 1st wholesale prices, taken as 1 in 1914, rose from 2,054 to 49,071,500,000; on November 5th they had risen further to 129,000,000,000. The cost of living, also taken as 1 in 1914, rose between January and the end of October from 1,120 to 13,671,000,000. On October 1st the figure was 40,400,000, so that four weeks witnessed a 340-fold rise. In less than three weeks the price of the 1,900-gramme loaf rose from 440 million marks to over 100,000 millions. These movements outstrip Russia's at Russia's worst; and the social consequences have been much the same. Farmers and dealers systematically withhold supplies from the market. For weeks past bread and potatoes have been obtainable only with difficulty. The abnormal patience shown by the poorer population in large cities has at last begun to break down. Rioting has already taken place. With widespread unemployment now aggravating conditions, a food revolution is inevitable before the end of the present winter unless some remedy is found.

Finances on the eve of the dictatorship were no better than currency. The two things hang together. The August taxation reforms, rushed through the Reichstag in a hurried special session, failed utterly. Theoretically, high taxes were imposed; but as, with one exception (a gold tax on farm land), assessment and collection continued to be in paper marks, the currency depreciation once more relieved the taxpayer at the cost of the State. It is a noteworthy fact, and a new justification of the dictatorship solution, that on dispersing after sanctioning these taxes the Reichstag was in an optimistic mood, members openly speaking of the coming balancing of the Budget. But the one difference between then and now was that then a Finance Ministry ten-day report showed that revenue was only 1-100th of expenditure, while now a ten-day report shows revenue to be 1-500th of expenditure. This was the third decade term of September, when taxes of 81,848,151 millions were taken in and expenditure of 40,065,854,337 millions paid out. The last decade report (October 11th-20th) shows taxes of 2,456 billions and expenditure of 324,117 billions. Despite repeated attempts to raise railway rates and fares on a key system based on the mark's home buying power, deficits on Railways—also on Posts—continue. In the first October decade the loss on the two State services was 12,726,039,657,000,000 marks; in the second decade 109,702,708,581,000,000, or at the rate of about 11,000 billions a day. These deficits and the deficits on the federal administration account are (except for a small sum taken in for the new Funded Debt, *Goldanleihe*) all covered by discounting Treasury

bills and by printing against them the necessary cash. Between October 10th and 20th the floating debt, nearly all consisting of discounted Treasury bills, rose from 89,142 billions to 407,839 billions. Of course, this is no real burden to the State; the figures are merely registers of the very unequal proportions of total expenditure which have been covered by inflation tax and by ordinary taxes. At exchange of October 22nd the Floating Debt was £2,100,000. The whole of the old Funded Debt accumulated by pre-war-time and war-time borrowings, and totalling 64 milliards, has to-day a gold value of about 6d.

Bad currency and bad finances, however, are not the factors which for the past two months have been threatening Germany with economical disaster. Currency and finances have been bad for years; their badness in 1922 or 1921 was at the time quite as great a sensation as is their badness to-day. The real trouble is with production, which demonstrably increased up to the end of 1922—that is, up to the time of the Ruhr occupation. The new deterioration is visible only partly in foreign trade statistics, mainly in employment statistics. Both German exports and (if one ignores coal) imports have heavily fallen off this year, the first owing to the embargo on export of Ruhr products imposed by France, the second owing partly to declining purchasing power of the population and partly to the reduction in consuming power of native industries which are unable to export, or to transport goods between occupied and unoccupied territory. In August, the last month reported, Germany imported 4,120,259 metric tons of goods, against a monthly average in 1922 of 3,822,976 tons, but the former figure contained 2,300,000 tons of coal and the latter only about 1,000,000 tons. Iron ore imports have fallen off catastrophically from a monthly average last year of 917,811 tons to only 120,241 tons in August. Exports in August were only 1,074,465 tons, against a monthly average of 1,796,356 tons. Most of those exports which formerly were main factors in the foreign payment balance have declined very heavily. Thus rolled iron exports fell from a monthly average last year of 193,002 tons to only 91,547 tons, while machinery exports were 24,689 tons, against 39,914 tons. Germany, which in September, 1922, had about 22,000 unemployed, has to-day the worst unemployment in her history; even the months immediately following the Armistice were not so bad. The Ruhr alone (and here Essen is not counted, owing to lack of data) had 339,923 unemployed on the 2nd. The last report—already six weeks old—for all Germany shows (September 29th) 500,000 unemployed out of 5,000,000 trades union members, and of the remaining 4,500,000 men 1,790,000 were working short time. At present an esti-

mated 1,250,000 men are wholly without work. Bankruptcies, it is true, still decline; in October they numbered only twelve, against a monthly average of around 800 before the war. But this is due to the fact that the rapid decline of the mark in a few weeks reduces the burden of even big debts to practically nothing, so that even stoppage of production did not ruin employers. Once the stable *Rentenmark*, which is the chief fruit of the dictatorship, becomes not merely a voluntary currency, but also the only legal tender, the crop of bankruptcies may be expected to beat all records. Then there will be no single favourable feature in Germany's economic condition.

It has been implied, and is generally correct, that the Ruhr occupation was the dividing point between a period of German economic recovery and a period, covering practically all of 1923, of new decay. Until a couple of months ago currency had no visible influence upon business, by which is mainly meant production, at all. It is, however, true that the present industrial and trade crisis is due immediately to currency. But the process has been very different from that for years predicted. The mere fall of the mark, without any other factor, was expected to cause a production crisis. In fact this was not so. As long as the mark exchange merely fell, and as long as no remedy was sought either by the Government or the public, business proceeded fairly well, and, before the French occupation of the Ruhr, even exceedingly well. Early in the second part of this year, however, the mark fell so rapidly that, without ruining business, it was a practical inconvenience to everyone. The remedy sought by the public was to do all price calculations in non-existent gold marks, actual payments being made in paper marks at their day's gold exchange. Wholesale dealers and shops had their "gold mark prices"—sometimes "peace prices"—and used "multipliers," or "key numbers" (based on the dollar's current exchange), in order to calculate the price chargeable in paper marks. Already in September the Steel Syndicate and the Federal Coal Syndicate began to quote in gold marks or in English shillings, though payments were still made in paper. For the company or individual trader this system was fairly satisfactory; it had the advantage that if payment was delayed, and if during the delay the mark's gold value fell, the "multiplier" or "key number" was proportionately raised, so that no loss resulted. But the system led to a sudden enormous rise in gold prices. One reason for this was that the "gold mark price," or the so-called "peace price," was often fixed arbitrarily, without any relation to the real peace price or the real production cost; once fixed, the "gold" or "peace" price was honestly treated with

the "multiplier" or "key number" from day to day according to the dollar exchange, and as result the too-high gold price could never fall. Under this system Ruhr coal, which cost under 13 gold marks a ton before the war, actually quoted 38 gold marks, and some other commodity prices rose even more.

A factor here was the new, and in itself thoroughly justified, policy of making the State services pay. Railway fares and rates were put on an index basis, and raised at brief intervals in proportion to the mark's decline in home buying power. The result was that gold railway charges went rapidly up, and at the beginning of this month were, for the first time, very much higher than before the war. The era of ridiculously low German prices came to an end. The *Frankfurter Zeitung's* index for November 1st shows that, while prices were 49,071,500,000-fold higher than in 1914, gold was only 30,952,400,000 times dearer, so that gold prices had risen about 60 per cent., as against 34 per cent. in the United States. At the beginning of 1923 German gold prices were about the same as in 1914, and were therefore much lower than English, and before 1922 German prices were often lower than before the war. A complete price revolution has since taken place, and the results are precisely the same as the results of a "deflation crisis," though there was no deflation. Foreigners ceased buying because they could get things cheaper elsewhere; natives ceased buying because gold prices were now more or less stable, and nothing was to be gained by rushing to buy at once. This is the main cause of the present crisis in industry. The Government has recognised the fact by attempting to cut down prices, and with that aim it actually abolished the 30 per cent. coal tax, which was formerly one of the biggest revenue yielders, so that the gold prices quoted for coal, and also for steel, could be cut. But it is not possible to bring back prices to the old competitive, not to mention dumping, level; and it is certain that Germany—even if the Reparations-Ruhr question is satisfactorily settled—will pass through a very serious industrial crisis before general stabilisation of conditions is attained.

Things are undoubtedly bad. But it is certain that, but for the economic dictatorship and for the remedial measures which were rushed out in a hurry, they would be still worse. The first measure was the putting of all taxation upon a gold mark basis. Strictly speaking, this was not done under the Empowering Law, but under Article 48 of the Constitution, and therefore illegally; Dr. Stresemann was so convinced of the urgency of this measure that he would not wait even a couple of days. The way in which paper mark assessment and paper mark tax collection ruined the

finances for the benefit of the debtor-taxpayer was shown in detail in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of September. The new gold mark system will afford a theoretically perfect, and, if it is properly enforced, also a practical, remedy. All paper mark taxes falling due after August 31st, 1923, are put upon the gold basis. Their gold value at date of falling due will be calculated upon basis of the paper mark's gold exchange on that date; if before payment date the paper mark's gold value falls, the payment will be increased in exact proportion. Only taxes due before August 31st and not yet paid are treated by the old system of "multipliers." This measure is necessarily temporary, because when the new Rentenmark (or a later genuine gold mark) circulates, all taxes will be assessed and collected in it. In connection with this reform, the Cabinet by decree quashed all pending taxation proceedings under a given value, and thereby put an end to the scandal of claims for and disputes over tax sums worth a fraction of an English penny. A general reform of taxes on a gold mark basis will come next year. Meantime, the Cabinet has decided to reform the Property Tax, making a new general gold mark assessment on December 31st this year, and exempting no one with property worth more than £100. The reformed succession and legacy duty will also be in gold marks, and will take up to 70 per cent. The reform of State railway fares and rates was put through from November 1st, and it is now in force. Instead of the system adopted in August of gold mark basic rates multiplied by a key number fixed at short intervals, fares and rates are now altogether expressed in gold marks, and paper mark payments therefor are fixed from day to day in exact proportion to the changes in the paper mark's gold value. For the first time since the war travelling in Germany is dear; indeed, it is about twice as dear as it was before the war. This will injure certain kinds of traffic, and the Government has provided for that by docking a great number of trains; the gain is that, leaving losses on Ruhr communications, which are incalculable, out of the question, the federal railways will soon pay their way.

The currency reform, or institution of the Rentenmark, was decreed wholly under the Empowering Law. It is not yet working. A large quantity—about 600,000,000 gold marks worth—of stable German currency is, however, already circulating. The country could not wait for the Rentenmark, and the Cabinet had to find immediate surrogates, and stable surrogates. This became all the more urgent because Bavaria, Baden, Hamburg, Hanover, and other States, provinces, and cities, which long ago issued their own instable paper mark currencies, began now to issue stable currencies. The cover of these currencies was usually

vague; Baden secures hers on the yield of her State forests, Hanover secures hers with rye, on the principle of the now familiar rye loans. By these measures the currency sovereignty of the Republic was impaired. The Cabinet therefore put into circulation and made legal currency, though not compulsory legal tender, small scrip portions of the two gold loans issued this year. First are the so-called "Dollar Treasury Bills," which are guaranteed with the whole gold reserve of the Reichsbank, and are therefore a full gold currency, though not convertible into gold on immediate presentation; they are ultimately payable in gold or in cheques on New York. Second is the so-called "Gold Loan," a funded loan voluntarily subscribed to last summer. This "gold loan" is not gold at all; it is convertible into gold at any date, but is merely "stable value" (*wertbeständig*), which means that the Government guarantees to holders a certain fixed amount of buying power. Gold-loan scrip was issued as currency in small denominations. Both these stable currencies were put into circulation a fortnight ago. The main aims of hurrying on the measure were two: first, to make it possible to pay farmers with good money, and so facilitate the moving of the crops and prevent the threatened famine in the towns; and, secondly, to counteract the currency famine. A very small nominal sum in either of these stable currencies represented more buying power than an enormous nominal sum in paper marks. Hence the issue of a mere 500,000,000 gold marks worth of "gold loan" was expected to work wonders, and the cash shortage was to come to an end.

This hope was not immediately realised. It failed, not owing to the refusal of the public to take the new currencies at their nominal gold value, but, paradoxically, because the public paid enormous premiums to get these moneys. The paper mark was going down headlong. The "flight" from it no longer went into wares, for the reasons given, and it could not go into dollars because the buying of foreign currencies is forbidden except to importing firms. The public, certain that its paper marks would continue to depreciate, and convinced that dollar Treasury bills and "gold loan" were really stable currencies, rushed to buy these, with aim of hoarding. Frantic competition to get hold of "gold loan" currency took place. At first the banks rationed it to applicants, and soon none could be had. On a day when the official rate of the American dollar was 65 milliard paper marks, a nominal dollar of German "gold loan" (which, to repeat, is not gold at all) fetched as much as 400 milliards. Germany's first doubtful *Ersatz* for a good currency was worth six times as much as the best currency in the world. Naturally,

with things so no one would part with his "gold loan" currency, and the aim of providing a stable circulation was foiled. The Cabinet retorted with a decree forbidding dealings in "gold loan" other than at the official Bourse rate, which is the same as the dollar rate. Up till a fortnight ago the circulation of "gold loan" currency totalled 300,000,000 gold marks, and the limit was to be 500,000,000 gold marks. The Government now announces issue of a further 300,000,000 gold marks in form of Treasury bills bearing 6 per cent. interest and falling due in 1932. These bills will be in large denominations and will not circulate as currency. But they will be usable by public bodies and by private concerns as cover for the issue of local stable currencies.

Ultimately the "gold loan" currency will be convertible into Rentenmarks, and therefore its final cover consists of mortgages upon land and industrial bonds. For that is the projected cover of the new Rentenmark. Whereas the dollar Treasury bills and the gold loan scrip were put into circulation as mere surrogates for currency, the Rentenmark is to be the definitive stable currency, which will not be replaced until circumstances permit the restoration of a real gold currency. The Rentenmark is the latest official name of a currency which in earlier official plans was called *Bodenmark*, or ground-mark, and later *Neumark*, or new mark. Rentenmarks will be issued by a Rentenbank, not connected with the Reichsbank. The capital and the legal cover for the Rentenmark currency will be compulsorily contributed by property owners. The capital is 3,200,000,000 Rentenmarks, each equal to pre-war gold marks. Half of this capital will be obtained by imposing compulsory mortgages on agricultural land up to 4 per cent. of its value, and half by requiring industry to issue bonds. Owing to the practically complete abolition of rents, city house property has been exempted. The Rentenbank is governed by a committee of fourteen, representing the compulsory mortgagors, who are the shareholders. The mortgages and bonds will be in gold marks, and will bear 6 per cent. interest. On security of the mortgages and bonds, the Rentenbank will issue 5 per cent. mortgage bonds, and these will be used as security for the Rentenbank's note issue. The first Rentenmark notes will appear on November 15th in denominations of 1, 2, 5, 10, 50, 100, and 500 Rentenmarks, and with them will appear coins of from 1 to 50 Rentenpfennigs.

