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REVIEW

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W. L. COURTNEY

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCXCI. NEW SERIES. JULY 1, 1924.

LEAGUE AND EMPIRE

By "AUGUR"

"Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great."—TENNYSON.

IN the court of the Malaya pavilion at Wembley is the statue of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, the great governor who gave Singapore to the Empire. The man had the intelligence to grasp the value of the key position, the initiative to transform his scheme into action, and the courage to go on with it against all opposition and censure. Raffles was an adventurer in the noble sense of the word. His statue is in the place of honour to remind us that the British Empire has been created by such adventurers and not by politicians.

Politicians invented the comfortable theory that it is not in the interest of the Empire to have clarity on important issues. A policy of drift has their sympathies, and they say that clear cut decisions would bring to an end that vagueness and uncertainty on which, in their opinion, the Empire thrives. I belong to the school of thought which says that the Empire thrives in spite of this uncertainty or vagueness and not by it. In 1914 Great Britain was carried to the verge of dishonour and therefore of destruction by laxity of precision and by a policy of limited responsibility. Viscount Grey, at the time Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was hampered in his effort to stem the tide of war by the lack of Imperial vision and of courage among his colleagues. When a menace to the Empire is suspected it must be probed; when it is known, it must be met—not avoided.

Geographically the Empire has stretched itself to its limits, but politically a mountain of work is before the builders. More than ever do they need the broad mental

vision, the daring initiative and the fine courage of their predecessors. Their enemies are the red tape of bureaucracy and the cowardly idealism of politicians. It is fashionable nowadays to shirk the discussion of important issues under the pretext that this would be harmful to Imperial interests. In the end such ostrich politics will bring sudden failure and lasting shame.

Among the questions which concern the Empire to-day that of the League of Nations is important. The Covenant of the League, as it is at present, contains the seed of a menace, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's desire to strengthen the League will make this menace a real thing. For politically the Empire is in the melting-pot; so much so that the machinery does not exist which deserves to be called an Imperial Government. There is goodwill and a fairly general striving to achieve unity, but of the elements which are needed for the solid existence of a Commonwealth of States only the sovereign rights of the Crown remain unchallenged in the British Empire to-day. A logical scheme of supreme Imperial Government, based on the unity of constitutional principles, on the unity of front in foreign relations, and on the unity of armed defence, is only in the process of a slow elaboration.

At such a time the introduction of an alien element like the League of Nations into the incomplete scheme of the Empire is inconvenient. It is not my object to praise or to condemn the idea of the League. I want to point out only that by accepting the Covenant in its present form the British Empire and the Dominions, which are parts of it, have brought into their house a new element. The future will show if this was done for better or for worse. But it is useless to deny the possibility of a League intervention in Imperial affairs. One has but to read attentively the Covenant; further on I will go into this question in detail.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald intends to undertake steps which should lead to the strengthening of the League of Nations in the part of an international arbiter. M. Poincaré has been deprived of power in France, and Mr. MacDonald does not see any other obstacle to the putting

into effect of his plans for the League. But if M. Poincaré has gone, the Treaty of Versailles remains, the problem of German Reparations remains, and the problem of French security remains also. The point of international action, friendly or forceful, continues to be directed against Germany; the facts of the situation have not altered—the methods only will be different. When M. Poincaré was in power he conducted the band—we criticised his musick; now it is Mr. MacDonald's turn to lead—a more difficult task. In the first instance it will be more difficult to refuse if the same demands on which we did not agree with "bellicose" M. Poincaré are again put forward by the new "pacific" French Government. There are signs already that in essence the French demands remain the same.

Mr. MacDonald's idea is to concentrate upon the problem of the League of Nations and to achieve in this manner the peaceful settlement which until now has eluded all efforts. The meeting of the Assembly of the League in the autumn promises to be of historical interest. It will coincide with a meeting of the Council of Allied Premiers, of which by rotation Mr. MacDonald will be chairman; Signor Mussolini has promised to be present; of the attendance of the French and the Belgian Premiers there can be no doubt. Thus for the first time the Council of Allied Premiers will be held with deliberate intention simultaneously with the Assembly of the League, and will be as if merged in it. Mr. MacDonald expects great things from this. If need be he will not hesitate to propose and press for such alterations in the League's constitution as shall make it an effective instrument at the disposal of the international movement for peace.

Permanent departments are busily engaged upon plans in accordance with Mr. MacDonald's idea. This is a hard task because it is difficult to strike a compromise between the idealism of the politician and the rules of practical statesmanship. However, everything possible is being loyally done to satisfy Mr. MacDonald's desire. Some day we shall be amused by the published details of the work now being done at the Foreign Office and elsewhere in connection with this question, which will show the

curious futility of parts of the discussion and the way in which precedence was given to this question or to that according to their supposed comparative importance.

The objects pursued in these departmental and inter-departmental discussions are the following:—(1) To find practical means to supply the League with the executive power and the physical force which it entirely lacks at present; (2) to devise a scheme to bring Germany and, if possible, the Soviet Union into the League; and (3) to prepare a proposal for the placing of the Reparations question and of that of French security entirely under the League. It will be seen that the programme is vast and if carried out in its entirety would bring about a total change in the European political situation: Mr. MacDonald's name would go down to posterity as that of the founder of a new era in international relations. How all this is to be achieved is not clear, not only to the public, but also to the men who are now working on the details of his plan. This is a pity, because all the more has one to apprehend some move at Geneva which will complicate the political situation instead of clarifying it. But let us leave to the future to take care at least of part of the future and let us turn to a question of a more practical interest.

I have said already that in the Covenant is the seed of a possible menace to the Empire. Instead of embarking in considerations of a theoretical character I will take a concrete case, already existing, and which will show how a comparatively insignificant point may create a dangerous precedent involving the whole question of Imperial relations. I take an official document: the *Summary of Proceedings of the Imperial Conference of 1923*. Chapter xv is entitled: "Contribution of India to the Expenses of the League of Nations." The text is brief, and because of its future importance I will give it in full:—

The question of the contribution of India to the expenses of the League of Nations was raised by the representatives of India at the Conference, and was referred to a Committee under the Chairmanship of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was there explained by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru that India was assessed far higher than any other part of the Empire, except Great Britain. In 1922, Lord Balfour had

stated publicly at a meeting of the Assembly that the various parts of the Empire represented on the League would settle among themselves the exact amount which each would find. India desired to ascertain whether, in view of this statement, some relief could be afforded by the other parts of the Empire. The members of the Committee representing Great Britain and the Dominions, while expressing sympathy with the difficulties of India, explained that their Governments were not able to agree to any variation from the standard of contributions already laid down by the Assembly for 1923 and 1924. In the circumstances it was, of course, impossible for the Committee as a whole to make any recommendation. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru intimated that India must necessarily reserve the right to raise the question of its contribution at the League Assembly of 1924, and the Secretary of State for India, as Head of the Indian Delegation, affirmed this attitude when the matter came up before the Conference. The Conference took note of the position.

Here, it seems, is a simple, uninteresting issue: India is dissatisfied, and probably rightly, with the manner in which its quota for the maintenance of the League has been fixed. It finds it too high, and asks the Imperial Conference to consider the possibility of a reduction. This request has been refused, and India therefore wants to appeal to the Assembly of the League of Nations. This is the first instance when a State which is a member of the British Empire appeals to the League against an Imperial decision. This means that the League is recognised as the arbiter to whom there lies an appeal in the case of a conflict between members of the Empire. The importance of this cannot be underestimated.

To defeat the appeal the argument may be put forward that the dispute is a domestic affair of the British Empire, and therefore not *sub judice* to the League. But according to Article 15 of the Covenant:—

If the dispute between the parties is claimed by one of them, and is found by the Council to arise out of a matter which by international law is solely within the domestic jurisdiction of that party, the Council shall so report and shall make no recommendation as to its settlement.

The right to decide what is a domestic question is given to the Council of the League, and if even India's appeal is refused on the ground that the quota is an internal affair of the British Empire, the fact will remain that the jurisdiction of the League has been recognised in the question. This means, for example, that the Irish Free State is fully entitled to appeal directly to the League on any controversy

arising out of the application of the Agreement of 1922 between it and Great Britain, and to ask for a ruling of the Council that the question is not domestic.

Unfortunately the creation of the League has complicated the relationship of the Dominions within the Empire and with the Empire. The Covenant knows only one sort of members in the Assembly, and does not divide them into classes according to their sovereign status. In the list of members the names of Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India and of the Irish Free State stand in equality alongside that of the British Empire. The fact that the Dominions have a part in the Imperial representation does not in any way derogate from their status as independent members of the Assembly, and while the Covenant's rules oblige the Imperial delegation to vote one way, there is nothing whatever to oblige the Dominion votes to be cast in the same direction. There is nothing in the Covenant to prevent any single Dominion from availing itself of the right given to any member to declare its desire to leave the League. And, alternatively, there is nothing to prevent any single Dominion from remaining in the League even if the British Empire and all the other Dominions withdraw from it. Then, again, if the Dominions had been included in the League exclusively as parts of the British Empire, then the United Kingdom should have been made an independent member of the League, which it is not. General Smuts has declared that after the creation of the League of Nations the Dominions have been recognised as independent States, and the rights of Empire over them are only those conceded of their own free will. And on the face of it General Smuts seems to be right.

Then there is Article 20 of the Covenant. It says:—

The members of the League severally agree that the Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations and understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagement inconsistent with the terms thereof.

And to clinch matters the sentence is added:—

In case any member of the League shall before becoming a member of the League have undertaken any obligations inconsistent with the

terms of this Covenant, it shall be the duty of such member to take immediate steps to procure its release from such obligation.

This gives the right to people in Dublin to proclaim that some clauses in the Irish Free State Agreement are invalid, as contrary to the Covenant of the League, especially Clause 7, which, in time of war or of strained relations with another foreign Power, obliges the Government of the Irish Free State to afford to the Imperial Forces such harbour and other facilities as the British Government may require. It is argued that this unconditional promise is contrary to Article 16 of the Covenant, which condemns war begun against the rules prescribed by the League, and orders all other members to sever relations with the offending member.

Such is the extraordinary position created for the British Empire by the existence of the Covenant to which it has subscribed, while itself it remains unprovided with an effective scheme of Imperial Government. Perhaps my remarks will convince some readers of the danger which exists of the ready-made machinery of the League substituting itself in important cases for the non-existing Imperial machinery. And once the path to Geneva has begun to be trodden it will be difficult to replace it later by the path to Imperial headquarters in London. This prospect may please the heart of Internationalists, but cannot be pleasant to those who believe in the strength of the Empire and in its future.

To show how complicated is the question of the relations of the Dominions with the British Empire I will give the text of the new rules for the negotiation, signature and ratification of treaties adopted at the last Imperial Conference. Some time ago Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in a speech at Oxford, is reported to have spoken of the disastrous consequences of the Conference. I agree with him, although for a different reason. He evidently had in view the question of Imperial Preference. In my opinion the Conference is disastrous because of the changes it has brought to Imperial foreign relations, which the public has not yet had the time to understand.

It should be remembered that until last year the rights

of the Dominions to conduct their own foreign relations were regulated by rules laid down in 1895, which firmly established the principle that a treaty with a foreign Power could not be signed without the advice and sanction of the Imperial Government, that is, the Government of the United Kingdom. For this clearly defined principle, which safeguarded the unity of the Imperial foreign policy, has now been substituted a set of rules which can be qualified as dangerous. Here they are:—

1.—Negotiation.

(a) It is desirable that no treaty should be negotiated by any of the governments of the Empire without due consideration of its possible effect on other parts of the Empire, or, if circumstances so demand, on the Empire as a whole. (b) Before negotiations are opened with the intention of concluding a treaty, steps should be taken to ensure that any of the other governments of the Empire likely to be interested are informed, so that, if any such government considers that its interests would be affected, it may have an opportunity of expressing its views, or, when its interests are intimately involved, of participating in the negotiations. (c) In all cases where more than one of the governments of the Empire participates in the negotiations, there should be the fullest possible exchange of views between those governments before and during the negotiations. In the case of treaties negotiated at International Conferences, where there is a British Empire Delegation, on which, in accordance with the now established practice, the Dominions and India are separately represented, such representation should also be utilised to attain this object. (d) Steps should be taken to ensure that those governments of the Empire whose representatives are not participating in the negotiations should, during their progress, be kept informed in regard to any points arising in which they may be interested.

2.—Signature.

(a) Bilateral treaties imposing obligations on one part of the Empire only should be signed by a representative of the government of that part. The Full Power issued to such representative should indicate the part of the Empire in respect of which the obligations are to be undertaken, and the preamble and text of the treaty should be so worded as to make its scope clear. (b) Where a bilateral treaty imposes obligations on more than one part of the Empire, the treaty should be signed by one or more plenipotentiaries on behalf of all the governments concerned. (c) As regards treaties negotiated at International Conferences, the existing practice of signature by plenipotentiaries on behalf of all the governments of the Empire represented at the Conference should be continued, and the Full Powers should be in the form employed at Paris and Washington.

3.—Ratification.

The existing practice in connection with the ratification of treaties should be maintained. (a) The ratification of treaties imposing obligations on one part of the Empire is effected at the instance of the government

of that part. (b) The ratification of treaties imposing obligations on more than one part of the Empire is effected after consultation between the governments of those parts of the Empire concerned. It is for each government to decide whether Parliamentary approval or legislation is required before desire for, or concurrence in, ratification is intimated by that government.

It will be remarked that the words "Imperial Government" do not occur a single time in this text as if they had been deliberately avoided. Then in the very first sentence of the first clause it is said that consultation with other parts of the Empire is *desirable* (the italics are mine). If "desirable" then not obligatory? The "must" of the rules of 1895 has disappeared altogether. Not content with this, the authors of the rules have laid it down that the full powers issued to the respective plenipotentiaries are to be *in the form employed in Paris and Washington* (the italics are mine). But it is well known by specialists, although not by the general public, that at the Paris Conference the Dominion representatives were successful in insisting that they should separately and directly advise the King to issue to them their authority to sign the Peace Treaties.

While Imperial relations are in this unsatisfactory state of flux the League of Nations is being imposed upon us with a set of rules well defined in the Covenant. No wonder that one feels some apprehension as to what will happen if the League is further strengthened while the Empire is left in the present state of laxity and vagueness. It is useless to shirk the issue because, as I have shown by the example of the Indian appeal against the quota, the issue has become a real thing and not a theoretical speculation.

What is to be done? Quite evidently the League of Nations has come to stay, and some constructive formula must be produced to permit it to function without causing us harm, the possible extent of which has been shown above. But before expressing my views on this question I believe a warning is opportune. We must beware of preconceived notions which poison our mind and prevent us from thinking logically and sanely. One of these preconceived notions is that the League of Nations is a

special creation of the Anglo-Saxon race sprung, like Minerva, all armed, out of the brain of an Anglo-Saxon statesman. The League of Nations of to-day is but the evolution of an idea which has been alive in people's brains for more than a century, and of which two Russian Emperors, Alexander I. and Nicholas II., were great protagonists. Especially the latter, at whose suggestion the two Hague Conferences met and prepared international legislation which endures until to-day.

Another preconceived notion is that the whole policy of France is opposed to the idea of the League. There is no greater error than that. I need only quote two arguments. The first is that M. Poincaré has placed at the head of his Yellow Book on French security the historic despatch of Marshal Foch, who recommends the guarantee of the League of Nations for the Rhine. The second argument is that the greatest real triumph of French diplomacy over British in the post-war period was obtained through the League. I mean in the question of detaching Upper Silesia from Germany. We demanded that the question should be submitted to the League; the French accepted the proposal and won all along the line.

The defects I see in the League are the following:—
(1) It is slow to act; (2) it has no executive organ; (3) it has no physical force at its disposal; (4) it is top-heavy.

Let us begin with the last defect, which in my eyes is the principal one. We have in the League a world-wide organisation on which are represented most of the civilised States. This is too much. It is absurd that minor affairs, for example a plebiscite in a village on the frontier between Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, should be discussed by an Assembly in which sit the representatives of Ecuador and Peru. What is needed is the application of the principle of regional federation as it exists in national States. To get rid of the top-hamper in the League one must interpose between it and the single members regional Leagues. For example, there could be a European League, on which the United Kingdom would be represented, but not the Empire. Another League would consist of the British Empire as a whole. This would do away with the danger

of the Covenant to the Empire which now exists. A third League would be formed some day out of all the American States, with the United States naturally and easily a member.

The League of Nations in Geneva would then become the supreme world organisation over the regional Leagues. To give a practical example of the utility of such a federation, I will point to the case of the Soviet Union. At present if the Soviet Union would apply for membership it would be in its right to ask for as many votes as the British Empire and the Dominions together. If the Dominions are to be separately represented, then why not the separate Republics which form the Soviet Union and which officially (though not in fact) are more independent than our Dominions? The Soviet Union would have a vote; the Ukraine, and Turkestan, and Azerbeidjan, and Armenia, and the German Commune on the Volga would have separate votes too. Is not this an indication of the necessity of protecting regional questions from plural votes of outsiders? The League of Nations in Geneva should be composed, not of representatives of the individual members, but of delegations of the regional Leagues.

It is hopeless to expect that such a drastic change will be recognised as necessary in the near future. Reforms are usually made, not in the prevision of their necessity, but only after a catastrophe of some sort. Instead, recourse will be had to patching, and an attempt will be made to remedy the defects mentioned by me under (1)-(3). This will be necessary because the question of French security cannot be solved if the whole question of the control of armaments is not put under the League. At present this cannot be done, because control of armaments means that the League must be alert to every change in the situation, swift to decide and to act with adequate physical power. Not one of these conditions can be carried out at present. The Council of the League does not meet often enough, it has no executive power, and it has no forces, either physical or moral, at its disposal to back its decisions.

I know that this circumstance has attracted the attention of Mr. MacDonald and of his advisers. They will try to

produce a scheme of reforms which would permit swift authoritative action. The greatest difficulty is to supply the League with the argument of force. It will be well-nigh impossible to provide divisions of infantry and naval units. The palliative proposed is the creation for the League of a real General Staff recruited from the best military talent in Europe. There is sense in this proposal, because undoubtedly advisers like Marshal Foch and the Earl of Cavan will give infinitely more weight to the League's recommendations than the respectable but unknown gentlemen who at present serve out at Geneva the time for their final pension.

All this will develop or not, but our chief and immediate concern must be to organise and strengthen the British Empire before we do anything in the same direction for the League. This is common sense and does not mean that the League is useless. Only the time of miracles is no more, and it is steady, honest work that counts. Humanity cannot spring out of one period into another. It moves solidly, step by step, feeling its way for each step. Every time that the attempt is made to hasten the natural development of human affairs disaster overtakes us. The trouble is that politicians, conscious of the fact that their period of power is no longer than the life of a butterfly, are anxious to crowd into it as many successes as possible. They should take example from the Vatican, which thinks in centuries. And, whatever we do with the League, let us make the Empire safe first.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN FRANCE

BY JOHN BELL

HE would be a bold man who hazarded the prophecy that the new French Cabinet will find the task of governing an agreeable and an easy one. It will be neither one nor the other, and for various reasons which it is necessary to set forth in order to obtain something like a clear idea of the actual political situation in France. It is the truth to say that the result of the elections came as a surprise. There are people who claim that the electors' decision was precisely what they predicted. Probably the same claim would have been put forward had the Bloc National swept the country as it did in 1919. Leaving aside these back-patting prophets, it can be said that, while the leaders of the victorious party were confident that they would win many seats, they did not expect that their triumph would be so sweeping as to place the reins of government in their hands. The surprise of the victors was only equalled by the astonishment of the vanquished.

The first effect of the elections was to create something like confusion in the ranks of the triumphant Left. MM. Herriot and Painlevé and M. Léon Blum, the secretary of the Socialist Party, got their victory. For them the question was what they would do with it. The electoral surprise gave birth to the idea in England and elsewhere that a great change had been effected in France, that M. Poincaré and his foreign policy had been condemned for ever, that a new France had been born with men imbued with entirely different ideas controlling her destinies. This is an erroneous conception. The foreign policy of M. Poincaré was not the main issue at the elections. Like the elections in England, the main issue was of a purely economic character. Mr. Baldwin wanted to protect home industries by following the example of other countries. He thought that by imposing tariffs on foreign goods, as is done by other nations, and notably

France, where there is practically no unemployment, a fillip would be given to the home trades and the number of unemployed would conceivably be reduced. But the voters who supported Labour imagined that by a policy of Protection their food was going to cost them more, and they argued that any political party bent on tampering with the people's food should be driven from power.

In France there was a situation almost analogous from the point of view of personal, economic, fiscal and domestic interest. The complaint was that food was much too dear, that nothing had been done to bring down the cost of living, and that fiscal laws had been passed by M. Poincaré's Government which had added materially to the economic burden of every French citizen who pays taxes. The Radicals, Radical-Socialists and Socialists forming the Bloc des Gauches argued that legislation of this sort was intolerable six years after the war. For them the decree laws passed constituted a form of dictatorship that was foreign to the nature of Frenchmen. The politicians of the Left also campaigned against the *double décime*, or twenty per cent. increase, and they found many people to believe them when they declared that to increase taxation by nearly six milliard francs a year could not be justified. By the same process of reasoning they tilted against the economies envisaged by the Poincaré Government.

Why had this legislation been passed? M. Poincaré and his advisers held that the measures were absolutely necessary if the Budget had to be balanced, if the financial difficulties of the country had to be courageously tackled, if French credit had to be conserved, if the franc had to be saved. M. Poincaré found it necessary to have recourse to American financial aid, and it was given on condition that drastic measures were taken. These were adopted, with the result that the value of the franc, which at one moment touched 120 to the pound, rose very rapidly, though it has to be admitted that there was no corresponding diminution in the cost of living. The franc continued to mount, and before the elections it was as high as 67. It is significant, however, that immediately after the elec-

tions its behaviour changed. It again fell. The props supporting it gave way, and we had the spectacle of MM. Herriot and Painlevé, the leaders of the victorious Left, consulting with M. Poincaré and M. François Marsal, his Minister of Finance, as to the best means of pegging it up again. Equally significant was the statement made by these politicians that the Budget would have to be balanced by whatever Government was in power.

If this statement meant anything at all it signified that the new Premier would be compelled to adopt a policy of economy, that some of the promises given to the electors could not be fulfilled. And in this connection the tens of thousands of discontented Civil Servants have had to renounce their claim to the eighteen hundred francs dear-living indemnity. The late Government had not only refused to give them this allowance but, in the interest of national economy, had decided to decrease their number. The Civil Servants took up the electoral weapon against the Bloc National. They waged a campaign in every department; they worked for the return of the candidates of the Cartel des Gauches, and there is no doubt whatever that they contributed very sensibly to the victory of the Left. The part they played is one more proof that the elections were fought almost entirely on internal policy. An accomplished fact like the occupation of the Ruhr had only a very indirect effect on the result; and if those foreigners who disapprove of this enterprise interpret the election figures as indicating a change of opinion in France in the direction of giving up the pledges seized and exploited, without equivalent guarantees being given in return, it can be said that they have formed a false impression of what has really happened.

The Bloc des Gauches won the elections because, in the first place, it had planned an offensive which appealed to Frenchmen who, whatever be the strength of their conviction that Germany should be made to pay war damages to the last centime, protested against increased taxation, and wanted the cost of living to come down; and in the second place because no adequate defence was made by the Bloc National. It had been expected that M. Poincaré

would give the Parliamentary majority in the last Chamber a lead, that he would have devised a battle-cry, a programme, that would have circumvented the tactics of the Left. He did nothing of the kind. All that he did was to deliver two speeches, which some of his most stalwart supporters declared, on the morrow of their delivery, were wholly lacking in driving power. Evidently he relied on the approval given to his policy in the past, as witness the resolutions passed by the Conseils Généraux, or county councils, which in France make public opinion, for the maintenance of his majority in the new Chamber. He played on the old strings, emphasising the necessity of France remaining in the Ruhr until Germany had fulfilled her obligations, and of only withdrawing in proportion to the payments made. Only one telling point did he make in his second speech: the singularity of the Radical-Socialist Party allying itself with the party of revolution, the S.F.I.O. (French section of the Workmen's International).

The Bloc National thought a great deal about the attitude of M. Poincaré, but the leading members of it said little. They hoped that the country would leave him to finish with Germany, that it would not go back on the decisions of the Chamber and Senate. But the electors did not concern themselves with the Reparations policy, more especially as the Government, in keeping with the Governments of Allied countries, had accepted the plan of the experts for dealing with Germany. They did, however, concern themselves with internal policy, and listened to the protests of the Left against dear living and increased taxation, and believed in the remedies proposed by those who, while they never expected to be called to power, at any rate hoped to meet with sufficient success to enable them to dictate policy.

How different was the situation on the eve of the elections of 1919! M. Millerand was not a member of the then outgoing Government, but it was understood that he would succeed M. Clemenceau. And he took the lead, delivered fighting speeches, formed the Bloc National, and issued an election manifesto which the country, aghast

at the idea of revolution, accepted, and dismissed a large number of Socialists. The Socialists have been returned to the new Chamber 105 strong. The strength of the Communists is 30 (they have now more representatives in Paris alone than they had from the whole of France in the old Chamber), the Republican Socialists, Radicals, and Radical-Socialists number 178, the Democratic Left 76, the Republican Left 55, the Bloc National 116, and the Extreme Right 20.

What will the Left do with its victory? Who are the men who are going to change the face of things in France? How will they do it? After the transports of joy over the triumph won had subsided, M. Herriot met with his first check. When he, the leader of a party which at any rate stands for law and order, joined his forces with those of the party of revolution, of the red flag, and of internationalism, when he entered upon this unholy alliance, he had always counted on a fair division of the spoils of office. A section of the Socialists, those of the intellectual type, such as M. Paul Boncour and M. Marius Moutet, both lawyers and Parliamentarians of long standing, were willing. But M. Léon Blum and M. Pierre Renaudel, both aggressive leaders, scouted the idea of Socialists participating in the Government. *Pourquoi faire?* Support it, yes, but participate in it, never.

The question of the Socialists sharing in the task of government was discussed until the early days of June, when a decision not to accept places in the new Cabinet was reached. Meanwhile the parties of the Left started a violent agitation against M. Millerand. They demanded his departure from the Elysée, and refused to comply with his request to form a Government. He put up a fight, taking his stand on the Constitution. What had M. Millerand done to incur their displeasure? He had made a declaration against the suggestion of the Radicals and Socialists that the old method of election, the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, or election by majority, should be restored. He was also accused of having given the country a lead to vote for the Bloc National. The elections were fought on the *scrutin de liste*, a hybrid form of

proportional representation which in its operation was puzzling to many Frenchmen. The *scrutin de liste*, against which the Radicals and Socialists jibbed—they fought bitterly in the Chamber and Senate against it—brought them to victory. It is therefore not clear to foreign students of this method of election why it should have been so strongly criticised by those whom it benefited and why those who were beaten should have insisted on its adoption. Its application revealed glaring anomalies. Take the voting in the Seine-et-Oise. M. André Tardieu, one of the framers of the Peace Treaty, was beaten, although he polled thirteen thousand more votes than Marty, the Communist candidate, and thirty thousand more votes than M. Franklin Bouillon, the Radical candidate, both of whom were elected. It is claimed that the Bloc National polled 2,260,000 more votes than the Left Block.

As to the second charge brought against M. Millerand, that he intervened in the interests of the Bloc National, his defence is that he simply sustained the head of the Government, whose policy he endorsed. But the Socialists had other reasons for hating M. Millerand. They remember that he was once one of themselves, and that they expelled him from the party when he became a patriot. They also remember that when he was Premier in 1920 he broke the strike launched, not to secure higher wages for the workers, but to bring about a revolution. And they do not forget that he was the man who played havoc in their ranks at the 1919 elections.

It has to be remembered that M. Millerand was not keen on accepting the Presidency of the Republic. He made it clear at the time that he would go to the Elysée on condition that he had not to be regarded as a figure-head. He had learnt a bitter lesson during his Premiership. He realised that as long as Mr. Lloyd George was at the head of the British Government a persistent effort would be made to whittle down France's claims on Germany. And it was in order that Mr. Lloyd George should be fought that M. Poincaré was called to the Premiership after the fall of M. Briand. A Government of the Left imbued

with pacific ideas, obsessed with the ideal of international peace at a time when Germany was talking of revenge and increasing her military strength by surreptitious means, inspired M. Millerand with something like fear. It is not to be wondered at, then, that he should be anxious for the return to power of the party that responded to his wishes as to the best means of dealing with Germany, for the return of M. Poincaré, who, though he had shown a conciliatory spirit in his dealings with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, could be relied upon to maintain the interests of France.

The same reliance could not be placed on a Radical-Socialist Premier. But after what has happened and is happening in Germany many Radicals and not a few Socialists have found it necessary to modify their views. The attitude of the German Right has had a reflex action on the French Left, and it is not too much to say that the future stability of government in France will largely depend on the stability of government in Germany, and on whether or not the experts' plan for making reparations, which the Marx Government accepted, will be loyally carried out. In watching Germany and at the same time endeavouring to fulfil the extravagant promises which the Bloc des Gauches made to the electors, M. Herriot finds himself confronted with the most difficult task that has ever fallen to any Premier. He is a courageous man, of wide sympathies and pleasing presence. He is a thinker and an orator, though his oratory is more demagogic and declamatory than persuasive, more suited to the marketplace than to the tribune. And he can be very boring. It is no effort for him to speak several hours at a stretch. He talks more now than he did in 1916 when I first met him in London. Between the election results and the moment when he was asked to form a Cabinet he talked a great deal—too much, as even his own friends believe.

Yet he has a way with him, a knack of getting men to do things and to do them well. Witness the success that has attended his mayoralty of Lyons, one of the best administered cities in France. A man whose frame suggests physical strength, with a big, well-thatched head and a frank face, the eyes speaking candour and sympathy, his

training has been in an intellectual groove; for he began life as a teacher and ultimately became a professor of letters and philosophy, which career he abandoned for the political arena. Only for a short period did he occupy the position of Minister of Supplies and Transport in the Briand Government of 1916. While, therefore, he has had nearly twenty years' experience as head of the municipality of Lyons, he has practically no Ministerial past. And he is 52. Since 1919, when he left the Senate and entered the Chamber and became the leader of the Radical-Socialist Party, his *rôle* has been that of a destructive critic. Now he seeks to become a constructive statesman. Before he was asked to form a Government he was compelled to make known his policy to the Socialists. It might well be their policy. M. Herriot pledges himself to bring about a general amnesty, to suppress the French Embassy at the Vatican, to reduce the period of military service, to ensure respect for the eight-hour day and the rights of trade unionists, to give Civil Servants the right to combine, to strengthen the League of Nations, to re-establish normal relations with Russia, to accept the report of the experts, and not to quit the Ruhr until the guarantees provided by the experts have been obtained. The control of German disarmament has to continue, but M. Herriot would like to refer this matter to the League of Nations as soon as possible, as also the pact of security.

The League of Nations has come to be regarded as the refuge of all statesmen who find themselves in a hole. It has become the depository of unsolved problems. Let us look ahead and ask ourselves in what manner the League can control German disarmament and deal with the vital question of French security. It would have to reckon, not with the Allied nations sighing for peace, but with Germany, who is looking to the day when she can wipe out the ignominy of her defeat. "When the hour of deliverance strikes we shall take up arms as in 1914. Our old armies will be resuscitated and will become the terror of our enemies." These are the words of General Reuter, spoken a short time ago at a Nationalist manifestation at Munich presided over by Prince Rupprecht. "Ah!" exclaim the

idealists who believe, quite mistakenly, that the German heart has changed, "but Germany will have become a member of the League of Nations." The Ethiopian does not change his skin. Our past experience of Germany is that, if opportunity served, she would not hesitate to break the Covenants of the League, just as she broke the pact guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. Moreover, if the overburdened League has to be responsible for the observance of the pacts of peace and of French security, it must have more than moral force behind it. And it must be a stupendous, over-aweing force, against which it would be impossible for Germany to prevail. So if Germany is admitted into the League before she has repaired her criminal fault—let it not be forgotten that she has had the effrontery to impose conditions—it would seem that the Allied nations will have to adopt the French suggestion when the League was in the making and create an international force.

A Government formed from the parties of the Left will not only have the Socialists to please, but also the revolutionary trade unionists. The General Confederation of Labour, which began the revolutionary strike of 1920, discussed its minimum programme with M. Herriot, who assured its leaders that their claims would be attentively examined with a view to their fulfilment. These claims include a levy on capital and industrialised nationalisation. With 105 Socialist deputies and the revolutionary trade unionists watching a Radical-Socialist Government, its leader cannot say that he will be able to govern with absolute freedom. The Socialists knew what they were about when they refused to accept offices in the Government. Their mouths would have been kept closed if they had accepted portfolios. If they agreed to give their support to a Radical-Socialist Government, it was on condition that it governed in keeping with their wishes. Let it attempt to do things of which they do not approve, and they will not hesitate to withdraw their support.

For the moment the Socialists are satisfied with the Radical-Socialist programme. It is a revolutionary programme, and each item will be fought tooth and nail. It

is supposed that a general amnesty will bring M. Caillaux back into the political arena. By temperament M. Caillaux is not one of those men who would be content to play a modest part. If he returns, his place must be in the lime-light, and his friends will not hesitate to push him into it. There are many people of the Left who think that M. Caillaux will again be called to the Premiership, and the Bloc National, which will certainly make its power felt in the new Chamber, is asking what will happen then. Frenchmen are not likely to forget M. Caillaux's efforts to bring about a Franco-German *rapprochement*, and they are persuaded that if he returns to power he will resume where he left off. A Franco-German understanding, such as M. Caillaux tried to bring about before the war, was not in the interests of England. Other French politicians have toyed with this idea, and they will return to it if the experts' plan for making Germany pay reparations comes to nought.

What happened in France is nearly akin to what happened in England. The difficulties and the delays in applying foreign policy had their inevitable repercussion on home affairs. The apparently insoluble Reparations problem, the divergence of views among the Allies, encouraged by an insidious propaganda from which German influence was not absent, and the continuous high taxation and dear living created lassitude and a revulsion of feeling in the masses. The voters argued that the Right had had its chance and had failed to make good. Therefore, why not give the Left a chance? So we have a Labour and Socialist Government in England and what is, to all intents and purposes, a Socialist Government in France, a country of small savers attached to the principle of individual property.

The men who voted for the Cartel des Gauches may be divided into two categories—those who voted against the old Government because it had done nothing to bring down the cost of living and had increased taxation, and was going to make economies which would hit a large section of the population, and those who voted against the measures passed in the interest of the financial situation of

the country and of the franc. Both voted, not for a policy, but against a policy. The measures passed envisaged economies of a drastic character, which were held to be necessary in a country which had been compelled to pay on Germany's account something like 100 milliard francs in reconstructing the devastated departments. These economies involved the suppression of sub-prefectures, courts, post offices and *lycées*. The functionaries were up in arms, and while the minor Civil Servants campaigned in favour of the 1,800 francs dear-living allowance, the higher officials campaigned to keep their jobs. The influential electors in those towns where the sub-prefectures had to be suppressed saw what would happen. The butchers, bakers and all the shopkeepers had visions of dwindling trade, with the disappearance from their midst of the bodies which created commerce. They imagined that their towns would be reduced to the status of big villages. Such a transformation must not occur. It was a case of damning economy that meant an interference with commerce, and so there was a combination of electoral forces to secure the victory of the Left. This is what happened in France.

By reason of the formidable minorities arrayed against them, the present Governments of England and France are not sufficiently strong and independent to govern as they would wish. If they could put their principles into practice, we would have something like a Communist *régime*; for, after all, Communism is simply the application, the logical sequence, of Socialist doctrines. There is a note of tragedy in the political evolutions effected in both countries, and meanwhile Germany, the cause of it all, whose evolution has been in a contrary sense, is waiting and watching.

LUDENDORFF REDIVIVUS

BY LEONARD SPRAY

It is not much longer than five years ago that in Germany the name of General Ludendorff was mentioned only in association with expressions of execration and remorse, recrimination and bitterness. He was the scapegoat for a lost war. He was at the nadir of a career whose zenith had seen him the dictator of a nation, with might greater than had ever been wielded by any one man in the history of the world. When, in the autumn of 1916, Falkenhayn fell because Verdun stood, and Ludendorff became First-Quartermaster-General, with Hindenburg as Chief of the General Staff, he took command, political as well as military, of the conduct of the World War so far as the Central European Alliance was concerned. Statesmen surrendered to his implacable purposes or else were driven from office. Like Napoleon in an earlier epoch, he imposed his will on soldiers and civilians, on Governments and peoples. He was the master of the Emperor whom he served because that Emperor was convinced that he alone was the man who could bring realisation of his dreams of victory and conquest. He, who has since written "We spread over the world without standing firmly in Europe," sent new expeditions to Finland and the Baltic. The master of gigantic armies, millions of soldiers moved at his command, from Flanders to the Caucasus, from Riga to Mesopotamia.

Then the great moment approached and Ludendorff proclaimed himself ready for it. He "guaranteed victory." By a supreme and final offensive on the Western front, the war would be decided in Germany's favour before the American armies could be ready to turn the scales. On that single card Ludendorff staked the war and the existence of the Fatherland. The card was played, the stakes were lost. Ludendorff was fully conscious of disaster when the British broke through the Hindenburg line and the German front was shaken from Switzerland to the sea. It was Ludendorff who, stricken

with panic, urged the opening of negotiations. It was his declaration of bankruptcy that surprised German policy in a night and compelled its reversal. True, he later revised his verdict, professing certainty that he could get the bulk of his armies back to the line of the Meuse and so enable Germany to hold out for better peace terms. Utterly blind to the psychological effects of the peace overtures he himself had initiated, he challenged the authority of the Government to continue them. The Government, for the first time, accepted his challenge. They made constitutional changes by which the military leadership was subordinated to the control of the civil government. Ludendorff resigned. The depths to which he fell, from a height of power to which no single individual had before achieved, were not plumbed until a few months later when Ludendorff fled, disguised and pseudonymed, from the country whose fate he had once held in the hollow of his hand. He fled to escape from the rage and humiliation of a nation drinking the bitter dregs of defeat from the cup of victory that he himself had held to its lips.

But Ludendorff had not really left the stage; at any rate, he had not gone further away than the wings. And now he is strutting there again before the eyes of a distracted nation and a bewildered Europe. He is a member of the Reichstag, the honorary president of the group that is known officially as the "Nationalist Socialist Freedom Party," and in popular parlance as the German "Fascists." What is the import of his presence? What is the motive that prompts him to take his place in an assembly that he despises and distrusts as deeply as ever the puppet-Reichstag of Imperial days was despised and distrusted by Wilhelm the Second? Is Herr Ludendorff, M.P., an incident or a portent? What is the measure of his influence and his support? The answers to all these questions are, as it were, synchronised in the personality of Ludendorff. The key to his character is at the same time the key to his aims and ambitions and, partly, to the extent of the personal loyalty paid to him by millions of Germans.

Ludendorff is, first of all, a great patriot. That is not denied even by his enemies, though in their view it is his conception, or rather misconception, of patriotism that was the main factor in the downfall of the German Empire. He is an absolute mediævalist in the profundity of a faith that is almost mystic. Nothing has shaken his belief in the mission of Germany. Nor, despite revolution and turmoil, agony and confusion, does he dream that the German people themselves have lost their faith. Germany was invincible; therefore Germany was never beaten. The German Army was "stabbed in the back" by socialists and revolutionaries, and those socialists and revolutionaries were men of alien birth and blood. To this "explanation" of the collapse Ludendorff has devoted tens of thousands of written and spoken words. Had Germany been true to itself it would never have had to submit to the Treaty of Versailles. For a tragic moment, misled and betrayed by false prophets, Germany forgot its mission and its invincibility. It is only awaiting a return of true guidance to renew a faith that has been dimmed but never quenched, that is asleep but not dead. When he stood beside Adolf Hitler during the ridiculous "Brewery Rebellion" at Munich, Ludendorff proclaimed, "I undertake the leadership of the German National Army whose task is to hoist the old Imperial flag and achieve new victories." And as recently as May 30th last, attending a "German Day" at Marburg, he said: "I speak in the name of the old army leadership and also as leader of the German People's Movement, whose aim is to arm the whole nation for the future war of revenge."

That is the true voice of Ludendorff, of a "patriotism" that is infantile in its spirit of revenge, and blind to everything it does not want to see; a patriotism bellicose and implacable, hard and resolute; a patriotism that deliberately and sincerely excludes the possibility of European reconciliation and collaboration. That Germany must live and work for "der Tag" of revenge, and subordinate everything else to its fulfilment, is the gospel that Ludendorff has preached with strict consistency from the day of

his return from Swedish exile to the eve of his election to the Reichstag. He even believes that the day would dawn to-morrow if the execution of the plans were left to the "autocratic dictatorship" that he has publicly defined as the only form of Government to which the German people is adapted. The programme on which those plans are based was outlined during the recent elections by Ludendorff and his party. It was, however, of a nebulous character, beginning with the destruction of the Jews and ending with the forcible expulsion of the French from German soil, and hinting, incidentally, at a restoration of the Monarchy, a strengthening of Prussian hegemony and strong opposition to decentralist tendencies in Bavaria. The "tearing up" of the Treaty of Versailles is, of course, implicit in the mere existence of the "Freedom" party. Military resistance to all Allied demands under the Treaty is championed by Ludendorff at every opportunity. How he regards what the rest of Europe looks upon as the opening of a new chapter of hope by the Dawes Report is adequately shown by the following extract from a speech he made at Beyreuth on April 25th: "Our enemies on both sides of, and beyond, our frontiers are concentrating to deliver the last blow in order to break the backbone of the noble northern race that once dominated Europe and Asia Minor and to make us slaves in the service of ignoble races. To the devil's-work of Versailles a second devil's-work is to follow—the so-called Experts' Report which signifies our perpetual slavery and our being robbed of any prospect of achieving freedom."

The party with which Ludendorff—a child in politics—has associated himself has thirty-two members in the Reichstag. Its subsidiary leaders in the country are composed of varied, discredited and mostly discreditable elements—political desperadoes, ambitious and disappointed officers of the old Army, adventurers and phantasists. A crude and cruel anti-Semitism is the principal weapon in its armoury of fanaticism and political dementia, though that is not so much a weapon as an instrument to incite hatred and assassination. Its real strength, however, is derived from the obedience to its tenets of the numerous illegal

semi-military organisations, camouflaged under such titles as the "Bismarck," "Young Germans," and "Steel Helmets" Leagues, and scores of others.

Ludendorff's influence, however, and that of the idea he more than any other personage incorporates, must not be reckoned only in terms of the numbers and composition of the "Freedom" Party. Of that party of 32 he is, of course, the idol. Though the Nationalists, numbering 104, do not pay him lip service, many of them regard him in their heart of hearts as a leader. When Ludendorff talks of "Revenge" he only blurts out openly their secret thought. The course of the recent Cabinet-making negotiations showed how the Nationalist Party is largely subservient to the rank and file of Junkerdom, and Junkerdom is Ludendorff's. Under pressure of the patriotic societies, with their illegal fighting corps, the Nationalist leaders withdrew their already qualified acceptance of the Dawes Report, and in this they were partly influenced by fear of the competition of the "Freedom" Party in the country. At an earlier stage of the abortive negotiations the Nationalists contemplated what would have been the first-class blunder of a von Tirpitz Chancellorship as the price of their adherence to a Coalition Government of the Middle parties. More at sea than he ever was as head of the Admiralty, von Tirpitz first consulted Ludendorff and craved him to "treat benevolently a Coalition Government of the Nationalists with the bourgeois parties." Ludendorff told him bluntly that the "Freedom" Party could only support a Cabinet "if it were in principle for the repudiation of the policy of fulfilment and acceptance of the Experts' Report." Nothing came of these manoeuvres, but the fact was registered that the Conservative Party had felt compelled to ask Ludendorff's indulgence in the government of Germany and the direction of its foreign policy because they know that the landed interests generally—the Junkers—are in sympathy with his bellicose and menacing ideas.

Though the German People's Party (45 members) are in favour of the Dawes Report, they have never disowned Ludendorff's aims and they joined in the counter-cheers

that answered the howls of the Communists when he took his seat in the Reichstag. A small section of the great industrialists whom they represent want to make "reservations" to acceptance of the Report, and whilst rejecting Ludendorff's methods share his emotions rather than the conciliatory ideas of the party leader, Dr. Stresemann. And even in the moderate parties there are a few who sympathise with the extremists' ambitions whilst opposing their political tactics. Unreservedly anti-Ludendorff are the Socialists (100), Democrats (28), and Communists (62).

In assessing the influence of Ludendorff it must be borne in mind that German politics and policy are strangely subject to economic and psychological conditions. Germans are still in the nursery, politically speaking. They are an easy prey for political desperadoes and quacks. Last year the occupation of the Ruhr, by an ironic inversion of its declared purpose of "securing" France against a revival of German militarism, re-aroused military sentiment. Even the apostles of reconciliation despaired of a settlement with Germany's neighbour and traditional enemy. Then came the final collapse of the mark which left millions of Germans workless and penniless, and lifted prices so that even those in employment found their wages had little or no real value. In these circumstances the German people were only too ready to listen to counsels of despair. The "policy of fulfilment" had been tried, and this is what had come of it— invasion and terrorism, unemployment and starvation. Better, surely, to tear up the Treaty. "Rather an end with terrors than terrors without end." The whole system of constitutional government was tottering and there were cries for a dictator. Who better able—or more willing—to fill the rôle than the apostle of an "autocratic dictatorship"?

The self-nominated dictator appeared in the open. No, not in the open—in a brewery at Munich! The folly and futility of the Bavarian "rising," its childish conception and its inevitably ignominious failure, made it at once a lightning flash and a blow. The flash exposed the complete incompetence and ignorance of the would-be saviours

of the Fatherland. The blow staggered the extremists at the moment when they were nearer achieving their immediate aims than at any moment since the revolution of 1918. Up to that moment the tide of popular feeling had been flowing swiftly and steadily towards defiance and reaction, monarchism and militarism. Once again the malign little god that presides over the destinies of the German Nationalists had played them a trick.

Then came the impeachment and trial of Ludendorff and his co-conspirators. A widespread, though ridiculous, plot against Government and constitution was revealed. But those disclosures faded into insignificance compared with the self-revelation of Ludendorff himself. All the other blunders, strategic and political, of his career were venial compared with the blunder he made in his speech in his own defence. Here, in the capital of Catholic Bavaria he accused the Catholics of conspiring with the Jews to effect the ruin and destruction of Germany. The machinations and baleful influence of the Jews was an old story. In a post-war pamphlet, "War Leadership and Policy," Ludendorff had told how "the Jewish race is working hand in hand with France and England"; how, to secure its political and economic objects, it "brought about the downfall of Germany." All this, and much more, he repeated before his Munich judges; even the famous but mysterious "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion" were cited in evidence. It fell on deaf, or may be sympathetic, ears. But ears were pricked up when Ludendorff developed his theme thus: "The Jewish race is antagonistic to our race. The Jew has as little right as the Englishman or the Frenchman to obtain decisive influence in our country. We do not want the Rhineland by the Grace of France, or a State under the influence of Marxist, Jewish, or Ultramontane powers."

What was this? asked Catholic Bavaria. "Ultramontane powers" was a strange term to use in Munich. But not so strange as Ludendorff's subsequent definition of its implications. The Roman Catholic Church were equal villains with the Jews in the defeat of Germany and

the destruction of the Hohenzollern dynasty. Bavarian Catholics had sought to destroy the Germany of Bismarck and bring about the permanent enslavement of Germany to France through the destruction of Prussia. The upper hierarchy of the Catholic Church had extended increasing protection to the Jews. There had been correspondence between Dr. Heim, the most influential of Bavarian Catholic politicians, and Francophile Bavarian monarchists, designed to further the interests of Bavaria as against those of the other German States in the post-war settlement. The Vatican had adopted an anti-German attitude during the war. As a final indictment, Ludendorff denounced the Pope for his remarks during the ceremony of the canonisation of Joan of Arc. He just stopped short—in Catholic Bavaria—of proclaiming a crusade in favour of Lutherism!

There followed a storm of anger and criticism amidst which Ludendorff, so far from retracting anything he had said, underlined and endorsed his attack. Taking the salute at a parade of illegal and proscribed Fighting Leagues some time after his acquittal, he told his followers they must prepare for a struggle "against the Marxist-Jewish view of life and against Ultramontanism which writes Christianity on its banner but works with insidious poison." For him, apparently, the portentous resentment of the Roman Catholic Church and the alienation of Catholics, not only in Bavaria but all over Germany, weighed nothing against his passion for the Prussia of Bismarck and Protestantism. All outside, Catholics or Jews, are heretics, and hated for their heresy with that intensity of which only the true believer is capable.

Yet Ludendorff has survived this self-exposure of his political incapacity, of the lack of the mere rudiments of political strategy, of any ability to assess the comparative strengths of the varying factors that comprise a nation. He is a member of the second Reichstag of the German Republic, though twice actively associated with armed attempts to overthrow that Republic by force. He defies the authority of the Government by attending parades of "prohibited" Monarchist-Militarist organisations. He

unveils statues and war memorials and talks about war—the next war as well as the last. He is cheered by tens of thousands of Monarchists and Nationalists, though he is a disintegrating factor among the former and though his mad-brained follies are repudiated by the saner elements among the latter, who realise that the only logical consequences of his political dementia would be the tearing up of the Versailles Treaty and an immediate war with France. As the “generalissimo” of the egregious Hitler, he is alien to the sentiments of many of his former comrades, the generals of the old army.

In view of his record, military and political, the surprising thing is not that Ludendorff's influence has weakened so considerably since last November, but that he is still able to command the active support of so many of his compatriots and the passive sympathy of far greater numbers. Even the Munich fiasco would not alone have sufficed to turn the tide against himself and the other extremists. That change was the psychological consequence of a change in the physical conditions of life. With the abandonment of passive resistance in the Ruhr and the issue of the Rentenmark, there came a return of regular wages, more employment, and an accompanying feeling of stability and security. The economic and financial crisis remains inherent in Germany's international situation and can only be solved by the adoption of the Dawes Report and the settlement of all the outstanding problems of the peace. But for the moment the great mass of the German people are content to repose in the comparative, and possibly, alas! only transitory, quiescence of monetary stability after last year's nightmare of inflation and economic chaos. They are not the easy tools of Ludendorffian adventurers that they might have been in those days of desperation and despair.

If the opportunity now afforded by the Dawes Report is lost, those days may return. Then, once again, the German people may be tempted to entrust their future to the man who has already held their destinies within the hollow of his hand. The recent elections, though the “Freedom” Party's achievements were far behind their

anticipations, showed that the Nationalist-Militarist element taken as a whole is increasing in strength. Though they disavow Ludendorff's tactics, many of the Nationalists sitting in the Reichstag share his dream of a war of revenge. They carefully foster the bitter resentment of the French engendered in the masses of the nation by the occupation of the Ruhr and the harshness of its incidence. By the middle classes Ludendorff is still regarded as a hero. Despite his proven initiation of the overtures that led to surrender, they look upon him as the man who, in conjunction with Hindenburg, saved the Fatherland from invasion by foreign armies.

To the youth of the country, so far as it is drawn from the influential Junker, ex-Service and professional classes, Ludendorff makes an insistent and irresistible appeal. The other day he told an assembly of students, “Germany demands from its youth burning love of their own country, hatred and revenge against the enemy.” By that “burning love” he himself is consumed. That is one of the secrets of his continued hold on the imagination and loyalty of millions of Germans. With its unworthy accompaniment of hatred and revenge he is infecting Germany's youth—and “the enemy” is lending him unconscious aid. Ludendorff is gambling on the continued confusions of a post-war Europe still shaken by the fevers of thwarted hopes and mutual fears. Let those confusions continue long enough and a distracted Germany may, perhaps, despair of its Republic and its Constitution and demand a dictator. Ludendorff will respond to that demand and will not hesitate to call upon Germans to march again to death in battle.

THE MILITARY PROBLEMS RAISED BY THE WORLD-WAR

BY GENERAL ALVARO OBREGÓN,
President of the United States of Mexico

ONE day at the close of a long and arduous campaign I was asked by a number of pressmen to what special gifts or effort of mine or stroke of circumstance I would ascribe the sequence of my military successes. And this was my reply:—"To my having made fewer mistakes than the Generals on the other side and to my having profited more by theirs and by mine." This dictum, which I believe entirely covered my case, holds good, I feel convinced, of every successful military leader. For the errors committed in the conduct of a war being of their nature numerous, occasionally decisive and always impossible to foresee, the upshot of the struggle depends upon what they are, how quickly and thoroughly they are discerned and fructified and by which of the two contending army leaders. In other words, no campaign being free from serious miscalculations which lessen the maker's chances of victory, the ultimate advantage will lie with that side whose chief commits fewer, is quicker to perceive and correct them and readier to make the most of the blunders of his antagonists.

About the specific blunders to which the outcome of the world-war is mainly due much has been written by qualified and unqualified critics. Indeed the literature on the subject is already so vast and perplexing that it would be unfair to add to it without having something new and definite to communicate as well as the needful credentials to entitle one to a hearing. The knowledge that in my case both these conditions are fulfilled emboldens me to put briefly upon record some results of my observations in the hope that they may prove suggestive and helpful.

I can state as a mere matter of fact and without a tinge of self-complacency that two hard-fought campaigns, one

of several years' duration, have made me closely acquainted with warfare in all its essential aspects and within a wide range of conditions to which numerous factors contributed. Thus I have had to deal with armies of professional soldiers in the field—men duly taught, carefully trained, organised according to traditional methods, well versed in tactics and officered by first-class technicians who conducted their operations congruously with the "rules of war." Cheek by jowl with these were nuclei of improvised warriors with no better guide than their own untutored initiative. To those must be added a variety of units of combat, each of them a perfect mosaic of heterogeneous elements. Moreover, constantly we were face to face with a number of incalculable influences which called for the immediate exercise of all one's vigilance and resourcefulness. Those elements and others, now combining, now disuniting, generated all conceivable kinds of problems which had to be solved on the spur of the moment under severe pains and penalties. It was while I was undergoing this test that I succeeded in acquiring and storing up a considerable fund of experience which, I venture to think, qualifies me to offer an opinion on one of the most far-reaching problems to which the world-war has imparted actuality.

If one were to catalogue, classify and analyse the recognised military errors into which the belligerents fell from the opening of hostilities in August, 1914, down to the Armistice in November, 1918, it would not be difficult to trace most of them to one and the same source—a fundamental misconception of the nature of war. That original sin, as one may aptly term it, which vitiated so many subsequent operations, consisted in the fact that a military campaign as a subject of study was defined and taught as a science, whereas in reality it is neither more nor less than an art. Nowadays even departments of unsystematic human knowledge, conjecture and skill are dignified with the title of science, although they obviously lack all its attributes, and most of their adepts assume the title of professors. Such is the fashion of the day. The Central Empires—Germany in particular—militarist by heredity, were the origi-

nators of this innovation, dubbing war a science and having it taught in military academies as such. The other Powers followed suit unhesitatingly. Now this, I hold, is the most fatal error into which military men have fallen since the days of Hannibal and Julius Cæsar. Curiously enough, even the experience of the Great War has not yet torn the scales from their eyes and revealed to them their amazing misconception.

During the long period of peace that preceded the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, the Militarist Empires, and therefore all the prospective belligerents, put their officers and men through a course of thorough preparation in the domain of theory, which was, so to say, standardised and from which it would have been deemed worse than a heresy to swerve. At first the results promised to be satisfactory: every adept became a professional expert capable at any given moment of explaining theoretically and "scientifically" how a battle should be planned and along what lines it should be developed and worked out to a victorious end. All the problems to which a campaign could conceivably give rise were foreseen, analysed and definitively solved in accordance with the new science, the sphere of unforeseen circumstances and the part played by genius in leadership being virtually eliminated. Every aspect of warfare was approached and dealt with in the light of the theoretic principles and attainments set forth in the various "scientific" treatises. There were no unsolved problems, no submarine rocks or quicksands to be steered clear of: it was all plain sailing.

The course of a military graduate was thus shaped once for all within the limits of a discipline so rigid that it left no room for individual judgment or personal initiative. All that was needed on his part was ability to classify an occurrence and apply to it the governing principle which had been laid down by his professors. For the problems of war were methodically codified, and the judge had but to apply the proper theory to the concrete case. All the grandiose conceptions which are wont to be generated in the hour of great catastrophes when the imagination, fired by the sight of disaster and the vision of triumph, is raised

to its highest power, are repressed as irrelevant asides so as to allow the great and the lesser units of combat to move in faultless form and predestined order as parts of the mighty war machine. The chiefs of the greater units deploy their forces and execute their operations, just as do their subordinates, subject to the tactics of the school. They have no choice, no discretion. Their task is to apply the proper scientific principle to the actual problem and leave the rest to fate or providence.

Now I venture to contend that for those who conduct a campaign these rules and precepts are but absurd clogs and hindrances which remind one of the mediæval poems written in the shape of a bottle or a rose or without employing this or that letter of the alphabet. It cannot be too often repeated: war is an art, and the world's few great captains who ventured to treat it as such broke with all the established tactics of their day and with all the traditional precepts of the theories then in vogue. One and all they owed success to the spontaneous conceptions of their own genius. The generals of 1914-1918 owe their failure to the lack or suppression of such conceptions. Professional soldiers who graduate in military academies weave all their plans in harmony with the dogmas and the tactics which they learned there, and, generally speaking, before beginning a battle, they have it already planned out on a theoretical basis. And that is one of the mistakes which most materially contribute to failure. It is as though a surgeon should put a leg in plaster of Paris before he knows which bone or bones are broken.

The art of war is so complex and embraces such a vast variety of aspects that it would be a sheer impossibility to reduce its exercise to fixed rules. Among the factors which most frequently contribute to success are the enemy's mistakes and their possible consequences, and about these the theory of war can teach the student nothing; they can be discerned for what they are only by a sharp military intellect and can be fructified only at the moment they are committed.

Psychological factors, too, play a considerable part in military successes. Even details which by their nature

ought, one would think, to be indifferent are often highly influential, such as the name and antecedents of a commander, the prestige of a regiment, its former achievements, its traditions, etc., etc. The mere presence, actual or supposed, of Julius Cæsar or Frederic the Great, for instance, or of any great and popular commander, was of itself at times sufficient to turn the tide of battle. The sudden arrival of a famous regiment in the field, even before it could effect any operation whatever, has also been known to bring victory in its train. And respecting none of these or analogous elements can anything be learned in the sphere of theory, however comprehensive it may be.

Again, to choose the fit moment for each action while laying due stress on the principal aim of the campaign is of the essence of success, and this kind of skill cannot be taught by any science or scientific theory. But the precious gifts which it presupposes and which are inborn can be neutralised by preconceived pseudo-scientific notions and likewise by sentiment, which is equally irrelevant and baleful. The Verdun episode, an incarnation of fatuous *amour-propre*, is an instructive case in point. To attack and capture that stronghold would undoubtedly have been a feather in the cap of the German commander. That and little else. The price to be paid for it in men and time was demonstrably out of all proportion to its military value. In the last analysis it was less a military move requisite for the proper development of essential operations than a source of balm for wounded self-love. Verdun ought never to have been treated as an objective of the first order. At best it was but a brilliant *tour de force* not to be attempted without the moral certainty of success. The forces which were hurled against those fortresses and lost to the general campaign should have been launched against Paris. This move would have neutralised the disadvantages which the Verdun fortresses offered to the attacking soldiers, for the French would have been obliged to hasten to counteract the assault which was being directed against the brain and the heart of France. These are elementary principles which can be and are taught in academies, and for that reason one is

amazed that the "scientific" school should have completely overlooked them.

The currency of the dogma that war is a science which can be taught in all its aspects is answerable for quite a number of concrete errors into which the leaders of the belligerent armies fell. The most amazing of these was perpetrated by the German commander when he unnecessarily and suicidally adopted trench warfare. At the moment when this portentous substitution was effected the Central Powers commanded an army whose technique and training were, so to say, perfect, and which consequently fitted them to carry out with precision all the manœuvres necessary to the delivery of a pitched battle. Yet that battle they eschewed. That, to my thinking, was the most fatal blunder committed in the conduct of the campaign, for it neutralised forthwith all the advantages—and they were many—which the Teutonic armies enjoyed over their enemies. It can now be shown that there was no adequate motive for thus abandoning the tactics followed theretofore. The forces of the Central Empires were at the time quite equal to the task before them. All they had to do was to continue their operations without shrinking even from pitched battles. What they should not under any circumstances have done was to equalise conditions or forgo the special advantages which they enjoyed over their antagonists. And that is precisely what they did. In the art of war and in the development of the campaign, despite their fundamental misconception, they were undoubtedly superior to the Allies. And this superiority they voluntarily forfeited for no advantage actual or prospective.

The moment the armies of the Central Empires hollowed out their last trench and shut themselves up within the zone of the conquered territories one may fairly say that they dug their own graves. For the problem which thenceforward faced them was anything and everything but military. It became mainly a matter of supplies and transport. And in organising these the Allies had the advantage. For the territory was their own, their sources of supplies were at hand, and they were far better

equipped than their enemy with all the elements indispensable to the satisfactory solution of those all-important problems. Thenceforward strategy was wholly eliminated and the war ceased to bear the remotest resemblance to a science. It became a sequence of purely mechanical problems. At the same time and for a like reason the need for the leadership of resourceful generals vanished and resourceful caterers for vast multitudes became indispensable, men whose administrative faculties corresponded to the material requirements of the struggle.

But the Allies were no more immune from error than their opponents. They followed the example of these and began by waging warfare "scientifically." In vain one scans the history of their movements for military evolutions that connote a happy innovation in the cut-and-dried theories of the academies or a great stroke which reveals a master-genuis. They simply settled down to the *rôle* imposed upon them by their short-sighted enemies, confined themselves to tactics of resistance, and thus helped to protract the sanguinary duel indefinitely. Nothing more pitiful than this is to be encountered in the annals of modern warfare. All they deliberately attempted from the outset of the struggle was to thwart as far as their forces permitted the movements of the hostile armies, until these cooped themselves up within the bounds already fixed by themselves. Thereupon the Allies inaugurated a pugilistic bout of which the upshot depended, as I have said, chiefly upon transport and supplies. Thus the greatest war recorded in human history came to a tragi-comic ending in which the armies that were finally beaten were those that had scored most victories.

Now the taproot of that practical paradox was the fallacy that war is a science. And this fallacy still holds the field. The circumstance that various sciences minister to the art of war, as they admittedly do to various other arts, lends colour to the assertion. But one has only to analyse the *rôle* of leadership and to study without prejudice any campaign, ancient or modern, in order to realise that the essence of war lies beyond the region of science and can

be comprehended in no theory, can be taught in no academy. Leadership in its highest form is a direct outcome of inborn gifts which may indeed be sharpened and developed by study and experience, but cannot be acquired.

Hence to discard the momentous principle of individual responsibility and all that that implies is to court defeat. And one correlative of such responsibility is absolute discretion—discretion warranting action which may run counter to every preconceived theory of war and other abstract "scientific" consideration. And for such far-reaching discretion there was no place in the academic theories adopted by the Central Empires. Their military leaders set out with a stock-in-trade of ideas which was undoubtedly considerable and useful and which they deemed to be also all-sufficient and infallible. This reliance upon the infallibility of "science" necessarily checked the free play of individual judgment, barred the light produced by outward circumstances, and gave the final victory to their defeated enemies. The upshot of the struggle reminds one of the physicians limned by Molière, whose operations and treatment of diseases were, of course, absolutely "scientific," but whose patients were unhappily wont to die just when they ought to be leaving their beds safe and sound and grateful.

(Translated by Dr. Dillon.)

THE BALTIC SITUATION

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

FOR an understanding of the general trend of political affairs in that part of the region of the Baltic to which a new character was given by the results of the Great War, special significance must be attached to an event that took place on the 30th of last March. This was the holding in a London church of a "Service of Thanksgiving to Almighty God, on the completion of six years of Freedom," by representatives of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, the three countries which are generally, though not quite correctly as regards Lithuania, known as the New Baltic States. Estonia and Latvia are in truth new States, but Lithuania is an old State, with a not undistinguished past, that has been revived—resurrected—like Poland. The service was novel enough in its nature to attract the attention of the London papers, and was reported as a striking piece of news, but little or no attempt was made to interpret or comment on it as a remarkable indication of a particular policy, interesting in itself and of importance to Great Britain from her long connection with the Baltic through a trade that once was vast and is increasing again, after a period of decline, to and from such ports as Riga, Reval, and Memel, all situated within these States. The holding of this service by Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania in common could not but suggest a certain political solidarity among them, and this was emphasised by the fact that the chief features of the service consisted of historical narratives showing how the three republics were established, and of renderings of their National Anthems. The printed order of service carried a map which demonstrated the geographical continuity of the three States, as stretching in a solid block from the Gulf of Finland on the north to Prussia and Poland on the south. Everything was done, it might be said, to give substance to the idea of common associations, interests, and policy leading to some kind of League, or

at least to such a "regional understanding" as is endorsed by Article XXI of the Covenant of the League of Nations, in order to secure the maintenance of peace. Estonia and Latvia have arrived at such an understanding in a formal pact which goes so far as to provide for their common defence. The Foreign Ministers and other representatives of these States met in conference the Foreign Minister and other representatives of Lithuania at Kovno, the present Lithuanian capital, on May 20th-21st, and reached various agreements on political and economic questions.

In previous articles in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* (July, 1921, and May, 1922) the writer discussed the formation of a Baltic League and stated what proposals had been made, and considered at conferences of those most nearly concerned, with a view to the combination of the various States in such a League. There were four League programmes, as they might be termed. The first and largest contemplated the inclusion of all the States fronting the Baltic, except Germany, and this was called the Maximal Programme. It came to be mooted in the last year or so of the Great War, and obviously had its origin in that war; it passed away with the war, or soon afterwards, and has not come up again as a matter of practical politics; it is just possible it may do so some day, but is unlikely. The second programme was known as the Large Programme, and envisaged the formation of a League of Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland, the five States on the north-western borders of Soviet Russia, and hence sometimes denominated the "Border States." This very name hinted a fundamental reason for such a League in their common fear of Russia. The third programme, called the Small Programme, covered Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania; while the fourth, the Minimal Programme, took in only any two of the States, as Estonia and Latvia, Finland and Estonia, or Latvia and Lithuania. Last year the Minimal Programme was realised, Estonia and Latvia having definitely leagued themselves together. Although the agreements reached at the Kovno Conference, held in May, do not go so far as those between Estonia and

Latvia, they definitely bring Lithuania into union with the two States and realise the Small Programme. No doubt it will be a good deal better than no Baltic League at all, and will have its political and economic uses, but it is idle to say that it can take the place of the Large Programme, which would bring in both Finland and Poland, and make the League a genuinely powerful combination, whether against external attack or for the facing together of their difficult internal problems in economics, communications, tariffs, currencies, and the like. The population of the five States is approximately forty millions—which sufficiently indicates their joint military strength, and suggests that even Soviet Russia would think twice before venturing on any aggressive movement.

Seeing that the Soviet menace in the shape of direct threats, propaganda, and secret intrigues is as formidable as ever, and that the advantages of a common, or at all events very similar, internal policy are not less apparent than before, the question arises why it is that failure has hitherto characterised all the attempts which have been made to unite these five States—Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland—in a League. These attempts have continued for some five years, the latest being seen in the conference which was held at Warsaw on February 16th-17th, but which has almost, if not altogether, made an end of the whole business, by manifesting once again the antagonism to each other of two of the States—Poland and Lithuania—and the indifference of a third State—Finland—to the very idea of such a League. Instead of progress there has been the reverse. Two years ago there was a conference of the four States—Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Poland—at Warsaw, and a treaty of alliance was actually negotiated and signed by their respective Foreign Ministers who composed the conference, but it was not ratified and therefore fell through, the chief opposition coming from Finland, whose then leader, Mr. Holsti, supported the alliance, but failed to carry the bulk of his countrymen with him. For a short time, however, it looked as if a Baltic League of some strength had come into existence, and this despite the non-inclusion of

Lithuania. Hopes were indeed expressed that a way would be discovered of reconciling the differences between Poland and Lithuania, who would then join the League, but circumstances hardly justified this optimism. It was Latvia, whose people belong to the same ancient stock as the Lithuanians, that was most sanguine in the matter. The course of events demonstrated that there was no likelihood of composing the quarrel over Vilna, which divided Poland and Lithuania so sharply. In any case the action, or rather inaction, of Finland was decisive, and the Warsaw Conference of 1922 might as well have never been held for all the good it did. Nor has the Warsaw Conference of 1924 had any greater success. Some months hence another Baltic Conference is to meet in Helsingfors, but it is very difficult to see any more rosy prospect for it, particularly as there is no change in the attitude of Finland to the League, a fact which makes the holding on Finnish soil of the projected conference seem simply ironical.

Although there is a fairly strong current of feeling in Finland in favour of co-operation with the other Baltic States, the general opinion of the country is against entering the League of the Large Programme. Some of her politicians maintain that inclusion in the League would not inure to her advantage, but rather to her detriment. Finland is the most important of the northern Border States in area, population, culture, and economic position. During the last two years she has much improved her economic position. In 1922 she had a record year, with a wonderful expansion of trade and industry and a great surplus of exports over imports. In 1923 the expansion was maintained, but exports were below imports in value, if not in volume, owing to the fall in prices in the world's markets. During that year, according to the *Bulletin* of the Bank of Finland, about 900,000 standards of sawn timber were exported, or 50,000 more than in the year before; the quantity is very nearly the highest that has ever been exported, being surpassed only in 1913 by two or three thousand standards. And here, parenthetically, it may be added, as showing the revival of

British trade with the Baltic, that the volume of products exported to England by Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania for 1923 was equal to half the annual total of Russian exports to this country before the war, while British exports to these States for the same year equalled one-third of the pre-war exports to Russia. All this is most encouraging.

To return to Finland and her opposition to the League of the Large Programme, the fundamental basis of which was fear of Russia. Finland maintains that she has far less to fear from Russia than the four other States; the situation of Poland *vis-à-vis* Russia needs no comment; Estonia and Latvia contain the former great Russian harbours, Reval, Riga, and Libau, which are the terminals on the Baltic of the Russian trunk railways from Petrograd and Moscow, and of which Russia may seek to recover possession; in this connection Lithuania need not be taken into account. Finland also maintains that, as she was previously an autonomous State under the Tsar as Grand Duke, Russians regard her in a different light altogether from the rest, and recognise her right to independence.

Finland is ethnically akin to Estonia alone of the four States, but while she acknowledges this common origin by a commercial treaty, it is to her neighbour Sweden that she turns for political support. This is not unnatural, for a considerable proportion of her population is Swedish; the bulk of her aristocracy is Swedish; one of her six political parties is the "Swedish Party," and at the recent elections it obtained about one-eighth of the total number of deputies. These elections made little change in the position of the six parties, with the significant exception that the Communists, who had formerly 27 seats, were reduced to 18, the Social-Democrats making a corresponding gain. As before, a coalition is the only possible Government, and Finnish foreign policy will remain unaltered. So far as the Baltic is concerned, the orientation of Finland may be said to be Scandinavian, which means a military alliance with Sweden rather than with Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland, and the possible eventual formation of a great political group which would include Finland, Scandinavia,

England, and Germany. This orientation, which may seem a little fanciful as things are at the moment in Europe, excludes, it should be remarked, any alliance with Poland, the latter adhering to the other great political group, the head of which would be France. The three States, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, are generally considered capable of inclusion in the Baltic-Scandinavian group, whereas Poland is not, because, on account of her frontiers, she is thought to be in constant danger of war with Russia and perhaps with Germany. Finland asks why she should run such a risk? And where is the compensation? Therefore, it was not surprising that at the Warsaw Conference of February last her representative, who was her Foreign Minister, gave the distinct impression that Finland sought to avoid entering into any definite arrangements. He announced that he had no authority to conclude even an arbitration treaty. The Conference passed a whole series of pious and somewhat wordy resolutions, the nett effect being virtually nothing, but was quite unable to conceal from itself or the outside world the divergent aims of its members. Of these the Warsaw correspondent of *The Times*, in its issue of February 19th, gave an illuminating account. He spoke of Finland as "frankly pro-German"; of Estonia, afraid of Moscow, as anxious to avoid any discussion on relations with Russia; and of Latvia as resenting Poland's policy to Lithuania, while Poland was taking an unexpectedly active part because she feared a *rapprochement* between Latvia and Lithuania. The correspondent declared that Mr. Seya, the new Latvian Foreign Minister, was decidedly inclined towards Lithuania, that is, as against Poland.

Although the Ambassadors' Conference in March, 1923, attributed Vilna and the Vilna district to Poland, Lithuania has not accepted this decision, and steadfastly asserts that she will never accept it. The quarrel between these two States is far from resolved, and cannot but militate against a League of the Five States, even if Finland were in favour of it—which plainly she is not. The opposition between Poland and Lithuania has been further intensified by what has happened as regards

Memel, through the action of the League of Nations, at the instance of the Ambassadors' Conference. In an article entitled "Memel and the Baltic," which was published in this REVIEW, March, 1923, the writer described 'the position of Memel at that time. The Ambassadors' Conference, which attributed her present frontiers to Poland, and placed Vilna inside them, had also decided that Memel was to come under the sovereignty of Lithuania on certain conditions. Afterwards the Ambassadors tried, obviously under French influence, to nullify this sovereignty in the interests of Poland by giving the latter a certain predominance over the port. Lithuania, naturally enough, would not accept this procedure, and for something like six months there was an acrid conflict between the Ambassadors and Lithuania. The latter had the best of it, for the Ambassadors, evidently despairing of effecting a settlement, found themselves compelled to hand the problem over to Geneva. That was towards the close of September last, and in its meeting in December the Council of the League of Nations took the matter up. It appointed a committee to investigate the question thoroughly and report its findings at the next meeting of the Council, which was to take place on March 10th, and it made Mr. Norman Davis, a former American Under-Secretary of State, chairman of this body. After a preliminary inquiry at Geneva into the historical and other aspects of the case, the Commission, headed by Mr. Davis, who worked very hard throughout the proceedings, went to Memel, where it interviewed representative groups of its inhabitants. Next it travelled to Kovno and saw the Lithuanian Prime Minister. Finally it moved on to Warsaw, and there it listened to the views of the Polish Foreign Minister and the President of Poland. The curious thing, which must have been unintentional, was that Mr. Davis and the other members of the Commission were in Warsaw on February 15th, the very day on which the Warsaw Baltic Conference was to have begun; it did not begin till next day because the Finnish Minister was delayed by bad weather. Whether the Conference took official or unofficial note of it, the Commission had a deep significance for the

success or failure of the Baltic League. If it found for the claims of Poland the feud between her and Lithuania would have been still further embittered; if for those of Lithuania there was a possibility of some lightening of that feud so far as Lithuania, at all events, was concerned.

In effect the question of Memel was bound up with the question of rights over the Niemen River. When the Ambassadors' Conference gave Vilna and the Vilna district to Poland it transferred in them the hinterland of the Niemen to that country, and it was because of her possession of this region that Poland based her demand for such a say in the government of Memel as would have made the sovereignty of Lithuania over the port virtually nugatory. The problem before Mr. Davis and his Commission was really a simple one; it was to affirm the sovereignty of Lithuania over Memel and to see at the same time that this sovereignty was not compromised in any way by giving overriding advantages to Poland, while giving to her the free transit that was desirable. And this is precisely what the Commission did, through the Council of the League of Nations, which, after much debate, passed on March 14th a general convention defining the relations between the Allied Powers and Lithuania, and two annexes, one providing for the autonomous government of Memelland and the other for international freedom of transit. These were signed by Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Lithuania. The two most important articles of the convention are (1) the transference to Lithuania, subject to the conditions mentioned in the convention, "of all the rights and titles" ceded to the Allies by Germany in virtue of Article 99 of the Treaty of Versailles over the whole Memel territory, and (2) the provision that the territory of Memel shall constitute, "under the sovereignty of Lithuania," a unit having legislative, judicial, administrative and financial autonomy. Annex I specifies in detail the precise degree of autonomy to be given by Lithuania to the territory. Annex II creates a Harbour Board for the administration of the port of Memel; it is to consist of three members, appointed for three years and eligible for reappointment

—one to represent Lithuania, to be appointed by that State; the second, the Memel territory, to be appointed by its local government; and the third, the Advisory and Technical Committee for Communications and Transit of the League of Nations, to be appointed by that body. The rights of the use of the Niemen by Poland are covered by an arrangement for free transit by sea, by water and by rail of the hinterland traffic through Lithuania to Memel, in the circumstances a very generous concession to the Poles. Though the convention has not been ratified by all the parties to it, the Memel question may be regarded as settled. The vital point in the controversy was that Memel was Lithuania's sole outlet to the sea, and this is the consideration that has prevailed. Parity of reasoning ought to give to Poland the same rights over Danzig that Lithuania now enjoys over Memel, for Poland's sole outlet to the sea is Danzig. The Poles talk of building a new port some miles west of Danzig, but that undertaking would involve many millions of money which Poland cannot well afford, though there is now a considerable improvement in her economic position, thanks in some measure to the assistance and advice of Mr. Hilton Young.

Unless some *modus vivendi* is established between Poland and Lithuania there is no chance of a league of these States and Estonia and Latvia. But it is the case now that Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania form a league. These republics have agreed to co-ordinate their foreign policy, and to have a common policy for import, export and passport duties where possible. They have organised their railways in such a way as to make the time of departure and arrival of trains correspond with those fixed in the other Baltic countries, and also in Poland, Germany and Russia. A joint commercial treaty is sure to follow. It is pleasant to know that the three States are gradually getting into a more and more flourishing condition. The writer has before him the most recent statistics of their revenues and expenditures, exports and imports, and so forth, as well as of Poland. To quote them would occupy too much space, but their general tenor is satisfactory enough. England has a large and increasing share of

the Baltic exports and imports. Perhaps the most significant development in the relations of this country with the Baltic States is seen in the consent of the Treasury to grant a credit to Lithuania, under the Trade Facilities Act, amounting to a million sterling, to be expended on the purchase of materials in Britain for the construction of new railways in Lithuania. The projected lines will cost about two millions, and Lithuania is to find the other million herself. Of the three States, Lithuania is at present the most prosperous, and no doubt will have ready the necessary funds. Touching the internal political situation of these States, there is no important change since the writer last discussed them in this REVIEW. Their "six years of freedom" have resulted in stability and an ever-growing confidence.

A VISIT TO THE PALATINATE

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

SPEYER, *April*.

THE city of Speyer, which is in the heart of the Palatinate, wears to-day an air of supreme quiet and repose. Girdled with spring blossom which shimmers with ghostly effect in unexpected gardens, it lies still and untroubled beneath the moonlight as if no tragedy had ever come near it. Yet a few weeks ago it was the scene of disturbances which forced the attention of Europe to the reign of terror under which the inhabitants of the Palatinate were groaning.

At the table at which I am sitting looking out at the sleepy street down which a patrol of Moroccan troops are passing with fixed bayonets, the Separatist leader Heinz was murdered. The waiter points to the mark of a bullet in the woodwork above my head and describes the events which led up to this dreadful deed. There followed swift retribution in arrests and expulsions, but who the murderers were is to this day unknown. The deed was probably the spontaneous expression of the pent up feelings of the people under the Separatist rule, which was then installed at the Government building in Speyer. Requisitions, robbery, arrests and expulsions had been the order of the day under this so-called autonomist Government, which no one who has examined the facts can doubt was imposed on the Palatinate by the support which the French gave to the Separatists, who came from the dregs of the people. It is only necessary to see the destruction which the Separatist Government wrought in the building which they requisitioned to realise what sort of people they were. The furniture, tables, chairs, desks, and sofas lie in ruined confusion, the leather ripped off arms, and the legs broken, in wanton destruction, everything of value stolen. It has cost the province 100,000 gold marks to repair the damage and redecorate the Government building.

The Separatists were in reality nothing but scoundrels whose rule would not have lasted a day, if it had

not been for the encouragement and protection of the French.

One is glad to know that it was our intervention in the matter that brought their tyranny to an end, and that after the visit of Consul Clive to the Palatinate order and peace have to some extent been restored. What happened in Speyer was typical of the reign of terror which extended to many other towns in the Palatinate. The aim of French policy would appear to have been to make the inhabitants so utterly wretched that they would have accepted any form of government so long as they were left in peace and freed of oppression. The Palatinate would then have become a French protectorate.

The visit of Mr. Clive and the special committee of the Rhineland Commission have prevented this. But is the Speyer agreement being carried out? A general amnesty was to be granted. Neither side—the Separatists or the loyal Germans—were to engage in reprisals, and the officials expelled by the Separatists were to be allowed to return. That was the letter of the new treaty of Speyer, and our intention was to permit of the return of the twenty thousand and more Germans, including the women and children, who have been expelled from the Palatinate, and the release of those who are still in prison. Only about two thousand of these people have returned. Fifty of the inhabitants of Pirmasens who were charged with taking part in the attack on the Separatists in their town are still awaiting their trial in French prisons. If most of the minor officials have been permitted to return, those of the higher grade and four thousand railwaymen are still excluded.

Moreover, Germans are still being expelled, and the Separatists are still going about openly under French protection. What has General de Metz to say to all this? He received me very courteously and asked me to put any questions which I liked to him. In reply to my apology for taking this liberty, he said that I had a right to do so because, as the French delegate in the Palatinate, he was not only the representative of France, but also of his Britannic Majesty, since he had been appointed by the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission. Thus emboldened

I put a number of questions to him about the origin of the Separatist movement. The General's view was that it was a purely spontaneous movement, *un mouvement absolument spontané*, on the part of the people of the Palatinate, who desired to set up their own form of government. He did not use the word Separatist to describe it, but autonomous. It sprang, he said, from a desire to work in harmony with the French authorities, to recognise Germany's obligation to pay reparation, and to restore peace and order to the province, which had been greatly disturbed by incitements to violence from the German Nationalist organisations at Heidelberg, whom the General denounced as the source of all the trouble. He characterised them as the "Murder gang," and declared that he had absolute proof that the attack on the Separatists at Pirmasens was carried out by storm troops which came over from Heidelberg in autos, and pointed to the recent outrage on the Burgermeister of Münchweiler as due to the same activities. This had occurred on the very morning of my arrival in Speyer, and was, according to the General, the fourth assault that had been made on a prominent Separatist lately. For the rest the General gave a complete denial to all my questions as to whether the French had in any way encouraged or assisted the Separatists. They had not been imported from outside; on the contrary, he had driven out the Separatists who had come from Aachen and other places. They had not been armed by the French. The Palatinate police had been disarmed it was true, but that was because they fired on the people.

On my pressing the point whether at any time the Separatists had obtained arms, and whether this was not contrary to the ordinance of the Rhineland Commission which forbade the arming of any section of the population, the General declared that it was only when the Separatists were in uniform as the duly constituted police of the autonomist Government that they had been allowed to carry arms. As to the return of the expelled officials, those who had been expelled by the Separatists had returned. It was not, said the General, his affair to deal with the

officials who had been thrown out during the time of the passive resistance by order of the Rhineland Commission. It was for the Inter-Allied authorities to permit their return. This distinction between those who were expelled by the Separatists and the French authorities is purely arbitrary. For the Separatists could have expelled no one without the authority of the French. The result is that very few of the expelled inhabitants of the Palatinate have been allowed to return.

General de Metz doubtless sincerely believed all that he said. But the facts are all against him. The Separatists would not have succeeded for a moment without the support of the French. You can go through the length and breadth of the Palatinate without finding a single inhabitant who has a word to say for them, and there is overwhelming evidence to prove that they were imported from other districts, and that on every occasion the lawfully constituted German authorities were deprived of all means of resisting them. They were gangs of criminals and others drawn from the dregs of the population. They were armed, paid and supported by the French.

For the moment the Palatinate breathes again. But the feeling of hope inspired by Consul-General Clive's visit is beginning to die out. For the fixed idea of the French authorities is that it is entirely due to the incitements of the Heidelberg Nationalist organisations that the Separatist movement has failed. They, therefore, profess to see in the unfortunate attack on the Separatist Burgermeister of Münchweiler a further proof of the activity of the so-called murder gang. Once more sanctions are threatened, and the town of Münchweiler has been occupied by a strong force of coloured troops, and the usual punishment in the curfew and restriction of movement has been imposed.

Now this attack on the Separatist at Münchweiler was, as far as I can discover, entirely due to local feeling. The Mayor Helfrich had made himself especially obnoxious to the people of Münchweiler during the Separatist régime. He had expelled twelve of the leading inhabitants and twenty-two others had fled. When he returned

to impose his authority as Burgermeister over the town once more, it was natural that there should have been a feeling of extreme exasperation. This found expression in a young man shooting at him as he got out of the train. The Regierungspräsident at Heidelberg assured me that he and the expelled officials of the Palatinate who constitute the so-called "murder gang" had no responsibility for this outrage. They regretted it extremely and were doing their utmost to prevent any reprisals. But for a Separatist who had proved a traitor to his office as Burgermeister to try to reimpose his authority on a district was, according to the Heidelberg view, an act of extreme provocation and quite contrary to the spirit of the Speyer agreement, by which the Bavarians were to be left to manage their own affairs in peace.

Such reprisals are, indeed, to be deplored. If repeated, they will mean that the French will impose the most severe penalties, which will result in stirring up the most bitter feeling. They are determined to show that their arm is long enough to reach Heidelberg, and General de Metz has now refused to allow the return of any more of the banished German officials until the son of the Burgermeister of Münchweiler, who has been arrested in unoccupied Germany as a traitor, has been released. This young man was kidnapped in the Palatinate and taken across the Rhine, and once there was dealt with under German law. Our representative on the Rhineland Commission, Lord Kilmarnock, did not vote with the French and Belgian delegates for making the return of the German officials dependent on the release of the son of the Burgermeister of Münchweiler, or for giving full discretion to General de Metz to take what sanctions he considers will meet the case of the attack on the Burgermeister. In fact he was not consulted, so that General de Metz had no right to say that he was supported by the unanimous verdict of the Rhineland Commission. Lord Kilmarnock would have dissented had he known, and subsequently protested against the decision of the French High Commissioner to inflict a fine of 20,000 gold marks on the Palatinate as an indemnity for Helfrich.

I subsequently visited Pirmasens and Kaiserslauten. Pirmasens was the scene of a terrible affray between the Separatists and loyal Germans last February. The Bezirksamt in which the Separatists took refuge, after being requested to leave the town and offered a safe conduct for that purpose, was burnt, and some fifteen of their number were lynched. The town appears to have gone mad after a doctor had been shot by a stray bullet from the Separatists who opened fire. There is no evidence at all to connect this event with Heidelberg. The idea that storm troops came from across the Rhine and planned the attack is not only denied by the townsfolk, but is contrary to reason, because these troops, who are supposed to have come in motor cars fully armed, must have crossed the bridges which are held by French patrols. If they had contrived to get across, they would certainly have never got back, and there is not a single man among the killed and wounded of the attacking force who is not a native of Pirmasens.

The reign of terror which the Palatinate was placed under by the Separatists lasted three months. During that time the Separatists were not only installed in the Government building at Speyer, but held authority in most of the towns of the Palatinate. Directly French support was withdrawn they disappeared into holes and corners. But they are still in the country, and not until their leaders have been expelled will there be peace in the Palatinate. Also great bitterness is caused by the refusal of the French to allow the return of the inhabitants of the Palatinate who were driven out by General de Metz.

It is true that the Germans may be blamed for not observing the Speyer agreement by the reprisals which have been taken against four Separatists. These were the only cases quoted by General de Metz. The Germans assert that there have been reprisals by the Separatists, and that expulsion orders are still being put into force by the French.

The only way to prevent a growing feeling of exasperation is to declare a general amnesty for the loyal inhabitants of the Palatinate. When General de Metz

declares that it is not his affair to deal with the cases of those who are expelled or imprisoned, he must be aware that a hint to the Rhineland Commission, which he maintains is the proper authority in the matter, would be sufficient to secure the return of all those who have been driven out for one reason or another. The Palatinate will not settle down until its twenty thousand banished inhabitants have been restored to their homes and their businesses. Its Regierungspräsident Mathæus and many of its higher officials are still in exile. They were driven out by what we believe to be illegal ordinances arising out of the passive resistance movement which followed the Ruhr occupation. They refused to work with the French authorities. They are now willing to return, and to assist in every possible way in the pacification of the province. Is it too much to ask the French to adopt this policy of conciliation, and to leave the Pfalz-Bavarians to manage their own affairs? The support which the French gave the Separatist movement has ignobly failed. In allowing the German authorities to function again, however imperfectly, they have tacitly admitted that Bavaria has sovereign rights in the Palatinate which must be respected.

BELLS ON THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE

BY W. J. LAWRENCE

IN an age of meticulous research trivialities are apt to assume undue importance. It boots not to tell us that the Elizabethan stage was tapestry-hung and rush-strewn if we are left in ignorance of the more vital fact that it was built on paradox. Many of its glories were due to its defects. Aiming at a consistent realism and allowing no question of taste to divert it from its purpose, it often found itself balked by its mechanical imperfections. Strategy then came into play. Everything that could be shown was shown, and what could not be shown was conveyed imaginatively. Where art stopped short science stepped in; nothing better demonstrates the resourcefulness of the Elizabethan players than their skilful employment of illusions of sound. There were no distracting elements; by this and other means backgrounds were rendered wholly subjective; unobtrusive suggestion evoked atmosphere and built up an impressionistic scene in the spectator's mind. That is the answer to those who ensconce themselves behind Charles Lamb and say with him that Shakespeare suffers in the acting. He suffers because he is superior to paint and canvas and coloured lights, not because he is superior to the stage. The remedy is simple: restore him to his birthright.

Electrical science has yielded its secrets to the latter-day theatre, but not all its wizardry can achieve what the open platform stage achieved and conjure up for the audience "the light that never was on sea or land." No doubt exposition of natural phenomena more or less baffled those wise old Elizabethans. But, if they had no material means of simulating the break of day, they were able to convey all its mysteries by the simple crowing of a cock. In *Hamlet* chanticler warned the ghost in heralding the morning until the middle of the eighteenth century. To-day, what with our atrophied imaginations and surface-living, we should only guffaw at his crowing.

One's mind naturally reverts to Edgar Allan Poe's

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famous poem when one ponders over the adroit use of bells made in the Elizabethan theatre and the diverse emotions aroused by them. Apart from their gratefulness as a mere theatrical expedient, nothing proved more serviceable in the creation of atmosphere. Shakespeare and Marlowe are not alone in their knowledge of how to use them most fittingly; they formed part of the A B C of every budding dramatist. Not the cothurnus of old was more prominently identified with tragedy, and in that respect they became the heritage of a later and a different stage. Weaker poets came, in time, to rely upon the passing bell for pathos, recognising how stage artifice

... attention can command,
When fancy flags and sense is at a stand.

There can be little doubt that one of the main uses of the flag-surmounted tower in the view of the old Globe given in Visscher's pictorial map of London was to house the large theatre bell which did duty for all kinds of monotoned public bells whatsoever. Since this bell, when rung, had to be rung opportunely, it would appear that the rope working it descended through the tiring house to stage-level. It had many effective uses. It was the bell which, after the firing of ordnance, gave the signal for the wholesale slaughter of the Huguenots in Marlowe's *The Massacre of Paris*; the bell which, much to Barrabas' delight, tolled the knell of the poisoned nuns in his *Jew of Malta*; and it was likewise the bell which, at that tense dramatic moment in Fletcher's *A Wife for a Month* when Valerio throws off his disguise, rang out from the castle tower to signify the return of King Alfonso and the downfall of the usurper. In a few plays it was given a local habitation and a name, and deftly used to indicate the hour. In *Englishmen for My Money* it had a double duty of this order. First, it represented the Exchange Bell, and by its ringing signified that it was noon and dinner-time; later on it stood for Bow-bell and, in accord with nightly custom, conveyed to Pisaro that it was nine o'clock. Doubtless the loud bell that rang out the dinner hour in *The Roaring Girl* was also intended to represent the

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Exchange Bell. There is much rejoicing in the last act of Dekker's full-flavoured comedy, *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, when the pancake-bell makes itself heard; and no wonder, since Simon Eyre, the new Lord Mayor, had already intimated how he had procured "that upon every Shrove-Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake-bell, my fine dapper Assyrian lads shall clap-up their shop-windows and away."

Of the sonority of this large theatre bell, Shakespeare (who uses it effectively for giving alarms) conveys a vivid impression in the brawl scene in *Othello*, where its rapid, deafening sounds evoke the command:

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.

And just here is the place to point out how much good ink and paper have been wasted by muddling commentators in futile discussion of the use of bells in *Macbeth*. These worthy folk know much better than Shakespeare or his prompter when the alarm in the second act should be sounded. They insist that it be heard immediately on Macduff's outcry, "Awake, awake! Ring the alarumbell," and not at the end of his speech, where the Folio has a marginal direction for the bell, and which closes with the iterated order. If we are to omit this final "ring the bell" on the plea that it is simply a misplaced stage-direction, as so many of our recent editions do, then, by a parity of reasoning, we must vigorously overhaul our Shakespeare. This curious iterativeness is one of his tricks of style: *Hamlet* is riddled with it. Need one cite examples?—

... let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint; oh, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay, come; let's go together.

There was, of course, a very sensible reason why Macduff delayed giving the real cue for the ringing of the alarm till the very end of his speech. He was naturally anxious to deliver his lines in peace before the row started.

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Besides, nobody in the play was in any hurry about obeying commands. Macbeth had to call Seyton three times before he put in an appearance.

Nor is this our only quarrel with the commentators. For a second time, in dealing with *Macbeth*, they have been guilty of rank contumacy. At a certain juncture early in the second act they have contrived—thanks to the possession of a magnificent stupidity—to muddy the clear waters. Look at the situation. First there is Macbeth's lucid command to the servant:

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.

Then, some twenty-nine lines later, towards the end of the thane's soliloquy, "a bell rings," causing him to conclude with:

. . . the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven, or to hell.

In the face of all this, Seymour, a century-old commentator whom Furness has resurrected, says:

"Macbeth wanted no such mechanical signal as a bell for the performance of the murder; the bell, which afterwards strikes, is the clock, which, accidentally, and with much more solemnity, reminds him it is time to dispatch."

Stage effect, however, is not always consistent, and Macbeth was bent at all costs on getting off his grimly effective couplet about Duncan's future abiding place. That is the main reason, probably, why the clock was not used. Seymour is none the less culpable because he was not the original offender. He is here merely setting the seal of his approval on one of the "new readings" introduced in *Macbeth* by John Kemble at Drury Lane in 1788. Kemble's idea was that because Lady Macbeth counts "one, two," in the sleep-walking scene, and adds, "why, then, 'tis time to do it," it must have been a clock and not a bell that gave the signal for Duncan's murder; and accordingly Macbeth's soliloquy was broken in upon at Drury Lane by the striking of a clock. But how the audience came to recognise it as a clock when Macbeth called

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it a bell, unless there was serious tampering with the text, is puzzling to determine.

Boaden, Kemble's biographer, in dealing with this innovation, halts between two opinions. He fails to find for it any textual justification, but thinks it "a better *coup de théâtre*," since "it is more awful and alarming thus to startle silence by a deep-toned summoner than to be brought into petty life by the tinkle of a table-bell." Here there is some begging of the question. We do not know positively what kind of bell was used in Shakespeare's day for the striking of a clock, nor, theatrically speaking, what was the relative sonority of the clock and the table-bell. Those are points demanding investigation once one has got rid of the present problem. There is certainly a discrepancy in the text, and it speaks trumpet-tongued of (what we know took place) clumsy revision of the play by a second hand. But as we cannot put matters right without re-drafting Macbeth's soliloquy things must remain as they are. One sees no reason to doubt that originally Macbeth was warned to accomplish the murder by the clock striking two and that the reviser substituted the bell in order to round off the soliloquy with an effective bit of clap-trap. In omitting to revise Lady Macbeth's somnambulist utterances accordingly, he left traces of the original arrangement, since "one: two; why, then, 'tis time to do it," cannot possibly apply to anything save the striking of a clock. But if, in representation, the bell is sounded twice, the discrepancy disappears.

Since in Elizabethan times a clock meant a public clock or its equivalent, the inference to be deduced is that the bell that struck for it on the stage was the tower-bell. The question might then be asked, how was the striking of the larger hours distinguished from mere tolling? The answer is that in all cases where the clock struck somebody counted or mentioned the time. Recall Iachimo's "One! two! three!—time, time!" in the bedchamber scene in *Cymbeline*. A more curious instance occurs in the churchyard scene in the fourth act of *The Atheist's Tragedie*. "Twelve," ejaculates Charlemont after listening to the striking of the clock; and Borachio, who

is dogging his footsteps with murderous intent, rejoins in a grimly humorous aside, "'Tis a good hour; 'twill strike one anon." Here one has a suspicion that the striking of the clock was simply introduced to lead up to Borachio's conceit, a trick somewhat analogous to the clumsy introduction of the bell in Macbeth's revised soliloquy with the aim of bringing off a similar bit of effectiveness.

It is curious how, when once the well-stored mind begins to ponder over clock-striking in our old drama, it conjures up visions of several memorable scenes. Lovers of "the mighty line" will readily recall Doctor Faustus' agony in that last dread hour as he heard eleven o'clock ring out, then the half-hour and then twelve. We get much the same effect to-day in *The Hour Glass* of Dr. W. B. Yeats, but there the tension is not so great simply because the accessory is lacking. How a sequence of sound-illusions could at once create atmosphere and intensify a tragic situation is perhaps best illustrated by that powerful scene in the last act of *The Changeling*, where Beatrice in her anxiety counts the strokes of the clock and afterwards listens with horrible relief to the ringing of the alarm bell and the discharge of the musket.

Assuming, what is not difficult to believe, that the early picture-stage adopted many of the conventions of the old platform-stage, we have in a slip of Addison's some corroboration of the theory that clock-striking in Shakespeare's day was effected by the tolling bell. Dealing with the well-worn trick-and-shuffleboard of popular tragedy in the 44th *Spectator*, Addison writes:—

"There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in *Venice Preserved* makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do."

What the essayist calls "the sounding of the clock" in Otway's tragedy is in reality the toll of the passing bell for Pierre in the fifth act, during the parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera.

Something now needs to be said on the subject of the Elizabethan table-bell and its use as a theatrical accessory. Since this particular bell was simulated in the revised version of *Macbeth*, we are entitled to ask ourselves the question, were its sounds as feeble as Boaden has presumed? So far as the evidence goes there is little to warrant any such supposition. Although the old table-bell was not exactly the precursor of the latterday domestic gong it had some of its utilities. Thus we hear it sounding for breakfast in the second act of *Every Man in His Humour*.

Parenthetically, it may be said that there was a rude prototype of the modern dinner-gong in the cook's habit of "knocking to the dresser," to which reference is made in Suckling's poem, *The Wedding*:—

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
Her summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

"Knocking to the dresser," otherwise, in Cowley's phrase, "The Cook's Drum," was illusively introduced into several old plays, notably Massinger's *The Unnatural Combat* and Shirley's *The Night-Walker*.

But, apart from this uncommon use, the table-bell had a variety of offices. In Brome's *The Covent Garden Weeded* a vintner rings it off the stage in the second act to summon his drawers. Other plays, such as Davenant's *News from Plymouth*, reveal that lawyers were accustomed to keep a table-bell at their elbows in their private offices to ring, when necessary, for their clerks. The bell was several times used as a "property" in that stirring old Globe play, *The Devil's Charter*, and the direction in Act IV., "he tinketh on a bell," reveals the *modus operandi*. "Tinketh," having certainly a feeble sound, might be claimed as supporting Boaden's contention; and it may be that when used visually on the stage the table-bell had no particular sonority. But when heard "off" the sound must have been magnified for theatrical pur-

poses : it was most assuredly no mere silvery tinkling that gave Macbeth his dreadful cue.

Another of the utilities of the table-bell is illustrated in the second act of Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Elder Brother*. While the Cook and the Butler and Andrew are gossiping in the servants' hall in Brisac's house, the tinklings of a bell are heard, causing Andrew to say :

My master rings;
I must go make him a fire,
And conjure o'er his books.

Now that we have broached the subject of "properties," it may be as well to say that on the Elizabethan stage bells, as a rule, were the reverse of the typical good little boy, and more often heard than seen. But, besides the table-bell, one other kind of bell was occasionally pressed into visual service, the crier or watchman's large hand-bell. The frontispiece to Dekker's tract, *The Belman of London*, shows that this, though carried in the hand, was fastened securely to the waist by a rope. Cockledemoy wields the crier's bell vigorously in *The Dutch Courtesan*, as also does Scumbroth in *If it be not Good, the Divel is in it*. Though theatrical costumes are not now reckoned among "properties"—there is just a possibility, as maintained in *Shakespeare's England*, that they were formerly so reckoned—one takes leave to point out, by way of completing the inventory, that the morris dancers of old wore circlets of little globular bells on their legs and often jingled them to advantage on Elizabethan boards.

Front-door bells were known in Shakespeare's time, but not commonly provided. It is to be remarked that when one of the permanent doors at the back of the old platform stage is made to do duty for the door of a house, the caller generally knocks. In the fifth act of Chapman's *All Fools*, a play to be dated not later than 1605, a story is told of a complaisant husband and a wanton wife, how the poor man made "a backe-doore to his house for convenience, gott a bell to his fore doore, and had an odd fashion in ringing by which she (his wife) and her maid knew him, and would stand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all thinges might be ridde cleanly out-a-the-way

before he came, for the credit of his wife." The phrasing here is indicative of the front-door bell's somewhat restricted use. It was mostly to be found in private houses of public resort, viz., such as were occupied by quacks, astrologers, and women of ill-fame. With one exception (and even that, if strictly considered, might be disallowed) no instance is known of its visual employment on the early seventeenth century stage. Early in the fourth act of Heywood's *The Golden Age*, Jupiter comes on disguised as a pedlar and accompanied by the Clown, and makes his way up to the gates of the castle where Danae has been sequestered by the King. The God bids the Clown ring the bell, but the Clown induces him to do the ringing himself by pleading, "Nay, do you take the rope in hand for luck's sake." Since castle gates were represented on the Shakespearean stage by the enclosure at the back of the small inner stage, it would appear that the rope which Jupiter pulled was the rope by which the tower bell was worked. In this case the great bell would effectively answer the purpose, but in plays of contemporary London life, where the illusion (and illusion only) of front-door ringing was given, something less reverberant would be demanded. Here the question naturally arises, why trouble to give the illusion at all, since the actual ringing of the bell was never shown? The answer is that it was an effective way of heralding a caller, permitting of the announcement of a person before his appearance. Added to which it helped to create atmosphere by localising the scene. Take the situation well on in *Englishmen for my Money*, where Pisaro is at home on the eve of his daughters' weddings and anxious to keep out intruders. While giving certain household instructions he is interrupted by the ringing of the front-door bell, and continues :

Stay, Frisco, see who rings: look to the door,
Let none come in, I charge, were he my father:
I'll keep them whilst I have them: Frisco, who is it?

° FRISCO. She is come in faith.

PISA. Who is come?

FRISCO. Mistress Sushsunce, Mistress Moore's daughter.

PISA. Mistress Susan, ass? Oh, she must come in.

FRISCO. Hang him, if he keep out a wench.

It happened, however, that the supposed Susan was none other than Walgrave in woman's clothes. Pisaro fails to detect the sham, and the outworks of his citadel are taken.

Other uses of the same illusion, none quite so effective but all striking delicate little notes of realism, are to be found in the opening scene of *The Alchemist*, the fourth act of *The Bloody Brother*, and in Dekker's undivided play, *If it be not Good, the Devil is in it*. That the visual method employed in *The Golden Age* would have been the method adopted in plays of contemporary life had it been deemed necessary to show the actual ringing of the bell, is demonstrated by a passage in the second act of *Northward Hoe*. Doll, the demirep, on hearing the welcome sound of the front-door bell, says to her two pretended servants, "Peace, somebody rings! Run, both, whilst he has the rope in's hands; if he be a prize, hale him, if a man-a' war, blow him up, or hang him out at the main-yard's end." And Hans Van Belch, being deemed a prize, is duly captured and brought into harbour.

A final puzzle presents itself. Now and again on the old stage joy-bells had to be rung. How was this effected? For so rarely employed an accessory it is hardly to be believed that theatre-builders went to the expense of furnishing the tower with a peal of bells. Nor can one readily admit that the average set of players or their attendants were capable of ringing them. Faced with this difficulty, the investigator is compelled to fall back on the theory of some special, easily worked device. And the curious thing is that when he comes to probe into the matter he finds evidence in support of that theory. In Henslowe's inventory of the properties belonging to the Admiral's Men made in March, 1598, one finds included in the fourth item, "i chyme of belles." Since permanent theatre fixtures were never reckoned among properties, properties being essentially movable and storable things, this chime must have been some special sort of contrivance. When we come to consider what had been devised a whole century previously, it is not difficult to suggest the nature of this contrivance. In Gafurius' *Theorica Musice*, printed at Milan in 1492, is a rude composite engraving in four

compartments illustrative of certain curious musical feats. In the same compartment as a man is shown playing on the musical glasses (generally believed not to have been invented until two centuries after!), another man is to be seen performing the work of a whole set of bell-ringers. Arranged on a taut, strongly secured rope about the height of his head is a row of six numbered bells of varying sizes, and on these he is playing with two long iron bars. Put these bells on a strong movable stand, say something fashioned like a towel-rail, and you have a ready-made theatre chime. One highly popular old play, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, positively cries out for some such contrivance. In the induction we see Peter Fabel, the magician, asleep on his bed at midnight, safeguarded from evil spirits by the warning chime that stands at his head. He is suddenly awakened by the ringing of the chime, and finds Coreb drawing near to bear him off to hell. Since the Prologue thrusts aside a curtain to reveal the sleeping man, we know that the scene must have been acted on the inner stage, and, if we assume that Fabel lay with his feet towards the groundlings, so that he could face the bulk of the audience when speaking, the chime must have been stationed at the back of the bed, a position where it could have easily been manipulated by a crouching man.

There is a scene in a much later play, *The Night-Walker* of Fletcher and Shirley, wherein some such contrivance as Fabel's chime of bells must have been pressed into service. Uncommon properties made for some special purpose have been known to inspire other dramatic situations, e.g., the trick enveloping chair in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, which recurs again in *The Devil's Charter*, and, later still, in *The Broken Heart*. Might not something of the sort have occurred here? Whatever its origin, the scene is unique in pre-Restoration (perhaps in all) drama. It occurs in the fourth act, and takes place outside a church. A bell-ringing competition for a wager is going on, and between the audible peals the contestants and the sexton, who is the judge, come out and discuss matters. Here the science of sound-illusion was carried

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to its utmost limits, but the scene had other merits beyond its novelty. It was made to carry on the intrigue of the plot, and illustrated a phase of the merry game of diamond cut diamond.

In Elizabethan days, and somewhat later, it was customary to give the alarm of fire by ringing the bells backwards, a practice to which we find considerable metaphorical allusion in old plays. For this effect the use of the miniature chime of bells at once suggests itself, but, assuming that all alarm bells on the early stage were of the same order, the evidence to hand runs counter to the supposition. As in *Macbeth* and *Othello*, alarms were given by a single bell quickly tolled.

THE REORGANISATION OF OUR FINANCIAL SYSTEM

By SIR EDWIN STOCKTON

No one with experience light-heartedly suggests or attempts the reorganisation of the financial system of any country which has stood the test of time. This may need reorganisation, but the enforcement of new principles is always an experiment, and the track of the experimenter is usually strewn with the *débris* of his innovating efforts, precluding any return to rebuild the edifice which he has shattered. Such an experimenter is the Socialist and Nationaliser, still more the Communist. In one way this generation is fortunate in living in an epoch in which such a devastating experiment has been tried on a social *corpus vile* other than our own. We may well learn from its ill success, and we should be foolish if we do not profit. There are people who are suggesting in this country exactly the same economic upheaval as in Russia, only they divest their intentions of any bloodthirsty character, because the Anglo-Saxon has generations of common sense behind him, whereas the Tartar has none. It is, however, not too much to say, on the other hand, that some measure of financial reorganisation is always possible without revolutionary disturbance, provided that underlying principles can be regarded as sound. On that ground only I venture to put forward some suggestions.

Before, however, dealing in any detail with financial proposals I should wish, first, to lay stress on two general principles, both of which have, perhaps, the character of novelty from the point of view of taxation. I have advocated them publicly elsewhere, so I shall not be accused either of impulsive experimentalism or of speculative finance. One principle which meets with no approval at the Treasury, mainly because every Chancellor of the Exchequer possesses an unfathomed capacity for the absorption of tax yield, and because public officials dislike extra trouble, is that there is no inherent or valid objection to the earmarking of revenue for specific pur-

poses. The other is that taxation is less likely to be resented where both the State and the beneficiaries, actual and potential, have an equal object in the wise expenditure and employment of the revenue raised. To both principles I shall return later.

Now there is one other consideration on which I should like to lay stress, not because it involves any new principle, but because it effects a modification of one long since accepted as fundamental in our system of national finance. The question is whether we still stand for the decentralisation of Local Government administration. If we do, I can only say that the course of public argument seems to run singularly in the opposite direction. In Poor Law administration and Education, only to mention two instances, there is a growing disposition to look to the State for ever increased assistance, to reduce the local burdens and to increase the national; in short, to centralise all money-collecting power. Presumably, this will mean the simultaneous centralisation of distributing power—in other words, the power of initiation and the retention of even a measure of financial independence will gradually pass from the hands of the district to those of the State. Such centralisation is a vast problem, and on it I express no opinion here, save to say that it will profoundly affect our national life if ever it becomes a concrete realisation, and to admit it represents an almost inevitable tendency. Perhaps it may be said that I am in this respect myself among its advocates. To some extent this is possibly true, but I equally realise the drawbacks, and would, so far as possible, minimise them. Now in nothing that I put forward do I advocate any fundamental specific financial change, even though, like most business men, I regard the actual burdens of taxation as too severe. As a business man I advocate drastic economy, but economy with efficiency, for true economy and true efficiency are very closely allied, and I have no objection to spending more if you can get more for it, just as you can often save much by expert management.

All taxation should be viewed from its power of permanently useful productiveness. Too many people seem

to think that if taxation is high, the yield must be greater. In my opinion that is a fallacy. A high income tax does not necessarily mean a big return, and it is more economical to arrive at a position at which you can reduce taxation to its lowest rate and simultaneously increase trade. Increased trade will provide in the aggregate, even at a lower rate of income tax, increased revenue, and by providing employment will lessen the burdens on those funds which are absorbed in the entirely unproductive maintenance of the out-of-work. Hence, we should try to adopt in respect of income tax the same principle of increased and cheap facilities with consequential augmented revenues which the Post Office invariably observes—or ought to. Taxation depends upon the fullest measure of production by industry—of which I am a warm advocate. Yet the trouble with which we are meeting, owing to high values and the disadvantages due to restricted output, should be a warning to us to analyse the causes. It is a truism that more people would be able to buy goods if the prices were lower, and the increased production resulting therefrom would provide more employment, whereby you would realise economic efficiency and help to ensure prosperity for all. Prosperity ought, in my opinion, to be reckoned in terms of employment. If every man is employed, it means that he is so because someone else is doing sufficiently remunerative trade to provide him with work and is not compelled to meet deadweight charges which are abnormally onerous when the industry is not running full time. In this country this aspect of affairs is very important, because, as everyone knows, we are so dependent on our exports, and unless every article we produce is on an economic basis we are competing at a serious disadvantage with those who are running full-time, at lower wages, and for longer hours. I am aware it is suggested that this argument may tend to keep wages down, by reducing the standard of living of the workers. I am not asking for that. I am suggesting merely that the basis of competition shall not be so unfair as to delay a return of real prosperity.

Personally, I think any Chancellor of the Exchequer
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ought to be enterprising, and even run risks, if you can call them such. I hold it to be a great mistake for him to over-tax, to obtain a surplus out of over-taxation, because in doing so he is "queering his own pitch," creating, in other words, a purely fictitious prosperity. There are too many who overlook the fact that the proper basis of true prosperity—or the lack of it—is, after all, dependent on the success or ill success of trade. There can be no satisfactory condition of things in any industry which is running, during the greater portion of its time, on a non-economic basis, either by short production, reduction of hours, or drawbacks of a similar nature. Almost without exception strikes or lock-outs do no good, either to the one side or to the other, and often the gain which anyone may think he has achieved is more than lost in the so-called acquisition of victory. The experience is very much the same as in going to law, because even when you win you almost invariably sustain loss. Too many people are over-ready to condemn the worker for having "lost the work habit" and for not wanting to work, but it seems to me unreasonable to take up such an attitude, unless one is able to offer employment. With so much short production in various industries the worker is not given the proper opportunity of being fully tested, and, in my opinion, he is generally keen to find an outlet for his skill, activities, and labour.

On this point I may offer a word of warning, and it is that, in my opinion, the younger generation is not obtaining sufficient opportunity of securing adequate training in the skilled industries. Labour insists—and rightly so—on unrestricted opportunities of higher education. You cannot, however, have a free and open road to the University and at the same time a closed road to the Factory door, which, in its turn, is barred and bolted. Those who demand the freest of opportunity for the development of brains must equally be prepared to concede the maximum opportunity for the acquisition of mechanical skill. I only mention this point here because, obviously, the prosperity of the country and, simultaneously, its revenue depend upon the maintenance in our midst of the maximum number of highly skilled men.

I believe it is first of all essential gradually to reduce the Income Tax to a more reasonable basis, and by this I do not suggest a return to pre-war levels, at all events in this generation. The present rate of tax would probably admit of a considerable reduction without necessarily prejudicing the aggregate yield—a little enterprise and imagination on the part of the Chancellor need necessarily entail no loss to the State.

As regards the Super Tax, I need only point out that the more you take by taxation and the less income you liberate for industrial and commercial development, the less trade you will be able to do. Theorists usually have had little experience of practical business, and therefore very rarely attach the true value to capital which the trader knows it possesses as a factor in providing work and developing commerce. Capital paid over to the Government by way of taxation, or still more by a Capital Levy, is non-productive; capital used in trade has the saving grace of providing employment and earning more revenue. One would, indeed, imagine that this point of view would specially appeal to a Labour Government.

In the recent Budget the Corporation Profits Tax has been wisely removed altogether, and it is generally agreed that it has always been very questionable whether it has not done more harm to the development of trade than is represented by the full amount of revenue received from it.

The Death Duties, to my mind, stand on rather a different plane. It is true they are high, but I have consistently recommended in the public press that, given the acceptance of the principle that some effort ought to be made to cope with the burden of war debt, and given also the acquiescence of the Treasury in the specific earmarking for that purpose of any revenue derived by any increase in the death duties above the present maximum, some augmentation of the existing rates ought, in the public interest, and even though it entail sacrifice, to be accepted generally. For the purposes of ordinary revenue the death duties are quite high enough, and certainly no increase ought to be accepted unless specific earmarking is approved. Of course, there is no reason why it should not

be. A very little bookkeeping would give the Treasury all the information it requires as to the amount to be set aside, and only a Government anxious to force the Capital Levy and not to approve any reasonable alternative would take up on this point a consistently hostile attitude. Like most innovators, I have met with the expected amount of adverse criticism, although I am glad to realise also that the majority have done me the justice to admit the sincerity of my proposals, while not a few have wholeheartedly approved them. Such misrepresentation as there has been was supplied by commentaries in the House of Commons, possibly for party purposes. It was suggested that I had recommended a "large increase" in the duties. No doubt I have always held the view that it would be a substantial one, but I was careful not to commit myself to the acceptance of any particular percentage or volume—for the very good reason that all the requisite figures were not available to me, and an excessive increase would be harmful.

In this connection some important financial experts have represented to me that, while opposing any increase in the rate of Death Duties, they are firmly of the opinion that the existing yield of tax from that source should be earmarked for the reduction of tax. My reply is that if sufficient economies can be effected to make this course possible without other increase of taxation, then I would cordially endorse it. The principle of the earmarking of Death Duties for debt is a sound one, and if the country can be run efficiently on cheaper lines, as I believe it can, then there is nothing inconsistent in this suggestion with the policy I am advocating, the main point, to my mind, being to reduce our national indebtedness.

There have been many other criticisms, perhaps the most valid and deserving of attention being the contention that any increase in the death duties would react on industry and employment. Such reaction is the result in a greater or less degree of all taxation, but the primary point for consideration is whether the sacrifice demanded would realise benefits which would outweigh any immediate disadvantages. Frankly, in the case of the *ad hoc* earmarking of an increase in the death duties, I think it

would. Such an increase would speedily reduce the burden of the interest on the war debt, and I assume that no Government benefiting by such a proposal as I have put forward would automatically maintain at its present height all the other existing taxation which is required to meet our obligations. In other words, if you can by this policy reduce the interest on the war debt you could speedily transfer the relief to some reduction of the income tax, and the business and trade of the country would have a right to expect this.

Nor do I think the increased levy would necessarily be deleterious to increased employment. In the first place, it is now perfectly easy to insure years ahead against the payment of death duties, exactly as you can insure against anything else. In the next place, owing to the acceptance by the State of securities against obligations under the death duties, any testator can alternatively insure himself, if he so wishes, by an annual investment in those types of stock. Thirdly, I am by no means certain that the results of my policy would be prejudicial to the management of estates. It would compel those well endowed with this world's wealth to look ahead and not, unfairly to their descendants, to run the risk of leaving heavy charges, for which no provision had been made, to be placed on an estate which might thereby at short notice have to be realised under adverse circumstances. It is, of course, correct that estates largely of an agricultural nature might feel a certain difficulty in making provision, but I am not sure that this could not be accomplished with advantage to the community. As to the general effect of the sacrifice demanded from the individual, I am quite confident of the benefit. I am a great believer in the potential strength of character of the younger generation, to whom I ascribe no unworthy dependence on the efforts of those who have gone before them. For this reason I have never been able to understand the type of letter of which the following can be quoted:—

Can you give to all the disabled young officers (yes, and privates too) the powers of mind and body which you enjoyed when you were thirty?

If not, the language of your letter in yesterday's — is simply brutal. These young men sacrificed all their chance of doing what you did in their successful efforts to preserve the land and inheritance of their fathers. You would now deny them all prospect of enjoying in due course the reasonable fruits of their sacrifice. I do not wish to be abusive, so I will refrain from saying what I think of you, but it would be some compensation for a Capital Levy to see you and your like exterminated.

It only shows, I fear, that the writer has not troubled to read my suggestion aright. Nothing therein would prejudice the position of ex-Service men, for whose welfare my deep practical sympathy and interest are on record among those who know me and live about me, unless, of course, their parents left over £5,000, and even then the gradual increase of rate would be so slight that they could not, in view of what they did receive, very well lament the loss of what they did not. It is the ex-Service man, officer or ranker, with so very little wealth from any source, who rather merits our sympathy and our aid. Accordingly, I still maintain the point of view I have in the past put forward frequently in public. I even think that, if adopted, it would help the formation of national character and hence, if the Government Committee on the means of dealing with the burden of war debt wishes to find any panacea, I think it might very well pay attention mainly to the one I have championed. Let me, in concluding this review of direct taxation, say that I recognise the country must have money to pay its way, as well as to meet the charges on our debt, but we have to keep taxation to a minimum, consistently with making both ends meet, and not injuring our potentiality of doing so, without harm to the people as a whole.

I suppose I ought to add one word or two to meet the objection of those who dislike the earmarking of revenue for a specific purpose. We have already begun to do it. We earmark motor taxation for the upkeep of the roads, and I am not aware that anyone has held up his hands in horror and urged that this is a terrible deviation from the ways of sound finance. I am equally sure that earmarking as a principle, particularly if that principle is approved by the public and can be carried out financially without difficulty, has everything to recommend it. There are

burdens which the community would bear with far greater alacrity if it had some precise idea of the worthy object for which they were employed. I do not wish to be cynical, but I can well imagine that most people would rather pay a specific tax for the increase of old age pensions than contribute to a common pool out of which an excessive Civil Service might possibly look to draw its substantial remuneration.

There is no need for me to deal with Taxes on Land Values, since, frankly, I do not think they are worth discussing. I understand that an effort will be made to revive them, but I think that past experience has shown their futility. Not enough stress has been laid on the fact that they are largely responsible for our present housing troubles. I can, though, well imagine that the parents of the child do not wish to talk much about the influence it has exercised on the household.

As regards outlay on what are called Social Services, I think the time has arrived for a general reconsideration of our financial system. As it stands, with the exception of health and unemployment, the tendency is to call on the State for spontaneous and non-contributory aid. The House of Commons has within recent time passed resolution after resolution in which the State is invited to assist the individual without imposing in return any sort of condition for the aid to be afforded. Thus, you have non-contributory old age pensions, non-contributory schemes of pensions for women and children, and even, so I note, suggested non-contributory awards for accidents in everyday life to bread-winners who may not be able to secure assistance under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Of course, with respect to the wholesale grant of uncovenanted benefit to the unemployed, much of this relief will prove to be non-contributory also, since the requisite stamps will never be forthcoming. Nor do I suppose we have reached finality in this tendency, and it is therefore time the community took stock of the whole position, instead of dealing with demands piecemeal. Elsewhere I have dealt with the deleterious effect of unrestricted State aid on individual character; now I only wish to lay stress on the fact that the vast majority of calls on the State for aid really effect

insurance, and should be treated as such. Before, therefore, individualism succumbs to the deluge of State Socialism which is wishing to overwhelm everything, the community ought to insist on an actuarial calculation being made into the cost of an all-embracing scheme for coping with under-employment, unemployment, mothers' pensions, accidents to the bread-winner, health and old age pensions. It might even be worth while considering the inclusion of feeding necessitous school children. No doubt vast figures would have to be taken into account, but they need not alarm us, because even if the weekly contribution were substantially higher than now, there would be greater saving on the rates, partly as a result of Poor Law, and, to a limited degree, Education changes. Moreover, it might be worth considering whether this system of insurance should not be extended to the whole of the community without exception, but no one allowed to benefit unless it were established he or she was in need of help from the fund. There might be those who would denounce any such suggested modification of "Ninepence for Fourpence" into "Nothing for Ninepence," but many would gladly risk hostile criticism, on the ground that any member of the community well enough off to fend for himself ought to be more than ready to make a sacrifice for the well-being of others who, for various reasons, need extraneous help.

The adoption of any system of this nature would vastly affect the assistance of the State in social services, notably the Poor Law, and, more still, local rating. It would not affect Service pensions, since these should, from their special character, remain a State charge, though the sum will gradually decrease. It would partially, but only partially, affect education grants, which should be viewed from a sympathetic standpoint, though undoubtedly with the object of getting value for money, which is, perhaps, not now the case. It might cut across some legislation, which could be modified. It might meet with the criticisms of those who would contend that the average worker is too poor to pay, say, 1s. 6d. per week, even for the remarkable benefits which would be offered him under an "all-in" insurance scheme. Still, there would be but few to object, and presumably their cases would be dealt with, as they

now are, under health and unemployment insurance, only possibly on more generous lines.

Any suggestions of this nature would, I admit, need very drastic remodelling of much of our financial system. They would need, in addition, the enforcement of the best principles of administration on the Civil Service, which I fear these public officials, however high their ability, often lack. What has always struck me about national finance is the difficulty of getting the Government and Government officials to deal with what are, or should be, business matters in the same way that business men would deal with them. When people are dealing with public money, or money raised from the public, they are too often inclined to think they have at their disposal a sort of inexhaustible purse, whose magnitude causes them no concern in spending the contents. A business house of any importance at all has to be, and is, ever ready to deal with everything on a proper business basis, to recognise thoroughly that it must "cut its coat according to its cloth." The difficulty with Governments and public bodies is that there is not the same incentive for real economy and cautious prudence which would be the case were they dealing with the same matters in their own businesses.

It can never be easy, I admit, to remodel our financial system, but, at all events, if we place all assistance, as is suggested, on eleemosynary bases of State aid it will be impossible. Before Parliament, therefore, plunges into the career of helping everybody in everything without asking for anything in return, it might be well to take a long view of the question. Before it sanctions economic upheavals in any form, aimed at relieving the burden of the war debt, it might look at the modest proposal I have outlined. Before it approves steps which may deal a mortal blow at local self-government, it might inquire whether the changes will be for the national well-being. If all these principles could be agreed upon we could look with greater assurance into the successful remodelling of finance. It is, though, vital, I think, to define first of all what the first principles governing such remodelling should be, and this I have endeavoured to do.

THE FIRST LABOUR BUDGET

By W. M. J. WILLIAMS

MR. SNOWDEN'S is the first Labour Budget, and as such was awaited and is studied with the keenest interest. That interest is fully maintained by the production. From all sides, at first, there were congratulations for his clear financial statement to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and so far as that the compliments are permanent; but as discussion has advanced, the light on the scene has changed in colour, in part because the Chancellor, while clear in what he told the House on April 29th, is challenged with having left some of his plans undisclosed. It will be found that there is some ground for that. So far as parties go, the Tories are in opposition to the Budget, the Liberals support, and Labour mockingly rejoices in the well-carpeted ground on which Mr. Snowden stands. That general statement would need modification with regard to various details and aspects of the Budget; but the Budget is still so large and complicated that a review of the whole should be useful.

Referring to remissions of taxes on articles of food, some Tories, like Sir Robert Horne, profess it was their intention to do so also when opportunity offered. That seems to some a big mouthful. Mr. Baldwin last year preferred to relieve the impost on beer, which was indeed, and is still, very heavily taxed. This *parti-pris* regarding the Snowden Budget is brilliantly hit off by Mr. *Punch*:—"Mr. Asquith: They are my principles. Mr. Baldwin: I found the money. Mr. Snowden: I take the bouquets." That is the situation; but Mr. *Punch*, who is not a financier, forgot that Mr. Baldwin did not produce the money for Mr. Snowden, for the £48,000,000 of a surplus for 1923-24 went to the National Debt, and the distinguishing features of the 1924-25 plan are devised by Mr. Snowden himself. But to understand this, and more important matters, let us hope, a general outline of the Budget must be given.

The financial working of 1923-24 was very successful.

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The estimates of *expenditure* had been £816,000,000, and they proved to be £788,000,000 only at March last. The *revenue* had been estimated at £818,000,000; it reached £837,000,000. So, with an *actual* expenditure of £788,000,000 and *actual* revenue of £837,000,000, there was a *realised surplus* of over £48,000,000. Congratulations all round are natural; but our joy is moderated when we reflect that the total expenditure is still between four and five times the pre-war figure, and there is no prospect of an easier time which shall make us forget the Great War. The accounts for 1923-24 show the interest of the Debt at £307,000,000, and a Sinking Fund of £40,000,000 more. The Civil Services, all told, are fivefold what they were in pre-war days, swollen as they are by very large sums as war legacies, and other large sums for the social services now maintained at great cost. On the *revenue* side for 1923-24 the total of £837,000,000 is still colossal. If taxes are still heavy, a 4s. 6d. income-tax producing £330,000,000, and Customs and Excise made to produce £268,000,000, while other sources of revenue yielded large sums again, it must be a satisfaction that they do so yield wonderfully well. The one failure was Excess Profits Duty, from the arrears of which £12,000,000 had been expected on balance; but the yield was a blank. (For 1924-25 Mr. Snowden puts E.P.D. down for £8,000,000; but that is a figure connected with the larger question of arrears of taxes, which will be dealt with further on.) In the dreadful aftermath of war the country is sound, and while trade is advancing but slowly, it is on the path of progress; though there are black spots on land and industry, the Budget figures for 1923-24 tell us that congratulations and cheers are due and fitting.

The prospect for 1924-25 may be deduced from the table on the following page.

Within the ambit of the following highly compressed summary there is room for much-needed elucidation which cannot be undertaken in this paper. The most prominent fact is that the expenditure is estimated at a million over that actually incurred in 1923-24, and let this be borne in mind when we come to discuss Mr. Snowden's dispositions.

Mr. Snowden's exposition, which is summarised in Table A, followed the usual course, beginning with the *National Debt*. The brief summary of it was very impressive. The details of the various kinds of debt and of the treatment in 1923-24 cannot be given here, but only the results. It was pointed out above that¹ £40,000,000

TABLE A.

THE FINAL BALANCE SHEET, 1924-5 (founded on the Budget Statement).

Estimated Revenue.	£	Estimated Expenditure.	£
Customs	101,800,000	Consolidated Fund :—	
Excise	135,900,000	National Debt Services	350,000,000
CUSTOMS AND EXCISE	237,700,000	N. Ireland Residuary	
Motor Vehicle Duties...	15,600,000	Share	3,500,000
Estate, etc., Duties....	56,000,000	Road Fund	15,000,000
Stamps	21,000,000	Local Taxation Accounts	13,150,000
Land Tax, House Duty		Land Settlement	750,000
and Mineral Rights ..	1,250,000	Other C. F. Services....	2,440,000
Income Tax	265,000,000	Total C. F. Services.	384,840,000
Super Tax.....	61,000,000	Supply Services :—	
Excess Profits Duty ...	8,000,000	Army.....	45,000,000
Corporation Profits Tax	20,000,000	Navy	55,800,000
Total INLAND REVENUE	432,250,000	Air Force	14,511,000
Total RECEIPTS FROM		Customs, Excise and	
TAXES	685,550,000	Inland Revenue.....	11,221,000
Post Office	53,500,000	Post Office Services ...	51,081,000
Crown Lands	900,000	Total EXPENDITURE..	405,186,000
Interest on Sundry Loans	12,250,000	Surplus	£790,026,000
Miscellaneous :—			4,024,000
Ordinary	11,850,000		
Special.....	30,000,000		
From NON-TAX REVENUE	108,500,000		
Total REVENUE ...	£794,050,000	Grand TOTAL....	£794,050,000

were appropriated especially to sinking debt last year, and the £48,000,000 surplus had also gone, according to the law of 1874, to the Debt, so that £88,000,000 of Debt had been amortised in that way; but that was not the full tale for the year. The Debt, both Internal and External, had been reduced, and special attention paid to the Floating Debt. The *dead weight* of Debt last March

(1) £40,000,000 for a sinking fund are included in the £350,000,000 for "National Debt Services," 1924-25.

was put at £7,680,000,000, and as the figure for the previous year had been £7,772,000,000, the Debt is now £92,000,000 lower on the year's working. A fine result; but more impressive was a larger summary still. Mr. Snowden had remarked that the "dead weight" had reached about £8,000,000,000 in 1919, and added two impressive statements. First, the only external debt we now owe is the American of £940,000,000, which is subject to the Baldwin agreement of a £35,000,000 sinking fund. We owe no debt now to Holland, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Argentine, Uruguay, Japan and Canada. And, again, the face value of the debt reduction since December, 1919, appears as under £150,000,000, but as a fact the true reduction is more, much more if values are considered after conversion of stock. So estimated, the reduction since 1919 was nearly £400,000,000 (but the Floating Debt by £575,000,000). The following passage followed:—"On the same basis (that is, allowing for nominal additions) the total debt reduction since December, 1919, has been over £650,000,000, (or) practically the amount of the National Debt at the outbreak of war." Mr. Snowden called that "a creditable achievement," and it is so unquestionably, and an achievement which is envied by some of the Allies; but we should remember that it has been done, in part, by using as current revenue the proceeds of the sale of war material, moneys which should have been regarded as capital.

Before leaving the Debt it would be well to remember the Debt owing to us, which was put at March last as a total of £2,162,881,000, of which France owes £623,000,000, Belgium £9,000,000, Russia £722,000,000, and Italy £533,000,000. The Dominions and Colonies owe us £131,000,000, which may be regarded as a safe asset. What may be the present value of the large amount due from Allies, small and large, who can tell? Mr. Snowden rounded off his remarks on the Debt by dwelling on the tonic effect of such a large amortisation on the country's credit; and that was an improving spectacle, though it had been done by unheroic methods.

When Mr. Snowden estimated what the *Revenue* would

be in 1924-25, were the taxes unaltered, he found they might reach more than £828,000,000, whereas his *Expenditure* might be about £790,000,000 (see Table A). He had, therefore, a *prospective* surplus of £38,000,000. He based his proposals for the year on that estimate, and went on to sketch a series of reductions and repeals of taxes which in total reached £34,000,000, leaving £4,000,000 unappropriated. (Note that last fact carefully.)

Let us now sketch these changes in taxation in detail, considering the attitude positively and negatively. Mr. Snowden began by saying that he proposed that the TEA duty should be reduced from 8d. to 4d. a lb.; COCOA AND COFFEE from 28s. to 14s. a cwt.; ROASTED COFFEE AND CHICORY from 4d. to 2d. a lb.; CHICORY from 26s. 6d. a cwt. to 13s. 3d. a cwt.; SUGAR exceeding 98° from 25s. 8d. to 11s. 8d. a cwt., or 2¾d. to 1¼d. a lb.; and molasses, glucose, saccharin, etc., in proportion, including sugar used in manufactures; RAISINS, FIGS, AND PLUMS, dried or preserved, from 10s. 6d. to 7s. a cwt. (1⅛d. to ¾d. a lb.); TABLE WATERS, sweetened, etc., 4d., and HERB BEER 2d. a gallon, to be *repealed*; the NEW IMPORT, OR MCKENNA DUTIES, of which FILMS were charged ⅓d. to 5d. a linear foot, and CLOCKS, WATCHES, MOTOR CARS and CYCLES, etc., and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, etc., were charged a duty of 33⅓ per cent. *ad valorem*, to be repealed also. Turning from Customs to *Excise*, he dealt first with duties which countervailed Customs duties on the same articles. The duty on CHICORY from 21s. 1d. to 10s. a cwt.; COFFEE SUBSTITUTES from 1d. to ½d. per ¼ lb.; SUGAR (not made from British beet) from 5-6ths of 23s. 4d. to 5-6ths of the full Customs rate; and molasses, glucose, and saccharin in proportionate degree (it will be seen that British beet sugar, which enjoyed a full exemption, while duty on imported was 25s. 8d., will now, presumably, get an advantage of 11s. 8d. a cwt. only); TABLE WATERS, sweetened, etc., and herb beer—2d. a gallon—will be *repealed*; but a special reduction of *Excise* duty is that on ENTERTAINMENTS, which will be free up to a sixpenny admission charge, and up to 1s. 3d. will be reduced. A series of modifications of MOTOR VEHICLES DUTIES are proposed, designed to

meet cases in which the term is less than a year. The duty on motors will be reduced, from the charge under the Finance Act, 1920, for every £1 in January graduated down to 7s. on September 1st; the licences also, for each of three quarters, are reduced slightly. Motor BICYCLES and TRICYCLES are accorded a reduction on quarterly rates, according as the bicycles are more or less than 200 lb. in weight. The Chancellor then turned to *Inland Revenue* and announced *two repeals*: CORPORATION PROFITS TAX from June 30th next (1924), and INHABITED HOUSE DUTY from April 1st last. The Corporation Profits Tax was, since last year, only 6d. in the £ on profits; the HOUSE DUTY was an old duty which took the place of the ancient window tax, in 1851. It was assessed on the income tax valuation, but graded according to value and the purpose for which the "house" was used. The scale was up to £40, up to £60, and beyond £60 annual value, and the duty 2d., 4d., and 6d. if on a "shop," or 3d., 6d., or 9d. on a private house. It was virtually a little income tax, and the true incidence, as between owner and tenant, is obscure, but the occupier believed he bore it. A few reductions on TELEPHONE CALLS from July 1st were announced, making the *new rates* up to 5 miles 1d., and to 7½ miles 2d., no reduction on excess of calls to be allowed. The trunk calls will also be reduced, and charges will vary, as before, according to the time of day or night. Some reductions will be made also in the charges on removals.

That is the list of positive reductions. Mr. Snowden's negotiations were: (1) he could not find money for a penny postage. Also (2) preferences, according to the suggestions of the Empire Conference last autumn, were not adopted. The suggestions would be submitted to the House for a special debate, but meantime the Government is not in favour of the policy they embody. Also, Mr. Snowden added, he must declare that he will hold himself free to deal with preference granted since 1920 by Mr. A. Chamberlain on tea, sugar, cocoa, etc., and on the articles on which New Import Duties were imposed in 1915-16, when they are articles from Empire sources. It was made

abundantly clear that Mr. Snowden is against all "preferences." The result of this long list of reductions and repeals of taxes is shown in the following :—

TABLE B.
ESTIMATED LOSS ON TAXATION, ETC.

	Loss in 1924-5.	Loss in a full year.
CUSTOMS :—	£	£
Tea	5,000,000	5,400,000
Cocoa	580,000	600,000
Coffee	180,000	200,000
Chicory	40,000	43,000
Sugar, Molasses, Glucose and Saccharin	17,200,000	17,880,000
Raisins, Figs and Plums	200,000	250,000
Table Waters and Herb Beer	*	*
New Import Duties	2,500,000	2,750,000
Total CUSTOMS	£25,700,000	£27,123,000
EXCISE :—		
Chicory and Coffee substitutes	*	*
Sugar, Molasses, Glucose and Saccharin	500,000	520,000
Table Waters and Herb Beer	200,000	300,000
Entertainments	3,400,000	4,000,000
Total EXCISE	4,100,000	4,820,000
Total CUSTOMS AND EXCISE	£29,800,000	£31,943,000
MOTOR VEHICLE DUTIES	*	500,000
INLAND REVENUE :—		
Corporation Duty Repealed	2,000,000	12,500,000
Inhabited House Duty	1,750,000	2,000,000
Total INLAND REVENUE	£3,750,000	£14,500,000
POST OFFICE	500,000	1,000,000
Total ESTIMATED LOSS	£34,050,000	£47,943,000

* The amount of Revenue lost from these sources is either small, or none.

So is the loss of the £34,000,000 of revenue accounted for; and it will be observed that of the £29,000,000 remitted in 1924-25 on Customs and Excise nearly £24,000,000 are taken off food and drink stuffs. The whole list is imposing, and party camps are, and will be, much disturbed, and contend about them. Mr. Snowden crows.

The policy embodied in such a programme must be reviewed now, briefly, and it will be regarded as a whole

first, and then special features, active and negative, noticed, especially postage, the corporation profits tax, the McKenna duties, the preferences excluded, and the allegations concerning the unappropriated surplus.

As a whole the policy so embodied may be regarded in two or three ways, which, indeed, are all one. There was an element of pleasant surprise that the Mr. Snowden who last year pleaded with the House to adopt a thorough-going Socialism of the armchair character, never allows it to peep through any facet of his Budget. A three-party House is not lacking in restraining power, and Mr. Snowden can tell his more impetuous brethren that time did not permit of better and more profound changes; but the rest of us should restrain our transports, and *festina lente*. In selecting the foodstuffs for his principal operations, the Chancellor made a significant gesture, and regarded the greatest common measure of agreement. During the subsequent discussions, indeed, objection was taken to the result as between direct and indirect taxation. The result on Mr. Snowden's balance-sheet is that indirect duties will be about 35 per cent. of the total obtained from taxes. Once again there was talk of 50 per cent. of each kind as an ideal. Is not that a remanet of loose talk last century? There is no justification for such an idea from any acknowledged canon of taxation. Of course, neither a 4s. 6d. income tax, nor £4 a barrel on beer, can be regarded as taxes to be neglected; but heaven has not revealed this 50 per cent. standard. The whole Budget is acceptable to the majority of the House, but the Conservative section regards it as the curate's egg: good in parts only. Let us come to the stiffer objections to parts of it.

It was lamented widely that a penny postage was not restored (not to speak of the receipt and cheque stamps), and particularly that it had not been preferred to the entertainment duty. That duty, however, is a bad one, having no basis in any valid principle; but Mr. Snowden would select it, as against a penny post, because his remission will be more sectional. Those whose eyes are on trade will prefer a penny post.

The repeals of the inhabited house duty and of the

corporation profits tax are accepted with thanks. The demise of the house duty is little noticed, though statisticians will miss the number of houses reviewed and charged in collecting it. But there is a sigh of satisfaction in trading quarters at the disappearance of corporation profits tax, as there was for that of E.P.D. They were rough devices for war time, and struck a limited section of citizens.

The debates and the divisions on this Budget, until it becomes embodied in the Finance Act, will gather the clouds and storms around the repeal of the McKenna duties and the ignoring of the preference suggestions. Already the opposing campaigns are spoiling the spring leaves: there can be no question that fundamental divisions in policy are reached in this connection. The new import, or McKenna duties, were imposed in 1915-16, and when imposed it was said distinctly by Mr. McKenna that they should be regarded as temporary for war purposes; and Mr. Bonar Law endorsed this much later on. Now it is proposed that they shall disappear as from the first of August next. The industries directly interested are opposing vigorously, and that is not surprising. No time opportune for remission can be imagined, now or in the future. Leaders of the favoured industries are not opposing wisely, but very contradictorily. A commercial policy cannot be wisely founded on favour shown to this, that, and the other special industry; the economic welfare of the State is all. It is said that these duties are doing no harm! What if it were possible to analyse their true and full effect! A duty of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. *ad valorem*, say, on motor cars, is imposed for the very purpose of preventing import, as these were by Mr. McKenna because freight was wanted in 1915-16. Then we are told that imports of motor cars have grown since. True, but not because of the duties, in spite of them distinctly, because of the demand. Then there is the converse allegation that British cars are cheaper. Again, not because of the duties, which have done their part of limiting the supply. We can sympathise with both masters and workmen in these protected trades; the shelter from the duties is grateful to

them; they would like them permanently, but they are getting the favour at the expense of other industries, at the expense of exports which might have been made. Intercourse with other countries, *cæteris paribus*, does not lessen, but increases, employment.

We shall come to larger aspects of the McKenna duties if we proceed briefly to deal with the omission of the preferences recommended by the Empire Conference. That Conference was not legislative, was not even committal; every conclusion arrived at had to be submitted to British and Dominion Parliaments. The conclusions are to be submitted to the British Parliament now. But two or three general and other aspects of this preference may be considered. It is futile to reproach opponents of preference duties with a lack of patriotism, and chiefly of interest in the Dominions. It is not true; and it is difficult to believe that those who use such reproaches think they are deserved. Some opponents regard the preference haggling that would follow periodically as more likely to split than to bind an Empire; but we all desire the prosperity of all the King's realms—Dominions and India and Colonies. As for the practical working of preferences demanded, it will suffice to put the apple in the witness-box again. Instead of reducing duties and repealing some, to get the apple among preferences it would be necessary to *create* a duty in this country. That sort of result would not be justified, surely. Then, as for trading, the Dominions would not be wise, and surely would not fail to trade with all countries. Canada will always trade with the United States; and Britons will ever be ready to trade with the Dominions; but the British consumers, mostly poor, should not be penalised in doing so.

The opposition to the repeal of the McKenna duties, and the angry complaints of disregard of preference duties, will be in the forefront of the Budget discussion and the agitation outside upon it. That is not surprising for another reason. Observers had seen a movement, definite, planned, organised, quite visible to all early in 1923, to work up to a Tariff agitation which should dominate the next election. The Protectionists in the Dominions were

only too ready to join, and the Empire Conference was one means, the Wembley Empire Exhibition was another, by which the object was to be reached. It was an Empire lever. But the Tory Ministries became so discredited in 1923 that an election was precipitated. That discredit, and the Tariff proposals, killed Mr. Baldwin's Administration. The election "turned down" protection. This of Mr. Snowden's is the first Budget produced after the election, and the verdict at the poll may be taken to cover the Preference proposals, for they were known and in question at the time. So also were the McKenna duties; their nature was condemned, and the promise to repeal them was firm. The right occasion to repeal them is when a Chancellor has the nerve to do right. But of course those who had engineered the movement referred to see not only the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley assembling the British tribes from the world's end, and many other tribes, but all without any question of Protection. To them the crumbling of the effort is bitter. The present assault on remissions of taxes is correspondingly angry, and not a little wild and reckless, but, as the rest, probably destined to failure.

Very different seems the objection taken to the £4,000,000 of revenue left unappropriated (see Table B). The sufficiency of that provision has been questioned from several points in the House. The Chancellor was reminded of supplementary estimates required to some amount every year. But, much more important, there is the social programme which this Government has in hand to-day. Special reference was made to the proposed abolition of the limit of means to qualify for Old Age Pensions, to the Housing programme announced already, and to a further provision for unemployment. Each of these objects would cost much money even this year, and together might reach £40,000,000 or much more. Now it must be said it was felt all round Mr. Snowden's statements and answers were very meagre. He did indeed say that these objects were not unprovided for, but the House has no declaration of the source of the provision. Mr. Graham, the Secretary to the Treasury, was equally non-committal. Even those

who support the Budget, as far as revealed, feel strongly that here is an arcanum much in need of light; and the question will arise: was the omission designed? The course of Parliament since the Budget statement has proved, if further proof were needed, that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden cannot prudently reveal the demand for expenditure made upon them by their most truculent supporters. In this situation we can only guess at the provision understood to be made this year for financing the measures referred to. Mr. Snowden seemed, in his reply to discussion, to be glad of the 11 o'clock rule, which debarred him from saying more; but Mr. Graham, in his speech earlier during Thursday, May 1st, had supplied some figures in reply to questions about arrears of taxation which will probably furnish a clue to this apparently designed mystery. Let the reader consult Table A again, and note that £8,000,000 of revenue are expected from E.P.D., though it failed to produce a penny last year on balance. That, too, is sought from arrears of payment. Both on Corporation Profits Tax and on E.P.D. there are many millions in arrear; and it was added that was the case also with income-tax and super-tax. The arrears on income and super-tax are about £62,000,000, on E.P.D. £160,000,000, and on Corporation Profits Tax about £10,000,000, and so "we arrive at anything between £200,000,000 and £220,000,000 of arrears of taxation outstanding," as Mr. Graham said. It is known that Somerset House is "putting on the screw" already, but how much of these arrears can be got in, and this year especially, from the big item of £160,000,000 from E.P.D.? If we turn to the framed Budget there is no hint of this matter, whether in the bearing on this year's balance or on that of next year, burdens on which can be seen accumulating even now. If a substantially large amount of arrears is recovered, the expense under Bills to be brought forward later in the Session may be met, in whole or in part, from that source.

At best that would be banking on a contingency. To leave the House without clear knowledge on the matter is not a Parliamentary form to be approved, and it is calcu-

lated to create fears which should be avoided, especially as Mr. Snowden reiterates that he is devoted to the public support of national credit. The House should persevere until this matter is cleared up. Questions around the unappropriated revenue reveal the vulnerable aspect of Mr. Snowden's Budget, and a most objectionable aspect it is. Mr. Snowden has shown he can make a statement quite clear; let him tell the House plainly, Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Kirkwood notwithstanding, how the approaching social measures are to be provided for.

For the rest, the disclosed Budget clearly meets with acceptance from the majority of the House; and the review of the national finances for the past year, as also the total prospect for the year, bid the country to work on in good hope. Burdens are heavy, but they are yielding to great effort, and taxes are being reduced and debt paid off at such a rate as makes the hope strong that Britain is to shine as of yore among the nations.

THE LAWYER AS STATESMAN

BY HOLFORD KNIGHT

PLUTARCH tells us that Anacharsis laughed at Solon for imagining the dishonesty and covetousness of his countrymen could be restrained by written laws. For (said he) they were like spiders' webs and would catch, it is true, the weak and poor, but easily be broken by the mighty and rich. To this Solon rejoined that men keep their promises when neither side can get anything by the breaking of them; and he would so fit his laws to the citizens that all should understand it was more eligible to be just than to break the laws.

We are reminded by Plutarch, however, that the event rather agreed with the conjecture of Anacharsis than the hope of Solon. Indeed, Anacharsis, being once at the Assembly, expressed his wonder at the fact that in Greece wise men spoke and fools decided.

Thus, in classic form, is raised the perennial contest between law and force. History is the record of the attempt by law to overtake the lawless thrust of force. In succeeding generations we watch the mighty breaking through the meshes of law. Like spiders' webs, indeed, do the laws appear to the weak and poor. But the task of mankind is to make the law prevail. The mighty must be brought and kept within its sway. For, otherwise, the weak and poor will turn the world upside down. It is not in human nature to brook injustice for ever. And there is high authority for the prophecy that the meek shall inherit the earth. If we will, we can play our part in preparing for better days.

In this REVIEW, sometimes in the shadow of dark events, a constant voice has been raised to summon the lawyers to their share in this high task of making the law fit the needs of men.¹ On the eve of an auspicious day which

(1) See "The Need of an English Bar Association," January, 1914; "The Lawyer and the New World," January, 1918; "The Future of the Legal Profession," August, 1919; "The Hesitation of America," January, 1920; "America and the Freedom of the Seas," September, 1921; "The Peace Mind," July, 1922.

has long been heralded in these pages, when the American Bar is to visit officially the Bar of England, it is fitting that some reflections should be tendered on the consummation of the plan.

Chief Justice Taft expressed the dominant motive of these pleas in words quoted here as far back as 1914: "What the State must find is lawyers of the right sort and the old spirit to advise it, or it must stumble through a chaos of blind experiment. It never needed lawyers who are also statesmen more than it needs them now—needs them in its courts, in its legislatures, in its seats of executive authority—*lawyers who can think in the terms of society itself.*" The present writer had the good fortune to enjoy a long conference at Yale with Mr. Taft on these matters in 1919, and, if the American Bar is received here under the inspiration of the words I have italicised, a fresh chapter of far-reaching import to mankind is about to open. For an association between the Bars of America and England in the prosecution of these tasks will bring immense benefits to the world.

These are not days in which the mincing of words has any relish for serious men alive to the plain necessities of the times. The plans for international co-operation, as embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations, are still under risk of miscarriage. The courtesies of diplomacy fail to screen the realities of the situation. The spectre of war continues to haunt the councils of the world. The reign of law has yet to be inaugurated. Within the national confines of States the poor and weak still look upon the laws as spiders' webs that do not restrain the mighty. Respect for law is not increasing. Among scenes of good-fellowship we must not forget the hard facts of the time. The law has yet to justify itself as the reconciler of international interests and the protector of the weak against the strong. We should enjoy ourselves as we can—and pass on to the tasks that await us.

As Mr. Justice Wendell Holmes said at a previous meeting of the American Bar Association: "The life of the law has not been logic; it has been experience. The felt necessities of the time, the prevalent moral and political

theories, intentions of public policy (avowed or unconscious), even the prejudices which judges share with their fellow-men, have a good deal more to do than the syllogism in determining the rules by which men should be governed." For instance, the direction of the crucial case of *O'Dwyer v. Nair*, which closes as I write, will have an effect upon Indian affairs of a character far different and more wide-reaching than some engaged in the proceedings have imagined.¹ India supplies the acid test of Britain's competence in the new world.

Again, it is a stroke of good fortune that the Lord Chancellor of England should be the lawyer-statesman who has played in recent years a dominant part in the elucidation and advocacy of these tasks. Members of the American Bar Association will recall Lord Haldane's memorable address to their gathering in 1913. Speaking of the call to promote the rule of law he said: "If its full significance is to be appreciated, larger conceptions than those of the mere lawyer are essential; conceptions which come to us from the moralist and the sociologist, and without which we cannot see fully how the genesis of law has come about." Hence (if one may be allowed to repeat one's self), the lawyer should fulfil a double function. He is the servant of his country; in a true sense he is also a servant of the world. This double character is in reality a unity, for as he achieves the one so he succeeds in the other. The lawyer who assists his country is best calculated to advance the interests of the world, and he who devotes himself to those causes will not fail in service to the State to which he belongs.

It would be idle to suppose that this view commends itself to all members of the Bar of England. Our visitors, if they entertain it, will discover speedily such an error. Edmund Burke spoke from personal experience when he said that the practice of the law did not tend to liberalise the understanding. The non-porous mind is still to be encountered. The instinct of the cat-fish to snap is matched by the settled habit of a type of lawyer to reject new ideas and fresh arrangements. He has hardly

(1) See "Reconciliation in India," May, 1921.

recovered, as yet, from the enormity of admitting women to the profession, and his powers of resistance are constant, instinctive—and vain. The world moves on and he is left behind snarling at the advance he has failed to keep up with.

We may turn to some practical questions which arise from this point of view. Since the life of the law is experience informed by conceptions which come to us from the moralist and the sociologist, it is profitable to consider how the lawyer can aid society in framing new law to deal with this growing experience. For the law must maintain a "strengthening contact with reality," to adopt a phrase from Lord Shaw's remarkable address to the American Bar Association on "The Widening Range of Law." With characteristic practicality the American lawyers have fashioned an instrument which enables them to review the needs of men in the light of fresh experience. Their Bar Association was founded, among other purposes, "to advance the science of jurisprudence and promote the administration of justice and uniformity of legislation throughout the union." For forty years these aims have been pursued with growing usefulness to the American States.

Our own arrangements have fallen lamentably short of our opportunities. The Bar Council is merely a professional committee, and its annual meeting a perfunctory occasion. The contrast between the efforts of our visitors and the lethargy we continue to exhibit is not edifying. The truth is that we lack leadership. In past days the Bar of England was led by dominant personalities who imposed their will on professional and public arrangements. The appointments to law officerships have become the sport of partisan interests, and men take on the character of their environment. To act on a wider view than that of professional concerns is to risk a subterranean stream of prejudice and veiled hostility which few will meet. But the times are out of joint and call for boldness. Unless the Bar of England is led by courageous men troubled days are ahead.

To remain voiceless in a national emergency is not the

part of an active man or of an institution likely to persist. We must march with the course of events or be disregarded as an encumbrance. Speeches on set occasions unconnected with appropriate action are not called for, and our visitors from America have ceased to be impressed by them. An orator's language should be in tune with his conduct. The consensus of opinion at the Bar that the arrangements of the profession are inadequate and undignified should inspire an intention to fill the opportunity. The suggestions adumbrated here in 1914¹ for a reorganisation of the Bar as an active factor in the formation of opinion on legal matters may be respectfully commended afresh. With the example of the American Bar Association before us, and under the influence of its presence, this year should witness the demise of the Bar Council and its succession by a representative and dignified association of the Bar of England.

Our ranks will have no difficulty in providing the "stand-patters" that our American friends had to encounter and set aside. The type of lawyer who recognises no duty beyond his personal interest prevails in all lands. He is the legal counterpart of social and economic figures that create much of the mischief of the world. For no man can live to himself, and it is a part of public business to prevent him doing so. Put practically, the lawyer is called upon to help his fellows to supply their needs under the forms of law. The alternative cannot be contemplated. Society cannot afford to relapse into the barbarism of self-interest. The rule of law becomes, therefore, the sanction that alone can weld the State into an ordered community. Its revision must keep pace with the development of men in association, otherwise danger lies before us. For men are so constituted that they will have justice. And it is part of the business of the lawyer to see that they get it, not only as individuals, but as communities. Moreover, the rule of law cannot be restricted to particular communities if the world is to be saved from rupture. The nations must associate under its reign. Such was the plan commended to the world by ex-Presi-

(1) See "The Need of an English Bar Association," January, 1914.

dent Wilson. No other defence against anarchy is in view. The rule of force is a delusion and a snare. Soldiers are the servants of the State, not its masters.

Hence, since the great task of mankind is to fashion a rule of law applicable to the needs of the world, it is not fanciful to enlist the aid of lawyers in its achievement. But this help must be proffered with tact. Men and women are in no mood to receive the attentions of self-proclaimed superiors. The failure of some lawyers in international and national affairs is the tragedy of men too proud to serve others with discretion. The influence of law as a non-respecter of persons, dealing with even hand between the needy and the undeserving alike, should inspire a tolerance of spirit that men will greet with respect. No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, said Edmund Burke, and this admonition should be regarded always.

Further, as men in their wisdom have elected assemblies to represent them, the work of the lawyer must be subordinated to those arrangements. What is pleaded for here is that lawyers should come together to think over difficulties and their compassing so that the parliaments of men may be helped to frame new law to supply the needs of society. For instance, in ampler days to come, a Bar Congress may assemble to review the problems that confront the true League of Nations we have yet to call into being. I cannot imagine a higher duty resting upon the lawyers of the world, or one more worthy of their aim, than that of aiding the statesmen to fashion the comity of peoples which can alone preserve the world from annihilation by war.

In a tentative way, and with a required submission, some thoughts may be uttered here on these matters. For it is necessary to escape (if possible) the charge of vagueness which is made with ease and regularity, but repelled with difficulty. Accepting this duty of the lawyers to help (in Solon's phrase) "to fit the laws to the citizens," let us glance at some outstanding questions that await consideration.

The enlargement of the League of Nations to embrace

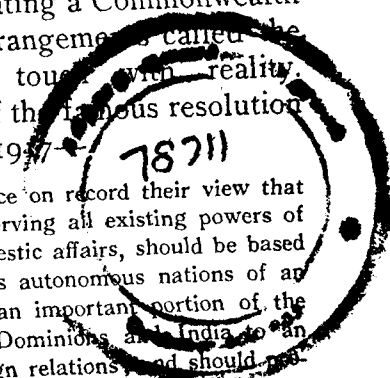
all nations, and the formulation of covenants to establish the rule of law, are tasks that call for the highest energies of man. The canvassing of ways and means to provide these sanctions is a service the lawyers of the world might well undertake in concert. As a beginning, the lawyers of Great Britain and America might act together,¹ through representative machinery, and invite other lawyers in States great and small to render help. As the Council and Assembly of the present League continue their heavy task of laying the foundations of a new international order, the assistance by way of suggestion of the proposed conference would be beneficial and welcomed.

Again, the British Empire provides a field of service for the lawyers of its territories of immense opportunities. First and foremost is the task of creating a Commonwealth of Peoples in succession to the arrangements called the British Empire which are losing touch with reality. Recall the terms and implications of the famous resolution of the Imperial War Conference of 1917.

They deem it their duty, however, to place on record their view that any such adjustment, while thoroughly preserving all existing powers of self-government and complete control of domestic affairs, should be based upon a full recognition of the Dominions as autonomous nations of an Imperial Commonwealth, and of India as an important portion of the same; should recognise the right of the Dominions and India to an adequate voice in foreign policy and in foreign relations, and should provide effective arrangements for continuous consultation in all important matters of common Imperial concern, and for such necessary concerted action, founded on consultation, as the several Governments may determine.

What steps have been taken, after this lapse of years, to give practical effect to this resolution? What machinery has been set up to establish and continue these purposes? Sir Robert Borden should be heard in reply. "The resolution of 1917 will be barren of further results unless a way is found to work out its principles in practice. *It can hardly be claimed that any development since 1917 has accomplished this.* The resolution of 1917 was based upon vital considerations which cannot lightly be disregarded. While it is true that the Dominions were

(1) See "America and the Freedom of the Seas," September, 1921.



represented at Paris, that they took their place at the Peace Conference, and that they became signatories of the Peace Treaty, I have yet to learn that since the conclusion of peace their right to 'an adequate voice in foreign policy and in foreign relations' has been recognised in any effective or practical way."

This view has been pressed repeatedly in these pages.¹ Death itself brings freedom to refer to the complaints of a similar character made to the present writer by the late Sir George Reid, then representing the Commonwealth of Australia, and by the late Mr. W. P. Schreiner, at that time in charge of the affairs of South Africa. Moreover, the recent refusal of the present Government to provide an opportunity in the House of Commons to discuss the better control by Parliament of foreign policy indicates the strength of conservative influences in maintaining old traditions. At the same time, Mr. MacDonald's statement during the Lausanne debate in the House of Commons on June 6th is significant. "I think the time has come (he declared) when we have to consider, in view of present circumstances, what machinery is required to be created for the conduct of a united Imperial policy, particularly as regards foreign affairs." In commenting on this discussion, *The Times* (June 7th) pertinently described this question as "the most perplexing and dangerous problem that menaces the British Empire as an effective force for peace."

A change will yet be enforced by public opinion and the task of fashioning a Commonwealth of Peoples awaits the enterprise of statesmen unaffrighted by opposition. In preparation for these duties the lawyers of the Dominions might act in concert with the Bar of England if appropriate machinery were available. The will to consult together is present, as I ascertained long since from the High Commissioners of the Dominions. A re-organised Bar of England has a splendid opportunity of Imperial service by concerting means for mutual discussion among the lawyers of the British territories. Consultation between standing committees of each organisation

(1) See "The Revival of Militarism," July, 1920.

could be continuous and fruitful, and annual or bi-annual conferences in London and other capital centres would provide an interchange of ideas and plans of the highest benefit to the British Commonwealth. For the fashioning of a new and better order of association between the peoples of the old Empire cannot be long delayed. Without the help of the lawyers it can be accomplished, but with their aid its achievement will be easier and more speedy.

As we glance at the position at our doorstep, lawyers cannot affect satisfaction. I fear the respect for law is not increasing. Our legal arrangements lag behind the requirements on which public opinion insists. There is a settled and widespread opinion that the poor are ill-served by the present organisation of the Bar. Justice must not be delayed to the poorest in the land, and no man or woman should be condemned unheard because of need. The business community are dissatisfied with the arrangements of the profession, and their complaints are disregarded. The whole Bar suffers from these matters because it lacks the leadership to provide adequate machinery for their investigation and redress. I renew an urgent plea to old comrades at the Bar that the visit of our American friends shall be employed to stimulate our energies in this and other respects.

For as we face the duties that the ceasing of the clash of arms brings to our hands, we lawyers can help our fellows if we will. Not in pride or in the sense of possession of larger gifts should we act, but as comrades proffering such aid as we can supply. For the rule of law has to be made the stay of man's estate and the guide towards his development. Men seek the rule of peace, and the lawyer as statesman cannot neglect the duty of assisting in its achievement.

THE TREATMENT OF HUNGARIAN MINORITIES

BY FRANCIS MAXWELL

THIS is not the occasion to enter into a minute criticism of the Treaty of Versailles, the task being one with which the present writer could not cope properly within the limits of the present article, yet it is evident that a better treaty could easily have been drafted if the Great Three who were responsible for its main provisions had been better acquainted with the countries that they partitioned and not chosen to ignore the claims of economic unity.

"We shall not pause or falter until we have secured for the smaller States of Europe their Charter of Independence and for Europe itself and for the world at large their final emancipation from the reign of force." These lofty words were addressed *urbi et orbi* by the British Government in November, 1915, and this noble programme, which we duly inscribed on our banners when we drew the sword, all Englishmen esteemed would be carried out when the day of reckoning arrived and Germany was compelled to sue for peace.

That we were pledged, therefore, to ensure to every race demanding national expression a just and fair settlement based on the principle of self-determination there can be no question; in fact, we solemnly bound ourselves to carry out a complete readjustment of frontiers and to assign to every new State the regions which rightly belonged to them, the three great statesmen who designed the peace settlement aiming at reaching a solution that would be mainly based on the following principles.

The first and fundamental principle in arriving at an adequate settlement was to be the principle of nationality; but equally vital were to be the claims of economic and commercial affinity, and almost as important those inherent in geographical features; while every effort was to be made to give minorities the possibility of retaining their culture and language conditional to their not becoming a danger to the State to which they now owed allegiance.

Proceeding on these lines, an entirely new Europe was carved out of the ruins of the old, while it seemed to the casual observer that the *régime* of Force had really disappeared, so high-sounding were the principles that were pronounced to be guiding our Allied statesmen, and so misleading the words to which they frequently gave utterance when speaking of the peace. "Before we attempt to rebuild the temple of peace we must see that the foundations are solid. Henceforth when the time for rebuilding comes it must be on the rock of vindicated justice." (Lloyd George at the Guildhall, January, 1917.) Very soon it became apparent that the peacemakers had only substituted one set of evils for another, and that the solution that they had found was at best only a makeshift. In fact, though energetically repudiating the principle, "*Victoribus spolia*," the Allies were unable to ignore certain preliminary compacts that, made under the stress of circumstances and when victory was still uncertain, were absolutely contrary to the spirit of justice, the result being that whole districts were torn away from the countries to which they ethnologically belonged, and settlements imposed against the teaching of equity and experience that are bound to leave an aftermath of wars of extermination and the seeds of future wars. The Treaty of Versailles and its accompanying Treaties of St. Germain and Trianon have, in fact, created a situation, where racial minorities are concerned, that is as complicated and difficult to solve as any that were presented before the war.

Every new State is still made up of disparate races, or at least possesses minorities that refuse to be assimilated, the conditions created by the settlement being roughly as follows.

What was originally Austria-Hungary is now split up between seven Powers, a new Hungary, a new Austria, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Italy and Yugoslavia.

Austria and Hungary became mere shadows of their old selves. To the first a long strip of mountain valley reaching from Switzerland to Vienna was allotted, which left

Vienna the capital of a small Republic six millions strong. The second was cut down from 20 millions to eight, the various racial elements that had acknowledged allegiance to the Hapsburgs being either incorporated in the neighbouring States according to nationality or given an independent status.

The trouble was, furthermore, that in spite of every attempt to satisfy the principle of nationality, and to make every new nation really representative of the wishes of the population concerned, it was found impossible to dispose satisfactorily of the large racial remnants that, scattered here and there, accepted the new order with no great enthusiasm.

How has this settlement affected the question of nationalities? Is Hungary as constituted to-day ethnologically one nation?

Taking the statistics of 1920, none others being available, we find that of the eight millions now constituting the present Hungary about 860,000 belong to minority groups, these minorities being composed as follows:—

Germans	...	...	552,000	Croatians	...	...	70,000
Slovaks	...	...	166,000	Roumanians	...	...	28,000
Serbs	...	...	20,000	Others	...	...	25,000

How are these minorities being treated? Do they enjoy the political rights that were granted to them by the Treaty of Trianon, or are the conditions imposed on them as onerous as certain propagandists would have us believe?

The protection of minorities in Hungary was entrusted to the League of Nations by the Treaty of Trianon, which also laid down that all subjects of the Hungarian State should enjoy equal political rights and every facility of retaining their culture, schools and language whenever constituting an important proportion of the population, while the Hungarian Government also re-enacted an old Law of Nationalities which ensured that racial minorities should obtain every right and privilege. According to this measure, all subjects of the Hungarian State belonging to a racial minority were permitted, when found living in sufficiently compact masses, to be educated in their native

language or to use their own tongue in the law courts or in administrative units whenever numbering at least one-fifth of the whole administrative area, as well as being given full civic and political rights. Nor has the application of this law failed to carry out the spirit of the peace treaties. The present writer holds no brief for the Hungarian Government, but he feels bound to admit that, having spent many months in Hungary for the purpose of studying the minority question, he has seen remarkably few instances of oppression and that the Slovak and other minorities who still remain under Magyar rule are immeasurably better off than those unfortunate Hungarians who, living across the border, are seeking to retain their old culture and language.

Taking first the German element in Hungary, since it is by far the most important, I found that German was taught in over 320 primary schools; that the Germans were, as a rule, contented with their treatment, and, in fact, that they not only showed no inclination to discard Hungarian teaching, but that they frequently solicited the authorities to be given instruction in that language, in addition to their own.

And the condition of the Slovak and other minorities is equally fortunate. The present number of Slovak schools is 45, but it is generally found that, like the Germans, the Slovaks, though anxious to use their own language in their churches, express a general desire to have as much Hungarian teaching as possible. The Roumanians, who number 28,000, possess ten schools where Roumanian is taught, and the Yugo-Slavs over forty schools for a population of 90,000, the Croats inhabiting the banks of the Mura having strongly objected to Croatian as the main subject of instruction in their own schools.

If we now take Czecho-Slovakia in consideration we find that this new Republic comprises a population of thirteen millions, and is composed of three former Austrian provinces, Bohemia, Moravia and part of Silesia, and two former Hungarian provinces, Ruthenia and Slovakia.