The Rentenbank is already formally constituted under the chairmanship of the former Prussian Finance Minister, Dr. Lentze. With the opening of its operations the present paper mark inflation will come to an end. The new bank will advance the

Republic the sum of 1,200,000,000 Rentenmarks, which will be sufficient, it is believed, to cover State deficits until the Budget is balanced. The whole scheme, therefore, depends upon the balancing of the Budget. The Rentenmark will have no real cover. Each note is theoretically convertible into an equivalent value in mortgage bonds, and the mortgage bond secures to its owner a 5 per cent. gold mark interest. But this is in no sense a realisable security. "Gold marks" will not exist, and in the end all a claimant will get for his Rentenmarks will be other Rentenmarks. However, the importance of convertibility and legal cover for note issues is usually exaggerated. The real supports for the new currency are two: (1) the limitation of the circulation, and (2) the Government's undertaking to accept Rentenmarks in payment of taxes at their full nominal gold value. As all taxes, as stated above, will in future be expressed in gold marks, a citizen will always find at least one creditor—*i.e.*, the State—who is willing to take Rentenmarks off his hands at full value. The first point, the limitation of the issue, is vital, and it cannot be fulfilled unless Budget balance is achieved within a very short time. The whole value of the 1,200,000,000 Rentenmarks, more than which the State is not to be allowed to borrow, is only £60,000,000. Nevertheless, the Government hopes to balance the Budget, and, apart from Reparations, it can certainly do so if it enforces the promised assessments and payments in stable values. If it fails, the currency reform will fail dismally; the Government would then have either to inflate the Rentenmark circulation, to resume inflating with paper marks, or, finally, in the Russian way, to issue State notes. At present a certain confidence is felt. It is based upon the fact that the "gold loan" surrogate currency, which was originally (before it was last week declared convertible into Rentenmarks) not secured at all, nevertheless maintained, and more than maintained, its value.

The precise manner of treating the existing paper mark circulation has not yet been announced. The original plan, which was for a *Bodenmark*, assumed that paper marks would be convertible into *Bodenmarks* at a rate to be fixed later. Later this plan was abandoned, and it was announced that the paper mark would continue to circulate, but that nothing would be added to the circulation. Two days ago was announced a return to the conversion principle; the paper mark will be converted into Rentenmarks at a rate to be fixed as soon as the final total of the paper mark circulation is known—*i.e.*, as soon as further State borrowing in paper marks ceases. The reason for returning to the original plan is the continued headlong downward course of the paper mark. As shown by precedent from the first half of 1921,

a stoppage of inflation in paper marks by no means guarantees against a further exchange fall, and with the circulation stable but the exchange falling the whole paper mark circulation would ultimately cease to have any buying power at all. This will be prevented by conversion. The reform of the Reichsbank has been decided on. The Reichsbank will again become a pure gold mark bank, without right or obligation to finance the State, and with power to issue gold mark notes secured to one-third (as formerly) with gold and to two-thirds with good commercial bills. Immediately the Rentenmark is put into circulation, and immediately the Government has got its credit in Rentenmarks, the Reichsbank will be a gold mark bank again. The State's Treasury bill debt to the Reichsbank will be redeemed with 300,000,000 Rentenmarks, to be immediately advanced to the State by the Rentenbank, and it is with this 300,000,000 Rentenmarks that the paper mark will be converted.

The Stresemann Cabinet has put through two other important measures, one under the Empowering Law, one legislatively. The first regulates industrial combines, whether these are trusts, cartels, or mere *Interessengemeinschaften*. The Cartels Law, as it is called, requires that the conditions of all industrial combinations shall be recorded in a written instrument, and establishes a Cartels Court with power to dissolve a combination, to release any member of a combination from his obligations to the combination as a whole, and to release a consumer from an oppressive buying contract with a combination. The second measure abolishes the eight hours day, enacting that the present maximum eight hours may be lengthened to ten either by official ordinance or by agreement between employers and employed, and that in underground mining and other unhygienic occupations the maximum hours are eight. At present in underground mining the hours are—by agreement—seven.

The Stresemann Cabinet, it will be seen, has a considerable record for activity. It has been in office only two and a-half months, and it had dictatorial powers only for about a third of the time. Whether its reforms will bear fruit in the shape of a restored Germany is doubtful. The outcome depends primarily upon the settlement of the Reparations question. Without such settlement the Budget will not be balanced, the new currency will perish, and production will continue to languish. The fact that Germany has for the moment got a Cabinet with will and ability to push reforms, and that she will probably not have such a Cabinet six months hence, is a new reason for settling Reparations at once.

ROBERT CROZIER LONG.

A VISIT TO HUNGARY.

To realise Budapest in all its beauty one must stand in the centre of the fine bridge which spans the Danube, dividing the ancient city of Buda from the more modern Pest, and take in the view of both banks. On the Buda side, where the shore rises steeply, stands the majestic front of the Imperial Palace, with stately columns, far-flung wings, and tall, burnished dome. It has been greatly enlarged since the days of Maria Theresa, but the style in which it was first planned has been faithfully followed in the completion of the great quadrangle which lies behind the imposing front.

The last Emperor Francis Joseph spent large sums on the Palace, but, ever faithful to Vienna, visited it rarely in later life. Once the pride of the Hapsburgs, it is now deserted except for the apartments where the Regent Horthy lives in simple state. At night darkness broods over the building save for the light which twinkles from the window where the Governor, as the people like to call him, is hard at work. Only the solitary tramp of the sentry breaks the silence of the great quadrangle which has seen so many splendid ceremonies. The Palace is a symbol of the past glories of Hungary. Commanding the blue waters of the Danube with overhanging terraces and heroic statues, it has a mournful, expectant air, as if waiting for the return of a royal master. The cabman who points his whip at it as he drives across the bridge whispers the name of Prince Otto, the son of King Karl of sad memory, the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy whose portrait hangs in one of the great rooms of the Palace. But the return of a Hapsburg has been forbidden by the Allies. No one knows for whom the Regent holds the empty throne.

Bela Kun and his Red soldiers occupied the Palace during the Bolshevik revolution, and the shuddering attendant who conducts you round tells dreadful stories of the damage which he wrought there. But, to give the devil his due, beyond some slashed coverings on chairs and walls the Palace does not appear to have suffered much. The busts of emperors and kings are still there. On the terrace Prince Eugene of Savoy still proudly rides his warhorse, King Mathias still calls to his hounds in sculptured group, while in the great Hapsburg Hall, Maria Theresa still keeps undisturbed her watch in marble. Nor has the beautifully decorated hall of St. Stephen been touched. The Red terror of

which horrible stories are told was more concerned with wreaking vengeance on the living than the dead.

Beyond the Palace is a line of less pretentious buildings, below which can be traced the old walls of the once famous fortress of Buda, which for so long defied the Turk. Crowning the steep escarpment above the bridge is the church of Mathias, the ancient coronation church, with its tall, painted roof and pointed spire. The highly decorated interior is the work of the restorer, and gives but a poor idea of the original beauty of this ancient church, in which so many Hungarian Kings have been crowned. Behind the church, with its terraced front and cupola-like towers which mimic the old fortifications, lies the city of Buda. There is little now to remind one of the Turkish occupation. Here and there an old house or quaint corner recalls the days of Solyman, and near the British Legation, where Mr. Hohler, the Minister, so admirably upholds the prestige of his country, the spot is pointed out where the last of the Pashas died fighting. Both Buda and Pest have many monuments to the glory of the national heroes of Hungary—St. Stephen, John Hunyadi, Mathias Corvinus, Kinizsy, and Bocskay look down in bronze and stone from many a stately pedestal. The memory of the past exercises a potent influence on the spirit of Hungary to-day, as the Bolsheviks well knew when they hurled some of the kingly group from their royal circle.

It is the sight of the green hills beyond building and church spire and the distant peep of Margit Island, which the waters of the Danube stretch wide arms to embrace, which gives the city of Budapest its chief charm.

Viewed from Buda the massive streets and fine public buildings of Pest, stretching far away on the other side of the river into the great plain, impress the eye. The Parliament House, with its Gothic front and handsome dome, looks like a great cathedral. There is a Venetian touch about its broad terrace and steps leading down to the Danube. It suggests that Hungary attaches great importance to Parliamentary institutions, while it is a fitting seal to the beauty of the city of Pest. But if the Parliament building was little more than a make-believe for democratic government under the Dual Monarchy, I fear that if we look into the last franchise we shall find that it affords only a façade to Parliamentary government in our sense of the words.

It stands there as proud a monument to the aspirations of a people as exists in any capital of the world, and the thought crosses one's mind that it must surely exercise an influence on all who see it, and strengthen the desire for greater liberty in

Hungary to-day. This, perhaps, is a fantastic idea, but if the site of cities could make men happy, then the people of Budapest would be thrice blest.

There is, however, an air of depression in the streets, for life is difficult in Budapest to-day. Wages are low, prices are high. Not high for us, for I have an English friend in Budapest who tells me that he lives quite well upon thirty shillings a week, and that the rent of his room, with the use of a bath, comes to only five shillings a week. He explains that he can make more than this sum by lending £150 to borrowers on the Stock Exchange. I fancy that sooner or later he will find a nigger on that financial fence. However that may be, life must be very hard for the working man in Budapest who has no capital. The most highly skilled of them, as I discovered from talking to a compositor in a newspaper office, makes less than £1 a week on a gold basis. Although food is fairly cheap, all the other necessities of life, owing to the high system of protection, are very dear. Fortunately, as the price of my friend's room suggests, rent is cheap, the Government having apparently sacrificed the interests of the landlords to the necessity of restricting the cost of living. But there is great overcrowding.

I have talked with many Hungarians since I have been here. Among the upper classes there is a feeling of intense bitterness against the Treaty of Trianon, which has reduced Hungary to one-third of its former size. Beneath the surface there is a strong irredentist movement, but the Regent, in spite of his reputation as a fire-eater, sets his face against it and insists that the one hope for Hungary is to settle down and devote her energies to making the best of a cruel situation. Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister, is also sternly opposed to the wild talk of the "Awakening Hungarians," the Chauvinist party led by Gömbös, who affects to play the part of a minor Mussolini.

But it is to be doubted whether a high-spirited and warlike race which has been wounded to the quick by the dismemberment of its country will ever adapt itself to the Treaty of Trianon, which the Hungarians attribute to the French desire to be revenged on their country. I can well believe that there is a passionate longing among the Magyar population which has been separated from Hungary to return to their Fatherland. The present Government of Hungary is sincerely anxious to keep the peace and improve its relations with its neighbours. But there are many causes of friction. The chief of these is the treatment of the Hungarian minorities by the Little Entente. They no doubt afford a difficult problem. But the Little Entente, instead of declaring that the grievances of their Magyar population exist

only in their imagination, would do well to stretch a point in their favour.

I shall be told that I have allowed myself to be carried away by Hungarian propaganda, and admittedly unless one examines on the spot the grievances which are alleged, it is difficult to find out the truth. But where there is so much smoke there must surely be some fire, and it is the spirit in which these minorities are treated which is more important even than the laws which are passed for their protection, which in Czecho-Slovakia appear on the surface to be fair enough. What the Magyar proprietors complain of is that their estates in the territories of the Little Entente have either been sequestered or are subject to such high taxation that they no longer draw any revenues from them. They cannot, they tell you, even visit their former properties. The Hungarian peasant who formerly came from the Magyar territory which is now included in Czecho-Slovakia, to work during the harvest in the great plains, is prevented from doing so. They feel most of all the loss of Transylvania, which was the source of great national pride to the Hungarians, for in its wooded heights were born the hardy race which hurled back the Turk.

"We have not been left with sufficient wood to make coffins for our people," said a great landowner to me who once possessed some of the finest forests in Europe. His estates, which are now in Roumania, he assured me, had been taken from him, for the compensation which the Roumanian Government offered was derisory. Indeed, if it is true that the Hungarian landlords of Transylvania have been bought out in bonds at the nominal face value of the land in 1913 in Hungarian crowns, a great injustice has been committed, for this is virtual confiscation.

The business man in Budapest complains of the ruin which has been brought on the industry and trade of Hungary because she has been deprived of so much of her raw material and so many of her looms, factories, and workpeople. Hungary, he tells you, was formerly an economic unit, but now it is left dismembered with its capital city, to which all the commerce flowed and all the railways converged, deprived of its once flourishing *entrepôt* trade. The Little Entente is represented as deliberately trying to stifle what is left of Hungarian industry by high tariffs and by refusing to allow free communication with its territory. The deepest oburgations are reserved for Roumania, which it is said will not even allow its railway waggons into Hungary, after having taken away a considerable part of the Hungarian rolling stock when the Roumanian army was in occupation of Budapest. The Hungarians are indeed very angry with the Roumanians, whom they regard with the contemptuous hostility

with which the Ulsterman looks on the Southern Irishman. Moreover, the Roumanian army is said to have looted freely from the Hungarian towns when it came in, ostensibly to assist the Hungarians against the Bolsheviks.

The feeling towards Czecho-Slovakia is not so bitter, although Czecho-Slovakia is said to be ruining the once flourishing textile trade of Hungary in the territory assigned to her. But it is never forgotten that while Hungary remained faithful to its ally Austria and suffered terribly for doing so, the Czech proved very faithless in the war. This, of course, overlooks the fact that the Czech considered that he had a right to assert his independence, although the Hungarians say that the Czechs dominated the Empire under the Dual Monarchy. On the other hand, the Serbians are admired for their fighting qualities, and the Hungarian feels a greater sympathy for Yugo-Slavia than for any of her neighbours.

Since talk of this kind is freely indulged in, it is not surprising that the Czechs, and Roumanians in particular, declare that the Hungarians are turbulent neighbours, who are merely biding their time to strike back, and that a watchful eye must be kept on them. But allowance should be made for the natural resentment of a high-spirited race at the loss of so much of their territory and population. The neighbours of Hungary could afford to make allowance, for they hold the ring in overwhelming might and are well supplied by France with armaments and money. They have no reason to fear Hungary, for she could place only one soldier in the field compared with 140 in the armies of the Little Entente. Hungary may have been justly reproached in the past for her oppression of her minorities, Slav and Roumanian, although the Hungarians assert that this affords no comparison with the treatment of the Hungarian minorities in the Succession States. But her restriction to her present territory deprives her of any opportunity of repeating this mistake. Her population has been reduced from over twenty millions to seven and a half millions, and any aggressive action on her part against her neighbours could so easily be frustrated that the Little Entente could well afford to disregard the occasional rattle of her sword and adopt a more friendly and more generous policy towards her.

In arming the Little Entente France is no doubt thinking less of Hungary than of Germany, which may some day revive. But the mad race of armaments which the French support, produces a spirit of unrest and social discontent in the Danubian States which is fatal to their peaceful development. Czecho-Slovakia, however, seems inclined to cultivate better relations with

Hungary and Austria, although the Czechs object to Hungary fostering new industries under the cover of protection which might compete with theirs. When President Masaryk was in London recently, he told me that he had no intention of entering into any military convention with France which would compel his country to render military aid, whatever the circumstances might be. But we know that the army of Czecho-Slovakia has been equipped by France and staffed by French generals.

President Masaryk and Dr. Benes have now taken up a more favourable attitude on the question of the loan to Hungary. I am told that this is due partly to the intervention of the British Government, which used its influence in Paris and at Prague to get the lien on Hungarian assets removed. The British action has added greatly to the popularity of the British in Hungary.

In the meantime Budapest, which was the capital of a country of over twenty million souls, is in the same plight that Vienna was before Austria received the aid of the League of Nations loan. The chief sufferers in Hungary, as in Austria and Germany, are the middle classes, many of whom are reduced to a precarious living by gambling on the Stock Exchange. I heard constant complaints of the profits of the "Schiebers" and denunciations of the Jews, who are said to have amassed enormous fortunes. There are in Budapest many Jews of wide culture and liberal sentiments. But during the war a great number of Galician Jews fled to Hungary and made big profits at the expense of the community. This and the fact that many of Bela Kun's Commissaries were Jews accounts for the unpopularity of a certain class of Jew in Hungary which is too often extended to all Jews indiscriminately. I was glad to have the Regent's word that he would permit no outbreak against the Jews, and that his proudest boast was to be able to say that every Hungarian citizen and stranger within the gates had complete protection under the law of Hungary. He is apparently keeping his word.

The social discontent of Hungary is not primarily due to the profiteer, but to the strangling of her trade and the high exchange. The peasants are prosperous, although they are discontented at the failure of their hopes to secure more land. It is in the towns that life is hard, and one of the causes of the dislike of the French, which is so marked throughout Hungary, is the belief that the French policy in the Ruhr is producing results that are injurious to the whole of Europe. The Little Entente, like Hungary and Austria, are feeling the effects of the occupation of the Ruhr, which is destroying the capacity of Germany to buy their goods. The paralysis which is creeping over Germany has

laid its cold finger on the markets of Prague, Budapest, and Bucharest. Perhaps the shadow of a misfortune which is common to all may draw the Danubian States closer together and make them forget their rivalries. If this happened we should indeed see a supreme illustration of the proverb about the ill wind.

But there is a long row to hoe in international affairs before an economic league of the Danubian provinces becomes a question of practical politics. In discussing the future of the Succession States, and Hungary in particular, I cannot do better than quote the words of Mr. R. J. E. Humphreys, the Commercial Secretary to the British Legation at Budapest, in his admirable report on the commercial and industrial situation in Hungary in 1922.

"It cannot be too much emphasised," he writes, "that every step towards the consolidation of good commercial relations between the Danube States will be to the benefit of all concerned. Close preserves can only spell destruction, and therefore goodwill, and give and take should be the guiding principle with the ultimate aim of freedom of trade." The whole report is well worth reading as a study of the economic situation in Hungary.

Mr. Humphreys pays a tribute to the inherent steadiness of the Hungarian people and their Government which corroborates my view that the Little Entente has nothing to fear from them. "No event," he wrote in March, 1923, "during the last twelve months has in any way tended to modify this opinion; on the contrary, much has been done to strengthen it." Mr. Humphreys highly approves of the efforts made to stabilise the exchange and control the fiduciary circulation, but he thinks that more could be done to effect economies in the public service, for there are still, according to an official calculation, 260,000 State employees in Hungary. The Government is reducing the figure, although, as it was explained to me, to cast thousands of Civil servants on the streets at a time when unemployment was rife, would be contrary to the dictates of humanity. It is not the Hungarian Government's fault that it has to deal with this problem. These officials were the servants of the State when it had a far larger area to administer.

It is hardly fair, however, to throw such a heavy burden on the people of Hungary as the maintenance of so many admittedly superfluous officials implies. For taxation is high. There are taxes of every kind known to the ingenuity of man—turnover taxes, consumption taxes, with import and export and luxury taxes, while the Government has not omitted the hated capital levy, and now there is to be a tax on Stock Exchange trans-

actions. Mr. Humphreys, my Conservative readers will be glad to hear, is doubtful about the wisdom of the capital levy. This "redemption tax," as he calls it, has in his view caused dislocation and uncertainty in business and a general resort to speculation. The period of the South Sea Bubble finds a parallel in Budapest to-day. It was, however, more the fall of the korona than the capital levy that induced speculation, as the decline of the mark did in Germany, and I think Mr. Humphreys rather exaggerates the effect of this tax. But he is quite right when he talks of the demoralising effect of inflation. Saving becomes futile when you do not know what your money may be worth to-morrow, and although the Hungarian korona at 90,000 to £1 cannot be compared with its wild sister the German mark, its fall and its fluctuations cause general discontent. When steady work no longer provides sufficient to live from, the only hope of avoiding extreme discomfort is to dabble in shares and loans in the hope of a quick return. The Government has done its best to bolster up the korona by the control of exchanges, and a more intensive restriction of imports. But this has had its disadvantage in the obstacles which this policy has placed in the way of trade. Hard indeed is the lot of any Government which by force of circumstances, or in the hope of increasing employment in the first instance, has embarked on the slippery slope of inflation.

In these circumstances one of the great difficulties of the Hungarian Government is to get the people to recognise the advantage and necessity of hard work, if Hungary is to recover. It is not only inflation which is responsible for the demoralisation that affects the worker. There have been two revolutions since the Armistice, and the days of Bela Kun, when the Communists had their fling and the working classes, including the peasants, were taught to believe that to grab the property of the possessing classes was the easiest way to live, left a deep impression on the character of the people of Hungary. I have met many Hungarians of the upper classes whose property was actually confiscated under the Bolshevik *régime*, as it is called. Count Imre Karolyi told me that he was sentenced to death and was only rescued from this fate by the intervention of the Italian Colonel Romanelli, whose name is one to conjure with in Hungary to-day. Baron Perenyi gave me a vivid account of his sufferings in prison. He, too, owed his life to Colonel Romanelli, who was assisted in his work of saving many of the *élite* of Hungary by an English naval captain. The Archduke Joseph, a venerable and charming aristocrat of the old school, who is beloved by his peasants, was held a prisoner on his own estate and compelled

to work as a labourer chopping wood. King George invited him to take refuge in England, but the Archduke refused to abandon his country in distress, although he knew that his life was at stake. He and his family were grossly ill-treated, and if it had not been for the devotion of his peasants, some of whom were killed by the terrorists, he would have starved. Six hundred people were killed by the adherents of Bela Kun, who hanged many peasants for refusing to give up their corn. There were bloody reprisals, but I believed the Archduke when he told me that he did his utmost to restrain the spirit of revenge, and that if the Regent on his return to Budapest had really let loose the counter-revolution there would have been a great deal of personal retaliation. The Regent can fairly say that the forces of disorder have been overthrown without much bloodshed, and that to-day under his rule there is peace in Hungary.

I am aware that this statement will be contradicted. I shall be told that the minority in Hungary have no liberty, that free speech is denied them, that the franchise is a fraud, and that there are honest patriots who have been expelled from Hungary and are forbidden to return. It might not be safe if you wish to avoid arrest and trial for sedition to shout this from a street corner in Budapest. But the fact that such views were freely expressed to me in the lounge of my hotel suggests that at all events the use of the spy is unknown in Hungary to-day. Men can safely say what they please about the Government provided they avoid the public platform or the press for their abuse. From our point of view this is a serious curtailment of the liberty of the subject which we should not tolerate, although it must be admitted that the press-law is enforced with an even hand against the extremists of the Left and the Right. Moreover, a really democratic country would not for a moment submit to the restricted franchise which is a reversion to the old franchise of 1918 with the open ballot in the country districts, the towns alone being given the right to a secret ballot. The disqualifications in this law, to which the Government reverted by an Order in Council which has never been ratified, seem to me far too sweeping. The educational test is too severe, the age limit too high, while the ten years qualification for citizenship excludes a large class of the poorest immigrants. Still more undesirable is the power which the law gives to the Government to disenfranchise for political reasons. The fact that an elector must have attained the standard of the fourth class in an elementary school means that a considerable percentage of the people, being illiterates, are disfranchised. Women over 30 are allowed to vote. But no woman who is not the mother

of at least two legitimate children of not less than six years old, or who is not self-supporting, or who has not completed eight classes in a secondary school or an educational establishment of the same class, has the right to the franchise. A woman, however, is exempted from the educational test if her husband has reached an equivalent standard of education. This is at least a compliment to the husband. As far as I can judge the reason for the distrust of the woman elector, which has led to the restriction of her voting power, is the fear of clerical and reactionary influence.

The present rulers of Hungary do not deny that the franchise is strictly limited. Their excuse is that it is impossible to judge Hungary according to the standards of countries which have not been subject to such upheavals as they have recently passed through. A considerable proportion of the people, being illiterate, cannot, in the opinion of their Government, be safely entrusted with the franchise, for it has been shown all too clearly how easily they become the prey of agitators. In view of the spread of Bolshevism, the State must also be protected against those who have been imprisoned for or who are suspected of seditious motives.

The Regent Horthy, whose appearance reminds one so much of a British admiral, with his square set face, firm jaw, and keen brown eyes, is typical of the ruling Magyar class. He does not believe in the virtues of democratic government. After their experience of the Bolshevik revolution, their rulers would as soon give the people of Hungary an unrestricted franchise, as they would throw the reins on the neck of an untamed horse. It is useless to argue with men who have seen their relations killed, or who have themselves been imprisoned and sentenced to death by revolutionists, about the blessings of democratic government, or the self-determination of the people. They do not believe it, and refuse to take any risks at present, although they look forward to the time when there shall be a more liberal franchise in Hungary.

The Regent is sometimes called a dictator; but he has less power than the President of a Republic. He has no right to sanction or to veto a law. He can be impeached by a vote of one hundred members in the National Assembly. His friends say that Admiral Horthy did not seek his present position, and that he retains it only for patriotic reasons. Many of those who call him a dictator admit that he is a benevolent one.

The Prime Minister, Count Bethlen, who has consolidated his forces, has little to fear from the forces of the Left, for the Social Democrats number only twenty-four members in the

National Assembly. They are striving for full parliamentary government and object to the reconstruction of the franchise as unconstitutional, since it has never been sanctioned by the National Assembly. The strongest opposition to the Government comes from the extreme Right, from the party called the "Awakening Hungarians," of whom Gömbös is the leader. He controls a small but very determined body of extreme Nationalists. Their methods are turbulent, and their efforts to terrorise the public may drive the Government to still more reactionary measures against the freedom of speech. Gömbös is a man of the Fascist type, who has no belief in democratic government. He is causing a good deal of trouble at present by opposing the project of a loan. He is one of the signs of the general tendency in Europe to revert to reactionary and violent methods of government.

Under the sway of the Regent, Hungary has made progress towards economic recovery, as the last statistics show, and it has improved its relations with its neighbours in spite of the aggressive Chauvinism of the extreme National party. There is now a good prospect of Hungary obtaining a loan and setting her finances in order. If the loan were granted a new spirit of hope and a greater determination to make the best of the situation would prevail. The precedent of Austria affords good ground for believing this. The economic recovery of the Danube States would also improve their relations with each other. If wages were more adjusted to prices, if the uncertainty of life were removed, the national and racial hatreds would be less acute, for social discontent is the raw material on which the Chauvinists work. But until these States disarm there will be no certain prospect of peace. As Hungary sees the ring of steel drawn closer round her, her suspicions are naturally intensified, while the possession of large armed forces sets every Danube State rattling the sword at its neighbour. A number of new Alsace-Lorraines have been created by the Peace Treaties which can only be appeased by the most generous treatment of minorities. The pent-up fires may at any moment break out in a great conflagration. Indeed, the local fires which blaze up, now in Yugo-Slavia, now in Greece and Belgrade, are a warning that European statesmen would do well to heed. It is well to know that we may rely on counsels of moderation prevailing in Hungary under the rule of the Regent and Count Bethlen.

HUGH F. SPENDER.

SMOKE ABATEMENT AND THE NEW BILL.¹

Under present conditions the greater part of humanity in England lives under a pall of obscure material, through which a certain amount of light and heat can pass, but which effectually screens the health-giving and disease-destroying actinic rays.

Accordingly frequent excursions into the country are needed for the preservation of even a moderate or residual amount of robust health; while the multitudes, condemned to live under unwholesome conditions, suffer both in themselves and their children to a grievous extent.—
SIR OLIVER LODGE.

Absence of sunlight has a depressing, devitalising effect, evidenced alike in the mental and physical condition of those deprived of its influence. Death stalks through the land in the dreary days of winter. The darkest hour precedes the dawn. It is at that time our vitality is at its lowest, and death so often conquers life. Sunlight stimulates and enlivens; it is of help in almost all conditions. It is the greatest of all natural tonics—like good champagne, it invigorates and exhilarates. Sunlight and fresh air are such valuable therapeutic agents that the extravagant claims made by enthusiasts are not only wholly unnecessary, but actually may defeat their object.—SIR HENRY GAUVAIN.

THE existing English law relating to the emission of black smoke from factory and works chimneys is complicated; for procedure against offenders may be taken either (1) under the Common Law, (2) under the Public Health Act of 1875, or (3) under special clauses relating to smoke emission, inserted in various local Public Health Acts. As the powers conferred on authorities by the latter are not uniform, there is considerable force behind the demand for a revision and consolidation of the laws relating to smoke, and for the passing of an Act which shall apply to the whole country.

The supporters of legislative action also point to the neglect to enforce the law on the part of many local authorities, to the failures to obtain convictions in many cases under the existing Acts, and to the inadequacy of the fines imposed, as proofs that some reform of the laws relating to smoke emission is necessary.

It was because of this demand, and of the introduction of a Private Bill in the year 1913, that a Departmental Committee was appointed in that year to inquire into the whole subject of the abatement of smoke and other noxious vapours. The final report of this Committee, which owing to delays caused by the War was only published in 1921, has led to the re-introduction of the Government Bill which is now before

Parliament. The revised Bill was introduced by Lord Onslow in the House of Lords on July 26th this year, and was read a second time. Its further progress is doubtful. The chief alterations made in the existing law by the clauses of the new Bill are the following:—

Clause 1 alters the wording of the Public Health Act of 1875, by stating that the expression "smoke" shall include soot, ash, grit and gritty particles, and also increases the maximum penalty from £5 to £50.

Clause 1, Sub-section 2, brings the Public Health (London) Act of 1891 into harmony with the General Act, so far as the definition of a nuisance, of smoke, and of the penalties to be imposed are concerned.

Clause 1, Sub-section 3, relates to the defence of firms who are prosecuted under the Act, and states that they may plead they have employed "the best practicable means for preventing the nuisance, having regard to the cost and to the local conditions and circumstances."

Clause 5 is a new one, and empowers the local authorities to combine together for the purpose of carrying out their duties in connection with the Act.

Clause 6 is also a new one, and authorises a County Council to apply for powers to the Ministry of Health for carrying out the duties of any local authority which may be neglecting to take action under the Act.

One other important feature of the Bill is contained in Clause 3, which provides for an extension of the list of "noxious and offensive gases," and would therefore bring a large number of additional works and factories under the Alkali Works Regulation Act of 1906.

The publication of the original Bill led to a considerable amount of discussion in the daily and technical press, and *The Fuel Economy Review* (the organ of the Federation of British Industries) has expressed itself very strongly against some of its provisions. The main points of its criticisms are (1) that the Bill extends the causes upon which legal proceedings may be instituted; (2) that it has limited the defence, and (3) that it has increased the penalties tenfold.

The steel manufacturers of Sheffield and the manufacturers in the Potteries have also taken steps to oppose the Bill, and have sent deputations to interview the Minister of Health on the subject. It is always difficult to carry out legislation which is in advance of public opinion, and there is considerable doubt whether at the present time public opinion in this country is ripe for any very drastic legislation on the subject of smoke abatement.