Leaving Bohemia and Moravia out of count, as they have practically no Hungarian population, we find that the minority of most importance in Slovakia is the

Hungarian, this minority amounting to about 30 per cent. of the population, the figures for Slovakia and Ruthenia being the following:—

Slovaks	1,700,000	Germans	266,000
Magyars	1,084,000	Roumanians	22,000
Ruthenians	400,000	Others	66,000

How are the Hungarian minorities being treated to-day? Is Czecho-Slovakia fulfilling the minority clauses of the Treaty of St. Germain or is Hungary justified in asserting that her minorities are being down-trodden and subjected to the most systematic spoliation and oppression?

The treaty had stipulated that Czecho-Slovak subjects belonging to racial minorities should be given every civic and electoral right, and that in any district where they constituted one-fifth of the total population they should be permitted to have their own schools and to plead in any degree of court using their own language.

Now the fact remains that the application of the above measure has been characterised by a deliberate attempt on the part of the Czech Government to make it void, so that the Hungarians have every reason for being dissatisfied with their present treatment.

Among the many grievances that they put forward the most burning one is, of course, the Agrarian Land Act. This is a measure that is principally directed against the Hungarian and German landowners, and though it allows holders of land to retain a maximum of 150 hectares, there is really nothing that can prevent the Government from confiscating the whole if, as the law declares, "the safety of the State requires it." In any case the compensation that is awarded to the dispossessed is most unfair, since it is based on the pre-war value of the land in crowns, and even this trifling indemnity, that is not one hundredth of its real value, is not paid in cash, but in interest-bearing bonds that are so much worthless paper.

The fact, moreover, that the quasi totality of the land was held by the Germans and Magyars seems to prove conclusively that the land laws had a political aim, since

the only people that have so far benefited from their provisions are Czechs or Slovaks. The Czechs will, of course, tell you that the reason why the appropriated land has been given to the Czech colonists is not difficult to find. There was an economic crisis during the first years of the Republic, and it was therefore natural that the first land that was appropriated should be given to the Czech unemployed. But the wholesale confiscation of land that is taking place cannot thus be accounted for, nor the fact that a most systematic and thorough colonisation is being made of those portions of Slovakia that are Magyar in majority. Along the southern frontier of Slovakia runs a belt of territory that is largely inhabited by Hungarians. This belt is in some parts over 50 miles in width, and is widest between Bratislava and the Little Plain, but quite apart from this district, which is a Hungarian stronghold, the towns of Slovakia have considerable Magyar elements and in most cases a distinct Hungarian majority, there being in reality over seven hundred thousand Hungarians out of a total population of a million in Slovakia who can reasonably claim to be living in areas where they are in a majority. It is probable that the Czechs, to anticipate a possible appeal to the Great Powers or to the League of Nations with regard to their southern frontier, are seeking to turn these alien majorities into minorities by the colonisation process that is being carried out to-day. To take only one instance where this policy has achieved its purpose, we see that in Bratislava the Magyar element has dropped from over 43 per cent. before the war to under 20 per cent., this result having been obtained in the following manner. Considerable numbers of Czech officials were first of all imported into the city. Then when it was found that the Hungarian elements still surpassed 20 per cent. of the total population, no less than thirteen communes were detached from the town and incorporated in the neighbouring Slovak borough, these methods ensuring that the Hungarian population of Bratislava is to-day barely 18 per cent. of the whole.

The census, too, was a useful means for cheating the

Hungarians of their rights, for every possible device was utilised to lower the Hungarian figures or to frighten the Magyars into abstaining from registering their name and nationality. We find, for instance, that in such Hungarian towns as Losoncz whole districts were omitted in the census merely because they were inhabited by a purely Magyar population, the proportion of Czechs and Slovaks being accordingly raised from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent.; and this is not an isolated instance, while if we turn to matters political, we find that the country has been divided into electoral districts that only take account of the interests of the Czechs. In the borough of Prague, for example, every eight thousand electors have the right to elect a member of Parliament. In Slovak boroughs this quota has been raised to 18,000, and in the Magyar boroughs to 28,000, a circumstance which, coupled with the pressure that is continually brought to bear upon the Hungarian electorate, accounts for the fact that German and Magyar minorities are represented by only ten members of Parliament instead of the 23 to which they are entitled according to their numbers.

But these methods have other and equally pernicious results, for, through lowering the Hungarian proportion wherever possible by intimidation or by falsifying the census returns, the Czechs have succeeded in depriving many Hungarian elements of the minority rights to which they are legally entitled. Since the Hungarian language is forbidden in schools or in courts of law in all districts where the Magyars do not number 20 per cent. of the population, it follows that thousands of Magyars are being deprived of culture and schools to which they are really entitled, while there is a further danger that their civilisation will one day be crushed out, thanks to this violent Czechisation.

As the Czech Government, moreover, intends gradually to suppress every Hungarian element in their country, there are many other methods to which they have resorted to make the existence of the Magyar population intolerable. There are the constant cases that have occurred

of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment without trial, as, for instance, when the young Countess Esterhazy was arrested on a charge of high treason because she had written a letter to the author of *Sweet Pepper* to express her appreciation of his book and to thank him for being such a friend of the Hungarian people. There is the callous way in which officials of long standing are being made to renounce their nationality and then dismissed without pension, the licence that is enjoyed by the famous legionaries, and, lastly, the arbitrary way in which Hungarian citizens are being deprived of political rights on the plea that they are really Hungarians, as, for instance, when the old parish priest of Guta, a certain Palkovitch, was deprived of his seat in the Czech Parliament on the plea that he possessed no citizen rights, in spite of the fact that he had lived over 38 years in the same parish.

The above instances will, I am sure, conclusively prove that the Hungarian minority has every reason for being dissatisfied, and that if the Czech Government continues to countenance measures that are only aimed against a section of their own subjects, there will be no rallying to the Republic but a continuance of the counsels and methods of despair that are inevitable when earnest and patriotic men are oppressed and attacked in everything that they hold the most sacred.

Turning now to Roumania, we find that pre-war Roumania, crossing the Carpathians into Transylvania, has annexed all territories lying between her two provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, while extending northward to include Bessarabia, the changes of sovereignty effected claiming to represent the wishes of the populations concerned, but bringing within the country certain hostile racial minorities where assimilation is proving a highly difficult task.

These minorities are roughly the following:—

- 1,700,000 Hungarians, interspersed in most districts, but found in compact groups in Eastern Transylvania and the Banat.
- 800,000 Germans, mostly in the Banat, Transylvania, and Bessarabia.
- 1,000,000 Ukrainians or Ruthenians, mostly in Bukovina and Bessarabia.
- 900,000 Jews, in Bukovina.
- 100,000 Gypsies, mostly in Bukovina.

In other words, over 25 per cent. of the population of Roumania is of alien blood, and among these the Hungarian element, at any rate, is frankly hostile to Roumanian rule. Like their brothers in Slovakia they are subjected to violent oppression, but whereas the methods employed by the Czechs usually remain strictly within the law, the Hungarians knowing at any rate what they can expect, those employed by the Roumanian officials are characterised by a disregard of legality that not even the most venal Turkish governor of the old *régime* could surpass. Roumanian officials, like their Serbian colleagues, are past-masters in the art of extorting money from the people that they administer, and, as they are shamefully underpaid by the Bucharest Government, feel not the slightest qualm in exacting heavy contributions from any of their countrymen who may desire their aid. There is, however, one notable difference between the Roumanian and the Hungarian, and it is that whereas the Roumanian citizen is only made to pay for any privilege or position that influence may have been instrumental in procuring, the unfortunate Magyar is made to pay on any and every occasion, and even when he is merely soliciting a right to which he is legally entitled; while even when he has paid for that privilege he usually discovers that other officials have in their turn to be placated, and that he can only, therefore, be certain of winning his case when he has expended a very large sum of money and had his claim confirmed by the highest court.

The principal Hungarian grievance is the Agrarian reform. In old Roumania there is no doubt that such a reform was called for. Before the war the greater part of the land was held by a few Boyar families which neglected their holdings and were usually non-resident, while the peasants were miserably poor, most of them owning no land, but working all their lives on a miserable pittance. In Transylvania, on the other hand, conditions were very dissimilar. There were, in the first place, few large holdings excepting forest plantations, while the great bulk of the land was already in the hands of the peasantry. The great bulk of the moderately large estates, moreover;

belonged to Hungarian or German magnates, who lived on their lands and usually worked themselves, employing the very latest machinery and living on the very best terms with the peasantry. The fact that separate Agrarian Bills were passed for Roumania and Transylvania, therefore, is all the more significant when one realises that the framers of this measure expropriated less land in the districts that required it most and allowed a smaller maximum in the one region where it was scarcely called for; the Hungarians rightly claiming that there was a great measure of injustice in a Land Act that confiscated all land holdings over 500 jugars held by Magyars in a country where there was comparatively little land hunger, and allowed double the area in the parts that needed most such a reform.

The indemnity that was again paid to the dispossessed landowners was ridiculously inadequate, for whereas the dispossessed Roumanian landlord in the Regat (old Roumania) obtained as compensation a sum that was not very far below the real price of to-day, the unfortunate Hungarian received an indemnity that was based on the value of land in 1913, which, in other words, means that only 5 per cent. of the original value of his land was paid back to him!

In fact, my experience of the working of the Agrarian reform has amply confirmed the view that the Roumanians, in order to expropriate Hungarian landlords and force them to evacuate the country, are openly disregarding every clause of the Peace Treaty that is calculated to protect minority interests. As an instance of this spirit I will quote Article 63 of the Treaty of Trianon, in which it is clearly stated that "Persons who have exercised the right to opt for Hungarian citizenship under the provisions to that effect in the Peace Treaty must within the succeeding twelve months transfer their place of residence to the State for which they have opted." They will be entitled to retain their immovable property in the territory of the other State where they had their place of residence before exercising their right to opt; a clause that, notwithstanding, is absolutely ignored by the Roumanian Government, there being many instances where landowners

who have exercised their right of option have lost all their lands under the reforms with the exception of their houses and gardens.

Every Hungarian landlord has considerable difficulty in retaining even the minimum of land that is allowed him by law, and if he is not a man of means and ready to expend considerable sums of money in buying the goodwill of the Roumanian officials and judges who administer the Land Act, he will obtain little satisfaction. The methods that are usually adopted in most land cases are the following: First, all lands are confiscated on some pretext or other, and then, when the dispossessed owners appeal to the courts to obtain redress and restitution, they are made to pay for the privilege of receiving justice. There being no less than three courts of law to which they must successively appeal, it follows that the three judges who handle each case have to be bought in turn and that considerable sums of money change hands in the process. As bribery does not, however, always ensure delivery of goods, the unfortunate Hungarian landlords are often left wondering whether their donations have not been a dead loss!

Writing of the wholesale corruption that is so prominent a feature in the working of the Land Act reminds me of a certain Hungarian landlord whom I met in Transylvania, and whose tribulations were many and devious. After expending large sums of money in the courts he obtained a judgment in his favour and was allowed to retain two hundred acres of his family estate, only to find that the land allotted was made up of small plots of land that were not even adjoining one another. He told me that he had endless trouble in inducing the court to modify this arrangement, and that he was obliged to spend over a thousand pounds before he could obtain even this elementary justice. Another Hungarian magnate told me an amusing story regarding one of the judges of the Land Commission whom he was advised to conciliate before his case came up for hearing in the court. As the judge was reputed to be a very upright man who could ill afford to be seen talking to a Hungarian, it was arranged that the

landowner should pass by one of the windows of the judge's house on the morning before the hearing of the case, the judge having agreed to stand near the particular window at the hour appointed. "When I came towards the window as arranged," the Hungarian told me, "I saw a man who was standing with his back turned towards me and was at a loss what to do, but when I arrived nearer he very deliberately clasped his open hands behind his back, and it was accordingly quite an easy manner to dispose of the bundle of notes that I had brought for the occasion."

This being the case, it is no wonder if the Hungarian minorities are discontented and little inclined to accept a *régime* that is as inefficient as it is corrupt, while the pay of the Roumanian officials is moreover so insufficient that they can hardly be blamed if they accept bribes to supplement the niggardly pittance that is doled out to them by their own Government.

Turning lastly to the Yugo-Slav kingdom we find that, like Czecho-Slovakia, it is an amalgamation of many different provinces, as besides the old kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro, it comprises the provinces of Croatia and Slavonia, two former provinces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and certain districts taken from Bulgaria.

The population of thirteen millions is made up as follows:—

Yugo-Slavs	...	...	...	11,000,000.	Serbs, 5,800,000, mostly found in Serbia and Montenegro; Croats, 3,700,000, mostly found in Croatia, Bosnia, Slavonia; Slovenes, 1,500,000, mostly found in Slovenia.
Roumanians	...	...	...	200,000,	mostly in the Banat and near the Danube.
Magyars	...	...	...	500,000,	mostly in the Banat, Bacska, and Baranya.
Germans	...	...	...	250,000,	mostly in Croatia and Slavonia.
Turks, Albanians, Italians	...	...	...	300,000,	mostly in South-West Serbia, the Italians in Dalmatia.
Bulgarians	...	...	...	700,000,	mostly in Macedonia and on the eastern frontiers.

Here, as in the other countries where important Hungarian minorities are to be found, the Magyar has concentrated his attacks on the agrarian reforms, their chief grievance being that the reform that is being carried out is even more drastic than in Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania.

They claim that this agrarian reform is but a deliberate attempt to seize all land belonging to the Magyar minority; that the maximum of land allowed to every landowner, while being too small (300 hectares), can even be curtailed if State reasons demand it; and lastly, that instead of paying an indemnity to the owners of the expropriated land, the Serbian Government is leasing it out to ex-soldier "heroes of liberty" at a rent basis that does not even cover the land tax that the proprietor is compelled to pay for his own land. The injustice goes further, however, for though the proprietor is forced to pay these land taxes punctually, he has so far only received about 15 per cent. of the rent due to him, the rest having been deposited in a public fund, where it has been written down on his credit side; while another feature of these evictions has been that the land that has been expropriated has so far been given only to Slav peasants, or to colonists who are utterly unable to get a living out of the land owing to their complete ignorance of agriculture. Needless to say, the effect of these reforms on the agricultural districts of the Bacska and Banat, famous in Europe for their black earth, has been disastrous. Ill equipped, possessing little machinery and plough cattle and no capital or knowledge of their *métier*, the new colonists, hailing mostly from Macedonia and old Serbia, have usually allowed the greater part of their land to remain untilled or have let it out to others usually equally inefficient. In one district in the Bacska that I visited I found no less than 12,000 yokes lying uncultivated in a certain large estate of over 30,000 yokes, while I found another of about 1,500 only yielding twenty-five wagon loads of corn yearly instead of the eighty that it used to yield when it was in the hands of one proprietor. Fifteen of these twenty-five wagon loads, it should be noted, were raised by the old owner of the estate out of the 250 yokes that had been left to him, the other thousand

yokes only producing a mere ten wagons when run by about a hundred colonists.

But there are many other grievances that struck the present writer during his stay in the Banat and Bacska. There is the fact that the Hungarian party had up till now been denied all electoral rights, no Hungarian being as yet even registered as an elector, in spite of the law that grants a vote to every Yugo-Slav citizen who is over twenty-one years of age; there is the arbitrary way in which Hungarian cultural institutions are being seized without compensation, and the systematic efforts that are being made to suppress as many schools as possible by making the quota of scholars that must be reached before any Hungarian teaching is tolerated so high that it is only in rare cases that it is attained. Thus, short of the authorised quota of 180 per school, no teaching of Hungarian is permitted, and as only one school, moreover, is permitted in each area, and Hungarian parents are forbidden to send their children to other areas, it follows that there are thousands of Magyar children that are being compelled to attend Serbian schools. In fact, the Hungarians, though possessing facilities for being taught in their own language in the four lowest classes of the State schools, possess only two gymnasias for higher education, while they are strictly forbidden to send their sons to foreign universities or to Budapest. Among other methods that are being employed for reducing the numbers of Hungarian children so that they fall short of the required quota of 30 per class and 180 per school is a regulation that enjoins that no Hungarian children with Slav names or Slav appearance may enter a Hungarian school, and a practice that is fairly common of dismissing at least 50 per cent. of the Hungarian pupils every year "*for having failed to satisfy the examiners*," the proportion of Serbian children who suffer the same fate being only a paltry three per cent.

Mention should lastly be made of the many brutalities that are commonly exercised in the country by the police on the luckless Magyar peasantry whom this treatment has so terrorised that, as a prominent Hungarian told me, they were afraid even to mention it in his presence. No effort

in fact is being spared to make the lives of Hungarian citizens so unbearable that they will be compelled to leave the country, the Serbian Government, like the Czechoslovak, being determined to defeat any possible appeal on the part of the Hungarian minorities to revise the frontiers by so reducing the numbers of the Hungarian minorities in the Banat and Bacska that they will no longer be able to claim that they are the most numerous element in these provinces.

The analysis of the facts that I have just given proves conclusively how justified the Hungarians are in claiming that the Little Entente Governments are deliberately ignoring the minority clauses of the Peace Treaties, and that it would be highly advisable if the League of Nations took the matter in hand and investigated the conditions that I have sought to portray; conditions which I hold to be inadmissible since they are most likely to cause trouble in the future. As no nation is more tenacious of its own rights and culture than the Hungarian, the oppressive measures that are being so generally adopted by the Little Entente can only react against themselves and defeat the purpose that has evidently inspired their policy. That they desire to absorb their minorities and make their countries as homogeneous as the nations of the west is natural enough, but they should not overlook the fact that minorities can never be absorbed by a campaign of intimidation and ruthlessness or that the countries that they are striving to emulate only became national units by following a purely natural process. To sum up this rather long dissertation, I would remind the Little Entente of a certain passage in Masaryk's *New Europe*, in which allusion is made to the necessity of revising the present frontiers of the succession States. It runs thus:—

The settlement of ethnographic boundaries after the storm of war will possibly be provisional in some cases. As soon as the nations quiet down and accept the principle of self-determination, a rectification of ethnographic boundaries and minorities will be carried out without excitement and with due consideration of all questions involved.

There is no doubt that the moment has arrived when such rectification should be made, for of the injustice of the present settlement there can be no two opinions.

THE STORY OF WOMAN¹

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER III.—GLORY AND GRANDEUR

I.—Antiquity

WHEN Edgar Allan Poe, in his invocation to Helen, sang

“ . . . the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome . . . ”

he wrote rather in general, and was truthful only in a limited way. Certainly there arose in Greece much glory, in Rome much grandeur, but there also arose grandeur in Greece, glory in Rome; on the other hand, cruelty, bestial ignorance, stupidity and superstition reigned in both places. Suffering as we do from the legend of beautiful antiquity, we forget the hideous side of Greek and Roman life, dwelling on its poetry.

One cannot help being so affected. Think for a moment of the Feast of Floralia, of the youths and maidens clad in flowing white garments, garlands of flowers upon their long, shining locks; they go through the olive groves to a secret glade where stands an altar of white marble. Upon this they lay as an offering to the gods the wine of Naxos and the honey of Hymettus. The very names thrill, and a suggestion of gaiety, half-graceful, half-barbaric, arises when we learn that these young people, who go singing through the glade, have gilded their lips.

The state of Rome and of Greece was not rotten; that is, it was not always rotten. The gilded lips which to-day address us hid the corruption below. In regard to women particularly it can be said that Greece and Rome did nothing for them; at least only during its corruption did Rome entertain women as it did men. Rome tolerated more than Greece, but in fact the progress of woman in Athens and Rome was achieved by her own personality.

One difficulty, however, in the appreciation of woman is that “Greece” is a very general term, that in ancient times there was no real Greece. There was a city of Athens, a city of Corinth, a city of Sparta; but they were rivals, often enemies, and only occasionally allies. Another difficulty is that Greek history is long, and that between the days of Letex, the first

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king of Laconia (Sparta) and the conquest of Greece by Rome some 1,400 years may have elapsed. This means that variation was considerable, and that when we say "Greece" we must imply a particular place and a particular period.

Since we cannot do this, let us review briefly the general situation from period to period. At the time of Homer, something over 3,000 years ago, the way of living in Greece differed profoundly from what it later became. Apart from a few singers such as Homer, there was very little poetry, painting or building; there were probably no philosophers, and certainly no philosophers of the type of Socrates. Those Greeks were nothing but an assembly of tribes, held together loosely, as are to-day certain Arabian tribes.

All the same, these Greeks had a certain degree of polish. Notably they had learnt to tell agreeable lies; the moral point of view of the Jew meant nothing to the Greek; the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are full of liars; the heroic Ulysses is the arch-deceiver. But, on the other hand, they showed too the brutality of the savage. In contrast with the sentimentality of Homer in the case of Andromache (the widow of Hector), the Greeks casually exposed their unwanted children to die in the wilderness. The old were killed or allowed to starve. The idea of love, as we know it to-day, was very feeble. When a town was captured the noblest and fairest ladies, married or single, were handed over to the victors as slaves.

It is interesting to notice, by the way, that the Greek lady thus handed over to a conqueror was not disgraced; Briseis is not looked down upon because she has become the toy of the Greeks; Menelaus calmly takes back Helen of Troy after she has lived with Paris and Deiphobus. In the *Iliad* Helen regrets the bloodshed she caused, but not her loss of virtue.

The Greek woman of the early period was subject only to force. She was an ornament, an ornamental piece of cattle. The point of view is quite clear in early Greek literature. We find it much later in Xenophon when he says of the capture of a wife by an enemy: "If such an accident happen to a woman without her own fault, she is not the less honoured among men." Nor should she be, but what is interesting is the lack of jealousy. This means that to the early Greeks a woman was a woman as a chair was a chair. In later Greece individual jealousy grew strong, but presumably because a woman was a piece of property. It is curious that such points of view should be held by people comparatively polished; the early Greeks washed their hands before meals, sponged their tables, drank sweet wine, did not get very drunk, were fairly hospitable, and

employed a poet to sing at meals. We must therefore conclude that those Greeks were already very Asiatic. They became more so as time went on, as luxury increased and as they became more and more indifferent to the gods. This is emphasised as we come to Imperial Athens, about 300 B.C.; now manners and clothing have become very expensive, less people live in the country and more in the cities, we have pictures of women dressed in fine linen and threading gold through their hair. But this is a period of politics and armies; women have ceased to count; they have lost even the pioneer position they had in the wild Homeric tribes. We shall see a little further on how they were considered. It is enough now to quote Thucydides, who remarks "That woman is best who is least spoken of among men, whether for good or for evil."

II.—*The Coming of the Lady.*

So far as we know, the idea of refinement by birth and education did not exist among the Hebrews. The old English doggerel "When Adam delved and Eve span, Who was then the gentleman?" does not apply to Greece. From early times the Greeks conceived the idea of class. Women of the governing class were fairly well treated, but all through Greek history women of lower position are treated with the most terrible cruelty, bought and sold, separated from their children, flogged and crucified. The Greeks probably obtained the idea of class from the fact that their tribes were led by more or less hereditary chiefs. Hence the better position of the women of the nobility.

That position manifests itself partly by freedom. In the days of Homer a married woman was not confined to the palace; Arete and Nausicaa walked about the town as much as they chose, and Nausicaa availed herself of her liberty to "happen to be about" when Ulysses was passing. Strange men had access to them; indeed, a stranger abducted Helen. Homer tells us little of the position of the poorer women; those who are interested in the poorer woman will find some facts in Hesiod, who, however, wrote much later. To her the point of view is crude instead of brutal, for Hesiod says: "You must start with a house, a wife and an ox to plough." He also sheds a sharp light on the position of the wife by saying that a bad wife is one who tries to sit at meals with her husband.

As time went on the situation grew in some senses worse. The Greeks became more and more Asiatic as they formed colonies across the *Ægean* and drew from this the harem idea. Their women were not locked up, but they were supervised. However, there was a stirring among the women. A number of notable

women seem to have arisen, the most distinguished being Sappho. She seems to have led a free republic or academy of women in the island of Lesbos. It is presumable that she revolted against the Oriental point of view, for we find her censuring a man for blushing as he makes a statement, instead of looking her straight in the face; again, she dares to attack her brother for falling in love with a woman of loose character. That is a very long way from the Asiatic idea of the inferiority of woman.

All the same, what the women achieved was achieved in spite of Greek society. On the whole, the philosophers of Greece were contemptuous of anything feminine. We find Aristotle saying that "the relation of man to woman is that of the governor to the subject." Plato, a far gentler personality than Aristotle, and capable of conceiving relations between men and women more delicate than those of crude sex, cannot help showing the Greek through the philosopher. He says: "A woman's virtue may be summed up in a few words, for she has only to manage the house well, keeping what there is in it, and obeying her husband." Plato did not entirely despise women, for he considered that they had the same kind of intelligence as man, but in an inferior degree; he thought also that they were hampered by child-bearing, in which he agreed with his master Socrates. Plato approved the practice of Sparta, where boys and girls were co-educated, ran races and wrestled. It will indicate the extraordinary patchiness of Greek civilisation to observe that while Sparta was giving girls this modern education, Athens thought the idea repulsive and fit only for the barbarians of Lacedæmon.

It is difficult to sum up as to the status of woman in later Greece, because laws were often broken with impunity. To the end of their history the Greeks take back calmly women who have passed to other men; they put to death those who are unfaithful; they foster the courtesan by the side of the wife; they still treat women as cattle, for on his deathbed Pasion bequeathed his wife and a dowry to his friend Phormio; often the wife is betrothed to the dead husband's trustee. In that sense the Greeks do not go much beyond the Hebrews. But what they did was to introduce marriage ceremonies and rather clearer matrimonial laws. One may roughly say that while the Hebrews invented matrimony, it was the Greeks who invented marriage.

III.—*The Greek Matron.*

That is an important fact: whereas in Judea marriage was a family matter, in Greece it was a public relationship. The

State took some interest in it, even though the old Asiatic idea still existed. An Athenian might not marry a woman who did not belong to an Athenian family; he might have her as a slave, but not as his legal wife. The Greeks felt for their legal wives a respect different from that which the Hebrews bore them; while the Hebrews were moral, the Greeks were formal.

All the same, the Greeks never gave up their masculine privileges; in cases of infidelity an Athenian was entitled to kill his wife and to sue her paramour for damages. Alternatively, automatic divorce followed, and the woman could be driven from the temple, accursed of the gods. This did not apply to the men, against whom no action could lie for unfaithfulness. In the later days of Athens, about 2,000 years ago, when woman had forced herself a little forward, it became possible for the wife to obtain a divorce and to recover her property. But discredit always attached to her, even if her husband was the guilty party. This should not surprise us too much, since in England and America, not more than thirty or forty years ago, a vague disgrace attached to the woman who divorced her guilty husband.

On the whole, the treatment of wives was still very coarse. It is true that Laertes resisted the charms of Euryclea because he did not want to offend his wife, but in general Greek wives were liable to insults which did not affect the Hebrews. Æsthetically the Greeks were superior to the Hebrews, but morally they were inferior. For instance, we find Alcibiades bringing women of loose character so continually into the house that his wife, a lady of good family, had to take refuge with the official trustee of wives. She sued for a divorce; Alcibiades and his friends abducted her . . . but no action was taken against him. Alcibiades was much admired by his contemporaries, but often showed the vileness of his character; for instance, he bought a female Greek slave, thus enslaving one of his own countrywomen. Callias did still worse: he married a girl of good family, and within a year took her mother into his house as a second wife. The young wife tried to commit suicide, but was prevented, and was turned out of her own house by her mother. Andocides tells this pretty tale; it can be paralleled by many.

In extenuation it should be said that the Greek wife was a very poor creature. She might be taken at fifteen, or before, from a home where she had been sheltered, seeing no men, hearing no discussions, acquiring no education, but learning only to weave and to cook. She was made into a housewife. In the days of the decadence she escaped a little, but in fact true power went to the courtesan.

IV.—*Salvation by Courtesan.*

It is one of the paradoxes of Greek life that the women who really counted were not the legal wives, but the courtesans. In Greek literature we find very few hints of educated wives; we discover, on the other hand, a number of educated courtesans, such as Aspasia, Lasthenia (who studied under Plato), Leontion (pupil of Epicurus), Phryne (model of Phidias), Lais, etc. It would be impossible for a modern to understand the situation in Greece, notably in Athens, until he recalled that women of good family were so uneducated that no man could converse with them except about stewed fish or longcloth for his heir. Since it is an instinct in man that he should desire the society of women beautiful and intelligent, the Greek demand for something less stupid than the wife naturally arose.

In general the Greek courtesan was a foreigner or a freed slave. She had no social position to lose; therefore she went about freely, and she drew from the many philosophers and sages a great deal of education. A learned Greek might have ignored a female pupil, but he would not drive her away. The girl of good family would never have been allowed to hear Plato, so the courtesan acquired all the knowledge.

These women, towards the end of Imperial Greece, must have offered a strange oriental spectacle, with their false hair, their high-heeled shoes, their rouge, and their pearl-powder. But it is not upon their beauty that they depended so much as upon their minds. That is to say, the more refined type of man, Socrates and Xenophon, visited the house of Aspasia, who also received ladies. It is rather significant that Xenophon should report that Aspasia lectured on the duties of husbands and wives and on the bettering of the social position of women. We find in her and in Sappho the first hints of feminine revolt; we gather it still more from the insults which Aristophanes throws at the suffragists of his period when he suggests that they want to go to the assembly in male clothing and to make the laws over their husbands' heads.

That is important; it could not have happened in Judea. In Greece we find the first hint of woman stumbling on the road which she will find so long.

Aspasia seems to have been a remarkable woman. It is probable that she had sensible objections to the grossness of Greek religion; the fact that Xenophon brought his wife to see her indicates that she must have had refined manners. The insults levelled at her in Greek literature are probably due to the fact that she was a Milesian, a stranger. Also, the old-fashioned wives naturally hated and envied her her great position.

Possibly, too, the general Greek attitude, one of contempt for women, interferes with our judgment of Aspasia; the Greeks seem to have found it difficult to recognise the mental graces of women. Noble and pure as they may be, they continually suffer the abuse of the heroes of Euripides. It is true that Medea is revengeful, and Hermione frivolous, but they are exceptional; most of them live the best lives they can; Alceste is exquisite, Electra generous, and Phædra struggles as long as she can against a passion which has been forced upon her by Aphrodite.

Æsthetically, the Greeks appreciated their women. A vast literature of exquisitely turned lines shows that the Greeks felt for women a passion always æsthetic, and often refined. Take, for instance, the emotional *Laus Veneris* of Asclepiades: "Sweet is snow in summer for one athirst to drink, and sweet for sailors after winter to see the Crown of spring; but most sweet when one cloak hides two lovers, and the praise of Love is told by both."

Again, *Love's Garland*, by Meleager: "I will twine the white violet and I will twine the delicate narcissus with myrtle buds, and I will twine laughing lilies, and I will twine the sweet crocus, and I will twine therewithal the crimson hyacinth, and I will twine lovers' roses, that on balsam-curled Heliodora's temples my garland may shed its petals over the lovelocks of her hair."

Lastly, one cannot forbear from quoting one of the love letters that have been left us by the Greeks:—

"Rufinus to Elpis, my most sweet, greeting; well be with thee, if thou canst be well away from me. No longer can I bear, no, by thine eyes, my solitary and unmated severance from thee, but evermore dabbled with tears I go to Coressus or to the temple of the great Artemis; but to-morrow my home shall receive me, and I will fly to thy face. Fare well ten thousand times."

It is more difficult to sum up the Greek woman than the Hebraic, because our moral civilisation is closer to Judea than it is to Olympus. We cannot ascribe to Greece much progress over Palestine; we can only record that an obscure stirring among the Greek women was manifesting itself, that then was born the mysterious thing which some call progress, some decadence.

V.—*In Ancient Rome.*

It is difficult to say what Rome contributed to the woman problem, because we cannot tell what Rome would have been without Athens. If Greek manners had not so greatly influenced the Roman, if the great Latin nation had not conquered the Greek cities, Rome might have produced a civilisation of its own, and possibly have much improved upon the treatment of woman,

which in Greece was bad. But in comparison with the Greeks the Romans were a crude people, and they had a mania for imitating a people whom they could conquer but not absorb. The position of Rome was akin to that of Berlin in the middle of the eighteenth century, when Frederick the Great made himself ridiculous by creating a French Court, French palaces, French gardens, as if the honest German wild boar could tie up his muzzle with the pink ribbons of Versailles.

It may be that the Romans adopted Greek culture because they were a busy, official people; they had no time to create a culture of their own; Rome must have resembled Whitehall, or Washington. Thus the pride of the Romans must rest upon men of action, generals, officials, colonial administrators, etc., rather than on intellectuals. They regulated marriage and women more closely than did the Greeks, because they regulated everything. The Romans were profoundly municipal; they organised every activity, from the wearing of clothes to the worship of the gods. For this reason their treatment of women was less brutal than that of the passionate Greeks, but it was much colder, less inspired with passion, less likely to produce romantic beauty.

The reader should imagine Rome as a great city of brick and marble, with good streets, some sort of police system, fine public buildings, filled with officials. The streets are busy; a great trade is conducted by carts mainly dragged by oxen; a number of fine ladies, carried in open litters by slaves, pass now and then as they go to visit their friends. There are great baths, more decorative, more luxurious than ours, deep porticos and broad piazzas to keep away the Italian sun.

The Romans are, to a certain extent, a civilised people, for they have learnt to eat with elegance, which is the first mark of good breeding. The well-to-do eat salads of lettuce or olives, the oysters of Lake Lucrinus, roast meat, fruit, pastry, honey. Sometimes, at a banquet, appears a roast peacock or a bowl filled with the tongues of nightingales. (How very Roman! One doubts whether a Greek would have eaten nightingales; rather might he have said, as Keats of the nightingale: "Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird. No hungry generations tread thee down.") All this is washed down with draughts of the Falernian wine which Horace sings.

The manners vary from class to class. At one end the slaves, beaten, treated as cattle for breeding purposes, sometimes valuable when they are skilful scribes or cooks; gangs of slaves work the countryside. A little above them, the great masses of the people, free, living rather poorly, oppressed with taxes, powerless before the nobles, and cheered with circuses when there is

no bread. (Within fifty years Rome suffered two famines and four pestilences.) At the other end, at the apex of Roman society, unrestrained luxury, purple and gold, the cult of Bacchus, the Roman orgy of woman and wine. Philosophical discussion took place at these banquets, which places them above the level of our own dinner-parties; but when a Roman gentleman had eaten enough, he went outside to vomit, and came back to eat again. These strong contrasts give us an idea of the Roman society and indicate what Roman women had to contend against.

As regards women, the Romans seem to have been puritanic until the intoxication of empire spread from Spain to Turkey, swallowed up Northern Africa, fuddled their brains. Until then women were forbidden to drink wine; according to Valerius Maximus, a man called Equatius Metellus killed his wife, whom he found at the wine cask. He was acquitted. Fabius Pictor quotes a similar case of drastic prohibition. On the other hand, the early Romans seem to have had great respect for their women-kind. Immodest remarks must not be made before them; good form bade men give way to women in the street, and it is stated that even high officials adopted this custom. The early Romans carried puritanism into the home; wives were not to be kissed in presence of their daughters; indeed, Manlius was expelled from the senate for committing this crime.

VI.—*Lucretia*.

It follows that in those early days woman held herself in high respect. The case of Lucretia reveals the point of view of some Roman matrons, mistaken but beautiful; it indicates that which Rome admired. Lucretia, a woman of high position, suffered tragedy. Let us quote the simple account of Dr. William Smith:—

"The king's sons and their cousin Tarquinius Collatinus were feasting together; a dispute arose about the virtue of their wives. They mounted their horses to visit their homes by surprise. They first went to Rome, where they surprised the king's daughters at a splendid banquet. Then they hastened to Collatia, and there, though it was late in the night, they found Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, spinning amid her handmaids. The beauty and virtue of Lucretia excited the evil passions of Sextus. A few days after he returned to Collatia, where he was hospitably received by Lucretia as her husband's kinsman. In the dead of night he entered her chamber with a drawn sword, threatened that, if she did not yield to his desires, he would kill her and lay by her side a slave with his throat cut, and would declare that he had

killed them both taken in adultery. Fear of such a shame forced Lucretia to consent; but, as soon as Sextus had departed, she sent for her husband and father. Collatinus came, accompanied by L. Brutus: her father, Lucretius, brought with him P. Valerius. They found her in an agony of sorrow. She told them what had happened, enjoined them to avenge her dishonour, and then stabbed herself to the heart."

One cannot suppose that all Roman matrons were the peers of Lucretia, any more than they would, like the mother of the Gracchi, call their children their jewels. But here we find something cleaner, nobler, more modern than we could discover in Greece, where common sensuality was thinly veiled with an immortal art-muslin. All this was to disappear as Rome became Greek, Asiatic, as she grew intoxicated by wealth and power. One can imagine the fashionable matron in the days of Augustus. She wears a hood under which to smile, a cloak that moves in the wind. She is clad in a stola of fine wool which distinguishes her from the courtesans, who merely wear the toga. In her wardrobe are pleated symars, which clasp at the shoulder and leave an arm bare. White, crimson, and purple symars. The stola falls from her shoulders to reveal her tunic. The buskins which cover her feet are of fine leather bound in silver. Her hair is imprisoned in a net of precious metal; she has ear-rings of gold, chains, a collar of pearls. About her elbow clings a spinther bracelet; round her fingers are many cameo rings. Her face is covered with cosmetics; her eyebrows are painted; her skin is whitened with crushed pearls; or she imitates Poppæa, the wife of Nero, and bathes in the milk of she-asses. There is no good in her now; she is a figure of earthly passion; she heralds the downfall of Rome; soon the barbarians, now at the gates, will overwhelm the Imperial City.

VII.—*Rise in the Scale.*

The course of the Roman woman was much the same as that of the Greek, apart from the Roman organising tendency and its benefits. She could not be a citizen, but she could be the patroness of a city, or see her statue erected if she gave money to a good cause. This contrast is not as strange as it seems, since in Great Britain, in 1919, a woman could not vote before the age of thirty, but could be elected to Parliament at twenty-one. The Romans were therefore not merely barbarous; they were incoherent, which is the natural fate of mankind. The Roman matron was theoretically a chattel of her husband, and was treated with cold respect; a great deal of money might be expended upon her, as to-day upon certain wives, but it was hardly good form to

lavish upon a wife a grand passion that would be better employed elsewhere. In fact, she was proud, gossipy, and as luxurious as she could afford. Though very early in Roman history women were forbidden to inherit property, little by little they acquired it, and this was tolerated. By the time Cæsar came to power, women were obtaining some education, not only in cooking and weaving, but in dancing, music, and the poems of Homer. Some Roman women attained distinction. Cornelia, the wife of Pompey, became prominent in mathematics, literature, and philosophy; Calpurnia, the wife of Pliny, set her husband's poems to music; this woman, and many of her circle, conducted an ideally faithful married life. In the circle of Seneca, who was an idealist and believed that women were equal to men, thus going further than Plato, lived a number of women, relatives and friends, such as Helvia, Paulina, and Marcia, who appear to have been intelligent, simple, and modest. Agrippina wrote memoirs which Tacitus condescended to use as an authority. The same applies to the courtesans, though in general they were much inferior to those of Greece: Lucian describes not only the beauty of Panthea, but her taste for music, poetry, politics, and argument.

A suggestion comes out of these facts: while nominally both in Greece and Rome the wife was intellectually unimportant, and the courtesan dominant, in fact the Roman wife became much superior to the Greek wife. This does not involve a reflection upon the Greeks, for we must remember that Greece was conquered and crushed by Rome, and that the latter had another five hundred years in which to develop. But, in fact, the Roman attitude to woman, though confused, is a little more liberal than the Greek attitude. The Romans did much as the Greeks; they kept slaves whose marriage was not recognised as legal; their ears were bored, and their bodies were branded with hot irons for identification. (But, again, it is hardly sixty years since this practice existed in the Southern States of America.) The Romans also kept vestals, who took a thirty-year vow of chastity, who prayed, sacrificed, and served in the temple. If she broke her vow, a vestal was buried alive, while her paramour was lashed to death.

What matters in the idea of the vestal is the obscure recognition of some special quality in woman. The vestal was deeply respected; she served as an umpire in disputes; a criminal, on his way to execution, was pardoned if he met a vestal. In these ideas, in the deep shadow of man's instincts, hides the idea that a woman's purity is a valuable, and, in a sense, a sacred thing. Thus the confused picture fades away, of a Rome of rich women

slaves and courtesans; most of the latter are freed slaves, who are clever and of no account. They crowd to the cult of Isis and to the bacchanal. They are gross and superstitious. But, all the same, love exists. Suetonius delightfully describes the passion of Acte for Nero. Acte flung her love at the feet of this criminal lunatic, this blown-out peacock, this coward stained with blood. In spite of Agrippina, his mother, and Poppæa, his wife, it was Acte who cared for his remains.

There is not only love; here in Rome, more than in Greece, we find woman fighting her way towards intellectual equality. We know her best through the people who attack her, through Epictetus, who laughs at the women dabbling in philosophy, and says with an easy sneer that what they appreciate in Plato is "the easiest way." We find it still more clearly in Juvenal, writing in the year 100 of our own time. The writer must quote a fragment of Dryden's translation of Satire VI.:

"You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes?
Once poor and therefore chaste, in former times
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-roof'd houses, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
And frugal sleep supply'd the quiet night.
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em straight,
When Hannibal was hov'ring at the gate.
But wanton now, and lolling at our ease,
We suffer all the invet'rate ills of peace. . . ."

This recalls Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Dean Inge, Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould, all the solemn figures of England and America, wailing over the modern girl; this modern girl who was abused in Ancient Rome, just as she is to-day. Still, it does not matter that Juvenal laughed at women; it is women who laugh last.

VIII.—*Marriage.*

In virtue of their passion for organisation, the Romans made of marriage a still more official matter than did the Greeks. They went as far as Sparta by fining bachelors, thus making marriage almost compulsory; also, they gave marks of distinction to married persons, partly because they wished to keep down libertinism, partly to multiply the number of citizens. They allocated to married persons seats in the theatre separate from those of the soldiers; married magistrates were superior to bachelors; they were given preference when they competed for office. There was nothing moral in this idea; during the French Revolution a legend was created round the Roman virtues of courage, purity, justice; in fact, the Romans were much as other people, but they

harboured the idea that marriage was a normal condition: their ambition being to make the world normal, they logically concluded that people must marry.

The marriage ceremony was much more complicated than any thought of by the Greeks; from the point of view of the present work that is their title to interest. Before the nuptials they consulted the augurs (prophetic priests) so as to be sure that the marriage was blessed by the gods. A number of days were unfortunate. Long conversations took place before the marriage was arranged, the bride being consulted only through her father. A contract was made, signed, and sealed by the parents on either side. In certain cases marriages were arranged by professional paid match-makers, and a vast number of enquiries were set up before two families allied. The Romans showed a certain modern spirit in marriage, by taking a stand against infant marriage, which still prevails in the East; Augustus forbade the making of marriage contracts until both parties were marriageable, except that a girl might be betrothed at ten and married at twelve. This is elementary, but very important; at last here in Rome we find a hint of what we to-day call the age of consent. In practice the Roman girl was betrothed much later. She is still not consulted, but a dim protection is being given her; a Roman child of thirteen would probably have an opinion, and if she was a beloved child she might have her way.

We have no space here for the complicated ceremonies of the nuptials, the parting of the bride's hair with the point of a spear, the iron wedding-ring, the eating of a cake made of wheat, salt, and water, etc. They are of no importance; the only thing that matters is that they took place; the existence of a marriage ceremony is a new fact. In certain cases there might be no ceremony, for the Romans held the Scottish point of view that if two persons live publicly as man and wife they are legally married; marriage might also be contracted by public declaration. But this did not apply to families of position; a patrician marrying a plebeian, which was allowed fairly early in Roman history, might proceed like this, but persons of high position would have insisted on a complicated ceremony.

In theory the Romans were monogamous; in fact, the rule had certain exceptions. Practice varied, but at a certain time male bigamists might be branded with a hot iron. In the main they practised monogamy more than the Greeks; they were therefore instinctively travelling towards the Christian morality that was to come to them. In fact, they instituted a respect for wives which did not exist in Greece; they treated them as official

wives; according to the early laws the wife inherited the husband's fortune if he died without making a will; when he left children the wife divided the property equally with them. The development of the Roman point of view as to property is shown by the Julian law, in which an unfaithful wife lost half her dowry, one-third of any other property, and was banished. This is important, for a more Oriental point of view than that of the Romans would have deprived the unfaithful wife of the whole of her estate. All the same, the Roman wife did not yet have a firm position. She might be well treated; she might attend the public festivals; she might even dine with her husband and his friends, which showed enormous progress when we compare this with the Oriental harem system. But marriage itself was never secure for a Roman wife. She could be divorced very lightly. For instance, Pompey divorced Mucia by alleging an unfaithfulness which could not be proved; Cicero, after living for thirty years with Tarentia, divorced her to marry a young girl. Cato the Younger divorced Marcia so that his friend Hortensius might marry her. A woman could be divorced because she was childless, because she was disagreeable, for any reason. The Roman needed only to send a written notice: "Take away what belongs to you."

The only corrective is that women as well as men were allowed to obtain divorces, but, as in Greece, they suffered socially when they availed themselves of the law. They still lived in a society where woman was at a disadvantage, unless she was the daughter of a Roman citizen; even then she had not her full liberty. She lived in a world of agitation, war, and debauchery, in a city crowded with courtesans legally entered on the official registers; even the families of the emperors, women such as Messalina, entered into the turmoil. Long before Cæsar the matrimonial regulations were despised, the manners grew corrupt, and little by little the rigid attitude of republican Rome was obscured by the Oriental pageantry of emperors, who kept their eyes fixed upon a sanguinary spectacle, the gilded chariots, the savage pleasures of the East, the fights in the arena between lions and men. It was not a world for woman to assert her rights, but rights came to her all the same, because the Romans, vicious and brutal as they might be, had a vision of an ordered world. Woman is weak; those beginnings of the ordered world began to give her a beginning of security. "Began to give a beginning": that is not much, but woman had to travel slowly along a road of which she did not yet see the end.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE

By S. M. ELLIS

It was very unfortunate that Thackeray, during the last few months of his life, was moved by that strange premonition of his approaching end (though he was but fifty-two years old) to say to his daughter Anne: "When I drop there is to be no 'Life' written of me; *mind this* and consider it as my last testament and desire." The behest has ever been obeyed to a certain extent, inasmuch as no official "Life and Letters" has appeared. But Lady Ritchie did not feel barred from recording the salient facts of her father's life, and her memories of him, in her own way. She contributed very interesting biographical introductions to the collected editions of Thackeray's works in 1898 and 1911, and elsewhere made mention of her early homes. Thackeray's inhibition was, of course, unreasonable, and literal observance of it impossible. He must have realised that in the course of years it would be disregarded. And it has been, for, in addition to his daughter's recollections, several unofficial biographies have ignored the prohibition, and these would have benefited by the co-operation of his family with letters and memoranda.

Probably Thackeray was moved originally to ban his own biography by reason of his reluctance for the publication of the sad facts which wrecked his married life; though it can be advanced that the mental illness which removed Mrs. Thackeray from her home and husband and children was no secret at the time to their friends, and after the poor lady's death (in 1894) there could be no objection to a discreet presentation of the story, for it was one of infinite pathos and would show Thackeray in a fine and noble aspect.

The most satisfactory biography of Thackeray would have been one written by a competent man friend, who had known him intimately, with the collaboration of Lady Ritchie to supply the home and family touches. A woman alone can never, it is obvious, be altogether a satisfactory and successful biographer of a man's life with all its varied facets and failings as well as merits. Lady Ritchie was a writer of charming stories, but, despite the fact that she essayed a good deal of biographical work, she was not really equipped with the gifts essential to a great biographer. She was sympathetic but sentimental, meticulous in small details, but vague in details of fact necessary to an accurate account of a notable person's life. As she herself admitted: "I can never trust my own impressions of place or of time or quantity—only I can feel the essence which is there and which does not vary . . . my memory is a worry. I remember, but so slowly that it is most provoking and irritating." And she could not have presented successfully the other side of Thackeray's life, so different and distinct from his

domesticated aspect—the Thackeray of Bohemia in Paris and of the Garrick Club and Evans's, the Thackeray of which she knew little or nothing.

It is needless to speculate further on what the ideal biography of Thackeray might have been, a book, unfortunately, now never to be written, because those who knew him well, and were also qualified to write about him, are all gone. One must be thankful for what has been done, and a very welcome addition to the spasmodic biographical contributions which have circumvented Thackeray's "last testament" is a volume edited by Miss Ritchie, the novelist's granddaughter.¹ It may be described as in two parts; the first, a very interesting series of letters written by Thackeray to his daughter Anne and other relatives; the second, letters written by Lady Ritchie; the whole interspersed with some occasional extracts from a journal she kept in a desultory way. It is matter for regret that this diary was not more regularly written up, for what there is of it suggests it would have provided an excellent record of Thackeray's home and social life during his last years.

The story of Thackeray's brief married life is full of sadness. He was twenty-five and Isabella Shawe twenty when they were married in 1836; the two daughters, Anne Isabella and Minny, were born respectively in 1837 and 1840, and in the latter year Mrs. Thackeray's mental health gave way. It meant the break-up of the home; the children were sent away to their grandparents in Paris, and Thackeray remained to tend his wife with infinite devotion and love amid all the labour attendant on earning a living by means of his then inadequately remunerated literary contributions to the journals and magazines of the time. But as he said: "Though my marriage was a wreck I would do it over again, for behold love is the crown and completion of all earthly good."

Finally, as there was no improvement in health, Mrs. Thackeray was removed to the care of a friend at Epsom, and Thackeray, in 1846, decided to make a home again for his little girls. He took No. 13, Young Street, Kensington, the house which was soon to become so famous for all time, for there *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond* were written. As Lady Ritchie relates:—

Once more . . . William Thackeray had a home and a family, if a house, two young children, and a little black cat can be called a family. . . . Everything seemed so strangely delightful. The volumes of *Punch* on the drawing-room table, the delightful *Keepsake* books in their red covers, the old school round about the windows and the sun pouring in. . . . He called Pussy "Louisa" and gave her his fish at breakfast, and took her up very gently and put her outside the door when she would not leave him alone. When Papa was a tall young man with black hair and an eyeglass I can remember how we used

(1) *Letters of Anne Thackeray Ritchie, with forty-two additional Letters from her Father, William Makepeace Thackeray.* Selected and Edited by her daughter, Hester Ritchie. With Illustrations. (John Murray, 15s. net.)

to hold his forefinger when we walked out with him. . . . Papa used to talk to us a great deal and tell us about the Bible and religion. He would talk to us of a morning after breakfast in his study, and of an evening after dinner smoking his cigar, and we generally sat on the floor and listened to him. And then we would give him a chair for his legs and a little table for his candles, and he would presently nod to us and go to sleep.

Thackeray was only about thirty-five at this time, and to see him thus already an instructive and soporific parent is interesting proof of how early the Victorians assumed domestic responsibilities: the modern young man of thirty-five is scarcely contemplating matrimony at that age.

Thackeray, of course, was always devoted to children, both boys (whom he loved to entertain and tip) and girls. Before he rented No. 13, Young Street, and when he was living in "bachelor" lodgings, he often on Sundays walked out to Kensal Manor House, in the Harrow Road, to see his friend, Harrison Ainsworth, who was a widower with three little girls. As I have related elsewhere, after sitting in the garden and an early dinner at 4 o'clock, Thackeray would accompany the Ainsworths on summer evenings across the fields to service at Willesden Church. In connection with this matter Lady Ritchie observed to me: "I can quite imagine how glad my father must have been to be with kind people, and to join in their family life. He always loved children and peaceful home doings."

Henceforth Thackeray's one aim was to make enough money to leave his children comfortably off, and so he essayed the rather distasteful but profitable line of the public lectures or readings from his works. He wrote to his mother in 1859:—

If I can work for three years now, I shall have put back my patrimony and a little over—after 30 years of ups and downs. I made a calculation the other day of receipts in the last 20 years and can only sum up about £32,000 of moneys actually received, for which I have values and disbursement of £13,000, so that I haven't spent at the rate of more than £1,000 a year for 20 years. The profits of the lectures figure as the greatest of the receipts, £9,500—*Virginians* 6—*Vanity Fair* only 2. Three years more, please the Fates, and the girls will then have the 8 or 10,000 apiece that I want for them: and we mustn't say a word against filthy lucre, for I see the use and comfort of it every day more and more.

And again in 1862:—

Think of the beginning of the story of the Little Sister in *The Shabby Genteel Story* twenty years ago, and the wife ill and the Publisher refusing me £15 who owes me £13.10, and *The Times*, to which I apply for a little more than 5 guineas for a week's work, refusing to give me more—and all that money difficulty ended. God be praised and an old gentleman sitting in his own house like the hero at the end of a story. . . . We must do some more work. I think the story which I began 20 years ago and then, and then— Did you read about poor Buckle when he got the fever at Damascus crying out, "O my book, my book!" I don't care enough about mine to be disquieted when that day comes. Shall I live to do the big history? Who knows? But I think I shall like to work on it if the time is left me.

It is curious how Thackeray, though only a middle-aged man, had that premonition that his time was short. His daughter tells of one day shortly before his death when she found him sitting looking at the fire. "I do not remember ever to have seen him looking like that before, and he said, 'I have been thinking, in fact, that it will be a very dismal life for you when I am gone.'" Thackeray always gives the impression of an old man, yet he was only fifty-two when the tragically sudden end came.

These new letters of his provide much matter for comment. Writing in December, 1839, he says: "Cruikshank . . . bends all his energies to the illustrations of *Jack Sheppard*—I have not read this latter romance, but one or two extracts are good; it is acted at four theatres, and they say that at the Coburg people are waiting about the lobbies selling *Sheppard-bags*—a bag containing a few pick-locks, that is, a screw-driver and iron levers: one or two young gentlemen have already confessed how much they were indebted to Jack Sheppard, who gave them ideas of pocket-picking and thieving which they never would have had but for the play."

Well, no doubt Thackeray read *Jack Sheppard* in its entirety very soon after this, because his article on George Cruikshank, in which he professed to compare Ainsworth's romance with that artist's illustrations (in favour of the latter), appeared in *The Westminster Review*, June, 1840. There were eight, not four, dramatic versions of *Jack Sheppard* produced almost simultaneously in the autumn of 1839. I doubt the authenticity of the *Sheppard-bags*: it was probably a canard invented and circulated by the manager of what is now "The Old Vic" Theatre, and no doubt it proved a very good advertisement for luring within that Temple of Thespis the youth of the New Cut and neighbourhood.

Vanity Fair, it is pleasant to learn, soon brought the author the material gains it deserved, as well as undying fame, and within two years he was earning nearly £2,000 a year. Thackeray, of course, was fully aware of the merits of his greatest work. One remembers the story told by J. T. Fields, the American publisher, who on passing No. 13, Young Street in later years with the author was admonished playfully by Thackeray, "Down on your knees, sir, before that house, for there *Vanity Fair* was written; and I will go down with you, for I have rather a high opinion of that little work myself."

At the same time he always regarded his work very seriously. When he was concluding *The Newcomes* in July, 1855, he related: "I wrote the last lines of the poor old *Newcomes* with a very sad heart. And afterwards what do you think I did? Suppose I said my prayers, and humbly prayed God Almighty to bless those I love and who love me, and to help me to see and speak the truth and to do my duty. . . . That finis at the end of a book is a solemn word. . . . There go 2 more years of my life spent over those pages. I was quite sorry to part with a number of kind people with whom I had been living and talking these 20 months past."

To pass to Lady Ritchie's part of this book: she wrote excellent letters—I am not sure that they do not represent her best literary expression, despite the fact that her style was a trifle precious and affected. She could picture a scene vividly. Thus Interlaken:—

All the stars are rushing in a stream between the Mountain and my window, the music is over . . . Leslie [Stephen] carried me off to-day for a long agonising delightful toil up a pine wood, through strawberries, tree stems, lake dreams, mountain ranges, to a chalet somewhere high up beyond a raven's haunt . . . where we suddenly saw the great white Monk and Monte Rosa through dappled clouds, as we sat on a little balcony and ate bread and honey and looked over the valleys. . . . How I wish one could send all that one sees to you and to all other hard-worked people who really want it! I should like to send you a pine tree and a bunch of wild strawberries, a valley of sloping, nodding flowers with thousands of glittering spiders' webs, the high-up snows and far-below lakes, and yesterday's yellow evening, dying rather sadly behind the pine ridge and the misty Stockhorn.

Sometimes she caught the trick of her father's quaint, breathless, *non sequitur* epistolary style. Brighton, 1876:—

I am sure you will like to know that the sun began to shine and the dog to bark and the kettle to boil and the children to go down by the sea this afternoon and Leslie found Mr. Morley, and Laura has two red cheeks . . . and I have got the second volume of Heine from Mr. Morley, and the lodgings are still unutterably fusty, but the window is fresh, and the sea was delicious to-day tossing with little sudden fishing boats, and the fat old landlady cooks very nicely, and Louise is in a good temper, and I am so glad yesterday is over, for to-day is so much nicer.

Most of all I like a fragment from her Journal of 1864, when staying with Mrs. Sartoris:—

Warnford was a great house in a great park, a wide river ran across the meadows with driftwood, bare ash trees and willows everywhere. The drawing-room was a lofty room, lights burning, yellow curtains, tall cabinets, a high chimney-piece and the fire smouldering on the hearth. Mrs. Sartoris singing Gordigiani's passionate complaint. Everything harmonious and bright, except that my heart ached and ached. . . .

Without the old court. The rooks fly round and round, there are green hills beyond the fields; one seems stifled and closed in on every side, and I feel as if some day the hills will come rolling down and close in and overwhelm the house. There is a fountain on the terrace, and brick steps wet with rain lead down to the lawn. The rooks are flying in the air, ever so high. I hate them. One little bird trilling freshly in the rain.

This was written soon after Thackeray's death, and there is something of the sadness and unflinching detail of the Pre-Raphaelites in all the clear-cut little pictures it brings to the mind's eye. It may be reminiscent of many things, such as Tennyson in *Maud*, Miss Braddon in *Lady Audley's Secret*, and William De Morgain in *An Affair of Dishonour*, but it has a staccato note of melancholy entirely original.

Lady Ritchie was in sympathy with the tones of the Pre-Raphaelites; Watts and Millais were two of her most valued friends. She always loved the beauty of life to the end, though naturally as age advanced her thoughts went back more and more to old days. In my own con-

versations with her it was always of her father and his contemporaries that we talked. There are several passages in these letters which finely illuminate her attitude to old age, and regrets for the loss of splendid friends in the long past. Thus in 1905:—

My message is nearly over now, but I mean to enjoy old age as much as I can. . . . I still love my own life and the lives of others very much indeed. . . . It is horrid, being old and remembering all these vanished visions as Ruskin says. . . . My last visit to Leighton was one Sunday, with his beautiful picture on the easel of the Faun teaching the boy to aim his arrow, and Leighton gay, courteous, laughing. . . . I am glad he never failed, glad his charming looks never left us (for people's looks are for *others*, like their kind welcomes and friendly greetings). I don't think I knew Leighton, but we were always friends, and I go on caring for him in that strange medley of death in life, in which elderly people are all living.

January, 1919. All yesterday I was tearing up old letters, and it seemed like living through the past once more and parting from it all again. I felt the beloved rush of the *tempest* of life, to which I still seem to belong, far more than to *now*. Who says, "Youth's a stuff will not endure"? It lasts as long as we do, and is older than age. For those moments of eager life of seeing and being come back to us, and we babble of green fields and live among them to the very end.

A month later she died, at the age of eighty-two.

* * * * *

There has never been a satisfactory definition of "genius." The suggestion that it represents "an infinite capacity for taking pains" is the dullest and falsest aphorism ever propounded: rather would one define genius as the exact opposite—an erratic force of personality innately gifted to reach the highest expression of thought or art or music without taking any pains at all, for genius is often allied to madness. Further, there is no certainty that what is considered genius by one generation will be so regarded by another. A case in point is John Martin, the painter of grandiose biblical scenes—The Creation of the World, The Deluge, The Fall of Babylon, Belshazzar's Feast, The Day of Judgment, and the stupendous imaginings of the Apocalypse. His greatest pictures are not to be seen in the public collections, and if they are remembered at all in these days it is by means of engravings of them sometimes found in country houses and inns. They can be recognised instantly by the jagged flash of lightning severing great masses of clouds overhanging toppling mountain peaks or the towering heights of Assyrian architecture. John Martin undoubtedly was a genius—or at least a sublime visionary—and he was appraised as such in his own time, though forgotten now. *The Magazine of the Fine Arts* described him in 1833 as "among the greatest geniuses of all time." In the same year Bulwer Lytton, in his *England and the English*, said: "Martin as a painter is, perhaps, the most original genius of his age. . . . In conception he is more original, more self-dependent than either Raphael or Michael Angelo. They perfected the style of others; Martin has borrowed from none."

Charles Lamb, in one of his last essays, *Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art*, devoted a good deal of his thesis to Martin's picture, *Belshazzar's Feast*. He maintained that the writing on the wall was only visible to the King, and that Martin had no biblical justification for depicting the terror of the assembled multitude at the supernatural autography. But Lamb paid high tribute to Martin's vast imagination and his power to express it in terms of paint. Constable was a great admirer of Martin's work, and in the course of conversation with him one day said Martin need not mind being ignored by the Royal Academy, for that institution could not do him any good: "John Martin looks at the Royal Academy from the Plains of Nineveh, from the Destruction of Babylon: I am content to look at the Academy from a gate, and the highest spot I ever aspired to was a windmill!" And the recorder of this conversation, Ralph Thomas, Serjeant-at-Law, relates how Constable "went on comparing himself with Martin, speaking of himself and his work with earnest humility, and of Martin with the highest eulogium."

Even Ruskin, who had no particular regard for Martin's work, wrote of him as a deeply influential artist in *The Stones of Venice*:—

I believe that the four painters who had, and still have, the most influence on the ordinary Protestant Christian mind are Carlo Dolci, Guercino, Benjamin West, and John Martin. Raphael, much as he is talked about, was, I believe, in fact rarely looked at by religious people. But a Magdalen of Dolci, with a tear on each cheek, or a Guercino Christ and St. John, or a Scripture illustration by West, or a dark cloud with a flash of lightning in it by Martin, rarely fails of being very deeply felt.

It is obvious from these quotations that John Martin deserves some attention and reconsideration in an artistic sense. This is not the place to attempt such an appraisal; but I am glad to find a biography of Martin published at this late date of his posthumous decline in popular favour.¹ The author, Miss Mary Pendered, has supplied a book that was wanted, and she made a fortunate discovery in the memoir of the artist by his son, Leopold Charles Martin, which was printed in the columns of a provincial newspaper some thirty years ago. Miss Pendered ought to have republished this memoir in its entirety, with necessary editing and correction, for Leopold was careless and often inaccurate; but such passages from this memoir as are now given are often full of interest as pictures of life in London and its environs during the first half of the nineteenth century, and of the notable people of that time with whom the Martins were acquainted.

Like most other painters of note, John Martin came from the provinces and settled in London. He was a Northumberland boy, born at Haydon Bridge, near Hexham, in 1789, and the twelfth child of his parents' large family. His father was a Borrovian-like character—tanner, soldier, innkeeper, drover, pedlar, everything by turn, and of

(1) *John Martin, Painter, His Life and Times (1789-1854)*. By Mary L. Pendered. (Hurst and Blackett, 18s. net.)

a roving, adventurous disposition; he married Isabella Thompson, the daughter of a small holder in the neighbourhood of Haydon Bridge. Mrs. Martin's mystic temperament suggests that it was her side of the pedigree which introduced those wild and grandiose imaginings that characterised her four sons, and in the case of two led to insanity. William, the eldest, was an egregious pamphleteer; he termed himself "Philosophical Conqueror of All Nations," and suffered, like all supreme egoists, from the delusion that his inventions had been stolen from him and exploited by other people. His brother Jonathan, sailor and tanner, was a more dangerous man, a religious fanatic who waged war against the clergy, and ended by nearly burning down York Minster in 1829. Great damage was done, and Jonathan Martin spent his remaining years in a lunatic asylum. The incendiarism in York Minster might have been prevented, because Jonathan had issued preliminary notices and warnings in which he inveighed against his *bêtes-noires*, "those clergymen of England who were going to plays and cards." He used the most delightful and phonetic Yorkshire lingo in warning them that a sign from Heaven would put them to confusion—"Ye Clargy in York, blind Hipacrits, Saarpents and Vipears of Hell, Wine Bibears and Beffe Yeaters, Hear the word of the Lord, oh you Dark and lost Clargmen, you desevers of the People, Jona Martin, a friend of the Sun of Boneypart must conclude by warning you again, Oh, repent!" Jonathan's son committed suicide.

It will be seen that there is some ground for supposing that John Martin, the painter, with his vast imagination and apocalyptic visions, was by heredity or consanguinity a genius of the genus allied to madness. But he also conceived schemes for the improvement of London—ideas which though they seemed impossible in his time have since been realised and carried out. He planned an underground railway, on the lines of a more extensive Inner Circle with the further improvement of a great central connecting terminus; he drew up designs for a Thames Embankment, of which he claimed to have originated the idea. He died in 1854, and the Victoria Embankment was commenced ten years later.

John Martin came to London to earn his living while still a youth in his teens. He travelled by sea in a Newcastle collier, and being robbed of nearly all the little money he possessed, he had arrived originally in the great city almost destitute. He was sheltered for a time by an Italian friend, Boniface Musso, an artist who had instructed him in Newcastle. He soon got work as a painter in a china factory, and when still under twenty married Susan Garrett, of Crundal, Hampshire, who was nine years older. The marriage proved a happy one. There were six children. The second daughter, Zenobia, married Peter Cunningham, the antiquarian and author of *The Handbook of London* and *The Story of Nell Gwyn*; and the third daughter, Jessie, married Joseph Bononi, the Egyptologist and Curator of the Soane Museum. Of the sons, Charles Martin was a portrait painter of some merit and

a contributor of pictures to *The Illustrated London News*, and Leopold Charles (a godson of Leopold I., King of the Belgians) married a sister of Sir John Tenniel.

John Martin seems to have exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy in 1811, and the following year there appeared his first characteristic work on the sublime scale, *Sadak in Search of the Waters of Oblivion*, which was engraved subsequently for *The Keepsake* of 1828. There followed, for forty years, a constant series of his great imaginative pictures, varied by many charming landscapes, such as the beautiful views of Richmond Park, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Martin painted a great many pictures of the then rural suburbs of London, districts which have now become urban. If they could have been preserved as one collection they would have formed a very valuable addition to such an assemblage as that of the Gardner Views of London and its suburbs only recently dispersed by auction—to the lasting shame of the central municipal authorities, who at any cost ought to have secured this unique collection for the London Museum or the Guildhall. One would like to see John Martin's *View of a Lane near Hampstead, 1816*, and *View of a Lane near Holland House, 1839*; his numerous views of the River Brent, Hanger Hill, and Horsingdon Hill, all near Ealing, and of the valley of the Wandle and Wimbledon—all these pictures were painted in the decade of the 'forties.

Somehow, Martin the Cockney pedestrian, visiting his notable contemporaries, is more interesting than Martin the sublime visionary. He was a genius, but one who could unbend. His friend, Ralph Thomas, relates how he and Martin in their country rambles would munch quantities of "toffy, brandy balls, and bull's-eyes," the while they enthused on the glories of the landscape. Like Cruikshank, John Martin could sing a song and be merry, despite the sombre "madness" of his artistic side. His biography is very welcome.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE APPEAL OF THE COMPETITION FESTIVALS

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

SIR,—The recent letter in *The Times* and other papers on the appeal of the Competition Festivals, signed by Sir Henry Hadow, Sir Hugh Allen, Prof. Bantock, Sir Walford Davies, Sir Richard Terry, and others, is so important that I hope you will allow me to state the matter briefly for your readers' quiet consideration.

The fact that the signatories are all musicians, though inevitable, has one drawback—that it seems to narrow the appeal; for the movement exercises not only an artistic influence, but also a social and educational one, while the competitions appeal strongly to the sporting instincts of the public. These Competition Festivals have acted as a pace-maker in improving musical technique. The ordinary festivals and choral societies might, and did, go on for scores of years at the same level; but when choirs heard one another, when one made points here, another there, and these were noted by an expert adjudicator, emulation produced a higher level of attainment all round. Music became too easy. Composers like Elgar and Bantock, Stanford and Parry, seeing how matters stood, took advantage of the opportunity, and produced an unrivalled choral literature. The whole level of the art was thus raised; and this is largely due to the Competition Festivals.

But this is not the only aspect of the case: they have done another service—a social and educational one. The festivals have united men and women in a common interest. They have brought beauty into thousands of poor homes. Singers would walk miles to the weekly rehearsals; they would give up a day's wage and pay their fares to distant festivals. And meanwhile their own culture was, by the same process, being improved and refined. This is not fanciful, for, apart from the beauty and subtlety of the music they were interpreting, they could reach these only through realising the poems, and thus great poetry came to be incorporated in their minds; for a large proportion of the test-pieces are settings of some of the finest poetry in the world. All competent adjudicators have insisted on this, and I have heard Robertson, for instance, say, in his remarks at a festival, "Study and understand the poetry: only so can you reach a true performance of the music."

And this influence begins in childhood. The schools all over the country are now taking part in the festivals. In the recent Birmingham Festival 202 competed; and at Glasgow well over 100. And it is a pleasant sight to see the halls bubbling with young life and bright faces, and to note their keen interest. And in this department also the standard has risen, so that the Principal Adviser to the Board of Education has stated that he can tell, on hearing the children sing, whether they are festival children or not. The influence thus operates on all classes from childhood to age.

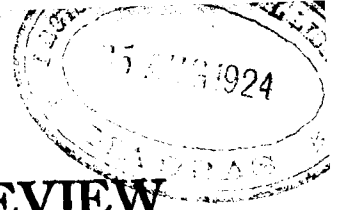
It also creates sympathy and understanding between the various classes. I remember when adjudicating in Ireland a year or two ago, among the test-pieces was one of the lovely "Songs of the Hebrides." Singer after singer came up, and I thought I should have to go on

to the platform and tell the audience they had not really heard the song, for no one had caught its true spirit. Then came the last; and what a change! The real feeling and understanding were there; and she turned out to be only the postman's daughter. Cultured ladies had sung the song before her; and one was so much impressed that she arranged to pay for the best procurable tuition for her. It is this last point that I want to emphasise here; for this is only a sample of such occurrences. Middle-class choirs compete against working choirs; but whichever wins, the result is cheerfully accepted. These genuine sympathies do take place; and they tend to bind the various classes together in living bonds.

The word *competition* is perhaps unfortunate, and the charge of pot-hunting has often been laid against the festivals. In the early stages of the movement it seems to have been necessary to offer prizes. But it is felt to be a taint, and is being abandoned. In Birmingham and Glasgow, the two largest festivals, there are now no prizes; the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals set its face against them; and the only money now paid by the chief festivals or the Federation to the choirs is an allowance to help with the cost of travelling to choirs coming from a distance.

It must be obvious to all that in a great movement like this some co-ordinating power is wanted to give help and advice to the smaller and inexperienced festivals, assisting them with the details of organisation, and suggestions as to test-pieces; to foster the foundation of fresh choirs and festivals; to send round lecturers; to provide and train conductors; and in numberless ways. There are some 180-200 festivals of all sizes in being, 156 of which are affiliated. The recent Birmingham Festival (the largest) had 13,000 competitors; Glasgow runs a good second with over 12,500—in each case a fair-sized town; and the problems of organisation and of statesmanlike vision are exacting. This work is being done very efficiently by the Federation, who have their offices, and a reference library, at 3, Central Buildings, Westminster. The Carnegie Trustees have also arranged with them for the management of an Orchestral Loan Library for the help and encouragement of amateur orchestras in villages, institutions, etc. The Federation was founded, and is managed, by the representatives of various festivals, and is thus free from the taint of patronage; and among its members are included some from Canada and New Zealand, while others from Australia and South Africa are expected to join almost immediately. Sir Henry Hadow is chairman; the board includes men of proved administrative ability; and in view of the importance of the work, artistic, social, and educational, all who are able should be pleased to give it a helping hand. The letter to the papers of which I have spoken is an appeal for £150,000 on behalf of this Federation, to enable it to carry on its work. It sounds a large sum in these difficult days; but it is wiser to take long views, to think on a big scale, and to make large attempts, than to grub along dealing only with the day-to-day demands. It is a movement of great value to the spiritual life of the people, and can only be wisely directed along comprehensive lines. This is not the place to make a direct appeal for money; but it is permissible to state the facts, to prepare the mind of the public, and to express a hope that when the appeal comes before your readers they will do all they can to further the objects it has in view.

H. ORSMOND ANDERTON.



THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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THE POLITICAL PROSPECT

By W. PERMEWAN, M.D., F.R.C.S.

THE Labour Government has now been installed in office for seven months. It is surprising how soon the country has reconciled itself to an event which had something unprecedented in it, if not something actually revolutionary. For the first time a party calling itself Socialist holds the reins of government, and for the first time also a party consented to form an administration in a newly elected Parliament where it was in an enormous minority as compared with the united strength of two other parties, and frankly admitted that it had to depend on the support of the other two to carry on the business of the country. It was a courageous decision, and it cannot be denied that the Government has shown both ability and moderation—an ability and a moderation which has excited much surprise and some admiration. So great is the prestige of office, so marvellous the effect of the *fait accompli* in a constitutional system like ours! Writing in the March number of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, I ventured to predict that, owing to the long traditions and the character of the English people, it would receive fair play: and it has certainly done so. But it would be unjust not to recognise that in the main it has deserved it. The authority which attaches to the name of a Prime Minister of England has already obliterated or almost obliterated the remembrance of Mr. MacDonald's attitude during the war, though Mr. Lloyd George has referred publicly to his "activity in the munition areas," and Lord Birkenhead cannot forget that "the Prime Minister and Mr. Snowden opposed the whole war, and if they had been in power then as they are now the terms of peace might well have been dictated in Buckingham Palace." But apart from the quite natural

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desire of party leaders to derive what advantage they can from recalling the past records of their opponents, it is true to say that, for good or for evil, the dead past has buried its dead.

One action of the Prime Minister has received the approbation of everybody: that is the care he has taken to insist, not once, but many times, that he regards the friendship of France as essential to the good of this country and of Europe, and that he is determined to spare no effort to secure it. It was his good fortune to be in office at the moment when the report of the Experts was issued on the question of German Reparations. That report was greeted with universal relief and universal approval: and Mr. MacDonald, seizing the happy moment, was the first head of any Government to declare that, though there were some things in it with which he did not agree, he accepted it in its entirety and would do his best to carry it into effect. That promptitude had, without doubt, great influence on the other Great Powers, and Mr. Baldwin was not only generous, but accurate, in saying that the whole country was behind him.

Yet the misfortune which has dogged the steps of every statesman who has tried to effect the settlement of Europe since the end of the war seemed at first to have attended Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. The correspondence now published between himself and M. Poincaré remains only as a proof of his earnest desire to re-establish happy relations between the two countries. Just when it appeared certain that the courtesy of these mutual communications might at last have an opportunity of translating itself into a real community of policy and action, the Government of M. Poincaré fell. But it quickly became evident that, however the new French Government differed from the old one on domestic affairs, its attitude towards Germany was substantially the same. Further, the very first act of the new Prime Minister was to manifest in a most striking manner his desire to maintain cordial co-operation with this country. Within forty-eight hours of his appointment to office, M. Herriot was in personal conference with Mr. MacDonald at Chequers. Unfortunately the habit of

latter-day statesmen of making premature communications to the Press—a species of “open diplomacy”—has resulted in what appears to be a misunderstanding between the two Premiers as to what—if anything—was really decided. That, however, will no doubt be soon cleared up. Meanwhile the presentation of a joint memorandum to Germany on the question of armaments has resulted in a chastened reply from that Government explaining and excusing the formation of so many “athletic associations,” but accepting the re-examination of the military resources of the Reich, and asking only that it shall be conducted with due consideration for the susceptibilities of the German people. Apparently the new Anglo-French entente has already borne fruit. So far as M. Poincaré is concerned, he had committed himself to acceptance of the report of the Experts; it is now proved that his successor will take the same attitude; but, whatever happens, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has shown a good will towards France which must have its influence in the future. It cannot be seriously denied that the Prime Minister has conducted our foreign affairs with ability, fair-mindedness, and a regard for the susceptibilities of other nations which one at least of his predecessors did not always display. There are critics who see behind all the “gestures” of Mr. MacDonald the guiding hand of the International. It may be so, but there are no proofs of it, and Mr. MacDonald must be given what credit is due to him for his statesmanlike attitude in public towards these thorny questions.

On matters of domestic concern there is room for much greater difference of opinion. One complaint by Liberal leaders—and it is a naïve one—is that although the Government came into office on a Socialist programme, they are not in fact carrying on the business of the country on any different lines than those followed both by the Baldwin Administration and the Coalition. Such measures as the treatment of unemployment are, according to them, merely the continuation of what those Governments had already initiated. Whether Mr. Lloyd George is proud of the “dole” and what it has led to is not

quite manifest, but what is manifest is that he is bitterly disappointed that Mr. MacDonald has not already committed suicide by at once forcing the pace and bringing in extreme Socialistic measures.

In the article to which I have already referred I prophesied that the Prime Minister would do nothing of the kind. I pointed out that the sweets of office were just as sweet for Labour as for Liberal statesmen, and that it was highly unlikely that Mr. MacDonald would at once follow the example of Mr. Baldwin and commit *hara-kiri* for the sake of principle. So indeed it has turned out so far: the unfortunate Rents Bill is the only exception, and when the Prime Minister, who had no doubt been egged on by his extremists, found that the House of Commons would not stand the victimisation of the landlords, and, instead of sticking by his own measure, accepted the rebuff, it was a sore trial to many of the Liberal enthusiasts. That the Liberal leaders failed to foresee the probable course of conduct of a Government with no majority of its own, and enjoying office for the first time, is an example of blindness in such well versed old political stagers. The real fact was that they hated Mr. Baldwin and his fiscal proposals so heartily that they did not stop to think what would be the inevitable result of turning him out and installing Mr. MacDonald in office, or, as he calls it, in power.

Yet there is substance in the criticism that the Labour Government is not putting into operation the principles on which it appealed to the country, and it is of evil omen for the long continuance of Mr. MacDonald's administration that that criticism comes not only from the Liberals but from members of his own party. The great panacea of Socialism, viz., the "nationalisation of all means of production, transport and exchange" which figured so largely in their programme so far has been absolutely neglected. Not even the railways are touched, though the Government can plead the support of Mr. Justice Sankey's Commission for the measure, and not so long ago a greater than Sankey, Mr. Winston Churchill, had for the moment arrived at the conclusion that it was inevitable. Now not

only Mr. Churchill but it would appear the Labour leaders themselves think it unwise or at least inopportune.

Mr. MacDonald once advocated the nationalisation of the banks. Where is that proposal now? Why, Mr. MacDonald's Chancellor of the Exchequer makes a speech in the City and insists on the vast importance of maintaining the National credit, which would have done honour to Sir Robert Peel or Mr. Gladstone. Are Socialists meekly going to put up with the repudiation in practice, if not in theory, of their cherished doctrines?

Still more are they going to put up with the neglect of the Government to produce that remedy for all unemployment which, according to their electoral manifesto, the Labour Party had ready to hand? Is "work or maintenance for all at the public cost" to go by the board?

These are questions which are already being asked by many honest supporters of the Labour Party, and the longer the new appeal to the country is postponed the more clamant will be the complaints. And meanwhile, as Mr. Masterman pointed out, the Government is quite ready to assent to Commissions and Committees without end on all kinds of questions on which they had pretended their minds were already made up.

Such is the sobering effect of office and responsibility on ministers who have theories which will fit any emergency, but who find that practice is a very different thing from theory. As the French have long ago discovered, "Un Jacobin, Ministre, n'est pas toujours un ministre jacobin."

It is interesting to conjecture, in the light of our experience up to the present, what will be the future development of the Labour Party. It is a very composite and heterogeneous organism: a mixture of Trade Unionists, Communists, members of the Independent Labour movement, disgruntled Liberals, ambitious lawyers, innocent idealists, ex-Tory peers, Fabian Socialists, and ultra-red Internationalists. Will it attain real power at the next or any future election? And if it does, what effect will it have on the future governance of the country and the Empire? The answer to these questions will only be

possible when we see the Labour Party obtaining a sufficient majority to rule by themselves without having to depend on the votes of a more or less reluctant Liberal Party.

On the whole it does not seem likely that the next appeal to the country will send back the Government to power. But there is every probability that they will largely increase their numbers at the next General Election. Their work in the constituencies is incessant: propaganda is going on all the time: throughout the year at street corners and in Labour clubs the gospel is being preached: their organisation is widespread, intelligent, and well directed. They show considerable intelligence in fitting their candidates to the constituencies, and their candidates are oftener than not local men who are well known to the electors. Contrast their methods with the spasmodic, haphazard, careless propaganda of the Liberal and Conservative Parties. It is not by whirlwind week-end campaigns that elections in these days can be won. All these things must tell, and will almost certainly tell, to increase the Labour vote. So, too, if Liberals continue to play into their hands it is they alone who will profit. Sooner or later they will win a real majority. Then will come their trial. Will they develop into a revolutionary party or will they, shedding one by one their extreme opinions, settle down into something not far removed from a new Radical Party, which will alternately hold office with the Conservatives? I venture to predict that there really lies their future. The people of this country are still a very long way from being revolutionary, and experience is teaching, and will still further teach, the Labour leaders that the world cannot be ruled by theory and that the Socialist millennium is and will remain an idle dream.

Meanwhile the prospects of the Liberal Party are daily becoming more and more gloomy. In spite of the meeting of the National Liberal Federation, at which what are called "inspiring" speeches were delivered by the three Liberal leaders, the country refuses to be inspired. Not even the inception of a whirlwind week-end campaign throughout the land seems to have any appreciable effect

on what is after all the main object, viz., the production of Liberal votes at elections. The last three by-elections furnish an indisputable proof that, at least for the time, Liberalism has not regained that hold on the people which speakers like Sir John Simon and Mr. Lloyd George confidently predict. Thus in West Toxteth the Liberal Party did not even put up a candidate, but preferred to give what support it could command to the candidate of that party which, in the words of Mr. Lloyd George, is "hunting the Liberal Party to death in the country." Adopting the ingenious device of putting to the two candidates questions to which they must have known in advance the Labour candidate would reply in the affirmative and the Conservative candidate in the negative, they founded on those replies an appeal to Liberals to vote for Mr. Gibbins, while they carefully refrained from embarrassing that gentleman by any impolite enquiries as to nationalisation of all means of production, work or maintenance for all at the public expense, and the Capital Levy and the other stock items of the Socialist programme. But in truth anybody who knows the West Toxteth Division knows also that the support of the Liberals in that constituency had very little to do with the result. Labour, with a good candidate and hard work, won there on its own merits, and the appeal of the Liberal Federal Council was only a *brutum fulmen*.

The result in the Kelvingrove Division of Glasgow was still more illuminating. A strong Liberal candidate could not even poll enough votes to save his deposit, and it was quite obvious that Captain Elliott, the Conservative candidate, received large numbers of Liberal votes which the canny Scots—with their national abhorrence of waste—transferred to the Tories to keep the Socialist out. And Oxford is equally emphatic in its demonstration of the decay of the Liberal vote. All experienced electioneers recognise that an election petition—though it may succeed in unseating an opponent—as a rule is imprudent, because it arouses sympathy for the party which won at the polls, but lost in the law courts. Yet that sympathy, even when combined with the strenuous exertions of the former

member, was impotent in preventing the winning of the seat by the Conservative candidate.