(1) A Paper read at the British Association Meeting, September 17th, 1923.

The majority of those interested in the abatement of smoke will agree with the claim that the existing law is unsatisfactory and that it is not adequately enforced; but since the chance of passing any amending Bill is very remote, the writer considers that attention should be concentrated upon the educational and voluntary methods of attacking the problem.

The supporters of this plan of action, in fact, have always urged the need for education rather than legislation. They have pointed out repeatedly that the majority of factory owners and of domestic fuel consumers are often quite ignorant of the scientific principles of combustion. That a smoky chimney is an indication of inefficiency and loss is not yet believed by the public generally, and the disastrous effects upon the health of the community of the smoke screen which covers all our towns and industrial centres are not fully recognised. By exhibitions of smoke abatement appliances; by conferences of all interested in the movement for securing a purer atmosphere; by public lectures; by classes for stokers and engineers; and by the distribution of pamphlets and leaflets, this ignorance must be dispelled, and the public must be educated in the scientific, hygienic and economic sides of smoke abatement. It is upon educational propaganda work of this kind that in the writer's opinion smoke reformers should concentrate their energies and activities at the present time. When the majority of fuel users have been brought within the scope of this educational propaganda and have benefited by it, further legislation may be attempted with success.

As examples of what can be achieved in this direction the work carried out in Glasgow and other English cities before the War may be described.

Glasgow.—Following upon the formation in 1909 of a Glasgow and West of Scotland Branch of the Smoke Abatement League, an exhibition of smoke abatement appliances and smokeless fuels was organised in conjunction with the City authorities in the autumn of 1910. The Electricity, Gas and Sanitary Committees of the City Corporation gave their whole-hearted support to this exhibition, and the chief officials of these departments were placed on the Executive Committee of the Exhibition, which remained open for three weeks. A notable success was scored, an average attendance of 3,000 visitors per day being secured, and the exhibitors were highly pleased with the business that was transacted. Following up the interest aroused in the subject of smoke abatement by this Exhibition, the City Corporation arranged for several courses of lectures to be given during the winter months of 1910-11, one course of a

popular character being intended for the general public, and the other more technical courses being designed for stokers and engineers in actual charge of steam-raising or heating plant.

The lectures for the general public covered such subjects as "The Black Smoke Problem," "The Necessity for Pure Air," "The Chemistry of Combustion," etc., and were delivered in the large hall of the Technical School by experts connected with the Health and Medical Departments of the University or City. The lectures for stokers were delivered in five different centres of the working-class portion of the city by the five City Smoke Inspectors, and attracted an attendance of 186. In the majority of cases the employers paid the fee of 5s., and urged the men to attend regularly.

The Glasgow classes were continued down to 1913, and were revived in 1921. They have been carried on since the latter year with varying success. In a recent letter Mr. William B. Smith, who has been connected with the smoke abatement movement in Glasgow since its initiation, states that there are between 700 and 800 regular boiler firemen in Glasgow, and that over one-half of these have gone through the classes. It is considered that the result has been beneficial both to the employers and to the men, and it certainly tends to better firing and therefore to less smoke production. The firemen who have received special instruction also, as a rule, are paid a higher rate than the uneducated men.

Similar lecture courses for stokers but not for the general public were carried on in 1912-13 in Liverpool, Manchester and London. The writer himself delivered some of the lectures to the classes held in Liverpool, and can bear personal testimony to the interest shown in them by the men who attended. The War unfortunately stopped these lectures before they had time to produce much effect, and only in Manchester have they been resumed since 1920 with excellent results. The Principal of the College of Technology where they are held, writes under date July 26th this year as follows:—

The classes have been attended by Engineers-in-charge, Boiler Attendants, Boiler and Smoke Inspectors, Steam Plant Chemists, Managers and Employers. Engineers-in-charge are found to be excellent students, and it is known that the points discussed at the lectures are passed on by them to their subordinates, with consequent beneficial results, both from the fuel economy and smoke emission points of view. The average attendance is about 25. Students have reported to the lecturer from time to time considerable economies in fuel consumption, together with a corresponding reduction in the amount of smoke discharged into the atmosphere. After the lecture held on Tuesday, the 17th July, one student (who is an Engineer-in-charge) reported to the

lecturer that he had been troubled with excessive smoke emissions, and as a consequence had brought along with him to the lectures his two firemen.

The writer is of the opinion that classes of this character ought to be carried on during the winter season in every large town or centre of manufacturing industry of this country, and that these classes should be maintained, even if their popularity wanes after the first or second season. Popular lecture courses ought also to be planned on the lines of the Glasgow course of 1910-11, and attempts should be made by means of pamphlets and leaflets on the subject of smoke and its abatement to reach those classes of the population who will not attend free public lectures. The London Advisory Committee on the subject of Air Pollution; the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce; the Department of Mines of the U.S.A. Government; and the Hamburg Smoke Abatement Society, have published during the past ten years a large number of reports, which might be drawn upon in preparing interesting pamphlets and leaflets for circulation amongst these classes of the population.

A manufacturer or householder desires and demands facts not theories, and if it can be actually shown to him as the result of another's practical experience that smoke can be minimised or abolished without increasing his manufacturing costs or his charges for fuel, he will be quite ready to follow in the footsteps of his more open-minded and progressive brethren. The education of the manufacturers and of the professional and middle classes on the economic and hygienic aspects of the smoke problem is, in fact, quite as necessary as the education of the stoker and of the boiler engineer, and only when all classes of the community have been brought within the sphere of this educational propaganda will satisfactory progress be recorded.

As a further aid to this educational work amongst manufacturers and factory owners the appointment might be made of a staff of fully trained smoke inspectors acting under the Local Government Board, these inspectors to have powers and duties similar to those conferred on the inspectors under the Alkali Acts. It is possible that this proposal, which is one of those made in the Departmental Report, might be carried through without legislative action, but if this is impossible, then the larger municipalities might consider the advisability of appointing, within their respective areas of administration, more highly-trained men as chief smoke inspectors, with advisory powers in relation to any proposed alterations or extensions of steam-raising and heating plant. If all the larger towns and chief centres of manufacturing industry possessed officials of this

type, able to meet the chief engineers and managers of work upon an equal footing, and to give them impartial advice as to the best and most efficient apparatus for the combustion of fuel without smoke, an immense step forward would have been taken in the suppression of smoke and in the improvement of our city and town atmospheres.

As a final suggestion of an educational character the writer desires to see carried out a more satisfactory and uniform system of training stokers and engineers, and of granting certificates to those who have proved themselves to be acquainted with both the theoretical and practical sides of their work. The Hamburg system of training stokers is undoubtedly the best, but failing the formation of Associations of Fuel Users in this country on the lines of the Hamburg Society, the health and sanitary authorities in each city might work out the details of a scheme in conjunction with the committees that control secondary and technical education. Such a scheme ought to embrace not only attendance at evening classes, where the theory of smoke production and prevention is clearly taught by men who have the gift of presenting scientific facts in a form easily understood by the working man; but also lessons in practical stoking, under the eyes of the city smoke inspectors. Certificates of efficiency under such a scheme would only be granted to those men who had successfully passed through both the theoretical and practical courses of instruction. Men possessing these certificates would then command higher wages than non-certificated men; and in time the status and wages of the fireman class would be raised to a much higher level, with material benefit to the whole community. Since firing boilers is most laborious work, and, if well performed, demands a high degree of intelligence and skill, it is only right that those who undertake it should be well treated and well paid; and one of the greatest hindrances at present to the cause of smoke abatement is the fact that stokers, as a class, are one of the worst paid, and, as a result, most ignorant sections of manual labourer in the country.

VOLUNTARY ORGANISATIONS.

The writer has not allowed himself much space for dealing with the voluntary organisations for the abatement of smoke and promotion of fuel economy, but a few remarks may be made concerning the most successful of these: the Verein für Rauchbekämpfung of Hamburg. This Society was formed in the year 1902 by a group of Hamburg manufacturers, and since that year has progressed both in numbers and influence in a remark-

able degree, for the Society has now 600 members and 2,300 boilers in the city under its control. The writer has published at various times numerous papers and articles on the work and aims of this Society, and he must refer to these, readers who desire more information concerning its constitution and rules.¹

The nearest approach we have in the United Kingdom to a voluntary organisation of this kind is the Fuel Economy Department of the Federation of British Industries. The Committee which controls this Department arranges for tests for the members, makes suggestions for the improvement of plant for burning fuel, and issues a quarterly journal called *The Fuel Economy Review*, which contains much valuable information and advice upon the more economic combustion of fuel. The Hamburg organisation, in the writer's opinion, however, is more advantageous, since it places at the disposal of the smallest power plant, with only one or two boilers, the expert advice and technical assistance which are, under present conditions of power generation in this country, only available for the largest. It also gives the practical help in scientific control which is lacking in the scheme of the Fuel Economy Department of British Industries. The writer hopes, therefore, that renewed attempts will be made by those interested in smoke abatement to start in London, Manchester, Sheffield, Glasgow, and Leeds voluntary organisations of steam users on the lines of the Hamburg Society; for he firmly believes that it is along those lines that the best progress can be made in solving the industrial smoke problem.

If Sheffield manufacturers, for example, would combine and form such a Society, for study of their own particular phase of the problem, the vexed question could be settled whether it is possible and practicable to operate the Sheffield re-heating furnaces with producer gas, without injury to the quality of the steel. It is well known that producer gas is being employed abroad for re-heating steel, and there would seem no reason why it should not be used for a similar purpose in this country, with great advantage to the cleanliness of certain parts of Sheffield. Similarly, in the Potteries, if the manufacturers would combine to deal with the special problems offered by the heating of the baking kilns, it is probable that they would find that the industry could be carried on with much less pollution of the atmosphere of the Pottery towns by smoke and dirt. A policy of "active co-operation" in the cause of smoke abatement, in place of one of merely "passive resistance," is, in fact, demanded from manufacturers at the present time.

JOHN B. C. KERSHAW.

(1) See "Aims and Work of the Hamburg Smoke Abatement Society," a Paper read at the Conference on Smoke Abatement, 1905.

AN AMERICAN POLITICAL YEAR.

THE coming twelve months in the political history of the United States promises to be of absorbing national and international interest. The Sixty-eighth Congress meets for its first session December 3rd. If custom is followed the first Message to Congress from the new President, Mr. Coolidge, will be delivered December 4th. In June, 1924, the Republicans will choose their candidate for the Presidency, who will be voted upon the following November, and in July the Democrats will select a man to oppose the Republican nominee. At the Presidential election in November an entirely new House of Representatives will be elected and one-third of the Senate. All during the preceding summer the various States will be holding their nominating conventions, and in nearly all of the States a full roster of State and local officials will be voted upon at the Presidential election in November.

In a general way this is what happens every four years, but on few such occasions for many decades past has so much interest attached in the United States or abroad as to what will happen in this political year. Immediate interest is centred upon the first session of the Sixty-eighth Congress. The preceding Congress, the Sixty-seventh, was elected in 1920 in the same election as made the late Mr. Harding President of the United States. He came into office with a Congress that presented a Republican majority of about 192, or in other words an overwhelming endorsement of himself and his party. Two years later, in 1922, at the Congressional elections then held, this majority was almost entirely wiped out. As the new Congress did not convene until this month Mr. Harding died before he had experienced the trials and perplexities of being President and having to deal with a Congress of doubtful political complexion, therefore not amenable to party discipline. This situation has fallen to the lot of Mr. Coolidge, who as Vice-President automatically became President at the death of Mr. Harding.

The Sixty-eighth Congress has a nominal Republican majority of 21, six in the Senate and 15 in the House, but these figures mean little, for quite a number of the members of both Houses have declared their independence of party control, notwithstanding their political labels. In brief, the Republican Party no longer controls Congress, hence their official leader, the President, is entirely dependent upon his own political ability, his diplomacy, his force of character and the degree to which he can com-

mand popular support, to have his way in legislative matters. On the other hand, as no measure can very well succeed in the end without his approval he is, under such circumstances, generally able to force a compromise.

The President's first message to Congress is looked forward to with considerable interest and with expectations probably unwarranted. He is a taciturn and non-committal man who in the few months he has now been President has not yet given the public any real clue as to his own convictions on national and international affairs except in a most general way and with no specific statements as to measures he might favour. He will probably cross his bridges when he comes to them and not try to do it before. Those who know him best do not expect any revelations. In the domain of foreign affairs he is supported by a Secretary of State almost as reticent as the President himself, and between them they will probably succeed in refraining from taking the world into their confidence until they have something definite to talk about. Members of Congress are even more interested than the general public as to what the President will try to get enacted into law, and as they have little information in this direction as yet they are very much on their guard as to commitments. The President is in brief an unknown political quantity, and as the Republican leaders have no guarantee of a control of Congress the inquiring member is very much at a loss as to what is really going to happen when the legislative body gets into action. The only people who appear to be really sure of themselves are the so-called "insurgents" in both Senate and House who are blazing their own political trails regardless of the opinions of those with whom they are nominally associated.

If Mr. Harding had lived he would have been renominated by the Republicans for the Presidency. Mr. Coolidge has fallen heir to this expectation. There is opposition, however. Senator Johnson, Senator Borah, and Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, are also candidates for this honour. Governor Gifford Pinchot has thrown down the gauntlet and declares that the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution, the amendment bringing Prohibition into force, is being betrayed through non-enforcement by the Federal Government. He lays the responsibility for this at the door of the President. Under some circumstances Mr. Pinchot might become a serious rival to Mr. Coolidge. His name has been before the public for many years in a most favourable light. He was a great friend of the late President Roosevelt's, who made him chief of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture. As Forester he was brought into contact with the people of all States and in a most intimate manner. He is a

man of unimpeachable honesty, high ideals and lovable character. He comes of an old and cultured family, closely identified with Yale University, where the Pinchots founded the School of Forestry, and he is free from the taint of professional politics. He has been a frequent visitor to Europe, and particularly to England. He is, in fact, the opposite of the type of man who usually comes to the front in the political life of the United States and stays there. The chances are, however, barring accidents, that the Republicans will follow present indications and nominate Mr. Coolidge.

The Democrats are, as has been the case ever since Mr. Bryan wrecked the party, very much at sea as to the selection of a candidate to oppose the Republican nominee. Senator Underwood, of Alabama, appears to be in the lead, but he has made an initial error in emphasising the fact that he is a Southerner and declaring that it is time the Southern States supplied a President. A sectional appeal will gain no votes and may antagonise many. The "bogey man" to both Republicans and Democrats is Mr. Henry Ford, of motor car fame. There is some chance that the Democrats will more or less in desperation nominate him as the head of their ticket. Otherwise Mr. Ford may organise a third party and run for the office of President independently. Should he do this it will assure a Republican victory, as the Ford vote would be drawn more largely from Democratic than from Republican strength.

The Ford candidature has been treated as a joke in the United States until recently. Mr. Ford himself has been non-committal as to his intentions, but enough has now been done by his representatives and supporters to indicate that he will probably become a serious factor in the political situation. Not that he will be elected President, for that seems to be beyond the range of possibilities; but that he would poll a large enough vote to confuse the situation as between the two regular political organisations is admitted. He stands fairly well with the labour element, and especially with the small farmers, who are familiar with the machinery he sells and look upon him as a man of the same social rank as themselves who has risen to wealth and prominence by virtue of almost superhuman ability, not to say genius.