It is impossible to doubt the meaning of these three successive elections. The truth is that plain people do not understand the action of the Liberal leaders in supporting the Labour Government in the House, and fighting it in the country. Mr. Asquith and Sir John Simon may expound it and explain it and defend it, but the voter refuses to be bewildered or convinced. That is the main reason for the failure of the Liberal Party at the polls.

But there is another reason which Liberal leaders will indignantly deny, but which is plain enough to the impartial observer. The Liberal Party—strange as it may seem—is the slave of vested interests—the vested interests of its policy and the vested interests of its leaders. The weight of the dead hand of policies which have little or no bearing on present actualities rests heavily upon them. Free Trade is to them a religion, which it is impiety even to question, instead of a question of economics which varies, and must vary, with the changing condition of the world. The removal of the McKenna duties was a wanton sacrifice of revenue for the country, quite apart from what effect it will have on the prospects of the industries concerned, to the idol of Free Trade. Yet the incidence of these duties had proved, *pro tanto*, that both safeguarding of industry and the provision of revenue can, in fact—though orthodox Free Traders have always denied it—result from the imposition of carefully considered and moderate duties on imports. That inconvenient demonstration must no longer continue, and so the revenue and the protection have gone, or will shortly go.

Still more oppressive are the vested interests of the leaders—vested interests which, unfortunately, are apt to clash with one another. It is not always an advantage to a party in opposition to possess two ex-Prime Ministers and a third statesman who aims at being Prime Minister, particularly when the ex-Prime Ministers have been in violent conflict with one another, and when one of them was in fact displaced by the other to make room for himself. The “unity”—Mr. Asquith will not allow it to be called

“re-union”—of the Liberal Party has now been solemnly proclaimed and ratified. Whether the “unity” which was precipitated by the protective policy of the late Government is really as close as we are asked to believe is more than doubtful. At Mr. Lloyd George’s meeting in Wales there was an ominous remark by the chairman in Mr. Lloyd George’s presence. He said, and he was a member of Parliament, “Notwithstanding all he has done, not merely for Britain, but for the world, Mr. Lloyd George has submerged his personality and taken second place in order to allow Mr. Asquith to have the leadership of the Liberal Party. All I ask you . . . is to have patience. If you are not satisfied with the Liberal leadership to-day, remember this. Our great fellow-countryman is submerging his personality at the present moment, and he is loyal to the man who has been appointed leader of the party. We are as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow to be led, and well led, before we are very much older.”

It would be absurd to give too much importance to the utterances of an undistinguished Welsh member speaking under the influence of his native air, but there is, unfortunately, very little doubt that he was expressing the dissatisfaction of many Liberals with the leadership of Mr. Asquith, and the hope that before long Mr. Lloyd George will step into his shoes. In the meantime Mr. Lloyd George seems bent on keeping himself to the front, heedless of what mischief his references to foreign politics may do. His speech on the Treaty of Lausanne is an example of the useless and futile recrimination he indulges in. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald might well say that the speech, instead of being useful to him in his endeavour to obtain the ratification of the Treaty, was, on the contrary, likely gravely to compromise his efforts. It is, indeed, an unfortunate spectacle to see a statesman to whom the country owed so much during the war frittering away his authority and political reputation by these fretful and futile rakings up of old controversies which had better be laid to rest. That the Turkish settlement is a most disappointing one cannot be denied, but it hardly lies in the mouth of Mr. Lloyd George to say so when we remember his encourage-

ment to the Greeks to throw themselves into an ill-designed and fatally useless campaign. Not less distasteful is his obvious delight at the fall of M. Poincaré. What end can be served by such a pronouncement as this: "The triumph of Nationalism in the Eastern Provinces of Germany and of Communism in the Rhineland is the achievement of M. Poincaré"? And, finally, what but mischief can result from Mr. Lloyd George's denunciation of the Anglo-American agreement for the payment of our debt, which most people regard as the main achievement of Mr. Baldwin, and as the best contribution to the maintenance of our national credit on the one hand and of our good relationship with the American people on the other?

Against Mr. Asquith no charges like those to which Mr. Lloyd George has made himself obnoxious can be reasonably made. He speaks, as always, with dignity and with an absence of petulance and small-mindedness which is his distinguishing characteristic. Yet no amount of skill in dialectics or moderation in rhetoric can hide the fact that, in the words of Major F. E. Guest, the latest deserter from the Liberal ranks, "His support of the Labour Government was dictated more by tactics than by principle." Nor are there wanting signs that some of his party are eagerly awaiting his resignation. The suggestion that he should become the new Master of Balliol was dictated not solely by a desire for the good of the University of Oxford, and even now he finds it necessary to assure his constituency "that it is his fixed intention whenever the election comes to submit himself again to the electors of Paisley as the Liberal candidate." It is a pity that the supporters of Mr. Lloyd George should show such impatience to install their champion as the leader of the Liberal Party, for assuredly the party will not benefit for the change. But the clashing vested interests of these two leaders is a real handicap to the party.

The only definite policy of the Liberals, apart from the general policy of "Social Reform" without Socialism, seems now to be Proportional Representation. That may be a good thing, though assuredly, as experience elsewhere has shown, it is not without serious practical drawbacks;

but the country cannot fail to ask why, if it is so urgently needed when the Liberal Party is in such dire case, it was not equally desirable when that party was in undisputed power from 1905 to 1914. Yet Mr. Asquith made no serious attempt to bring it about when it was in his power to do so. In any case, it seems but a meagre policy to put before the country, which will not easily be roused to action in order that

Each fair burgh, numerically free,
Shall choose its members by the rule of three.

But perhaps the Summer School at Oxford—a place now of evil omen—will be able to devise some more striking programme for the next election.

The Conservative Party have now, it would seem, settled down resignedly to the leadership of Mr. Baldwin. The attempts of a powerful section of the Press to displace him have failed, and he will be their chief when they go to the country. He has shown a moderation in criticism and a courtesy to the Prime Minister which have not altogether been to the taste of some of his supporters, but which will do him and his party no harm in the country. Without doubt, he is the best leader in the circumstances that the Conservatives could possess. But it would be idle to deny that his advocacy of Protection at the last election makes his position a difficult one. Large sections of Conservatives, particularly in Lancashire, have recorded their opinion that protective tariffs shall not be a point in their programme for the present, while he himself, while agreeing to the inexpediency of a fresh campaign to establish Protection, makes no secrecy of his belief that it is only in that expedient that the cure of unemployment will be found. His position is very like that of Lord Derby in 1851, who was strongly in favour of a reversion to Protection, and was only prevented by the sagacious assiduity of Disraeli from proclaiming it both in Parliament and outside. To-day the Liberals may be trusted, when the time comes, to make the most of the situation, and to assure the electors that, whether Mr. Baldwin urges it now or not, he is only waiting for an opportunity to bring it again into the political arena.

This division of opinion is certainly a source of weakness to the party. It was shown to be so by the losses in Lancashire and Yorkshire at the last election, and it is unlikely that the shipowners of Liverpool and the importers of Manchester will alter their minds when the next election occurs. The strength of the Conservatives lies in the weakness of the Liberals, and the growing feeling that should Labour really win then insecurity of property, or at least confiscatory taxation, are the most probable consequences. On the whole, however, it seems probable that the Conservative Party will come back stronger from the polls, though their majority, if they obtain one, will be a small one.

I have described, as they seem to me, the strength and the weakness of the three parties who are endeavouring to commend themselves to the electors of the country. It seems most probable that it will not be long before the country will have another opportunity of pronouncing judgment upon them. The Prime Minister, in an optimistic moment, has said that he sees no reason why he and his Government should not remain in office "two or three years" before the next General Election. I fear that the wish is the father to the hope, and that, on the contrary, before the year is out we shall once again be thrown into the agitation of an election. When that comes the future of the three parties will be for a time decided. But at the same time will be decided the future of two interesting and arresting personalities who are at present in a sort of political limbo out of which they must emerge in one direction or another if they wish to exercise a real influence on affairs. I refer to Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Winston Churchill. At the present moment these two "first-class brains" are exercising themselves more in journalism than in politics. Lord Birkenhead is engaged in drawing up a sort of "*catalogue raisonné*" of contemporary politicians, which is of interest both for the light it sheds on the subjects of his appreciation, and still more for the light it sheds on the character of the writer. He is not beloved by all Conservatives, but it is highly probable that when the time comes he will again fight prominently in the cam-

paign, and if the Conservative appeal is successful it will be impossible to deny him a share in the spoils of victory.

Mr. Churchill has been for some time now endeavouring to rouse the anti-Socialist forces of the country, and has appealed for combined action by members of the Conservative and Liberal Parties in opposition to the Labour Government. In a speech delivered at Liverpool under the chairmanship of that great organiser, Sir A. Salvidge, he put forward the suggestion that those Liberals who did not agree with the action of their party in putting into office and maintaining there the Socialist Party should assist the Conservatives, not as an integral part of that party, but as it were *ab extra*, and he instanced the Liberal Unionists who in 1886 combined their efforts with those of the Conservative Government to prevent Home Rule. With the statement of Mr. Churchill that there are many more objects on which the two sections were agreed than those on which they differed, most people will assent. But the prospect held out to Mr. Baldwin and the other Conservative leaders of this co-operation by Mr. Churchill and others does not seem, so far as one can judge, to be an alluring one. It is not necessary to question Mr. Churchill's patriotic motives in making this suggestion; but it is impossible for them to forget that his ambitious temperament is not likely to allow him to fill for long the position of the outside supporter without any desire to hold real power once more in a real Government. Nor can they forget that such a short time ago as the last General Election Mr. Churchill fought as a Liberal candidate, and, if he had been a successful one, would in all probability have joined in the decision of Mr. Asquith to put in the Labour Government. That may be doing him an injustice, but it is doing him no injustice to suggest that there is no room to-day for a new Liberal-Unionist Party, and that if he regards Socialism as the enemy his most effective means of fighting it is to return to his old love and rejoin the Tory ranks.

HJALMAR SCHACHT'S REFORMS: A LETTER FROM BERLIN

BY ROBERT CROZIER LONG

BERLIN, *July 1st.*

THE German Republic is poor in leadership. It has produced many honest but not very effective Cabinet Ministers, and, in the economic domain, some ingenious innovators, chief of whom was the Socialist Minister of Industry, Wissell, whose schemes came to naught. But it has produced few men specially fitted for getting work done; and the most notable of these, Erzberger and Rathenau, fell victims to political assassination before their tasks were fully entered upon. Among present politicians the most effective is Dr. Stresemann, to whom, more than to his successor the present Chancellor Dr. Marx, must be given credit for the financial and currency reforms passed since October, 1923, when the inflation system finally collapsed. Stresemann gave the reformatory impulse, and laid down in principle the lines of the system since pursued. But it was no politician, also no bureaucrat, who put the reforms through. The executive arm here was the present Reichsbank President, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, formerly Currency Commissioner, and before that a private banking magnate. Six months ago Dr. Schacht was hardly known outside banking circles. To-day he is Germany's most prominent man, not only at home, but also, though he has never held a diplomatic post, in international relations. For months past he has dominated the German side of Reparations, and he will influence decisively, even if he does not formally represent Germany in, the negotiations which are due to begin in London this month. He is the only German who holds the ear of British and American finance. The reason for this prominence is not in doubt. Germans, like the rest of the world, are won by achievements. Schacht is the only German who since the Revolution has achieved anything really important in the economic domain.

German State finance and currency are controversial themes, and a decisive policy in either injures private interests and incites enmity. In certain influential private circles no man is more unpopular than the Reichsbank President, whose policy one can best sum up by saying that it has overridden the group interests in the supreme national interest. Tens of thousands of Germans, and these mostly Germans with a considerable command of publicity, wish for nothing more ardently than the disappearance of Dr. Schacht and his sound, unpleasant, uncompromising system. The admitted fact that this system has no alternative except a return to the planless drifting of 1919-23 does not weaken their wish. Though universally reprobated abroad, the great inflation and depreciation system had plenty of friends at home. It pleased quite as many as it displeased. Bad money is not primarily or necessarily an assault upon the substance of national wealth; when she abandoned inflation in November, 1923, Germany was on the whole better off than five years before. Bad money is, first of all, a lever for transferring substance from individual to individual, from class to class. Dr. Schacht was the evil genius who stopped this, for many Germans comfortable, process, and who relegated speculation to its proper position as an excrescence upon productive work. He is disliked by those individuals and groups which profited during the five years; by those who escaped easily from pre-war debts; by those who paid no taxes because their tax liabilities shrank to nothing before they fell due, and by those who bought land, factories, and goods on borrowed money in the knowledge that they would never need to pay this money back. Most of all he is disliked by industry, which for the above reasons and for some others was a consistent profiteer, and which now sees the most fruitful source of profiteering dried up.

How greatly industry profited from inflation and depreciation is shown by the first gold mark balance sheets which, under a law of last winter, are now being published. These balance sheets show that the enormous secured company debts of 1913 have shrunken to an inconsiderable

sum¹; and one necessary result of this is that the new gold mark capitalisations, which represent the surplus of assets over liabilities, are fixed at much higher figures than before the war. When Schacht put through his currency reform this process of company enrichment was still under way; in measure as old debts dwindled, new debts, also destined to dwindle, were profitably incurred. The Reichsbank was daily fabricating credit for the benefit of manufacturers, who converted their borrowings into real values, including hoards of foreign exchange, and who accumulated paper mark "debts" which fell in the first week to one-tenth or even to less of their original gold value. To this pleasant system the currency reform put an end. To-day industrial companies can not only not borrow on the profitable condition that they need not pay back, but they are not able to borrow at all. That is Schacht's service—and his disservice. By him, for the first time since the Revolution, the justified State financial and currency interest was set above the wholly unjustified interest of profiteering business. Naturally, business is displeased; naturally it sighs for a return of the inflation-depreciation system, although that, as business best of all knows, would mean new financial and currency chaos. Hence during the last few weeks have been symptoms of an open quarrel between the Government and business; and the particular targets of business are the Reichsbank system and its champion the Reichsbank President.

Anyone who desires to realise the interests at stake must know the main results of Dr. Schacht's activities in the last eight months. The Federal finances have been completely set in order. The re-accumulation of a gold debt, which began after the extinction by depreciation of the war and post-war debts, has been stayed, and debt is actually being paid off. Deflation has succeeded inflation, and the currency may now be considered definitely stabilised. Price fluctuations have been reduced to the normal, and thereby heavy, incalculable, and unfair burdens on the wage- and salary-earning classes have been removed. The

(1) From (in the present area) 4,600 million gold marks to an estimated 414 million gold marks.

foreign exchange shortage, which accompanied and was a cause of the paper mark's depreciation, has come to an end. If Dr. Schacht alone is given credit for these achievements, it must be conceded that there was nothing very original or startling in his methods. The Rentenmark currency, the one measure which was wholly new, was devised by others, before Schacht entered the Government's service. In general, the reforms were put through on known lines, and might as well have been put through two or three years before. Schacht's merit is that he did put them through, whereas the politicians and bureaucrats, who long ago realised the necessity of, and foresaw the necessary methods of, reform, simply did nothing. The German popular distrust of politicians and bureaucrats has been greatly increased by the discovery that the long-demanded reforms were not very difficult after all; that the difficulty lay not in methods, but in men.

Schacht is neither politician nor bureaucrat. He is merely an uncommonly able banker, with particular competence in foreign trade and payment balance questions, who, without any helpful connections, had at the age of thirty attained the position of director of the Dresdner Bank. His leanings and associations are international; he is a good linguist and an authority on English business and English economic history. His first published work bore the title, *The Theoretical Contents of English Mercantilism*. Before that he had studied economic questions in Berlin, Munich, Leipzig, and Kiel. Later he worked in the Commercial Treaties Department, and acted as secretary of the Handelsvertragsverein, an association which aimed at the lowering of tariffs all round. His part in the war was to organise a new bank of issue at Brussels. This was his first important official commission. In 1916 he was back in private banking, this time with the combined Darmstädter und National Bank. His second term in the State service lasted only a few weeks. In November, 1923, he became Currency Commissioner, a post created *ad hoc* for the handling of a crisis which could no longer be ignored; and as the crisis dominated all other issues, he was given a seat in the Cabinet with

advisory voice. Before the end of the year the currency reform was successfully put through. On January 1st Schacht became President of the Reichsbank in succession to the late Herr Havenstein. Strictly defined, this is no official position; but Herr Havenstein had acted as an official. He had discounted Treasury Bills obediently for half a dozen Finance Ministers, playing an entirely passive rôle, until the mark got into a condition compared with which even the Soviet rouble looked respectable. Schacht as Reichsbank President plays an independent rôle, and a dominant rôle. With him personally is tied up the mark's new stability; with the stability is tied up the balancing of the finances; and with both reforms are tied up Reparations, because, as Germans now see, no plausible scheme of Reparations could possibly have been produced had not Germany herself first done something to set her house in order. Finally, Schacht is the one German who has shown himself able to get foreign loans. The Schacht system represents a policy of stability at home and confidence from abroad. It began in achievement, and ended in prestige. In such conditions Dr. Schacht has come to hold more power than any Minister; and, as the only urgent questions are economic, nothing can be done in any urgent question without his consent.

The State financial system introduced after Schacht's currency reform has thoroughly justified itself. In October, 1923, when revenue, paid in ever-depreciating marks, sank to under the one-thousandth part of expenditure, even optimists did not believe that a financial balance would be achieved within visible time. It seemed at first that this view was well founded. The currency reform forbade resort to further inflation (politely called "discounting of Treasury bills"), and provided a mere 900,000,000 Rentenmarks, or £45,000,000 gold, to cover the expected large deficits between the date of the reform and the then unforeseen date of Budget equilibrium. If this sum proved inadequate, the combined financial and currency reform must fail. Before the end of the year more than two-thirds of the limited credit had been taken up, and the Budget was not yet balanced. Yet the first

three months of 1924 produced a surplus of nearly a quarter of a milliard gold marks. This does not at first sight appear in the Finance Ministry's accounts, which show a deficit of 99,400,000 gold marks. But already the Government had begun redeeming debt out of revenue, and in these three months 339,500,000 gold marks of debt (Gold Loan of 1923) had been redeemed. This improvement has continued in the new financial year, which began on April 1st. Up to June 20th revenue totalled 1,426,768,649 gold marks, and expenditure 1,459,947,674 gold marks; but this time 221,478,583 gold marks were paid out of revenue for redemption of debt. The improvement is all the more remarkable because, although no Reparations are being paid and no compensation is being granted to Ruhr producers for their enforced deliveries to the French, large expenditure under various headings classed as "for execution of the Peace Treaty" was necessary. On these aims over 460,000,000 gold marks, of which 313,000,000 were for maintenance of the occupying armies, were spent in the second half of the last financial year. The new Federal Debt, in which the practically repudiated war and post-war paper mark debts are no longer booked, reached on December 31st last a high point of 2,218,100,000 gold marks. By April 30th it had been reduced to 1,734,000,000 gold marks, and the reduction is still going on.

This achievement was possible only because the currency depreciation had ceased. Depreciation and deficits had worked as a vicious circle; depreciation brought down the yield of taxes, and the resulting deficits were stopped by inflation, which meant more depreciation. The inflation now came to an end. The Reichsbank's paper mark circulation continued to increase after the date of the currency reform, but the main cause of this was the issue of paper marks in exchange for emergency notes circulated by various public bodies during the cash famine of late 1923. In the first five months of this year emergency currency worth, at the paper mark's now fixed gold exchange, 870,000,000 gold marks was withdrawn from circulation. The last available report shows note circula-

tion of all kinds, including emergency notes, to be 2,825,200,000 gold marks, which is 46.54 of the combined note and gold circulation at the end of 1913. To foreigners German currency still looks chaotic. There are paper marks, Rentenmarks, theoretical "gold marks" used for calculation only, two different kinds of currency based on Gold Loan scrip, and an unknown number of central and local emergency issues, which are rapidly being called in. In practice, however, the currency stabilisation has removed the old confusion. As before the war, trade is transacted in "marks," which is invariably understood to mean 1 Rentenmark, worth 1 gold mark, or 1 billion of any of the paper mark issues. The real element of confusion, the varying gold values of the different currencies, has disappeared. Properly described, the new "mark" is a "managed" currency, as differentiated from a gold currency. The management began when Schacht, having first established the Rentenmark, deliberately beared the old paper mark at home down to the 4.2 billions to the dollar which was about its exchange abroad; and then took measures to retain its internal buying power at that level. This policy has been consistently pursued, with the result that to-day gold mark prices (assuming the Rentenmark, or 1 billion paper marks, to be a gold mark) are rather lower than abroad. Certain products, notably textiles, are still abnormally dear; but there are special reasons for this dearness, one being the extraordinarily high rate charged for credit. In late November, 1923, a fortnight after the Rentenmark's creation, prices were so monstrously high that it seemed impossible to prevent new exchange depreciation. But the Reichsbank's persistent deflation policy acted counter to that; and to-day, tested by the relation of its home buying power to its foreign exchange, the mark currency is as good as any in the world.

Dr. Schacht's policy brought another success of importance. It restored normal conditions to the exchange market. This, of course, could not be achieved merely by keeping the exchange of the mark stable. It needed also equilibrium between demand and supply. Though the

new mark was stable, yet for months after stabilisation the exchange famine which had prevailed ever since the Armistice remained acute. As late as the beginning of June the Reichsbank was rationing applicants for pounds and dollars to the one-hundredth part of their demand. To-day the Bank meets the whole demand. This was achieved partly by restricting credit. Restricted credit made it impossible to buy exchange with borrowed marks, and compelled hoarders of foreign exchange to realise for marks. But mainly it was achieved through the operations of Dr. Schacht's new Gold Discount Bank. The Gold Discount Bank is a fruit of the new confidence in Germany internationally felt since the financial reforms and currency stabilisation were put through. Schacht was able to borrow in London £5,000,000, or half the capital of his bank, the other half being subscribed at home, and he got a promise of a further £10,000,000 re-discount credit, and later obtained American re-discount credits totalling \$30,000,000. The Gold Discount Bank's operations had a decisive influence on the exchange market. Its credits are given only to importers of raw materials intended for re-export in finished form, and the yields of exported manufactures are pledged for repayment. For internal business the Gold Discount Bank gives no credit. But its operations have a certain indirect influence on internal credit. Importers who need foreign exchange have no longer an excuse for borrowing marks with which to pay for the exchange; and to this extent the internal credit stringency has been relieved.

It is impossible, as the recent experience of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and other Continental countries shows, to put through stabilisation or deflation reforms without paying certain unpleasant penalties. That is why the Schacht system is not universally liked. Germany's penalty is a credit and capital famine. After for years indulging in a debauch of manufactured credit, industry cannot raise sufficient working capital to keep itself going. Money for long terms costs 70 to 100 per cent.; often it cannot be borrowed even at these rates. In April and May not a single loan was floated and not a single issue

of industrial debentures was registered. The private banks no longer give credit. Their own capital has shrunk through depreciation to nothing, and their deposits have fallen more than 80 per cent. since 1913. The balance sheets of the seven largest banks for December 31st, 1923, show total deposits of a gold value of only 1,161,800,000 marks, against 6,067,900,000 marks ten years ago. Manufacturers find difficulty in paying wages; orders for goods are withheld because would-be buyers cannot raise money, and existing orders are cancelled. Depression prevails, and there are signs of a new increase of unemployment. In general, however, the Schacht system made for better business. Unemployment had already increased in the last year of inflation and depreciation; and six weeks after stabilisation there were 1,533,000 fully unemployed and over 800,000 partly unemployed in unoccupied territory only. By June 1st, 1924, the number of fully unemployed had fallen to 210,000, the number of partly unemployed (estimated) to 100,000. The belief of opponents that Schacht's deflation policy would mean permanent unemployment was proved to be wrong. But the capital famine ultimately brought the improvement to an end.

On this point Schacht holds very definite views, in which he is in sharp opposition to industry and to some outside experts. The capital famine, he says, is due to exhaustion during the war, to Reparations deliveries, and to the unpaid-for seizures of goods on the Ruhr. It is chronic. It cannot be remedied by national saving and by re-accumulation of capital, because such a recuperative process would need a very long time, and meantime the shortage of capital retards recuperation. The only remedy is to attract foreign capital into German industry, into mortgages, and into other long-term investments. This, however, will be possible only after Reparations are settled. It is therefore urgent, says Dr. Schacht, that the Dawes plan should be put into force at once. In the 'fifties and 'sixties of the past century Germany's coalmines and smelting concerns were largely developed with the aid of Belgian, English and Dutch capital. This process must be repeated. The

inducement is the very high interest rate which is bound to prevail in Germany during the next few decades. Some of the stable value loans, all fully secured, which were issued in 1923 to-day sell on the Berlin Bourse at prices which yield 18 per cent. interest. But foreigners do not buy them. Political uncertainty prevents foreign money flowing into Germany as it flows into all countries where high interest rates go together with reasonable safety.

That is Schacht's view, and he is supported by the Cabinet. The alternative method is to expand credit at home, that is, to manufacture credit. This method involves inflation, and inflation would upset the new currency stability, ruin the restored finances, and bring back the conditions of 1919-23. Schacht is unpopular in business circles because he refuses to manufacture credit. Business clamours for money at any price; and outside experts demand that the Reichsbank shall raise its present 10 per cent. discount rate to 20 per cent., or even more, and so encourage savings and re-accumulation; it is better, say these experts, to give very dear credit than not to give it at all. This clamour is natural enough, as for years business was taught to regard the State and the Reichsbank as the natural fountains of credit. Schacht insists that the old system shall not return. It is more important, he declares, to keep the currency stable and to keep the finances balanced than it is to relieve industry, hard-pressed though industry may be. On May 30th he told the Central Committee of the Reichsbank that "The Bank is determined that its credit policy shall continue to be governed by currency considerations. The reason for this is that there is no other way of maintaining the mark's stability. . . . Business must look out for itself." Business refuses to see things in this way. It remembers the easy profits of the inflation age, but does not remember the anarchy and uncertainty of which it then complained. "Since the Rentenmark was created," says the Finance Minister, Dr. Luther, "the German nation has forgotten how things formerly stood."

Substantially, the controversy raging around Dr. Schacht's name is an issue between honest currency and

honest State finance on one side, and on the other side speculation, debt evasion, and tax evasion. A vital international issue is also involved. Were the currency tomorrow to collapse and the State finances, as must inevitably follow, to fall back to confusion, the Reparations settlement would be postponed indefinitely. On the other hand, it may be said that if a Reparations settlement this time fails, the Schacht reforms will be imperilled. It is plain from Dr. Schacht's utterances, though he has not directly put it so, that he regards any immediate Reparations settlement which is at all tolerable as being preferable to postponement with the chance of a better settlement at a later date. Hence Schacht stands emphatically for the Dawes scheme, though that scheme contains many doubtful features. He declares that the necessary export surplus can be created, and that the 2,500,000,000 gold marks a year which is the normal sum provided for can therefore be paid. But on this point he makes two important reservations. The first is the question: will Germany be allowed to export? Will Allied countries and some neutral countries reverse their present trade policies in order that German export surpluses, which in the first instance represent merely surpluses of German production over German consumption, may really find buyers? The second point involves a question of principle, lying in the very nature of Reparations. If the international opposition to a flood of German exports is withdrawn, and if the annual payments are duly made to the Allies, will the Allies really benefit? That they will benefit is the underlying assumption of Reparations. Schacht doubts. He doubts whether it is under any circumstances possible to make very large transfers of wealth from one country to another country, or to a group of countries; and he suspects that the world's dread of the promised German export flood is merely an expression of the world's unconscious doubt concerning the very nature of Reparations. Put otherwise, there is more than a suspicion that as a result of various reactions, direct and indirect, on international industry, trade and indebtedness, the apparent German loss may not prove an Allied gain, and may not even prove

a German loss. Allied statesmen have never faced this problem, and could not face it without first giving certain embarrassing explanations of their past utterances and promises. That Dr. Schacht has not raised the problem with the design of preventing a Reparations settlement may be conceded; he has, in fact, never raised it publicly at all; and he presses for a settlement in the belief that, whatever the ultimate effects are for either party, the immediate effect will be an improvement in Germany's economic condition. This view can be understood in view of his expectation of foreign capital help, and of his opinion that the burden of the annual payments can be borne. No man in Germany presses more urgently for a settlement, for almost any kind of settlement. The meaning of his reservation is that, while Germany *can* carry out the settlement at present under consideration, a few years' experience will show whether the Allies will really like having it carried out. Probably this view, which is well known to everyone who has talked with Dr. Schacht on the subject, will have no influence on the immediate Reparations question. But it is significant as coming from a man who is, perhaps even more than a banker, an expert on international trade.

GEORGE FOX AND THE QUAKERS

BY GILBERT THOMAS

It is three hundred years since George Fox, the father of Quakerism, was born. If the ghost of this Leicestershire weaver's son could see the imposing building which is soon to arise opposite Euston Station, and which is to be the new headquarters of the "people called Friends," he would be amazed at the development of the Society of which he was at first the unconscious founder. The new building might suggest that numerically the Quakers are far stronger than they actually are. But, in any case, it would not be the size of the Society of Friends to-day that would impress Fox. It would be the *nature* of its development that would astonish, and perhaps not a little perplex, him. In his early days, Fox's prophetic zeal was such that he expected all Christendom to be won, sooner or later, to his own unorganised form of Christianity. What he could not foresee was that the organised Society which inevitably sprang up, even in his own lifetime, as the result of his itinerant preaching, would become, not extensive, but eminently respectable and prosperous in the worldly sense. And it is indeed a far cry from the time when Fox's first little bands of "seekers," humble and illiterate men and women, were the target of the worst kinds of ridicule and persecution to our own days, when Quakerism is suggestive to the popular mind not only of essential moral soundness, but of commercial success (built always on strict integrity) and of social dignity and influence. The ways of destiny, viewed in any but very long perspective, are strange, and, until the full flower of development can be seen, after events seem often to bear little relation to the seed. If, however, we cannot fathom the mysterious processes of growth, at least they hold us by their fascination; and it may not be without interest, therefore, to glance afresh at the founder of Quakerism and briefly to pass in review the salient features of the three hundred years of that history which he inaugurated, but of which the end is not yet.

I

George Fox was born at Fenny Drayton in 1624, the year before Charles I came to the throne. His father, called by his neighbours "Righteous Christer," was a weaver, who also dealt in wool and cattle. His mother, who was described by Penn as being "upright" and "accomplished beyond most of her degree," came of a family that had suffered much martyrdom in days gone by. Both she and her husband were members of the Church of England. George at an early age was "more serious, inward, solid and still" than their other children; but he does not appear to have been eccentric, and as a youth he was quite successful in dealing with his father's sheep. The turning point in his career seems to have been a visit in early manhood to a fair. Some friends took him to an inn, where unlimited drinks were ordered. Fox was revolted, and, leaving his share of the reckoning, quitted the tavern in loneliness and dejection of spirit. There followed days of misery and sleepless nights, and for a time he was "moved" to break off all relationships with his family and "fellowship with young and old." He wandered about the country, seeking spiritual light, but gaining none. Of the many "priests" whom he consulted, some recommended tobacco, others blood-letting, and others marriage as the solution of his problem. But in 1646 there came at last the first great "opening." It was revealed to him that "being educated at Oxford or Cambridge does not of necessity fit men to be ministers," and that "God does not dwell in temples made with hands." It "came" to him that the soul could only gain illumination by the direct "inner light" of God, and this brought him to his cardinal belief in the sufficiency and universality of Christ's spirit.

Filled with the glow and power of this revelation, Fox started upon his missionary journeys. These were to extend during the next forty years to Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Jamaica, the Barbados, America, Holland, and Germany; and when we remember the difficulties and hazards of travel in his day and the constant persecution

and imprisonment to which he was subjected, the mere mileage covered by Fox is evidence of his amazing courage and energy. His earlier travels, however, were mainly confined to the Midlands and North of England. The beginning of his preaching coincided with the establishment of the Commonwealth. It was a time when hope ran high. Despotism had been overthrown. A new era seemed to be dawning, and the day of tolerance, religious and political, was apparently at hand. In an age when religion was the main topic of popular conversation, the dreams of Utopia inspired by the Commonwealth took many fantastic religious forms, and, though the ideal of tolerance received lip service, dispute between the various Puritan sects rose, in fact, to a white heat of acrimony. It was to a world torn and embittered by rival theological theories that Fox came with his simple gospel of light and love. It is true that his own words and manner were sometimes bitter, and that in other ways—such as his attitude towards harmless pleasure—he reflected inevitably to some degree the temper of his times. But the essential spirit of the man was as gentle as his courage was great and as his teaching was, for his own contemporaries, new and revolutionary.

We will consider his teaching in a moment. First, however, a few typical incidents in his life may be recalled; and, to begin with, one incident that was not typical should, perhaps, be mentioned. As he was returning one day to Leicestershire from imprisonment at Derby, he approached Lichfield, and the three spires of the cathedral "struck at his life." Leaving his shoes with some shepherds, he entered the city, and, walking up and down the streets on market day, cried out repeatedly, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield." No one molested him; but Fox afterwards marvelled at his own conduct, and his own explanation of it is probably correct. Weakened as he was by long incarceration, his mind was subconsciously inflamed by stories told him as a boy by his mother of martyrdom at Lichfield in times past. Hostile critics have concentrated upon this strange act on the part of Fox and have used it to represent him as a wild fanatic. But the episode was an isolated one in his life. Two incidents that

were thoroughly characteristic may be cited. The first concerns his visit to Nottingham in 1649. Fox entered the "steeple-house" as the preacher, from the text of "We have also a more sure word of prophecy," was expounding the ordinary Protestant doctrine of the complete inspiration and authority of Scripture. Fox, at the conclusion of the sermon, stood up and proclaimed that it was not in the Scriptures themselves, but "in the divine light by which the Scriptures were given" that doctrines must be judged. For this declaration he was imprisoned. The second incident occurred while he was in Derby Gaol at the time of the Civil War. He was pressed for a soldier in Cromwell's army, and was, indeed, offered a captaincy. But he refused, saying that he "lived in virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars." Thus originated the pacifism that has always remained an essential factor in Quaker principle and practice.

When the incidents of Fox's life are thus baldly summarised, it might seem that he was a mere obstructionist or passive resister. A very different impression is gained from a perusal of his *Journal*. Unfortunately, the *Journal* is less read by the general public than it deserves to be, though its appearance in a popular edition¹ should now bring it within popular reach. It inevitably provokes comparison with Wesley's *Journal*. The superficial advantages are all in favour of Wesley, who was not only a scholar and a gentleman, but, in no unworthy sense, a man of the world. Wesley had an eye for everything, and a gift of incisive humour. His pages give us a unique picture of his times. Fox's do no such thing. Fox was an unlettered man, whose reading was limited to his Bible; and he was so completely absorbed in his mission that he has no general picture of his age to offer us. Nevertheless, with the story of his meetings, his travels and his imprisonments constantly repeating itself, his *Journal* somehow holds the attention no less surely than Wesley's; and this fact can only be attributed to the very vital and constructive, and at the same time attractive, spirit that it reflects.

(1) *The Journal of George Fox*. Edited by Norman Penney, with introduction by Rufus M. Jones, D.Litt. (Dent 5s.).

II

We have said that Fox's cardinal belief was the sufficiency and universality of Christ's spirit. This was, for his own day, a startling doctrine. It introduced a spring of living spiritual water into a world that had mistaken theology for religion. The various Puritan sects of the time were concerned more with theory than with conduct. Religion was a matter of intellectual belief, and the particular beliefs that were necessary for salvation, not in this world, where salvation was held to be impossible, but in a world to come, varied among the Presbyterians, the Independents, the Baptists, the Ranters, the Fifth Monarchy Men, and all the other sects that filled the complicated theological chequer-board of the Commonwealth. Fox's contention that the spirit of Christ was inherent in men of all classes and of all countries cut right across every generally accepted dogma. It was a denial, for instance, of the theory of election; it undermined all priestly authority; and, in sharp contrast to the prevailing idea that men even after salvation must repeatedly fall from grace in this world, it held out the prospect of human perfectibility. Fox's teaching, therefore, naturally influenced conduct in a way that the conventional Puritan doctrines failed to do, and it made for a sense of human brotherhood which in his own life found expression in his concern for reform and education.

In essence, of course, Fox's ideas were but a revival of those of primitive Christianity. But the crucial point about them is this: that they did not represent a deliberate or conscious return. If they had been but an imitation they would have lacked driving force. The immense driving force which they did actually possess was due to the fact that, through inward and patient searching, through agony of mind and bitter travail of soul, old truths came to Fox with all the glory and all the primitive purity and dynamic of a new discovery. He would study his Bible—no man ever knew it better—for confirmation of the truths he preached. But truth for him sprang, in the first instance, out of personal experience, as truth must always spring if it is to have reality and vitality.

The reality and vitality of Fox's message soon won him many disciples. He had at first no thought of founding a new religious sect. As we have said, his zeal inspired the hope that all Christendom would ultimately be won to his own unorganised form of religion. In this zeal there was no egotism. James Nayler, one of his early preachers, lost his head to the extent of himself receiving worship from his followers—a passing madness for which he suffered horrible penalties—but Fox himself always retained an unsullied personal humility. But if Fox had no desire for an organisation, it was forced upon him as converts multiplied; and, when he realised the necessity for it, he himself, a very practical mystic, played a foremost part in fashioning it. The organisation of the Society of Friends has undergone modifications since his day; but it remains substantially unaltered, and the "Meeting for Sufferings," which is still regularly held, recalls by its name the fact that the first concern of the early Friends, when they met together in conference, was for those of their number who were persecuted and imprisoned. The main characteristics of Quaker church organisation—the equality in government between men and women, and the dispensing with ordained ministers, sacraments, ornament and music—are familiar to all. One interesting feature, however, is less well known and is worthy of mention. The business meeting of every Quaker church appoints its own "clerk," who acts both as chairman and secretary, and brings before the meeting the various subjects to be considered. After each question has been freely discussed, he records "the sense of the meeting" in a minute. There is no voting. A wide difference of opinion causes, as a rule, an adjournment by agreement, and further time and consideration seldom fail to make a united decision possible.

III

It is one of the recurring paradoxes of history that when an organisation comes into being, the life and energy that created it are themselves often lost. But so long as Fox lived, the Quaker movement, in spite of the organisation, retained its primitive simplicity, purity, and driving force.

This it did in the face of constant persecution, which, for all Utopian dreams, continued under Cromwell and became still severer under Charles II. During Fox's lifetime over 13,000 Friends were imprisoned, of whom some hundreds died in gaol. What imprisonment was like in the seventeenth century has been vividly described by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in their "English Prisons under Local Government." With the passing of the Toleration Act, however, in 1689, the year after the Revolution, persecution ceased. Fox just lived to see the Toleration Act, and with that and his death we enter upon a new phase of Quaker history. Before coming to this, however, reference must be made to two leaders who formed in some sense a bridge between the first period and the second.

These leaders were William Penn and Robert Barclay. Macaulay has represented Fox as having been, in modern parlance, a mere "tub-thumper." If however, he had been such, it is inconceivable that he should have gained the respect, if not the agreement, of a man like Judge Fell, of Swarthmore Hall, or won his widow for his wife; and it is even more inconceivable that he should have converted Penn and Barclay, who were not only men of family and education, but of real intellectual distinction. Penn, who joined Fox in 1668, is, probably, the most generally familiar of all the Quaker leaders, and in the figure of this handsome admiral's son, who, after seeing military service and having enjoyed the frivolities of the Court, threw away his sword and donned, at the age of twenty-four, the quiet Quaker garb, there is certainly an element of the picturesque. Penn's experiment in colonisation gives him a place apart not merely in Quaker, but in national and international, history. Sympathetic critics have, doubtless, painted the story of Pennsylvania in the rosiest possible colours. But, when every allowance has been made for exaggeration, it has to be admitted that as a coloniser Penn showed himself to be immensely ahead of his times, and, though the growing complexity of events and the outvoting of the Quaker element in the Assembly brought ultimate defeat to his scheme, his dealing for many years with the

Indians remains for all time an object-lesson in the practical possibilities of idealism and goodwill. Penn claims a further niche in national history from the fact that it was through his courage and skill that the right of juries to their own opinion was, once and for all, established in English law. Penn's influence upon his own Society at home cannot yet be finally determined. That he introduced an entirely new element into it is obvious, and it was inevitable that one of his rank, enjoying Court favour and possessing uncommon political abilities, should have been regarded with suspicion by the more simple-minded among his own sect. Penn's sincerity, however, was sufficiently recognised before his own death, and has since been established beyond all doubt.

Robert Barclay joined Fox in 1667. He was then a youth of nineteen. The son of Colonel Barclay, of Urie, in Morayshire, he received a "polite" education, which he completed in Paris. He was a man of warm feelings, but of predominating intellect. He was essentially a theological student, and it was, therefore, but natural that he should seek theological justification for the new faith he had embraced, and that he should strive to give it a definite theological constitution. This he achieved in his *Apology for the True Christian Divinity*, published in Latin in 1676 and translated by himself into English in 1678. Barclay stressed the importance of immediate revelation, and emphasised the superiority of inner light to reason or Scripture. There was nothing here with which any disciple of Fox could quarrel. But merely by stating the early Quaker beliefs in theological and intellectual terms Barclay unconsciously contributed, there can be little doubt, to the change that came over Quakerism in the eighteenth century.

IV

Eighteenth century Quakerism is characterised by its lapse into quietism. Many factors combined to cause this lapse. There was, to begin with, the comparative indifference of the period itself to religion. Secondly, the cessation of persecution found the Society exhausted

through long suffering, and the inevitable reaction set in. Thirdly, there was the passing of the great leaders. And, fourthly, Barclay by his *Apology* had, however unintentionally, made it easier for Friends to regard themselves, not as missionaries out to win the world, but as members of a self-contained sect. The Quakers, indeed, now became "a peculiar people." Itinerant preaching ceased, and the Society became almost wholly absorbed in petty questions of internal discipline and organisation. Rigid conformity to prevailing Quaker notions of dress became a matter of more importance than gaining converts to Christianity. Excluded from political life, and cut off by their own principles from all normal amusements, Friends gave to business whatever thought they did not give to their Society. Their strict honesty and their frugal habits of life brought them a commercial prosperity which was not as a rule sought deliberately; and it is at least to their credit that philanthropy became, as it has always remained, associated with their success. Their increasing wealth was also used to improve the education of their own children, and in 1779 was opened, at Ackworth, the first of those Quaker schools that have, deservedly, won a high reputation.

But, if eighteenth century Quakerism had its redeeming lights, its general aspect was as dull and uninspiring as its own garb of the period. It had lost touch with the world. It was divorced from life, and even from the Bible. Fox put experience before the Bible, but he never made the mistake of ignoring the Bible. Many of the eighteenth century Friends, however, not only dismissed the Bible, but rejected all learning and all external influences, on the ground that nothing must be allowed to come between themselves and the inner voice of God. Others were tempted to enthrone Barclay's *Apology* as their Bible.

Awakening came with the Wesleyan Revival. The rising tide of enthusiasm caused some of the more evangelical Friends to leave the Society. But many leaders, including Joseph John Gurney, remained loyal and infused into Quakerism itself a more evangelical spirit. Other influences in the nineteenth century served to restore con-

tact between Quakerism and the world. The repeal of the Test Act, and the opening of the universities to Nonconformists, brought Friends into public life, for which many of them—John Bright, of course, most conspicuously—found themselves to be well adapted. The century saw a great revival of Quaker aggressive work. In its earlier decades Friends played an important part in securing prison reform and the abolition of slavery; while in more recent days they have become prominent in fields of religious, social, political, and educational activity too numerous to mention, and as a denomination have exercised an influence out of all proportion to their numerical strength. In the business world, it is needless to add, Quaker names have become household words. If the prosperity of latter-day Quakerism has seemed often to have obscured the simplicity of spirit associated with George Fox, at least the Society of Friends has produced a type of character—honest, truthful, and reliable—that is now almost universally respected.

V

The war came as a fundamental challenge to the Society of Friends. Its traditional tenets and beliefs were brought suddenly into an opposition with popular ideas as complete as that of Fox's day, and Friends were compelled to examine themselves and to ask whether those tenets and beliefs had become merely traditional, or whether they still represented a sincere and vital faith. And the test revealed the fact that, though the fire of primitive Quakerism might have slumbered, it had not died out. A small number of Friends volunteered for military service; but as a body they demonstrated afresh their conviction of the futility of force, and showed their readiness to suffer again for that conviction. In actual fact, they need not have suffered, for when conscription was introduced in 1916, the Government offered them complete exemption from war service on the grounds of their established and recognised objections. However the pacifism of Quakers may itself be regarded, none can fail to appreciate that

their spiritual vitality was attested by their refusal to accept for themselves an exemption that was denied to others who, not belonging to their own body, yet shared their views upon war. Scores of young Friends soon found themselves in prison or military detention barracks, in which latter some of them were at first subjected to real brutality. A few were taken to France and condemned to death, though the sentence was not carried out. Popular opinion thought, and may still think, that their views were wrong. But at least it must be admitted that they were worthy descendants of George Fox.

And in other ways than a refusal to embrace a selfish exemption from military service, the Friends showed that, if their Society had known long periods of quietism, its life had not decayed. They organised an ambulance unit of their own; with quiet resolution, undeterred by sometimes violent opposition, they persisted in their care of the "enemy aliens" in our midst, until they were interned; and, above all, they organised and carried through a vast system of relief work in the devastated areas of France and Belgium, and, after the Armistice, in the late enemy countries, which was characterised as much by its good management as by its good will. It is significant that many among the less educated foreigners who benefited by their activities took the words "Quaker" and "Christian" to be synonymous English terms. The Friends did not go to them as Friends. They went simply as friends.

VI

Quakerism came into its first fine flowering in a time of opposition and suffering. It has needed another such time to call forth a second harvest really worthy of it. The most thorough-going Quaker—and the present writer is not one at all—would not claim for his own sect any monopoly of truth. The most prejudiced outsider, on the other hand, could hardly fail to recognise that there are certain aspects of truth which the Society of Friends has been unique in presenting and emphasising; and it will be with great loss to the world, therefore, if it allows itself to sink back into

mere traditionalism and quietism. It is clear that the spirit of George Fox is not dead; but it must not be permitted to slumber. This does not mean, of course, that there must be a slavish worship or imitation of Fox. That would be a fundamental denial of the dynamic principle for which, above everything else, Fox himself stood. Fox inevitably reflected many of the limitations of his own day; and it is well that his followers have now almost completely broken away from those crudities of mind and habit and conduct which they too long thought it necessary to retain. To-day Friends are active in every walk of life. The State does not exclude them from political service, and their own scruples no longer shut them off from literature, music, and art. If into all departments of life they can infuse something of the essential spirit of Fox, Quakerism has before it a great future. This does not necessarily mean that it will expand largely in numbers as a religious denomination, and it is one of the supreme virtues of Quakerism that it does not trouble about that. It is more concerned for the advance of its ideals, whatever labels they may assume, than it is for the mere swelling of its own statistics. Except in its quiescent periods, it has spread a greater leaven through society than some religious bodies with many times its own actual membership; and its influence will be yet further extended if Friends remember their origin and refuse to let comfort or custom ensnare them.

DINNER WITH CARLOS

BY THEODORE A. COOK

WE were staying some years ago in a pretty villa on the slope from the outskirts of Florence to Fiesole, sufficiently near tramlines and taxicabs to be almost—as one might say elsewhere—in touch with society in the city, yet far enough away to make city engagements—especially evening engagements—something adventurous. So when we were invited out to dinner and a theatre (those were his words) by Carlos we were naturally excited. You must understand that Carlos may almost be described as an adventure in himself. A visit to his lovely house had filled us with desire for more. His pictures, his carvings, his drawings by Old Masters, his vividly active intelligence floating over life's every artistic manifestation either in his own surroundings or in any part of the world with which mind or body was in temporary contact—all these things, expressed as he so volubly expressed them in whatever language happened to be uppermost, made up a fascinating kaleidoscope twirled for your delectation by a master-hedonist. So we determined we would run no risk of losing any minute of him, and would make sure of our meeting "outside the Florence Club at seven-fifteen."

At a quarter to seven, with our hair oiled till we could oil it no more (I speak in images), we were waiting rather breathlessly in our little hall, listening for the motor. Yes, we had ordered a motor car, driven by a noble Muscovite, no less, so as to do the thing in style. Seven o'clock struck loudly like a hammer on my heart, as I realised that I had put my trust in exiled Russian princes, and there was now only just time to do the journey. At ten minutes past we gave him up, and left instructions for a hurried telephone message to be sent down to Carlos, whom we imagined stamping round the club. We ran through our dusky garden to the corner gate, which cut off nearly half a mile of the main road outside. We dashed at a careless-looking tram and made off, panting, to the city of our

dreams. Halfway the tram was certainly not going half fast enough. We dashed out of it again and hurled ourselves into an astonished taxicab which proceeded in cinquecento curves and with great clamour of engine, horn and footboards towards the Piazza del Duomo. Then to the right, and through another and more modern open space, towards the club. Carlos had just arrived and was watching with great enjoyment the spirals of his cigarette-smoke slowly rising into the expectant evening air.

The half-hour struck jubilantly from half a dozen towers as he began to shake hands all round, and then suggested we should go on foot to his selected place for dinner. It sounded like Haroun al Raschid bent on examining incognito the purlieus of his capital. The Grand Vizier, Badroulbador, and Fatima, each heavily veiled in costly furs, made gladly ready to accompany him. I may add that we heard nothing of the Russian chauffeur-prince that night, and I have seen nothing of him since. He seems to have suddenly determined, a little earlier in the afternoon of that same day, to fly to Samarcand or somewhere else by aeroplane, and we had faded out of his memory completely.

The walk with Carlos to his unknown dinner-place was everything you could possibly imagine, and even more; for excitements and delays had already made us hungrily anticipate our goal. Deviously and rhetorically he moved through the vespertine beauties of the city, settling here and there, like some gay blue-stocking of a butterfly, to sip the casual sweets of the æsthetic honey so plentifully spread before us in the architectural flower-bed of Florence. We grew hungrier and hungrier, until at last he stopped before the Antinori Palace and announced that this building gave him the opportunity he had long been desiring, of telling us precisely how the best Florentine palaces had been developed. He proceeded to explain with an airy fulsomeness of appreciative detail that would at any other moment have been captivating in the extreme. As it was, I longed to slip a green gauze net over his head, carefully extract him without tarnishing the gloss upon his wings, and pop him deftly into the

cyanide that should be his euthanasia. The truth is that my mind was never less attuned to architecture. I seemed to be obsessed with dinner. Faint, toothsome, but elusive, the Oriental fragrance of repasts prepared for Scheherazade and her nightly story seemed floating in the musk of evening. Convivial sounds of shifted plates and popping corks seemed echoing on every hospitable zephyr. I made a feeble sign of feverish fatigue.

"Dinner, of course," smiled Carlos Haroun al Raschid, as if the idea had just occurred to him, and not unpleasantly. "As we *are* here, we might as well dine here. Follow me!"

We followed; it was long before the British Institute had thought of coming here; and our curiosity as to his possible acquaintance with the supposed lordly owners of the Antinori Palace was entirely swamped in healthy appetite. He moved across the road till the bossed masonry of the great building bulged over our heads, and went in at a little side door on the level of the street. As we turned out of the quiet thoroughfare and passed one by one beneath that black, mysterious lintel, a blast of heat and noise and cookery smote me like a physical buffet in the face.

"Here," he cried joyfully, "is the Buca. Lapi will give us welcome!"

Without the faintest notion what he meant, we strove forward, intent on immediate repletion at all costs—Carlos' costs, of course. Little we knew! Eight o'clock was sounding in a cheerfully muffled peal as we descended a steaming, crowded staircase, which felt like falling down an over-populated chimney into an oven. At the bottom appeared what I can only call the hilarious representation of a Bacchanalian Inferno. We reached a little landing on the left of the last stone stair. It was almost completely filled with a cooking-stove in full activity; two myrmidons in white were moving purposefully to and fro. As we drew level one of them advanced, and in tones that might have rocked the Albert Hall to its foundations, shouted to the pandemonium beneath him, "Burro! Dio Cane! Burro!!"

But it was evidently not the call to instant revolution which it sounded. Nobody in the feasting crowd beneath the vaulted ceiling paid the least attention. As we struggled onwards a waiter, murder in his bloodshot eyes and a napkin flourished like a red flag over his head, bounded past us, bellowing to one of the white-clad ministrants we had just left behind, "Vitello! Subito!" No one took any notice. The noise increased. We were at last on the floor of a huge cellar. The rounded arches over us flared with every colour of the rainbow, for posters and advertisements in brilliant hues were pasted over every inch of them. We fought past the steaming tables to a far-off corner, heralded, as soon as our brave Carlos had been recognised, by shouts of command like those of a despairing general who was calling up his reinforcements for some gory and prolonged encounter. A waiter, apparently in the throes of frenzied agitation, had whispered fatefully in Carlos' ear, then, turning suddenly, hurled at the distant cooking-stove in a voice of thunder the magic syllables, "Sfoggia! 'Sparagi!!" followed almost immediately by "Pane! Piatti Caldi! Chianti!!" It sounded like the battle-cry of a forlorn hope. No one paid the least attention. We sat down almost too dazed to remember we were famine-stricken. Carlos at once turned to the next table, rose and left us. I thought at first it was to hasten preparations for our meal. Vain aspiration! When I turned round he was talking to the loveliest lady in the room, in a tongue completely unknown to me, and was evidently suggesting that they should forthwith fly together to some foreign clime and there indulge in all the transports of illicit union. Our table remained a naked desert of blue chequers. No one brought us bite or sup. No one apparently was ever going to. The whole of the rest of that great cloudy, flagrant, and uproarious mob was eating and drinking with indecent determination and audible success.

The eyes of Carlos, rolling in a fine frenzy of amorous defiance, happened by some fortunate chance to fall on mine. He bounded to his feet. The lady at his side—Trans-Caucasian if ever I knew Tiflis—turned with imme-

diate and absorbing emotion to her vast plate of spaghetti. Would he at last remember us? Another, an entirely different, waiter hurled himself like the villain of a transpontine tragedy in the direction of his left shoulder, then leapt upon the nearest chair, and even the turmoil of that reverberating crowd was momentarily vanquished by his stentorian bellow to the cooking-stove, "Vitella di latte!" No one regarded him and nothing happened.

I write the words down as I hazily remember them. They meant nothing to me then. They convey very little to me now. They seemed suddenly from time to time to split the odorous chaos round me and then become absorbed in multifarious alien deglutitions. Carlos himself was evidently unmoved by any such casual stridencies. I suppose it is living in the constant clatter of gongs from impending trams, hoots from bursting motors, and oaths from homicidal cab-drivers, that makes your true Florentine impervious to noise. In the next moment I could hardly believe my eyes. Carlos was actually standing next to us. One hand was negligently fluttering Fatima's hitherto untroubled dinner-napkin, the other loosening his collar, when his whole face suddenly lit up. Was it, could it be dinner? Ah! no. It was an aged, chuckling maniac with a concertina. They almost fell into one another's arms.

The maniac beckoned violently into the distance behind him. His loose lips moved and slavered, but I could hear no sound from them. Yet evidently his gesture had been widely understood. From different parts of that reeking cavern of a cellar came broken phrases spouting into the clotted air—"Inno di Garibaldi! . . . Carabinieri! . . . Bersaglieri!" The maniac gave a ghastly grin, propped himself between the back of my chair and the wall, and let out a hideous chord of brayed cacophony from his swollen and appalling instrument. Carlos seemed as overjoyed as he had just been with his Black Sea Botticelli: "This is the March of Garibaldi upon Rome," he told us with the most innocently forgetful satisfaction in the world. And the march began to the clamant joy of everybody. Even in the far recesses where the cooking-stove was bubbling

with suppressed excitement, a huge wooden ladle, waved in the air, spread gravy and applause impartially. Six times that dreadful concertina seemed about to stop. Six several dreadful times, amid torrents of ruthless appreciation, it re-started. It clashed out a separate and plangent tune for every regiment marching on the devoted bastions of the Eternal City. Everybody began banging the tables with their forks to keep time with the tramping legions on their advance. Finally I gave up all hope. Resting my head upon my hands, I was falling into a sullen stupor of starvation and despair, when the Boanerges of the cooking-stove shattered the blazing firmament of advertisements above us with a roar of "Marsala! Frascati!!"

A moment's earnest tumult obscured the bottom of the entrance-stair in the remote distance. We dimly beheld Carlos' Italian chauffeur in the midst of it, consuming placidly and meritoriously an excellent repast composed of fragments from every dish sent past him from the cooking-stove in our direction. But this time there was more to follow. The mouthing maniac had vanished with his infernal concertina. A waiter, mildly resplendent and calmly conscious of his victory, a pile of plates reeling on one bent arm, bore down upon us as the clock struck nine. With a whisper of "Tortino!" as gentle as a mother's to her sucking child, he placed on the table a dish of what looked like the parboiled ears of freshly slaughtered babes. Feeling like some brutal modern mixture of Herod, Heliogabalus, and Hampstead Heath, I fell upon my portion of it silently, ferociously, without a thought of anything else in the wide world.

Dinner at last!

Dinner in Florence!!

Dinner at the Buca!!!

I was about to add "Dinner with Carlos"; but he was already half-way through someone else's sole and asparagus at another table. Far, far later, after Chianti, after Asti Spumante, after coffee, we were packing ourselves into his motor car. It all seemed like a dream. Naturally he was not with us. He had been left behind gesticulating with a far, far better friend upon the pavement just outside

the club. We sped onwards and upwards to the legendary foothills of Fiesole, alone. I have never dined in Florence again, and probably—in the same sense—I never shall.

If Carlos ever reaches the London he announced some time ago—in Buda Pesth—to be his destination, he shall be ushered without the least delay into the glacial dignities of the Megatherium and instantaneously served with pounds of solid food and ancient port in bumpers. Yet even then I doubt if he will for long appreciate the superior civilisation of Pall Mall. The morning after, I see him motoring to Southampton and the yacht, smiling his jovial orders to the captain (who knows better) that “she shall tarry nowhere till we anchor off the quay at Tiflis.” I see him, long before the Golden Horn salutes the sunrise, turning aside to hear the latest stories from some friendly brigand in the Venetian shadows of Ragusa, or rousing forlorn Spalato from the splendour of her ruined dream, or lingering by the ripple of the beaches where Corcyra whispers of the princess who loved a sailor. Ah! that Princesse Lointaine—she happened (in this instance) to be playing saintly scriptural characters in a film on the other side of the Atlantic when Carlos sought her near the Caucasus. But he will meet her everywhere, and everywhere he will be happy, even when he goes back to the reek of Lapi’s roaring restaurant.

MEXICO AND GREAT BRITAIN

By DR. E. J. DILLON

It is surprising how little curiosity is shown or felt by political circles in this country about Mexico and how unresponsive they are to efforts to whet it. Their ignorance respecting that Republic is equalled by their credulity. For them it is a land of unlimited incongruities in which the wildest travellers’ tales are everyday happenings, for they lack a touchstone by which to distinguish the possible from the inconceivable there. And this is true even of our Foreign Office. I should like here to emphasise the circumstance that the conflict with Mexico was wantonly brought about by the Foreign Secretaries of the Cabinets of the last four years acting upon misleading information supplied by Mr. Cummins, who in turn was backed by the Foreign Office. The present Government deserves the credit of having at once discerned the blunders of its predecessors and taken the proper steps to correct them, but was frustrated by the Keeper of the Archives.

And yet it is not a stimulus that is lacking. Britain’s investments in the Mexican Republic are already very large, while her potential interests are correspondingly great and growing. But it is taken for granted that the United States is Mexico’s natural keeper, and therefore best qualified to turn a watchful eye on her doings. Not only is the Yankee Mexico’s next-door neighbour, it is argued, but his investments in that Republic largely exceed those of Great Britain, and entitle him to a privileged position. Now that current belief, like most British assumptions about the Mexican Republic, is incorrect. As a matter of fact the British have a much larger sum of money locked up in various undertakings in Mexico than have Yankee capitalists—in plain figures, 60,847,000 U.S. dollars more than these.¹

(1) I have gone carefully into this matter, and obtained, sifted, and classified all available data on the subject. Results are inevitably only approximate. A confidential Bulletin (No. 50) of the U.S. Department

And yet for years we have had no Government representative qualified to look after our interests in Mexico. Like the United States, this country broke off official relations with the Republic, but our Foreign Office, unlike the Washington State Department, waywardly insisted on dealing with President Obregón's Administration through an intermediary who, undesirable from the outset, became at last so obnoxious to Mexican officials that the doors of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs were closed against him and his every communication was ignored. And this state of things was deliberately perpetuated by the Foreign Office, despite the polite requests made by President Obregón and his representatives that the British Government should choose some other mouthpiece and notwithstanding the grievous detriment to British commercial interests that ensued.

The few here who are supposed to be acquainted with the Mexican situation imagine it to be still as it was during the decade of civil disorder that plunged the land in utter chaos and was ended in May, 1920. They have no inkling of the marvellous changes wrought in the Republic since then by the genial pacifist who reluctantly took up arms

of Commerce, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce (December 10th, 1921), gives the following estimate :—

Investment.	American.	British.
Government bonds	\$22,000,000	\$120,000,000
Bank shares	3,500,000	2,500,000
Steam railways	134,040,000	245,420,000
Light, power, and tramway companies	3,000,000	113,850,000
Telegraph and telephone companies ...	700,000	—
Mining and smelting	276,000,000	65,000,000
Coal mines	3,200,000	1,675,000
Oil lands and refineries	90,000,000	50,000,000
Manufacturing	13,020,000	16,200,000
Wholesale and retail stores	1,338,000	—
Plantation, hacienda, and timber properties	105,000,000	55,000,000
	<u>\$651,798,000</u>	<u>\$669,645,000</u>

I discovered, however, on further investigation, that this estimate is incorrect, understating the amount invested in British light, power, and tramway companies by \$43,000,000. That brings the British total to \$712,645,000 (U.S. currency).

ten years ago in order that revolutions, brigandage, and anarchism, which had lived by the sword, should perish by the sword. After a campaign of several years, during which this anti-militarist was never once defeated in the field, he restored order, reformed the laws and enforced their observance, repaired the highways, spanned rivers with bridges, extended the net of railways, multiplied the schools, and through his enthusiastic Minister, Vasconcelos, inaugurated against illiteracy a veritable crusade which has had a remarkable success.

In these and other ways General Obregón, who in the meanwhile had become President of the Republic, was steadily making headway against obstacles, natural and artificial, when he met with a serious setback in the outbreak of the recent short-lived rebellion. It is not to be supposed that a decade of internecine strife and frightful destructiveness should not have left deep and abiding traces in the economic, financial, and spiritual conditions of the people. But in spite of the fierce opposition which proceeded from the caste of ambitious and reckless freebooters, whose once defenceless prey was now efficaciously protected and whose occupation was consequently gone, he not merely consolidated the country, internally restoring the state of things to what it had been before the outbreak of the civil war, but he contrived to bring the masses under the direct influence of that civilisation which theretofore had been the apanage of the few.

Thus the Republic was fast convalescing. Commerce and industry were regaining their vitality. Foreign capital had begun to flow into the country so abundantly that the Government had to take measures to canalise it. Projects for the irrigation of fertile lands, for the drainage of rivers, the creation of new national industries, the colonisation of vast districts by experienced European husbandmen were being devised or in process of achievement. The work of raising the cultural standard of the people was moving apace. In the crusade against illiteracy contagious enthusiasm wrought miracles of self-denial among the apostles of education. The law-courts were being purged of their noxious elements. Peasant proprietorship

had been engrafted and was being systematically extended, portions of immense estates being divided up voluntarily or compulsorily among the necessitous. In Yucatán one of the most interesting experiments in State Socialism ever yet attempted was being made by my friend the Governor.¹ All the landed property belonging to the Government was split up and apportioned among the landless who were able and willing to till it. In a word, President Obregón had fulfilled his promises to the nation within the limits of the possible and was looking forward to delivering up his trust pacifically to his successor.

Foreign peoples, convinced that the Mexican State-ship was at last in the hands of a skilful pilot, had renewed relations with his Government and were vying with each other in the race for that kind of amity which brings in its wake lucrative trade and commerce.

To these lights corresponded deep shadows. Productivity was still considerably below the standard of normal times, of foreign countries, and of national needs. Strikes were frequent and costly and often irrational. Señor de la Huerta, to the astonishment of many, had so mismanaged the finances that he seriously jeopardised the credit of the Republic, besides forfeiting his own, and the federal Government was battling with impecuniosity. The legislature was frequently giving trouble exactly as in European countries, and the wanton abuse of Parliamentary inviolability was becoming quite intolerable. Bribery and corruption were still gnawing the vitals of certain branches of the administration despite the drastic measures adopted by the Central Government to root them out.

But making due allowance for these and other noxious survivals, it is fair to say that Mexico was on the high road to prosperity. Thoughtful citizens were therefore moderately satisfied, business people hopeful, the bulk of the population was wrapped up in its own fleeting interests, which lay mostly outside the sphere of politics; and the one thing necessary to all was peace. Mexico's financial

(1) Felipe Carrillo, who last January was seized by rebels and, together with his three brothers, executed.

obligations were unconditionally recognised, the claims of the bondholders and other security holders having been settled at a series of meetings of international bankers held in New York.¹ And when President Obregón was advised to insist first on the recognition of his Administration and only then to discuss Mexico's obligations, he replied:—"Our commitments must be met fairly. We cannot make the discharge of our duty a subject of barter. To pay our debts is our particular problem, and it is for us to solve it. To recognise our Government is the duty of other States, and it is for them to fulfil it, if they be so minded."

Those cheering results appealed forcibly to all sections of the population, and more especially to the foreign elements engaged in commerce and industry, and through their Chambers of Commerce they petitioned their respective governments to recognise the Obregón Administration without further delay. The South American Republics, Italy, Spain, Holland and Czecho-Slovakia were among the first to renew official relations with regenerate Mexico. The English-speaking countries held out longest. The State Department in Washington, however, yielded at length to the vigorous appeals made by enthusiastic Yankees, of whom scores of thousands visited the country and testified to its unprecedented progress. Two citizens of recognised integrity, judicial temper and high moral feeling were sent as official delegates to Mexico to view things as they were there and report on what they saw. Messrs. Warren and Payne carefully studied conditions in the country, tested the good faith of the Obregón Administration and informed their President that it would be a mistake not to renew official dealings with the neighbouring Republic, whereupon recognition followed and an Ambassador was appointed. To assert, as Lord Curzon blithely did in the House of Lords, that Mexico presents no semblance to civilisation is a gross misstatement. It is, however, quite true of the opera-bouffe Mexico, which is the only one known to Lord Curzon, symbolised by the buxom widow Evans standing on the roof of her country house putting two hundred trained soldiers to flight with a shot-

(1) On June 17th, 1922, the final agreement was drafted and signed.

gun, and the Minister of War, like Mars at the siege of Troy, hastening to take part in the fray. With such a country no ceremony, no courtesy, is needed.

All the civilised States of the globe welcomed Mexico back to the community of nations except the one towards which the Mexican people and Government had felt and evinced the strongest attraction—Great Britain. For it is notorious that these two peoples when in close contact have for each other what may aptly be termed an eclectic affinity. Their national interests, too, run more nearly parallel than those of Mexico and any other State. British immigrants are always very cordially welcomed, and British residents sincerely respected there. To enter into close friendship with Great Britain was ever a heartfelt desire of President Obregón and his colleagues. To these motives for an amicable understanding must be added our material interests which, as I have shown, outweigh those of the United States.

And yet, in spite of all these inducements to the striking up of a cordial friendship, the two Governments drifted further and further apart until at last our Foreign Office was publicly humiliated.

The main cause of this estrangement was the presence of a spokesman of our Foreign Office to whom the Mexican authorities objected as disqualified and undesirable.

As the case against President Obregón's Administration has been put before the British public over and over again, in biassed and highfalutin language, it is but fair that the other side should obtain a hearing.

The Mexican authorities then affirm that Mr. Cummins' reports to his Government were generally unfavourable and misleading. That they were often unfavourable, they go on to say, may be gathered from the stereotyped answer officially returned in Parliament to the question: "Why has the Obregón Administration not been recognised by our Government?" "Because from the reports received from that country it is clear that that Administration is unstable, and normal conditions have not yet been restored." That those reports were misleading may be inferred from the fact that every other country was pro-

claiming the contrary, and even the United States, which was least of all disposed to stretch a point in favour of its freedom-loving neighbour, had come to the conclusion that a state of "normalcy" had been established and was being well upheld by President Obregón and his Ministers. Lastly, the authorship of those reports was undoubted, seeing that Mr. Cummins, although without diplomatic rank and merely the keeper of the sere and yellow leaves of the archives, was the intermediary chosen by our Foreign Office for its communications and was backed by it through thick and thin.

When Mr. Cummins in that capacity entered into relations with the Obregón Cabinet he was, it is alleged, already tainted with the original and unpardonable sin of intermeddling in the home politics of Mexico. According to President Obregón this is what had happened. When the election of a substitute for the late President Carranza was about to be held in May, 1920, Mr. Cummins approached and requested him to push the candidature of a certain Robles Dominguez—a Conservative, and a Catholic. The Keeper of the Archives received the answer he deserved from General Obregón, whose wrath was all the more intense that Mr. Cummins had expressly assured him that he was authorised by the British Government to interview him and solicit his intervention with the object of having Señor Dominguez appointed provisional President on the ground that that citizen was agreeable to Great Britain, who had promised in advance to lend him her full support!

Those details narrated by General Obregón to some of his colleagues were speedily bruited abroad in the capital and eagerly commented on. The Press, however, discreetly passed the matter over in silence, but the editor and proprietor of the principal newspaper informed some prominent foreigners of what had taken place, and one of the first confidential communications I received from General Obregón turned upon that curious episode, every detail of which he described to me.

It is now perhaps intelligible why Mr. Cummins was not fancied by the Mexican authorities as the spokesman of the

British Government. Nor was their wrath appeased when circumstantial reports reached their ears that he was making no secret of his conviction that the Mexican people are incapable of self-government, and will never reform from within. But, in spite of these provocations, General Obregón, composing himself to a considerate spirit, allowed the Keeper of the Archives an opportunity to study leisurely for himself the deciding facts, in the hope that he would ultimately recognise and embody them in his reports to the Foreign Office, and in the meanwhile Mr. Cummins was treated with the utmost consideration. Only when it seemed that his convictions were fixed as definitely as his interests did the Mexican Government politely ask for his recall,¹ on the ground that the activity of a man with his antecedents and spirit would freeze all cordiality between any two Governments.

If a request of this nature were made by the United States, France, or any other Great Power, it would be accorded forthwith as a matter of course, and very properly. For after all, if the spokesman of a State fails to hit it off with the Government with which he has to deal, his usefulness is at an end. His only function is to facilitate intercourse between the two States, and it stands to reason that, once he has become unfitted to do this, his mission ceases automatically, and it is the duty of his employers to recognise this by giving him a successor. Our Foreign Office, however, did the opposite. It upheld him aggressively, making it clear that Mexico should have no say in the matter, but must put up with the Keeper indefinitely. The Mexican authorities affirm that, since his return from London two years ago with this decision, Mr. Cummins made them feel that he had defeated them, and was bent on making the most of his victory.

Ever since then the obduracy of the British Foreign Office, the unfriendly attitude of the Keeper of the Archives, and the consequent neglect of British interests have been the common talk of English-speaking residents in Mexico. Enterprising individuals from Europe visiting that Republic with promising schemes would hopefully

(1) About two years ago.

approach the Keeper and then discover to their dismay that he was not received by the Mexican Government, and that his intervention would damage their cause. In their desperation some British merchants took the view that, as the Foreign Office refused to be reasonable, their best plan would be to look out for American agencies and drop the British lines whenever feasible. They plausibly argued that, if they imported American goods on commission, the American Government should and would protect them, on the ground that, until actually sold, the merchandise remained the property of the American manufacturers who had shipped it. Never before were the economic interests of our people so completely ignored by its official guardians, or the prestige of our Government so wantonly lowered.

Nor was there any hope of a speedy change. For on the one hand Ministers in Parliament stated that its attitude was the consequence of unfavourable reports from Mexico, while on the other hand they refused to relieve the man whose reports were thus invariably adverse and to send another in his place. Moreover—and this was one of the main counts in the indictment against the Foreign Office—as Mr. Cummins was not a member of the Diplomatic Corps but a temporary employee, his salary was dependent on the non-recognition of the Mexican Government, that is to say, on the continuation of his unfavourable despatches, for if he should report favourably, normal relations would be re-established, and he would lose his post. Seeing that the unfavourable accounts went on even after the United States had recognised the Obregón Administration as honest, well-meaning and progressive, British residents lost patience altogether and met to consider the situation.

At last the Chamber of Commerce took the matter up and unanimously adopted a significant resolution, a copy of which was sent to the Foreign Office and was duly pigeon-holed there. In that resolution the Chamber, supported by all the British firms in the Republic of Mexico, declared that the attitude of the British Government towards Mexico "has had the unfortunate effect of confirming the feelings

of mistrust with which the Mexican trade market is regarded by British manufacturers and exporters"; it deplores "the absence of an official head of the British community in the Republic," and goes on to say that, "whereas other Governments have throughout maintained in Mexico diplomatic representatives to assist their nationals . . . the decision of His Majesty's Government not to adopt the above course has had the result that in numerous cases British subjects and representatives of British interests have been compelled to address themselves direct to the local Mexican authorities without receiving the official assistance to which they considered themselves to be entitled, and whereas it is the opinion of this Chamber that British interests are prejudiced by the above circumstances and are liable to be still further prejudiced in the future, Therefore be it resolved that this Chamber express the hope that the question of the important British interests involved and the claims of British subjects resident in Mexico receive the earnest attention of His Majesty's Government,

"And be it further resolved that His Majesty's Government be respectfully requested to appoint some duly authorised person or persons empowered to discuss, if considered necessary or advisable, with the Mexican Authorities the possibility of reaching some agreement which may form the basis of a settlement of the points at issue between Great Britain and Mexico;

"And that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs." ¹

Here, then, was the entire British community in the Mexican Republic virtually censuring the Keeper of the Archives and the Foreign Office, and pointing out the only sane attitude for the latter to assume. But the effort was unavailing, and things went from bad to worse. Mr. Cummins is credited with having sent such damning accounts of the Republic that Lord Curzon could emphatically assure the public that Mexico presents no "semblance

(1) Resolution adopted at a meeting of the British Chamber of Commerce held in Mexico City on February 29th, 1924, and forwarded to the Foreign Office on March 4th, 1924.

to civilisation"! ¹ No semblance? The Mexicans ask: Is it civilisation or only its semblance that dispenses with elementary courtesy? The doleful tidings went on *crescendo*, so that the same well-informed peer ingenuously said: "The case against recognition when I left office was just as strong, and in some respects stronger, than it had been when I took office four or five years ago." ² Naturally, for at last Lord Curzon's friend and mentor, the Keeper, championed the cause of an elderly American-born lady named Rosalia Emilia Caden Evans, and brought about the humiliation of the British Foreign Office.

The widow Evans received from her husband, an Englishman who died several years ago, a ranch of 2,300 acres in the State of Puebla, which, like all landed property, is liable to have a certain portion expropriated, paid for in bonds, and handed over to necessitous Mexicans. That is an effect of the Agrarian Law, which is the same for natives and foreigners. Before any attempt was made to apply that law to her ranch Mrs. Evans came to me for advice. I suggested that she should interview the President, and added that I would ask him to receive her. She declined, alleging that, according to what she had been told, he was a "thoroughly bad man." A couple of weeks later, however, she reconsidered her decision. I spoke to the President about her and she was received. The result was wholly satisfactory. She praised him to the skies and vowed lasting gratitude towards him. After two years fresh rumours were spread that local bodies were contemplating the seizure of part of her land, but instead of appealing to the President, as she had done theretofore, widow Evans confided her grievances to the sympathetic Keeper of the Archives, who used them as a catapult wherewith to batter down the Mexican State Department. But he only crowned his work and definitely marred the relations between the two countries.

The case of Mrs. Evans, the "St. Joan past middle age," was taken tragically here. Over there it had the effect of

(1) Lord Curzon's speech in the House of Lords, February 27th, 1924. See *Parliamentary Debates*, Vol. 56, No. 10, p. 396.

(2) *Op. cit.*, p. 393.

a joke, much of the laughter being turned against the dupes in Britain. In President Obregón's country women occupy a privileged position. Thus they are never executed nor, indeed, severely punished for any crime. In February President Obregón ordered all the money belonging to de la Huerta, against whom he was fighting, to be delivered to that rebel's wife after he had defeated her husband, gave her a special train, a military escort, and sent her accompanied by his own aide-de-camp to rejoin her husband in the United States. Mrs. Evans likewise received the prerogatives belonging to her sex, being offered *full compensation* and in ready money for the land expropriated, but relying on the support of the British Keeper she heroically refused it and made repeated bids for notoriety. The stories that her house was burned down, that the President sent troops against her, and that federal soldiers attacked her were all shown to be gross falsehoods—visions, the Mexican papers termed them, of a lady tardily training for the role of a Joan of Arc. An American newspaper announced her intention of appearing on a sensational film.¹ "It will be remembered," writes the principal press organ of Mexico, "that at the beginning of the present year Mrs. Evans went so far as to declare in the United States that she alone with a bird-shot gun had put to flight a numerous body of federal soldiers, something like two hundred. Doubtless that was the beginning of her future film."²

It would be instructive if not edifying to compare the reports sent to Washington from Mexico with those despatched by Mr. Cummins to our Foreign Office, or even with the despatches which that Department will receive whenever a fresh Keeper of its political conscience is sent to the Mexican capital.

(1) *Excelsior*, el 15 de junio, 1924.

(2) *Ibidem*.

ARISTOTLE ON PUBLIC SPEAKING

By W. RHYS ROBERTS

THE treatise of Aristotle on the art of the *rhetor*, or public speaker, finds few readers to-day in Greek or in English. Yet no mind so great has since fastened on the subject, and no more penetrating analysis of its nature and importance, its limitations and snares, has ever been attempted.

Aristotle's *Rhetoric* (or *Art of Public Speech*, as it might less equivocally be called) is the work of a philosopher with a practical bent, and its outlines are large and luminous. Three kinds of public speaking are distinguished in it: the legal, the political, and the ceremonial. The author complains that previous writers on the art had paid undue attention to the legal branch. But in his own treatise that branch has the lion's share of space. It could hardly be otherwise. The conditions of the law courts are comparatively uniform, and speeches delivered in them can in consequence be more easily reduced to rule and system. Historically, too, this branch was the first to be studied by the teachers of public speaking. When popular government was established among the Sicilian Greeks and disputes arose as to rights of property, the art of legal advocacy was needed and was cultivated methodically.

Public speaking, considered as an art, thus began its long career in Sicily during the fifth century B.C. The practice of natural eloquence is found as far back as European literature goes. Though Homer makes his heroes speak in a glorious verse which may seem far removed from the ordinary life of any age, we cannot doubt that their prototypes did, in fact, use appropriate prose effectively in each of the three branches unknown to them as yet by name—legal, political, and ceremonial. No abusive attorney of modern times could fail to envy Achilles' power of concentrated vituperation when, in a single line, he addresses his war-lord Agamemnon as "Thou sot, that hast the eyes of a dog and the heart of a

deer!" And every modern lawyer can imagine for himself the speeches and protestations that must have been made in that most ancient trial, the one depicted on Homer's Shield of Achilles, when in an open-air court, with the elderly judges seated on polished stones in a kind of Celtic circle, the slayer and the nearest kinsman of a murdered man strove about the blood-price, the one claiming to pay in full and the other refusing to accept any recompense, while the folk around took sides and cheered them on. Every modern politician, too, or diplomat can but wonder, in the Ninth Iliad, at the speeches which the envoys Phoenix, Ajax, and Odysseus exchange with Achilles the implacable. Nor can any man to whose home the solemn ceremony of a burial has ever come read unmoved the words of praise and lamentation which the three women—wife, mother, and befriended foe—utter over the dead body of the knight Hector.

Aristotle regards the political branch as nobler than the legal and fitter for a citizen, his reason being that it is less given to unscrupulous practices and treats of wider issues. The man, he says, who is forming a judgment in a political debate is making a decision about his own vital interests, and is therefore on his guard against irrelevant pleas. How far this alleged superiority of the one branch to the other holds good under modern conditions might have been no bad subject for discussion at the recent Oxford Union Centenary celebrations when many eminent persons were present who are either statesmen or great lawyers or both alike. These authorities would at all events agree with Aristotle's statement that the political speaker should study the four chief forms of government, financial ways and means, the problems of war and peace, national defence, commerce (imports, exports, food supply), legislation, books of travel, and the researches of historians. They would perhaps not so readily accept the view which prevailed in his day that the political speaker, as distinguished from the forensic, should address his arguments to considerations of expediency rather than of justice.

Justice and that equity which the Greeks called "fairness" were the special watchwords of the law courts. In ceremonial speaking—set speeches on special occasions—the chief touchstone was virtue. You praised or denounced men and causes on the ground of moral beauty or its opposite. Aristotle would have classed under this head utterances so various as the *éloge*, the sustained invective, and the after-dinner toast. The archbishops present at the Oxford gathering might be able to decide into which of his three classes the modern sermon would have fallen. Partly into the third, perhaps, and partly into the second. All sermons are concerned with virtue and vice, and some, like those of Bossuet, are marked by a ceremonial elaboration. The simpler sermons, those suggested by the Latin *sermo* and the Greek *homily*, seem more likely to lead to deliberation and decision; and this might have inclined Aristotle to group them in his second class, for which his alternative and wider title is "deliberative," and to give to the subdivision the distinctive name of *Protrepticus*, or *Exhortation*. His own lost *Protrepticus* was an exhortation to the philosophic life.

In each of the three branches the public speaker should, according to Aristotle, seek to persuade his hearers by argument, by the favourable view of his own character which his speech awakens in them, and by the mood into which it brings them. Stress is laid throughout on argument as the mainstay of the speaker's art. The type of argument employed cannot, however, be severely scientific: for two reasons. Speeches are usually addressed to an audience that is unable to follow a long and complicated train of reasoning; and they deal not with certainties, but with those probabilities and clues by which human life is mainly guided. Within these necessary limits, appeals to reason were considered indispensable not only by Aristotle but by the Greeks generally; and within these limits Aristotle defines and analyses the forms of argument, deductive and inductive, that can and should be used.

Appeals to the feelings and sympathies were also, how-

ever reluctantly, approved by him, with some remarkable warnings which will be quoted later. The mass of men being what they are, it did not seem to him wrong that, in support of what you thought a just cause, you should try to leave an impression of honesty, intelligence, and good will; or that (becoming all things to all men) you should adapt your speech to the young and the old in your audience; to the high-born and the lowly, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak; to the irascible and the calm, the timid and the bold, the pitiful and the stern.

As compared with other writers on the art of public speech, Aristotle stands out through the breadth and thoroughness of his treatment. Plato had, indeed, shown how the thing might be done, but Aristotle was the first to do it systematically, and this is his distinction. His treatise is an original treatise, which in a sense both begins and ends an art. No man before or since has enriched this subject with so great a store of acute observations on the workings of the ordinary mind and heart. The outcome is not a pedantic manual, but a philosophy of rhetoric and a contribution to the science of man.