The better educated and more intelligent elements in the community refuse to take him seriously as a possible President. The total vote that will be cast in the election in November, 1924, will approximate thirty million, and where the franchise is so widely placed there is always a large response to the snobbery and demagoguery of the illiterate and unintelligent. In all great crises, however, the American people have generally responded to the

demands of common sense, and this will probably eliminate Mr. Ford as a Presidential possibility. As noted, however, it may not prevent his candidacy from injecting a decided element of uncertainty into the political situation. Mr. McAdoo, ex-President Wilson's son-in-law and Secretary of the Treasury in his Cabinet, is also a candidate for the democratic nomination. There are elements in his candidacy, however, which do not appeal to the mass of the voters in that they fear his association with large financial interests. The Democrats will, as usual, wait until the Republicans have chosen their man and endeavour to find someone to offset his particular advantages as a vote-getter.

The outcome of the impending elections in the United States rests with the independent vote. It has become apparent in recent years that the real political power in the United States is now in the hands of the independent voters, who constitute a great third party, tied to no formulas, pledged to no banner of man or organisation; desirous of the best for their country; honest in their voting impulses and ready to throw their political weight in the direction which promises the best results for the nation, without regard to the political label worn by the men offering themselves as candidates. There have been many so-called third parties in the political history of the United States. All of them have been organised along lines suggested by the older and larger political bodies. They have generally failed in their purpose, and shortly disappeared, the few exceptions being where they came into being as a protest against the action of one or the other large parties and were used to draw enough strength from one party to elect the candidate of the other. Mr. Roosevelt's third party was a notable example of this process, and resulted in the defeat of Mr. Taft and the election of Mr. Wilson.

Nearly all of the third parties which have figured in American politics were based upon the honest convictions of their organisers, and a larger percentage of their followers were sincere in their political beliefs than were those who aligned themselves with the older parties, but their organisations were open to much of the same criticism as fell to the lot of those who opposed them. The great and unorganised third party which is now making itself felt in the political life of the United States is not a party in the strict sense of the word, but is a force which is now the deciding factor in every election. It is undefined, it cannot be controlled, is under the lash of no political whip, and if any attempt were made to find it its elusiveness would soon become apparent. It is more powerful than any third party that has ever been organised, for it is not content with splitting its vote from off the strength of other parties. Its intention is to win, and victory is accomplished

by adding its strength to that of the political organisation which makes the strongest appeal.

Thirty years ago the party system was at the height of its power in the United States. Children were born Democrats or Republicans. To be one or the other was practically a necessity for every citizen. In some localities it was a social crime to be a Democrat and in others a Republican was regarded as of low caste. Occasionally a third party appeared, gave some evidence of life, and passed out within a short time. In 1896 came the break in this inflexible situation. Men then realised that there was more responsibility attached to the casting of a vote than mere party allegiance, and they found the courage necessary to break with tradition and established custom. Once this had been done it became easier to do it the next time, and the younger generations as they came into the right of franchise found themselves free to choose according to their reason rather than according to the influences under which they lived.

From that time on the unorganised third party, comprising the independent voters, grew apace, and as a consequence of this increase in the independent vote the results of all elections became more uncertain. This uncertainty was expressed in the varying fortunes of the two great parties, and they have since alternated in power with considerable regularity. The situation has now developed considerably beyond this, for within the great parties themselves has come about a degree of individual independence unknown in earlier days. Not only have the voters broken away from tradition, but the elected representatives have dared defy the long exercised tyranny of those who control the party machine.

This state of affairs is reflected in various ways in the course of Government procedure. Party measures can no longer be put through Congress under whip and spur. The understanding and voluntary support of the members must be secured before they can be launched, and they can only be enacted into law with the approval of the majority. In the days of strict party control it was the nod of approval or disapproval from the political mandarins that was looked for, but now they are largely ignored, and members who seek inspiration for their acts turn their faces towards the great mass of the people and await the sign which will govern their course of action. To-day the source of political power in the United States lies with the independent vote. The politician knows he can depend upon the support of the steadfast party man. This support constitutes the nucleus of his political strength, but to this nucleus, which in itself is a minority, he must add a sufficient number of the

independent votes to make a majority before he is politically safe. It is to the independent vote, therefore, that all parties and candidates now make appeal, and the influence of this marked change in political conditions is remarkable in its significance.

The independent vote is the most intelligent element in the electorate, and also the most influential and aggressive. It is the thinking machine or political conscience of the nation. The so-called doubtful States are the habitat of the bulk of the independent voters. These doubtful States are largely in the Middle West, hence it is true that with the people of the Middle West lies a large share of the responsibility, not only for national policies, but for international policies as well. What the United States may do now or in the near future in connection with European affairs rest with the independent voter.

It is not too much to say that it was the independent voter who held America aloof from the war at the beginning, and put America into it less than three years later. He rejected the work of President Wilson at Paris. He brought the American soldiers home from the Rhine, and suggested American representation upon an international commission to discuss the matter of German reparations. It is the independent voter who has withheld the Government of the United States from any participation in political events in Europe since the Armistice. By the same token it will be this same independent voter who will give the authority for any move that may be made in the future whereby the United States enters the international arena with more significant gesture than yet indulged in.

Just where American opinion now stands it is not difficult to decide superficially, but it is necessary to gauge the undercurrents to decide as to the promise for the future. The sympathy with suffering shown by the American people is notorious. No appeal made for the unfortunate in foreign lands has ever been in vain. This sympathy takes a practical form, and hundreds of millions of American money have flowed into Europe for which no return has been asked other than its use for the purpose stated. To say that this is as it ought to be because America is rich is to do an injustice, for this relief money has not been contributed by aggregated wealth alone. The bulk of it has been given by those who had earned it by some form of labour, and in many cases the donation has meant a certain amount of deprivation to the giver. To say that American capital has refused to come to the aid of European industry is equally unjust, for the amount of American money invested in European enterprises approximates two hundred million sterling. This is the investment of private individuals, and does not take into account any Govern-

ment loans or transactions. This investment has been made largely since 1918, and is evidence not only of the increasing internationalism of the American financial outlook but of an American belief that Europe is sound at heart and will in time regain her economic equilibrium.

Before Mr. Lloyd George left England for his visit to the United States he fully understood along general lines the political situation in that country. He knew it was to the people of the Middle West he must take any message he might have to make it effective. This explains his anxiety to visit that section of the United States and the particular attention he paid to public opinion in the great farming States and their industrial cities. He delivered his message to a people predisposed in his favour before he came and enthusiastic over his personality after they came in contact with him. His message was plainly worded and to the point. Nowhere was it misinterpreted. It was well received and seriously considered. It will have its effect, which will be made evident in the slow evolution of American opinion concerning the affairs of the world, for it was delivered to the most intelligent communities of the United States when considered *en masse*.

The importance of his visit at this time is not so much what he may have accomplished at Washington or even New York, but what he did in Chicago, St. Louis, and other Middle West centres. All President Coolidge can do in the matter of the proposed international economic commission, for instance, is to provide a volunteer member who will attend the sessions in more or less unofficial character. For the United States to be fully represented on such a commission Congress must act. The appointment of delegates by the President must be authorised and the money appropriated for the purpose. It now seems possible that the occasion will arise for providing American representation on such a commission, and if Congress acts favourably upon the suggestion there is no doubt but that Mr. Lloyd George will have eased the path of such a measure through the intricate maze of Congressional procedure made more confusing at this time owing to the balance of parties in the legislative body and the near approach of a national election.

It is well at this time for Europe to understand the general feeling throughout the Middle West concerning the state of affairs in Europe. Such knowledge is most enlightening as to the cause for the apparent and real reluctance of the American people to inject their influence into the situation. The Middle West is particularly well informed as to conditions in Europe, for the reason that many of their most prominent business men

are deeply concerned with European industry and have kept their neighbours fully up to date as to what has happened. It is also the case that the people of the Middle West are more concerned with the state of the European markets than those of any other section of the country, for it is their produce which constitutes the bulk of the American trade with those markets.

These people do not believe that the problems of Europe are financial or economic. They have an idea that they are largely political. Their conception of the Europe of to-day is that of a great business the assets of which are far in excess of the liabilities, but which through bad management and internecine disputes has fallen on evil days. What they think is that a receiver is needed to straighten out all the affairs now in confusion, and that if this receiver was given sufficient power it would be but a short time before the concern could be put on a paying basis to the benefit of all the world. They believe that the actual wealth of Europe is greater to-day than it was in 1914. That there is greater man power, more transportation facilities, more and better equipped industrial plants, quicker and more modern means of communication, and that in every material phase the people of Europe are better able to-day to make a living for themselves and pay off their obligations to others than they were in 1914. They believe that the so-called war-devastated area of Europe is but an infinitesimal fraction of European territory and that in no sense do the material effects of the war stand in the way of the profitable employment of all who are willing to work.

This being the feeling and belief as concerns European conditions, they can make but one deduction, and that is to the effect that all the troubles of Europe to-day are artificial in the sense that they are concerned with the political and social actions of men. They see that all the European nations are at loggerheads, that Governments are truculent, that vast standing armies are still maintained at great expense, that at all frontiers the most hampering restrictions upon trade and travel are maintained, and that suspicion, hatred, political ambition and a narrow national selfishness govern all international relations. The one exception they find among the larger nations to this general state of affairs is Great Britain, and it is a realisation of this which has largely brought about the present excellent relations of the British and American peoples.

In the last speech he made in England before leaving for the United States Mr. Harvey, the retiring American Ambassador, laid great stress upon certain features of American foreign policy. It is understood that on this occasion he had his inspiration direct

from Washington, and that what he said was intended to convey the official and popular American attitude towards the European muddle. The point stressed by the Ambassador was that under no conceivable circumstances would the United States become a party to any political dispute in Europe. Therefore so long as the American people believe that the troubles of Europe are political just so long will they remain aloof from European controversies.

There is no desire in America that Germany should escape payment of reparations, and what is more, it is generally believed that Germany has it in her power under favourable circumstances to make full restitution. Because of this belief the nation has been willing to co-operate in the making of an economic plan which would enable payment to be made. So profound is the conviction, however, that the situation is largely political that there is some opposition even to participation along these lines. Some fear that the plea of a purely economic participation by the United States is but camouflage to draw the footsteps of Uncle Sam into the political morass, and this is being made a political issue in the critical year of political agitation in which the American people are now involved.

There is no American sympathy for a break-up of Germany or the military rule of German people by a foreign power. To give the German people a chance to put their house in order is believed to be the only solution of a situation which has become almost hopeless through the exercise of passion rather than reason in dealing with the problem. A modern historian, an American, has written a book in which as an impartial observer he declares the sole objective of France to be military safety. In this he is probably right. His deductions are false, however, for he says that the only way, and in his opinion the proper way, for America to intervene is to pledge her sword to France as a guarantee against possible future German aggression. In this he controverts the whole spirit of American national existence and suggests something which is absolutely foreign to the American idea of stabilised foreign relations. It may be said, also, that his suggestion lacks every element of practicability, as to secure the consent of the United States to a military alliance with a European power would indeed be an undertaking. If this is the only way in which the affairs of Europe can be straightened out they will remain as they are for a long time to come.

There is one gratifying feature of the coming political year in the United States, and that is the absence of any dispute or situation existing between the United States and the British Empire

which can be used as a subject of controversy or be invoked to arouse political irritation. Since the last Presidential election in the United States practically every question at issue between the two peoples has been disposed of in a most satisfactory manner, and some of these questions were of first importance. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been so changed in form as to include the United States in matters concerning the affairs of the Pacific, and any hint of danger to British-American relations has been removed. The Irish question has been solved so far as America is concerned, and the small band of malcontents who are still agitating receives scant notice. The matter of naval competition between the two countries has been disposed of for all time and in a manner which offends the natural pride of neither people. The once irritating question of the British debt to the United States has been settled by an agreement which is considered as mutually fair, though there is still an element in England which disapproves of the action of the British Government in this matter and holds that the United States should have wiped the slate without conditions. So far as the two Governments are concerned, however, the matter is disposed of, and popular disapproval on either side of the Atlantic is not serious enough to cause any general ill-feeling. In addition to these disposals the United States has in part at least satisfied the demand that some part should be played in settling the affairs of Europe by a qualified offer to sit upon a commission to consider the payment of German reparations.

On this last-named topic a good deal will be said by American politicians during the next few months, but nothing can be said against the part taken by England in the matter except to accuse the English acceptance of the American suggestion as the siren voice of the tempter trying to lure America from her path of isolation. This will be but a straining after effect, however, and demonstrates a real lack of foundation for any antagonism between the two nations over British-American affairs or over international affairs generally; in fact, it will demonstrate more clearly than ever that the two nations are drawing more closely together with each passing year in their mutual conception as to the relations of the English-speaking peoples to the rest of the world.

The value of intimate intercourse between the two great English-speaking nations has been strikingly illustrated during the past ten years in the exchange of diplomatic representation between the two countries. In that time the United States has had three Ambassadors to the Court of St. James, men of culture, high standing and influence. All three of these prior to their coming

to England were strenuous advocates of a self-contained political destiny for the United States. Their attitude towards British-American co-operation in the affairs of the world ranged from one of indifference to that of definite antagonism. All three of them returned to America convinced that the future welfare of the world rested in the degree with which the two nations could work in harmony. The same can be said of the numerous British diplomatic representatives who have been to Washington in official capacity within the same period. These men, both American and British, retired from their missions to become willing propagandists for a great idea.

JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY.

THE DOLE.

CHARACTER is the mainspring of national life and progress, and according as it is developed, or allowed to deteriorate, so will the nation maintain or lower its standard of efficiency. Dependence on Church or State in moral or domestic affairs has for the individual, as well as for the community, disastrous results, and a comparison of the progress attained by the various countries of the world is a sufficient illustration of the truth of this statement. Immediately the individual is allowed to lean on an institution or on a neighbour he automatically loses strength of character and self-control, becomes a dependant in every sense of the word, and eventually in many cases a degenerate. Kipling's address to the students of St. Andrews carefully pointed out the difficulties of character-building and independence, the self-sacrifice and self-denial which must be exercised before attainment, showing that even the capacity to be independent cannot be secured for nothing, and that it only becomes reliable when worked for. "Something for Nothing," "Work or Maintenance," "The Right to Live," all are cries of the dependants, those who get no pleasure in the effort to attain, but only in the realisation. The "duty" to live comes before the "right," and to perfect oneself in the performance of one's duty is a first necessity. Unfortunately, the growth of a communal sense of responsibility for the individual has created the possibility of dependence. Good as all efforts to improve the standard of community life admittedly are, unless care is exercised they may create the very weaknesses which we aim at removing. Self-discipline, as we have seen, is the method necessary to character-building, and discipline of some sort would require to be instituted if character and efficiency are to be fostered by the State. But our pride and boast have ever been that we are a free people, and if the community is to import discipline wherein will lie our freedom? The essence of freedom, of course, is also self-discipline, and any State movement which removes the immediate necessity for this is undermining the character-building upon which we depend for our progress. So it is with unemployment and the schemes to palliate its results. Government sense of responsibility gives opportunity to the potential dependant to cease doing something to provide for himself and his family. The more he takes advantage of this opportunity the more his moral fibre gives way and the less sense of personal responsibility he has to fall back on. This

is clearly seen from the effects of relief and camouflaged insurance to unemployed workers. The Government and the Guardians cannot distinguish between man and man, and are confined to flat rates hedged around with political arguments and instructions to such an extent that a charity payment is now in many cases claimed as a right. The sequel to all this may be so serious for the country at large that a thorough understanding of the methods of relief of unemployment is highly desirable.