In the third, and last, book of his treatise Aristotle deals with style and arrangement, seeking (as always) for laws and principles amid a mass of details. The style needed by the public speaker is thus defined: "Style, to be good, must be clear: as is proved by the fact that speech which fails to convey a plain meaning fails to do just what speech has to do. It must also be appropriate, avoiding both meanness and excess of dignity; poetical language is certainly free from meanness, but it is not appropriate to prose." It is evident from this definition that Aristotle would like to secure in clear speech a trustworthy organ for clear thought, and that for this reason he wishes to keep within bounds all excessive and misleading ornament. His standpoint is that of the man of science. No one, he says, uses fine language when teaching geometry. He would have applauded the Roman precept, "Grip the substance; the words will follow." By the time he wrote his *Art of Public Speech* he had beaten out for himself a distinctively philosophical (or, as we might say,

scientific) prose style, exhibiting the truth-loving austerity which comes often to prose-writers, and to poets also, as they grow older, and came at its birth to our Royal Society which put plainness of speech among the foremost of the aims with which it was founded. Even metaphor, an aptitude for which he had praised in his *Art of Poetry* as a mark of genius, he would use in prose with extreme caution. An elder contemporary of his had spoken of the *Odyssey* as a mirror (perhaps the Greek is nearer "looking-glass") of human life. This metaphor, now so common, Aristotle condemned; no one knows exactly why. Probably he would have applied the simple test of expansion to it, e.g., "as is a looking-glass to a human face, so is the *Odyssey* to human life." The comparison may then have seemed to him incongruous and undignified, as turning Homer's poem into a peep-show; or he may have thought that a looking-glass at best reflects the surface of things, whereas the *Odyssey* reveals the very depths of human character.

This wary attitude towards verbal decoration is the more notable that Aristotle was not, as is sometimes thought, insensible to literary and elocutionary allurements. He could relish these, and could even tolerate large-heartedly such tricks of the speaker's trade as the show-lecture and the purple patch. He recalls, for instance, the device of the sophist Prodicus who, "when his audience began to nod," would "pop in a bit of his fifty-shilling show-lecture": a shilling—a drachma—being the standard wage for a lecture of the ordinary kind. Himself a lisper, Aristotle appreciated the advantage which a good and expressive voice gives to a public speaker. It was clearly a delight to him to listen to the actor Theodorus, who made his voice suit each several character he played, or to the actor Philemon as he modulated his tones when repeating the pronoun "I" in the prologue to *The Saints*. In our own day he would have liked to hear Eleonora Duse say "Io sono Io"; or, a generation or two ago, to notice the tutored, or untutored, skill with which the intonation of a word repeated for clearness or emphasis could be varied in the Bible-reading of Catherine Booth (at some street-

corner in London), the sermons of Bishop Boyd Carpenter, or the public lectures of Sir James Paget, the distinguished surgeon. At the same time there is in his treatise none of the "do this" and "do that" manner found in the altogether inferior, though almost contemporary, *Rhetoric to Alexander*. His purpose is to instil principles, not to prescribe "rules"; and though his *Rhetoric* may in form and title be an ordinary handbook, it contains, as its distinctive feature, a theory of oratorical argumentation. His pupils were expected to come to him for the best general education they could carry, and in particular to sharpen their wits by a logical training (in order to appeal to their hearers' reason) and to probe deeply into human nature (in order to win their hearers' sympathies). In the hands of such a teacher, rhetoric was an educational instrument of the first order. Even to-day books are needed which shall lead English speakers and writers to express themselves "clearly and without meanness," and their illustrations should be taken, as those of the *Rhetoric* are taken, not from oratory only, but from all literature, prose and poetry alike.

As recently as March 11th the Cambridge Union debated, with some external help, the motion "That this House has the highest regard for rhetoric." There voted for the motion 297, against 297; and the chairman gave his casting vote for the motion. This remarkably close division of undergraduate opinion as to the superlative excellence of rhetoric seems to suggest, not that the eloquence of the debating rhetoricians on either side ran a dead heat, but that precisely half of the voters thought that "rhetoric" meant one thing while the other half thought that it meant exactly the opposite thing, or rather perhaps that half of them were thinking of the use, and the other half of the abuse, of what after all is a good (though not a superlatively good) thing, and one not easily spared while men remain what they are. Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the principal opponent of the resolution, seems to have shown, in no small degree, qualities which Aristotle would have regarded as "rhetorical." He appealed to the reason of his young hearers, and he did not ignore their emotions. He did his best to kill jest

with earnestness and earnestness with jest. He made an impression of sincerity, if not of exactitude, even when he implied, after the manner of a great rhetorician in Shakespeare, that he was "no orator as Brutus is," but simply "a plain blunt man" who "only speak right on." He put his points tersely and persuasively, and could not be accused of murdering the King's English or wasting his hearers' time. The clearness of his speech betrayed in him a most laudable self-training in rhetoric: no natural gifts unaided ensure such lucidity; the art is always there, though it may be artfully concealed. His denunciation of verbal adornment (as a foe to clear thinking, accurate statement, and judicious decision) would have been commended by Aristotle. But the same Aristotle, with his love of literal truth, would probably have wished to arraign Mr. Baldwin at the bar of science in order that he might there apply his irritating test of expansion to the two metaphors underlined in the following sentence which the relentless critic of rhetoric is reported to have spoken at Cambridge: "That appalling *tuppence-ha'penny* gift of fluency [Kerensky and others were in the speaker's mind], with the addition of a certain amount of training and a certain amount of imagination in *word-spinning*, was the kind of rhetoric which stirred the emotions of the ignorant mob and set it moving."

The modern censors of rhetoric seem to be thinking even more of flamboyant language than of fallacious arguments. But Aristotle, in his own definition of rhetoric, makes no direct reference to language (of any kind) as the medium through which persuasion works. The reason doubtless lies partly in the fact that the Greek word itself makes the medium clear, but still more in that deep distrust of his for over-elaborate expression as hampering the pursuit of truth. His third book seems, indeed, to have been published later than the other two and almost as a grudging afterthought. Rhetoric is defined by him as "the power of observing in each case the available means of persuasion." This is obviously the definition of a philosopher and truth-lover who sees in rhetoric a wide-ranging faculty of the human mind whose province it is to discern, without necessarily *employing*, all the

various sources of persuasion possible in any given case. The definition comes immediately after Aristotle's striking Preface to his work. It is not his way to waste his powers over technicalities such as "figures of language" and "figures of thought," or the many curiously named divisions and sub-divisions of orations. But he does not forget that a public speech should have an effective opening and an effective close, and that a written treatise on the public speaker's art should set a good example in this respect. No one can fail to be struck by the dexterity with which he adapts from a speech of Lysias a staccato sentence of four Greek words (they must be nearly four times as many in an English rendering), and makes them the epilogue of his epilogue—the peroration, so to say, of his treatise: "I have done. You have heard me. The facts are before you. Pronounce upon them." It is not so often noticed that the first chapter of the first book resembles a modern preface in anticipating the difficulties and scruples likely to be felt by intelligent readers and in suggesting *caveats* which govern all the work, and not least those parts of it in which Aristotle is clearly reproducing, as examples of the sort of thing his pupils must be prepared to face and overthrow, some of those hair-splitting and immoral sophistries in which the Athenian law-courts rejoiced. He speaks like a prophet who believes in human nature (as not all prophets do) when he says: "It is not right to pervert a juryman by moving him to anger or envy or pity—one might as well warp a carpenter's rule before using it. . . . Rhetoric is useful because truth and justice have a natural tendency to prevail over their opposites, so that if the decisions of a jury are not what they ought to be, the defeat must be due to the speakers themselves, and they must be blamed accordingly. . . . We must be able to employ persuasion, just as strict reasoning can be employed, on opposite sides of a question, not in order that we may in practice employ it in both ways (for we must not make people believe what is wrong), but in order that we may see clearly what the facts are, and that, if another man argues unfairly, we on our part may be able to confute him. No other of

the arts draws opposite conclusions: dialectic and rhetoric alone do this. Both these arts draw opposite conclusions impartially. Nevertheless, the underlying facts do not lend themselves equally well to the contrary views. No; what is true and what is good is, by its nature, practically always easier to prove and easier to believe in. Again, it is absurd to hold that a man ought to be ashamed of being unable to defend himself with his limbs, but not of being unable to defend himself with speech and reason, when the use of rational speech is more distinctive of a human being than the use of his limbs. And if it be objected that one who uses such power of speech unjustly might do great harm, *that* is a charge which can be made in common against all good things except virtue, and above all against the things that are most useful, as strength, health, wealth, generalship. A man can confer the greatest of benefits by a right use of these, and inflict the greatest of injuries by using them wrongly."

In this last sentence Aristotle, with his characteristic common sense, lays his finger on the central point. Rhetoric, as he understood it, was a good thing, given the imperfections (which he did not expect to vanish in a day) of human nature and the requirements of popular government; and the possible abuse of a good thing is no argument against its use. *Abusus non tollit usum*, as the lawyers say in their terse, shrewd rhetoric. One all-important object, however, he failed to accomplish for his pupils and for the general public of his and later ages: he failed to coin (he notes the need at the end of his Preface) a new Greek word to mark off the good rhetoric from that meretricious counterpart of it which Plato had pilloried in the *Gorgias* and which is the only type recognised to-day by many speakers and writers.

In Shakespeare "rhetoric" is often used in a pleasant way, and the Elizabethan Secretary of State, Thomas Wilson, in his *Arte of Rhetorique* (first published in 1553, and probably known to Shakespeare), certainly does not admire "them that thinke Rhetorique to stande wholie upon darke wordes, and hee that can cathe an ynke horne terme by the taile, him they coumpt to be a fine Englisheman, and a

good Rhetorician." But it would have been well if Wilson—who, with Shakespeare, was aware that the word "rhetoric" is capable of two meanings—had invented or appropriated a name to denote the "good" rhetorician and his art. "Spokesman," as used by some writers for "public speaker," might possibly have served the turn. The advantage of having the English "spokesman" by the side of the Greek-derived "rhetorician," and "spokesmanship" by the side of "rhetoric," is obvious if we think of a book-title parallel to that of Aristotle's "Rhetoric." We are not driven to speak of Plato's dialogue the "Politicus" as the "Politician"; we say the "Statesman." If introduced early enough, "spokesmanship" might by now have taken root and thriven honourably, as "statesmanship" has. "Speechcraft," "oratory," and "eloquence" suggest more of artifice, formality, or fluency than Aristotle attributed to the "rhetoric" which he approved and taught.

As a teacher, Aristotle has been at various times blindly worshipped or grievously disparaged and misunderstood. Recently, in a coterie of London "intellectuals," the question was propounded for discussion: who throughout the ages has been the greatest enemy of mankind? The first answer given, seriously and confidently, was "Aristotle." Some centuries ago, the transcriber of an old Latin translation of the *Rhetoric* wrote ecstatically when he had finished his task: "En Aristoteles virtuose, tibi grates, o lumen naturæ! Nam omnibus benefecisti, ipse quantum potuisti." Viewed in the light of his *Rhetoric*, Aristotle appears to be neither a universal enemy nor a universal benefactor, but a thinker and a high-minded man of the world who wrote with judgment a much-wanted book which has never been superseded and is little likely to be superseded. In taking the talking tribe of men as he found them and in evoking their reason and their sense of justice, he seems to have attained the happy mean between rigidity and compliance, as the baker (in one of the good stories found in the *Rhetoric*) was told to do when he asked whether the cake was to be hard or soft and got the answer: "Why can't you make it *right*?"

NAVAL SCARES IN THE UNITED STATES

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE people of the United States, with three thousand miles of protective water on one side, and the impassable spaces of the Pacific Ocean on the other¹, have been experiencing a series of naval scares intended to make them sleep uneasily in their beds. The movement began before the seven treaties negotiated at the Washington Conference had been implemented by all the Powers represented on that occasion. It rose to a *crescendo* note after the passage of the Japanese Exclusion Bill. Ministers, reflecting the opinion of the Navy Department, naval officers of high rank, from the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet downwards, and journalists claiming expert knowledge of naval affairs, all joined in bringing pressure upon Congress. An illustration of the resource and ingenuity exhibited was the reprinting, in *facsimile*, by a patriotic organisation of half a page of *The Times* containing a leading article which was thought to present useful arguments in favour of the movement for naval expansion.

It has frequently been asserted by critics of the American Constitution that public opinion, even when it finds full expression in the thousand voices of the Press, has little influence on Congress. This widespread agitation in favour of "naval preparedness" resulted, however, in a Naval Bill, supplementing the ordinary naval appropriations for the maintenance of the American Fleet, being pressed forward in Congress and passed by the House of Representatives and the Senate. In the Bill authority was given to lay down, but not in the current financial year,

(1) "As a result of this Treaty [the Washington Naval Treaty] it has become a physical impossibility for the United States successfully to attack Japan, and for Japan to attack the United States."—*The Washington Conference*, by Raymond Leslie Buell, Proctor Fellow in Politics, Princeton University.

eight cruisers, and three cruiser submarines, as well as a group of gunboats, while provision was also made for elevating the guns of thirteen battleships besides converting several battleships from coal burners to oil burners, with a view to increasing their effective fighting power.

But, in face of the agreement of Congress, the unexpected happened. On the last day of the Session, Senator King, of Utah, developed obstructive tactics. He put down a motion for the reconsideration of the measure, and announced that he would require "at least four hours to develop his argument."¹ In the confusion into which Congress had been thrown by the tactical manoeuvres of the several parties, with their eyes on the approaching Presidential election, the challenge thus offered could not be picked up, and the Navy Bill was left in a state of suspended animation.

This was the dramatic result of a campaign which had been planned with remarkable skill, steadily rising in intensity until at last an atmosphere had been created which made legislation appear inevitable. The movement was developed stage by stage with methodical persistency.

First, the American people were told, on authority which appeared irreproachable, that the Naval Treaty, for which President Harding and Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State, had been so largely responsible, represented "the Eclipse of American Sea Power." A book with that arresting title was written by the editor of one of the most widely circulated service papers in the United States, and found so much favour with the Navy Department at Washington that it was circulated in the American Fleet. The suggestion was that the American representatives at this Conference, though they had accredited naval experts at their elbows as advisers, had been outmanoeuvred by the delegates of the other Powers, with the result that the Naval Treaty had inflicted sacrifices on the United States out of all proportion to those suffered by other countries, and specifically by the nations of the British Empire and by Japan.

Secondly, the American people were assured, on the

(1) Washington Correspondent of *The Times*, June 8th.

authority of the Navy Department itself, that Great Britain was not only building two new capital ships,¹ but was elevating the guns of several older battleships so as to increase their range. In these circumstances, Congress was prevailed upon to vote last year \$6,500,000 to enable the main guns of certain American battleships to be further elevated. After this action had been taken, assurances were given by the British Admiralty that the report was unfounded. The Navy Department immediately made the *amende honorable*, and decided not to spend the money which had been voted. Eventually Congress cancelled the appropriations.

Thirdly, speeches were made by naval officers and others and articles were published in the American Press implying that the 5-5-3 ratio of capital ship tonnage was intended by the Conference to apply to all types of ships—cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and auxiliaries generally. In his annual report on the Navy for the year 1922, Mr. Denby, the Secretary to the Navy Department, gave a qualified support to this suggestion. Although he admitted that "the ratios adopted by the Conference were made to apply to capital ships and plane carriers only," he added that "his Department considered that it was the intention of the conferees that the ratio of 5-5-3 should apply to the relative total strength of the navies concerned," the suggestion being that the Conference tacitly approved the general application of the ratios to all classes of ships although it omitted to state as much specifically. Mr. Denby proceeded to announce that "the general naval policy" of the United States was based upon this wider interpretation of the Washington Naval Treaty. He declared that it was intended "to create and maintain, and operate a navy second to none and in conformity with the ratios for capital ships established by the Treaty for limitation of naval armaments." Proceeding to elaborate the main lines of this policy, Mr. Denby stated that the capital ship ratios would be regarded as "the basis of

(1) The building of these two vessels, the *Nelson* and *Rodney*, is in accordance with the terms of the Naval Treaty, though that fact has not been unduly emphasised in the United States.

building effort in all classes of fighting ships," and that the Department proposed "to maintain an active *personnel* afloat in conformity with the ratios of capital ships established by the Treaty for the limitation of naval armaments."

Fourthly, the Department carried out a reorganisation of the fleets at sea and arranged for a spectacular series of manœuvres. Hitherto the forces afloat had been organised "under six separate commands, practically independent." With the approval of the President, an order was issued reorganising the whole fleet under the title of "the United States Fleet," one commander-in-chief being in control of all the various forces, embracing the battle fleet, the scouting fleet, the control force, and the fleet base force. It was explained that, under the scheme to be superseded, when the fleets met for joint manœuvres it had been necessary to designate the commander-in-chief of the Atlantic Fleet as the officer to assume command of both fleets—the one in the Atlantic and the other in the Pacific. The new naval policy provided for the various units of the fleets, battle fleet, scouting fleet, control fleet, and base force fleet, meeting annually for three months for drills, manœuvres and gunnery exercises, under the command of one officer, who was to become for all purposes the commander-in-chief of the United States Fleet in peace and war, whether the units of the fleet were in juncture or apart.

The Battle Fleet, which would naturally be opposed to any main enemy fleet in war time, will be under the command of an admiral, with the title of "Commander-in-Chief, Battle Fleet," and will be composed of battleship divisions under a vice-admiral, light cruiser divisions, destroyer squadrons, aircraft squadrons, and such submarine divisions as may be assigned.

The Scouting Fleet, whose duty in war time is to locate the enemy main fleet, and later to unite with the Battle Fleet for action, will be under the command of a vice-admiral, with the title of "Commander, Scouting Fleet," and will be composed of battleship divisions, light cruiser divisions, destroyer squadrons, aircraft squadrons, submarine divisions and train.

The Control Force, whose duty is to aid in the seizure of bases and to exercise control of the sea once it is gained, will be under the command of a rear-admiral, with the title of "Commander, Control Force," and will be composed of cruiser divisions, destroyer squadrons, and mine squadrons.

The Fleet Base Force, whose duty will be to defend such fleet bases as may be established, will be under the command of a rear-admiral, with the title of "Commander, Fleet Base Force," and will be composed of mine squadrons, destroyer squadrons, aircraft squadrons and "train."

In accordance with this scheme of reorganisation, the "United States Fleet" was assembled this spring under Admiral R. E. Coontz, with the title of Commander-in-Chief, and a series of manœuvres were carried out in accordance with the plans of the Navy Department. This officer subsequently made a report of a damning character to the Navy Department as to the efficiency of the fleet. He declared that serious deficiencies had been exposed during the manœuvres. The fleet, it was stated, was unable to manœuvre as a unit at a speed of even ten knots owing to the slowness of the auxiliary ships, while, it was added, the submarines had completely failed to function for fleet work. According to a summary of the report, which found its way into the American newspapers, the admiral's remarks proved that the fleet was "far below the ratio provided by the Naval Treaty." He urged the construction of aircraft carriers, submarine and destroyer tenders, cruisers, modern submarines, destroyer squadron leaders, and aeroplanes for use of the fleet. In addition, the report urged that eight of the old battleships should be modernised, including an increase in the elevation of turret guns, and others "so as to reduce the disparity now existing between the United States fleet and those of Japan and Great Britain." Other recommendations were that steps should be taken to make S class submarines useful for fleet work; improve catapults for battleships and cruisers, complete anti-aircraft batteries, including machine guns, and develop transport and landing facilities for expeditionary forces.

The agitation for an expansion of the fleet was in full flood when the Japanese Exclusion Bill was passed, concentrating attention upon the problem which appeals most powerfully to the people living on the Pacific coast. Reports appeared which suggested that the Japanese were not only building a large number of cruisers and submarines—which was a generally known fact—but that the Japanese battleships, retained under the Naval Treaty,

were being modernised. At this stage a series of sensational articles by a civilian "naval expert" were published, in which, with a wealth of detail, the claim was made that the United States Navy was weak in practically all particulars. It was added:—

Finally, the fleet is in poor condition. Congress has failed to provide funds to keep it in shape. The Atlantic Fleet is practically out of commission. The recent manoeuvres had to be broken off because the *Wyoming* (flagship), *Arkansas*, *Utah*, and *Florida* needed to undergo repairs. They are tied up now. Their boilers are in bad shape, and there is no money to do the work.

So that the situation is just this: Not only are we outgunned and out-manned . . . but we have failed to modernise our ships as well. England and Japan have blistered their battleships. That means they have given them further protection against torpedo attack, added to their fuel capacity, and greatly increased their cruising radius. We have done nothing.

England outranges us two miles. When the Japanese have finished elevating their guns, they will in some classes outrange us five miles. England has provided adequate deck armour against long-range guns and aerial bombs. We have done practically nothing.

Japan is up to the Treaty's equivalent standard on light cruisers; England nearly so; while we are far behind, and those that we are building are out of date before they are launched.

Japan is up to the Treaty's equivalent standard in destroyers; England is behind, but better than we; and we have two-thirds of our destroyers tied up and falling to pieces.

In *personnel* Japan is right up to strength to the last officer and the last man; England is nearly up to strength; while we are 5,085 officers and 18,525 men under strength. Actually, it is more than that, because our Navy, besides being a fighting force, has to maintain a thousand and one things, from a radio communications service to looking after lepers.

It all shapes up this way: We have scrapped our ships, we have scrapped the Treaty, and we have failed to modernise. The naval ratio to-day, instead of being 5-5-3, is 5-5-1, and we are 1.

Official *démentis* were afterwards issued, but they served rather to support than to refute the general arguments which had been presented. Mr. Curtis D. Wilbur, who had succeeded Mr. Denby as Secretary of the Navy, made a specific declaration of policy to the Chairman of the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives. He stated that "a fair comparison of the present fighting strengths of Great Britain, America, and Japan would appear to be 5-4-3"; but he added that "this ratio does not take into consideration strategically located and well-equipped naval bases which add greatly to the sea power of a nation, nor does it take into consideration the relative strength of the

various merchant marines." The inevitable inference to be drawn from this official declaration was that, if all the factors of naval power were weighed, the United States Fleet fell below a 5-4-3 ratio, even if it were not actually weaker than the Japanese Fleet.

Mr. Wilbur's elaborate survey of the American Navy filled four columns of the daily papers and obtained wide publicity. He pointed out that 13 battleships required modernising; that the radio equipment of the fleet was obsolete; that the United States required 22 cruisers to equal Great Britain in tonnage; that 3 mine-laying submarines were needed; and that "to round out the fleet and thoroughly prepare it to defend the United States' possessions," 2 distilling ships, 2 destroyer tenders, 3 submarine tenders, 3 fleet repair ships, 1 aircraft tender, 10 minelayers of the first line, and 20 mine sweepers should be provided. He conceded that a number of these ships "could be taken over from the merchant marine and fitted out." He pleaded for increased sums for naval aviation, and admitted that "we have no submarines capable of manoeuvring with the fleet at battle speed, nor at the normal fleet cruising speed under all conditions of sea and weather." The Secretary also declared that while "a proper surplus of mines of the most modern type is now maintained," "the surplus of torpedoes prescribed by the General Board is not maintained."

Mr. Wilbur proceeded to answer the question, "Is America in third place in the matter of naval bases in the Pacific?" as had been contended. His reply was as follows: "In the Western Pacific, yes—in third place; in the Eastern Pacific, no—in first place." He urged that the base development project at Pearl Harbour was "the most important base requirement." In his final paragraph, dealing with the suggestion that the American ships were under-manned, the Secretary pointed out that "it has not been practicable to keep in commission the desired number of vessels of required types because of an insufficient allowed *personnel*." "It is for this reason," he explained, "that we have laid up so many destroyers which could be profitably engaged in fleet manoeuvres. The ships in

commission can be manned with only 90 to 95 per cent. of their required complements." Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, had already issued a very similar exposure of naval weakness, so that the American people had two opportunities of learning the views of the Navy Department, and they had also the Commander-in-Chief's report on the spring manoeuvres, which was not treated by the Department as confidential, but was published, in whole or in part, throughout the United States.

But the assault on the nerves of the American people had not been concluded. It remained for Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske¹ to complete the picture. In view of the delicate situation between the United States and Japan which had developed, he declared, in a message to the Naval Secretary, that "the American people ought to realise that we are unprepared for war."

Our people imagine that the 5-5-3 naval ratio, established by the Naval Conference, means that our Navy is superior to the Japanese in the relation of 5-3; in the sense that if a war should arise between this country and Japan, our Navy would have a 5 to 3 chance of overcoming the Japanese.

This is the reverse of the truth. Our Navy is not superior to the Japanese in the relation 5 to 3, except (approximately) in the matter of capital ships; and even if it were superior in that ratio in the number of ships, it is far from being superior in that ratio in *personnel*. And even if our Navy were superior in that ratio in the number of *personnel* in active service, it is far inferior in reserves; for the solemn truth is that we have no trained reserves worthy of the name, whereas the Japanese have. Our people ought to realise that the Japanese are distinctly a maritime nation and a military nation; but that our nation is neither.

If Japan should go to the extreme of taking the Philippine Islands, and thus force us into war, we should find ourselves in a deplorable condition because of the lack of trained men as well as of other requisites.

* * * * *

This is a bald and brief summary of the course which the naval agitation in the United States had taken when obstructive tactics resulted in Congress rising without effect having been given to the policy of the Navy Department.

(1) Admiral Fiske was a member of the General Board of the Navy from August, 1910, to August, 1911, and in charge of the war plans of the Navy. From February, 1913, till May, 1915, he was Aid for Operations of the Navy (now called Chief of Naval Operations), and responsible under the Secretary for the readiness of the Navy for war.

This concerted movement, pursued over a long period, has raised in the most prominent manner a number of issues vitally affecting other nations which were parties to the Washington Naval Treaty.

The proposal to modernise certain American battleships, replacing coal with oil so as to increase their radius of action, and to give additional elevation to the guns of 13 battleships in order to add to their fighting power, reopens a matter of controversy, in which all the signatories to the Treaty are concerned. Are such changes permissible? The question was recently submitted by Viscount Curzon to the Prime Minister in a question in the House of Commons. He asked whether, in the view of the Government, warships might be converted from coal to oil burning; and whether gun-mountings might be so modified as to allow additional elevation being given to the gunnery armament within the scope of repairs as contemplated by the Washington Agreement. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald replied in the following terms:—

If the question refers to capital ships retained under the provisions of the Washington Treaty, the reply is that, in the view of the Government, such warships may not be converted from coal to oil burning. Also, if the elevation of the guns of the main armament of these retained capital ships is referred to, the Government view is that such existing ships are intended to remain unaltered at present.

Mr. MacDonald's statement reflects the terms of Clause (d) of Section 1 of Part 3 of the Naval Treaty. It is therein declared:—

No retained capital ships or aircraft carriers shall be reconstructed except for the purpose of providing means of defence against air and submarine attack, and subject to the following rules—The Contracting Powers may, for that purpose, equip existing tonnage with bulge or blister or anti-aircraft deck protection, providing the increase of displacement thus effected does not exceed 3,000 tons (3,048 metric tons) displacement for each ship. No alterations in side armour, in calibre, number or general type of mounting of main armament shall be permitted except:

(1) In the case of France and Italy, which countries within the limits allowed for bulge may increase their armour protection, and the calibre of the guns now carried on their existing capital ships so as not to exceed 16 inches (406 millimetres); and

(2) The British Empire shall be permitted to complete, in the case of the *Renown*, the alterations to armour that have already been commenced but temporarily suspended.

In view of the specific exceptions made of ships of France and Italy and the British battleship *Renown*, it is difficult to understand how it can be contended that the Treaty permits action to be taken which would increase either the fighting power or the radius of action of capital ships retained in accordance with the schedule attached to the Treaty. Once such a departure from the terms of the Treaty was made by one nation, there might prove to be practically no limit to the alterations which the various Powers might make in their capital ships, and in that event the main purpose of the Treaty would be defeated, and competition in modernising capital ships, at a vast expense, would begin.

The contention that the capital ship ratio should apply equally to cruisers, submarines, and destroyers, as well as to naval auxiliaries generally, and to the *personnel* of the fleet, strikes at the very foundations of the Naval Treaty. A proposal to this effect was made by Secretary Hughes at the first Session of the Conference at Washington, and in face of the opposition of other Powers, to which Earl Balfour gave emphatic expression, it was abandoned. The records of the Conference bear ample evidence to this narrowing down of the issues, even if the Treaty did not indicate that the ratios applied only to capital ships and to their attendants, aircraft carriers of upwards of 10,000 tons. The Treaty left the Powers concerned absolute freedom to build other classes of ships in accordance with their own interpretation of their needs, with the sole proviso that no light cruiser or other ship should exceed 10,000 tons displacement or carry a more powerful gun than the 8-inch gun.

It may well be a matter for serious consideration on the part of the American people whether it is in their interest to weaken the force of the Naval Treaty by modernising their battleships or elevating their guns with a view to increasing their fighting efficiency, quite apart from the opinions of the other signatories. The essential facts were taken into the fullest consideration by the British, American, and Japanese experts when the final terms of the Treaty were being drafted. So far as the battle fleets of the United States and the British Empire are concerned—

for the Naval Treaty embraces the Dominions, Crown Colonies and Protectorates, as well as the Mother Country—the gunnery position is not one to occasion anxiety in the United States, even if the possibility of war between this country and America were regarded as within the range of practical politics. The naval experts of the two countries were obviously seized with a due appreciation of the relative gun power of the capital ships of the two nations which were retained under the Treaty. The following particulars of the size, elevation, and range of the guns of the two fleets should convince the American people that the bargain struck at Washington was not a one-sided one, particularly as all new capital ships, in specified numbers, laid down from 1931 onwards must conform to the accepted standard in displacement and gun power.

CAPITAL SHIPS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Ship.	Turret Guns.			Range in yards ¹ at elevation of—		
	Dia. of bore.	Length in calibre.	Max. angle of ele- vation.	15°.	20°.	30°.
	Inches.		Degrees.			
Royal Sovereign ..	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Royal Oak	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Revenge	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Resolution	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Ramillies	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Malaya	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Valiant	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Barham	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Queen Elizabeth ..	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Warspite	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Benbow	13.5	45	20	19,600	23,800	30,000
Emperor of India ..	13.5	45	20	19,600	23,800	30,000
Iron Duke	13.5	45	20	19,600	23,800	30,000
Marlborough	13.5	45	20	19,600	23,800	30,000
Hood ²	15.0	42	30	19,700	24,300	30,300
Renown ²	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Repulse ²	15.0	42	20	19,700	24,300	30,300
Tiger ²	13.5	45	20	19,600	23,800	30,000
Thunderer	13.5	45	20	19,600	23,800	30,000
King George V. ..	13.5	45	20	19,600	23,800	30,000
Ajax	13.5	45	20	19,600	23,800	30,000
Centurion	13.5	45	20	19,600	23,800	30,000

(1) ¹/₂ Approximately only.

(2) Battle cruisers.

CAPITAL SHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Ship.	Turret Guns.			Range in yards at		
	Dia. of bore.	Length in calibre.	Max. angle of ele- vation.	elevation of—		
				15°.	20°.	30°.
	Inches.		Degrees.			
West Virginia	16	45	30	22,900	27,400	34,500
Colorado	16	45	30	22,900	27,400	34,500
Maryland	16	45	30	22,900	27,400	34,500
California	14	50	30	24,000	28,400	35,500
Tennessee	14	50	30	24,000	28,400	35,700
Idaho	14	50	15	24,000	28,400	35,500
New Mexico	14	50	15	24,000	28,400	35,500
Mississippi	14	50	15	24,000	28,400	35,500
Arizona	14	45	15	21,000	25,100	32,400
Pennsylvania	14	45	15	21,000	25,100	32,400
Oklahoma	14	45	15	21,000	25,100	32,400
Nevada	14	45	15	21,000	25,100	32,400
New York	14	45	15	21,000	25,100	32,400
Texas	14	45	15	21,000	25,100	32,400
Arkansas	12	50	15	24,350	29,400	35,500
Wyoming	12	50	15	23,500	29,400	35,500
Florida	12	45	15	22,000	26,000	32,000
Utah	12	45	15	21,600	26,000	32,000

It is appropriate in this connection to quote from an article published in the issue of July of *The Scientific American*, a journal which exhibits a sane and informed outlook on all naval matters. The article is printed under the caption, "Our Battleship Fleet is not Junk." After referring to "a layman who must have been vastly surprised to find himself spoken of as an 'expert'" it was added:—

The articles which place the United States in the third position in a ratio, Great Britain five, Japan three, United States one, are so full of gross exaggerations as to refute themselves in the minds of all people who have any reasonable knowledge of naval conditions. They represent the latest outburst of an exaggerated and misleading propaganda, aimed to discredit the Washington Treaty. The phraseology and manner of stating the so-called facts in these articles suggest, though, of course, they do not prove, that the source of information is to be found in that, happily, very small clique of naval officers who from the first have bitterly opposed the Naval Treaty, and which, though debarred from writing over its own signature, has been sending out dispatches, dated Washington, all aiming

to show that the United States Navy got a "raw deal" at the Washington Conference. The vast majority of our naval officers, we are happy to say, acquiesced in that Treaty, believing it to be a statesmanlike document, which put a stop to ruinous competition, and brought about a feeling of amity and mutual understanding among the three Great Powers concerned.

The allocation of capital ships to each Power was determined by the leading naval officers of each Navy. It was no mere layman's job. Our own officers, largely members of the General Board of the Navy, knew perfectly well what they were doing; and the public may rest assured that they took very good care to protect the interests of our Navy and see to it that the eighteen capital ships selected would fully equal those selected for Great Britain and were in the proper proportion to those allowed Japan. The Press articles seek to persuade the American public that our eighteen ships are inferior to those of Great Britain. Personally, we believe that the advantage, if there be any, lies with us. . . .

These Press articles emphasise the fact that we are scrapping thirteen modern battleships. It says nothing about the fact that before we commenced to scrap any modern ships—that is, before France had signed the Treaty—Great Britain had scrapped eighteen modern battleships and seven hundred and fifty other ships of her great Navy, and that, with the exception of the Treaty battleships, she had done all this reduction voluntarily. So much for the outstanding feature of the mass of misinformation which has lately been poured out on the public.

What is the position of the United States and Japan *vis-à-vis* to each other, with 12,000 miles of water of the Pacific Ocean separating them? In contrast with Admiral Fiske's alarming statements, implying that Japan has greatly improved her naval position since the Washington Conference dispersed, we have the Admiralty's announcement in the House of Commons on March 6th last that Japanese naval expenditure has been reduced since the earthquake by £5,360,000 at the par rate of exchange. It was added that the completion of the building programme will, as a result, be retarded by one year—*i.e.*, it is to be completed by March 31st, 1929, instead of by March 31st, 1928. "Supplementary Navy Estimates will, however, be demanded for approximately £10,000,000, spread over several years, for reconstruction of naval establishments damaged by the earthquake and fire." Though no men-of-war of much consequence were, it is true, destroyed by the earthquake, it is apparent that Japan, from the naval and military and economic standpoints—and they are in large measure interdependent—is relatively no stronger than she was when her delegates attended the Washington

Conference. There can consequently be no more occasion for alarm now in the United States than there was then, for in the meantime the Non-Fortification Treaty has rendered it impossible for the Japanese and American Fleets, in the absence of bases of supply and repair, to come into contact with each other. Even if Japan entertained the aim of striking at the United States, the worst that she could do would be to descend on the Philippines. But any such adventure would be accompanied by ulterior risks of so grave a character to the future relations of the Japanese with the world at large that it is almost inconceivable that any such policy would be pursued. It cannot be to the interest of the Japanese people, who have always scrupulously respected their agreements, to antagonise the Western world and thereby to excite racial prejudices which might react disastrously on industry and commerce in that country for a century to come.

As to the building of cruisers and other auxiliary craft, it is, of course, open to the United States to enter upon an ambitious programme of construction, translating the capital ship ratio into terms of cruisers, destroyers, submarines and other auxiliary craft as well as of *personnel*. But in that event the Americans must bid good-bye to any hope of a reduction of taxation, for naval expenditure in that country would rise rapidly, with inevitable repercussions in other countries. During past years the United States has spent vast sums on the fleet, as Mr. John F. Sinclair has pointed out in the *New York World*. "The Navy of the United States cost the taxpayers for the fiscal year 1923 a total of \$323,218,000." Mr. Sinclair has given a summary of the growth of naval expenditure from the end of the eighteenth century onward:—

The American Government spent \$570 on the Navy in 1791. The next year just \$53 was spent, and 1793 was the banner year—we spent not a cent. It was not until 1853 that the amount equalled \$10,000,000 for any year. Then came the Civil War. Naval expenses rose rapidly. They rose from \$12,400,000 in 1861 to \$122,600,000 in 1865. The next year they dropped to \$43,300,000. For the next thirty years \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a year was the usual amount spent on the Navy. Fifty million dollars was not again reached until 1898. From that time on the Navy expenses have grown enormously.

Summarising his researches into the finances of the United States Navy, this former banker and lecturer at the University of Minnesota has pointed out:—

During the last twenty-five years the Navy Department has had given to it by the American people a grand total of approximately seven and three-quarter billions of dollars. Of this amount more than five billions have been spent on building up the Navy during the past six years.

How much is five billions of dollars? It is nine times as much as the total productive funds of all the colleges and universities in the United States. It is equal to more than one-third of the valuation of all the railroads in the United States. It is more than the capital stock of all the 30,000 banks in America. . . .

In plain English, the people of the United States have spent more than \$2,400,000 every day for the past six years on building up the American Navy. That is \$100,000 an hour, or \$1,665 a minute. National preparedness has been the great slogan.

These impressive figures indicate the generous scale on which the American people—forming a self-sufficient Republic, producing, as its tariff policy attests, all they need, if not all they consume—have devoted their resources, in ever-increasing measure, to the purpose of raising the United States from the position of a sea Power of negligible strength¹ to that of a sea Power which can claim, with the consent of the British peoples throughout the world, as well as Japan, France, and Italy, that she is entitled, without reproach for indulging in "navalism," to maintain a battle fleet equal in strength to the battle fleet of the British Empire, which embraces nearly one-quarter of the land surface of the globe, and is populated by four hundred and fifty million people, who can exist only so long as the seas are open to them.

Whether, either financially or politically, it would be wise for the Americans to attempt to give to the Naval Treaty a wider interpretation must surely be a matter calling for their most serious consideration. The Naval Treaty has

(1) Even at the end of 1914, according to *Brassey's Annual* of that year, the United States possessed ten modern capital ships with two completing, as compared with 34 British with 7 completing, 21 German with 2 completing, 10 French with 3 completing, 6 Russian with 1 completing, and 4 Italian with 2 completing. In battleships the ratio of the British Fleet to the American Battle Fleet was, approximately, 3.5:1. Under the Washington Naval Treaty equality is conceded to the United States in accordance with the 5-5-3 ratio applying to the British Empire, the United States, and Japan.

a span of only twelve years, and may then be determined by either of its signatories. It is surely in the interest of humanity that it should be observed in spirit as well as in letter. The American people have certainly nothing to gain from any action which would either weaken the force of this agreement in the immediate future or endanger its perpetuation. Mr. Raymond Leslie Buell, while arguing that the Naval and Non-Fortification Treaties have favoured Japan more than any other country, has declared :—

These agreements, so far as England and the United States are concerned, have also removed the possibilities of war. They have nipped in the bud an impending struggle for the supremacy of the sea; and they have cancelled the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. These results, together with the incidental settlement of the Irish question, have brought the English-speaking peoples of the world together more closely than ever before. A war between Britain and the United States is now impossible, not as in the case of the United States and Japan because of strategic reasons, but because the causes of war have been removed.

Those are no mean gains. The peoples of the British Empire made no mean sacrifices at the Washington Conference; they abandoned the Two Power Standard in capital ships, which had been their accepted policy for centuries, and scrapped scores of ships. On the other hand, the United States, in adopting a bold scrapping policy, also made great sacrifices. The people of the United States will assuredly be no losers by the courageous lead which was given to the world when their President called together the Conference. The Naval Treaty is one to be observed in letter and in spirit or it will prove more than valueless. If the Treaty were denounced by any Power as a result of any action by the United States Congress, however innocent of offence its intention, the American battleships which have gone to the shipbreakers could not be reconstructed, while the prospect of the world pursuing any similar policy of restriction in the spheres of military and aerial development would be blasted, and all hope of relief from the burden of armaments, which presses so heavily on humanity, might have to be abandoned indefinitely.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO: DRAMATIST

BY EDWARD STORER

WHETHER Signor Luigi Pirandello be essentially a dramatist who has also chosen the novel and short story form in which to express himself, or whether he is a novelist who has written a number of plays, the present writer does not intend to discuss. Bound up as these two sides of Pirandello's work inevitably are, it is only as dramatist that I propose to treat of him here, and this principally for reasons of space. The very bulk of his dramatic output, which now amounts to twenty-nine plays, including short one- and two-act pieces, while inviting a liberal survey, also necessitates a sharply focussed synthesis.

The reader to whom Signor Pirandello's work is as yet only faintly known or entirely unfamiliar asks not unnaturally to be informed as succinctly as possible as to its essential character, to learn in what way it is different from the contemporary drama of Europe. While criticism should illumine rather than be didactic and allow an author's meaning and principle to reveal themselves rather than baldly assert them, one must, in a brief article, come quickly to grips with one's subject matter, even if in the treatment some of the finer shades of the author's inner intentions are smudged or destroyed.

The critics of Italy have been at work for some time now on Pirandello, and have fastened their neat little labels here and there, wherever a smooth place has presented itself in the dramatist's work. "Cerebralist," "intellectualist," "follower of Bernard Shaw," "derivation of Wedekind and the Germans": these are some of the commoner labels, and, like all labels, they have their face value, though they can be terribly deceptive. In a rough-and-ready way we may, indeed, say that Pirandello's dramatic work is largely made up of cerebralism and humour, but such terms are very wide and need close definition if they are to be illuminating. They are rather

backgrounds for critical exercise, revealing various things with various lights and movement. For instance, Pirandello, while he may fairly be called an intellectualist or a "cerebralist," is also very often anti-intellectualist in the philosophic sense that his work is intuitive and non-logical in the Bergsonian tradition. Again, while one may often perceive a certain similarity between Pirandello and Bernard Shaw, in the minor technique of the plays, in the homely, often slangy, language, in the choice of settings that are unromantic and untheatrical in the ordinary sense, there is a vast difference between the principle or philosophic attitude of the two writers. For man as a sociological phenomenon, Pirandello cares nothing. He has no "message" in the ordinary sense of the word. Man for him is an irremediable creature to be studied with a delicately pessimistic humour. Pirandello likes to puppetise his men and women, while using as the main-spring of their stage action some human passion, some trend of human thought or philosophy. The squeals and frantic gestures of these rigid mannikins stripped of their volitions (or some of them) which are used as the force to make them dance and mime in a given sense are often enough extremely comic, while their despair, their interior silences, are often tenderly tragic. Thus their volitions return to them for the dramatic purpose, the circle is completed, and the puppet mask becomes human again, an image of us all. Just as in moments of crisis the human face takes on something of a mask, so the mask of the puppetised character becomes humanly illumined in fleeting moments of intensity.

To take Pirandello from his starting-point in his native Italy—incidentally, Pirandello is a Sicilian—his dramatic work presents a violent contrast with the modern Italian drama as it is generally known in England. There is no *liaison* between it and the languorous voluptuous poetry of D'Annunzio, where the word in itself is such a precious element of the artistic whole. Pirandello's language in his plays is generally homely, fragmentary, colloquial to a degree. Italian critics who admire his genius say, nevertheless, that his language is not rich and lacks style.

Nor is there much connection between the theatre of the author of *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and the plays of Bracco, with their Neapolitanised Ibsenism, nor with those of Butti, another Italian who felt the powerful influence of the great Scandinavian master. The only Italian play of the new school which has been presented to the British public that has a relation with the dramatic work of Pirandello is Luigi Chiarelli's *La Maschera e il Volto*, recently given under the title of *The Mask and the Face* at the Everyman Theatre. The contribution of Chiarelli to the modern Italian drama must indeed be recognised. *The Mask and the Face* goes back to the year 1917, and it was Chiarelli who invented the term "grotesque" for a type of play which soon became the intellectual rage in Italy, and is only now in its declining phase. Pirandello, too, underwent the influence of the Grotesque Movement, and wrote some plays which may be considered as coming under that category. Indeed, the point of departure for this movement is probably to be found in his own novels and short stories, and he re-inspired himself for the writing of his comedies at the fount of his earlier romances, being urged thereto partly by chance and partly through the early grotesques of other writers.

The Grotesque Movement in the modern Italian theatre has not been the work of one man. Several authors have brought it into being, among whom, besides Chiarelli, we may mention Rosso di San Secondo, Antonelli, and Cavacchioli. Pirandello has passed out of the movement which influenced him, and on which he has left his influence, and his later, fuller plays cannot be considered as bound by the limits of this interesting but narrow movement. The fact is, Italy's great playwright is a man with a very wide range, as a talent which can produce a modern Hamletian tragedy like *Henry IV.* and a naughty *pochade* like *Man, Beast and Virtue* goes to prove.

It was the war which turned Pirandello's thoughts to play writing. Up till six or seven years ago the author of *Six Characters in Search of an Author* was known only as a writer of novels and short stories. Anxious about his

son, who was fighting on the Italian front, Dr. Pirandello took to writing plays to provide himself with a vivid point of concentration that should keep his mind from worrying about the fate of his only son fighting among the Alpine snows. This explanation of the commencement of his dramatic activity Dr. Pirandello vouchsafed me himself. With amazing rapidity the plays flowed from Pirandello's pen. Often enough he took the central idea from one of his own short stories or novels. The early pieces were short one- or two-act Sicilian plays, and it was Pirandello's own countryman, the Sicilian actor, Angelo Musco, just then making his name, who produced the early Pirandello comedies and acted in the principal rôles. *Liola*, indeed, a comedy of the Sicilian olive groves, was originally written in the dialect of Girgenti, and only afterwards translated into Italian by the author. Then followed *Lumie di Sicilia* ("Sicilian Limes"), and in a breathless rush the first great body of the Pirandellian theatre.

Thus there came *Pensaci Giacomino!* ("Think about it, Jimmy!"), *Il Gioco delle Parti* ("The Play of the Rôles"), *Il Piacere dell' Onestà* ("The Luxury of Respectability"), *L'Innesto* ("The Graft"), *La Ragione degli Altri*, which may be rendered as "Other People's Rights," *Non è una cosa seria* ("A Matter of no Importance"), and *Così è, se vi pare*, which Dr. Arthur Livingston has rendered as "Right you are, if you think so," in his version produced in New York. From these we come to *Come prima, meglio di prima*, *Tutto per bene*, and *L'Uomo, la Bestia e la Virtù*, titles which, literally translated, mean little or nothing, and then to the masterpieces *Sei Personaggi in cerca d'Autore* ("Six Characters in Search of an Author") and *Henry IV.* (*Enrico IV.*), played this year in New York under the title of *The Living Mask*.

A typical Pirandello play of the middle manner is *Così è, se vi pare* ("Right you are, if you think so"), for which perhaps a better rendering would be "It's so, if it seems so." Here the Sicilian dramatist's intellectual play on the concepts of reality and appearance, life and life's forms, reason and intuition, is seen in brilliant relief. Here, too, we may study the feeling of abstraction in the

characters whereby they seem to regard themselves from the outside—a principle that runs through much of Pirandello's work. Here, too, we have something of the puppet quality in the Pirandellian personages, a quality which really allies the author with Maeterlinck. But while the Belgian poet has exploited the mystic side of this puppet conception of humanity, Pirandello draws out the irony, the pathos, and the humour of it. It may seem at first glance somewhat forced to trace part of the Pirandellian principle to Maeterlinck, since, externally, the plays of the two writers could hardly be more different. In the one case we have poetic, delicate language and nebulous settings; in the other homely, colloquial talk and domestic humdrum backgrounds; yet in both cases there is the desire and attempt to disembody the characters, to see man as a poor puppet, ineffective, vain, dangling before a background of illimitable, inexplicable space.

In *Right you are, if you think so*, which the author calls a parable, we are introduced to a small Italian country town and the house of a town councillor. This man's wife, daughter, and friends who crowd the room are all in a state of great excitement on account of a scandal which has arisen over the peculiar conduct of a new and most melancholy employee at the prefecture, a certain Signor Ponza. This fellow Ponza has a wife and a mother-in-law who, like himself, have come from a part of the country which was devastated by an earthquake. This mysterious Ponza lodges his wife and his mother-in-law in two separate houses, and will not allow them to meet. The mother-in-law is only allowed to see the wife from the courtyard of the building, and may only talk to her so, while the daughter remains shut up in a room on the top floor. The whole town is agog to have an explanation of this curious fact. A committee takes the matter in hand, and succeeds in getting both Ponza and his wife to talk. The son-in-law says in effect, "You see, my poor mother-in-law is insane. Her delusion consists precisely in believing that I am forbidding her to see her daughter. Daughter, indeed! Why her daughter died four years ago in the earthquake. This woman Julia,

whom she persists in calling Lina, is another person, but my poor mother-in-law will not believe it. In order to comfort her, I allow her to think that Julia is her daughter. But naturally I must keep them apart, or the illusion would run the risk of being destroyed."

So far, so good, but when the gentle mother-in-law, Signora Frola, is interrogated in turn, she has a different tale to tell. "Alas," she says, "my poor son-in-law is mentally deranged. Always a visionary, after the earthquake he became so strange that he believed he had lost his wife and did not want to recognise her when we brought her to him. We had even to pretend another marriage, and call her by another name. He believes she is his second wife, whereas, of course, she is his first and only one." These two versions are developed in the play with a wealth of detail which gives them verisimilitude. The curiosity of the townspeople is at its height. Everyone is anxious to get at the truth. The earthquake, however, which is the *deus ex machina* of the piece, has destroyed all the tangible proofs. Such documents and witnesses as remain tend to confirm either version. To settle the matter, the prefect is at last obliged to intervene and demand an explanation from Signora Ponza, who at any rate must know who she is. In the last scene of the play this woman enters veiled, and will not lift her veil. She refuses to give her name. As she enters the council room, Signora Frola, the mother-in-law, calls out to her, "Lina! Lina!" while Ponza cries, "Julia! Julia!" Then, at Signora Ponza's suggestion, the man Ponza and the mother-in-law go away, leaving her alone with the prefect and councillors. She is determined not to shatter the tender illusion which makes life possible between these three curious people. The final scene is as follows:—

SIGNORA PONZA. And what can you want of me now after all this, ladies and gentlemen? In our lives, as you see, there is something which must remain concealed. Otherwise the remedy which our love for each other has found cannot avail.

PREFECT (*moved*). We are certainly anxious to respect your sorrow, madam, but we must know, and we want you to tell . . .

SIGNORA PONZA. What? The truth? The truth is simply this. I am the daughter of Signora Frola, and I am the second wife of Signor Ponza. Yes, and—for myself, I am nobody, I am nobody . . .

PREFECT. Ah, no, madam, for yourself . . . you must be . . . either the one or the other.

SIGNORA PONZA. Not at all, not at all, sir! No; for myself I am . . . whatever you choose to have me. (*Without removing her veil, she proudly casts a sweeping glance around and withdraws. They all stand looking after her.*)

Pirandello calls this play a parable, and, of course, it is truth, here symbolised by the veiled woman, which is the subject of his philosophic wit and speculation. What is truth? Does it exist? Does it lie in ourselves? Is it what we make it? Is it what seems and what we believe? These are some of the questions which the author seems anxious to raise, without giving us any answer. What is more definitely in the author's intention is to create an antithesis between the vulgar and malign curiosity of the inquisitive townspeople with their demand for a pragmatical truth and the poetic conception of the Ponza family that truth lies rather in a tender and charitable illusion. In this play, as in many of the Pirandellian repertory, we are confronted with suggestions of one of his principal philosophical obsessions: the difference or non-difference between appearance and reality. This is suggested very poignantly in another play, *The Luxury of Respectability*. Here he says: "One of the most awful thoughts which have affronted the human mind is that if our dreams had regularity, we could no longer distinguish the dream from the reality. Have you ever noticed how strangely you are perturbed if a dream recurs? All our knowledge of this world hangs on this most subtle thread: the regularity of our experiences."

Here in tense though tenuous form we have one of the motives—we cannot call them more than motives—of the Pirandellian principle. The clash between life and the forms which life is obliged to take in order to be recognisable as life at all is another of the dramatist's favourite themes. *Henry IV.* is an example of this. A man's conception of himself, of his own mask and the conception which others have of him is again a favourite antithesis. This runs through several plays including *Henry IV.*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and *At the Doorway (All' Uscita)*.

Not for nothing has Pirandello published seven of his plays under the comprehensive label *Naked Masks* (*Maschere Nude*). Whence we see that those critics who have spoken of his characters as marionettes rather than men and women are in some measure justified.

Before looking at what are generally considered to be Pirandello's two most important dramatic works, *Six Characters* and *Henry IV.*, a glance at the themes of two or three of the lighter comedies will enable us to see how the vein of paradox runs in the Sicilian dramatist—a vein which, not without reason, has caused critics to trace his origins to Wilde and Shaw. It should be noted at once, however, that the vein of paradox in these three writers is a different one. While Wilde plays with society themes, and Shaw harps to a great extent on sociological ones, Pirandello's paradox is more purely philosophical. Not always though. *Non è una cosa seria* ("A matter of no importance"), or, literally, "It's not a serious matter," is a light almost sentimental comedy wherein Pirandello touches the Shaw type of play fairly closely. It turns on the paradox of the man who marries in order to escape marriage. Memmo Speranza, a gay bachelor, who is pitifully susceptible to feminine charms, rails against marriage and women, but his outcry is that of the man who is afraid and is weak. One barely concluded love affair has just landed him in a duel, and in order to insure himself against marrying in earnest, he proposes to a poor downtrodden girl in straitened circumstances who is leading a horrible life as the bullied proprietress of a modest pension. She is young and not really uncomely, but so abused and beaten by life that her charm is not apparent. Memmo proposes to her, since she seems to him to be the one person he need not take seriously as a wife. Nevertheless, by marrying her, he will be safe from perpetrating a real serious marriage. Gasparina, the downtrodden girl, after some hesitation accepts Memmo's offer. He will give her a little cottage in the country and a small income, enough to allow her to live in comfort. They will separate immediately after the marriage ceremony, and she is to have no claim upon

him save for the cottage and the income, which will end her life of difficulties and overwork. The quiet existence in the country works wonders for her. She grows younger and fresher, and her charm returns. She meets Memmo again after some time, and falls in love with him—her husband in name only. Her dignity as a woman impels her to offer him his liberty back, which he can have, since the marriage has never been consummated. Memmo, at the sight of her, fresh and charming, and weary of his frivolous amours, falls in love with her, and the marriage for a joke becomes a serious marriage after all. The paradox is resolved by life itself. It is unnecessary to look for deeper philosophical meanings in this light and charming comedy.

In *Pensaci Giacomino!* ("Think about it, Jimmy!") we start with another forced, almost farcical situation, amusing enough, but certainly somewhat incredible. We have the paradox of a husband who forces his wife's lover who is about to abandon her to return to her. Why? Through a triumph of dialectic and by taking as point of departure a possible but strained hypothesis. Professor Toti, an old Government teacher, who has always been underpaid by the State and refused promotion, decides to take a wife at his advanced age so that he will thus be able to compel the Government to pay a pension to his widow. He will marry not as a man, he explains, but as a professor, to spite the Government. And so he does, taking to wife a young woman who he soon learns is about to have a child by another man, Giacomino. It doesn't matter, the professor argues. By marrying Lillina he will be doing a doubly good work. Later, when he has married the girl, the lover, Giacomino, unable to support the situation and the scandal which leaves the philosophising old professor quite indifferent, decides to abandon the woman. The professor will not allow it. It is his heart now as much as his reason which speaks. He urges Giacomino to return to Lillina, the mother of his child and nominal wife of himself. He menaces Giacomino with a certain exposure if he refuses. And in the end he prevails, using as his arguments that Giacomino must not break up the family,

destroy the happiness and security of Lillina, menace the future of his child who will be dependent on the professor's money, break the professor's heart for a passing fancy. In this play life as represented by the various sentiments called into action by the professor's arguments supports the irrational thesis, while in *Non è una cosa seria* it destroys it.

In *Six Characters in Search of an Author* we have, with the exception perhaps of *Henry IV.*, Pirandello at his fullest development. In this extraordinary play, which in the course of little more than two years has made a triumphal march of the intellectual theatres of Europe and America, broad farce, fine-spun philosophical dialectic, tragedy and paradox are subtly interwoven. In a setting of farce, Pirandello has laid a matrix of tragedy, tragedy that has melodramatic developments and poignant philosophical questions hung prodigally everywhere. Irony glints wickedly from the speeches. The clash of character with character is intense, and the dialogue crackles like rifle fire. The play puzzles nearly every audience sorely, and in the end the public generally accepts it as a kind of philosophic farce. We see a bare stage ready for a rehearsal. The manager, actors, stage hands and prompter are there just about to begin the rehearsal. Suddenly the doorkeeper comes on and informs the manager that there are six persons at the stage door waiting to see him. The manager abuses the doorkeeper for letting anyone near him at rehearsal time, but while he is speaking, on come the six characters. They are dressed in black, their faces are mysteriously pale. One of them, the Father, has flaming red hair. An emanation of unreality hangs about them. "Who are they? What the deuce do they want?" says the manager, whose bluff reality contrasts vividly with the sense of disembodied fantasy clinging to the mysterious six. The red-haired man, the Father, acts as spokesman. "As a matter of fact, we have come here in search of an author. . . ."

"What author?" says the manager.

"Any author," answers the Father timidly yet insistently.

Amid the general amazement of the actors and the manager, the Father begins to explain. The six characters are: The Father, the Mother, the Step-daughter, the Son, a Youth of about fourteen, and a Little Girl. They are characters which an author called into being one day and then abandoned with their theatrical destiny cut short. They long to come upon the stage as their original author meant them to, and they appeal to the manager to give them life. Between his uncertainty if he is dealing with madmen and his bursts of rage, in which he threatens to turn them out, his interest is finally caught, and he allows the Father to tell the story of the six characters amid the interruptions of the latter, who have naturally different conceptions of themselves and of their drama. At this point the philosophic farce becomes tragical, for the story of the characters is a grim and miserable one as told by the Father. Many years before the Father abandoned the Mother, taking the Son to live with him. The Mother took a lover, by whom she had three more children: the Step-daughter, the Youth, and the Little Girl.

It happened that after the death of the lover the Mother and the three children encountered bad times, and the Step-daughter came to work for a modiste of equivocal character, who allowed her shop to be used for appointments of a questionable nature. The Father by chance frequented the place, and was one day surprised there by the Mother, whom he had not seen for years, just as he was about to offer money to the Step-daughter, whom the Mother had always supposed to be virtuous. The Father learnt that the girl was his own step-daughter, and touched with pity for the unfortunate family, took them all to live under his own roof. The experiment, however, did not prove a success, for the Son did not get on with the three other children and taunted them with their illegitimacy. The manager ends by becoming persuaded to the idea of the Father and agrees to make a drama out of the characters. He decides that the characters, as a beginning, will act the scene at the modiste's, Madame Pace, after which the actors will repeat the action. The

manager casts the parts, but the characters protest that the actors are not in the least like them. In the end, however, the manager convinces them that they must leave the acting of their parts to his actors. The playing of the rôles of the characters by the actors produces a grotesque scene of ironical farce. The reconstruction of the drama of the lives of these characters in this unfinished play, this "comedy in the making," as the author calls it himself, proceeds through the other two acts amid the semi-tragic cries of the "characters" and the rough chaff and laughter of the actors and manager, who form the background of reality against which these fantastic character figures move. In the end, the comedy cannot be made, cannot be converted from its inchoate state into the play which the prompter is jotting down scene by scene in shorthand, because one of the characters, the Son, rebels at the idea, declaring that he was not created for the stage. The comedy in the making ends a trifle inconclusively with the Youth shooting himself as he is forced to carry out his part in the strange undeveloped play, while the Son tells how the Little Girl was found drowned in the basin of a fountain in their garden. This enables Pirandello to close his play on one of the key motives of the comedy. "It is only acting," cries the manager as the Youth falls. "No, no," answers the Father. "It is reality."

Besides being a very original attempt to put on the stage a synthesis of the process of artistic creation, Pirandello again plays with his favourite intellectual contrasts of reality and appearance, of man as he supposes himself to be and as he is seen by his fellows. The play is strewn with many illuminating ideas and flashes of rare perception. It is a mine of provocative suggestions.

In *Henry IV.* Pirandello has sought to paint a picture on a large canvas. He takes us into an atmosphere of kings and courts, and certainly it is not without meaning to avail himself of the high symbolical value of kingship that he does so. It was not surely unintentional on Shakespeare's part that he dealt so liberally in kings and princes in his plays, for the king is already, as such, a poetic

dramatic figure, standing, as he does, for a concentrated mass of humanity.

True it is only a mad king whom we see in *Henry IV.*, or, rather, a man who, though no king at all, believes himself to be such. But even so his words and actions are invested with all the majesty of kingship. His torments and passions are the more tragic because of their solitariness. As well as a crazy gentleman (whose craziness, moreover, is only feigned during the drama) he is an ideal figure. Henry IV. is an Italian nobleman of our own times, who, in taking part in a pageant which happens before the play begins, falls from his horse and injures his brain. The pageant, given at his country seat, was so planned that all the members of the house party should represent some historical personage. The host took the part of Henry IV., the German Emperor who went to Canossa, and his mistress, the Marchioness Matilda Spina, assumed the character of the Marchioness Matilda of Tuscany, Henry IV.'s famous enemy. The fall from the horse, caused, it afterwards turns out, by the wilful action of a certain Count Belcredi, Henry IV.'s rival with the Marchioness Spina, had the effect of making him lose his reason. When he recovered his senses after the fall, the nobleman who gave the pageant believed himself to be Henry IV. in all seriousness. Since the house was arrayed for the pageant, and in order to humour Henry, who is a very rich man, the doctors advised that he should be humoured in his insane fancy. Consequently his friends and familiars continued to treat him as Henry IV., and when the play begins we see the throne room of the Emperor with four private councillors—young men engaged to play the part—joking and talking in modern colloquial language in their rest time. The Marchioness Spina and Count Belcredi, now her lover, together with a doctor and a relation of Henry IV. have come to visit him to see how he is getting on, for they have heard that he has shown signs of recovering from his affliction. They are ushered into the presence of the mock Emperor, disguised as personages of the epoch. Henry IV., who

though he was really mad for several years has recovered, and for a number of years has been perfectly in possession of his mind. He has merely been pretending to be mad, and keeping up the idea of being the Emperor in order to take a subtle revenge on those who have caused him years of lunacy.

"I determined to live it," he says, "this madness of mine, with the most lucid consciousness, and thus revenge myself on the brutality of a stone which dented my head. The solitude—this solitude—squalid and empty as it appeared to me when I opened my eyes again—I determined to deck it out with all the colours and splendours of that far-off day of carnival when you (*looks at Donna Matilda*), Marchioness, triumphed. So I would oblige all those who were around me to follow, by God, at my will that famous pageant which has been—for you, and not for me—the jest of a day. I would make it become, for ever, no more a joke but a reality, the reality of a real madness: here all in masquerade, with throne room, and these my four secret councillors: secret, and of course traitors. . . ."

Thus, during the action of this play, packed with dramatic incidents and carried along on a torrent of powerful suggestive language, *Henry IV.*, though pretending to be mad, is really sane, and it is only at the last that he reveals the trick he has played on all around him: on his secret councillors who laugh at him behind his back, who "see him to bed with mediæval lanterns and then turn on the electric light for themselves." In a ferocious scene at the end of the play, he reveals all, apostrophising the listeners with all the pent-up bitterness of the long years passed in the terrible masquerade. He runs Belcredi, his unfaithful friend, through with a sword, and goes back again into darkness.

Based though it is on what has been argued is a doubtful psychological possibility—the fact that a madman having recovered his reason would or could wilfully feign madness for several years more—*Henry IV.* is perhaps Pirandello's greatest achievement. It is conceived in the big style, and is full of intensely dramatic moments. It is written in language that is rich in poetry and philosophic suggestions. It affords a great part for the leading actor who plays the rôle of *Henry IV.*, whose long speeches—sometimes over-long—range over a wide sphere of speculative thought.

It is, and probably will remain, Pirandello's most important contribution to the modern European theatre.

NOTE ON THE PRODUCTIONS OF THE PLAYS

Dr. Luigi Pirandello, though a man of fifty-five or six, has only been writing for the stage since about 1917. His comedies, introducing a new spirit into the modern Italian theatre, were at first received in Italy with considerable hostility, both by critics and public. The first performance of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, at the Communal Theatre in Rome just three years ago, caused a riot in the theatre. Since then, however, Pirandello has succeeded in establishing a solid reputation for his plays, which have been translated and played in most European languages. London witnessed a couple of performances of *Six Characters* by the Stage Society in 1922. The same play has also been given at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. New York saw a successful production of this play last year, while *Henry IV.* was produced there this spring. Two other Pirandello plays, *Come Prima, meglio di prima*, and *Così è, se vi pare*, have also been presented in New York. Three or four of the comedies have been done in Paris, while *Six Characters*, as well as one or two of the others, has been played before Dutch, German, Austrian, Spanish, South American, Russian, Belgian, and Scandinavian audiences.

FRANCES MARY BUSS AND THE
ASSOCIATION OF HEAD MISTRESSES,
1874-1924

BY SARA A. BURSTALL,
Late Head Mistress of Manchester High School

IN June of this year the Incorporated Association of Head Mistresses of Public Secondary Schools for Girls, which now numbers nearly 500 members, celebrated its jubilee, under the presidency of Miss F. R. Gray, of St. Paul's. This is therefore a fitting opportunity to recall, however briefly and incompletely, the origin of the Association and the lifework of its founder.

Under the influence and at the invitation of Thring of Uppingham, the Head Masters' Conference had been established in 1869. Five years later an informal meeting of nine headmistresses was held by the invitation of Frances Mary Buss at her house on Primrose Hill, and the Association, which to-day is so large and widespread in its influence, was established. Seven of the ladies came from London schools; the others were Miss Beale, of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, then over twenty years old, and Miss Elizabeth Day, of the Manchester High School, only just founded. The minutes of the first meeting, at which Miss Beale presided, state that nine other heads, mostly from schools out of London, should be invited to join the Association then formally constituted; certain principles are laid down as to what the powers and the duties of a headmistress ought to be, and a demand is made for an examination for teachers, men and women. These minutes are duly signed "Frances M. Buss," who was appointed President of the new association, and retained the chair till her death.

Who and what was this woman, whose name, perhaps, is known as one of the pioneers of the woman's movement, but whose personality and work are fast being forgotten to-day, even by those who owe them most?

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The best answer is found in the inscription written by Sir Richard Jebb for the Memorial Window erected by the Clothworkers' Company in the Hall of her School in Camden Road:

HUIUS SCHOLAE QUAM IPSA INSTITUIT PER ANNOS XLIV PRAESES
FEMINA DE GENERE FEMINEO PRAECLARE MERITA
ANIMI ROBORE INGENII ACIE MORUM SUAVITATE INSIGNIS
ERGA OMNES BENEVOLA SUIS DILECTISSIMA
QUAE IMPIGRAM TOTIUS VITAE OPERAM EO CONTULIT
UT CIVIUM FILIAE BONIS ARTIBUS ET DISCIPLINIS EXCOLERENTUR.

She was the founder not only of that school, but much else in the modern day school system of girls' education. She was headmistress for 44 years, from 1850 to her death in 1894. She does indeed deserve that we of her sex should hold her honourable. She was a woman remarkable for strength of will, keen instinct, quick intuition, and kindly dignity of character; generous to all, and beloved by her own. She achieved by the intense energy and devotion of her whole life the reform of education for the daughters of our nation.

This wordy paraphrase of Jebb's monumental Latin may serve as a framework in attempting to convey to a later generation her story, and also something of what the girls in our schools and colleges, the teaching profession, and indeed the community at large, owe to Frances Mary Buss.

She was a Londoner, of a family of engravers and artists. Born in 1827, she began to teach when still but a girl in her mother's private school in North-West London, attending Queen's College in the evenings for her own education when in 1848 it was founded by Frederick Denison Maurice. Under the impulse of this intellectual awakening she began her own school, the North London Collegiate, in 1850. It grew and prospered, and was always in the front of new movements, such as the opening of the Cambridge Local Examinations to girls; in 1870 she handed it over to a public Trust, the model for similar organisations elsewhere, as in Manchester. By heroic efforts she secured for it, and for a lower school she founded in 1871, a proper scheme, approved by Her Majesty in Council in 1875, an endowment from the

Brewers and Clothworkers Company, and ultimately new buildings opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1879. Queen Alexandra became, and still is, patron of the Schools.

But the permanent foundation of two great schools was not all; these became in many respects the sources of tradition and method for the day schools founded during the 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century, and at a further remove of the County Secondary Schools set up under the Act of 1902. The boarding school tradition is different, and derives from other sources, chiefly from Dorothea Beale's work at Cheltenham and the later type established at St. Andrew's. In the forward movement after 1870 were sent as observers to Miss Buss's school the headmistresses appointed to open new schools for girls, notably Mrs. Woodhouse, of Sheffield and Clapham High Schools, and Miss Elizabeth Day, of Manchester. In this way Miss Buss's plans and ideas were taken up by younger women and used all over the country "*ut civium filiae bonis artibus et disciplinis excolerentur.*"

What was it that made this final movement after 1870 possible? Here, again, it may be well to recall the work of other pioneers, the men of the Schools Inquiry Commission of 1864, Lord Taunton, its chairman, and such friends as Joshua Fitch, James Bryce, and J. H. Green and D. B. Fearon, assistant commissioners. This Taunton Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into all education that lay between the seven Public schools and Elementary schools (which had been the sphere of two earlier commissions respectively). Such wide terms of reference made possible the favourable reply to a memorial sent up to the Taunton Commission, through the efforts of Miss Emily Davies, that girls' schools should be included in their inquiry. In 1865 Mr. Roby, the secretary, stated in reply that "the Commissioners were willing to embrace in their inquiry the education of both sexes alike." In the November of the same year Miss Emily Davies and Miss Buss went to give evidence before the Commissioners on a very foggy day in a very dull room in Victoria Street. But this was the dawn of a new and splendid era to Miss Buss;

she always dated the beginning of the success of her work from that, the first recognition by the State of women's education, the earnest of better things to come. How she would have rejoiced in the equality of grants from the State to girls' schools as to boys', in the State scholarships, now happily re-established, in the State recognition of the teaching service of women by pensions and appointments to the local magistracy! But there was a long road to travel first. The story of it ought to be told in full some day; here only a brief note or two is possible. The Report of the Taunton Commission was an epoch-making one; it gave a great shock to public opinion, roused among a select few the desire for reform in secondary education, and in particular laid down the lines on which the advance in the education of girls has since been made, those whose practical success Miss Buss had proved already. The Girls' Public Day School Trust almost immediately began its work, as those who saw its Jubilee commemoration last year will recall. The Endowed Schools Commission decided that henceforward "in any enactment . . . the full participation of girls in endowments should be broadly laid down." In a few years Miss Buss was able to make a list of forty-five new endowed schools for girls, with hundreds of pupils each, and a headmistress whose standing and salary were adequate to her responsibilities. As she wrote, "There are some good positions for properly qualified women teachers . . . not to be had elsewhere. Look at Scotch girls' schools, at German also." She had fought all along for the status of the headmistress. The new girls' schools were to be officered by women, not by men. So our very Association owes its existence to her not only collectively, but individually. She fought also for women governors on the Boards and Councils of schools and colleges, just as she demanded admission to examinations for her girls on equal terms with boys.

This fundamental principle is largely responsible for what has since been sometimes declared to be a weakness in the movement, the imitation of boys' education rather than the construction of a new system, better suited to the needs of women. There are various answers to this

reproach, the first of which is that it is not true. The girls' school is not modelled on the boys'; it is not exclusively classical or scientific; it has always preserved the tradition of good teaching in English and history and modern languages, and has given much time and attention to art and music, and even to handwork. The boys' subjects, Latin, mathematics, and later on science, have been added, but not quite in the same form or to the same extent for all.¹ In the last fifty years, indeed, the boys' curriculum has developed on the side of English, modern studies, and the arts, and has approximated to the girls'. What Frances Mary Buss demanded and secured was the key of the position *then*, the equality of standard and subject in examination tests, whether at school or at college. Nothing else would have convinced the public mind that girls really were worth a proper education. We who were pupils then had to prove our quality in the only fashion then recognised; and we did. We had a great general to lead us, who knew exactly the way to victory, and whose unconquerable will inspired it.

This principle it was that made Girton College so dear to Miss Buss: she and Miss Emily Davies, the founder, held together and worked together. There is a tradition among Miss Buss's girls that in very early days they made a third of the little college. Girton has stood always for strict conformity to University regulations, and its other ideals were also those Miss Buss admired. In the late 'seventies the University of London was opened fully and completely to women on terms of absolute equality, and it, with its colleges, Bedford and University, also claimed her loyalty. She did not live to see the growth and power of the new urban Universities, but she would have rejoiced in them too.

It is true, however, that Frances Mary Buss stood definitely for the principle that women should, through education, enter into the same cultural and spiritual inheritance

(1) This is shown by the Oxford entries for Honours Schools this summer, where the women exceed in Modern Languages, are nearly equal in History and English, but show but a scanty few in Greats compared with the number of men, from a much larger body of students.

that men had so long enjoyed. Knowledge, truth, the republic of learning, is one thing; it is not divided into masculine and feminine halves. She had firm hold of this great principle, and she fought for freedom of entry. Once in, woman could find, each for herself, what suited her best; this, of course, is what has happened. That a large number of the ablest of the college women should have sunk their own inheritance of learning in partnerships with husbands whom they help is a natural and proper result. It could not be said, however, that the ideals of learning and scholarship were those uppermost in Miss Buss's mind. She always had a very firm grasp of practical business conditions. In Victorian London the problem of the middle-class woman who must earn her own living and even help to fill the family purse had already shown itself. She realised that these women must have a thorough education if they were to be anything but ineffective drudges. "Why are women so little thought of? I would have girls trained to match their brothers!" was a saying of hers while still a girl. It was this practical need which made her struggle so intensely for equal examination tests.

The same need was responsible for much in the school tradition she established. Strength was one of its ideals—strength of body, mind, and character. Thus self-control, a discipline, stern and sometimes even excessive, an utter exclusion of excuses for neglect of duty, and a high standard of physical health, were characteristic of the system. Hygiene was a compulsory subject in the curriculum, and everything possible was done to carry out the laws of health in daily life. Long before the modern cult of games the school encouraged dancing, swimming, and gymnastics in the old St. Pancras gymnasium. Medical inspection was begun almost as soon as there were women medical officers to do it. The modern doctrine of the influence of the will to be well as a hygienic agent was then unknown in England. In the 'seventies and 'eighties, indeed, the fashionable philosophy was materialistic. But the duty of being in good health was taught in Miss Buss's schools, and most of us practised Couéism and were well, because we had to be.

Another principle of hers was that every girl was good for something; it was the business of the teacher to find out what that was and to make the best of the pupil. The school motto she chose is, "We work in hope." Her faith in the latent possibilities of character was effectual to a remarkable degree, because it was faith, a matter of the heart rather than the head. "She seemed almost to believe," says Dr. Sophie Bryant of her, "that anyone could be made to do and become anything. She produced wonderful results in the way of training up efficient workers when others would have despaired. . . . She believed in everyone, but she would let bad work pass with no one."¹ It was a great thing for the tradition to have this in it, a principle profoundly Christian and far-reaching in its educational consequences. One of these consequences is the very great care given in girls' schools to pupils who are not successful or happy on the ordinary lines. This, again, is one cause of the revolt and struggle among head-mistresses to-day against excessive regulation of internal schools' examinations by external authorities, inspectors, officials, examiners. We know that our girls are suffering because they are not all of one pattern, and we can't ignore the misfits.

Another result of this care for the individual pupil, which arises from the maternal instinct in women—and no one was more of a mother by nature than Frances Mary Buss—is the woman's belief in the training of teachers. The work has its technical devices; it needs a right attitude of mind; it has its scientific basis; the teacher must learn to study these if she is to be able to teach *every type* of pupil.

So it was that Miss Buss worked to make teaching a profession. She supported the College of Preceptors and its lectures—the only plan available in early days for secondary teachers. The Maria Grey Training College found a warm friend in her. She was one of the founders of the Cambridge Training College. She did not live to see registration become a live issue, for she died in 1894, but she inspired the Head Mistresses' Association, which she founded, with the right ideals, and when the time came

(1) *Frances Mary Buss*, by A. E. Ridley, p. 229.

it fought for the Teachers' Registration Council and for that "Joint Four" organisation, typified by the house in Gordon Square, which draws together the four secondary associations of men and women heads and assistants for the general good of the whole profession.

It must not be imagined that Frances Mary Buss was always and only the wise leader in great movements—the careful schoolmistress training her pupils to prove that girls in general were worthy of further opportunities of education and work. She was a very "womanly woman," thoroughly "feminine," impulsive, intuitive, emotional, sometimes even hot-tempered and unjust, warm-hearted and hospitable, delighting in pretty things, whether for house or attire, and keen to give the young folk around her a good time. In the early 'eighties she got up boating parties and even simple dances for her Girton girls and her undergraduate friends whenever she visited Cambridge, and her house on Primrose Hill was the centre of a wide and gracious social life in which her assistant mistresses shared. At school plays she loved to dress up the actors from wonderful boxes of her father's art properties and her own accumulations, and lent these for the fancy dress school parties she liked to organise. She made an excellent stage manager, with an eye for effect and a tongue to speak exquisite and emphatic English. Costume she thought about as an artist does—she dressed with taste and dignity herself, and expected her staff to do the same. Indeed, on one occasion a junior member who had accompanied her to a *soirée* was summoned next morning to the head's room for what looked like an official reprimand, but turned out to be peremptory instructions to get a proper evening dress. The young teacher needed no second injunction!

Engagements and marriages in her circle were to Miss Buss a real joy, and she smoothed the path for more than one pair of troubled lovers. Strict as she was about regular attendance at school, extremely strict for those early days, she gave leave of absence freely to pupils to attend family weddings. Her passionate love of little children was another side of her deep womanliness.

Towards the end of her life, carrying a very heavy burden of duty and responsibility, and worn out before her time by her arduous toil as a pioneer, she would find her best refreshment in the kindergarten when she could snatch an hour to sit with the little ones. There was nothing narrow or cold or meagre about her! Imperious will, leader's instinct, mother-heart—all were hers, and made her what she was.

There are, of course, many strands in the web of the woman's movement for higher education: there are the two pioneers at Cambridge, Anne Clough and Emily Davies, founders of Newnham and Girton; the founders of the Girls' Public Day School Trust, men and women; Dorothea Beale, of Cheltenham; public-spirited citizens in the Midlands and in Lancashire, where the founders of the Manchester High School have been of late remembered in a Jubilee Thanksgiving Service in Manchester Cathedral. All these, and others, known and unknown, gave of their best in time and thought and toil, and many gave of their worldly goods also. They must not be forgotten by us women who owe so much to them. As years go by, the harvest of their sowing is gathered; we realise more fully how good was the seed. And we who are of the Frances Mary Buss Schools in North London are glad and proud to bear our part in remembering our founder and say:

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SITUATION

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

THE stage has now been set in the United States for the political campaign which will precede the Presidential election to be held November 4th. On that day the American people will give the sign as to the men they favour for the offices of President and Vice-President; the entire House of Representatives and one-third of the membership of the Senate will be voted upon; and in each and every State a full roster of local officials will be elected. National and international interest centres around the Presidential election for the reason that the result of the ballot will be largely indicative as to what home and foreign policies will be during the four years following the election.

The field of political manoeuvre now presents a three-cornered contest with President Calvin Coolidge at the head of the Republican forces, assisted by General Charles G. Dawes, the Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency. The Democratic hosts are led by Mr. John W. Davis, with Governor Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska as his associate on the ticket. The third political division, which is without a recognised party name, unless it be called the "Independent Progressive," is one of protest against the alleged iniquities of the two older organisations, and its standard bearer is that stormy petrel of American politics for many years past, the veteran Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin. Thus are the forces aligned, and the result of the November election may be an overwhelming victory for President Coolidge, a victory for either President Coolidge or Mr. Davis by a narrow margin, or through a larger number of votes falling to Senator La Follette than his opponents think probable the election of the next President may be thrown into Congress through the Constitutional provision that a candidate must have a clear majority in the electoral college over the combined strength of his rivals to secure the honour.

The efforts of each party to find the men, and the declarations of principle with which to appeal to the electorate, were marked by serious difficulties and such restrictions as were ominous for success at the polls. The Republican nomination went to President Coolidge almost by default, inasmuch as a candidate who is already President and who is asking for a second term has an enormous advantage over all comers. His party must support him or be placed in the position of repudiating its own administration. In this particular case, if President Coolidge had been primarily responsible for the men in his cabinet who were involved in the oil scandals he might not have been nominated, but as he inherited these troubles from a previous administration and remained personally untouched the nation held him to be honest, sincere, free from all taint and without vulnerability on that score. It still remains, however, that he is of the party which laid itself open to criticism, and he suffers from a certain handicap thereby. The convention which placed him in nomination turned out to be merely a ratification meeting and was without surprise. The selection of that vigorous personality, General Charles G. Dawes, as his running mate was a good play in politics, and if the choice was due to President Coolidge himself, as is generally believed, his quality of political generalship is of a higher order than the more experienced party managers have given him credit for. He unquestionably dominated the convention and put the "old guard" to rout in such matters as the selection of men and the formulation of platform declarations. President Coolidge is looked upon as conservative, "safe and sane." If there are to be any Republican fireworks during the campaign they will be furnished by General Dawes, who is a man of forceful personality, strong in his convictions and outspoken in all matters in which he is interested. These qualities are so pronounced as to have earned for him the nickname of "Hell and Maria Dawes," which is illuminating to those familiar with the use of this purely American expletive.

Senator Robert M. La Follette, who has been nominated as an independent candidate for the Presidency by a group

of so-called progressives, has been classed as a Republican throughout his long political career, but he has been a thorn in the side of the regular organisation by reason of his insurgency and because of his advocacy of measures directly opposed in principle to the generally accepted tenets of the party. His present platform declares for Government ownership of public utilities and appeals for national aid to the agricultural industry. It is in reality a socialistic declaration of belief and calculated to appeal largely to the needs of the people and industries of the Middle West. The Senator is handicapped by his age, as he is now nearly seventy years old, and by a prolonged illness which will prevent him from taking an active part in the campaign. At present writing no running mate has been selected for their ticket by his supporters. This selection was deferred in view of the possibility that the Democrats might select a candidate for the Vice-Presidency who would be acceptable to the La Follette following. It is possible that Governor Charles W. Bryan, who has now been chosen by the Democrats, may meet their requirements. If he does it would add strength to the La Follette ticket to accept him in preference to finding some independent candidate for the honour.

The dramatic interest of the campaign up to the present time has centred in the proceedings of the Democratic Convention, which met in New York early in July, and during a session lasting over a fortnight cast one hundred and three ballots before the final selection was made. This Democratic Convention had been in session but a few hours when it became an out-and-out religious conflict. Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, one of the two leading candidates, is a Catholic and in opposition to that phase of American public opinion of which the so-called Ku Klux Klan is a violent exponent. William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, a son-in-law of the late President Wilson, is a Protestant and an open upholder of the Klan idea. These two men divided the dominating forces of the convention between them, and the struggle was long and bitter. Neither would withdraw in favour of the other, and it became apparent early in the

fight that of necessity a compromise candidate would have to be agreed upon if the party was to present a united front to the enemy.

For both sides to agree upon such a candidate was difficult of accomplishment, and the usual result of such a situation would have been the selection of a more or less complaisant politician without strong personality or convictions. The names of several such were brought forward, but the convention would have none of them. The final result was a surprise not only to the general public but to many members of the Convention itself, for John W. Davis was nominated, a man of forceful character, earnest convictions, and fearless in his advocacy of what he believes to be the right course of action. Mr. Davis is fairly well known in England by reason of his having held the post of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James during the difficult days of reconstruction from 1918 to 1921. He was in London during the critical time of the birth of the Irish Free State, and few people outside of the British Foreign Office are aware of the difficult path which had to be followed by the American Ambassador at that time to maintain the necessary neutrality of his Government and at the same time to assist in every way within his power a settlement which meant so much to the good relations of England and the United States.

During that trying period Mr. Davis showed a quality not common to men in high political position—he studiously avoided the limelight. He once said to the writer of this article: “If I were to tell you the truth I have a fixed aversion to seeing diplomats become a sort of glorified newspaper reporters. It seems to me that if their position is to be of any service whatever, it is because they furnish the channel for oral communication under the seal of personal confidence.” Since Mr. Davis retired from the diplomatic service he has lived up to his convictions, for, in spite of many temptations to do otherwise, he has not written a book on his service abroad, nor has he contributed in any popular form to the history of those urgent days of the making of the Versailles Treaty or the Anglo-Irish agreement, during the formulation of which he was American

Ambassador in England and necessarily on the inside of current events, some of which have never yet been exploited by the pen for general information.

His position towards the great questions of the day is one based upon logical inference. He believes that the United States has a great part to play in the affairs of the world, but that this part should be played in accordance with American tradition and belief. He is neither a “wet” nor a “dry,” but is in favour of the vigorous enforcement of such laws as Congress may put upon the statute book in response to the expressed will of the American people. His mental attitude is that of the wise judge who not only interprets the law with the authority of knowledge, but who exercises that all-comprehensive quality of common sense which is, or should be, the tempering factor in all administration of human affairs.

Thus out of a welter of hate, bitter controversy and narrow partisanship has come a Democratic candidate for the Presidency superior in qualifications to any placed in nomination since William Jennings Bryan wrecked the organisation in 1896. Whether Mr. Davis is elected President of the United States or not—and his election is extremely doubtful, even improbable—to him will probably be given the credit for a rehabilitation of the Democratic Party, of which it was sadly in need, and of bringing it back to the important and dignified position it occupied in American political life in the days before the Republican party organisation was able to triumph so effectively through the mistakes of its opponents.

The weight of Senator La Follette’s candidacy cannot be safely under-estimated. Personally he is at a disadvantage, for his opponents are vigorous men and physically in the prime of life. President Coolidge is fifty-two years of age and Mr. Davis is fifty-one. The principles advocated by Senator La Follette have achieved widespread support among the mass of the people, however, and the farmers, suffering from a serious depression in their industry, are of the opinion that the Government as conducted by the Republicans or the Democrats has not done enough for them. The La Follette candidacy has a good support in

the press, among the papers behind it being the twenty-three newspapers controlled by Mr. Hearst, which reach the people of sixteen large cities and their surrounding territory. The La Follette platform and the papers supporting it are strong with the labour element and appeal successfully to the very large section of the population in the United States which has of late years inclined towards views of more or less Socialist character.

The results of the election next November will be determined by the so-called floating or independent vote. This vote will be influenced by other than economic considerations. The matter of a high or low tariff, the declarations as to foreign policy, the party protestations in favour of economy of national administration and honesty in handling the property and money of the taxpayers, will not deeply concern the voters. The people generally are indifferent as regards the scale of import duties, for there is little or no free trade sentiment in America. In matters of foreign policy it is believed that no matter which party is in power an opportunist course will be pursued, governed and dictated by the general wish that the United States should be able to do something towards getting the affairs of the world on to a more stable basis without involving the people of the United States in further political, financial or military complications. The taxpayers are cynical as to the possible honesty or efficiency of any political administration of national affairs, and their opinion of Congress is better left unsaid.

The Republican Party will suffer somewhat from the recent oil land scandals; but as there are prominent Democrats also involved in this situation the effect of this upon the voters will reflect to the advantage of Senator La Follette with those who are sufficiently concerned to cast their votes upon this issue alone. The so-called "taint of Wall Street" is fairly well distributed among the nominees of both Republican and Democratic Parties. President Coolidge is looked upon as ultra-conservative, hence friendly to the "interests." Gen. Dawes, his running mate, is a banker. The profitable feature of Mr. Davis' new law practice is its connection with the large

financial and industrial organisations, and it was this which aroused the strongest opposition to his being selected as the standard bearer of the Democratic Party. His running mate, Governor Charles W. Bryan, of Nebraska, on the other hand, is distinctly antagonistic to the "money power," and was undoubtedly chosen to counteract the feeling against Mr. Davis because of his association with those who control a large part of the consolidated wealth of the United States. He was chosen also to placate, or at least to cut the claws of, his brother, William Jennings Bryan, who is still a force in American politics through his power of oratory, his prestige as a former Presidential candidate, and his passionate advocacy of prohibition and extremely orthodox Protestantism, and who openly and strongly opposed the nomination of Mr. Davis.

As matters now stand, therefore, there is practically no advantage held by either the Republicans or the Democrats so far as any reflections may be made upon the sympathies or associations of the heads of the tickets. The Republicans have a real advantage, however, in the fact that their leader is already President of the United States, hence in a position of great political power and prestige. His publicity work has already been largely done for him, while Mr. Davis is in reality almost unknown to a great majority of the voters. The speeches of the latter are still to be made, and they will have an unusual interest, as his real position on many important questions of the day is as yet unknown. It will probably be found that President Coolidge is to have a rival in his lack of loquacity and his ability to avoid hasty commitments upon controversial details.

The President's position is strong, however, for in all the mud-throwing that has occupied the energies of Congress for so many months past he has remained unsmirched. The public believe he is honest and politically fearless in his honesty, and his position on matters such as the soldier bonus, revision of the system of taxation, the controversy with Japan, and other important matters in which he was in disagreement with Congress finds wide support. There is a very large element of conservatism

among the American people which distrusts experimental Government policies which run counter to the established order, and this element is well organized for the purpose of combating the advance of Socialistic practices. This element finds President Coolidge satisfactory, and will support him as against Senator La Follette or even against a possible Democratic administration, although it might be headed by Mr. Davis, who is also considered "safe and sane" for the reason that should Mr. Davis come into power there will likely follow in his wake a Democratic Congress and a Democratic following not to be trusted from their point of view.

It is this large Conservative element which will prevent Senator La Follette from receiving as large a vote as either President Coolidge or Mr. Davis, the only real question of importance so far as the possible result of the election is concerned being as to the size of the La Follette vote. As is known, the voters of the United States do not cast their ballots direct for President or Vice-President. In each State members of an electoral college are voted upon. After the election this college elects a President and Vice-President. In the earlier days of the national existence this college made its own choice, but in the evolution of the American political system the electoral college has become merely an instrument to record the will of the voters as expressed in the nominating conventions held before the elections. The college does not hold any meeting, for in each state the results are tabulated and forwarded to Washington for assembly. To be elected President a candidate must have a majority of the vote of the electoral college, and if a third party is strong enough to prevent the candidate of one of the two great parties from securing such a majority it becomes the duty of Congress to elect a President and Vice-President.

There is a widespread belief that this will be found to be the situation after the election of next November. Should this be so the possible outcome is greatly in doubt, for Congress itself presents no clearly defined majority for either the Democratic or Republican Party. The fol-

lowers of Senator La Follette would still hold the balance of power. Should Congress enter into a deadlock extending to the end of the session on March 4th and the Senate fail to elect a Vice-President who could act as President pending other arrangement, as is quite possible with the political state as it is, an unprecedented situation would arise. The suggestion is not at all far-fetched, as the entire modern political system of the United States in practice assumes but two great parties. Should conditions arise which would bring about a similar state of affairs to that now common to the European States, where the Government is carried on by a minority faction with the aid of a "bloc," it would bring about numerous and important changes in political procedure, and it is not at all inconceivable that this should be one of the developments of the future.

A great number of the older voters have broken away from their party allegiance, and each year a vast number of new voters are recruited to the electorate, who are guided by no precedent or tradition as to their political alignment. There is no reason to suppose that the forces at work in England to break down the two-party system are not equally or even more active in the United States, and there is much evidence to the effect that they are. In all the larger countries Congresses and Parliaments are in disrepute, and are blamed for all the ills of the State. This is hardly fair in a way, because the general average of intelligence and honesty in a Congress or a Parliament is higher than the general average of the same qualities among the electorate. This is necessarily so, for it requires a certain superior degree of accomplishment of sorts to become a member of a legislative body. Such criticism as is current is inspired through political opposition or comes from the more intelligent minority. This is especially true of the United States, where the man who aspires to become a member of the legislative body is a resident of his district and must pit his strength or his ingenuity against that of his fellow townsmen in a place where he is known and where the spot light is constantly upon him. Those who survive are necessarily able to

stand the glare and to triumph in their activities over numerous rivals. Congress is in great disrepute with the American people at the present time, but that it is a mirror in which the voter finds himself flattered to a certain extent cannot be denied.

The people of the United States are moving slowly but surely towards some kind of participation in European affairs, and there is nothing in the candidacy of any man now before the nation as an aspirant for the White House or in the declaration of principles upon which he stands to indicate anything to the contrary. In fact, it may be said that such progress is indicated in the form the issues have taken. It may be said also that there is no threat to British-American relations in any possible outcome to the election. Apparently the stage has been reached where amicable relations and more or less international co-operation between the United States and England may be taken for granted.

CONCERNING THE ÆTIOLOGY OF CANCER

·BY W. E. DEEKS, M.A., M.D., C.M.

THE increasing number of cancer cases, particularly among the better classes, and the attendant mortality, has stimulated the most exhaustive studies in attempts to solve the problems of their ætiology and cure. The disease has been studied from almost all angles—bacteriologically, protozoologically, chemically, biologically, etc., but up to date there has been no satisfactory solution.

That the dreaded disease is increasing rapidly may be seen in a review of statistics, which give the tumour death rate in Boston for the period 1840 to 1844 as 25.9 per hundred thousand of the population, and from 1909 to 1913 as 109.6. The mortality rate has more than quadrupled, therefore, in less than 70 years.

In England and Wales the number of deaths from cancer, including sarcoma, in 1884 was 56.6 per hundred thousand, and in 1911 was 99.3, almost doubling in a period of 27 years. This is sufficient evidence to show the marked increase in the number of malignant tumours.

Statistics demonstrate, further, that there are certain predisposing factors. Foremost among these may be mentioned traumatism and chronic irritation or ulceration.

Traumatism: It is a common experience to see a malignant development in or near the site of a traumatism at variable periods from a few months to ten years after the occurrence of the injury. Long periods usually elapse after an injury to the head before the development of a tumour in the brain, and it usually occurs on the opposite side to the injury.

Chronic irritation or ulceration. These conditions seem to be very frequently associated with the development of cancer as observed in our every-day experience.

Examples can be cited *ad infinitum*. The natives of Kashmir have the habit of carrying a basket of burning charcoal under their clothes over the abdomen for purposes

of warmth, and epithelioma in the area exposed to the most intense heat is a common sequence. Those natives of India and the Philippines who contract the habit of chewing betel-nuts are prone to develop cancer of the mouth, usually in the cheek at the site where the betel-nut is retained.

Chimney sweeps in England develop a special form of cancer due to the irritation of the soot, and gardeners who use it to protect plants develop a similar form on their hands. Workers in other irritating substances, such as pitch, tar, aniline dyes, etc., are prone to develop certain types of cancer attributable to the irritating agent used.

We know also that cancer is likely to result after a traumatism or a chronic mastitis of the breast; chronic irritation of the gall bladder or kidney by a stone; chronic irritation of the lip or tongue by smokers of clay pipes and users of strong tobacco; subsequent to the presence of a gastric ulcer in the stomach, etc.

It is unquestionable that chronic irritation and ulceration play a prominent rôle in the ætiology of cancer. Similar influences are operative in the epitheliomata following repeated exposures to X-ray. We know that through X-ray exposure lymphatic glands are destroyed, while other tissues such as nerve fibres are vitally affected.

Furthermore, cancer is more prevalent in the richer than in the poorer classes; in the civilised than in the uncivilised races; in the white than in the coloured man; in women than in men—and, we may add, in domestic animals more than in wild ones. The disease is more prevalent in communities devoted to cereal cultivation than in localities where the people gain their livelihood from pastoral pursuits. These statements can all be verified by a study of statistical data. Any theory therefore as to the cause of cancer must explain all the above recognised predisposing causes.

Of what does a cancer consist? Tumours, which include cancer, consist of uncontrolled proliferating cells which, with a binding stroma, form unorganised tissues similar in their cellular elements to those at the point of origin. They eventually destroy the life of the host by absorbing

essential nourishment, or by invading and destroying tissues necessary to the existence of the host.

Cells vary in form and function and are the microscopical units in which are performed the chemical changes essential to life processes. They are the living units, which, with connective or supportive tissue, constitute the structure of all living organisms. The length of life of the individual cells is short. They are being constantly renewed, the old cells discarded and the new ones assuming their functions. In this connection we need only mention the reproduction of blood cells after a severe hæmorrhage, the growth of hair and nails, the dead epithelia of the skin, and those found in all the secretions and excretions. Cell reproduction or renewal is thus a biological function of all animal life.

If the growth of cells is continuous how is this growth controlled? Apart from endocrine influence, undoubtedly the nervous system controls cell growth and cell arrangement, as it does every other function of the body. We are conscious of the sensations of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch through specially developed nerve fibres and their terminations, and undoubtedly in a similar manner we receive the sensations of pain, heat, cold, hunger, thirst, etc. In fact, there is no known function of the body, secretory, excretory, reproductive, etc., which is not controlled by nerve influence. We are, therefore, justified in assuming that there are special nerve fibres which control the proliferation of cells and their orderly arrangement. This hypothesis is in harmony with every function of the animal organism.

What happens in a traumatism? The tissues are locally shattered and some are destroyed, and recovery takes place by cell reproduction and replacement. Traumatism alone is not responsible for cancer, or it would develop subsequent to every injury. In the case of chronic irritation, as in the natives of Kashmir, the injury probably affects not alone the superficial tissues but extends to the structures beneath the skin. In areas exposed to chronic irritation there is a certain amount of bacterial invasion, toxemic development and absorption which

affects the tissue in or adjacent to the chronic irritated area. The same may be said of ulceration. Cancer does not always follow chronic injury or chronic ulceration, and consequently there must be some accessory factor concerned. It is our belief that cancer is merely a local manifestation, and that the predisposing cause lies in some systematic toxemia resulting from food deficiency, food fermentation, or putrefaction.

We know that many constitutional diseases give rise to local manifestations. This is true of tuberculosis, syphilis, leprosy, malaria, rheumatic intoxications, etc., etc. In the case of syphilis, a constitutional infection, it is the writer's experience that in the coloured labouring classes syphilitic brain manifestations are exceedingly rare. Their occupations are non-intellectual, and the lesions are mainly in the bones or viscera. Locomotor ataxia and general paresis are generally met with in people engaged in intellectual occupations.

Malarial infection affords us a good illustration of the localising phenomena of disease. When the sporozoites are injected into the blood the organisms may localise anywhere in the system—in the brain, liver, spleen, lungs, gastro-intestinal tract, etc., while only the overflow of the organisms may be found in the peripheral blood, and consequently an examination of the blood does not invariably give us a true indication of the presence or gravity of the infection. The writer has seen cases of malaria in pregnant coloured women whose peripheral blood was apparently free from organisms on repeated examinations, but after parturition the placental surfaces showed multitudinous organisms, and in case of death the blood cells of the uterine sinuses when examined were found to be packed with malarial organisms. This has not been an isolated experience but a repeated one. There seem to be cases where the physiological determination of blood to a part determined the localisation of the organisms. The same theory will explain why we rarely find syphilitic brain lesions in labourers, and also why they are more frequently found in people who are more highly developed intellectually.

It is a common observation to find a person suffering from rheumatic symptoms complain more of the limb which is subject to the greatest effort. This is seen in seamstresses, sewing machine workers, etc. In other words, localisation of disease has among its factors the physiological determination of blood to a part through occupation, traumatism or irritation.

If the predisposing cause of cancer be a general toxemia the amount of toxins circulating in the blood would naturally be greater in amount where there is a physiological determination of blood, and this is characteristic of traumatic, ulcerative and chronically irritated areas. If the toxins were of an injurious character the tissues in that part would be more subject to injury, and particularly those finely constituted, such as nerve fibres. If these are injured cell growth is uncontrolled. The proliferating cells develop without restraint and a neoplasm is the result.

Cancer patients generally give a history of an unbalanced diet and of suffering from a series of disturbances emanating from the alimentary tract, and these conditions can generally be explained by an excessive consumption of carbohydrates and a deficiency of green vegetables and fresh fruits.

If cancer is on the increase, as statistics apparently prove, it must be the outcome of our modern methods of civilisation or of some new condition in our mode of living. It cannot be due to any insanitary conditions, as civilised people, as a whole, among whom cancer is most prevalent, were never better housed, better clothed, or living under better sanitary conditions than they are at the present time. Some other factor, therefore, must be sought in our living conditions to explain the remarkable increase. Let us review the change in our diet in the past century.

In order to secure successful growth and maintain health, the food intake must consist of the following food factors, in addition to fresh water, and oxygen from the air: (*a*) protein or albumins, either from plants or animals; (*b*) hydrocarbons or fats; (*c*) carbohydrates or starches, sugars and cellulose; (*d*) certain inorganic salts; and in addition to these (*e*) at least three vitamins, which have been

designated by McCollum as fat soluble A, water soluble B, and water soluble C.

By digestion in the animal is meant the conversion of food-stuffs into simplified and diffusible substances which can be absorbed into the blood or lymph channels. It is carried on in the alimentary canal chiefly by means of enzymes secreted into the cavity by various glands opening into it, or situated in its walls. The neuro-muscular mechanism of the digestive tract plays an important rôle in propelling the food along. Bacteria play an important part in the digestion of certain food-stuffs, especially that of cellulose.

Food is required for the following purposes:—Growth, restoration of tissue lost through wear and tear, production of heat and energy (muscular and nervous). We obtain our food from the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. Vegetables are able to synthesise or build up complex substances—proteins, fats, starches, and sugars—from water and mineral elements in the soil and air, with the aid of heat and light from the sun; but man requires these complex foods already formed before they can be utilised as food.

PROTEINS.—We obtain our proteins from the following sources:—

(a) Meats (including poultry and game); glandular tissues (liver, kidney, etc.); fish, shellfish, milk, cheese, and eggs.

(b) From cereal grains (wheat, rye, corn, oats, rice, and barley); legumes (peas, beans, lentils); and nuts. This group furnishes us also with an important starch supply. Proteins consist chemically of amino-acids, eighteen of which are known, and they are bound together in various proportions and complexities by carboxyl groups, and protein digestion consists in the maceration and hydrolysing of these into amino-acids.

Proteins from animal sources are more valuable for tissue building in the human organisms than those from the vegetable kingdom because (a) their amino-acids approximate in number and constitution more nearly those of our own tissues; (b) they are more easily digested and more completely absorbed; and (c) they are better stimulants of metabolism.

The consumption of protein in excess of physiological requirements leads to intestinal putrefaction, malodorous stools, and excessive work by the kidneys in order to eliminate its nitrogenous wastes.

FATS.—Fats are consumed in the form of butter; bacon, pork and other fat meats; fat fish, and vegetable oils such as olive, coco-nut, cottonseed, peanut, cocoa, etc. Manufactured combinations of fats such as margarine belong to this group. They serve mainly as rich sources of heat and energy, are slow in digesting, and when taken in excess retard the digestion of other foods.

CARBOHYDRATES.—(A) *Starches*.—We obtain our starches chiefly from the following sources:—

(a) Cereal grains, wheat, rye, oats, corn, rice, barley, etc., and their manufactured products in the form of bread, cake, biscuit, macaroni, spaghetti, hominy, and other breakfast cereals.

(b) From legumes (beans, peas, and lentils).

(c) From tubers, examples of which are potatoes and sweet potatoes.

(d) From fleshy roots, carrots, beets, turnips, parsnips, and in this group we may also include squash and pumpkin.

(e) From sago, tapioca, arrowroot, etc.

(B) *Sugar*.—The sources of our sugar intake are:—

(a) Manufactured products of the sugar cane, beet and sugar maple in the form of sugars, molasses and syrups.

(b) Glucose manufactured from corn.

(c) Honey consisting of glucose and levulose.

(d) Fruits. Sugar from the latter is chiefly in the form of invert sugars.

Cellulose, which is a framework of the cells of all vegetables and fruits, is an important constituent of the diet. Though not a direct food, it is subject to the action of bacteria producing organic acids which inhibit the action of the protein putrefactive bacteria and by its bulkiness stimulates peristalsis.

INORGANIC SALTS.—Inorganic salts are necessary constituents of the human organism. Complete deprivation of them means the death of the individual within a month. The chemical elements entering into the composition of tissues, in addition to carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and

oxygen, are calcium, potassium, sodium, magnesium, phosphorus, sulphur, iron, chlorine, and iodine. Traces of silicon and fluorine are also present in the bones and teeth.

Each element serves its particular purpose. Calcium is necessary in the formation of bones and teeth; also magnesium and phosphorus. Without the presence of calcium, milk will not curdle nor blood clot, and it is necessary in the digestion of fats. Potassium and phosphorus are important constituents of muscle, potassium of all tissues, and iron of the hemoglobin of the blood. Sodium in combination with phosphates, carbonates, bicarbonates, etc., preserves the alkalinity of the blood. Sulphur is an important constituent of all proteins. Chlorine is necessary in the formation of hydrochloric acid in the stomach for protein digestion. Iodine is a constituent of the thyroid gland necessary to the formation of its hormone. Cereal foods and tubers are lacking in sodium, phosphorus, calcium and chlorine, and have to be supplemented in an adequate diet. This statement also applies to meat, except that it is rich in phosphorus. Inorganic salts are abundantly supplied in leafy green vegetables and milk; the latter, however, is deficient in iron.

THE VITAMINS.—Our information concerning them has been gained from experimental feeding of animals. An adequate diet necessitates the presence of all of them in small but definitive quantity and quality. As McCarrison states, without their presence, food in a sense is dead.

The exact functions of the vitamins, how they act and the chemistry involved, are unknown. Apparently their action is similar to that of the hormones or endocrines. They stimulate, in some way or another, metabolic activity, and their presence is necessary in the chemical changes which take place in the blood. Man and most other animals cannot synthesise the vitamins, and they must be taken in the food, either from animal or vegetable sources.

They are powerfully active substances and essential food factors in the processes of growth and the maintenance of health. They are necessary to the proper functioning of all glandular structures concerned in the digestion, and

also of all the endocrine, or ductless glands, which play such important rôles in the life processes. Their deficiency in food leads to all sorts of digestive and nervous disturbances. Every function of the body seems to suffer, subjecting the tissues to pathological changes and rendering them liable to bacteriological infection from lowered resistance. In brief, they may be said to vitalise cell life in the body and control its proper functioning.

Without going into detail as to the occurrence of the different vitamins present in foodstuffs, it may be briefly stated that their chief sources in the animal kingdom are in the liver, kidneys, glandular fat organs and viscera; also in fresh milk and eggs; in the vegetable kingdom in the germs and pericarp of cereals; in legumes and abundantly in young, growing shoots, green leafy vegetables, fresh fruits and nuts. Germinating cereals and legumes are a rich source of supply. They are practically absent or deficient in amounts for vital purposes in muscle meats, white flour, decorticated cereals, tubers, vegetable oils and margarines, canned goods, sugars and sugar substances.

These latter classes of foods constitute the great bulk of the diet of our modern civilised people. An inadequate supply of vitamins may not prove deleterious if continued over a small period of the life span of an individual; but, if prolonged, serious results follow in the way of deterioration of tissues and their functions resulting in early senility and premature death.

In what respect does our present-day diet differ from that used by these primitive races? Associated with their remains were certain household utensils which show that their food consisted of the products of the chase, and they did not hesitate to eat even the viscera—a custom now prevalent in some of our American Indian tribes—and it has been demonstrated that the viscera are rich in vitamins. Fish and shellfish were used abundantly by different tribes when they were obtainable. The domestication of cows, goats, and other animals was an early phase in the evolutionary processes, and milk was an important constituent of the diet of primitive races. They used extensively cereal grains which they ground or pounded and subse-

quently parched. These, of course, required considerable mastication and tended to harden the teeth. Vegetables, nuts, and fruits grew almost universally along with roots and tubers, and undoubtedly were extensively utilised. The use of figs, olives, bananas, grapes, dates, etc., dates back to the earliest historical records.

In lower animals, we can readily develop variations by changing the environment and character of the food. If we feed a fish-eating bird on cereal grains the structure of the digestive organs soon changes to meet the requirements of a grain-eating bird, and experiments have shown that a change in nutrition and environment of insects responds with a variation in their colour; in fact, numberless experiments in the lower animals have shown how their structures can be readily modified by changed environment and nutrition. Man is an example of the highest specialisation and is not as adaptable to changed conditions as the lower animals. Sudden changes bring about decay and dissolution. Any changes in our food or environment must be made gradually, otherwise man will not survive.

There are very few radical changes from early times in the way of preparing our meats, but the viscera are now discarded except by primitive people. Fat foods were formerly derived almost solely from animal sources with the probable exception of olive oil. We are now using more vegetable oils than the primitive races, but there are no essential differences from the animal fats, as far as digestion is concerned. The main changes have been largely in the increased use and method of preparation of the carbohydrates. No great changes took place in the use of these foods of Western Europeans until the Crusades, which brought Europeans in touch with Asiatic civilisation. Among other things, the Crusaders learned from the Arabs to make sugar from sugar cane, and its uses. Later on the Spaniards introduced sugar cane to the Western world at the end of the fifteenth century, and it was first cultivated in the island of Santo Domingo. The development of the beet sugar industry dates from Napoleonic times. Napoleon was largely responsible for the development and perfection of this industry because

in the wars of France with England with the former's blockaded ports it was impossible to procure sugar from the West Indian Islands, where it had become extensively cultivated.

It is now only about two hundred years since sugar came into general use among the civilised nations of the West. In modern times its consumption has increased so that in the British Isles within the last fifty years its importation has increased three hundred fold. In the United States the present consumption ranges between eighty-five and ninety-five pounds per capita per annum. Some idea of the rapidity of growth in the use of sugar in the British Isles can be gathered from the fact that in the year 1700 the annual consumption was 10,000 tons; in 1800, 150,000 tons; and in 1895, about 1,100,000 tons. The total consumption of the world in 1870 was 2,750,000 tons; in 1890, 5,360,000 tons; in 1900, 8,647,000 tons; in 1910, 14,914,000 tons; and in 1914, 18,773,000 tons. About half of this amount is derived from the cane and the rest from the beet. This does not include the molasses and other syrupy preparations in general use. Later on we shall refer to its chemical action and physiological properties.

The next epoch in our food evolution is the introduction of the potato. The potato is a native of the mountainous districts of Chile, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. It was first introduced into Europe by the Spaniards after the conquest of Peru, and was developed largely to its present importance in the Netherlands during their wars with Spain, because of the necessity of obtaining a large amount of food in concentrated form when their ports were blockaded. It was not used in the British Isles to any extent until reintroduced into Ireland by the settlers of Raleigh's Virginian colony, and hence it is frequently referred to as the "Irish" potato.

In France it was introduced toward the end of the eighteenth century, and its general use among the people as a food dates back little more than a hundred years. Nowadays it may be said that among American and European nations it is the vegetable most commonly in use among all classes the whole year round, and can be seen

on most tables at least twice daily. In some countries it may be considered the staple article of food.

The next critical period in our evolution of diet belongs to the present generation. Our culinary artists and food manufacturers are bent on improving the appearance of foodstuffs, irrespective of their nutritive value. By way of illustration take rice. In its native condition, with the pericarp or hull of the grain in place, it is the staple article of diet among several nations. This is the case in China and Japan, and when used as a food under these conditions its nutritive value and health-giving properties are unsurpassed among the cereals, with the possible exception of wheat. In order to improve its appearance manufacturers polish it, thus removing the pericarp and superficial layers. With what results? Among those who use it largely as a food the disease known as beri-beri develops, as was shown by Fraser and Stanton. Beri-beri manifests itself as a polyneuritis frequently involving the nerves of the heart, and is very fatal when once developed. Now we know that an absence of vitamin B causes pathological changes in all the endocrine glands, and polyneuritis is one of the symptoms. Chickens fed on polished rice contract the disease, and when injected with extracts of the discarded polishings rapidly recover.

In the present generation, instead of grinding our wheat we are bolting it, and obtain the same results as we get from the polishing of rice. The same elements are removed in order to obtain a whiter flour, and the bran or "shorts" which contain the anti-neuritic elements are fed to the domestic animals. In Newfoundland beri-beri has been caused by white flour when used almost exclusively as a diet for the same reasons as in the case of polished rice. Hominy, at present in such extensive use, is another case in point, and the introduction of so many manufactured cereals in the last few years are all tending to the same end—the removal of essential materials (inorganic salts and vitamins) which are necessary to the health of the individual. The former use of the good, old-fashioned, health-producing oatmeal, cracked wheat, and corn meal has been replaced by a series of proprietary cereals

eviscerated of important vital elements. In other words, to please our æsthetic taste we have eviscerated our cereal foods of their vitamins and inorganic salts. To obtain a cheap edible form of starch we have adopted the potato as the chief vegetable, and this is practically free from inorganic salts and vitamins. To satisfy a taste we have increased the use of sugar in a century from practically nil to an average of almost one hundred pounds per capita per annum, and in sugar we have no vitamins or inorganic salts. Nature has not provided any agent in the stomach to handle sugar. If it escapes from the stomach as sugar in the intestine it is converted by a ferment invertin into dextrose and levulose, and in this form can be readily assimilated and is a valuable source of muscular energy. It is the most fermentable of all the foods we eat, giving rise in the stomach to a series of irritating organic acids which locally stimulate the natural secretions of the stomach causing hyperacidity, and, being diffusible, these organic acids are absorbed into the circulation and are responsible for a great many systemic disturbances, and during elimination undoubtedly cause irritation to the kidneys, skin, and lungs.

According to Ziegler, sugars are subject to fermentation with the development of irritating organic acids such as lactic, butyric, acetic, and occasionally formic, propionic, baldrianic, palmitic, and margaric.

Starchy foods in the alimentary tract are also very fermentable, particularly when taken in excess of requirements and in association with sweets. The amounts of starches that a person can digest without causing subjective sensations depend largely upon the amount of energy performed. People with sedentary occupations cannot handle as much starchy food as those expending a great deal of energy. Idiosyncrasy also plays an important rôle in the digestion of sweet and starchy foods.

There is no doubt that the number of cases of cancer are rapidly increasing in our civilised communities, and that this increase is running parallel with the increased consumption of sugar and decorticated cereal products. Cancer is exceedingly rare, or absent, in primitive people

and those who are employed in pastoral occupations where milk, which is rich in vitamins and inorganic salts (except iron), is abundantly consumed, and where their cereal foods are not subject to the same degree of refinement as in more civilised districts. That sweet and starchy foods when taken in excess, with a deficient amount of leafy green vegetables and fruits, will cause a series of pathological conditions is beyond question.

The clinician can readily prove this to his satisfaction if he will adopt the general principles suggested above in his treatment of chronic pharyngitis, gastric ulcer, eczema, acne, dysmenorrhea, nocturnal enuresis, chorea, pellagra, and certain forms of rheumatism, etc. Patients who suffer from gall stones, kidney stones, and some forms of valvular disease of the heart and chronic bronchitis generally give a history of an unbalanced diet, are excessive consumers of sweet and starchy foods and an insufficient amount of leafy green vegetables and fresh fruits. It is quite in order to consider that cancer may have the same underlying ætiological factors.

THE STORY OF WOMAN¹

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER IV.—LIGHT

I.—*Christianity*

WITHOUT possible denial, whether we consider woman or man, the coming of Christianity is the most important event in the whole of history. Other faiths not devoid of greatness, such as Buddhism, Brahmanism, Mohammedanism, have swayed scores of millions and have had lasting effects; these faiths endure, but none has had the faculty which we find in Christianity to adapt itself to the needs of the dominant race—namely, the white race. None has shown itself capable of evolution; they are to-day what they were on the day of their first preaching; the strength of Christianity lies in the fact that it was capable of the great movement which we call the Reformation, and that even to-day dissent and Modernism tend to alter it.

Christianity imposed itself first upon the Roman Empire, then upon the Barbarians, then by degrees over the whole of the white world, because it was a live faith, and particularly because it was meeting a demand which the old faiths were dumb to. It is surprising that only three hundred years separate the outlawry of Christianity in Rome from the conversion of the Roman Emperor; three hundred years is a short time when it comes to changing the direction of man's spirit. He clings to old gods because he fears the new; therefore, there must have been in Christianity something infinitely appealing. In fact, when Christianity came to be preached in Asia Minor, in Rome, and in Greece, it found adherents because there was nothing to set against it. The old Roman world had ceased to believe in Mars, Venus, Jupiter, in those absurd divinities with faces and amours, capable of human jealousy and love. Society still sacrificed at the temples, but the pagan world did not inwardly believe. People visited the temples because it was the thing to do, because it was good form. This went so far that, repeatedly, when Christians were brought up before magistrates and summoned to recant the Christian faith, they were asked to raise no difficulties over details, told that nobody really wanted to persecute them; it was hinted to them that they might as well sacrifice to

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the pagan gods, since the magistrate did not believe in them, since the court, the nobles, did not believe in them. Religion was then a mere formula.

The Christians were invincible because they did not look upon religion as a sort of respectable performance. The Christians did believe passionately that their faith had everything to do with their lives on earth and beyond the grave. They were willing to bear insult, poverty, and death. Nothing could shake their faith; there lay their strength when pitted against paganism, which was no stronger than scenery in a theatre. Christianity spread first among slaves, the poor, and the women. That because paganism was the smart faith, because the lowly, which included women, filled no place in the pagan scheme. Also they were wretched; slaves and women could be sold apart from their family, beaten, tortured, crucified, murdered; even the married woman had a mediocre status; a low-class Roman woman could be cast away by her husband, but she could not, in practice, obtain her liberty from him. And here was a faith which proclaimed that men and women were equal in the spirit, if not quite equal in the world; a faith which upheld permanent marriage, which enforced upon men duties which until then had been enforced only upon women: Christianity was the first faith to proclaim that man should be faithful. Hence, in the early period, women gave themselves to Christianity with passionate zeal. Many acted as missionaries: Clothilde converted her husband King Clovis, the Frank; Bertha of Kent and Gisela of Hungary introduced Christianity into their countries; other women later converted the Duke of Poland and the Tsar Jarislav. Also, among women were numbered many saints.

The existence of the saints is an eloquent testimony to that early power of Christianity. The Bollandists have collected biographies of twenty-five thousand saints. But as these learned men rejected a great many saints as fraudulent, and as they examined only histories written in Latin, many scores of thousands of saints stayed unrecorded. The saint was a person who rejected this world for the sake of the next; he or she led an ideal life, accepting poverty, solitude, insult, with complete aloofness. In a sense, they were knights in whose lives temptation replaced the dragon. They represented an idea which today makes social reformers; they lived in hunger, darkness, and filth, so as to give the people an example of contempt for the material world. What matters here is not the actual proceedings of the saints, but the fact that they could be produced, while Rome and Greece had produced mainly elegant cynics and brilliant intellectuals.

It should not be thought, however, that the effects of Christianity were generally felt from the beginning. For a lengthy period the Christians were socially outcast; moreover, though Christianity reached Rome in 63, it was established in Scotland only in 212, in France in 496, in Saxony in 785, in Russia in 940. In the tenth century Norway and Sweden were still pagan, while only after the Crusades, in 1227, did Christianity reach Prussia. It is amazing to think that the German tribes, which had been found polygamous by Tacitus, remained so up to the year 1249. Christianity travelled slowly; the faith, and the morals which go with it, spread only like a spot of oil, but where they spread they stayed.

Therefore, in studying the effects of early Christian society upon women, we must remember that conditions varied over hundreds of years, that Constantinople was Christian when the north of Europe had never heard the doctrine preached. We must also remember that the early Christians made up a mixed society. Whereas the Hebrews were of one race, and kept themselves unmixed, the Christians were recruited all over the ancient world. Some were Hebrews, others Greeks, Romans, Phoenicians, Egyptians, Hungarians, Germans, Gauls, etc. Even Slavs, negroes from the north and centre of Africa, and ancient Britons were included. It follows that while these people lived the Christian life as well as they could, they did not at once throw aside the habits of centuries. A Greek and a wild Hun might both be Christians, but in the treatment of their women the traditions of their race operated. This should be borne in mind as we analyse marriage and the status of woman.

II.—*Essential Idea.*

The essential idea of Christianity, from the spiritual point of view, we may leave aside, since all know to-day what is the Christian conception. For the purpose of the present study we are concerned rather with the effects of Christianity upon the morals of the period. Before Christianity arose many moral lives, beautiful, chaste, self-sacrificing lives, were lived, particularly among the Greeks; but never before had there been a massed effort for the maintenance of good morals. Early in the first century there was a strong reaction against the vices of Roman society; Musonius was particularly virulent in this regard. But the Christians were more definite. One of the most active, Chrysostom, born at Antioch, pupil of a sophist, became a Christian and a hermit for ten years. Eventually, as Archbishop of Constantinople, he dared to deliver violent sermons against the

licence of the Imperial Court. He protested against the sale of girl slaves, and was able to reduce the traffic; he even ventured to attack the morals of the monks who had elected him. All through the history of Christianity we find this puritan insistence upon the clean life. St. Adalbert, and, later, the monk Pamphil, made it their lives' work to repress immorality in Bohemia; generally speaking, the bishops, while tolerating marriage, compelled the faithful to develop in their union the spiritual rather than the physical side. The Christian point of view was not absolutely novel; it was a restatement of the idea of the vestal, which has existed, not only in the Roman Empire, but in Mexico, in Persia, in the Canaries, etc. Before Christianity came, the Hebrew Essenes held the ascetic view, but it was Christianity that generalised that view.

Naturally, people such as the Christians, with an entirely new doctrine, could not help being narrow; their merit, however, was that they excluded nobody from their society. Whereas the Hebrews looked upon non-Hebrews as unclean, the early Christians accepted as equals all men and women who adopted Christianity. That showed much progress. In regard to woman, it can be said that Christianity first established a sort of spiritual democracy. The Christians had the strength of the Hebrew moral law, the Hebrew zeal and discipline, but they were not chained up within their own faith; they did not to Christians restrict salvation; they held it out to any race, to rich or poor, to great or lowly.

The desire to convert and to save had profound effects upon early Christian life. On the whole it was pure, and that for two reasons. First, the would-be Christian man or woman could not be admitted unless past sins were repented. This meant that penance must be done in the shape of an absolutely pure life. The second reason was that to convert you must practise; an early Christian had to give the good example, and this forced upon him purity of living. Many opponents of Christianity have pointed out that among the early Christians were a number of criminals; this is true, but what actually happened is that criminals touched by the spirit were unable to obtain comfort from paganism, whereas Christianity could forgive and restore them, so that eventually some of these criminals became saints. One may sum up this spirit of forgiveness and purity by saying that in Latin and Greek literature there was not the slightest sense of the beauty of pure living. The Christians, on the other hand, felt that passion soiled and lowered them, that the temple of the body was a fit place for the sacrifice of all impulses they considered vile. The early Christians went too far; their asceti-

cism, due to the fact that they despised the earthly life, led them to turn away from beauty and from love, but that was a necessary stage; they must not be too hardly thought of because they exceeded in virtue in a world that exceeded in vice.

III.—*The Position of Woman.*

One of the peculiar aspects of early Christianity is that the Christians felt at the same time a great contempt and a great respect for women. This has led to considerable misunderstanding. It is not always remembered that though a man might be a Christian, he might also be an African or a Slav. Theoretically, the Christians intended to treat women far better than had done the ancient world; it was not to be expected that they should live up absolutely to their higher ideals. The Christians inherited the Asiatic point of view on women; they could not help it, for there was no other point of view. A good deal of the spirit of the early Christians can be found in Ecclesiasticus (son of Sirach), who flourished about 200 B.C. Ecclesiasticus enjoins upon man not to be jealous of his wife, but to keep his soul from her. He is to beware of a woman who sings. He is to turn away his eyes from a beautiful woman, because beauty is a snare. He is not to look upon another man's wife. He is to fear wine and woman. Ecclesiasticus manifestly hates and fears woman. He says that all wickedness is little to the wickedness of a woman (presumably any woman); that a talkative woman is a weariness; that woman is merely a reward or a punishment. We find this repeated in Ecclesiastes, who describes woman as a danger whom the righteous man escapes. He can find a good man in a thousand, but not one woman.

All this is pre-Christian, but it colours the Christian point of view. Nearly all the Christian masters look upon woman as a danger, and for that reason only come to detest her. Thus we find Tertullian: "Woman, thou oughtest always to walk in mourning and rags, thine eyes filled with tears of repentance." The point of view survives even to the year 1100, when we find in Marbod (Bishop of Rennes) as follows: "Woman, sweet torment, honeycomb and poison draught alike, smearing the sword with honey, pierces the heart even of wise men. Who was it that persuaded our first parent to taste forbidden fruit? Woman. Who was it who compelled her daughters to spoil their lives? Woman. Who was it who ruined the strong man after depriving him of his hair? Woman. Who was it who cut off the priestly head of the man guiltless of crime? Woman." One might multiply these examples indefinitely. The early Christian still

held the old Hebrew, Greek, and Roman idea that the human race was man, while woman was an appendage, a sort of sub-man. Moreover, the Christians could not close their eyes to the attractiveness of woman; the glow of her eyes, the sheen of her hair, the smile of her red lips, the winning quality of her tears, the stimulating nature of her pride, everything that is delicious in the creature, everything that is intoxicating, represented to them only one of the traps of the world. Woman was the impediment, the temptation they must overcome, the relentless enemy actuated by the devil, destined to procure their downfall. They find it difficult to hate her, for they love her; but they find it easy to hate her, for they fear her.

The early Christians were clear that man contained within himself some spark of divinity, that he was the glory of the spirit, while woman contained only something of man; that she was further removed from the divine spark; that she was glorious to man and not to the spirit. They considered that woman was created for man, for his comfort and service; therefore man was the natural spiritual guide of woman; she must submit to him, and all his duty was to love her. Nothing of this is particularly Christian; it is merely Asiatic and ancient. Where the Christians differed from the rest of the ancient world was in recognising the humanity of woman. For instance, they did not deny that inspiration could come to woman as well as to man; the early Christian government consisted in assemblies of the faithful; in those assemblies a woman who considered herself inspired could stand up, speak, and be listened to with respect. This continued until the assemblies began to elect priests, and until bishops were appointed. The creation of a close government among the early Christians reduced woman once more to the inferior position, but in the early period she was looked upon as spiritually equal; her sainthood was accepted; she was courteously mentioned in the letters of missionaries. One may therefore sum up the position of woman in Christian society as one of inferiority infused with hope. Greece and Rome imagined a future life, under the name of the Elysian Fields, where only men were admitted; the early Christians figured an after-life devoid of materialism, where men and women should no longer be men and women, but creatures of the spirit, therefore equal in so far as there could be equality where there was neither power nor obedience, no great, no lowly, nothing but the divine flicker. The writer will attempt to show in the following section what was the material point of view as to woman in marriage, but he may here assert that, from the spiritual point of view, the position of woman was immensely raised by the theory that in the spiritual realm sex could not

impede her; it was a heavy shackle the Christians thus struck off limbs which had been chained for many centuries.

IV.—*Marriage.*

As regards marriage, the Christians brought in three points of view which were entirely new, and which affected woman profoundly. The first idea was that marriage was undesirable; the second, that if marriage were contracted it could never be dissolved; the third was monogamy, the idea that no man may have more than one wife.

Bearing in mind the first three chapters of this work, the reader will realise what a revolution such ideas were destined to bring about in the position of woman. Before the first Christian missionary speaks we are in the darkest depths of antiquity; a few years later, we discover marriage more or less what it is to-day. With Christianity we leap from antiquity into modernity; "woman the slave" turns into "woman." This does not mean that Christianity released woman from her old thralls, but Christianity altered the idea of marriage. Curiously enough, the Christians created marriage as a new institution while strongly objecting to its being contracted at all. The Christian theory being that all the pleasures of the world were evil, that the world was to last only a few years, and then to be destroyed, it was natural that they should think it, not only evil, but absurd to continue the race. The natural course of all pious men was to prepare their souls for the coming account. In other words, marriage did not enter into the Christian conception of eternity. On the other hand, the Christian leaders realised that the highest life is not always suitable for the lowest men; they saw that a rule made too hard would soon be broken; they came to realise that there might be a natural way of living, less noble than the spiritual life, but all the same a way which was not necessarily vile.

Some of the Christian Fathers naturally held the extreme view. For instance, we find Jerome saying: "Marriage is at best a vice." Origen: "Marriage is unholy and unclean." Some of the sects were stricter than the main body of Christians; the Marcionites, for instance, prohibited marriage entirely, and refused to baptise those who were married. These points of view were generally held, so much so that whereas Rome could with difficulty maintain six vestals, the Christians found thousands to keep their vows. The inflaming quality of the Christian vow produced female saints as well as male. This is important, for

before Christianity a woman such as Deborah, or Aspasia, could have power, but she could not have equal spiritual rank. The lives of the saints are full of cases such as that of Thecla, at whose feet the ravening lions lay, respecting her sacred character.

However, little by little, as Christianity spread, and as marriage became accepted, considerable discussion took place, and a party grew up to tolerate marriage. In the fourth century, the Council of Gangra laid down that celibacy was preferable, but declared that marriage did not necessarily stand in the way of salvation. The old point of view still stood, for the Council excommunicated Jovinian because he denied the superior merit of celibacy, but it afforded to marriage a sort of legal toleration. Marriage remained an expedient, but it was a legal expedient.

Moreover, at first there was no clear distinction between the priest and his flock; therefore, at first priests were not necessarily celibates; the celibacy of priests developed slowly; at first, they were forbidden to remarry after the death of their wives, and they were not allowed to marry widows; in the fourth century, the synod of Elvira, while tolerating the marriage of the inferior priests, imposed celibacy upon prelates. It was left to Gregory VII. to impose celibacy on priests of all ranks. And even so there was much resistance, so that celibacy did not actually come into force until the thirteenth century. Celibacy was enjoined upon priests so as to create a special character for them by enforcing upon them an unusual way of living; this espoused the point of view of Thomas Aquinas, who did not condemn marriage, but looked upon it as an impediment to salvation, because it took the love and energy of a man for the service of the earth.

This part of the Christian revolution was not altogether beneficial to woman. While it was laid down that woman is a temptation and a snare to men, it was not made clear that man is a snare and a temptation to woman. The preaching of celibacy, while it did not lower the position of woman, did nothing to raise it. She remained a danger. The idea which did raise the position of woman was the establishment of monogamy. Until the Christians came, all over the world men had had several wives and favourites; the wife was a chattel. Under the Christian code the wife, with the man, formed one complete spiritual whole. The Christians did not make a formal declaration of this fact, but as they did not practise polygamy, little by little "one man one wife" became the rule. There were a few exceptions. We find in the sixth century an Irish king with two wives; there are records of polygamous Frankish kings, but, in the main, the tendency grew to restrict one man to one wife.

The effects upon woman were notable. She could no longer, as she grew old, find herself replaced by a young woman; she did not have to submit to a lowering of her position; she was not merely a legal wife; she was "the wife." What power this must have given her in the Christian household is easy to imagine.

Lastly the question of divorce arose, and its solution did still more to strengthen the position of woman. The early Christians not only looked upon marriage as indissoluble, but even took a line against re-marriage after widowhood. This latter point of view did not endure, but under the Christian rule it became impossible for a man to put away his wife. Even when the husband or wife of a Christian was an unbeliever, he or she could not be put away. By degrees the rule formed that marriage after widowhood was allowed, but that while one party remained alive neither might marry again. There were fluctuations; inevitably the powerful escaped the stricter rules; it may be said, however, that after St. Augustine organised the Church, divorce and re-marriage ceased to exist. In later days, the Christians did not maintain so completely the strictness of their rules. Possibly making allowances for human nature, the Council of Trent allowed annulment of marriage, in certain cases, by decree of the Pope. But this was in the sixteenth century, when considerable changes had taken place in the Christian organisation, when it did not compare in the least with that of the Christian Fathers. One may sum up by saying that, throughout the early centuries of Christianity, married persons might separate, but divorce they might not.

The effect upon woman is easily understood. The one who divorces the one who has the right and who abuses his power, has always been man; this situation endured perhaps until the year 1860. Until Christianity came, the one who had to lose by divorce was woman, because after divorce she lost her social position, while man did not; sometimes she lost even the means of living, and became practically a slave. Strict marriage protects women, while divorce (until recently) has been the servant of man's fickleness. By establishing permanent marriage, Christianity raised woman almost to a position of material equality.

V.—*The Christian Life.*

Though, no doubt, a certain number of Christians were shallow, or used the faith dishonestly for their advancement, on the whole the early Christians established a life which could serve as a model in a period such as theirs. They respected the marriage bond almost superstitiously; their theory of fidelity was so extreme

that Constantine established the death penalty in cases of unfaithfulness, a penalty to be applied not only to women, but to men. This penalty did not often have to be applied, for the Christians, long before Emperor Constantine, had used exclusion against any of their number who fell into sin. One may imagine that most Christians practised the virtues of purity, sobriety, economy, and temperance. Being zealous missionaries, intensely desiring to draw into their community the surrounding heathens, they practised these virtues so as to give an example: they practised them with a strange, fierce pride; they took pride even in their Christian humility. And pride, not being an evil thing, tended to develop their virtues. Almost invariably, they dealt fairly in business, even with a pagan. They lived so far as they could as an ideal community; in fact, in the first century, they held even their property in common, and sold all they had to share it among their fellow-Christians. By degrees, of course, as the system hardened, community of property ceased, but it took on the form of large gifts to the Church. Especially during the confusion of the fourth century, when the Barbarians were swarming at the gates of Rome, large properties went to the Church, and laid the basis of the clerical power that was to dominate the Middle Ages.

One may ask oneself how it is that people living so soberly and so cleanly could have become unpopular and persecuted. The reason is that the ascetic Christian idea was deeply repulsive to the unbridled luxury and licentiousness of ancient Rome. The Christians, by drawing away from paganism, drew away from the convivial life of Rome. Since it was usual to invoke the pagan gods, Christians avoided social life, and did not attend the circus; they detested pagan art, pagan poetry, pagan eloquence. Because they rejected the pagan gods, they automatically became puritans. They even refused to take part in the Roman festivals because these were under the patronage of idolatrous gods. Broadly speaking, the Christians were against any knowledge which did not contribute to salvation; they objected to lightness of speech, which is natural enough since they expected a short tenure of life, but this made them unsociable. They looked upon all beauty as sensuality, and so they detested it. We find the Fathers denouncing coloured garments, musical instruments, gold vases, white bread, foreign wines, warm baths, public salutations. They detested everything which flatters the body, thus laying themselves open to the taunt by the Roman aristocracy that the poor found sanctity rather than the rich. This was untrue, for many patricians became Christians, but it explains to a certain extent why Rome so

detested and persecuted the Christians. There were also other reasons: since the Christians looked upon themselves as denizens of an unearthly realm, they refused to accept civil or military functions under the pagan government. All their patriotism went to their Church, all their ambition to the desire to rise in its ranks. It should also be remembered that the early Christians could not quite throw off their humanity; they tended to gloat rather tactlessly over their own nobility; Tertullian wrote a long treatise, detailing the tortures which the pagans would endure in the after-life; the early Christians were very fond of developing this subject to the pagans, who naturally resented it and persecuted them, partly because they were different, partly because they assumed a superior attitude.

Still, there is something ideal and charming about those clean, sober lives. The early Christian was not a learned man; he believed in evil spirits, and continually saw himself pursued by demons, taking the form of temptations; he believed himself subject to visions; he accepted miraculous healing; he made a mystic background to his home life. The early Christian was the child of his period, so he could not help being superstitious. But he did make an island of upward striving among the filth and horror of antiquity; he was bitter perhaps, gloomy for sure, but he was trying; with halting step and blind eyes, without any tradition behind him, he was trying to make for himself and his womankind an atmosphere of purity, sobriety, and courage.

VI.—*The Dark Ages.*

Time went on, Rome fell. The Barbarians from Germany swarmed over France, Italy, Spain, into Africa, burning and massacring. Before them culture went up in flames; knowledge disappeared; a great era of brutality came; little by little, from the year 400 up to the year 1000, all that had been done for the civilisation of mankind disappeared. Art, philosophy, learning, the Imperial organisation of Rome, all this vanished under a red tide of maddened peasants from the far North. Dean Inge says, very rightly, that the Middle Ages were "the longest and dreariest setback that humanity has ever experienced during the historical period." It is usually held that the Middle Ages extend from the year 400 to the year 1500. They begin with the Barbarian tide that engulfed culture; they end with the Renaissance, art, the discovery of America, of the Cape, with the science and adventure which cast a new light upon the world. But inside the Middle Ages are different periods. Whereas from the year 1200 onwards there is a revival of learning, actually a renaissance,

from the year 400 onwards, and for eight centuries, there is nothing but the blackest ignorance, except—and that is why the writer connects the early Middle Ages with Christianity—except among the monks. These early Middle Ages, ground under the heel of feudal lords, were saved for the future culture by the existence of the Christian Church. It was the early Catholic Church which kept alive in monasteries the little flicker that the Renaissance and the Reformation were to blow up into a great flame of philosophy and of art.

The Church here had a difficult task to perform, not only for culture, but to maintain for woman the liberal conquests that had been made. They had to deal with the Goths, the Wisigoths, the Burgunds, the Vandals, later with the Huns, the Avars, savage hordes from the Danube and the Vistula. These Goths were tall, high-cheekboned; they had red hair and beards, or yellow hair, which they twisted into strange shapes; they wore white linen leggings strapped with thongs of deerskin; upon their breasts cuirasses of leather, upon their shoulders bearskin cloaks. They worshipped Wotan, Freya, Loge, the savage deities of the Nibelungen; they swept into the South, led by the Valkyries, in an epic already Wagnerian. They were ignorant, they were brutal, they were cruel, but they were not altogether an evil people. According to Tacitus, the marriages of these Barbarians were very strict; they punished infidelity by death, though naturally more tolerant to men than to women. They tended to be morally severe; there was not among the Goths the vicious joking that prevailed among the Romans. They were rather akin to the Red Indians, for their women were enslaved; they did most of the work, while their men hunted, drank, gambled; these had no place in the councils; only later, as the Barbarians were Christianised, did woman become capable of inheriting; their point of view was expressed by the fact that when a child was born to them they had a right to a contribution from the common stock; when a girl was born the amount paid was less than for a boy.

The stock of these Barbarians was cleaner, finer, than the decayed stocks of Greece and Rome. Christianity bit slowly into the Barbarians, but when it captured them they became loyal and made as good Christians as those who had gone before. They were capable of liberalism, and it is to the glory of the Franks that they were willing to allow women divorce equally with men. Little by little, they were absorbed in the Christian organisation. In fact, Christianity replaced the Roman Empire in the West; it was the only organised body which survived the Barbarian rush, and came to predominate. After the year 600, most of France, Spain, Italy, was Christian and dominated by the

Church. Morals, trade, politics, social life, everything fell under the Church. As the Western world became more and more separated from Constantinople, the Western Church ruled as a master over feeble kings; by 1054 the Pope became sole Patriarch of the West. Of the East we need say nothing, because there chaos was impending. Here, too, the Barbarians, Slavs, and Turks were drawing near. Christianity had become the official Church, and in so doing had lost its austerity. There was no more persecution, but many prelates lived vile lives—lives of corruption and intrigue; the Court influenced the Church councils; there was lobbying and intriguing for clerical offices; rich women, who had paid for almshouses, hospitals, or orphan homes, influenced the bishops, and gave to preachers a fashionable booming; the society woman in Constantinople was not very different from the society woman of our own day. Therefore, while the East went into decay, Christianity drooped. The changes in the position of woman developed exclusively in Western Europe. The Christian policy towards the Barbarians was wise; instead of resisting, Christianity absorbed them. In spite of Tertullian, it encouraged marriage with the pagans, so as to propagate the faith; only when Christianity was firmly established did it forbid unions with the heathens. The decretum of Gratian made such marriages impossible except under dispensation, but, in fact, by the year 1000, Western Europe was so completely Christian that the heathen found it advisable to accept the faith.

As regards the position of woman at that time, we find conflicting facts. The Barbarian Christians, without creating anything very new, had brought from their tribes a flicker of liberalism which produced another change in the position of woman: they developed some faint idea that a girl must be consulted before she accepted a husband. Here was something that the early Christians did not know, and here, therefore, is another step in the advancement of woman. The early Christians were content with the consent of the girl's parents, but, in 560, the Barbarian King Clothaire I. prohibited the forcing of women into marriage. In the tenth century the Anglo-Saxons required the girl's consent before the marriage could be solemnised. Naturally, these rules were not absolutely applied; a girl and her property were still disposed of without her actual consent; round about the tenth century a girl was not usually married without her consent, but as she could be imprisoned in a tower, fed on bread and water, and whipped until she did consent, she was not legally much protected. The one thing that matters in the present study is that at last an idea developed that the girl might have something to say as to the disposal of her person.

The position of woman was tragic in the early Middle Ages, a period solely filled with strife; kings warring against each other, free towns defending themselves against armies of bandits; Vikings from Norway, Magyars in Hungary, Saracens in the Mediterranean, Slavs in Germany, were spreading war, famine, pestilence, and pillage. Between the year 800 and the year 1000 the world was one great theatre infested with raiders on land and sea, where abbeys were plundered, towns were sacked. And to make the case worse, the Arabs, carrying the flag of Islam, came raging through the North of Africa into Spain, and even into France. As an answer arose the free towns, and especially the feudal system. The first feudal lords were the reply to the invader; someone had to hold him at bay, so men marshalled themselves under leaders, mainly for protection. These great lords contributed the knights for the Crusades; they established a sort of peace, but their tyranny was intense. Indeed, just then, the situation of woman was lower than it had been for a thousand years. The lord of the manor could force a girl of fourteen to marry; he could choose a husband for her and throw her into his arms; an absurd story runs that he even had the right to take her as his favourite; in fact, this is not true, but he could forbid her to marry unless payment was made. She was reduced to the status of the beast; the most natural desires of her life were ruled with an iron hand by the nobleman who protected her against the invader: against him she was defenceless. Meanwhile, he, the powerful, made his terms with a Church that was no longer democratic. Though divorce did not exist, dispensation and annulment did. The rich man and the strong man managed to exist safely in this period of terror and of chaos. The rich man could; the rich woman could not yet. We shall see in the next chapter that it would take time before she could recover her conquests. If the rich woman stood so low, the reader will conceive to what wretched conditions was reduced the woman that was born poor.

(To be continued.)

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THE DRAMA, THE THEATRE, AND THE FILMS

A Dialogue between BERNARD SHAW
and ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, his Biographer.

The dining-room at 10, Adelphi Terrace, London. Time, late March, 1924, just after the production of Shaw's latest play, "Saint Joan," at the New Theatre, London. A room full of sunshine, overlooking the narrow gorge of the Adelphi. The walls are sparsely decorated, the principal object in the room (besides the original) being a portrait of Bernard Shaw, which startlingly confronts you on entering the room—the impressionist, poster-like portrait by Augustus John, with flying locks and moustaches, rectangular head, and exaggeratedly flouting lower lip—done in bright colours: reds, yellows, blues. Its close analogue, a superior study and a better likeness, hangs in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. BERNARD SHAW and ARCHIBALD HENDERSON discovered seated at opposite ends of the dinner table, à deux. During the course of the meal the food is often sadly neglected for the sake of argument—the Irishman waving his long arms and tapering fingers, the American energetically hammering his closed right fist in his left, open palm.

HENDERSON: Well, I must say you made a neat get-away at the New the other night. One moment I was talking to you in your private box, and the next Miss Sybil Thorndike was explaining to an audience stentorously shouting "Author! Author!" that, as usual under such circumstances, the author was not to be found. Your wife and Miss Lena Ashwell must have spirited you mysteriously away. I felt defrauded—robbed of a long anticipated pleasure of hearing you make a footlight speech. Of course, I understood that you wished Miss Thorndike to

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have all the honours for playing beautifully the title-rôle in your greatest play.

And now to come to the films. Has the enormous development of the cinema industry benefited the drama, or the reverse?

SHAW: No; the colossal proportions make mediocrity compulsory. They aim at the average of an American millionaire and a Chinese coolie, a cathedral town governess and a mining village barmaid, because the film has to go everywhere and please everybody. They spread the drama enormously, but as they must interest a hundred per cent. of the population of the globe, barring infants in arms, they cannot afford to meddle with the upper ten per cent. theatre of the highbrows or the lower ten per cent. theatre of the blackguards. The result is that the movie play has supplanted the old-fashioned tract and Sunday School prize: it is reeking with morality, but dares not touch virtue. And virtue, which is defiant and contemptuous of morality, even when it has no practical quarrel with it, is the lifeblood of high drama.

HENDERSON: In spite of the fame of certain artistic directors—the Griffiths, De Milles, Lubitschs, and Dwans—perhaps it is true that the film industry is for the most part directed and controlled by people with imperfectly developed artistic instincts and ideals, who have their eyes fixed primarily on financial rewards?

SHAW: All industries are brought under the control of such people by Capitalism. If the capitalists let themselves be seduced from their pursuit of profits to the enchantments of art, they would be bankrupt before they knew where they were. You cannot combine the pursuit of money with the pursuit of art.

HENDERSON: Would it not be better for film magnates to engage first-rate authors to write directly for the films, paying them handsomely for their work, rather than paying enormous prices to an author of novel, story, or play, and then engaging a hack, at an absurdly low price, to prepare a scenario?

SHAW: Certainly not first-rate authors: democracy prefers second-bests always. The magnates might pay for

literate sub-titles; but one of the joys of the cinema would be gone without such gems as "Christian: Allah didst make thee wondrous strong and fair." Seriously, though, the ignorance which leads to the employment of uneducated people to do professional work in modern industry is a scandal. It is just as bad in journalism. In my youth all writing was done by men who, if they had little Latin and less Greek, had at any rate been in schools where there was a pretence of teaching them; and they had all read the Bible, however reluctantly. Nowadays that has all gone; literary work is entrusted to men and women so illiterate that the mystery is how they ever learnt their alphabet. They know next to nothing else, apparently. I agree with you as to the scenarios founded on existing plays and novels. Movie plays should be invented expressly for the screen by original imaginative visualisers. But you must remember that just as all our music consists of permutations and combinations of twelve notes, all our fiction consists of variations on a few plots; and it is in the words that the widest power of variation lies. Take that away and you will soon be so hard up for a new variation that you will snatch at anything—even at a Dickens plot—to enable you to carry on.

HENDERSON: American newspapers and magazines teem with articles, interviews, counsels, and admonitions regarding the films and measures for their improvement. Have you in mind any definite suggestions for the further artistic development of films?

SHAW (*explosively*): Write better films, if you can: there is no other way. Development must come from the centre, not from the periphery. The limits of external encouragement have been reached long ago. Take a high-brow play to a Little Theatre, and ask the management to spend two or three thousand dollars on the production, and they will tell you that they cannot afford it. Take an opium eater's dream to Los Angeles, and they will realise it for you; the more it costs the more they will believe in it. You can have a real Polar expedition, a real volcano, a reconstruction of the Roman Forum on the spot: anything you please, provided it is enormously costly.

Wasted money, mostly. If the United States Government put a limit of \$25,000 to the expenditure on any single non-educational film, the result would probably be an enormous improvement in the interest of the film drama, because film magnates would be forced to rely on dramatic imagination instead of on mere spectacle. Oh, those scenes of Oriental voluptuousness as imagined by a whaler's cabin boy! They would make a monk of Don Juan. Can you do nothing to stop them?

HENDERSON: The only way to stop them is with ridicule. That is why I am making you talk. Already such scenes are greeted with ribald laughter and shouts of unholy glee in many American communities. But our happiest effects are achieved by having English duchesses impersonated by former cloak models, Italian counts by former restaurant waiters. In spite of all this—the wonderful dinner parties of the European aristocracy, represented by people who have never gone out in good society even in a democracy, for example—the triumph of the American film is spectacular. The invasion of England and Europe is a smashing success. London, Paris, Berlin are placarded with announcements of American films: they are literally everywhere. *The Covered Wagon*, *Scaramouche*, *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *Ten Commandments*, *Mother*, *Nanook*; Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, etc., etc. Yet I am told that the Italians make the best films; and the best European picture I saw in Europe was a Swedish film at the Gaumont "Picture Palace" in Paris. The triumph, almost the monopoly, of the American film is uncontested. But are American films superior to all others?

SHAW (*decisively*): No. Many of them are full of the stupidest errors of judgment. Overdone and foolishly repeated strokes of expression; hideous make-ups; close-ups that an angel's face would not bear; hundreds of thousands of dollars spent on spoiling effects that I or any competent producer could secure quickly and certainly at a cost of ten cents; featureless, over-exposed faces against under-exposed backgrounds; vulgar and silly subtitles; impertinent lists of everybody employed in the film,

from the star actress to the press agent's office-boy, are only a few of the *gaffes* that American film factories are privileged to make. Conceit is rampant among your film makers; and good sense is about non-existent. That is where Mr. Chaplin scores; but Mr. Harold Lloyd seems so far to be the only rival intelligent enough to follow his example. We shall soon have to sit for ten minutes at the beginning of every reel to be told who developed it, who fixed it, who dried it, who provided the celluloid, who sold the chemicals, and who cut the author's hair. Your film people simply don't know how to behave themselves; they take liberties with the public at every step on the strength of their reckless enterprise and expenditure. Every American aspirant to film work should be sent to Denmark or Sweden for five years to civilise him before being allowed to enter a Los Angeles studio.

HENDERSON: Well, that's that! And how surprised and pained Lasky, Goldwyn, Metro and Company will be to read your cruel words! But too much success is not good for anyone—not even for you. And speaking of comets, can plays of conversation—"dialectic dramas"—like yours be successfully filmed?

SHAW: Barrie says that the film play of the future will have no pictures and will consist exclusively of sub-titles.

HENDERSON: I wonder if conversation dramas are not on the wane!—since the public, in countless numbers, patronises, revels in, the silent drama.

SHAW: If you come to that, the public, in overwhelming numbers, is perfectly satisfied with no drama at all. But the silent drama is producing such a glut of spectacle that people are actually listening to invisible plays by wireless. The silent drama is exhausting the resources of silence. Charlie Chaplin and his very clever colleague Edna Purviance, Bill Hart and Alla Nazimova, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Harold Lloyd, have done everything that can be done in dramatic dumb show and athletic stunting, and played all the possible variations on it. The man who will play them off the screen will not be their superior at their own game, but an Oscar Wilde of the movies who will flash epigram after epigram at the

spectators, and thus realise Barrie's anticipation of more sub-titles than pictures.

HENDERSON: If that is true, then why—since wit and epigram are your familiar weapons—why have none of your plays been filmed?

SHAW (*deadly resolute*): Because I wouldn't let them. I repeat that a play with the words left out is a play spoiled; and all those filmings of plays written to be spoken as well as seen are boresome blunders except when the dialogue is so worthless that it is a hindrance instead of a help. Of course, that is a very large exception in point of bulk; but the moment you come to classic drama the omission of the words and the presentation of the mere scenario is very much as if you offered the wire skeleton which supports a sculptor's modelling clay as a statue. Besides, consider the reaction on the box-office. People see a *Macbeth* film. They imagine they have seen *Macbeth*, and don't want to see it again; so when your Mr. Hackett or somebody comes round to act the play, he finds the house empty. That is what has happened to dozens of good plays whose authors have allowed them to be filmed. It shall not happen to mine if I can help it.

HENDERSON: The American "invasion" of the European theatre is certainly not comparable to the success of the American film. My own observation does not bear out the statement one sometimes hears that since the World War British theatres have been filled with American plays.

SHAW (*superciliously*): I don't know. I don't go to them often enough to be able to say. When I *do* go it is usually a British play I fall to, though I have looked up Mr. Eugene O'Neill once or twice. But as far as our theatres are filled with the commercial machine-made article, what you suggest may very well be true. America invented the typewriter; and a very little extra ingenuity would suffice to invent an attachment that would turn out what used to be called in Scribe's time a well-made play.

HENDERSON: O'Neill is a playwright of genuine talent and dramatic imagination. Two of his plays were played in Berlin during my stay there. My former query brings

up an interesting corollary: Is the British drama at a low ebb to-day?

SHAW (*cryptically*): All drama is always at a low ebb. Even the Athenian drama in the days of the Great Four (Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes) was in a shocking state.

HENDERSON: Would you say, then, that the high hopes of Archer and Walkley, entertained thirty or thirty-five years ago for the British drama on the basis of Pinero and Jones, have been sustained?

SHAW: Yes, prodigiously. In the days when Archer was desperately pretending to cherish such hopes to keep up our spirits there were—leaving out the special case of Gilbert—only two playwrights worth mentioning, Pinero and Jones, and one adapter, Grundy. When Carton, Barrie, Oscar Wilde and I came along, the number of original playwrights was tripled without counting Buchanan and Stephen Phillips and Fagan, who were only occasional contributors. Four of those are dead; but the remaining six have been reinforced by Archer himself, by Galsworthy, Granville-Barker, Drinkwater, Ervine, Maugham, McEvoy, Glover, Munro, Sutton Vane, Clemence Dane, Milne, the late St. John Hankin, Zangwill, Laurence Housman, Eden Phillpotts, and quite a lot of busy young experimenters whose work I do not happen to have seen. If I had told Archer and Walkley in 1890 that we should live to see the day when it would be easy to reel off the names of more than twenty practising serious English playwrights, the worst of them much better than Grundy, and the best six immensely superior to Augier, Dumas *filis*, Sardou and Co., they would have thought me mad; and I should have agreed with them. The change for the better in the British drama in this century is more than a mere change: it is a transfiguration. And our young critics lament its decay, and sigh for the golden age of Irving, Tree, Alexander, and Wyndham. God help them! Don't forget, by the way, that all these new men are trying to write real plays, and not "constructing" cats' cradles and clockwork mice like the machine-made *nouveautés Parisiennes* of the eighteen sixties.

HENDERSON: I have a book drawn up by Archer and Granville-Barker on plans and estimates for a national theatre. At the present time what is the hope or expectation for the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre?

SHAW (*with a satirical smile*): Well, after many years of struggle we have had one subscription. The solitary sportsman who gave it was a Hamburg gentleman. When Germany recovers from the war we may get another move on. *Nil desperandum*.

HENDERSON: With talents like Granville-Barker, Gordon Craig, and Bridges Adams to draw upon for *régisseurs*, with no dearth of reasonably good actors and actresses, with the greatest classic repertory of any nation in the world, and with the dramatists you have mentioned to furnish contemporary plays, why not a British National Theatre?

SHAW (*deprecatingly*): A British National Theatre is a contradiction in terms. You can have a Grand National Steeplechase, a Church of England, a British Parliament, and even a National Gallery full of foreign pictures; but though the British are the most theatrical people on earth, they keep it all for politics and the Bar and the quarter deck, and are jealous of the theatre because it gives them away.

HENDERSON: There is a movement in the United States which has produced, and continues to produce, important and valuable results in the theatre. This is the Little Theatre movement. Have not the Little Theatres—in both the United States and Great Britain—been far more progressive in producing your plays than the commercial theatre?

SHAW: If I were a younger man I could probably say yes without reserve. You must remember that in my time there were no little theatres. The little theatres were started by people who had been caught in their adolescence by Mansfield's production of *The Devil's Disciple*, and Loraine's of *Man and Superman*, and Forbes Robertson's of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, which were very big and successful commercial ventures. Daly's *Candida* at the Berkely Lyceum, a bandbox of a theatre, demonstrated the pos-

sibility of little theatres. They are all to the good: indeed, the best dramatic work of to-day has been kept alive by them; and I make a point of giving them every possible facility as to my own work.

HENDERSON: The history of the New York Theatre Guild is a record of which every American interested in the theatre feels a genuine pride. But you know all about that!

SHAW (*emphatically*): Well, it has been the salvation of the drama in New York. But I suppose I must not advertise my own shop.

HENDERSON: In the American university pioneer work of a remarkable kind has been under way for upwards of two decades. The United States is not only the leader in this field: she has no competitor. Our best students and critics of the drama—such as Professor Brander Matthews, Professor George P. Baker, Professor Thomas Wood Stevens, Professor Frederic H. Koch, Walter Prichard Eaton, and many others—have vigorously advanced the view and energetically put it into effect, that people can be taught playwriting. The results—which I cannot take time now to recount—have been not unimpressive.

Do you think it possible or feasible to teach, to train anyone to become a dramatist—or even a playwright?

SHAW (*vigorously*): No. Unless Nature has done ninety-nine per cent. of the work the one per cent. that can be taught or learnt is not worth studying. I know a good deal of stage technique that I did not know when I wrote my first play; but my first play held the audience as effectively as my last. If an author cannot write an effective stage play without any teaching, nothing that he can learn will be of any use to him: he has mistaken his profession.

HENDERSON: Then where does the one per cent. come in?

SHAW: In producing, mostly. Mechanical things. Stage tricks. Authors learn them from experience of rehearsals, and until they do they have to call in producers to take charge of the stage. But every author should be his own producer. The production of a play is an essential part of it, and cannot be done by anyone else without an

alteration of values for better or worse. Still, many of the technical things are trifles, like spelling and paragraphing and punctuating in writing. Sheridan could not spell, and his one stop was a dash; but *The School for Scandal* acts none the worse. He may possibly have been equally careless about the mechanical details of stage business. He could have been taught both. So could the cat. But that teaching would not have made the cat a dramatist.

HENDERSON: At Harvard University Professor Baker conducts successfully a famous course in playwriting, playbuilding: "English 47." He seems to have proved that he can teach his pupils to become playwrights, some of them artistically and commercially successful playwrights.

SHAW (*diffidently*): I have no right to criticise a course that I know nothing about. I can say only that when the University of Liverpool invited me to occupy a Chair of Drama I had to reply that I was a practitioner, not a professor. But if Professor Baker knows as much as a good producer knows—and he might know this without being a playwright—I see no reason why a natural-born playwright should not benefit by a course of instruction in practical stage conditions. After all, Napoleon went to a military academy; and Michael Angelo learnt to use a chisel just as a stonemason's apprentice does. It all depends on Professor Baker's good sense and knowledge of what instruction can do and what it cannot.

HENDERSON: When you finally write the prefaces or introductions to your collected works I daresay you will tell us something of the genesis of your plays. Meantime, I want you to "enlighten the world" on the subject of your peculiar technique. For instance, do you usually develop your play from a central idea?

SHAW (*oracularly*): The play develops itself. I only hold the pen. But sometimes the first thing in my head is some situation like the arrest in *The Devil's Disciple*, which may or may not prove a central one in the finished play. Sometimes it is a remark made in my hearing which is pregnant with a whole play: for instance, *The Doctor's Dilemma* grew from a remark made by Sir Almroth

Wright to an assistant in his laboratory in St. Mary's Hospital when he was demonstrating his technical methods for me.

HENDERSON: The most fascinating literary research I ever made was a close, detective study of the genesis of Ibsen's dramas on the basis of the *Vorwerke* preserved in the Royal Library at Christiania. I mean to make such a study of your plays some day. I wonder if you ever create a set of characters and let the plot develop from their mutual interactions?

SHAW (*authoritatively*): I avoid plots like the plague. I have warned young playwrights again and again that a plot is like a jigsaw puzzle, enthralling to the man who is putting it together, but maddeningly dull to the looker-on. Stories are interesting, the exhibition of character in action is very much more interesting, and for stage purposes is the source of the story's interest; but plots are the deadest of dead wood. My procedure is to imagine characters and let them rip, as you suggest; but I must warn you that the real process is very obscure; for the result always shows that there has been *something behind* all the time of which I was not conscious, though it turns out to be the real motive of the whole creation.

HENDERSON: You have there a wonderfully fascinating story to tell—if your publishers can drag it out of you. Might it not throw light on the art of playwriting and the craft of dramaturgy for you to give an account of the way you write your plays?

SHAW (*with a disillusioned smile*): It might possibly kill the superstition that real plays are constructed. They are no more constructed than a carrot is constructed. They grow naturally. But the property master in any theatre can construct a carrot good enough for a stage donkey, and any literary craftsman can construct a sham play good enough for the donkeys in the front of the house.

HENDERSON: Since we are on the subject of your dramatic technique, may I remind you that you are frequently charged by the critics with writing plays which consist only of conversation, dialectic, debate?

SHAW (*not angry, yet not quite calm*): What the devil else can a classical play consist of? I am, and have always been, a classical dramatist; and in saying this I am not pleading guilty to an accusation, I am making the highest claim possible in my profession. You may ask me why I don't write scenarios for the movies, or knock up plots to enable our fascinating leading ladies and *matinée* idols to come on the stage and enchant the spectators into imagining all the depths of thought and importance of character that don't exist in the plot and the twaddle by which it is carried on. I can only say that it is easier for me to do the classic work. The plot and twaddle business would be to me the most repulsive drudgery: I had much rather write essays in economics, politics and so forth. The movies are more tempting: there is a new art there; and I may be tempted to try my hand at it; but, after all, if one has the gift of language, asking me to write a dumb show is rather like asking Titian to paint portraits in black and white. Still, there is one sort of dumb show that is something more than a play with the words left out, and that is a dream. If ever I do a movie show it will have the quality of a dream.

HENDERSON: A friend of mine, relying upon my "nerve," requested me to be sure to ask you, some day, if your plays are really dramas in the strict sense of the term. Consider yourself asked!

SHAW (*vastly amused*): You remind me of a friend of mine who has written some successful plays. In his youth he made his way trembling to the presence of Barry Sullivan, then supreme as what *The Times* called the leading legitimate actor of the British stage. "I have written a drama," he was beginning, when Barry Sullivan, much hurt, interrupted him with: "Sir, I do not play drama; I am a tragedian." Behind the scenes drama means melodrama, a second-class entertainment, not to be confused with comedy and tragedy. It has no muse and no mask in pictorial symbolism. Mrs. Siddons was painted between Comedy and Tragedy: if a third figure had been introduced by the painter to symbolise Drama, Sarah would have withered the painter with a glance, and

then stamped on him. So much for your strict sense of the term. My plays are *sui generis*; and to say that they are comedies or tragedies or tragi-comedies or dramas is like saying that I am a Caucasian: it says nothing about them that does not apply to thousands of plays not a bit like them.

HENDERSON (*mischievously*): Just for fun, then—why do you write the kind of plays you do?

SHAW (*quite seriously*): Why shouldn't I? What's wrong with them?

HENDERSON: My dear Shaw, if you answer my questions with other questions, I am afraid we'll never get anywhere. Some Freytag of the twentieth century will have to answer your questions some day. You are a "world dramatist"—that is a sufficient answer to the questions just now. What dramatists now living would you class as "world dramatists"?

SHAW: I don't know. I cross all the frontiers from London to Japan both ways round. So does Mr. Chaplin. But when we are inclined to feel conceited about it we are pulled up by the fact that a good many popular entertainers whose claims to be at the bottom of their profession are as strong as ours to be at the top of it get round the world as easily as we.

HENDERSON: As a matter of fact, are not the "world dramatists" passing off the scene, with few or no others in sight to take their place?

SHAW: You cannot tell. The greatness of a dramatist is not a space dimension but a time dimension. How do you know where I shall stand as a dramatist when I have been as long dead as Euripides? Yet that is the only test. There is certainly no sign of falling off at present, if that is what you are afraid of.

HENDERSON: Would you, then, may I ask, rank yourself as a "world dramatist"?

SHAW: No. But I *am* a world dramatist.

HENDERSON: Why?

SHAW: Simply because they play me, with or without my leave, everywhere, from London to Japan, both ways round, and at all the intermediate stations. It is a ques-

tion not of merit, but of raw fact. My currency is as universal as that of *Sherlock Holmes*, or *Charley's Aunt*, or Mary Pickford, or Bill Hart, or Charlie Chaplin.

HENDERSON: Everyone dabbles in prophecy nowadays—from Wells to Haldane, from Flammarion to Shaw. Take a shot at vaticination, like a good chap, and tell us what is destined to be the immediate future of the drama!

SHAW (*refusing the bait*): How the deuce do I know? Have you any reason to suppose that its future will differ from its past? I suppose it will go on dishing up the police and divorce news more or less elegantly for popular consumption, and put up as best it can with the dramatic poets that Providence sends it from time to time.

HENDERSON: I see you intend that it shall put up with you a while longer. And yet—didn't you announce a while ago that in *Back to Methuselah* you had written your last play?

SHAW (*gaily*): Of course. Until I began *Saint Joan Methuselah* was my last play. Every play I write is my last play until I begin another. But the play in which the playwright reaches his furthest point is really his last play, even though he may write others that are later in the calendar.

HENDERSON: As always, you are incalculable—even to a mathematician! Will you write any more plays?

SHAW: Will a duck swim? How can I help it?

JOSEPH CONRAD

(6th December, 1857—3rd August, 1924)

By G. JEAN-AUBRY

WHILST still dazed by so great and so sudden a loss, I unconsciously opened a book and my eye caught sight, on the first page of the *Rover*, of Spenser's lines which served as a motto to that last novel by Joseph Conrad:—

Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please.

Yes, may that man, who in the course of his life had known so much of toyle, stormy seas and warre, rest in peace in that haven of death. Let him sleep, for ever assured of the unanimous admiration and full affection of all those who have approached him. Some, better qualified than I am, have spoken, and will again speak, of his merits and of the causes of his greatness. May it be permitted to one who had the wonderful—and now painful—privilege of knowing him intimately, of often conversing with him, of hearing some of his confidences, and of knowing something of his heart, to express, on this occasion, in regard to the man and his work, some of those feelings, reminiscences, and impressions which the heart and the mind can gather out of the confused memory which grief enlightens and stirs at the same time. It would be vain to pretend that so soon after such a sudden blow it is possible to gather and present in proper order all the causes responsible for the affection inspired by a man so wonderfully high-minded and by his work, which is so personal and so exuberant.¹

I do not intend to revert to the strange circumstances of his life, which are known to all—the fact that he was of Polish birth and quite ignorant of the English language until he had turned twenty, and that he became in turn a master in the merchant service and in English literature.

(1) May I mention that I tried to express some of them in this Review some years ago; see "Joseph Conrad's Confessions" (*FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, May, 1921).

He did not like this circumstance to be emphasised, although it was natural for one to refer to it. He disliked nothing more than being looked upon as a phenomenon: he said so publicly in the Author's Note of *A Personal Record*:—

I have always felt myself looked upon somewhat in the light of a phenomenon, a position which outside the circus world cannot be regarded as desirable. It needs a special temperament for one to derive much gratification from the fact of being able to do freakish things intentionally, and, as it were, from mere vanity.