Known contemptuously and comprehensively as "The Dole," payments to the unemployed of whatever nature have been mixed together in public thought, and a great injustice is thereby done to many well-deserving persons. The payments made under the Unemployment Insurance Act through Labour Exchanges are of two kinds, *i.e.*, "covenanted" and "uncovenanted" benefit. To acquire a right to "covenanted" benefit an unemployed person has during employed periods to make a contribution weekly towards the insurance premium, the balance of which is paid by the employer and the taxpayer, and, provided sufficient premiums have been paid, the benefit comes to the worker when out of employment as a return of his own money. The man or woman who during his or her period of work lays by each week a small sum in payment of such an insurance premium is exercising a self-discipline none the less welcome because of its compulsory nature. He or she is definitely saving something for the rainy day, thereby retaining independence and self-reliance. This is not a case of "something for nothing," but definitely something worked for and saved, and thus tenfold worth having. Advocacy of non-contributory forms of insurance is unsound for the simple reason that anything not worked for does more harm than good to the recipient.

According to the Minister of Labour, the "uncovenanted" benefit is paid to those who at one time were in work and who may be expected at a future date again to be in work and to become contributors. The provision of this benefit is arranged in what are called "special periods," during each of which an unemployed person can draw the full benefit in the same way as the men or women who have been paying their contribution while at work. Each applicant for such benefit has to go before an investigating committee at the Labour Exchange and have his or her case enquired into. Occasionally applicants are turned down, but there is not much excuse for doing so when the qualification is that at one time you were in a job and that "suitable" employment is not now available for you. This, surely, has lost any semblance of a claim to the name "insurance."

It is a dole, a distribution of charity to those who are down on their luck and are not too proud to accept from the Government payments which they might not be so willing to accept from private persons. One can imagine the first objections of the independent working man to accept pity in this form, but in Government offices it is made easy for him by an almost automatic passing from the covenanted or earned benefit to the uncovenanted dole. The continued acceptance of help in this form creates its own appetite, and in time the senses become dulled to the first objections and the money is looked for and accepted as a matter of course. Any man who has the requisite number of dependants in his household can draw from the Government and the Guardians very nearly as much as he can earn at his trade, and the small extra which could be got by working is not worth while. Nominally, of course, any man who refuses a "suitable" job should be deprived of benefit under the Act; but it is nobody's business to complain, and the specialisation of jobs renders the word "suitable" as used in the Act difficult to apply. Unfortunately, the specialised grading of labour which has been resorted to in this country tends to discourage a man from accepting any job which is not identical with his former one, and thereby limits the available employment to which the word "suitable" can be applied. Should a man desire to evade employment, this circumstance renders it comparatively easy for him to avoid the penalties attached to his refusal to accept a situation. Definite cases are known of £3 a week being rejected as a wage in favour of £2 15s. of benefits and doles, and until the management of unemployment insurance is removed from State control and placed on a basis of personal responsibility this type of case will be bound to continue and multiply. Industrialists, as represented by employers and trade unionists, must some day come to realise the saving in taxation and cost of living to be made by taking the management of this matter into their own hands.

Strikes and lock-outs possess no such terrors as formerly now that only the immediate actors are not provided with unemployment moneys. An illustration of this is furnished by the boiler-makers, who, comparatively small in number themselves, cause direct unemployment to nearly 80,000 other workers and indirect loss of work to many more. These victims of irresponsibility represent a considerable proportion of the total unemployed, and are so provided for that the conscience of the boiler-makers is easily lulled to sleep and one of the most potent causes of unemployment is allowed to continue so long as the taxpayer is willing to pay for it. The point to be realised is that our present

system of unemployment insurance has no basis of personal responsibility for causes, and that we are really subsidising one of its greatest factors. In April, 1921, the numbers of our unemployed were nearly doubled by the coal dispute, and it was not until January, 1922, that the figures were restored to the level of March, 1921. This is a serious indictment on the disputants, and exemplifies the absence of personal responsibility. If employers and employed realised that they would have to pay directly in relation to the number and length of their disputes, they would be less likely to stop production while finding a solution of their difficulties.

The most unsatisfactory form of the "dole," however, is the payment by local Guardians of public money for the upkeep of unemployed persons *according to their needs* instead of in accordance with their value to the community. The use of machinery intended for outdoor poor relief in special circumstances has allowed claims to be entertained which from the Poor Law point of view have no justification. Poor relief is based on the principle of temporary help to relieve destitution, and was not intended to have any idea of providing maintenance. Many people criticise the creation of work for the work's sake, but it is rather a short-sighted view, as work conveys to a man a sense of his value, it preserves his self-respect and morale, in many cases it helps him to retain his skill at his trade, and, above all, it removes the demoralising effect of "something for nothing." One body of Guardians in the Midlands has shown the way in which co-operation of municipal departments can get useful work done, reduce the number of claims, and relieve the burden on the rates with all the advantages of steady employment, the return for which is not sufficiently tempting to cause a man to refuse ordinary employment when it becomes available. In this particular case the Ministry of Health reports that "out of 1,530 men required to perform the prescribed task 206 refused, and ceased to be chargeable, having evidently means of support which the relieving officers had been unable to ascertain; 192, including some who had been unemployed for over two years, reported that they had found employment, and 87 reported themselves as having no need for further relief. Thus 485 men (over 31 per cent. of those required to perform a test) and their dependants were removed from the relief list within a period of eleven weeks." After all, if the moral obligation is accepted to provide a living for your neighbour, the least that can be expected is a small return, if for no other purpose than to express gratitude and provide a test of willingness to work. The money is being paid in any event, so the community should recover what it can.

The wedge of Socialism which we have accepted so far indicates an idea that the community is in some way responsible for the livelihood of its members, but this is an impossible theory. It would logically follow that any and every person in the country would be at liberty to live on the State, which in itself has no source of income except from those who work. This is reducing the argument to absurdity, but it is the basis of the call for "work or maintenance." The only alternative in a State, even if governed by Socialists, is either to discard the theory of maintenance or to compel people to work. If, therefore, we are to continue the allowance *according to needs*, it follows that we must compel all recipients to do some useful work in exchange. This is, of course, unpopular for many reasons, not the least of which is that Government and municipal authorities would be carrying out works by direct employment of labour at reduced rates at the expense of the tax- and rate-payers, thereby depriving producers of certain opportunities of remunerative work from which their taxes and rates could be paid. Anything which encourages the community as such to employ labour is detrimental to the livelihood of the whole population. Exceptions may, of course, be made where general services are concerned, and some of these have been more or less efficient, but even in these cases the waste in administration is more often present than absent. Any effort, therefore, to relieve unemployment should be arranged through ordinary business channels so far as possible, so that the employed man may realise he is doing useful work for a regular wage, and thus have his self-respect secured to him. All this futile argument as to who should arrange matters would, of course, fall flat if industry had the management of the problem and personal responsibility were thus established.

The original scheme of out-of-work donation to provide for persons unemployed after and in consequence of the war was justified by the fact that the interests of the community demanded the dislocation of industry and *personnel*, and thus the State incurred a liability to provide for those disturbed. Even here, however, the actual payments were made and received without any obligation upon the recipients to do anything in return for it. Sixty-five million pounds worth of work in return for that amount expended would have created more employment in the long run and retained the efficiency of the workers. This would have been welcomed by the large majority of the recipients, as it is only a fringe of the wastrel type which enjoys a period of masterly inactivity. Unfortunately, compulsory inactivity produces wastrels and deepens the fringe all too rapidly, and there

is evidence that this is certainly happening. It was a most unhappy necessity which formed a bad precedent.

One of the most serious aspects of the question is the enormous growth of unskilled labour in the country. This is not apparent either to the general public or even to the persons directly concerned with industry, as the problem is hidden from them under the cloak of Government offices. Those who are most closely in touch with the actual persons out of work are conscious of the disastrous state of affairs, but even they cannot view it in its entirety. Ex-Service men who have not secured employment since the war have largely lost any skill they had, and those who joined the Forces during the war without having had any civil training previously have not had an opportunity to acquire any. The rules of trade unions, which prevent the entry of fresh labour into their particular trades, have also largely contributed to this difficulty, though it is well known that many of them are short-handed so far as certain types of skilled labour are concerned. Particularly is this noticeable in the building trades, where mobility of labour is difficult to secure, and certain localities have suffered through the shortage. Pressure was brought to bear on this trade union to admit a certain number of men, and even advantages of a pecuniary nature were offered to induce an agreement, without success. One can sympathise to some extent with the short-sighted views of the union when one realises the fear they have of possible unemployment at a later date, but one cannot accept their decision as a contribution to the welfare of the country as a whole. The sectionalisation of labour and their own peculiar advantage appear to overshadow all other considerations in their view, and one cannot with much optimism anticipate any help from the trades union element towards a settlement of the casual labour problem. All the blame, however, does not rest on them. It is scarcely credible, after three years of abnormal depression, that no steps have been taken to measure the factor of casual labour and that only an approximate guess can be made at their number. It illustrates very clearly, however, the ineffective method of Government administration. One must bear in mind that the Insurance Act administration is concerned primarily with the collection of contributions and the payment of benefits, and that so long as that job goes well and there is plenty of work to do it is immaterial to the official what other aspects the problem may have. It is not his business to reduce unemployment, and, in fact, it would be difficult to determine under the present system whose business it is. Industry groans under its burdens, but can do nothing but pay, and so the difficulties increase; and the only solution

suggested is a revival of trade. No person or group of persons is closely enough identified with the management of the problem to find out where the sand has got into the machinery of trade which prevents its revival. No examination of the question has ever been made by industry as a whole, and the perfunctory efforts of outside parties are merely theoretical expressions of opinion. Both employers and employed are largely to blame for the present state of affairs, and vast improvements could be made if they left their short-sighted sectional views on one side and handled the problem from the angle of national advantage, which must eventually contribute to their own well-being.

Heavy rates and taxes payable by industry reduce the available funds for employment, and the "dole" is responsible for a large proportion of these. The insurance fund is approximately fifteen million pounds in debt; over one hundred and twenty-eight millions have been expended on benefits of both kinds since November, 1920, and the annual income of the insurance fund is now over forty-seven millions. No exact figure can be given for "uncovenanted" benefit, but it is believed to approximate seventy millions. This and the out-of-work donation previously mentioned together amount to one hundred and thirty-five millions paid without contribution either of work or insurance premium asked. All this money comes from the taxpayers or the current contributors to the insurance fund, and it appears as if those contributors should be entitled to a repayment of the seventy millions referred to if the fund is to be put in a proper position and an actuarial rate of benefit paid on their contributions. Few people realise that the general rate of covenanted benefit would have been much higher and more nearly adequate if the uncovenanters had not required to be supported. One must appreciate that one of the chief helpers is the covenanter who by the large sacrifice he is making in his daily and weekly wants is assisting his still more unfortunate mate. Incidentally, he is unconsciously bolstering up a most unfair scheme which masquerades under the name of "Insurance," but which has long since lost any title to this designation. The resultant inadequacy of the benefit has necessitated recourse by unemployed contributors to Poor Law relief which otherwise would probably have been unnecessary, and during the year 1922 this relief was drawn to the extent of nine and a half millions. The total of such relief paid to all types of unemployed, whether within the Insurance Act or not, was about twelve millions for that period. That the habit of resorting to the Guardians is growing is clearly brought out in the returns, which show that in 1921-22 the average weekly number of all types in receipt

of outdoor relief was 1,244,726, while in 1922-23 this had increased to 1,499,937. On June 17th, 1922, the actual number rose to 1,837,980, which was the apex of a fluctuating period whose increases generally exceeded its decreases. This took place in spite of the fact that the rate of insurance benefit remained constant and that the cost of living fell from 120 to 70 within the same period. The moral of our experience in dealing with this problem is that co-ordination or centralisation of payments is essential. Even if the various officials of the several departments which dabble in the work had any power or interest to stop overlapping it would be almost a hopeless task as things are at present. No one, however, has any personal responsibility, and if a person can secure help from various sources he is generally fairly secure, and the practice is bound to grow the longer the process remains so simple.

While one condemns freely the systems of relief and insurance as at present conducted and deplores the effect upon the *morale* of our people, one cannot confine oneself to destructive criticism. Suggestions have been made in the foregoing as to points which should be rectified, but it is improbable that any real co-ordination can take place until the whole principle has been revised and a groundwork of personal responsibility substituted for State dependence. The Ministry of Health reports that the numbers in receipt of Poor Relief rose in April, 1922, from 1,475,187 to 1,668,348, and that "the increase was presumably due largely to the disputes in the engineering and shipbuilding trades which had begun in March." There is thus no connection between the drain on the ratepayer and the persons who cause the trouble. No responsibility can be brought home to industry in a form which will impress its individual members with the necessity of avoiding disputes which cause loss of production. The "right to strike" and the "right of lock-out" are relics of barbarism in modern industry, and they are "rights" which have no legal sanction, being a species of tyranny used by despots without any consideration for the rest of the community. So long, however, as we permit such extravagances in our community life we will be called upon to do something to provide for the unfortunate victims.

It is useless to inveigh against the recipients of the dole, who have a hard enough job to make ends meet as it is. We must realise that public opinion has a duty upon it to enforce a satisfactory system of unemployment control by fathering responsibility on to those who can control it. Great play is constantly made with the foreign causes of unemployment, such as devastated areas, impoverished nations, inflated currencies, and

depreciated exchanges, but while these are real difficulties in our industrial path, the home causes of high taxation and Government expenditure, low production per £ of wages paid and trade disputes are tragedies. The latter are within our own control, while the former are beyond our reach. It may be excellent to twit a political opponent on questions on foreign affairs, but it does not help the country out of its *impasse*.

Eighty million working days lost to us in 1921, and nearly twenty millions in 1922, are a fine commentary on our boasted business ability, and it is permissible to ask whether this is not one of the chief causes for our isolated position in the world so far as unemployment is concerned.

"Conciliation in industry" is almost now forgotten as an object to work for, but the day must surely come when industrialists will take steps to remove the gross ignorance and suspicion which prevails both amongst the employers and employed. The word "education" has been identified with the idea that schools and universities have a monopoly of its possibilities, but the education we require is an opportunity for every man and woman to study and realise the laws of economics and the facts of human psychology. Upon these depends the success of modern business which must secure its position in the markets by the quality as well as by the price of its products. To get these in correct proportion requires the intelligent co-operation of the worker and administrator, which, however, will not be acquired without a reasonable supply of information which will provide a knowledge of the mysteries of business and a satisfaction to the worker that he is getting a fair return for his labour. The one demand of lowered wages is not sufficient alone. It must be justified by an examination of the whole problem, and the management must be prepared to stand by its own efficiency, as waste is as frequent there as among the workers. After all the production of wealth is the function of a composite body, of sections working together, the remuneration for whose several contributions should be reckoned in relation to the total wealth produced.

In a community the prosperity and happiness secured is in direct proportion to the contribution of production both of goods and services by its several individuals, and this applies as much to one section as another. While the "idle rich" is practically a creation of the agitator's imagination, it is nevertheless true that many people are dependants in the same sense as the recipients of the dole in respect that they contribute nothing to the wealth or well-being of the community in exchange for their means of livelihood. Most of these persons would not probably

recognise themselves in this definition and would doubtless be indignant if the truth of the comparison were demonstrated to them, but you cannot attack a practice as it applies to one section and ignore it elsewhere. The object of this article was to draw attention to the serious effects the gospel of "something for nothing" was having upon our people and to centre public opinion on the main facts of the case. We wish to avoid demoralisation of even a fringe of our population, and it is our duty to compel those whose responsibility it is to relieve the community of industry's liability and to apply their knowledge to the perfection of a system where men and women of all sections will have a right to be maintained in accordance with the value of the duties performed by them.

D. C. McLAGAN.

SOCIALISM : FAITH OR FULCRUM? CREED OR STEPPING-STONE?

1. The Socialist, at his best or at his worst, is a danger. Sometimes he is a fine idealist whose strivings for the humanly unattainable bar our progress towards benefits otherwise within reach. Or, regarding the world as an oyster to be opened with his 'ism, he is a menace to civilisation.

2. Like every other danger, Socialism should be opposed. The opposition usually offered omits certain lines of action which would probably be of use and continues upon other lines which are not merely useless, but a direct playing into the hands of the common enemy.

3. Our social system is not perfect. What are the defects which we should be wise to remedy at once?

1.—THE DANGERS OF SOCIALISM.

The best type of Socialist dreams of establishing some form of golden age wherein there shall be peace, plenty, and prosperity for everyone. Speaking broadly, he assumes that State ownership of everything commercially important will place us in this happy condition. This is his faith. To him reason or explanation seems unnecessary. The one argument usually advanced turns upon the fact that present conditions are far indeed from his ideal. Nor is he more definite in his explanations as to how his end would be achieved. He tells us that he abhors the notion of confiscation, even by the people for the people. The means of production, large undertakings generally, and so forth, are to be acquired by purchase. Owners are to be bought out or compensated from some fund which will be raised largely from among those owners themselves.

Admittedly such a programme has its attractive features, and those attractions are sufficient to bring to the cause many who are not all that might be desired as leaders or as comrades. Moreover, descent to practical detail is soon productive of shocks. We find, for example, that the main proposition is first submitted to Parliament by a political party whose members very largely owe their position and their mandate to determined insistence upon the "block vote" and to equally determined refusal to allow trade-union ballots to be secret. Many of these men, being Labour leaders, naturally expect to become Government officials under any system of State management of the industries with

which they are prominently connected. More than ever, under the proposed change, would the rank and file of Labour be at the mercy of the block vote and of ballots which are for all practical purposes public.

The position presents no novel feature here. Altruistic doctrines are often adopted by persons who have their own interests very clearly in view. The idealist not infrequently obtains the support of the materialist. Perhaps the most unfortunate thing about ideals is that they so often tend to smother experience. Further, the idealist is often in some danger of himself being smothered by those of his specious imitators who have used him as a stepping-stone to the autocracy they covet for themselves.

In normal times trade unions are of proven worth to the community. In abnormal times, with the majority of Labour leaders promoted to Government office, we have seen the sudden uprising of the shop steward movement. Were any such upheaval to occur in time of peace it is at least possible that the consequence would be a complete wrecking of the trade-union organisations. Under State ownership of industries this would probably mean neither more nor less than revolution. These are some of the dangers which seem inherent to Socialism, and which present proposals seem to foster. Meanwhile, we have to remember that, since the opponents of such proposals are not omniscient, it is at least possible that they are making mistakes which may prove very costly if persisted in.

2. OMISSIONS AND ARGUMENTS WHICH STRENGTHEN THE HANDS OF AGITATORS.

When the workman begins to think of Socialism he simultaneously formulates questions. Refusal to notice such questions is very far indeed from wisdom. The policy which dictates such refusals is unwise. Sometimes men, wishing to bring forward such questions, honestly believe them to be unanswerable save in certain ways. The silence which ensues confirms them in that belief. Ultimately such questions find their way into the columns of "Red" publications, and in consequence such publications obtain an often undeserved reputation for sagacity and honesty. In March, 1923, a working man addressed a letter, in the following terms, to the editor of one of our leading daily papers :—

A number of working men not yet driven Red would much appreciate an answer to the following questions :—

Is increased rent for the Landlord of more importance than work for the workman ?

In your paper of (date) Mr. — suggests that "In certain respects Landlords should be treated as moneylenders have been in recent times." If the moneylender is not entitled to the capital sum involved many times over why should the Landlord be permitted to extort it ?

Both these questions were ignored. Now, had the small group of working men who knew these circumstances contained but one agitator, here was a fine weapon literally placed in his hand either by deliberate suppression or by careless omission for which some educated person or persons should be blamed. No argument which seems reasonable can be refuted by failure to answer. No one who understands conditions in the world of Labour should be surprised to learn that the average working man really cannot understand why, if there is no work for him, there must still be rent for the landlord. This is an aspect of affairs which clearly needs ventilation, but persons of higher social status will allow it no publicity. Incalculable mischief is being done in this and similar ways.

Rebutting arguments, too, are often anything but well chosen. A workman who had carefully read a leading article which aimed at answering Mr. Snowden's arguments in favour of nationalisation, an article wherein much stress was laid upon the ugliness of envy, put down the paper and remarked : "If I went to a children's party and found a few of the kids with all the grub while the rest had none, I should not blame the majority for being envious. And not all the argument or explanation in the world would convince me that the few were not to blame for being greedy." In this particular instance very little argument proved sufficient to convince the speaker that life can hardly be compared with a children's party. Its good things are not prepared, by the expenditure of money and labour, to be given away. Whether, as a rule, such arguments are or are not worth answering, the fact remains that it is unwise to speak too frequently or at too great length upon envy. In this connection it seems only just to say that what may be described by one as envy may appear to another as no more than reasonable, or even divine discontent. It is the point of view which counts.

There are certain lines of argument which most emphatically should not be left entirely in the hands of demagogues or in the pages of extremist journals. There are others which should be very carefully tested in working-class circles before being submitted to the educated public. There are also certain tersely phrased contentions frequently advanced by Socialists which, to the less thoughtful mind, are devastating. These should be given the fullest possible publicity. At the same time, it has to be remembered that there are individualist arguments which appear

ridiculous and sometimes disingenuous to the workman who has been "up against it." If these are used at all, it should only be with the utmost care. Of what use is it to tell the artisan that the interests of Capital and Labour are identical? He knows that identity between the interests of buyer and seller can by no possibility exist. Similarly, to insist that any injury done to Capital is an injury done to Labour is merely to invite a more or less pungent retort to the effect that injuries done to Labour do not appear to be regarded as injuries done to Capital. It can hardly be too strongly insisted that the working man is perfectly well able to appreciate the cogency and the logic of an argument, even when the argument tells against his own cherished theories or partly informed notions. He is almost invariably open to conviction, even though he frequently proclaims that he is not. Wise parents do not always silence children whose ideas are erroneous or even utterly absurd.

Hitherto the methods in common use for the refutation of Socialistic doctrines have not merely failed, but have rather tended to aggravate the evil. The number of avowed Socialists is increasing, and their proposals have recently been submitted to the serious consideration of Parliament. Therefore the policy of shunning certain questions and reiterating well-known arguments has been unavailing. False doctrines should be brought, even dragged, into the light of day that they may be openly refuted. Much harm has been done by reluctance to discuss claims put forward by Socialists. To the less well informed such reluctance and the silence it often maintains is convincing proof of either inability or fear.

So long as the individualist declines to answer questions put by the Socialist, he cannot, in common fairness, address any questions to the Socialist. Yet there are certain very pertinent questions which should be asked publicly of the Labour Party's advanced spokesmen. Why, for example, must an avowed Socialist also profess Atheism? Again, if two men work under identical conditions and one saves money while the other wastes it, why may not the first do as he pleases with what he has not squandered—even if he choose to leave it to his son? Yet again, if the advanced trade unionist is really possessed of honest hatred for class distinctions, why is he so bitter against the few artisans who have, in the workman's vernacular, "stolen their trade" ?

If all men are equal, or should be allowed equal opportunity, why is the skilled operative so bitter against the labourer who,

(1) The workman who attains to the rank of craftsman by any means other than recognised apprenticeship is said to have "stolen his trade."

by observation and adaptability, fits himself for any sort of promotion to "use of the tools"? When trade unionists demand an increase of wage, why are they always willing that the labourer (whose need is sure to be the greater) should receive the less increment? These and many similar questions can be asked of the Socialist with telling effect by anyone willing to discuss matters with him.

We find, however, that among individualists the custom has grown up of relying upon stock arguments which did no good when they were new and are now so well worn as to be worse than useless. Reiterated reference to the condition of affairs in Russia is quite a modern instance of the kind of thing meant, yet already this argument has been worn threadbare, though at its best it was about upon all-fours with the old-time temperance lecturer's introduction of his "shocking example." If a man proposes to embark upon a particular line of business, would we think to deter him by reference to one recent bankruptcy in that trade? On the other hand, a careful collation of the various essays in Socialism which the world has seen, together with detail of the ensuing failures, would probably prove more convincing, just as a lengthy list of bankruptcies might deter the aspiring neophyte in business.

Take the war into the enemy's country. Hear their arguments, publish them, and publish the reasoned refutation. Where such refutation is not possible (in some cases it may not be), let it be frankly admitted that not all we have inherited from our ancestors is good, that some things should be altered, and, given reasonable time, they will be.

Then ask the Labour leader how he acquired his mandate? Did it come to him as the will of a majority indicated by a ballot vote where there was no risk of intimidation? Next ask the good trade unionist whether he is a better citizen than the man who, spending time and energy on the affairs of his home, cannot attend clubs or Lodge meetings, and so is dragged at the heels of block voters? If these and similar questions are not found sufficient, then let it be asked how it happens that the spokesman of the Labour Party, in submitting to the House of Commons a motion for the nationalisation of the means of production, was betrayed into saying that war in its final analysis is the outcome of the international commercial and industrial system? A most unfortunate and curiously illogical assertion from a leader of the Party which issued a manifesto in favour of disarmament. This Party, professing to speak on behalf of the working classes, owning that war is in modern times a product of commercial rivalry, yet advocates disarmament. Are its members blind to

the fact that the latter change would set free more would-be workers to clamour for the simultaneously diminished supply of work available—not only in this country, but in all? The international commercial system, of which they complain with some justice, will thus be rendered more aggressive than ever, all the world over.

When the Socialist has delivered a carefully prepared speech in support of his proposals it is at best disappointing to find an opponent asking if under the proposed scheme there would be neither drunkards nor offspring of drunkards. One might almost as well try to ridicule the Chancellor of the Exchequer by asking if under his Budget proposals rinderpest would be eliminated. Similarly, Socialist doctrine cannot be successfully refuted by reference to the easier conditions which prevailed half a century or more ago. The brothers Cobden were able to borrow money on nothing but their knowledge of a trade. Young men attempting anything of a similar kind to-day would probably be handed over to the police.

The Socialist may make himself ridiculous by demanding everything in the name of the masses, though all too often he means no more than that he desires a little extra for himself. Still, we cannot dismiss all Socialistic argument on this ground. The Socialist's power for evil is great because underlying all absurdities and more or less covert self-seeking there is at least one great truth. No one can doubt that the masses do need very many things which they have not got, while some wealthy people have those very things or their equivalents and do not need them. The cry of the starving is a natural cry, and cannot be stifled by describing it as the cry of the "have nots" against the "haves."

In 1922 I was told by a determined Socialist that official statistics concerning deaths from starvation had not been published for many years. My interlocutor was making much capital out of the spirit of suppression which he not unnaturally contended was indicated by this fact. I told him that I thought there would be little difficulty in obtaining the numbers which he said had not been published, and that I would see what could be done. On looking into the matter I found that the usual reference books contained no figures later than 1908, in which year fifty-two such deaths were reported in London. I then addressed a letter to the Registrar-General, asking, on October 21st, where such figures could be found. On November 11th I wrote again, drawing attention to my previous letter, repeating the request, and enclosing a stamped directed envelope. On November 22nd I forwarded a third letter, registered upon this occasion, repeating the request, mentioning the previous letters, and again

enclosing an envelope. As I have received neither acknowledgment of nor reply to any one of these three letters, my Socialist friend is able not merely to triumph over me—a matter of small importance—but also to use a really formidable weapon (with which he has been provided by authority) against the existing state of society. It is upon exactly such suppressions as these that agitators thrive.

Looked at in one way, the avowed Socialist, in making clamour for an impossible best, is silencing the outcry for a not too remote good. Alsop wrote a fable concerning substance and shadow, which our Socialists would do well to read. He wrote another, anent frogs and boys who stoned them, which might with equal reason be commended to the consideration of some of our individualists.

3. WHAT DEFECTS WOULD IT BE WELL TO REMEDY AT ONCE?

Probably no one will contradict the bald statement that our social system is by no means perfect. There may be wide differences of opinion as to the defects which should first be removed. Can we not roast our pork without setting fire to the house?

Clearly those whose needs are greatest should first be considered, and, since we must generalise now, it seems reasonable to suggest that the needs of the unemployed are greater than those of any other well-defined section. Given agreement on that one point, the first need of all is clearly employment at a living wage. It has been contended again and again that it is not possible to fix a living wage, but the contention will not bear investigation. Rent, food, fuel, lighting, clothing, and sundry other charges for a given number of adults and a given number of children are all items which can be expressed in terms of currency. It will usually be found that persons who assert the impossibility of determining a living wage are unwilling that any such system should be established. It is also to be remembered that in considering the workman's wage very sharp distinction must be made between gross and net profit. The custom has grown up of assuming that all the artisan's wage is net profit. This assumption overlooks the fact that there are certain necessary expenses which he must meet if he is to continue at work. Rent must be paid and food and clothing must be provided for himself and his dependents. These are working expenses without meeting which the operative could not for long follow his avocation. If we consider the case of the well-paid workman who has a wife and four or five children we shall usually find that, having deducted his working expenses from his gross receipts, the margin of net profit is very small. *Per contra*, the net profit of the single man who is drawing the same rate of pay will often

be found very high. Therefore in adjusting wages it is ridiculous to say that because equal work should command equal pay the single man should receive as much as the married man. Equal work should rather command, as nearly as may be, equal net profit. There, then, is the case for a wage system whereunder each man would receive from his employer the basic or single-man wage. This wage would be supplemented from a fund constituted for the purpose, to which employers, workmen, and—in extreme cases—the State would contribute, additional payments being given to men having dependents in proportion to the number of those dependents.

Against any such scheme it may be urged that in every industry only a definite number of units of commodity are produced, and therefore there is a limit to the amount available for distribution. No one can dispute that statement, but it immediately suggests the question: Have we any industries wherein commodities are being sold at so low a rate that a living wage is not furnished for the workers? If it is urged that we have, then it appears that a *prima facie* case has been made out for investigation. The "open counting house" is clearly to be insisted upon in such industries. Common humanity to the workers and simple justice to the employers demand this. If prices rule so low, then prices must be raised, by international agreement if necessary—an arrangement which might be of far more advantage to the world than disarmament.