I heard him more than once complain somewhat heatedly of this. It was repugnant to some of his deeper feelings: he objected to being regarded as a phenomenon. He wished to be looked upon as a man as humanly human as possible and, as such, capable of understanding the feelings of his fellow-men and to assimilate experience and reproduce it. The idea that one could only see in him a detached and disdainful observer and that his irony should be taken for a kind of contempt of the rest of humanity was quite unbearable to him, and when I say quite, I mean that such repugnance sprang from his whole being and the very foundation of his nature. This attitude and way of feeling was obviously not the outcome of a certain indulgence acquired in the course of years and from experience and from life; it was an essential and innate condition of his existence, a deep and instinctive faith in the absolute necessity of human solidarity—a faith which the circumstances of his life, as a seafarer, the dangers he had shared with fellow-sailors and the struggle jointly carried on with others against the stubborn ever-present enmity of the sea, had but confirmed and strengthened in him. This is the feeling that led him to write in *Chance*:—

But from that same provision of understanding there springs in us compassion, charity, indignation, the sense of solidarity; and in minds of any largeness an inclination to that indulgence which is next door to affection;

and which made him say in *Lord Jim*: "The real significance of crime is in its being a breach of faith with the community of mankind." It was that same idea which, in my presence, threw him into a violent temper one

evening when one of his friends (one of his dearest, all the same) ventured to assert that under certain circumstances political murder could solve a crisis and help to save a country. The indignation he expressed that evening was so strikingly distinct and peculiar, that I have often thought of it since. He had nothing of that easy and vague philanthropy and sentimentality based on indifference, of which every one of us has seen more than one example. It came from the very bottom of his nature, immovably secured to what he calls in the Author's Note in *Chance*: "*the basic feelings and elementary convictions which make life possible to the mass of mankind.*" And all those who have read his books (or even one only) may have felt that the basis of the Conradian literary structure is precisely the feeling of that human solidarity, without any written dogma, without long words and without social or political claims, which regains its rights, notwithstanding any divergencies, spite or even hatred, in the presence of those two great foes, the sea and death.

The persistence of this conviction, associated with the exuberance of a mind which had stored up such an amount of various experiences and never ceased to show a craving for any form of sincerity, never failed to impart to his conversation a superiority which none of us can ever attain or forget. Yet it was not because Joseph Conrad's conversation ever had anything solemn in it: I seldom heard anyone speak with a more constant simplicity, whether he was referring to reminiscences of his life or whether he was discussing the merits of a writer and the worth of a book, or whether he wished to express his sentiments about past or present events. However, he had a special gift for enlarging any subject and imparting to it a dignity which was not at first apparent. It was almost impossible, when with him, to think in a small way. Without departing from the plane of life, and without ever entering upon that of metaphysics and philosophy, he would transfer the most trivial fact to a higher level than that of ordinary conversation.

The man who in his early life—spent at sea—had passed so many hours in solitude and silence was particularly fond

of conversing with a friend, and the same man who had had so many different experiences and who had recorded in his vision and in his memory so many actual facts and so many living scenes, worshipped books, of which he never became weary. He was always asking us to send him some new books. He was reading, in turn, memoirs, novels, accounts of travels and scientific books with inexhaustible interest. I remember when, some years ago, he was pinned to his bed by an attack of gout for some time in London. I used to visit him nearly every evening, and I always found him with six or seven books around him on various subjects, as varied as can be imagined, most of which lay open on his bed and gave one the impression that he was reading them all at the same time. And this indefatigable reader amazed us by the recollection he retained of his reading, remembering many years later the names of the smallest characters and details. This he was able to do in a language which was doubly foreign to him, for it was neither the language of his birth nor that in which he wrote. How often, for instance, did I not hear him in a chance conversation remind me of characters of a third order, of places very little known in some novel by Maupassant, or some romance by Anatole France, or some other book by Flaubert, especially the one he cherished most and which he almost knew by heart, *L'Education Sentimentale*.

As if, during the sea-faring period of his life, his capacity for physical exertion and his love of the open had spent themselves, he remained most of the time in seclusion, and, although constantly living in the country, he but very seldom left his house even for a walk in his garden or along the high road. Absorbed within himself, and at times giving those who were watching him the impression that he was weighed down by the burden of his recollections, he would often spend long moments in silence. In the course of a conversation about some name or some landscape brought before his mind, he seemed lost in a deep, dark and impenetrable meditation like a ship about to founder, and on those occasions none of us dared break that silence, not only out of respect for the

dreamy meditations of this great mind, but because of a certain physical incapacity which held us bound until he would again emerge like a rock reappearing through the ebbing sea. Sometimes that silence impressed us with something so deep, something so distressing almost that one would gladly have broken it; but it was impossible, as I often experienced it myself. This was so all the more as it was distinctly felt that in that attitude there was no affectation on the part of Joseph Conrad. It often happens that a genius gives way to whimsical affectations, but this was not the case with Joseph Conrad. So soon as he was approached, one felt the power of his personality and simplicity. He was never aiming at effect; he was all sincerity.

Although but of middle height, the width of his chest, the way he held his body and the way he threw back his head, slightly drawn between his shoulders, the powerful and fine contour of his face, the firm outline of his jaw and the piercing glance of his eyes, all concurred in producing an impression of strength, well under control, albeit always ready for action like a noble lion. But besides this impression of power which manifested itself in every contest, which disease itself failed to attenuate and which the superiority of his conversation could only enhance, there was another power which it was impossible not to feel, the power of a charm and personal grace which proceeded from the kindness of his heart.

This great man belonged to that admirable family, less numerous than is supposed, which includes Balzac and Flaubert, amongst others, and knows how to add kindness of heart to the genius of the mind, and where neither the toil of struggles nor the disappointments experienced, not even the deep conviction that, after all, all struggles are vain and that, in the end, we must be vanquished, could bring any bitterness to his heart. The lassitude of a life subjected to exhausting toils, the nervous character of his infinitely impressionable temperament, and even the harassing suffering of sickness, although possibly creating sometimes certain gestures of impatience, never succeeded in chilling that warm-heartedness which always made him

feel anxious for those he loved and show them his affection without any self-consciousness, never resorting to the abundant resources of his irony towards them, beyond indulging in some affectionate chaffing. Despite all, he knew how to be delightfully cheerful. Nobody, in everyday life, could be less Olympian than that man whose high ideals are attested by more than twenty volumes. I often wished to meet some of those who at sea had served with him or under his command; I feel sure that in spite of any discipline, or rather by reason of it, they must have loved him as we did, because these virtues which we cherished in him were not only literary gifts: they were human virtues applied daily in all circumstances of life. It is an incomparable privilege, although now turned into regret, to have lived on familiar terms with such a man, for if all those who admire him through his books can understand the extent of the loss which English literature and European art are sustaining in the death of Joseph Conrad, those who were his friends can alone gauge the full depth of such a loss, for they know what youth of mind he still possessed, when death struck him down and no doubt robbed us of many other masterpieces he would otherwise have given us.

He started his literary career later than most writers, and he might have borne for still a very long time the burden of his thoughts. What we learnt from him about this last book, at which he was working, gives us the assurance that it would in no way have been inferior to those which established his glory. Having nearly thirty years ago written that immortal masterpiece, *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* he also gave us, only three years back, that other masterpiece, *The Rescue*. He could still do everything, and, although he may occasionally have allowed himself to confess to us that he sometimes felt weary, we know that more than once, in the course of his life, he believed himself at times too feeble for the magnitude of his work, but we know also that he always rose again up to it and that, as at sea, despite storms and tides, he never failed to accomplish his task.

In this struggle, which lasted exactly fifty years, against

the storms and the waves, as well as against ideas and words, he never gave up. Howbeit, death spared him the vain struggle of an agonising end. He fell like a proud wrestler. "How suddenly this good sailor has departed," is the expression which the great French poet Paul Valéry used in a letter to me, when he heard of his death.

What a tragic mockery and what a sombre and bitter irony we find in the very title of the book which Death did not allow him to complete, *The Suspense!*

Now, however, we must seek some mitigation for our sorrow in the very cause of it, his work. However familiar we may be with it, and however splendid we may have found it, it is still more luminous now in the radiance of Glory which, as Balzac said, is the Sun of the Departed. Eternity now starts for this work, as for its author, for it alone can now reflect the spirit which conceived it.

This work is undoubtedly one of the mightiest that we have seen published in our time and ranks with the greatest which Europe has seen for ten centuries. By the strange power of his imagination, the personal beauty of his style, the range and variety of the books he has left us, the life he has imparted to so many characters, the movement he has given through his words to so many unforgettable scenes and sea episodes which fascinate us, he has become and remains one of the greatest figures of European art at the beginning of the twentieth century.

No doubt the majority will always be contented with simpler spectacles and works of less exacting beauty, but when one has lived with Conrad's work it is no longer possible to leave it. One is constantly drawn back to it, because it makes everything that is being published at the present time look *small*. Even if Conrad's mind had had no other gift it would have been enough to immortalise him, to have been able to render great everything he touched and yet without ever exaggerating and obscuring our minds. Far from it, his generous simplicity always invites us to compete with that greatness.

Those who cannot feel the beauty of the style, even those who wish to forget it for the time being, nevertheless cannot fail to take the masterly lesson which the whole

of Conrad's work gives us, that constant lesson in energy which emanates from all his books, although the author never had the wish to play the part of the moralist, never took the rôle of the prophet or judge, and never cared to be anything else but an impartial and generous painter of human passion and toil.

The constant homage to the energy of man and his unshakable faithfulness to his gods, rises like a flame which illumines and brightens up the whole of Conrad's works, originates in the very consideration of these conflicts, physical or moral, in which mankind is engaged and in a long meditation on the conditions of the ancestral struggle which is taking place between man and the forces of Nature and Death.

Like Flaubert's work, the work of Conrad, imbued with sadness and bitterness and penetrated with the sentiment of final failure, is none the less one of those which comfort us through the amount of energy it stirs in us and that "courage born of despair" which never ceases to give life to it. Even when despondency reaches its supreme limit, as in the last pages of *The End of the Tether*, or still more so in the final part of *Freya of the Seven Isles*, behind that frightful bitterness there pulsates a deep pity, an infinite commiseration which throws us back into life and heals our thoughts. Twenty years of struggle against the sea had taught Joseph Conrad that it can never be finally vanquished, and that in the end it always gets the best of men and their ships; but that the nobility of man consists in the struggle, however hopeless it may be. This kind of enthusiastic disillusion, of which the whole of his work is a varying illustration and which is expressed in a form most direct and most magnificent at the same time, is something the tragic beauty of which is not near being exhausted. It may be that it is a rather strong spirit for those who seek in art a recreation only, but those who think that the word *art* should convey a deeper sentiment and should be translated by such names as Æschylus, Dante or Shakespeare know to what extent Conrad's work is art.

But even for those who do not care about art and who without pondering over its causes only wish to be

interested, charmed, moved, instructed or elevated, how splendid are the gifts which Conrad's work can offer them; in the first place a deep comprehension of their natures, joys, fears, sadness, anguish and despair. Whether young or old, in the prime of life or already on the decline, whether nourished with illusions or consumed with scepticism, they will always find there their brothers, humble like their own lives or magnificent like their dreams. Throughout this work they will meet with living creatures and a justification of their most secret convictions. It has too often been said that Joseph Conrad was fond of depicting exceptional beings and personages freed from the ordinary ties of the world. It may be that the circumstances of his personal life caused him to take an interest, as if they were his own brothers, in those high-spirited adventurers known as "Tom Lindgard" and "Nostromo," but this is only one of the aspects of this work which is so rich that it seems difficult to survey the whole of it with one glance. In fact, are not the crew of the *Narcissus*, the admirable and simple Singleton, or the contemptible Donkin, Captain MacWhirr in the *Typhoon*, Captain Whalley in *The End of the Tether*, and also Captain Roderick Anthony in *Chance*, exceptional beings, these men who have no other visible superiority than that of their stubbornness, tenderness, and love? And then if we look for examples amongst characters who do not belong to the sea, can we say that those men and women called Marlow or Almayer, Flora de Barral or Mrs. Travers, Amy Foster or Mrs. Blunt, are so very exceptional? If so, it is not so much on account of the conditions of their character and existence as by the exceptional light which the novelist's mind casts upon them.

It has been said, and it will be necessary to say it again, what kind of poet of the sea and what kind of novelist of the sea Joseph Conrad always was, but we must not reduce him to being that only, however great this domain may be and however stately may be the attitude with which he journeys across it. There is a tendency—especially in England—to see in him nothing more than a novelist of

the seas. The sea, however, can only claim in his work, as it did in his lifetime, one half of the horizon: however beautiful the images may be which his hand has delineated for us, could we forget, without being unjust and injuring ourselves, that he painted with the same steady hand the English middle class in *Chance*, the anarchist centres of London or Geneva in *The Secret Agent* and in *Under Western Eyes*, and a whole republic in *Nostromo*.

For my part, I do not know whether, in the whole of his works, there is any testimony to be found to greater audacity or to a more astonishing success than *Nostromo*, a book in which by the power of intuition, the sense of life, and the might of imagination, he reconstructed, all complete, a South American Republic, its geography, economic conditions and politics, showing a picture of the contests which took place in it and the clashing of passions, cupidity and illusions, with a precision and loftiness which have blended, so to speak, in a single book, the art of *Salammbô* and that of *L'Education Sentimentale*.

How is it possible, especially at the present time, whilst still overwhelmed by this sudden loss, to praise, as they deserve, all the aspects of such a work? If I were called upon to specify which of the features I find particularly "Conradian" and moving, I would say the feeling with which Joseph Conrad repeatedly depicted youth. It is not merely by chance that one of his most incontestable masterpieces bears the title *Youth*. I really believe that no one, before him, realised with such vivid tenderness, such touching irony and in such a bright and true colour, that thrill of Youth, when it beholds the opening of the gates of a promised land, where it is preceded by its craving for adventures, and its capacity for illusions, as he shows it to us in the first pages of *Lord Jim*.

I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more, the feeling that I could last for ever, outlast the sea, the earth and all men: the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death . . .

he said in *Youth*; and elsewhere in the same book we read:—

Oh, the glamour of youth! Oh, the fire of it, more dazzling than the flames of the burning ship, throwing a magic light on the wide earth, leaping audaciously to the sky, presently to be quenched by time, more cruel, more pitiless, more bitter than the sea, and, like the flames of the burning ship surrounded by an impenetrable night.

That youth, which escapes from us, is the feeling which forms the foundation and the food in the whole volume of *The Shadow Line*, "the change from youth, care-free and fervent, to the more self-conscious and more poignant period of maturer life." It is youth which is the *raison d'être* of his novel, *The Arrow of Gold*, an account of the first entry of a young man upon the domain of passion, and nowhere, perhaps, more than in a passage of this book do I find more touching that love which Joseph Conrad never ceased to bear to youth—the realm of illusions and energy.

Naturally, I was still young! And yet I assure you, that just then, I lost all sense of inferiority. And why? Of course the carelessness and the ignorance of youth had something to do with that. But there was something else besides. Looking at Dona Rita, her head leaning on her hand, with her dark lashes lowered on the slightly flushed cheek, I felt no longer alone in my youth. That woman of whom I heard these things I have set down with all the exactness of unfailing memory, that woman was revealed to me young, younger than anybody I had ever seen, as young as myself, revealed with something peculiarly intimate in the conviction as if she were young exactly in the same way in which I felt myself young; and that therefore no misunderstanding between us was possible, and there could be nothing more for us to know about each other.

When reading over again *Youth*, *The Arrow of Gold*, *The Shadow Line*, and so many other books by Joseph Conrad, many a young man, to-morrow and even after, will "no longer feel alone in his youth," when realising how that great artist understood and lived in spirit and in his heart the zeal, cravings and generous enthusiasm of youth, whose reflected brightness continued to cheer him up to his last day. We who have known him and loved him as the most affectionate and the best of masters feel that it is the admiration of these young men coming next who will prolong his life which we are so loth to be deprived of, that real life of which he said in one of his books: "A man's life is that accorded to him in the thoughts of other men by reason of respect or natural love."

IS THE REPARATIONS PROBLEM SOLVED?

BY JOHN BELL

THERE were ebullitions of satisfaction over the agreement reached at the London Conference on the Dawes plan for securing reparations from Germany, and a great deal of exaggerated language was employed by certain writers in praise of the decisions taken. With a singular disregard for historical accuracy, some of these writers told us that an agreement was reached for the first time since the efforts made to apply the Versailles Treaty. But agreements of a kind were effected at other conferences, save at those in London in August, 1922, and in Paris in the early days of January, 1923. Was it not a stock phrase in the communiqués issued after the meetings of Allied Premiers that "the Allies were in complete agreement"?

One thing differentiated the London Conference from its futile predecessors. It was the most technical conference ever held. It bristled with technicalities. These were troublesome enough, but the divergent points of view added to the difficulties. The British and French Premiers were animated by one thought—to overcome every obstacle in the way of an agreement. And they accomplished their task through the medium of compromise—that is to say, largely through the efforts of M. Theunis, the Belgian Premier.

The will to bring about an agreement was there, and so was the spirit of compromise. Would that this mutually accommodating spirit had manifested itself earlier. In that case there would have been no occupation of the Ruhr, and therefore no Dawes Report, for even a semblance of Allied unity would have had its influence on Germany, making her pay more than she has done. But in the absence of Allied unity, in the presence, indeed, of pronounced disunion, Germany seized the opportunity to declare herself a fraudulent bankrupt, in the hope of ridding herself of the reparations burden, which she has never had the will to shoulder. It is sheer nonsense to

argue, as some writers have argued, that the occupation of the Ruhr has been a dismal failure. That enterprise was never regarded as an end in itself, but as a means to an end. It brought about the Experts Committee and its report; it has led to an understanding on the application of this report; but we have yet to see whether the end is in sight, whether the reparations problem has been solved once for all. He would be a bold man who at this juncture had the courage to believe that all the trouble is over. It is one thing to reach a solution; it is another to get it realised.

All through the London Conference the negotiators, particularly Mr. MacDonald, were obsessed with one idea—to make separate action impossible in the future. This is a commendable spirit, always provided that there is unanimity not only as to the necessity of taking common action if the occasion arises for it to be taken, but also as to its nature. It is easy to follow the working of Mr. MacDonald's mind in this regard. He wishes to avoid the necessity of a German default being proclaimed. Very properly he wants Europe back to work; he wishes the figures of British unemployed reduced; he desires reparations and trade at the same time; and, believing that the separate action of France and Belgium in occupying the Ruhr interfered with British trade, he is anxious to make it impossible for this kind of force to be exercised in future. But has it been conclusively proved that, by going into the Ruhr and helping themselves to the coal and coke which Germany promised to furnish and broke her word, the French and Belgians increased the number of unemployed in Britain? By their action they certainly did not add to the number of unemployed in the British mining industry. In fact, they did this industry a good turn. We exported coal hitherto furnished by Germany, and one may well wonder what will be the position of the British coal industry when Germany, placed on her economic legs again by means of the £40,000,000 loan, produces at full speed.

The decisions reached by the Allies mean in simple language that Germany, instead of paying reparations in cash and kind, is to be given money by the nations which

took four and a half years to smash her military might so that she can be put in a position to fulfil her obligations. She is the wealthiest industrial country in Europe. The war did not impair her industrial wealth; it served to improve it. While France had to set to work to rebuild her demolished factories, Germany has all the time extended her industrial plant. France, which was almost a purely agricultural country at the time of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, paid the five milliard gold francs war indemnity imposed upon her in a little over two years of the signing of the Peace Treaty. She paid this indemnity because she had the will to pay it, because she wanted to get the last Prussian soldier out of her territory. Five years after the signing of the Versailles Treaty Germany, with her tremendous industrial and agricultural resources, had up to June 30th paid 5,570,942,000 gold marks. Has it ever been argued that the French capacity of payment after the war of 1870 was greater than that of Germany after the signing of the Peace Treaty in 1919?

The subjects and citizens of the Allied nations are invited to provide Germany with money so as to enable her to carry out the Dawes plan, and the Governments have recommended the loan without participating in it themselves or assuming any responsibility for the security of the money. The lenders will have to look to Germany for that. Let this question of security be examined attentively, since it is the thing that matters in the application of the Dawes scheme. No one who has visited Germany's industrial areas can doubt that she can find the security. But can reliance be placed in her? The most elaborate system of safeguards ever devised may be set up, but against these the Allies had made arrangements in the matter of proclaiming a default which might conceivably operate in Germany's interest and not in that of the countries seeking reparations, or in that of the people who have lent money. We may readily accept the word of the German Government that the Allied decisions would be carried out. It is as well to put the matter bluntly and to remind those who have unbounded faith in Germany's good conduct in the future that the German word is not

enough. The nation which ruthlessly set aside the agreement guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, in the hope of conquering France first and Britain afterwards, and of enslaving Europe, which signed the Versailles Treaty and then adopted every means for evading it, and which is now seeking to free itself of guilt for the war, cannot expect that promises will suffice to disarm suspicion. Pacifists and idealists like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and M. Herriot may be so generously minded as to credit in advance the German protestations of sincerity and loyalty, but people with long memories will prefer that Germany gives evidence that she has changed since 1914.

After the last elections for the Reichstag not even the idealists can say that Germany has shown a disposition to change her ways. The Nationalists, the biggest party elected, have always had one idea in their minds—to get rid of the Versailles Treaty. They have made it their business to revive the military spirit in Germany, to inculcate in the people the idea of revenge. Can the success of their propaganda be doubted? The Nationalists can, if they choose, make Government by moderate men impossible. They have accepted the Dawes Report just as they accepted the Peace Treaty. They accepted it because for the moment they could not do otherwise. They have not dropped their propaganda, however, and there is no knowing what dimensions this may assume when the Ruhr is militarily evacuated and British troops leave the Cologne area. If they are so minded the Nationalists can do what they like; and considering that the Commission for the Control of German Disarmament has been openly flouted anything may happen when the Germans achieve their aim, which is to bring the comedy of control to an end. Mr. MacDonald has in his mind a disarmament conference. It may be duly held, and the German delegates of a presumably pacific Government may affix their signatures to any agreement reached, but the war party in Germany, biding its time, and fostering the revenge idea, would not, if the moment was propitious, hesitate to treat it as a scrap of paper.

In spite of fine phrases connoting a profound wish for

peace and freedom, this is the spirit animating a large section of the German population to-day. The helping hand will be grasped for what is in it, but assistance given in the shape of a loan would not eradicate the spirit of revenge in German hearts. It might be, however, that the floating of the £40,000,000 loan would not prove an easy matter. It is no secret that the City of London did not like the idea of the Allies finding money for Germany. During the Conference there was an undercurrent of protest, and if objections to the proposal were not openly raised it was because business men felt that something had to be done to bring about an agreement between Britain and France. It would be very interesting to note the number of private British and French subscribers to the loan. The figures would give an indication of the measure of confidence which the people of these countries have in Germany. But irrespective of the ability of English and French people to subscribe, it is quite clear that the bulk of the money would have to be found by America. In America, the repository of British and French gold, money is lying idle. Besides America, largely responsible for the Experts Report, is naturally desirous that it should go through and be successfully applied. It would certainly be a feather in her cap. It is perfectly natural that the United States, notwithstanding their reluctance to be identified with the settlement of European affairs, should be interested in a scheme which bears the name of an American. Think of the honour and glory that would go to America if the plan worked well, if reparations in cash and kind came in regularly, if the problem, the subject of useless discussions for years, were at last finally solved. America could then say that she had got Europe out of the imbroglio which was holding up the world.

But if and when the scheme is set going, we have to consider the possible effects of its application. It has often seemed to me that the phrase "putting Germany on her economic legs" is loosely used by British statesmen. I believe it was first uttered by Mr. Lloyd George in his special pleading in Germany's behalf. Mr. Lloyd George did not know—and he was not alone in his ignorance—that at the time he was pleading Germany was

standing very firmly on her economic legs—more firmly than Britain was standing on hers. Those Englishmen who went into the Ruhr at the beginning of the occupation, who refused to allow their views to be obfuscated by prejudice against France and Belgium because of the action they had taken, and who were determined to recognise the facts as they found them, were amazed at Germany's industrial and economic strength. It is true that as a result of the policy of passive resistance which she thought fit to pursue she weakened her resources. For that she has herself to blame. It was the inevitable result of a dishonest policy adopted in the hope of avoiding the fulfilment of obligations which she had engaged herself to fulfil, and was an act in the comedy of fraudulent bankruptcy.

What is going to happen when Germany, assisted by money raised by the victors, resumes production on the scale expected of her if she has to pay reparations? Leaving aside newspaper campaigns against a loan being raised for her, ignoring the criticisms of party politicians, attention must be paid to the fears expressed by the manufacturers of this country. If our manufacturers have an axe to grind it is an honourable and patriotic one. They are thinking of their industries and have visions of German inroads being made upon them; they see orders going to Germany which should come to Britain, but which cannot be executed here at prices Germany will be prepared to accept and can accept because her costs of production are much lower; they see a closing down of British factories and a large addition to our army of unemployed workmen. It is not enough for those bent on "putting Germany on her economic legs" to say that the fears of the British manufacturers are exaggerated. It stands to reason that if Germany has to pay reparations out of exports she must compete with other countries. The competition she set up before the war was keen enough, but what would it be like with the added incentive given to her by the Dawes plan? In order to accomplish what will be required of her Germany must encroach on the trade of other nations, must capture their markets, and ours in particular.

It is quite clear that while Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in

the interests of peace and a settlement, is anxious for the Dawes plan to go through, he is fully alive to the fact that its proposals are open to criticism. In particular, he is not unmindful of the possibility of British trade being affected. What then? He has hinted at steps being taken in the interests of our trade. But what steps? He would surely not belie Free Trade principles and make use of the tariff weapon, for to do so would penalise German production and thus defeat the purpose of the Experts' Report, which is to facilitate the payment of reparations. We want reparations and we want trade. The lack of reparations has not ruined us. France has had to spend sixty milliard francs in reconstructing her devastated departments, but how much have we had to spend on doles because of our devastated trade? It is arguable that the application of the Dawes plan would give us reparations at the expense of our trade. In that case it is conceivable that what we received in reparations would have to be paid out in doles to the workers laid idle by the German industrial push.

All this presupposes that Germany, having found her economic legs through the loan, with which, presumably, she would purchase the raw material necessary for her industries, would play the straight game and make regular payments to the Reparation Commission. If she acted crookedly, impelled to this course by those who are more concerned about preparing for another war than of dissipating the effects of the old struggle, then the machinery devised at the London Conference would be brought into operation. For France this machinery is very humiliating. It is an out-and-out condemnation and complete reversal of M. Poincaré's policy. The decisions reached concerning the proclamation of a default by Germany meant that France, which requires the largest amount of reparations, lost her predominant position on the Reparation Commission. Instead of being able to bring matters to a head and force a decision in favour of her thesis, she loses her power, which virtually reverts to an American. The aim of the London Conference was to establish in the Reparation Commission the principle of unanimity which had not

previously existed when grave decisions were taken. If in spite of the presence of an American on the Commission there is still disagreement within the body, three arbitrators with an American as chairman will be called in, and if an agreement is still impossible, then the President of the International Court of Justice at The Hague will be invited to clinch the matter. Thus in the last resort it may be given to a neutral to say whether Germany has defaulted or not.

Careful as the London Conference was to get unanimity as to whether Germany had wilfully defaulted, it was less specific, less meticulous, as to what had to be done if a default was proclaimed. The Governments had to confer on the nature of the sanctions to be taken. But having regard to the divergent views on the occupation of further territory and the employment of military force, there might be considerable difficulty in reaching a decision. This, at any rate, is a matter which could not be delegated to outsiders. And if no agreement could be reached the danger of separate action would present itself. Instead of leaving the question of sanctions in an atmosphere of vagueness, would it not have been better for everybody concerned, and particularly Germany, if some idea had been conveyed as to what would happen in the event of default? A warning as to the consequences of default would have had a salutary effect on Germany. It would have made her realise that on this question the Allies were of one mind and meant business. But as the matter was left she sees there was some hesitancy. She was given no idea of the punishment to be meted out to her for wrong-doing, because the Allies had not made up their minds about it.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was frank enough to admit that the taking of sanctions, if they had to be taken, was the most unsatisfactory part of the agreement reached. He hoped that it would never be a question of sanctions; that Germany was determined to turn over a new leaf and follow the straight path. M. Herriot shared his hope. The French Premier pinned his faith to arbitration, believing that the London Conference had evolved a new plan that was to supersede outworn diplomatic methods in

settling disputes among nations. Fine words which sound well, but the whole question is whether Germany, which has hitherto worshipped the God of Force, will accept the arguments of pacifism and idealism, put away from her all thoughts of a war of revenge, and devote herself to the task of repairing the wrong she has done. Unfortunately, it is in the minds of large masses of her people that by furnishing reparations, even on the Dawes plan, they are condemned to slavery. There has never been any real evidence of her will to pay, and, in spite of the London Conference and its decisions, laboriously formulated, there are forces in Germany which will seek to wreck the Dawes plan, if the way is made clear for its application, just as the Peace Treaty has been wrecked.

Even if it is not wrecked, even if it yields payments to the Allies, it would be rash to conclude that the reparations problem has been finally solved and that peace has been established. How can there be peace when Germany has not only to make payments in cash and deliveries in kind against her will, but to engage in a commercial and industrial war at the same time? Our Socialist Government played a prominent part at the London Conference in exacting concessions from France in the interest of Germany's economic freedom. Yet in the fear that the first effects of Germany's increased industrial activity would be felt in England it did not hesitate to reimpose the 26 per cent. duty on the value of goods imported from Germany. A very proper precaution this for the protection of British industries. The pity is that the duty was ever reduced to 5 per cent., and now that the 26 per cent. has been restored, what becomes of the argument that the reason it was reduced was because Germany could not pay more than £150,000 a month? Germany is now called upon to pay £800,000 a month, the yield of the 26 per cent. duty, at a time when she is expected to make a considerable effort in carrying out the Dawes plan. The Chancellor of the Exchequer rendered the Germans useful service at the London Conference, and one may well wonder what his attitude will be when the Anglo-German commercial war, bred by the Dawes plan, begins.

SOME NOTES ON THE LONDON CONFERENCE

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

THE most dramatic moment in the proceedings of the London Conference was when Mr. MacDonald stood up to shake the hand of M. Herriot at the plenary meeting, which sealed the new pact of agreement between the Allies, for carrying out the Dawes plan. "Nothing can now divide us save the devil himself," said Mr. MacDonald. At that moment the dawn of a new era of peace and prosperity for Europe seemed no longer a dream, but a reality. The Germans had still to state their case. But it was hoped and believed that, since they were to be invited to take part in the Conference on terms of equality, they would make no impossible demands. Mr. Hughes, the American Secretary of State, was on his way to Berlin to whisper words of cautious advice in the ear of Dr. Marx, the Imperial Chancellor. The German Nationalists had changed their raucous tone, fearful that they might be made responsible for the rejection of the Dawes plan and the continued occupation of the Ruhr valley. Such a fund of good will existed that it seemed incredible that the Conference should not be crowned with success. Not since the Armistice have hopes risen so high in Europe as on that eventful day when the Allies came to an agreement. And not the Allies only, for America, although not officially represented at the Conference, may also be said, by the work of her delegates and bankers, to have set her seal to the pact. They had to be listened to, for without the assistance of Wall Street the loan to Germany on which the Dawes plan depended could not be raised. Nothing would satisfy the American bankers but the plain, straightforward business view of reparations. They brought the breath of reality into the Conference, which swept away all makebeliefs and shams in the way of formulas.

Day after day, as the contest swayed this way and that in Committee No. 1 in the closely locked struggle between the British and the French point of view, or in Mr. Snowden's private room at the House of Commons, where the bankers and the experts assembled, it was the Americans who saved the situation. When nerves were worn ragged, and Mr. Snowden had fought M. Clémentel and M. Peretti della Rocca to a standstill, and there seemed nothing more to be said, Mr. Logan and Mr. Kellogg brought the committee back to a more equable temper. Mr. Logan was never at a loss for a new compromise which would tide over a difficulty and carry the committee a step nearer the end which he had in view. In the private negotiations, Mr. Owen D. Young, whose sympathetic grasp of the French position enabled him in particular to play the part of mediator, and Mr. Lamont, who concealed a rigid adherence to the bankers' demand for security with a suavity of manner which was most disarming, rendered most valuable service. The Belgian and Italian delegates, M. Theunis, one of the most astute diplomatists in Europe, and M. Gutt the expert, Signor de Stefani and Signor Jung, also showed a remarkable ingenuity in inventing new formulas to solve the problem of bringing French political aims into line with the bankers' demands. At No. 10, Downing Street, where the heads of the delegations assembled at breakfast, or later in the day, the unruffled optimism of Mr. MacDonald had a calming effect. Rarely seen in public during this time, the Prime Minister became an almost legendary figure. Everyone believed in his absolute good faith. This time it was no opportunist, no past master of clever manoeuvres, no maker of patched up formulas who represented Great Britain at the Conference.

Mr. MacDonald had already won the heart of the French public by his visit to Paris on the eve of the Conference. He was regarded as a "good fellow," who could be trusted to do his best in a straightforward way. In London during the Conference he won golden opinions from all the delegations, and not a hard word was said of him in the Continental Press. There was a French caricaturist who

placed him in a category by himself, as one who must not be caricatured, but must be held up to the gaze of the public as being above the contest. Our cloud compeller had his work cut out, for the sky was at intervals overcast with threatening clouds. Through it all Mr. Snowden stood like a rock in Committee No. 1 for the principle that political considerations must not be allowed to override the plain business man's view of the reparation question. If the loan to Germany was to be forthcoming, which was the keystone of the Dawes plan, he insisted on the absolute abandonment of the French claim that France must reserve the right to separate action. In this he was supported by the Dawes report, which laid it down indisputably that if the loan were to be floated, it was absolutely necessary that such co-operation between the Allies and Germany should be arranged in securing political conditions as would incline the investors of the world favourably towards the German loan upon good security. In other words, the Reparation Commission, with its Franco-Belgian majority, had to be deposed from its place in the Treaty of Versailles as the sole judge of a German default. This was the heart of the problem, and the French fought desperately to save what in their eyes was the ark of the Covenant.

They made what they regarded as a tremendous sacrifice when they permitted an American to be added to the Reparation Commission when the question of a German default under the Dawes scheme came up for discussion. But to the American bankers who had so often been told by the French that the Germans were fraudulent bankrupts who had destroyed their currency rather than pay their debts, this was not enough, and the British politicians and financiers shared their view. M. Theunis, the Belgian Prime Minister, suggested that an advisory committee should be set up to assist the Reparation Commission thus fortified by an American representative, whose appointment as permitted by the United States Government was a remarkable proof of Mr. Coolidge's desire to assist the Conference.

But the Theunis compromise, as it was called, did not satisfy the bankers, although it was understood that at the

same time the Agent-General of payments under the Dawes scheme and a trustee of the bondholders should also be called into consultation before the default could be declared.

Another attempt had therefore to be made to solve the problem. The bankers' view, which was expressed to me at this time by one of the most eminent of the American bankers, was quite simple. "The French ask us, in effect," he said, "to lend Germany forty millions sterling. Some people seem to think that banks keep sums like that in their vaults. The money, of course, is to be subscribed by the public, and before it can be got they must be quite sure that Germany is able to offer good security. Now, the French have told us that the Germans won't pay their debts and have destroyed the value of their own currency rather than pay. We have nothing to do with politics, but we are bound to ask after this, and the incursion into the Ruhr, that not only shall we have the first claim on German assets under adequate control, but that there shall be no danger of political trouble arising that may mean their seizure by any of the Powers. If the French maintain their right to be judges of a German default, whatever the phrase is, and a free hand to enter the Ruhr again, not a cent will be forthcoming for Germany from America. We must have an independent body to decide that."

Or as another banker put it to me:—"Here is France saying, 'Will you lend that fellow over there money to oblige me so that he may pay his debts to me? But at the same time I must have the right to take his tools away or burn his house down if I think proper.'" Obviously in these conditions there was no business to be done. The bankers, who much objected to being made the scapegoat for the rift in the Conference, heartily damned the confusion of business with political aims, and denied that they had any desire to meddle in European politics. But they were adamant in their demands for a complete separation of the political from the economic side of reparations.

Finally, after many excursions and alarms, M. Herriot took courage in both hands and gave way sufficiently to allow one of the main obstacles to the flotation of the loan

to be removed. Theoretically he retained all the rights that France possessed under the Treaty of Versailles to take what action she considered necessary against Germany in the event of a flagrant or wilful default. Actually he consented to the Reparation Commission being deposed from its high place in the treaty as sole judge of such a default. For, if not unanimous on the question, the Reparation Commission, fortified by the addition of an American, must now submit to the arbitration of an independent committee of three experts who are to be chosen by the unanimous vote of the Commission, or, failing that, by the President of the International Court of the Hague. The recourse to the International Court to choose arbitrators on this vital question as well as on others was most significant, for it proved the desire of the Conference to substitute an appeal to a moral and legal standard for the crude notion that force rules the world. The chairman of this tribunal must be a citizen of the United States, and if it decides that Germany, according to the phraseology which was finally adopted with the consent of the Germans, is in wilful default, the Allies are pledged to consult together as to the sanctions which they should take, the loan still to have priority over all payments.

It is true that the French still retain their rights under the treaty. The famous paragraph 18 of Annexe 2 is not yet amended as the British Government desired. But unless the Dawes plan comes to grief by Germany defying the whole world, which is a very remote danger, the loan would appear to be safe. The bankers made it clear at the same time that they would not recommend the loan to the public, unless there were an agreement not only between the Allies, but with Germany also, by which Germany gave her willing consent to the carrying out of the Dawes scheme.

Difficult as are the questions which still remained to be settled with the Germans, especially in the matter of the military evacuation of the Ruhr, there was little doubt that an agreement with Germany would finally be reached. No country, and certainly not Germany, was likely to take the responsibility of wrecking the Dawes scheme and

throwing Europe into confusion with ruin and misery for the German people and financial disaster for France.

Before the Germans were invited to London the Allies, with the help of the American representatives and bankers, had adjusted nearly all their differences of opinion. The second committee had decided on the various stages for the economic evacuation of the Ruhr, which is to be carried out by stages, which should restore to the Germans complete liberty of action in this sphere by the middle of October. All the obstacles to the economic unity of the Reich are to disappear, Germany on her side to pass the necessary legislation for setting up the various commissions of control. The hated Micum agreements, the special forced deliveries in kind, the penal taxes and tariffs are all to be abolished. Thus the Poincaré régime, which, instead of bringing profit to France, merely diminished the capacity of Germany to pay, will vanish. That the French should have agreed to this implied a great change in the attitude of France on the reparation question. It was true that M. Poincaré had accepted the Dawes plan as the basis of a settlement, but if he had come to London instead of M. Herriot, with the Bloc National still in power, it is not conceivable that an agreement on all these points would have been reached. He would not have given way in the critical battle on the powers of the Reparation Commission, and thus the Dawes scheme would have suffered shipwreck before any plan could be evolved for the economic evacuation of the Ruhr.

M. Herriot is by nature more of a philosopher than a man of action. A man of literary attainments—he was formerly a professor of literature—he loves nothing better than a discussion on books. He found himself compelled to take most momentous decisions, while still uncertain as to his Parliamentary position. Like Mr. MacDonald, he had no clear majority of his own party, and while in London he had to keep a wary eye on the manoeuvres of the Poincarists and the possible defection of the Socialists on some domestic issue. He steered his course with wisdom and courage, always stating frankly what was in his opinion possible in view of the political situation in

France. At one moment during the controversy concerning the powers of the Reparation Commission he was reported to have decided to pack his trunks and return to Paris. He decided to stay and fight it out when he got back. If he gave way on the question of arbitration for a German default, he gained some valuable concessions in Committee 3, which dealt with the vexed problem of transfers in cash and deliveries in kind. The French, being in a minority on the all-important Transfer Committee, which has power to accumulate funds and even suspend payments by Germany to prevent a collapse of the exchanges, protested that they must have an arbitral committee of experts to appeal to in the case of division of opinion. Now the Transfer Committee is almost as sacred to the heart of the British expert as the Reparation Commission is to the French politician. The idea that its decisions, which must be made with despatch, should be subject to another body that might override it was hotly disputed by the British representatives on Committee 3. It was suggested as a compromise that a minority of three should be allowed to appeal to such a super-authority. But the French would not accept this, and finally it was agreed that any member of the Transfer Committee might ask for arbitration provided the essential work of the Committee was not interfered with.

The controversy is a very technical one, and the whole question of transferring values from one country to another, as the Dawes scheme proposes, is most baffling. But the concession which the French obtained for arbitration on this and other points may prove as valuable to the other signatories to the Dawes plan as to France. For it will remove any suspicion in the French mind that the Transfer Committee is withholding money from any excess of regard for the stability of the German mark. This will be particularly valuable in removing any doubt of fair play from the French mind when the committee is unable to reach a unanimous decision as to whether German financial manoeuvres are responsible for the accumulation of un-transferable German payments up to the maximum laid down in the Dawes plan for such payments. It is indeed

on this question in particular that the French desired the right of appeal to an independent body of experts. The Germans would have preferred to have left the Transfer Committee as the final authority. The continuance of deliveries in kind under the Dawes scheme beyond the Treaty limits also proved a difficult question to solve, the French desiring to make the German Government responsible for any failure of private contract. The chiefs of the delegation, finally increased from five to fourteen, had to decide some of the knotty points.

France in the main got what she desired in these respects. But the Franco-Belgian demand that the railways in the occupied areas, which are to be converted into a new company for the purpose of the Dawes scheme, should retain the service of four thousand French and Belgian railwaymen for the better protection of the armies of occupation, proved more difficult to settle. This was primarily a matter for the French and Belgians to arrange with the Germans, although the British Government never left any doubt as to its opinion that such dilution was opposed in principle to the Dawes plan. Behind all loomed the problem of the military evacuation of the Ruhr. This could not be raised in the Conference, but it was discussed behind the scenes, Mr. MacDonald being most anxious to arrange it before the Germans came. He made no secret of his view that the occupation of the Ruhr was illegal, and that it should be terminated as soon as possible. M. Herriot was also anxious for complete evacuation, for he too had opposed the occupation of the Ruhr.

But he had to take account of public opinion in France, and the mere raising of the question caused a storm of adverse criticism in Paris.

Herr Marx and Dr. Stresemann, while prepared, after some protest, particularly in Committee 3 on the transfer problem and the continuance of deliveries in kind after 1930, to make concessions, took a strong line on this all-important issue. They were absolutely opposed to the Franco-Belgian plan that the Ruhr Valley should be progressively evacuated in the military sense, as payments were made by the Germans. The limit of two years which

this plan placed on the military occupation was declared to be a fatal obstacle to the working of the Dawes scheme. The Germans let it be known at the same time that they were prepared to offer commercial advantages to France for a more speedy withdrawal. M. Herriot was said to hold moderate views, and to be anxious to end the Ruhr adventure as soon as possible. But General Nollet held different opinions. He was anxious to link up the question with the French demand for security and the disarmament of Germany.

In Paris the Poincarists were on the warpath, while many of M. Herriot's friends considered that the Ruhr should not be completely evacuated without driving a bargain which would give France commercial and industrial advantages. It was in these circumstances that M. Herriot hurried to Paris to consult his Cabinet and take stock of his position. Sunday, August 10th, when M. Herriot was in Paris, was the most anxious day of the Conference. He returned with his Ministry intact and prepared to negotiate directly with Herr Marx and Dr. Stresemann, with whom he had an interview on the Monday afternoon. The ice had already been broken by an exchange of complimentary visits, but this was the first time that a conversation took place between M. Herriot and a German statesman on matters of urgent importance. It was a hopeful sign that the spirit of distrust and suspicion was yielding to a better temper in Franco-German relations. And this, indeed, proved to be so, for there was no doubt on August 12th that a bargain would be struck. The French demanded a prolongation of the clauses of the Versailles Treaty for preferential treatment to the industries of Alsace-Lorraine, which meant, above all, a guarantee for an adequate supply of coke, and favoured-nation treatment for the reciprocal exchange of goods. [The Germans held out for a fixed date for the withdrawal of troops from the Ruhr district, and the liberation of all territory occupied outside the Treaty area. At the same time the grant of an amnesty in the Ruhr Valley and the Rhineland, to which the Germans attached great importance, in order that their officials might return, was conceded by the French and the Belgians, and the

prospect of the restoration of full administrative liberty under the Rhineland Agreement was thus brought nearer.

On the night of August 11th the German flag floated proudly from the masthead of the Embassy, and the anniversary of the Republic was celebrated with a lighter heart than at any time since its foundation. Germany was no longer an outcast among nations. She had taken her place on terms of equality at a great international conference. The way to freedom and the respect of the world lay open to her. The reign of justice and morality between nations had been re-established in Europe once more.

Yet another crisis was to intervene before the end came. On the night of August 14th the German Government were faced with the choice of accepting another year's military occupation of the Ruhr or of rejecting the Dawes plan and wrecking the London Conference. M. Herriot, who was really anxious to withdraw the French soldiers from the Ruhr as soon as possible, yielded to the pressure of the Poincarists and, fearful of his Parliamentary position, insisted on prolonging the military occupation for a year if necessary. This was the utmost, so he declared, which he could concede in view of the pressure of French public opinion. But he was willing to fix the date for the commencement of the year. Mr. MacDonald, supported by Mr. Kellogg, bluntly told the German Ministers that they had better make the best bargain that they could and advised them to accept these terms in return for the advantages which the Dawes plan offered to Germany. He made it clear at the same time that he was as much opposed as ever to the occupation of the Ruhr. As I write President Ebert and the German Cabinet are deliberating on these terms. The general belief is that they will accept them in the hope that the French will see the advantage of withdrawing their last soldier from the Ruhr long before the year is out.

PAUL CLAUDEL

A SKETCH

BY BRIAN W. DOWNS

I

It will be an interesting task for the literary historian of some future epoch to assess in an impartial manner impossible to-day the nature, amount and value of the specifically Christian element in literature since Christianity became the official religion of Europe. Will he add any name to the short list of writers at one and the same time truly great and truly Christian, which few to-day would challenge? It may be doubted. For, to confess a truth, however large the co-operation of dogmatic religion with art of all kinds may bulk in the vocal aspirations of moralists and divines, it is not an aim which producers and lovers of good literature have often had deeply at heart. Though from time to time there have been deeply religious men, who, like Tolstoi, have wished to harness their artistic powers to the juggernaut of their creed; though there have arisen literary dictators, like the brothers Schlegel, who have wished to impose their faith on the literary movement of their time; yet when it has come to practice, posterity recognises that the works in which these very prophets have put the best of themselves are those in which they have most resolutely waived their religious and ethical preoccupations. And where an ambition like theirs has been most fully realised, there the creative passion of the artist has shown itself feeblest. Richardson was as devout a man as Dean Farrar; but *Eric, or Little by Little* puts up a poor show against *Clarissa*.

The last of the many attempts to "bring religion into literature," as some of its advocates proudly style the process, was that of the French Symbolists. Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Huysmans and their like, with prayers on their lips (and in their hearts, they said) and with blasphemy in

their books, may be blotted somewhat contemptuously from the roll of honour. One, however, among their congeners and their immediate disciples has never varnished his eikons with dung or wavered appreciably in his desire to spread by precept and example the Christian gospel in the world of the imagination hitherto unevangelised. "Who would suspect," he once exclaimed, in the accents of one gazing down upon Jerusalem, "who would suspect while reading Rabelais, Montaigne, Racine, Molière, Victor Hugo, that a God has died for us on the Cross? This sort of thing must absolutely stop."

The daring zealot who uttered such words is not, as one might hazard, a pastor of one of the surviving Huguenot congregations; though his reading is all in Aquinas, he is not some zealous Dominican mindful of a time when all self-expression, yea even unto barking, paid service of lip, and more than lip, to the Christian God in his church, but Paul Louis Charles Claudel, now, after long service in the consular and diplomatic services, the French Republic's ambassador accredited to his Imperial Majesty of Japan. At the same time he takes his place, in the opinion of some, as junior fellow in the noble brotherhood of Dante, Herbert, Milton, Vondel, Calderon and Klopstock. It will be our prime concern to discover whether such a magnificent claim can be established with justice.

II

Mr. Claudel made his fame and still preserves it among all but the smallest circle of fanatics with a series of plays. At the time of writing this, twelve such stand to his credit, many in a bewildering variety of successive redactions. Two of the number, the musical comedy of *Proteus* and a dismally flaccid puppet-play called *The Bear and the Moon* (1919), stand quite apart from the others and need not concern us, at any rate for the moment. But the common peculiarities of the remainder clearly deserve some present attention.

The typical Claudel play strikes as decidedly singular

even an age habituated to the Muses' latter-day vagaries. The modern work that perhaps comes closest to it is Mr. Maeterlinck's: which is comprehensive enough, since both these poets, then young lions in their twenties, were launched into the arena precisely at the time (1890) that the Count Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, recently dead, stood at the apogee of his undeserved glory as a playwright; and they studied their art mostly in the leaves of his last production, *Axel*, a confused melodrama culminating in the suicide of its two protagonists, a young German earl with leanings towards Rosicrucianism and a lady of incomparable pallor and a pretty taste in practical jokes. From *Axel* Messrs. Maeterlinck and Claudel learnt—that human Intellect is nought in value and practical effect over against the urgings of the Will, and that human speech is a mere tattered veil, through whose rents a white gleam of meaning occasionally appears, but which for the most part serves to cover and obscure the messages no less of the Will than of the disprized Intellect. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam employed dialogue primarily to create "atmosphere," and, though differing in their own application of the general law, it was on this freak that his pupils seized with the greatest eagerness.

Mr. Claudel agrees, too, with Mr. Maeterlinck in moving the time of action in his most characteristic plays from the precise 1828 of *Axel* to a mythical, conventionalised Middle Age, and in utterly rejecting the Byronic disillusion which culminated in Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's most celebrated sentence: "Live? Our servants shall do that for us!"

After that they part company. Mr. Claudel never permits himself that abuse of the pathetic fallacy which Mr. Maeterlinck took over from their common inspirer, and, very notably, he differs from him in his dramatic treatment of Roman Catholicism. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, devout believer as he was (rather after the strange manner of the latter Huysmans and of Baudelaire), had utilised certain externalities of Roman ritual for creating stage-effect and enhancing that "atmosphere" of mystery and

exaltation towards the all-important creation of which his energies were chiefly bent, and here Mr. Maeterlinck is content to follow him." But with Mr. Claudel a stage-device, a mere accessory, comes to assume an importance nothing less than essential.

For all Mr. Claudel's plays (with the exceptions made) may best be called modern miracle-cum-morality plays, the nearest equivalent we have to-day to the Digby *Mary Magdalen* or *Everyman*. They exist for the sake of some strange occurrence, imputed to the direct intervention of God; and that fixes a great gulf between them and the puerile "Rosicrucianism" of *Axel* or the prowling *béguines* of *The Princess Maleine*, the elimination of which would merely affect atmosphere and not structure.

Of two plays, which exhibit respectively Mr. Claudel's dramatic talent at its strongest and feeblest, we can say that the entire interest centres in such supernatural happenings: in *The Seventh Day's Rest* (1901),¹ a powerful melodrama with many effective situations, an Emperor of China descends into the realms of Death and the Devil for the succour of his subjects afflicted by an inroad of ghosts; on his return to earth his sceptre miraculously turns into a cross; one of his ancestors, in a grisly scene reminiscent of Cervantes' *La Numancia*, is conjured from his sepulchre. In *Christmas Eve, 1914* (1915), the murdered innocents from the eastern marches of France meet behind the lines in solemn glorifications of their Lord and their country, which the enemy's artillery tactfully punctuates with salvoes precisely where the music requires them. Of Mr. Claudel's most celebrated piece, *The Tidings Brought to Mary* (1912), which the French Academy "crowned" and which has found its way on to the boards of most civilised countries, the interest, though not actually absorbed by the marvellous, as it is in the two plays just mentioned, certainly culminates in a genuine miracle: a dead child is brought to life and suckled by a virgin.

So one might go through the list. The two plays in which the plain spectator would detect perhaps least of

(1) The dates given are those of publication, not of composition.

the supernatural are nevertheless exceedingly instructive in this respect. *The Humiliated Father* (1920) (which exhibits another semi-pathological miracle, not unconnected with the alimentation of the human young) depends for its dramatic complication on the disregard of a foolish piece of advice bestowed by Pius IX, that pontiff who had himself declared infallible and became "Jesus Christ on earth." The rationale of *Hard Bread* (1918) consists in the overt working out of the scriptural adage touching the Sins of the Fathers—an elaboration, by the way, effectuated also in *The Humiliated Father*. These plays, in brief, like *Mary Magdalen* and *Everyman*, serve primarily as object-lessons, to assert Eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men: their author avows it when he says of one of them, *The Exchange* (1901), that its theme is the incompatibility of Action and the Soul.

Again like *Mary Magdalen* and *Everyman*, they suffer from an over-simplification of the human agents through whom the necessary moral is inculcated. Characters tend as a rule to remain mere flat types. This may be a necessary feature of all didactic literature—witness *Rasselas* and *Religious Courtship*—or, in this instance, the reason may be found in the curious defence put up, not by a detractor, but by an admirer: "It does not appear that Mr. Claudel has watched the lives of others much or is greatly interested in them. His is a psychology of intuition." The fact, however, is certain. In *The Exchange*, for example, written for the most part in the United States as an indictment of graceless Anglo-Saxon business methods pushed into even the most sacred recesses of life, Marthe Laine, comely enough in her two dimensions, simply stands for The Good Wife and Léchy Elbernon for The Bad Wife. Marthe Laine is a French Catholic, made one with her husband in a sacramental union and cherishing him in his life of homely toil, while Léchy Elbernon is an American actress, over whom a Baptist minister read his contractual marriage service, who makes free with quotations from Pontius Pilate and goes through the world scattering and destroying, the doctrine of freedom in action and in love ever on her

painted lips. The rule nevertheless admits of a few exceptions. Ysé in the haunting *Division of Noon* (1905) represents Everywoman, and no man, however hard he tries, can turn his Everywoman into a mere type. The passionate and somewhat too evil Mara serves as a welcome tonic to *The Tidings Brought to Mary*. And *The Hostage* (1911), the fount and origin of the trilogy embracing also *Hard Bread* and *The Humiliated Father*, actually boasts three such almost-persons in the good priest M. Badilon, in the sweet wisp of resignation Sygne Coûfontaine, and in the infamous turncoat Turelure, whom the hatred of Mr. Claudel galvanises into a diabolical, Frankenstein-esque simulacrum of life. It is worth remarking that in their total effect these three pieces are the most artistically satisfying of Mr. Claudel's miracle-cum-morality plays.

III

There, then, we have these ten pieces, lacking almost entirely the essentials and attractions for which we look in drama: the plot-interest, in so far as we regard the characters as persons with a human destiny, is almost *nil*; Mr. Claudel disposes of so few arresting situations that some of his plays contain none at all; and the same thing can be said of the *dramatis personæ* as character-portrayals.

Most of Mr. Maeterlinck's plays lie open to the same criticism—though he can produce, with unusual means, the kind of "suspense" which we associate with a dramatic "situation." Mr. Maeterlinck, moreover, commands a medium, which, whether we condemn it as meretricious or not, undeniably has the virtue, like Signor Puccini's music, of producing a very definite and very poignant emotional effect in a vast majority of the public. But Mr. Claudel is incapable even of this attraction. He employs as his linguistic vehicle a verse so very free that its laws and even its justification have hitherto baffled the critics, hesitant whether or not to disdain their only clue—the remark of a character in *The City*—as a rather heavy-handed practical joke of the author's. In effect,

though unhappy actors and reciters resort to a kind of intoning in order to "get it across" at all, no one, without the printed book in his hand, would mistake their efforts for spoken *verse*. It is just, for the greater part, a kind of undistinguished pseudo-poetical prose, very uncongenial to the genius of the French language, cut up into irregular lengths—perhaps to mark breathing-pauses. (This is the solitary clue referred to; as in different redactions of the same speech Mr. Claudel breaks up his paragraphs differently, this "law," even if it were established, hardly seems to justify the typographical eccentricities to which it gives rise.) It is, however, not merely undistinguished, but in places obscure, and in a two-fold manner; for one thing, because it is so involved in construction, that to Frenchmen it reads like a translation from some foreign tongue; and, secondly, because, firmly embedded in its obfusc tissues, it can contain aphoristic tumours like these:—"And the other moment has known the honest Muses, blowers of the fire, hands, the child's good behaviour, daughters of the old man" (*The City*, first version, Act III); or "The human man, as a lonely traveller during a very hard frost withdraws himself into his horse's bowels, again seizes his female by the breasts" (*Golden-Head*, Act III).

Such obscurity is not merely a weakness or a deficiency; it is a positive blemish, which a parallel deformity accentuates. As grave linguistic or syntactical harshness from time to time interrupts the even tenour of the speeches, so the edifying exaltation of the action every now and then comes crashing to earth over some very foul word or some incomprehensible or revolting incident. Very often the two, the abstruse and the beastly, go together, as in the scene towards the beginning of *Golden-Head*, where, for no apparent reason, the hero spontaneously oozes blood over a faithful follower's head; and, to many, the suckling of a child by a leper at the climax of *The Tidings Brought to Mary* (a detail not to be found in its primitive form, *The Damsel Violaine*) may justly seem as disgusting as it is unnecessary. On a higher plane, the mental agony to which, particularly in the last act of *The Hostage*,

the agents of the Roman Church subject Sygne Coûfontaine is so revolting that the late Mrs. Meynell, devout Roman Catholic as she was, felt impelled to protest in the august pages of *The Dublin Review* itself.

To discover, then, the reasons for the attraction exercised by Mr. Claudel's dramas upon his fairly extensive international public, and for the power which all undeniably feel emanating from them, we are thrown back far from the world of phenomena in which he has needs set his actions and characters to the spirit-world of which, as we apprehend, they serve merely as the symbols. Their weaknesses and deformities, in the new light shed upon them, lose some of their unloveliness and much of their inexplicability, so that we can understand Mr. Claudel's own insensibility to their shocking nature and forgive it with the reflection made by much his justest and most commonsensical critic, Mr. de Tonquédec, when he observes: "God obsesses and fascinates him to such a degree that, from time to time, he comes to disregard everything else."

On Mr. Claudel's conception of God there depends, then, effectively most of his appeal as a writer and seer. But with this key (as it seems) thus placed in our eager hands, we are conscious of a most disappointing dimness and disproportion when we open the door. The temple which we had pictured as so stable and satisfying betrays surely suspicious fissures and incompletenesses. How can the architect be so blind to its blemishes? An historical account of his development will explain much.

When Mr. Claudel left the celebrated Paris Lyceum of Lewis the Great and obtained admission to the over-excited circle revolving about Mallarmé, the philosophy of the market-place was the materialistic monism associated with the name of Taine. It repelled him, and he sought refuge from its insistence alternately in debauchery and perusal of the recently "discovered" poet Rimbaud, of whom he later declared: "Others have instructed me, but Arthur Rimbaud alone has constructed me." At the same time he had ever before him the spectacle of one of his grandfathers slowly succumbing to cancer of the stomach. In such a condition of depressed spirits and exasperated sensibilities

he attended vespers one Christmas Day in the Cathedral Church of Paris. His heart, he tells us, was of a sudden touched, and he believed. Belief, if it be not mere moral intoxication, presupposes an object of some sort; and though at this stage, as is but natural, the particular object of Mr. Claudel's faith was to him (and remains to us) somewhat fogged, its general nature is easy, as it is important, to apprehend. The God whom, with the help of "a five-sous candle," the unhappy boy found as he leant against a darkling pillar of Notre Dame, was a comforter, to stand between him and the maw of "nothingness, this horrible brother who does not understand me." As Montaigne had said: "I love him, because he is he," so Mr. Claudel declares: "As for him, he is," and hopes loyally by this emphatic counter-check to preclude further theosophic speculation in himself and those interested in him.

This God, however, can and must be further defined. First and foremost, he is a Being, something or someone that can be loved, as Mr. Claudel cannot love abstractions such as Justice, Truth, Divinity, Beauty or Natural Law. His appeal is private and personal. He is the God of the great mystics, who were also great lovers. Unhappily Mr. Claudel has serious limitations as a lover. Too frequently he approaches his lover-God, not like a Donne or St. Teresa, but as a not very amiable or civilised type of young man considers his mistress—someone cruel, exacting, capricious, fascinating perhaps, but not quite her swain's equal emotionally, morally or intellectually. He becomes the God of whom Mr. Claudel, not greatly to our surprise, tells us that man made him and that priests hold him in their hands and command him. "God is not above you, but beneath you," he lets his model priest, M. Badilon, say.

The first unofficial, personal conversion took place in 1886, when the poet was eighteen years old; not until 1889 did the second occur, when Mr. Claudel submitted himself to the formal business of reception into the Roman Catholic Church. On the rapturous first meeting and betrothal followed, so to speak, the affair before the registrar. It had one highly singular feature: though the bridegroom did not notice it, the bride whom he took before all men was

not the same to whom he had plighted his troth, and in this mistake or imposture lies the crux of the whole "difficulty" about Mr. Claudel. The God whom he accepted at the hands of the Roman Catholic priesthood was the traditional deity of their Thomist theologians, and the characteristics of his to which they directed his chief care seem to have been those of which least traces are to be found in the old lover-God. They confronted Mr. Claudel, as Mr. Claudel now confronts us, with a fundamental discrepancy in his basic creed, which would largely nullify the effect of his first conversion, and which, probably for that reason, he has endeavoured to cover up ever since.

The lover-God had been arbitrary, as young women are: the new God was arbitrary too, but his caprice was the jealousy of Jehovah, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; vainly did Mr. Claudel try, as from time to time he still fruitlessly endeavours, to reconcile the tenderness of the Comforter with the splendour and awfulness of the God of Hosts, to melt him whom man made into him who made man. "What invasion," he exclaims in such a moment, "of an empire or of a woman's body between pitiless arms comparable to this seizure of our soul by God!" In the end, however, he can never completely identify his Lover with his Lord; he can but mass their characteristics, nebulous and irreconcilable as they are, and manufacture the chaotic figment of entity to embody them.

It has just been said that Mr. Claudel's admission to the Roman communion would largely nullify the effect of his first conversion, which, by its implicit personal assurance (afterwards unavoidably weakened), served to scare away the bogeys that beset his sensitive, timorous soul. It would be idle to deny, however, that it compensated him for this in great measure. At no time have the lineaments of the God of his youth entirely faded from his memory, but they have inevitably grown dimmer, and as they did so, his God-obsessed, God-craving mind turned for the comfort it needed to his successor and his sponsors. It came to accept everything that the Roman Church—"Visible Word" of God, as he comforted himself by believing—told him, its legends, its philosophy (in so far as a mind essen-

tially incapable of systems apprehends it), and, above all, its theory of authority.

The Utopia of his fancies accordingly, the Utopia within or near whose confines his plays are laid, is a well-ordered, agricultural world, with kings holding their tenure from the Church, with a feudal aristocracy and a graded but rigid caste-system, in which priests and fathers have almost unlimited powers in their own spheres, and in which it is unpleasant to be anything but a father or a priest, and particularly unpleasant to be a woman. Jehovah sits on high, dispensing injustice and rewarding violence through his shogun at Rome: the fulfilment of Duty is the supreme virtue, and includes even the Duty of Joy. Solomon, Alva and Cardinal Manning would probably feel very much at home in it, but it would provide no place, save in one of its many dungeons, for Socrates or Victor Cousin or Florence Nightingale. (If one would see to what extremes Mr. Claudel pushes his theory of authority he has but to study *The Hostage*, the expression of the narrowest "legitimet" views, the exaltation, as a matter of course, of the weak-kneed ecclesiastic Pius VII and of the scoundrel we all know as Louis XVIII, who aggravates our distaste of him by an offensive parade in a semi-sacerdotal capacity.)

But neither the internal assurance of supernatural friendship nor alliance with so powerful a stabilising agent as the Roman Catholic Church finally and completely served its prime purpose for Mr. Claudel, the banishment of his almost ubiquitous *fear*, fear of the unknown in the realm of the unknowable, and fear of man and of thought in the realm of the knowable. It always, Mr. Claudel guessed, remained possible for an acute mind to demonstrate the anomaly and insecurity of his position, to emit the still small voice of reason against which the most lusty and prolonged hollaing and singing of anthems would little avail. And with his endeavour to obviate such a calamity, we come to the third stage in Mr. Claudel's religious history, the underpinning of ill-joined foundations.

It was an impossible task that he imposed upon himself

in the first two, vital, parts of the work misnamed *Ars Poetica* (1907) and plainly inspired by Mallarmé's *Divagations*. On the one hand he meant to give an intellectual sanction to his creed of Emotion and Authority. On the other hand, destruction always having a savage attraction for him, he desired with an even keener ardour to discredit analysis and argument, to prove, that is to say, the total inefficacy of the Intellect whose sanctions he was simultaneously courting. To set about this with even the slenderest prospect of success, he must plainly discard all old processes of thought and persuasion and have recourse to a new Metaphysic and, above all, to a new Logic. It stands, he claims, relatively to the old Logic as syntax does to accident; but on examination we discover his analogy to be faulty; he achieves no extension of scope, but merely a substitution; for the Logic of the syllogism he gives us the logic of the Pun, the arbitrary assumption of the essential identity of objects and concepts because, after centuries of language corruption, the names by which they are symbolised jingle similarly in a language spoken by an insignificant fraction of mankind and probably unknown to the angels. *Connaissance* (acquaintance, knowledge, knowing, cognisance), for example, is the same thing as *co-naissance* (simultaneous birth, co-nascence); *naître* (to be borne) as *n'être* (not to be); and so forth. The Metaphysic, partly reared upon this, is, naturally enough, the Metaphysic of Analogy, the Ethic that of the Parable. It is thus the essence of caprice, private interpretation, individualism, that Mr. Claudel pretends to erect into the chief buttress of an edifice for housing and hallowing the geniuses of discipline, uniformity and authority.

IV

Outside quite a small set of his cultivated co-religionists Mr. Claudel's theological, philosophical and sociological views will gain him as few admirers as his dramaturgical talents. But there are a number of works, so far excluded from our purview, on which, it seems probable, his future fame will rest much more securely than on those plays characterised as typical.

One of them is a play—though extraordinarily different from the sanguinary tenebrosity of *Golden-Head* and the saccharine radiance of *The Tidings Brought to Mary*. That is *Proteus* (1914), the operetta "book" already mentioned. It is clearly inspired by Halévy and Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène*, which in Mr. Reinhardt's recent revival Mr. Claudel doubtless enjoyed while he was consul in Germany. The chief butts of this farce are Proteus, represented as an old junk merchant of Naxos, and, as in *La Belle Hélène*, Menelaus: their ingenious bilking in an incongruous mix-up of classical myth and ultra-modern inventions provides a number of clever and really diverting situations. They reveal the author as possessing a well-developed sense of humour, more Anglo-Saxon than Gallic, which, it is to be hoped, he may exercise again, pure, for our delectation, and perhaps even apply, in a manner that cannot fail to be salutary, to his own self-criticism when engaged on heavier work.

But there are also other pieces, altogether outside the dramatic pale: some memoirs and comments on his own work; a fantastic treatise on church architecture, forming the third part of the *Ars Poetica*; translations from the ancient Greek and from the English; an attractive travel sketch-book, *Knowledge of the East* (1900); and nine and a half small volumes of more or less lyrical poetry. We shall find the greatest satisfaction that Mr. Claudel's work affords in these last, and in certain passages from the plays, independent of their contexts, where the mere lyrical impulse has been powerful enough to sweep aside the obstacle of an obscure syntax and overstep the puny barriers of a grotesque prosody.

Purely as a poet, then, Mr. Claudel makes his prime appeal, as in their valuable studies both Mrs. Perrin (*Revue des deux Mondes*) and Mr. Middleton Murry (*Edinburgh Review*) insisted years ago, when they had much less *prima-facie* lyric to go on. But he makes this appeal by no means with *all* his poetry. Often it is turgid, in the way described; often pitifully trite, as in his "primitivistic" versification of saints' lives; often broken beneath the burden of incoherent thoughts.

Much sifting has to be done. The result of it is

remarkable. It squares almost exactly with that of an analogous, not altogether futile, process, that of separating form from content. To put it bluntly, those passages which, for their beauty of sound and harmony of the images evoked, ravish the reader, have *no* "content," or a very minimum. Very rarely indeed does Mr. Claudel produce his greatest effects in any of the long harangues or rhapsodies which utter the profound ideas he believes himself pregnant withal, or in the large pronouncements which lay bare before the public the earnest thinker and devotee in him. The *Five Great Odes* (1910), by reason of their greatness, are five great failures. It is for the most part with small, purely lyrical "asides," or in the expression of very commonplace sensations, that Mr. Claudel wins the title of poet.

The earliest example of this occurs already in his first work of importance, *Golden-Head* (1890), where it has as much relevancy to dramatic propriety and to the subject of the play as, say, the quotation in that place of Keats's *Ode to Autumn*, with which it has something in common.

The Muse sometimes strays on one of earth's paths;
And, taking advantage of the evening hour when they eat their pottage
in the hamlets,
She passes by, barefoot, her hair bushed out by laurel-leaves, and, as
she chants some verses, walks along the water-side
Alone, alone like some wild stag.¹

Vignettes such as this are scattered, though hardly with a lavish hand, throughout Mr. Claudel's verse. Perhaps the most moving is that at the beginning of the poem *Pater Noster*, in *The Mass over Yonder* (1919), which, on the eve of his departure for the wars, presents a middle-aged husband lying in bed side by side with his young wife, peaceably discussing their plans—a piece infinitely more effective in bringing home the desolation, even sublimity, of war than the sabre-rattling, large-mouthed

(1) La Muse parfois s'égare dans un chemin terrestre;
Et profitant de l'heure le soir où ils mangent la soupe dans les
bourgs
La passante aux cheveux hérissés de lauriers marche nupieds,
chantant des vers, le long de l'eau
Toute seule, comme un cerf farouche.

jubilations attempted in *Three War-Poems* (1915). A longer achievement in the same placid mode is this, taken from *Corona Benignitatis* (1915):—

When evening falls, blotting out rubric and majuscule,
When all my office is said down to the last chapter,
Without book or rosary I remain in this great crimson world.
Two planets that hang obliquely, one low, the other high,
Are vanishing towards the sun which vanishes into this night of
Pentecost
Like a silver falcon covering a dove of pearl.
All is hushed, but the spirit containing all things will not contain
itself in me,
The spirit which holds all things together has the knowledge of
speech,
Its inextinguishable clamour within me, like water that fuses and
breaks into foam.
This voice has neither speech nor language, pause nor sense,
Nothing but a cry, the modulation of Joy, Joy itself rising and falling.
O God, I hear my foolish soul within me as it weeps and as it sings.
While it is yet day and it is not night,
I hear my soul within me like a little bird in its joy,
All alone and ready to flit, like a swallow exulting.

When we come to the larger utterances, the first (perhaps the only one) to strike the reader as poetry of a high order throughout is the *Cantata for Three Voices* (1914), rightly so-called as a piece of music before all else, in which the poet astounds by his ability to produce in one medium the effects associated with another, as Mr. Ravel can make a part-song sound like a string quartette.

It would be unjust to maintain that in *all* those speeches and songs on which, as we may imagine, Mr. Claudel, the reactionary reformer, aspirant to the Grand Manner and devout Catholic, particularly prides himself (with a Christian pride, of course), he has failed. The last poem quoted at length is, quite clearly, transfused with religious feeling; the volume *Corona Benignitatis* contains another fine poem of definitely religious content, *Commemoration of the Faithful Dead*, the *Three War-Poems* one in which the rhetoric really moves, called *Behind Them*. There are the great love-speeches of Jacques Hury in *The Tidings Brought to Mary* and of Mesa and Ysé in *Division of Noon*, blending the sublime with the beautiful. Still, all these instances are the outcome of simple emotion, and it

is interesting to note that the last two are as dramatic in their essence as anything that Mr. Claudel has achieved: he himself, the man with the mission, the involved thoughts and pronouncements, is here altogether hidden from our view, he has projected himself completely into creatures of spontaneous impulse.

To sum up: when he is content to feel like a very simple, ordinary mortal, and to sing unaffectedly with the voice God gave him, Mr. Claudel writes his best poetry, poetry of a high order intrinsically. But when he argues, when he tries to handle thoughts and ideas, he comes to grief. He may be a good poet; but the weakness of his intellectual faculty, or his foolish scorn of it, will prevent his ever ranking, among mankind at large, as a great poet. He cannot in the last test compare with Dante or even with Donne. Similarly he is not a great Catholic. The great Catholics have been great mystics, like St. Teresa, or great philosophers, like St. Thomas Aquinas; in both instances the greatness lies inherent in the sharpness of their mental or spiritual vision. Not a great Catholic poet, our verdict therefore must run; not even a good Catholic poet, for in general he seems best as a poet where he is least a Churchman; but a good Catholic and a good poet.

FEET OF CLAY

By "AUGUR"

AGES ago there was a king who broke the rule of decency by appearing naked in public. So says Hans Andersen. The king's subjects held him in such veneration that they dared not raise their eyes from the ground in his presence. They did not know that he was naked. But a child, peeping from behind its mother's skirts, shrilled: "The king is naked!" The people looked up and knew the truth.

This fable comes to my mind when I consider the conduct of the men whom we have elected to govern us. The tendency is to place them on a level above ordinary mortals. In consequence we have exaggerated hopes and we suffer great disappointments. As a humble observer I am tempted to exclaim: "These men are human!" Many errors of judgment occur because people forget that political leaders are not supermen.

Politics are a part of everyday life and are on a lower level than arts or science. No amount of democracy can produce a painter or an inventor. We elect Prime Ministers, but we would be ridiculous if we tried to discover a Rembrandt through the ballot box, or an Edison. We have most of us, at some time or another, imagined that if put in their places we could improve upon the activities of the political leaders of the day. Few have dared even to dream that they could paint a picture or invent the gramophone. In this democratic age we all are potential Prime Ministers. The latter must be judged by the same standards exactly which impartial observers would apply to ourselves. Politics are an intensely human affair, and the men who go in for them are only human.

Two months ago a Conference met in London to settle the question of the application of the Dawes Report on German reparations. It presented an excellent opportunity to study the influence of the human element on international relations. Here was a case of a clearly

defined situation complicated by the human characteristics of the men who met at the Conference.

What was the situation? France and Belgium had gone into the Ruhr to force Germany into submission. They won on this issue because last autumn Germany capitulated after months of stubborn passive resistance. The next set of the political game was lost by France and Belgium because they failed to take full advantage of the capitulation. I am an admirer of M. Poincaré, whom I consider a great statesman. Yet I say unhesitatingly that a share of the responsibility for the failure lies with M. Poincaré because he missed the psychological moment when, by declaring the end of passive resistance, he could have dictated his will and would have had the Experts' Report six months earlier. The Dawes Report would have been the report of M. Poincaré. But the human element in M. Poincaré asserted itself. He seems to have been afraid of letting go the substance for the shadow; he hung on until it was too late. The Belgians pretend that if it had not been for their influence M. Poincaré would not have even sanctioned the M.I.C.U.M. contracts with the Ruhr industrialists. Personally, I am satisfied that during that critical period French policy was influenced by the idea that the time was ripe to replace the prosaic pursuit of reparations by that of security, as expressed by the encouragement given to Rhenish separatism. This red herring drawn across the trail spoilt the hunting. I remember well in the spring of 1923 the separatist rising in Aix-la-Chapelle. It looked suspiciously like a faked thing provoked by the Government in Berlin. Yet I remember one of the highest French officials declaring that here at last was the beginning of the German federal movement which would bring security to France.

This does not detract from the fact that, in my opinion, M. Poincaré is the greatest statesman of France. If fine patriotism, trenchant intelligence, great knowledge and high ideals are needed to make a statesman, M. Poincaré possesses all these qualities. Nevertheless, he is only human, and as Shakespeare, that great connoisseur of human nature, has written: "The man who does not make

mistakes never does anything else either." Yet the inexorable law of the jungle applies to the domain of politics: a mistake must be paid for. M. Poincaré was obliged to retire, not because he had been successful in the Ruhr occupation, but because he had failed to exploit the fruits of a brilliant victory. Another political group came into power, because it was necessary to liquidate the situation created by the defeat of France in the second set of the game on the Rhine. And so France got M. Herriot.

Here we come across the human element with a vengeance. If in M. Poincaré there are traits which, quite unjustly, have caused people to suppose him to be capable of inhuman detachment, M. Herriot is all soulful sentiment. He carries his heart on the palm of his outstretched hand, and he is ready to open his soul to complete strangers whom he meets in the corridor of his London hotel. He is full of good intentions, perfectly honest, but lacks moral backbone, and he is swayed like a reed by the advice of the man he has met last. M. Herriot is a man of great natural endowments. In his youth he was a great worker and acquired a fund of valuable knowledge. In his early manhood he gave great intellectual promise. Later he exhibited administrative talent as mayor of Lyons; although it is said that the latter distinction was easily earned, because the Lyons municipality is fortunate in having splendid permanent officials at the head of various departments. It seems that the thing has happened to M. Herriot which is the fate of so many intellectuals of the Latin races: after maturity his intellectual growth ceased and he lives on the accumulated capital of previous hard-working days. The power of brilliant and persuasive speech remains and serves him well on occasion.

At the Conference we saw him as a man with a frank, boyish manner, with a kindly disposition towards all men, old enemies included, with a flabbiness of the mind which made it impossible for him to concentrate upon a policy, much less to keep to a policy. Heaven knows! among the members of the Conference there were many who had been bitterly opposed to M. Poincaré. And yet these same men, confronted day by day by M. Herriot's flabbi-

ness, sighed for the directness and the decision of the man who had been the bogey of their dreams. But, instead of M. Poincaré, they saw before them the elusive M. Herriot. A patriot, no doubt; a politician, of sorts; a statesman, certainly not. With M. Herriot at its head the French delegation had no policy, and for weeks drifted hither and thither on the ocean of controversy created at the plenary meetings and in the various committees. No doubt there were worthy people in the delegation, as, for example, M. Jacques Seydoux, whose luminous intelligence dominates the reparations question in France, and M. Parmentier, the financial expert, one of the best representatives of that little known and remarkable body, the French Inspectorate of Finance. But individual members, however remarkable, were unable to cope with the chaos created by the irresolute and spineless chief. With M. Herriot were two of his Ministers: M. Clementel, of Finance, and General Nollet, of War. The latter opposed and thwarted his chief for days and weeks on end, and in despair M. Herriot went to Paris to ask Marshal Foch to reduce the opposition of the obstinate general.

On the day the French delegation arrived in London it was already clear that it had come to liquidate the Ruhr incident. But for the purely human reasons given above weeks were needed to accomplish a purpose which could have been achieved in as many days. The public must not imagine that the French delegation was the only one in which human passions and intrigues destroyed unity and working capacity. The British delegation suffered from the same defects, although in a lesser degree. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was superior to M. Herriot in statesmanship (this is not much of a compliment), yet he was unable to obtain from his colleagues that unity which stands for a swift and complete success. Mr. Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer and chairman of the most important committee of the Conference, asserted the independence of his aloof and vindictive nature by running counter to the intentions of his chief on more than one occasion and by unnecessarily embittering the discussion. Mr. Snowden by his inflexible combative attitude

has helped to prolong the Conference as much as Herriot with his zigzagging, discursive flabbiness.

Space does not permit to give a complete picture of the Conference. But what I have said should suffice to indicate the importance of the human element. If we neglect it what a fund of precious anecdote we would stand to lose. Here, for example, is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, after a meeting of Prime Ministers at Downing Street, chucklingly asking M. Herriot and M. Theunis, the Belgian Premier, to smile when they leave, so as to mislead "those awful journalists." Here again is M. Theunis walking with M. Herriot along Whitehall and despairingly watching M. Herriot's hands, which the latter is incapable of keeping still while he talks. The clever Belgian watches out of the corner of his eye the crowd of journalists who stalk the two Premiers and certainly divine from M. Herriot's desperate gestures that he is not pleased with the way in which the Conference is developing. M. Herriot at midnight meets several journalists on the staircase of his hotel and, slapping his thigh in desperation, proclaims that he is like Christ and that the Conference is his Calvary. On another occasion he compares himself with Jules Favre, who negotiated with Bismarck the French surrender in 1870. The whole Conference is like an anthill, full of activities and purposes which run across and parallel and counter to each other; an exhibition of human nature and not at its best either.

The human side of the Conference was accentuated by the presence of the journalists—the agents of the powerful Che-Ka which watches over the doings of society. Curiosity is an essentially human trait, and the journalist's business is to procure satisfaction for the public which is possessed by this poisonous craving for news. It is quite human that by serving this public need the journalists become curiosity fiends themselves. The attitude of the various politicians towards the Press brotherhood was interesting to watch. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who is painfully sensible to criticism in the Press, assumed an attitude of aloof detachment as if he did not care at all

for what would appear in the papers next morning. M. Herriot, on the contrary, was gushingly talkative and did not care what he said as long as he saw satisfied faces around him. M. Theunis was coolly calculating.

To round off the impressions of the Conference, I should mention that the most human of all were the Germans. Their naïve pleasure at having escaped the clutches of M. Poincaré in the Ruhr and at being treated again as equals was evident. M. Herriot told them: "There are no conquerors and no vanquished." The heady new wine at times went to their heads and menaced to disturb the reserved attitude which they tried hard to maintain.

Very useful and very human were the Americans. I had the occasion to point out to one of them that it was against the interests of his country to allow its bankers to have such a prominent and widely advertised part in the work of the Conference. Surprised, he asked for the reason of my remark. I explained that European democracies disliked the idea of their Governments being dictated to by foreign capitalists. In addition, this blatant domination of the bankers would be the best argument the Bolsheviks have ever had for denouncing the evils of the capitalist régime. My friend retorted gravely that this was a good hard business line nevertheless.

I have lingered over the description of some aspects of the Conference because they afford, as I have already said, an opportunity to show that the men whom we have set up as our governors for the day are human like ourselves, and should be treated as such. The great figures which public opinion, aided by a servile Press, loves to erect in the political arena have feet of clay, and topple over easily. This is the point I want to make; the fragility of our political leaders obliges us to keep a careful watch over their activities. Nations are fain to forget the old rule that no Government can be left to its own devices. It must be followed in its activities, supported in its difficult moments, encouraged when it tries to carry out the will of the nation, and restrained when it goes against it. Praise and criticism are useful both; silence is neglectful and dangerous. When the milk is spilt it is too late to look at the can.

What baffles comprehension, but what is probably only further proof of the intensely human nature of politics, is the loose way in which we elect our leaders. I am sure that more care is exercised in appointing a matron to a hospital or a midwife in a small village than in selecting a parliamentary representative. And yet, more than ever before, do the political midwives of Europe need all their skill and coolness to assist the painful birth of the peaceful settlement to which we all aspire. More power to their elbow, but let us not forget for a moment that they are humans like ourselves. Our lips are accustomed to say, *Errare humanum est*. We should not forget in our pride that it is not the errors which are so dangerous, but the way humans have of persisting in their errors and of going on with them. Europe suffers more from the obstinacy of political leaders than from the mistakes they make.

SOCIAL REFORM AND EMPIRE SETTLEMENT.

BY SIR JOHN A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

It is commonly assumed that immersion in "practical" politics is apt to blunt the sense of political perspective; nor would the proceedings in the Imperial Parliament during the last six months seem to negative the assumption. During the present Session the House of Commons has been mainly occupied—apart from the necessary and routine business of "Supply" and "Ways and Means"—with the discussion of two questions: Housing and Unemployment. I must not be understood for one moment to suggest that these problems are not vitally important. Unquestionably they are. No one who is brought into such close and almost confidential contact with the daily life of working men and women as, for instance, the Member of Parliament for a popular constituency is privileged to be, can have any doubt as to the reality of the demand for work whereby, and for houses wherein, to live a decent and self-respecting life. To many thousands of our fellow-citizens both these problems are of pressing and, indeed, supereminent importance. If, and so long as, they remain unsolved, they must inevitably prolong and accentuate that spirit of restlessness and discontent which has been so marked a feature of post-war society in this not less than in other countries.

Nevertheless, while this is true, and must at all convenient seasons be emphasised, there seems to me to be some danger lest these questions should be viewed, in relation to other questions, in distorted and disproportionate perspective. Thus, a reference to "Hansard" will reveal the fact that while, since the opening of this Parliament, the House of Commons has devoted weeks of Parliamentary time to matters connected with housing and unemployment, it has given only about three hours—and those obtained, by the luck of the ballot, for a private member's

motion—to another problem which, rightly viewed, is just as much a "social" problem as either housing or unemployment, and is, indeed, closely related to them.