It has been said recently that many of our coalminers, while in full work and receiving the recognised rates of pay, are yet driven to accept Poor Law relief because their wage is not a living wage. Here we have, first, something much like proof that it is at least possible to say what is *not* a living wage, and, next, clear indication of need for investigation. After the vindication of coal owners and dealers it would appear that some form of international agreement should follow.

Obviously, none of the immediately preceding suggestions tend to make work for the unemployed. What are we to do with more than a million and a quarter persons needing work and finding none? At present these persons are in receipt of doles, and in many cases of additional sums. They are being paid for doing nothing of any use to the community. They are frequently in mischief, and almost always deteriorating in one way or another. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that the recipients of the dole are often in most unhappy case and can reasonably make serious complaint. If a man refuse all forms of Poor Law relief, will, in fact accept only "Government benefit," he is usually called upon to hand at least half that sum to the landlord each week. Meanwhile, landlords complain that they are

not allowed to charge "economic rents," yet another plaint which should be investigated, for it is to be borne in mind that houses do not stand empty now (unless the owners are determined only to sell), that there is less difficulty in collecting rents than in pre-war days, and that, if necessary repairs are more costly still, for a period of years now very little beyond necessary repairs has been done. Many a workless man still called upon to pay his weekly rent with absolute punctuality has actually given the landlord more than the purchase price of the house in years gone by. Is it unreasonable to suggest that, for a time at least, landlords should (in approved cases) be called upon to forgo half the rent? This, though no more than a palliative, would be a particularly useful one at the present juncture.

The great essential is, however, work. To-day the prevalent inclination of all classes is towards play. Any copy of any daily paper will put that assertion beyond doubt. Meanwhile, we are constantly being told what is and what is not economic. It seems to be assumed that to pay men from fifteen shillings to about two pounds per week for doing nothing is better economy than paying them a reasonable wage for useful work so long as the useful work brings no profit to privately owned undertakings. Meanwhile, it appears to be accepted as a matter of fact that the most useful members of the community are those who invent or improve labour-saving devices. It seems hardly an exaggeration to assert that the playing of games and the creation of unemployment are at present our two principal industries. While mass-producing factories in this country have already produced unemployment, those same factories are themselves seriously threatened by the mass production of foreign factories. Particularly is this the case in our specially favoured cotton industry. Our agriculture is in serious plight, so a part of the tax on beer is removed.

England is a small country, yet a great and a wealthy country. Even in so small a country there is always much work which should be done for the good of the community. Is neither the greatness nor the wealth sufficient to ensure that such necessary work shall be done by the otherwise workless, unless some already affluent persons can make a profit on the carrying out of such work? Therein lies the weakness of civilisation and the strength of the agitator.

If large profits are made out of the creation of unemployment, it is only to be expected that heavy taxation for the support of the workless will follow. Even the best of men will not idle contentedly on insufficient money.

HOWARD LITTLE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THIS being the month of December and the season of Christmas, it may not be inappropriate to consider some recently published volumes of stories of the supernatural and their correlation to the history of the ghost story and tale of terror in this country.

The art of the ghost story—and that surely is an art which can create sensations of very real, and at the same time pleasurable, fear and disquiet in the mind of the reader—has passed through many mutations of form in England. The early romance writers, such as Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, "Monk" Lewis, and Maturin, were admirable in their settings and scenic accessories. They followed the German tradition, and rightly so, for no country has been so prolific as Germany in evolving through the ages supernatural and romantic legends allied to, or arising from, wild mountain scenery, mysterious forests, rivers and lakes, and ancient buildings—a national characteristic which found supreme expression in the great music dramas of Wagner.

Consequently we find in the pages of the early romancers I have just mentioned the castle of mystery set amid towering crags or the glooms of a vast forest. Walpole and "Monk" Lewis were content, when they came to supernatural appearances, to present the orthodox conventional demon, complete with talons and horns and hooves and tail, such as can be seen in George Cruikshank's illustrations to *The Ingoldsby Legends*—the demons, in short, created by the imaginations of monkish chroniclers and mediæval painters. Unfortunately these picturesque fiends are liable to become funny in a supernatural story. Their antics in *The Castle of Otranto* engender mirth; and the final horrific scene in *The Monk* is ruined by the fact that the demon talks persistently in the manner of an old-time villain of transpontine melodrama:—

"Miscreant, prepare for death; you have not many hours to live!"

On hearing this sentence, dreadful were the feelings of the devoted wretch. He sank upon his knees, and raised his hands towards heaven. The fiend read his intention and prevented it.

"What!" he cried, darting at him a look of fury, "dare you still implore the Eternal's mercy? Would you feign penitence, and again act a hypocrite's part? Villain, resign your hopes of pardon! Thus I secure my prey!"

As he said this, darting his talons into the monk's shaven crown, he sprang with him from the rock. The caves and mountains rang with Ambrosio's shrieks. The demon continued to soar aloft, till, reaching a dreadful height, he released the sufferer. Headlong fell the monk through the airy waste; the sharp point of a rock received him, and he rolled from precipice to precipice. . . .

Mrs. Radcliffe differed from her contemporaries in the tale of terror. All her effects were obtained by suggestion of the unknown .

—hollow groans and low sighs heard behind the arras, flitting lights and shadowy forms seen in the distance of labyrinthine dungeons or forest aisles, the while the wind soughed eerily or the advancing thunder rumbled warningly among the hills. She was magnificent in her *mise en scène*; but no terrible apparitions ever materialise, however imminent they appear, because, alas! all the mysteries and horrors are explained in the end to have occurred by human agency. That is the great blot on the artistry of Mrs. Radcliffe. She trifled with the supernatural. She summoned spirits from the vasty deep, and then, alarmed by her own temerity or the fears and susceptibilities of her feminine readers, she dismissed her potential spectres and substituted puppets and unsatisfactory explanations.

Mrs. Radcliffe's influence upon literature, as I have demonstrated elsewhere, was very great and lasting; and her inartistic way of solving the ghost story was followed by many of her successors in fiction—that is to say, the lesser ones, for, as we shall see presently, the great artists in literature (with the exception of Thackeray and Meredith) have treated the ghost story seriously and impressively. But the immediate effect of Mrs. Radcliffe's method descended upon G. P. R. James, who in *The Castle of Elnorstein* (1847) provided at the outset one of the finest supernatural romances with an admirable scenic setting. But all is ruined in the end by the fatuous "explanations."

Happily other writers developed the ghost story on the right lines. Walter Scott in *The Tapestry Chamber* (1829) and *Wandering Willie's Tale* (in *Redgauntlet*, 1832) reached the supreme heights. What superb artistry permeates *Wandering Willie's Tale*; every sentence and detail has its place in the cumulative effect. As Ruskin said, "It is as natural as the best of Burns, with a grandeur in its main scene equal to Dante." Following, and inspired by, this great example came W. Harrison Ainsworth. Supernatural events are effectively introduced into most of his early books, and in *The Lancashire Witches* (1848) he achieved a masterpiece, despite some faults of contemporary style, for this, in my opinion, is the greatest of all romances dealing with the occult and the combined influences and "atmosphere" of wild and suggestive scenery.

Sheridan Le Fanu, meanwhile, was developing with his own peculiar art another line of the supernatural tale. For thirty-five years, 1838-1873, he wrote stories of mystery, but his pre-eminent method did not deal with apparitions visible to several persons, but rather with terrible spectres generated in the brain of the haunted. Le Fanu's greatest stories, *The House by the Churchyard*, *Green Tea*, *Carmilla*, *Uncle Silas*, and others, are accessible to a certain but not great extent. Several of his short stories were contributed, in most cases anonymously, to *All the Year Round*, *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, *London Society*, and *The Dublin University Magazine*.

Twelve of these unknown or forgotten tales have now been collected and published,¹ with a preface and bibliographical notes by Dr. M. R. James, the Provost of Eton, who is himself the most distinguished living writer of ghost stories. The book is very acceptable at this season, and the stories most worthy of rescue from oblivion. They are also of collatable interest for those who desire to consider Le Fanu's work as a whole. One of his peculiarities was to present and rewrite a tale several times; generally commencing as a short story it would appear later in longer form, and finally as a full-length novel, with the setting and, sometimes, the details and period changed. Thus the famous *Uncle Silas* had two preliminary canters on a shorter course—to use an equine metaphor. In the present volume Dr. James provides us with *Some Strange Disturbances in Aungier Street*, which is the earlier form of the well-known story of *Mr. Justice Harbottle*, one of the five tales in the volume called *In a Glass Darkly*. I am inclined to think the early version the most impressive; at any rate, it is more of a ghost story than *Mr. Justice Harbottle* is. The spectre is malignant, and this is another aspect of Le Fanu's work which is distinctive. In the majority of ghost stories, both authenticated and fictional, it rarely occurs that the apparition has any power to harm human beings physically: the ghostly activities are confined to inspiring terror by sight mainly, and it is only occasionally that an actual malign touch is recorded. I recall one such authenticated case at a house near Bandon, in Co. Cork, where the apparition touched a woman's arm, which immediately became paralysed and remained useless for two weeks after. But Le Fanu's ghosts are very actively malignant. There is his terrible *Familiar* (*The Watcher*), and in this new volume the tale of *Dickon the Devil* relates how the spectre carried off a boy in its arms, and when the lad was eventually discovered he was an idiot and so remained to the end. "No one could ever get him to sleep under roof-tree more. He wanders from house to house while daylight lasts . . . and folk would rather not meet him after nightfall, for they think where he is there may be worse things near." *Squire Toby's Will* is also an awe-inspiring ghost story; in this case a dead person returns in the semblance of a great dog.

In all these collected tales I find Le Fanu's particular art of creating the right "atmosphere" of melancholy and mystery by a preliminary picture of some direly foreboding old mansion and its gloomy park seen in the twilight of an autumn or winter eve. He gets his artistic effect with a word or two.

The Park-wall was grey with age, and in many places laden with ivy. In deep grey shadow, that contrasted with the dim fires of evening reflected on

(1) *Madam Crowl's Ghost*, and other tales of mystery, by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu. Collected and edited by M. R. James. (G. Bell and Sons, 7s. 6d. net.)

the foliage above it, in a gentle hollow, stretched a lake that looked cold and black, and seemed, as it were, to skulk from observation with a guilty knowledge.

As I have said, many of Le Fanu's stories, including the truly awful *Green Tea* (1869), were first issued in *All the Year Round*, for Charles Dickens was ever intensely interested in the supernatural, and wrote of it admirably, as everyone knows, in the stories of *The Bagman's Uncle* and *The Goblins who Stole a Sexton* in *Pickwick*; in *A Christmas Carol*; and in the short stories called *The Signalman* and *The Bride-Chamber*, and elsewhere. In *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, under Dickens's editorship, are to be found some of the best ghost stories ever written, including *The Old Nurse's Story*, by Mrs. Gaskell—another triumph in the presentation of scenic "atmosphere"; *The Phantom Coach*, by Amelia B. Edwards; the very fine anonymous *Ghost Story*; *The Haunted Organist of Hurly Burly*, by Rosa Mulholland; and many other tales of the supernatural and horror—such as *The Spare Bed*, by Wilkie Collins, who was also author of a very successful full-length ghost story, *The Haunted Hotel*. It was Dickens who asked Bulwer-Lytton to write a serial tale for *All the Year Round*, and this proved to be *A Strange Story* (1861)—a pioneer in the metaphysical branch of the ghost tale.

Dickens, then, may be said to have consolidated the modern taste and appreciation for the supernatural story. The magazines which sprang up in imitation of *All the Year Round*—*Tinsley's Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, and *London Society*—all provided the ghost story. Those in *Tinsley's Magazine* were truly excellent, and before leaving this period of the 'sixties and 'seventies I must mention the work of Mrs. Riddell. Her ghost stories in *Weird Tales*, as examples of the old-fashioned Christmassy kind, have never been excelled, and she also wrote a story of death called *The Haunted River*, which has a tense atmosphere of brooding horror settling over it like a pall. I still treasure the 1891 Christmas Number of *The Whitehall Review* for its collection of delightful ghost stories by Lady William Lennox, John K. Leys, Lady Alexandra Egerton, William Le Queux, Lady Harris, and other writers.

In later years Rudyard Kipling, W. W. Jacobs, E. F. Benson, R. L. Stevenson, Marion Crawford (author of *The Upper Berth*), Mrs. Molesworth, Fergus Hume, William De Morgan, Miss Evelyn Nesbit, Miss Violet Hunt, Clark Russell, Barry Pain, John Buchan, Miss Marjorie Bowen, the Rev. E. G. Swain, Mrs. Campbell Praed, and many others have written excellent ghost stories. Henry James advanced the prominence of the metaphysical ghost story with his arresting and terrible tale, *The Turn of the Screw*, and another in lighter vein, *The Way It Came*. I have always regretted that Mr.

Thomas Hardy has not written more extensively of the supernatural, for he showed in *The Withered Arm* that he was master of this branch of his craft, as well as of those he has so pre-eminently made his own.

To-day, two writers stand out as specialists in the art of the ghost story and tale of terror—Dr. M. R. James, the Provost of Eton, and Mr. Algernon Blackwood. Dr. James has created a style entirely his own, for his horrific events are narrated with scholarly erudition amid an authentic archæological and antiquarian "atmosphere." He has produced three volumes of tales of this description, and the next is awaited with pleasurable anticipation. Mr. Algernon Blackwood in his first three books, *The Empty House*, *The Listener*, and *John Silence*, presented a collection of supernatural stories of particular merit, subtle and suggestive of ulterior trains of thought. Unfortunately, in my view, he later wandered away into metaphysical spaces and pantheistic groves, where I do not follow him with the same enjoyment as of yore. I would sacrifice all the Starlight Expresses and Centaurs and Men that the Trees Loved for some more stories in the style of *A Case of Eavesdropping*, *The Listener*, and *Secret Worship*. *On y revient toujours*, and I trust to see Mr. Blackwood back in his haunted houses.

S. M. ELLIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Vogel's very interesting and well-reasoned article, "Fostering Trade Within the Empire." There is one point which I submit is not sound.

He says (p. 740), if the Dominions purchase "British-manufactured goods . . . the United Kingdom must, of necessity, take in exchange Colonial produce."

There is no such necessity, however. The British manufacturer may sell a quantity of, say, machinery to Australia. In payment of this the latter can send an equivalent value in wool to France, and in payment of this wool the Frenchman sends an equivalent value in wine to England.

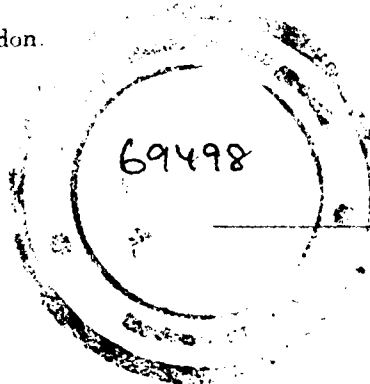
The Australian, to settle his account with the British manufacturer, remits the latter a bill on Paris, generally accepted "payable in London," at such and such a bank, or may draw direct on London against a bank credit opened in his favour by the Frenchman.

It is quite possible for a country to export very largely to another country and receive nothing direct in exchange, the liquidation being made by the working of international banking facilities and the movements of international trade.

Yours faithfully,

J. RUSSELL GUBBINS.

London.



* * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.

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The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.