The word "emigration" is one which stinks in the nostrils of some sections of the working class. For reasons which it is possible to conjecture, if not to endorse, the word is associated in the minds of some with a process of deportation or transportation, in some cases actually compulsory, in others induced by the pressure of religious persecution, as in the case of the Puritan emigrants to North America, or by that of famine, as in that of the emigrants who left Ireland in the years following 1846. In other minds the prescription of "State-aided emigration" is associated with the teaching of "hard-faced" economists like Malthus and his most eminent disciple the younger Mill; and doctrines which implicitly deny not only the "right to work" but even the "right to live" are not quickly forgotten nor easily forgiven by a generation which has accepted from Louis Blanc the aphorism "work or maintenance." Wisely, therefore, the word emigration has been superseded by that of "settlement," and there is some reason to hope that the persons most nearly interested in the wise solution of our social problems may be induced to regard the better distribution of the population of the Empire as one of the problems which carries with it its own solution.

Another disquieting question obtrudes itself. Can it be, as Sir Martin Conway argued in a recent debate on Education, that the too-bookish urbanised education of to-day is responsible for the evaporation of the spirit of adventure? Has it evaporated? Has Robinson Crusoe lost his power of appeal to boyhood? Do not the lads of to-day want to run away to sea? The remarkable and wholly satisfactory success of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides movement would seem to suggest a negative answer, though perhaps the spirit of adventure is somewhat more disciplined, and the pursuit of it rather more organised than of yore. But be this as it may, it is evidently of supreme importance, alike for the future of the Motherland and of the daughter Dominions, that the younger

generation of our citizens should be taught to "think imperially"—not, of course, in the sense of imperialistic aggression, for British imperialism is profoundly pacific, but in terms of social and economic readjustment.

The problem of population and its more advantageous distribution as between Great Britain and the Dominions is plainly pivotal. Fortunately it can be briefly stated. What are the root facts of the contemporary situation? At home we have a vast population constricted on a tiny island; in the Southern Seas we have huge islands, in North America we have a great portion of a continent sparsely occupied by a tiny population. In Great Britain there are nearly 43,000,000 people crowded on to 85,500 square miles of soil, or about 450 persons to the square mile (for England alone the figure is over 700). In Australia we have a population rather under, in Canada just over, two to the square mile. In England there is hardly room to breathe; Australia, with an area more than 33 times as large as this country and with one-eighth of our population, is as empty as a drum. Closely related to the problem of population is that of subsistence. The homeland cannot feed, from native resources, its population. There is much talk about the waste of land and the need for more intensive cultivation. The need is indisputable, but to ignore the bare facts is to mock the people. If every inch of ground in Great Britain were to be cultivated, if every deer forest were reclaimed, every park ploughed up, and every city cleared of every scrap of buildings, we should get $1\frac{1}{3}$ acres per head of population. The generally accepted estimate is that three acres per head of population are necessary for comfortable subsistence; or, put another way, there should not be more than 200 people to the square mile (640 acres).¹ France, for instance, which is approximately self-supporting in essential foodstuffs, has about $3\frac{1}{3}$ acres per head of population, or 187 inhabitants to the square mile. The United States has 31, or less than one-tenth of the density of Japan, which has no fewer than 320—a fact, be it inci-

(1) Cf. Vaughan Cornish's most instructive and interesting work, *A Geography of Imperial Defence*, 1922.

dentally remarked, which goes to the root of what is termed the "Problem of the Pacific."

That the soil of Great Britain could produce a much larger proportion of the food of our people than it does at present I am not at all concerned to deny. But another consideration at once obtrudes itself: at what price could the additional supply be obtained? To the teeming populations of our industrial cities and mining villages the question of price is second only in importance to that of quantity. This point is frequently ignored by ardent land reformers, who see visions of a "merrie England" self-fed on home-grown food and sustaining a redoubled rural population. Equally it is ignored by those who look backwards and wax enthusiastic over the amenities of the "golden age" which preceded the days of capitalism and industrialism. It is quite true that the insular Britain was virtually self-sufficing down to the end of the eighteenth century; but it was a Britain which never carried a population of more than 10,500,000 persons, and of the population 75 per cent. were countryfolk. That the pendulum has swung dangerously in the opposite direction I should be the last person to deny; nay, it is one of the main objects of the present paper to insist. Nor do I doubt that we should be in a safer and sounder position if the balance between urban and rural life, between industry and agriculture, could be to some extent readjusted; but the possibility of readjustment essentially depends upon the solution of the larger problem which the following paragraphs will explore.

In that problem two factors stand out: the excessive density of population in Britain; its uneconomic paucity in the outer Empire. This disproportion was further accentuated by the war and by the two years of artificial prosperity which followed the conclusion of peace. During the years 1914-19 the emigration from Great Britain was negligible in amount, with the result that by 1920 we found ourselves with an excess of population of well over 1,000,000, while the Dominions found themselves with a deficiency of almost corresponding amount. The effect was doubly disastrous: at home a glut

in the labour market and consequent unemployment on an unprecedented scale and an accentuation of the housing shortage; in the Dominions a corresponding diminution of potential producers of the commodities we need and potential purchasers of the goods we want to sell. It is fashionable, in some quarters, to deride the notion that trade follows the flag; but it is an unquestionable fact that, man for man, our own kith and kin in the great Dominions are incomparably our best customers. Thus, during the year ending March 31st, 1924, the imports of Australia, with only 5,500,000 people, amounted in the aggregate to £56,336,000, as compared with £57,563,000 taken from us by the United States with more than 100,000,000 people; or £9 18s. 1d. per head in the former case, compared with 10s. 5d. in the latter. In New Zealand the *per capita* consumption of British produce and manufactures is still higher, amounting to no less than £15 1s. 10d. In the Union of South Africa it is £4 3s. 1d. Canada, as everyone knows, is divided from the United States by an "invisible frontier"; but on the Canadian side of the frontier the consumption was nearly six times as large as in the United States: £2 19s. 11d. compared with 10s. 5d. In Germany it was 14s. 2d.; in Russia, 4d. It needs no abstruse calculation to perceive what it would mean for British trade if 1,000,000 persons compulsorily idle in England could be transferred to Australia and New Zealand, there to become customers for British goods to the tune of anything between £10,000,000 and £15,000,000.

Nor must another consideration be ignored. The million or more unemployed in the homeland constitute a debit in the economic balance-sheet of the nation. They contribute to production nothing—neither labour, brains, nor capital. On the contrary, through no fault (for the most part) of their own they are consumers on a considerable scale, and consumers mostly of commodities which, being imported, increase the embarrassments of English trade and still further depress the dollar exchange against us.

The transference, if not of the actual unemployed population, many of whom would be manifestly unfit for

Colonial life, but of a corresponding number of suitable settlers, would be thrice blessed; it would relieve the overcrowded under-employed home-worker; it would bring happiness and hope to the migrant, and it would do something towards filling those empty spaces which at present constitute a grave menace to the security of Australia and New Zealand.

To that menace most of the urban dwellers in those two great islands (and urbanisation is affecting life in the Dominions hardly less seriously than in the homeland) have until lately been strangely blind. Lord Northcliffe, in the course of the world tour which he made shortly before his death, was asked for his considered opinion as to the "future and fate" of Australia. It is worth while to recall his reply. He declared himself to be "profoundly impressed by its magnitude, its profuse wealth of diverse kinds, its singular generosity as a homing land for the right kind of British people, its emptiness and its defencelessness." He had met, he said, "scarcely a score of men and women in Australia with any sense of the danger in which their country stands." He was "staggered by the indifference of the Australian people to the vital question of immigration." "The key," he insisted, "to your white Australia ideal is population. You must increase your slender garrison by the multiplication of your people. Only numbers will save you. The world will not tolerate an empty Australia. This continent must carry its full quota of people. . . . You have no option. Tens of millions will come to you whether you wish it or not. You cannot hold up the human flood by a restriction clause in an Act of Parliament." I have reason to believe that Lord Northcliffe's blunt warning has not been wholly unheeded in Australia; and the lapse of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, to say nothing of the refusal of the present Parliament to sanction the enlargement of the Singapore base, has unquestionably accentuated its impressiveness.

Yet the prejudices to be overcome are by no means insignificant. An incident which happened in 1903 may in this connection be recalled. One of the first Acts

passed by the Australian Commonwealth was the Immigration Restriction Act of 1901, which was designed to prevent the landing of immigrants, under contracts of employment, if the terms of the contracts involved a lower rate of pay than that approved by the trade unions in Australia. The motive of the Act was quite intelligible and wholly consistent with the general trend of legislation in Australia. In 1903 six English hatters were, under this Act, refused permission to land at Melbourne. The immediate difficulty was overcome by the good offices of the Premier of the Commonwealth, but public opinion was accurately reflected by an article which appeared at the time in the *Sydney Bulletin*. "The right of Australia," it ran, "has been once and for all established definitely to keep out of this continent English-born citizens if in her own interests she so chooses. . . . Australia has proved her power to keep Australia for the Australians, and for such immigrants as Australia chooses to welcome, and has shown that an Englishman is not necessarily welcome because he is an Englishman. The six hatters have made history."

Many a noble ship has entered the harbours of Melbourne and Sydney and Brisbane—some of them laden with immigrants—since those words were written; hundreds of thousands of soldiers from the Commonwealth have made history on a stage incomparably vaster than that on which the six hatters played their relatively puny parts; but it were affectation to ignore the truth that the spirit which inspired the restrictive Act of 1901 has not been wholly exorcised. No Dominion, however, has shown greater zeal in promoting the policy embodied in the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 than Australia.

The working of that Act, and the operations of the new departments specially charged with its administration, must now receive some detailed consideration. Let it be recalled that in 1913 the total outward movement of population from this country amounted to 389,394 persons, of whom 285,046 went to different parts of the British Empire; 190,000 to Canada; 56,000 to Australia; 14,000 to New Zealand, and 11,000 to South Africa. In 1923

the number had fallen to 256,284, of whom the British Empire took 157,062. Meanwhile efforts had been made to stimulate settlement in the Dominions. In 1917, with wise prevision of post-war problems, a committee was set up under the chairmanship of Lord Tennyson to explore the possibilities of an overseas settlement for ex-Service men, and after the Armistice Mr. Walter Long (now Lord Long of Wraxall), who was then at the Colonial Office, set up a Government Emigration Committee now transformed into the Oversea Settlement Committee. Its first task was to devise a scheme for the settlement of ex-Service men. Alike in the interests of the Dominions and of the men themselves the Committee had to walk warily. Evidently the simplest and wisest plan was to leave the selection of the settlers to those most intimately acquainted with local conditions—the representatives of the Dominion Governments. That was done; and some 50,000 carefully selected ex-Service men, making with their families about 100,000 persons, migrated under that scheme, the whole expense of which, naturally and properly, fell on the Imperial Government. The experiment, initiated to meet a specific emergency, was on a small scale, but the most recent reports show that it has been, on the whole, a marked success.

Much more elaborate was the scheme embodied in the Empire Settlement Act of 1922. That Act was the outcome of conferences held in 1921 between the Prime Ministers of the Empire, who recommended that the Imperial Government and the Dominions should co-operate in a comprehensive policy of land settlement and inter-Imperial migration. The Act accordingly empowers the Secretary of State, acting on the advice of the Oversea Settlement Committee, to co-operate with the Dominion Governments or with public or private organisations, such as the Church Army, the Salvation Army, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, etc., in carrying out agreed schemes for the assistance of suitable persons who wish to settle overseas. The schemes would, it was contemplated, take different forms; development, or land settlement, or assisting with passage money, with allowances for training, or otherwise

suitable settlers. The financial liability of the Home Government was limited for the first year to £1,500,000, and for the fourteen subsequent years to £3,000,000 a year. The Dominions agreed to contribute on the basis of pound for pound for that portion of the Imperial subvention spent on assisted migration. As this was estimated to cost about £1,000,000 a year, a total of £2,000,000 a year would, with the Dominions' contributions, be available for this purpose—a sum sufficient, it was calculated, to provide the preliminary training, passage and landing money for 60,000 to 80,000 settlers a year. In the case of adults, not more than one-third of the passage money was to be a free grant, though another third, or even two-thirds in special cases, might be advanced on loan. It was hoped that as the scheme got under way, and if the repayments of advances were added to the funds available for assisted migration, the settlers would considerably exceed the 80,000 a year originally contemplated.

How far have these anticipations been realised? How has the Act worked? Passage agreements were promptly concluded with Australia and New Zealand, with the Provincial Government of Ontario, and as regards certain classes of emigrants with the Dominion of Canada. Land settlement schemes were also arranged with Western Australia, New South Wales and Victoria, and minor schemes with various voluntary organisations. But the aggregate results have been disappointingly meagre. Though the expenditure authorised under the Act for the Imperial Government now amounts to £4,500,000, only £460,100 had up to May of this year been actually spent, and of this a considerable part represents recoverable loans. Instead of 120,000-160,000 persons, only 55,036 had, up to the same date, migrated to the Dominions: 38,779 to Australia, 8,287 to New Zealand, 7,957 to Canada, and 13 to South Africa. The Reports lately published of the Delegation which, under the chairmanship of Sir William Windham, has lately visited Australia and New Zealand show that the work has been initiated on sound lines and that individual failures have been relatively few. That, as

far as it goes, is satisfactory; it is obviously better to insist on quality in the settlers, to select those only who are likely to make good in new surroundings, than to aim at mere quantity. But the net result is, it must be admitted, disappointing.

The strategical security of Australia and New Zealand demands that the yawning spaces should be filled both adequately and rapidly. There is one class of immigrant whom, in common with Canada, they are ready to welcome in practically unlimited quantities, namely children. Nor should it be difficult to supply the demand. As Dr. Laurie, of Edinburgh, recently put it in a letter to *The Times*: "The mother ship is loaded over the Plimsoll line with a valuable cargo of youth for which the Dominions are calling." Every year the elementary schools are pouring out into a congested labour market about 550,000 children. Some at least of these might make their career in the Dominions. And not those only: other public schools might (perhaps they have) with advantage follow the lead of Christ's Hospital and form associations of old boys for the purpose of group settlement. The idea behind Tom Hughes's New Rugby was sound, though the organisation was defective and the result of the experiment disastrous. "My experience is that the younger the people who go out overseas the easier it is for them to settle down to the new life and the new conditions." So said the Prince of Wales recently at a dinner of the Child Emigration Society, and he spoke from first-hand knowledge and experience. The work in this connection of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Salvation Army and the Church Army cannot be too warmly commended; nor that of the Society just mentioned which was started a few years ago by Kingsley Fairbridge, a young Australian Rhodes scholar at Oxford, a man whose recent and premature death is a loss to the Empire. The school started by Fairbridge in Western Australia is now providing a colonial training for about 200 boys and girls; and its work is highly praised by the Oversea Settlement Delegation. But that is on a comparatively small scale. On a larger scale is the "Dreadnought" apprenticeship scheme in New South

Wales, which is now absorbing boys at the rate of 60 per month, and is designed to take out and train in farm work 2,500 boys. The "Barwell" scheme in South Australia, named after the State Premier, will ultimately provide for 6,000 boys; and a similar scheme in New Zealand provides for 100 a month. In all, these schemes should provide for about 2,500 boys a year. Some individual failures are, of course, inevitable (what school or college in England is exempt from them?), but I understand that from the 2,000 boys already sent out under these schemes only twelve complaints have been received—a remarkable tribute, endorsed by other and independent testimony, alike to the care with which the boys are selected here, and the efficiency with which their careers are supervised in the Dominions.

Space fails me wherein to make more than the briefest reference to these interesting experiments or to call attention to the urgent problem of finding girls and women for oversea settlement. It must suffice to note the significant fact that while in this country we have a surplus of 2,000,000 women, in the four great Dominions there is an excess of 430,000 men. The disproportion can best be corrected by developing *family* settlement on lines already successfully initiated.

Group settlement, family settlement, and child migration—these, I submit, are the most promising lines on which we can at present advance. On such lines progress must necessarily be relatively slow; but need it be quite so slow as it is? Canada alone asked, last year, for 17,500 children, and only about 1,100 were sent. If we could begin to think imperially instead of parochially, there would be less talk of the need for a limitation of births. There are not too many British children in the Empire, but too few; though at present the distribution of them leaves much to be regretted. For this again, family settlement is the most effective prescription. To part children or adolescents from their parents is unthinkable, save where they are compulsorily removed from bad homes and vicious environment. Again, the "nomination" system, if discreetly applied, may do something to

solve these difficult problems. But for details the reader must refer to the Reports of the Oversea Settlement Committee and of the Delegation already cited.¹ The immediate need is capital for settlers, and it is, therefore, satisfactory to learn that the British Treasury is now prepared to pay (presumably out of the balance of the unused fund provided under the Settlement Act) one-half of the interest, for a period of five years, on loans not exceeding £20,000,000 (in addition to the loans which may be raised in the Commonwealth under existing schemes), and one-third for a further period of five years. For each £1,000 of loan money the Australian Government must, on its part, undertake to settle at least one family, without capital, averaging five persons, together with five other assisted emigrants, men, women and children. The terms offered are, as Mr. Lunn claimed, "very generous," and it is hoped that Australia will take advantage of them, and that the scheme may result in the settlement of at least 400-500,000 persons during the next ten years. Lack of capital has been, it seems, the main reason for the disappointingly slow rate of progress under the Act of 1922. If the new scheme meets that difficulty it will have gone far to solve a whole sheaf of closely interrelated and interdependent social problems which have been too long, and with little success, attacked in isolation.

(1) For the former cf. Cmd. 2107; for the latter Cmd. 2132 and 2167.

THE NATIONALISTS OF SOUTH AFRICA

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. M. MEYLER, C.B.E., D.S.O.,
M.C., M.P.

(Formerly a member of the first Parliament of the Union of South Africa)

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi.

THESE words of Pliny can be re-echoed once again in connection with the recent General Election in the Union of South Africa, as a result of which the party representing the ultra-Conservative policy of the Boer is now governing the Dominion in coalition with the local Labour Party.

Though one of the storm centres of the Empire twenty-five years ago, South Africa has altered so much since then that the people of England have grown comfortable in the thought that all is well there. The magnanimity of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in granting self-government so soon after the war which terminated in 1902 to those who had been fighting against us proved such a great success that it is difficult to believe that the wounds have not all been healed.

Therefore the British public were perturbed by startling articles in the Press prior to the election suggesting that if General Hertzog should happen to defeat General Smuts at the polls there would be immediate danger of a breach between the Union of South Africa and the other partners of the commonwealth of nations known as the British Empire.

Nothing could have been further from the truth. Certainly republicanism has been voiced in some quarters, and there has been talk of separation, but these were party cries, full of exaggeration, and the Hertzog movement needs more careful examination before one can follow its aims.

The Boer is a permanent type, and alters little as the years roll over his head. The farmers of the wide veld are still the backbone of the Union of South Africa, and to a large extent control its destiny by their votes. Railways

and motor traffic have brought them into closer touch with their neighbours, but some are as suspicious of outside interference as they were in the days of Paul Kruger.

Most of them mix freely nowadays with the British colonials, and there is a great deal of real friendship between the races. Where the differences arise is in political matters. The duel between town and country is likely to animate the policy of successive South African Governments for many a long day, and unfortunately this still tends to a racial division of the parties.

The Labour Party have succeeded better than any other in avoiding this pitfall by appealing to the poorer white population of both races in the industrial centres. Their leader, Lieut.-Colonel F. H. P. Creswell, D.S.O., has played a big part in the affairs of the Union and holds to-day a strong position, for the seats secured by the South African Party, led by General Smuts, were fifty-three in number, whilst those captured by the Nationalist Party, led by General Hertzog, were sixty-three, so that the Labour Party with eighteen seats held the balance of power after the election. Luckily, from an Imperial point of view, there is not the slightest doubt of the loyalty of Colonel Creswell, who first became well known to British statesmen, including Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, when he visited England nearly twenty years ago to raise an outcry against the continued employment of Chinese labour in the mines of the Witwatersrand. He played such an important rôle in the British election of 1906 that he will not be forgotten easily.

When his former colleague, Mr. Andrews, made a stand against the war in 1914, Colonel Creswell replied by joining the Army. For a time this divided the South African Labour Party, but Colonel Creswell won the day, and now his following is far stronger than in those days, and has become a strong force in the House of Assembly at Cape Town. His combination with General Hertzog in common cause against General Smuts alarmed timorous folk, but has had a mellowing influence on the policy of the latter. In fact, it is one of the causes which will ensure moderation in the Nationalist Party whilst in office.

Colonel Creswell should do admirable service as Minister of Defence in the new Government.

General Smuts, after being a Cabinet Minister continuously, first in the Transvaal Government and then in the Government of the Union of South Africa, for sixteen years, is now paying the penalty which is apt to be imposed upon successful statesmen after too long a trusteeship. There is analogy between his present fate and that of Mr. Lloyd George in 1922.

Since the war his position has been made particularly difficult, for South Africa suffered as much as any Dominion from the upheaval caused to the world's trade. Besides that, the fusion between the South African Party and the Unionist Party, founded by the redoubtable "Dr. Jim," on whom the mantle of Cecil Rhodes fell, which has protected General Smuts for some years, has crystallised opposition to him from the back-velders, those hardy men who live in the districts remote from populous centres and British influence.

Political agitators had the luck of the game; the prosperity of the farming community depends to a large extent on an export trade for their produce, and the mischief-makers were not slow to emphasise the fact that a British shipping ring had secured a monopoly of the carriage by sea between the Cape and Europe.

The Boers also complained that General Smuts had forced too much trade through England when they might have got better prices elsewhere. As an instance of this they declared that in the past year their wool could have been sold to advantage in Germany whilst he was arranging terms for its purchase by the Bradford merchants during his visit to England for the last Imperial Conference. Grumbling also that he has kept matters too much in his own hands, they instanced that a rich gain for the Union Exchequer was lost because Mr. F. S. Malan, the Acting Prime Minister, hesitated to sell the gold reserve at the top of the market during the absence in Europe of General Smuts.

Whether these contentions were right or wrong, they undoubtedly supplied strong electioneering points. It is

no use explaining to a Boer that Bradford gave a specially favoured price for the wool, or that no one could foresee the drop in value of raw gold. Profits were lost and the Government of the day was held responsible.

But now that the Nationalists, without a clear majority, have managed to form a Cabinet with Labour support, how may they be expected to utilise their power?

The position of General Hertzog can be compared with that of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at the beginning of the present year. After years of platform oratory the responsibilities of office are not easy to assume for any leader who has appealed to the extreme elements of the electorate. However, the Nationalists are astute politicians who know that the great majority of the voters in many parts of the Union are not going to give continued support to a party that shows a trace of disloyalty to the British Empire. So they explain that their only demand is that the needs of South Africa should be considered first, and that they object to being involved too much in Imperial questions which are not fully understood by the people. This is a harmless formula, and perhaps a natural one.

The basis of the Constitution of any Dominion within our Empire is that it shall be entirely self-governed, and South Africa claims complete freedom of action. The Dutch inhabitants understand this perfectly well, but they are not ignorant of the dangers which would attend them if they were to achieve isolation.

It will be remembered that during the Russo-Japanese War one division of the ill-fated Russian fleet from Europe sailed to the Eastern waters round the Cape of Good Hope. Many people saw those ships from the shores of the Cape Peninsula, and the adventure was discussed freely at the time. The news had its effect, for it brought home to South Africans the fact that the Yellow Peril threatens their land as well as Australasia, for if warships from the Baltic could sail to fight a battle in Japanese waters in 1906, it is realised that, under favourable circumstances, a modern enemy fleet from the East could soon cover the distance to South Africa, the half-way house to Europe.

One of the greatest open spaces still to be found on this globe with a climate surpassed by none, producing a large percentage of the total gold output of the world, besides diamonds and other minerals and farm produce of vast value, needs a strong protector. It is superfluous to emphasise this when talking to any South African.

The influences behind the Nationalist Party to-day are worthy of note. Ranged alongside General Hertzog, though he has not yet returned to the Parliament, is a former colleague who left the Botha Cabinet within the first two years of Union. The Hon. H. C. Hull filled the post of Treasurer in the administration of the Transvaal after the grant of self-government. He was the first Minister of Finance of the Union of South Africa, for which portfolio his business acumen made him eminently suitable. His quarrel in 1912 was not with General Botha, who was then Prime Minister, but with the late Mr. J. W. Sauer, the Minister of Railways, and it accentuated the essential differences between the Cape Colony and the Transvaal. The difficulties arose over the finance of new railway schemes, of which the Cape members, backed by a majority in Parliament, claimed the lion's share.

Probably Mr. Hull agreed with the opinion of his supporters that he was victimised at that time, and although he was careful to avoid criticism of his late leader, General Botha, he soon found himself in bitter opposition to General Smuts, his chief adviser. This feud gave Mr. Hull a tendency to back General Hertzog in the critical months which followed, and which led to the latter's resignation of his portfolio of Minister of Justice a few months later.

In the General Election of 1915 Mr. Hull did not contest a seat, and he has been immersed since then in large business projects. He may re-enter the political lists again some day, and there is no one in South Africa more able to fill the office of Minister of Finance; in the meanwhile his advice will be invaluable to General Hertzog.

Another well-known man with enormous financial influence, who might have entered General Hertzog's Cabinet if he had not lost his seat, is Mr. van der Horst, formerly

connected with the Graaf Trust, a combine which first became a political power in the Cape Colony in connection with the cold storage combine during the Boer War. Two of the brothers Graaf of this firm have held office under General Botha in the Union Government, so Mr. van der Horst's support of the Nationalists is of marked interest, and must have great weight in the country, although he was beaten at the polls.

But there is another of even greater importance who was reported to be contemplating a return to politics. Judge de Villiers, formerly known to all South Africans as "Japie," was Attorney-General in General Botha's Transvaal Ministry, and it was a surprise to many when he deserted an outstanding position in politics for the Bench, accepting the office of Judge President of the Transvaal Supreme Court on the formation of the Union.

A contemporary of General Smuts, Judge de Villiers is another example of the brilliance achieved by many of South Africa's sons in the legal profession. He was not likely to return to the political arena for any small prize, and it was rumoured before the last election that he had been invited by the party to be Prime Minister of any Nationalist Government which might be formed.

In such a case General Hertzog would have contented himself with his old portfolio of Minister of Justice, or perhaps he might have accepted a vacancy as a Judge of the Appellate Court, a position which he refused when it was offered to him by General Botha.

But in the end it was decided that General Hertzog should remain at the head of his party, and it was unnecessary for him to sacrifice his leadership deliberately for the sake of his cause which he has now led to triumph at the polls, whilst Judge de Villiers remains on the bench.

It was suggested that the Nationalists' chance of success in the ballot would be increased greatly if General Hertzog stepped aside; events have proved otherwise, for General Smuts and three of his Ministers lost their seats in the fight.

The new Prime Minister is a man of high education and great personal charm, but is possessed of a mentality which it is difficult to follow. He speaks in High Dutch and

makes the best use of that language of oratory, but his expositions of policy are often tortuous. It may be for this reason that his attitude towards the Empire is wrapped in obscurity, but those who heard his bitter reply to General Botha in 1913 were impressed by his earnestness. "It is alleged that in a speech made by me I stated that the British Empire was only good enough to be sucked dry and then thrown away," thundered General Hertzog on that occasion. "That assertion which has been made by the Prime Minister is a lie," he added contemptuously. He now has a chance of proving the sincerity of those words.

General Hertzog has renewed the invitation to the Prince of Wales to visit South Africa, a trip which was postponed on account of the elections, and the interview which he granted a few days after his return to power is reassuring. "I say positively," he affirmed, "that the Nationalists do not look upon secession as a matter of practical politics, and are not likely to do so until the rest of the people, and especially the mass of the British-speaking, are in favour of it."

Amongst many of the British voters he was formerly suspect, though he scrupulously avoided any connection with those who came into open conflict with the loyalist forces in the early months of the Great War.

But since then he has profited by the support of those who sympathised in those days with the late General Beyers and his rebel bands. General Beyers took a high place among the able young lieutenants whom Paul Kruger placed in charge of his commandoes during the Boer War. When it came to making peace he was one of the most implacable, and there was some consternation when he was elected Speaker of the first Transvaal Parliament after the grant of self-government. But no one had less cause of complaint afterwards than the British members, for whatever may have been his faults, General Beyers will be remembered for the care with which he administered fair play at a time when party feeling meant racial intolerance.

The members of British descent in the first Parliament

of the Union were anxious to elect him to the Speaker's Chair there, but it was made known that he did not wish to be nominated, and as soon as the Militia Act was passed he accepted the post of Commandant of the Forces in the Union. In this capacity he attended the Swiss Army manoeuvres in 1913, and there he met Kaiser Wilhelm II. of Germany, who invited him to be his guest.

In the lobby of the House of Assembly after his return to Cape Town he described what a deep impression had been made upon him during the Army manoeuvres by the sight of tens of thousands of men being hurled against strong positions defended by modern armaments, and he referred to a conversation which took place at the time. "You have seen a lot of campaigning, General," said the Emperor, "now tell me what you think of this."

"In real warfare, against small-bore rifles," replied General Beyers, "your Majesty would be sending those men to certain destruction."

The Kaiser laughed. "Not all of them," said he, "some would get through. And," he added, "we only expect to use each soldier once."

Perhaps the secret of the German Army's defeat a few years later was that their august leader found it necessary to use each of those highly trained soldiers more than once in grand assaults.

But General Beyers did not live to see his criticisms verified. His visit sealed the doom of a gallant man who deserved a better fate. The German agents got busy in South Africa, and cultivated the impression which his royal host had made upon him.

So when the Great War commenced, General Beyers, seduced from his loyalty, abandoned his command of the Union Forces and took the lead in the rebellion against the British flag. But he had not counted upon Boer horsemen being hunted down by motor cars, and finally met a miserable death by drowning in crossing a swollen river whilst close on his heels were the troops of General Smuts, with whom he had been so closely associated both in battle and in Parliament.

One must understand these dramatic incidents, for their

memory is fresh in many minds in South Africa, and the blood feud created in those stirring days was perhaps a deciding factor in the elections of June, 1924. It certainly brought full support to General Hertzog from certain quarters.

General Smuts was assured of the suffrages of a big section of his own people, for his ties with those who joined with him in giving such valuable services to the Empire during the war had been strengthened, but they were insufficient to carry him to victory this time.

There was a suggestion that General Smuts would abandon his leadership if defeated. Politics mean so much to him that such a thing was impossible, even if he is sometimes tempted to return to the scene of his triumphs in world affairs in Europe. A new seat has been found for him, and he has decided to remain in South Africa, a strong leader of the Opposition, until another turn of the wheel of fortune brings him back into power with redoubled strength. This will take time, but should be inevitable.

The Nationalists nurse hopes that they have produced a popular Government which will remain in office for a number of years. To manage this in the face of the prestige of General Smuts, reinforced by British votes, will be no mean task, and they must step warily. It can hardly be expected that the hundred and sixty thousand Asiatics in the Union will receive more tolerant treatment from the Nationalists than has been accorded to them by General Smuts, but such are the ramifications of South African politics that it is possible yet that General Hertzog will seize upon this question as the means of rehabilitating his party in the eyes of the Empire.

And, seeing that the future of South Africa lies less in obtaining transient wealth from the mines than in wresting more permanent riches from the soil by means of agriculture and stock-farming, sooner or later it must be realised that the introduction of cheap native labour into industrial centres has been a mistake, and that the proper place for the natives is in their natural habitat on the land.

The natives outnumber the Europeans by more than five to one, and if this indigenous population can be taught to

cultivate crops for export and produce two bags of mealies where only one is grown to-day by their primitive methods of agriculture, it will mean riches for South Africa in the future. With the native population available, it was a temptation in the early days for persons wishing to establish factories to utilise this cheap supply of labour to the exclusion of European workmen. The system has stultified itself; a certain number of manufacturers have grown rich, but the native labour supply is used up, and now there is little opportunity for the growth of new industries. The great mortality of natives during the influenza epidemic of 1918 accentuated this difficulty.

The United States of America built up the numbers of their citizens by tapping that inexhaustible reservoir of labour, the surplus population of Europe. At one period in ten years eight million immigrants were received, each bent on increasing the prosperity of their adopted land for their personal advantage. The experiment was a colossal success, and the affluence of the United States to-day is a monument to its credit.

The Nationalist policy will be directed towards bringing prosperity to the farmers who cry out without ceasing for more native labour. If they grapple with this problem they will find that alternative white labour must be found for the industrial centres.

In the past a section of the Dutch have been inclined to set their face against schemes for increasing the population of South Africa by the settlement of immigrants. But when they recognise that more Europeans in the towns will greatly extend the markets for farm produce, besides releasing the native labour for use on the land, the future of South Africa will be safe in the hands of the Nationalist Party. Colonel Creswell and his Labour Party have their own ideas on this subject. Will they enforce them as the price of their support to the Nationalists?

REUNION: DEADLOCK OR HOPE?

By J. W. POYNTER

Now that the excitement of discussion, over "Malines," has lessened, it may be useful to look at the problem of "the disunity of Christians," in the light simply of history and logic, which are, after all, great revealers of even the most hidden of truths. The tragedy of disunity has been present in every Christian generation. We see it very vividly in the Pauline epistles.

In the Novatian, Marcionite, Donatist, Arian, and other early heresies and schisms; in the Middle Ages (with their eucharistic controversies, their strife of Popes and Emperors, and their seemingly final separation of East and West); in the Reformation and modern times—the same problem always is to be found.

Always, however, there have been also efforts at least to lessen the differences. It is, of course, arguable that formal outward unity is not really desirable, as being opposed to progress and intellectual liberty. On the other hand, it is surely to be desired that there should be as large as possible an agreement as to what truth is on these momentous matters!

One thing is certain: no consideration of Christian reunion can do much good if it omits the Roman communion. Either reunion with that communion is possible, or else "reunion" is not the true solution at all. The present article looks at the question from the standpoint of a member of the Roman communion, who realises that, while it is fairly easy to state a case from the standpoint of controversy simply, yet the need is, however difficult, to see the problem as a whole, realising the other side's point of view as well as one's own. Unless this be done we shall merely

. . . hear great argument
About it and about; but ever more
Come out by the same door wherein we went.

The position, as regards the Roman communion, certainly does not seem, at any rate at first sight, hopeful from the viewpoint of reunionists. "The central, perfect, and juridical representative of Tradition is the Apostolic See [of Rome]," say, for example, Wilhelm and Scannell (*Manual of Catholic Theology*, ed. 1909, i. 74); "From the earliest times it has been the custom to consider the formula 'The Roman Church or Apostolic See hath held or doth hold' as equivalent to 'the Catholic Church hath held or doth hold.'" Or (Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, O.S.B., *Catechism Theology*, pp. 85-87): "Each Pope is shepherd of the whole world, and he gives their mission to all the other pastors, Bishops and priests. . . . If, when the Pope has spoken, any refuse to believe, they commit the sin of heresy." To sum it up in the words of Bellarmine (*De Ecclesiâ Militante*, c. 2): The Church Militant is "a body of men united in the profession of the same Christian faith, and communion of the same Sacraments, under the government of lawful pastors, and particularly of the Roman Pontiff; Christ's only vicar on earth."

At first sight, therefore, the problem facing advocates of reunion would seem to be the hopeless one of reconciling such a position with others directly opposed to it! This would certainly seem to be so if we compare the Roman claims with the doctrinal position of the Anglican Church: whether as stated in the stark phrases of the Articles, or in the textbooks of theology. "The Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith"; "The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England." Or, as Bishop Gore expressed it (*R.C. Claims*, 11th ed., p. 22): "Supposing true principles do not force us to accept the Roman claims, they by that very fact do make their acceptance by individuals a grievous betrayal of trust. God has, we must believe, special tasks in store for the Anglican Church—tasks for which the Roman temper and the Roman theology are by their very character and tone disqualified." The famous words of Bishop Ken's will sum the matter up epigrammatically: "The communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from

all Papal and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross."

The apparent completeness of this deadlock is emphasised by considering the positions of the various Nonconformist Churches. For nothing could be plainer than that decided Protestantism is of the very essence of their constitution; while, in the case of the Baptists, the characteristic doctrine, from which that Church derives its name, comes directly under the *anathema* of canons 3, 5, and 13 of session 7 of the Council of Trent!

If, then, by "reunion" we mean the reconciling of the above antagonisms, what in the end should we be compelled to admit but that "no" cannot be made to agree with "yes," save by changing its nature and ceasing to be "no"?

Perhaps, however, a deeper view of the whole problem is possible, especially if we regard it *in specie æternitatis*: not merely in terms of our limited present circumstances, but in those of pure logic, historical fact, and the conceivable possibilities of the future. Such a mode of consideration will tend to produce the greatest possible amount of eventual good results, while, on the other hand, a mere *non possumus* will make the times which are to come as bad as the times which are gone. Even, also, in relation to the present, such patient, candid investigation, even of remote hopes, is to the good. It clarifies the position; it makes us realise facts (including our own mistakes) more truly than before; it increases mutual comprehension and charity; and it cannot but make the future developments better than otherwise they would be.

We may quote the eloquent words of Cardinal Mercier (Pastoral Letter of January 18th, 1924; see *The Tablet*, February 9th, 1924, p. 178): "You grow impatient, success is slow in coming, your pains seem wasted. Be on the watch; human nature, in its eagerness, is misleading you; a charitable endeavour is never lost, but 'brings forth fruit in patience.' Do you not see how Providence controls secondary causes? In the order of nature the sower casts his seed in the labour-laden furrow, lets winter frosts go by, waits for spring sunshine and summer heat, then, after

long waiting, laden with alternate hope and fear, then and then only does he joyfully reap and store his crop."

These words, taken in themselves, are, of course, generalities. As addressed by a Roman Catholic Archbishop to his flock, they could be understood rightly only as referring to a return of wanderers to the Roman fold. Nevertheless, the words themselves are an eloquent expression of the way the matter might be regarded by any patient, philosophic thinkers, whether they accept the Roman premises or not. Reasons, hopes, possibilities, present facts, and the records of history, should be gone into with absolute candour. If the "brief," which is held by the apologists of either side, represents the truth, rigorous investigation will only confirm it. If, however, the brief does not represent the truth—or all the truth—then it is to be desired that that fact should be realised.

It must be confessed (and it is not a mere truism) that the Roman Catholic case does not seem so plain to onlookers as to the faithful themselves. To give an example by quoting a common theological account, from a Roman Catholic standpoint, of the analysis of faith: "Faith is not a process of reasoning, though it is reasonable. Faith is the acceptance of truth, *propter auctoritatem Dei revelantis*; and the Godhead of Christ and the infallibility of the Pope rest, we believe, on the authority of God revealing. The normal method of being put in touch with that revelation is through the teaching of the [Roman] Church. That teacher's claims are accepted naturally and simply in childhood, and they are still seen to be justified after mature apologetic study by the learned; but most Catholics go through life without feeling any necessity to study them scientifically. The Church itself is, for them, quite a sufficiently clear proof of its own veracity."

This, the ordinary Roman teaching as to faith, will seem to the faithful obviously true. Outsiders, however (even apart from the further fact that a similar conception of faith is held by Churches which deny the Roman claims), might object thus: "You say that faith, in the Roman sense, is reasonable. You also say that some

classes, at least, of Roman Catholics 'study scientifically' the apologetics of the creed into which they were baptised. But surely the scientific use of reason does not assume its conclusions beforehand, with fixed determination not to alter them, however cogent may seem the contrary arguments. The scientific use of reason faces the possibility of its preliminary assumptions being wrong, and is free to relinquish or alter them in that case. Is this so with Roman Catholics? On the contrary, would not one of them—however deeply, honestly, and thoroughly he may have studied the matter—be branded as an 'apostate,' and subjected to anathema, if he were to say he had come to the conclusion that even some of that, which he had been taught, was incorrect? But, if this is so, is not the Roman position not merely incorrectly described as 'reasonable,' but, in fact, is it not contrary to 'the scientific use of reason'?"

The whole subject of the nature and function of faith is evidently one in which intricate and deeply important questions are involved, misunderstandings are possible, and probabilities of a useful result of candid discussion are very great.

The essential question underlying all these matters is that of the nature of truth, and of how, and how far, we can know it. "Λέγει αὐτῷ ὁ Πιλάτος, τί ἐστὶν ἀλήθεια;" In the honest consideration of these problems all aspects should be seen fully. If one Church possesses the complete truth, questioning will but prove it to be so. If not, questioning will reveal the real state of the case.

It is said "Rome never changes." As a maxim referring to vital doctrines of the faith, that is the very basis of her position. The maxim, however, requires careful examination and explanation in the light of history. In the process of that explanation no doubt many of the problems of "divided Christendom" may be minimised.

For example, a fruitful field of study is found in the events (in the late Middle Ages) of the Great Schism of the West and the Council of Constance, compared with the Vatican Council of 1870. Such study casts valuable light on the problems of the Papacy and the "visible unity of

the Church." There seems at first sight a contradiction between some decrees of the Council of Constance (1415), in regard to the Papal power, and the decrees, "concerning the infallible magisterium of the Roman Pontiff," of the Council of 1870. Constance, in its fourth and fifth sessions, declared that it held its power immediately from Christ, and that even the Papal power was bound to obey it in all that concerned the faith. The 1870 Council, however, declared the Pope to be infallible even apart from the consent of the Church (*non autem ex consensu Ecclesiae*). As regards this matter, the spirit of the two Councils is diverse, and their decrees seem contradictory.

Of course the explanation given by Roman Catholic theologians is well known. The derogatory decrees of Constance were not confirmed by the Popes, and therefore lacked the sanction of the head of the Church: they were "excluded from the guarded and limited confirmations given by Martin V and Eugenius IV" (Addis and Arnold, *The Catholic Dictionary*, ed. 1917, p. 226). The 1870 definition, on the other hand, "was that of Pope and Council combined, [and so] it bore upon its face, even according to Gallican principles, the stamp of infallible authority" (Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J., *The Great Schism of the West*, p. 45).

If the Roman doctrine as to exactly what is the nature of "the Catholic Church," and as to the supremacy of the Pope, be assumed as true, then such explanations cover the facts. Those outside the Roman Church might possibly argue, however, somewhat thus: "If the lack of agreement of the Pope with some decrees of Councils makes those decrees defective, surely the lack of agreement of all the Eastern, Anglican and other Churches with other decrees (such as that of Papal infallibility) will also show those other decrees to be defective!" It will be seen that, in discussing such matters, many aspects appear. Of course nothing that is clearly true can be refuted; but misconceptions can be removed as to exactly what it is that actually has been so proved.

That same tragic time of the Great Schism of the West also contains material of great help in the study of diffi-

culties in a matter going to the very root of controversies between Roman Catholics and other Christians, namely, what is meant by "the visible unity of the Church." That "the Catholic Church" must be one visibly united body is a fundamental dogma of the Roman Catholic religion. Christ "likens His Church, in pointed and emphatic words, to one single flock under one single shepherd," and "the Church which they [the Apostles] recognised was, first of all, a visible body" (Addis and Arnold, *Catholic Dictionary*, pp. 177, 176). Yet a question at once arises: How reconcile this belief with the facts of the Great Schism? Some argue, either that the Church need not be a visibly united body or else that the Papal power is not essential (or *both* these propositions)! Of course, Roman theology replies thus (Rev. S. F. Smith, *Great Schism of the West*, pp. 1 and 46): "We must learn to disengage the good from the evil, the divine from the human, and to ascribe each only to its own source. . . . The Great Western Schism . . . was not a schism in the ordinary sense of the term. For by schism is ordinarily meant withdrawal of obedience from one who is known to be the unquestionably legitimate Roman Pontiff." It will be seen that very interesting problems as to what is meant by "visible unity" are capable at least of friendly explanation.

What are we to conclude, then, as to hopes of remedying or lessening Christian disunity? It may be that a visible union of all Christian bodies never will be attained, it being inconsistent with the facts of human nature. Increasing mutual understanding, however, is another matter; and the writer may be pardoned, perhaps, for quoting some words of his own (*The Catholic Gazette*, London, February, 1924, p. 35): "What a multitude of complicated misunderstandings has grown up in the course of history! By genuine discussion, however, perhaps more and more it will be realised exactly what is essential and what is not; what arguments are sound and what are not; who is wrong and who is right."

THE PROBLEM OF CROATIA

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

No question is more difficult to solve than the problem of Croatia, the root difficulty being that two absolutely incompatible ideals of government are struggling for mastery. On one side the centralist, as represented by the present Yugo-Slav Ministry, on the other the separatist and autonomous, as advocated by the peasant Croatian followers of Mr. Radic.

The Pashitch Government holds that unity of State, as opposed to centralism, is the fundamental aim of the National Constitution, and that the ideas put forward by Mr. Radic are not only in violent conflict with those of the present Government, but actually subversive of all authority. They plead that they cannot grant autonomy and the other privileges that the Croats are demanding without being compelled to make similar concessions to the other racial elements in the country, a circumstance that, in view of the pronounced disloyalty of certain minorities, is bound to undermine the very foundation of the State.

The Croats claim, on the other hand, that the Yugo-Slav theory of government, as embodied in the political programme of Mr. Pashitch, is only a mask to conceal centralisation. They demand a revision of the Constitution on a federal basis, and declare that the various races now constituting the nation should immediately be organised in units, and as such should form the basis of the State, no one element to have superiority over any other. They maintain that racial and religious interests should be made the two main pillars of the body politic, and that the so-called liberal policy of the Pashitch Ministry is but an attempt to subjugate all non-Serbian races and to establish Serbian hegemony.

Their enthusiasm for union with the other Slav nations now constituting the present Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats

and Slovenes has almost completely evaporated, and they lay stress on the fact that their present status is not in any way comparable to the one which they enjoyed before the war, since, as they declare, they not only had a parliament and constitution of their own, as well as their own territorial army and police, but also exercised complete control over their own justice, agriculture, education and internal affairs, and partial control over their own finances. The executive functions were, moreover in their hands, since they could always ensure that the office of Ban or Viceroy was held by persons enjoying their complete confidence and trust.

This party is, of course, completely swayed by the personality of Mr. Radic, a little homely man who at first sight hardly impresses as the type of man that should wield influence over the masses, but who, nevertheless, does exercise a tremendous influence over the simple peasants constituting the backbone of the Croat Peasant Party.

Radic himself is a small, unpretentious man, dark, plump and insignificant-looking, who somewhat resembles the French *bourgeois* type. He is extremely voluble and loquacious, and possesses a natural eloquence that is so apt to carry him away that he cannot talk five minutes without contradicting himself. At one moment he favours a *rapprochement* with Serbia, and seems quite ready to continue the union with the other Slav races so long as a Federal Government is substituted for the present one; at another he stands for a Croatian republic, and pleads that it is always easier to govern a small state than a large one; that "*un petit champ* is always better cultivated than a *latifundia*," and that what his countrymen really need is self-government comparable to that which is enjoyed by any British Dominion.

If it is, therefore, extremely difficult to point to any part of his programme that is in any sense definite, one thing is at any rate clear, and that is that he maintains an ascendancy over his countrymen that nothing can impair, and which I mainly attribute to the whole-hearted way in which he has identified his interests with those of the peasant class, and so won their unquestioning allegiance.

He maintains that it is inadmissible that any nation like the Croats should, after centuries of self-government and having a parliament and a constitution of their own, patiently acquiesce in seeing these very privileges curtailed and even suppressed to make room for a constitution and parliament that are the very negation of their former independent rights. He complains, moreover, of the corruption and inefficiency that he holds to be characteristic of Serbian bureaucracy, and alleges that the present dynasty, unlike that of the late King of Montenegro, serves only Serbian interests to the detriment of the other races now constituting the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

For a long time he refused to have anything to do with a system of government that he not only called despotic, but that he held would quickly disappear if only a fair system of conducting elections was substituted for the present corrupt one, but shortly after the signing of the treaty of alliance between Italy and Yugo-Slavia decided that the time had come for abandoning the policy of abstention to which he had committed his party, and so took immediate steps to attend the sittings of the Skupshchina, this decision being undoubtedly inspired by the accession of strength that he saw accruing to the Pashitch Ministry if he did not immediately bring about its downfall.

The present writer had several conversations with Mr. Radic about this time, and was greatly impressed with the anxiety and concern that the Croatian leader displayed with regard to the treaty that had been signed between the two countries. He declared that Mussolini had signed a secret convention with Serbia, according to which Croatia was to be partitioned between Italy and Serbia if it continued to oppose the centralist policy of the Serbs, and that the cession of Fiume to Italy was but part of the scheme that aimed at destroying Zagreb, of whose commercial prosperity the Serbs were profoundly envious. Italy, he maintained, had also promised to support the Macedonian and Greek policy of the Serbs, though it was well known that her agents had hitherto fomented trouble

in Macedonia, and even Albania, and it was accordingly indispensable that measures should immediately be taken to counteract this highly pernicious policy.

Radic stated that his party would attend the sittings of the Skupshtina to defeat the Government and to bring about a new election, but that on this occasion the elections in Croatia would be perfectly free, as he had perfected an organisation that would ensure that no elector would be terrorised into voting against his conscience by outside pressure from Belgrade. He was confident, moreover, that the present federalistic bloc would be increased from 112 to a possible 165-190 members.

These being the views of the Croat leader, it was inevitable that trouble should arise in the Serbian Parliament when the Croats came to Belgrade, but though the Radic Party fought hard to bring about the defeat of Mr. Pashitch, disunion among the different parties belonging to the Opposition led to the present deadlock, King Alexander being ultimately compelled to adjourn the Skupshtina until October, and to ask Mr. Pashitch to continue in office for the time being.

The Croatian trouble is, therefore, as acute as ever, the divergence existing between the Croatian leader and Mr. Pashitch being so fundamental in character that it is extremely difficult to reconcile their two points of view, though we believe that the probable outcome of this complicated play of racial and political forces will be a compromise between the idea of unification and federation.

It is, however, certain that the lack of political education characterising the Croat and the peculiar mentality of Radic are in the main responsible for the present crisis far more, it should be added, than any alleged misgovernment on the part of the Serbs.

The Croats had, doubtless, developed a high standard of autonomous administration before the war, and an apparent independence, compared with which the present regime seems strangely inadequate; but they should not overlook the fact that the benefits that they have won through their new association with the Serbs and Slovenes have more than counterbalanced any right or privilege that they may have enjoyed under the old *régime*.

According to the law passed in April, 1922, Yugoslavia is at present divided into thirty-three counties, each of which is governed by a Zupan, or State representative, usually selected in the county that he is called upon to administer. Below the county are the districts, or Okrugs, governed by a Nacelnik, or State representative, the Hundred under the Poglavar, usually a native of the Hundred, and the Parish Opstine, which has no State representative, but is only subject to local authority.

Each county and hundred, moreover, have their own local parliaments, elected by free and secret ballot for a term of four years, their authority in all matters regarding local government equalling that possessed by the Skupshtina in State affairs.

The executive bodies of these local parliaments are the County and Hundred Councils respectively, and these again are elected by their own parliaments. In this manner it will be seen that local authorities are supreme in the Parish and have dominating influence in the County and Hundred while being unrepresented in the District, a state of affairs that proves a measure of self-government that is not to be despised.

But many other complaints of the Croatians are also as equally ill-founded. They allege that all important posts in the Government and Administration are held by the Serbs, and that no Croat can ever hope to rise to any post of influence, a statement that is not correct, as a glance at the State Calendar will prove. It is true, certainly, that most, if not all, important commands in the Army are held by Serbian officers, but this is due to the fact that the latter have probably had more opportunities for perfecting their military training and acquiring experience of actual fighting than other Slavs; in any case, far more than the Croatians when they were under Austrian rule.

There is, however, a certain administrative disorder that is prevalent in some administrative areas that, as the Croatians point out, compares most unfavourably with the conditions to which they were accustomed under the Hapsburgs, the reason why such conditions prevail being that, the flower of the Serbian *intelligentsia* having perished during the war, the only men available for replacing them

were either inexperienced or inefficient in carrying out the duties of their positions. It is evident, however, that good officials cannot be replaced in a few years, and that it may consequently take years before this state of affairs can be remedied, a circumstance that the partisans of Radic are inclined to overlook.

Taking all things into consideration, it is, therefore, evident that the feverish patriotism of the Croatian Peasant Party would be all the better for a sedative admixture in the form of a soothing infusion from the other Croatian parties, and that much of this fiery local fervour is directly ascribable to the glamour in which Radic had enwrapped his political theories and to the wonderful promises that he enscribed upon his banners.

For the Croatian peasant the Republic is the Millennium, something that will give him everything that he needs, and which only Radic himself is capable of giving. At a meeting that I once attended in Croatia I heard a young shepherd shouting unceasingly and as if demented: "We want a republic! We will have nothing but a republic!" When I asked him to tell me what was a republic he replied: "A republic is when men are subject to no emperor or governor and are perfectly free to do anything that they may like. There will be no military service, no taxation, no tithes nor grazing taxes." And when I asked whether it was possible to obtain such a State, he answered: "Radic has promised to give us these things. He always keeps his word."

Now though the Serbs are a democratic people and by their nature opposed to any force which might attempt to make their monarchy more absolute, they can hardly be expected to turn against the dynasty that is for many a symbol of their nation, and especially when the term Republic as understood in Croatia is used in so misleading a sense, all of which hardly makes for good understanding, but rather still further tends to complicate matters. The trouble is, furthermore, that Radic, in making these very fantastic promises, is undoubtedly running to his own ruin, for it is clear that, having promised the moon, he must try to deliver the goods, and that he cannot do so. The

Serbian Government, rightly or wrongly—rightly, as we imagine—believes in the unitary form of government and will not tolerate any other form. It may be in a difficult position to-day, since it is at present in a minority and the adjournment of Parliament has only postponed the moment when something radical will have to be done; but, even allowing that this is the case and that it is faced by an Opposition that, if united, would be strong enough to defeat it, it is impossible to credit the other Opposition parties with views that would certainly bring about the end of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes if adopted and enforced, the majority of the Southern Slav people being certainly opposed to any policy that would nullify the results achieved by the war. Radic does not seem, in fact, to realise that Croatia cannot exist alone, and that if it were to obtain an independent existence it would remain in constant danger of being assimilated politically and economically by its neighbours. Federation may or may not be the better form of government, but, even assuming that it is so, the fact remains that the majority of Serbs are opposed to it, and that it would be therefore advisable if Radic were induced to moderate his demands and apply to them the corrective of reality.

Under these circumstances it is clearly the duty of every Serbian patriot to clear away the many misconceptions that are still obsessing the Croatian mind, for even if all these grievances are based on misconceptions, some are undoubtedly based on the difficulties of the moment or on the circumstances of the fading past, and these an effort should be made to clear away.

Some will, of course, maintain that Radic is incapable of really constructive statesmanship, and that he will consequently refuse to abate any one of his demands; but let Belgrade at least make *le premier pas* and open wide the door to reconciliation, realising, as it must do, the gravity of the handicap that is constituted by the Croatian *impasse*, and it may be that such an effort will not have been made in vain and that many of the Croatian *intelligentsia* and peasantry will thereby be induced to abandon their hostile attitude towards the Serbian Government.

I am personally of opinion that this state of affairs cannot go on indefinitely and that, sooner or later, bound as it is by so many ties of blood, material interest, language, common aspiration, and even geographical unity, Yugo-Slavia will achieve its unity in the eternal mother soil of its existence, though such a result cannot immediately be realised. The United States of America needed almost a hundred years for the consummation of their national life, and other Western nations, such as Great Britain and France, even longer periods. We are, therefore, content to leave to the mellowing influence of time the true and perfect solution of the Serbo-Croatian problem, realising that the homogeneous nations of the West were once made up of so conflicting elements that bold would have been the prophet who could have prophesied the merging and blending of their equally conflicting interests. Croatia has had her own independent life, but as she has joined the Southern Slav kingdom of her own free will, like Montenegro, she must now agree to make some concession to the centralist ideal of the Serbs, while the latter must realise that, though centralism can be exercised without obliterating all autonomous tendencies, it can only be made really bearable if it is made as unbureaucratic as possible, and if the central institutions and communications are absolutely first rate, which they are far from being to-day in Serbia. As it is not, therefore, impossible to reconcile the most divergent aims when, as in the case of the Croats and Serbs, the consciousness of national union proves even stronger than the petty jealousies common to all individuals and nations, there is good reason for believing that the Croatian problem will gradually find its solution in a happy compromise that will give satisfaction to every party in the State. Such is, at least, the fond hope and conviction of many earnest Yugo-Slav patriots.

THE REAL "DAME AUX CAMELIAS"

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE

"THE Lady with the Camellias" needs no introduction. Everyone who thinks it worth while to read an article about her is sure to be familiar with either the novel or the play of which Dumas *fil*s made her the heroine. Many will have seen Sarah Bernhardt in the part. Three works of art, in short (for she is also the heroine of *La Traviata*), have given her a sort of immortality. Thanks to those works of art, she is as well remembered as Adrienne Lecouvreur. But for them she would be a mere shadow of a name, like Alice Ozy or Cora Pearl.

Everyone knows, too, that she was a real woman, and that Dumas, in presenting her story, was recalling, more or less accurately, an early amorous adventure of his own. He frequently said so. It always pleased his vanity to pose as "the man of his books." He was proud of the fact that he had been one of her lovers—a specially favoured one whom she was willing to love without fee or reward; and he went through life boasting of his conquest, like a true son of the "ventripotent mulatto."

She was the woman whom Paris knew as "Marie Duplessis" (though, as a matter of fact, she was neither born "Duplessis" nor baptised "Marie"). Jules Janin formally tells us that in his sloppy preface to the popular edition of *La Dame aux Camélias*. If it took a work of art to make her famous, she had already made herself notorious. Her pathetically early death may be said to have extinguished the gaiety of the Boulevards for a day or two. "All Paris" crowded to the sale of her effects, silly people anxious for souvenirs rubbing shoulders with men of business on the look out for bargains. Dickens, who was in Paris at the time, moralised on the matter in letters to his friends, shocked by the levity of the Gaul. The *chroniqueurs* filled their columns with sympathetic reminiscences.

They filled them, however, with little care for accuracy. The "story" was "the thing" for them. They preferred good stories to true stories; and they did not forget that it is every man's duty to leave a story better than he found it. At last, however, in the year of the centenary of the birth of this much-loved lady, and of the author of *La Dame aux Camélias*, it has occurred to a student to search out and relate the truth; and in a work by M. Johannes Gros entitled *Alexandre Dumas et Marie Duplessis*, we are enabled to read all that is known or knowable about her.

Whether it was worth while to devote so much labour to such research might, of course, be questioned. The work of art is assuredly more important than the model; and it does not very much matter, at this time of to-day, whether the dramatist himself behaved better or worse, more sensibly or more foolishly, more cynically or more sentimentally than the Armand Duval of his drama. Yet the result of these industrious inquiries, whether it dissolves a legend or confirms it, has its interest and value as a picture of extinct social conditions and a portrait of a type which has disappeared within the memory of men still living. It shows us, at any rate, what a long road the world of gallantry has travelled in the interval between *La Dame aux Camélias* and *La Garçonne*.

Who was she, then, this "Marie Duplessis," who turned the heads of so many men, caused such a flow of sentimental ink, and sat, all unwittingly, as the model of "Marguerite Gautier"? Did she really differ as widely as Dumas, and Jules Janin, and one or two more would have us think from other members of "the oldest profession in the world"? And, if not, how did it come about that, when they wrote of her, they placed her in a separate category, as one *hors concours*? Let us see whether the facts of her life supply any answer to these questions.

Her real name was not Duplessis, but Plessis. Her Christian name was not Marie, but Alphonsine. Her father—one Marin Plessis—was a pedlar, said to have been remarkably handsome, but also of a remarkably bad

character. Her mother, indeed, professed to trace her descent from aristocratic ancestors; but the family with which she claimed alliance had long come down in the world, and she and her husband set up a small draper's shop at Nonant in the Department of the Orne. He beat her, and she ran away from him, leaving her children behind her, and was given employment of some sort by an English lady of the Yarborough family.

Her daughter, therefore, was dragged up rather than brought up. It is said—and one has, in the circumstances, no difficulty in believing the statement—that she soon lost her innocence in the promiscuities of a farm, and that her father then "sold" her to a septuagenarian *débauché*. It is also said, however, that he sold her to the gypsies, who took her to Paris and found her a position in a milliner's shop near the Palais Royal, and that he himself took her to Paris and placed her in the care of cousins of his, who kept a greengrocer's shop in the Rue des Deux Ecus. Her story, at this stage, has not been rescued from obscurity.

To Paris, however, she quite certainly came; and it is also quite certain that, for a time, she worked for her living in some honest employment. There are reports of her having been employed, not only by a milliner, but also by a dress-maker and a stay-maker; and it is perfectly possible that she followed several occupations in quick succession. Her evenings, however, were nearly always spent at what we call nowadays a Palais de Danse. That was the age of the *grisettes* depicted by Paul de Kock, and Alphonsine Plessis became one of them at the age of fifteen or thereabouts.

She is said to have been a marvellously good dancer; but that is practically all that is known about her at this period. It has been related that she was once locked up at Saint-Lazare for "soliciting." It has also been related that she became a spy in the service of the famous Third Section of the Russian Chancellery. But neither of these statements is supported by any evidence. All that is really known is that, one day, having found favour in the eyes of a man of means, she suddenly ceased to be a

grisette and blossomed out, like so many before her, into a *cocotte*.

Her first admirer was a tradesman whose name has not been preserved. He "emancipated the young beauty from the workshop and furnished a small apartment for her in the Rue de l'Arcade." But she did not stay there long: "Vain of his discovery, he could not hold his tongue about it, with the result that a great nobleman took her away from him."

Thus, at last, though, in truth, very early in life, she was *lancée*—by whom it is uncertain, for she was never, as George Sand puts it, "exclusive in her affections," and there were several claimants to the distinction, which the best authorities attribute to the Comte de Guiche, afterwards Duc de Gramont. Her protector, whoever he may have been, thought it worth while to educate her; and she, having more sense than the average *grisette*, thought it worth while to be educated. Her diligence in that respect is proved by the fact that, when her library came to be sold, it included not only the best works in contemporary literature, which were probably presents from her lovers, but also a lot consisting of "fifteen lesson books."

It cannot, indeed, be said that education did very much for her; but it unquestionably did something. She never became a blue-stocking. She could no more have presided over a literary *salon* than she could have swum the Channel. Her letters—the few which have fallen into the hands of autograph hunters—are grammatical, but quite undistinguished. The most fervent of her admirers has never ventured to say that she was witty, or even intelligent. But she did acquire a smattering of elegant accomplishments and a taste for sentimental literature, more particularly the sentimental literature which made excuses for feminine frailty. *Manon Lescaut* and *La Nouvelle Héloïse* were books which she read and re-read; and her court was not solely composed of brainless men about town with money to burn. The list of the men whom she attracted includes the names, not only of Dumas, but also of Jules Janin and Liszt.

As for her way of life and her position in the world—

these, perhaps, may be best explained by relating how Dumas obtained an introduction to her.

The overwhelming desire to know her came upon him, one evening, when he saw her in a box at the Variétés, attended by her wealthiest protector, the aged Count Stackelberg, who was standing discreetly in the background:

Marie Duplessis (he writes) was making all kinds of telegraphic signals to a loudly dressed woman with a pimpled face who was moving about in a box opposite to that of my future heroine. This elderly party, beside whom sat a pale and foolish-looking young woman, whom she had probably undertaken to *lancer*, was a certain Clémence Prat, supposed to be a milliner, established in the Boulevard de la Madeleine, next door to the house in which Marie Duplessis had her flat.

So Dumas invoked the help of a friend who was with him:

Eugène Déjazet (he continues) knew Madame Prat, who knew Marie Duplessis, whom I was anxious to know. He informed Madame Prat, who was a born intermediary, of my wish. It was arranged that we should repair to her apartment after the play, and that, if the Count attended her no further than the door, she would allow us to pay her a short visit.

This Madame Prat, who was subsequently sent to prison for "corrupting the morals of minors," is described by Baron de Plancy in his *Indiscrétions d'un Disparu*, as Marie Duplessis' "agent." She also, according to Marie Duplessis' biographer, "acted as agent for a good many other ladies"; and that statement fixes both her and her client.

It shows us that Marie Duplessis lived under the protection, not of one protector, but of several, and was one of many ladies—though, no doubt, the most famous and the most expensive of them—who were "quoted," as people said, in the list of a notorious procuress. The fact is confirmed by the immense number of the men who are said to have been admitted to her intimacy; but there was nothing unique about it at that date. The *haute cocotterie*, in which Marie Duplessis cut a leading figure, was, in those days, a recognised—one might almost say a respected—institution. It was not expected that any of the ladies who adorned the calling should be contented with one

protector, however wealthy; they would almost have lost caste if they had done so. A sort of "matriarchal system" prevailed in the *demi-monde*; and it gave a young man of fashion additional *cachet* to be one of the satellites of the luminary, paying a prohibitive price for the privilege of singeing his wings in the flame.

Realising that, we see just what sort of a circle it was into which Dumas, when little more than a boy, succeeded in forcing his way. There was nothing romantic about it. It would be a mistake (though M. Gros has made that mistake) to relate any of its phenomena to the grand passions of the Romantic Movement. It was only because he was so young, and was, to some extent, under the influence of that movement, that he mistook an experiment in gallantry for a romantic experience; and it can only have been his anxiety to "live up to" his novel and his play which constrained him to talk, to the end of his days, as if his heart had been indelibly branded by his passion for this Magdalen.

He certainly did so talk. He certainly wrote some very sentimental, but very bad, verses on the subject, though he had the sense to suppress them. He certainly told Jules Claretie that it was because he had "suffered" that he had been able to write his very successful play. But the word "suffered" loses the ring of conviction when we perceive that the *liaison*, such as it was, was terminated, on his own initiative, because it involved him in a very undignified position.

Here is the letter in which he said farewell:

MY DEAR MARIE,—I am neither rich enough to love you as *I* should wish nor poor enough to be loved as *you* would wish. Let us both forget—you a name which is almost indifferent to you; I a happiness which is becoming impossible for me.

It is impossible for me to tell you how sad I am, since you know how much I love you. You have too much heart not to understand the reason why I write this letter, and too much good sense not to forgive me for writing it.

A thousand souvenirs.

A. D.

The letter was kept, and eventually found its way to the auction room, where Dumas bought it back. He had it bound up in a copy of *La Dame aux Camélias*, which he presented to Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who had just

revived the piece at the Porte Saint-Martin. It is very neatly phrased. The author was so pleased with it that he reproduced it, almost textually, in his novel. But it certainly is not everyone who would have cared to acknowledge its authorship in his latter years, and so boasted, as it were, of having been the *amant de cœur*—to use the politest expression available—of a frail and luxurious lady whom he had been permitted to visit only when the rich men who were paying for her luxuries were out of the way.

Anyhow, he passed out of her life, and his disappearance made little difference to her, except that it cleared the way for another and more ambitious bid for happiness.

The illness which was to kill her had, by this time, made considerable strides. Already, when Dumas became her lover, she was spitting blood; and even if the malady appeared to have been arrested, it was really getting worse. Her weakness may well have had some influence on her character and aspirations, and there is some evidence that it did. It was slowly unfitting her for the riotous life which she was leading and must continue to lead if she was not to lose all those luxuries which she had come to regard as necessities. She was also haunted by the belief—whether warranted or not one cannot say—that her disorders were due to her dissipations; and she felt that she wanted to live, not less luxuriously, but more quietly. Other women of her class had been known to marry and settle down. Why should not she?

Among her lovers she found one who was willing to marry her, and so came within an ace of the realisation of her dream.

He was a very eligible *parti*—sufficiently well-to-do and decidedly well connected—so infatuated that he had thrown up a commission in the cavalry for her sake. His name was Edouard de Perrégaux, and he had the title of Count. Napoleon had made his father, who was now dead, Governor of the Banque de France, and a Senator, and he had an elder brother in the diplomatic service. He was a grandson of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, and a nephew of Marmont's widow, the Duchess of Ragusa.

There were, of course, difficulties. The bride's social ambitions were hardly likely to be encouraged by the

bridegroom's family. There exists, among the autographs which constitute her biographer's material, a letter in which a certain young man about town, who had announced his intention of bringing her to a certain more or less Bohemian party, is entreated not to do so, on the ground that "there will be ladies present who, though they are far from being prudes, might not care to find themselves in the company of Mademoiselle Duplessis." The Count of Perrégaux would naturally have been shy of telling the Duchess of Ragusa that he proposed to marry a lady whom even Bohemia refused to receive. He preferred, for obvious reasons, to confront her with a *fait accompli*.

So a secret marriage was arranged.

The Count and the frail lady obtained passports for England in January, 1846, crossed the Channel, lived in lodgings at 37, Brompton Road, and were married on February 21, at the Kensington Register Office, the marriage certificate being signed by J. D. Strother, Registrar, and Samuel Cornell, Superintendent Registrar, and the ceremony being witnessed by two Englishmen named Ferry and Blackwell.

That, in a novel, would have been the happy termination of Marie Duplessis' agitated career. As a matter of actual fact it was nothing of the kind.

The marriage was valid and binding in England, where Marie Duplessis was indisputably Countess of Perrégaux; but certain formalities essential to its validity in France had been omitted. It would have been easy to repair the omission subsequently; but that was never done. The reasons for which it was not done do not appear in the correspondence; but her biographer presumes that the young man backed out of his engagement because he found himself, after all, afraid to face an angry aunt and an angry brother. The one letter bearing on the subject which has been preserved runs thus:—

MY DEAR EDOUARD,—In all your letters to me I find one question only to which you require an answer. Here my answer is. You want me to put it in writing that you are free to go your own way. I told you that you were, the day before yesterday. I repeat it under my signature.

MARIE DUPLESSIS.

So they separated. Marie Duplessis thenceforward called herself Countess Duplessis, using her husband's title, without using his name, and making haste to have a coronet stamped on her notepaper and her silver. She may have thought that she had a moral, or even that she had a legal right to do so; and it was, at any rate, nobody's business to interfere. But she was breaking up; and the end was sensibly drawing nearer. Only four months later she was lying ill in a German hotel; and she then wrote again to her husband from her sick bed:—

Forgive me, my dear Edouard. I beg your forgiveness on my knees. If you love me enough to do so, send me two lines, your forgiveness and your friendship. Write to me at the Poste Restante at Ems, in the Duchy of Nassau. I am alone here, and very ill. So quick, dear Edouard, and forgive me. Good-bye.

MARIE DUPLESSIS.

Perhaps one should infer from that letter that pressure from the Perrégaux family had not been the sole cause of the separation, but that Marie Duplessis had helped to bring it about because her husband, after all, was not quite rich enough to satisfy all her caprices, and she had consequently wished to retain some of her old connections. It seems highly probable, though not absolutely certain. Nor is it known whether the letter was answered. All that one does know is that, in September of the same year, Marie Duplessis returned to Paris, to die in February, 1846, that her husband bought her grave and paid for her monument, and that the Duchess of Ragusa, acting presumably as his representative, was one of the purchasers of souvenirs at the sale of her belongings.

Nothing would be easier than to awaken a reader's sympathy for her case by relating in detail all the pathetic circumstances of her slow decline into the tomb. That has been the ordinary method of those who have written about her, alike at the time of her death, and at the time of the production and the revival of *La Dame aux Camélias*. Again and again they have called upon us to "weep for her the doubly dead in that she died so young"; and on that pathetic foundation they have had little difficulty in building the legend of her unique qualities, differentiating her from the normal woman of her class.

The legend, like most legends, probably contains just one little grain of truth.

Marie Duplessis' beauty was her chief, but not her only asset. She was of the quiet type, and had evidently mastered the subtle art of combining frailty with dignity. One must not call her disinterested; but she was, at any rate, rather less avaricious than the average woman who succeeds in her calling. Something of the *grisette* still clung to her, even after she had attained to the greater glory of the *demi-mondaine*. She required luxury; but it was freely offered to her, and there are no stories of any foolish lover having been reduced to beggary or driven to suicide by her exactions. That is certainly a merit, albeit only a negative one.

Evidently, too, she was sweet-tempered and simple-minded and gradually grew to be dissatisfied with the lack of "heart" which distinguishes the *cocotte's* protectors from the *grisette's* lovers. Hence—more particularly when her constitution was undermined by a malady which progressed relentlessly but slowly—she seems to have lost her enthusiasms and illusions, and thought of herself as one who, like the heroines of her favourite books, had contrived to be, at one and the same time, both corrupt and innocent.

Unquestionably there were men who took that sentimental view of her even in her lifetime. What they wrote about her on the morrow of her death hardly differs in tone from what they wrote when reviewing the piece which was to immortalise her memory: something very different, in short, from what they would have written about Alice Ozy, or Lola Montez, or Cora Pearl.

The difference is clear proof that she did so live and comport herself as to create an atmosphere favourable to the legend with which Dumas has made us all familiar; but the array of facts presented by her biographer further shows that anyone who accepts that legend as the literal truth will be sadly mistaken in his estimate of her.

THE SOLUTION OF THE CANCER PROBLEM

By J. ELLIS BARKER

FOR decades scientists in all countries have been engaged in intensified research into the causation of cancer. Vast amounts of money have been spent and countless experiments on animals have been made with this object in view. However, we are quite as helpless in face of the disease as we were ten, a hundred, or a thousand years ago. The only sure treatment is that by knife and cautery, and our methods are practically identical with those of Hippocrates and Celsus.

The remarkable successes achieved by Pasteur and his pupils have caused a universal search for a cancer-causing micro-organism. The scientific ideal would, of course, be to discover such a micro-organism, to isolate it, and to find some way of destroying it without harming the patient. Science has succeeded in fighting a few diseases in this manner. However, these successes have been very exceptional. Koch found the tubercle bacillus in 1882, but scientists have hitherto failed in producing a serum or a drug which would kill the bacillus without killing the patient at the same time. The fight against tuberculosis has scarcely been advanced by Koch's discovery.

In olden times small-pox was a most devastating disease. In this country it caused one-tenth of all the deaths. Small-pox has practically disappeared by vaccination. Now vaccination is not done scientifically. There is undoubtedly a small-pox micro-organism, but it has not yet been found. Thousands of years ago Indians and Chinese discovered that a mild small-pox attack acted as a protection, and they endeavoured to bring about a mild attack by methods comparable to inoculation. Illiterate milkers noticed that cow-pox—small-pox caught from a cow—protected against the infinitely more dangerous human small-pox. Obscure milkers, not Doctor Jenner, caused the elimination of that dreadful scourge which is still fought by unscientific means, by methods based upon experience.

Being aware that the majority of great medical and surgical discoveries were made by observant outsiders, I ventured to undertake the study of cancer, and I have arrived at certain results which may prove of fundamental importance. They will be found in my book, *Cancer—How it is Caused, How it can be Prevented*, which was recently published by Mr. John Murray. It has received high praise from many leading medical men, and Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the consulting surgeon at Guy's Hospital, stated in the introduction that I had shown the way how to conquer cancer, and that, by carrying out my proposals, cancer might be converted from one of the most frequent into one of the rarest of diseases.

Since the time when my book went to press I have received exceedingly important evidence confirming my conclusions. Before giving some of the new material I would briefly state how, in my opinion, cancer is caused.

Cancer is a disease of civilisation. It was evidently very prevalent among the highly civilised nations of antiquity, and it is most widespread among the most advanced nations of the present. It is particularly prevalent in the most industrialised, the most urbanised and the richest districts. It is far more frequent in the towns than in the country, and it rather strikes at the rich, the well-to-do and the delicately nourished than at the poor, the under-nourished and the uncleanly. It is almost unknown among the primitive peoples which lead primitive lives. These suffer rather from sarcoma, which is often confused with cancer, but which, in my opinion, is an entirely different disease. My assertion that cancer is a disease of civilisation is exceedingly important, because it furnishes one of the keys to the mystery. In support of this assertion I have given in my book a vast mass of reliable evidence. Contact with civilisation is apt to prove disastrous to primitive races. African negroes are practically cancer free. North American negroes, who live more or less like white men, die of cancer very freely. On the other hand, those North American Indians who lead a primitive life in the Indian Reserves are almost free from cancer.

If cancer is a disease of civilisation it should be possible

to discover the cause by studying a vast number of cancer cases and the various kinds of cancer.

There are certain forms of cancer where the cause can actually be traced. There are certain forms which might be described as experimental cancers in men. These are cancers caused by X-ray burns, radium burns, and by certain chemical poisons such as arsenic, aniline, tar and so forth, all of which lead to very typical cancers. The occupational cancers require, as a rule, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five or thirty years of more or less constant exposure to the cancer-producing factor. Moreover, steady absorption of small doses leads to cancer, while large doses do not lead to that disease. Acute burns by X-rays or radium cause serious trouble but not cancer. Acute poisoning by arsenic, aniline, etc., may cause serious illness or death, but not cancer. On the other hand, a large number of quite trivial X-ray or radium burns and the steady continued absorption of infinitely small doses of arsenic, aniline, etc., are apt to lead to a typical outbreak of X-ray cancer, radium cancer, aniline cancer, arsenic cancer, etc., after twenty or more years. The cancer poisons are evidently cumulative. Men who have been chronically exposed to X-ray burns, aniline fumes, etc., may become victims of a typical occupational cancer five or ten years after having left their dangerous employment.

The effects of burns and poisons are more or less the same. Extensive burns lead to death, not by shock, as was formerly believed, but through the poisoning of the system. The identity of burns and poisons has been experimentally shown on animals. If a large piece of skin of an animal has been burned it dies. If the burned skin is promptly removed and is transplanted on an unburned animal, the burned animal does not suffer, but the unburned animal dies of poisoning.

The facts given seem to indicate that cancer is due to chronic poisoning. That impression is strengthened by experiments. Long-continued painting with tar and other poisonous substances leads to typical cancer outbreaks in rats and other animals after a period of time equivalent to twenty years or so in the lives of human beings.

As in hundreds of cases of professional cancers the disease was clearly due to chronic poisoning during a very long period, I had to look for other poisons responsible for the generality of cancers. Chemical poisons fell first under my suspicion. The enormous increase of cancer coincides with a similar increase in the use of poisonous chemicals for preserving and dyeing food. We absorb small doses of poisonous chemicals with practically every meal. As boracic acid, salicylic acid and the various other preservatives and colouring matters generally employed are extremely poisonous in large doses, it is quite conceivable that they act cumulatively, like arsenic, aniline, etc., and produce a cancer outbreak after fifteen, twenty or more years. Whether this is so or not should be tested without delay by experiments on animals.

The civilised nations of antiquity did not use chemical preservatives similar to our own. The poisons responsible in their case and in the case of modern nations were probably self-created poisons, were the toxins due to constipation. Constipation is a disease of civilisation. The most civilised nations are the most constipated. Townspeople are more constipated than country people, and the greatest sufferers are the rich and the delicately nourished. Over-refined food causes sluggishness of the bowels, while the roughage contained in coarse foods stimulates them into activity. I discovered in practically all cases of cancer a long story of constipation and auto-intoxication, leading to rheumatism, gout, colitis, appendicitis, and eventually to cancer.

Civilised nations live on over-refined food and almost exclusively on cooked food. Over-refining and over-cooking of foodstuffs deprives us of the vitamins. They are contained in the husks and the outer layers of the wheat, rice, barley, etc., which we reject. They are contained in the unrefined dark sugar, but not in the refined white, and they are contained in raw vegetables. By consuming only the whitest flour, polished rice, pearl barley, over-cooked vegetables and vegetables cooked with soda, we destroy the vitamins and weaken our general health. Experiments on animals have shown that vitamin starvation

produces the most disastrous changes throughout the alimentary tract. The stomach of vitamin-starved animals becomes inflated, the automatic muscles of the bowels disappear, the bowels themselves become torn in places, ulcers develop, and appendicitis and other evils follow. The disaster is made complete if chronic constipation takes place in bowels full of lesions, for through these lesions the bowel toxins are freely absorbed into the body. Constipated people relieve themselves by means of irritant medicines which are bound to increase the degenerative processes in the bowels. The sudden propulsion of hard faeces leads to ever-renewed lesions, especially at those parts where, owing to a natural narrowing, a twist or a turn of the bowel, there is an impediment. Now bowel cancers develop chiefly at those points of friction. We are not aware of the mischief because our bowels have no pain nerves. Chronic poisoning and vitamin starvation combined seem to me undoubtedly responsible for cancer.

In the beginning of this article I mentioned that heat acts like a poison. There is a peculiar form of cancer, called Kangri cancer, which is found only among those Himalayan tribes where people habitually over-heat their abdomen and thighs by carrying during cold weather a charcoal vessel full of glowing embers in a basket next to their skin. While certain Indian tribes suffer from Kangri cancer on the outside of their bodies, millions of white men suffer from the equivalent of Kangri cancer in their insides. Tea, coffee, soup, etc., are habitually consumed at a temperature of 150° or so, a temperature which no horny hand can stand. The maximum temperature which the tough outer skin can bear in a bath is 110°. Most likely cancer of the oesophagus and stomach is due in a great many, if not in most, cases to the habit of eating and drinking things very hot. Unfortunately the stomach, like the bowels, has no pain nerves. Consequently we are not aware that we are burning our insides day after day, year after year. Primitive nations and animals refuse to take very hot food. Hence, cancer of the stomach is practically unknown among them.

I have received valuable additional evidence in support of my theory that cancer is a disease of civilisation and that it is due to chronic poisoning and vitamine starvation. I have met a distinguished surgeon, Colonel Hallilay, of the Indian Medical Service, who has spent twenty-two years in India, mostly among the hill tribes. He has stated in an article which is to appear in October in the *Franco-British Medical Journal* :—

My professional work in India falls into the following periods :—

1. Two years of regimental duty during which period I held medical charge of fifteen regiments and served in five stations in the Punjab and North-West Frontier.
2. Three years in the Himalayas in medical charge of an orphanage for European children.
3. Two years in a civil surgeoncy in the Himalayas, where my practice lay almost entirely among agriculturists and a curious shepherd tribe, the Gaddis.
4. Five years in the plains of the Punjab in a canal irrigation colony, settled by immigrants from every part of the Punjab, varied by two summers at Murree, a Himalayan hill station, where my work lay almost entirely among Europeans. This Lyallpur appointment included collateral medical charge of the police and gaol.
5. Five years of the war from August, 1914, to August, 1919, with Indian and occasionally British troops.
6. Four years at Simla, a mixed population of British, Anglo-Indians and Indians, the latter mostly the shop-keeping, clerical, and educated and upper classes, but also including a number of illiterate hill people who used to come to the charitable dispensary of which I was in charge.

During the whole of my two years' service with Indian troops—and it is to be borne in mind that the Indian Army is a long-service Army, men of ten, fifteen, and seventeen years' service being quite common in the ranks—I never saw a case of appendicitis, I never even saw a case in which the utmost ingenuity could have suggested the possibility of such a diagnosis; I never saw a case of gastric or duodenal ulcer or any of the sequelæ of such conditions, such as perforative peritonitis or trouble due to subsequent adhesions. I never saw a case of cholecystitis or anything remotely resembling it, neither did I ever encounter a case of gall-stones; finally, I never saw a case of cancer or malignant disease in any shape or form during the whole of this two years. It may be objected that as I was dealing with a population of men either in the flower of their youth or in the prime of life, it would not be surprising if I did not encounter any of the diseases enumerated; this may be, but the appendix is a standing dish in the operative menu of British station hospitals in

India, and acute suppurative gall bladders are by no means unknown. The same applies to gastric and duodenal ulcers, and even cancer. During the two years of my tenure of the appointment of Civil Surgeon of Kangra, an extensive Himalayan hill district, populated by cultivators and shepherds, I saw nothing of the above abdominal emergencies, nor can I recall ever seeing a case of cancer.

During the whole of my time at Lyallpur, a populous district of over a million inhabitants, containing some thirty dispensaries of which I was a regular inspecting officer, and for the whole of the statistical reports of which I was responsible, I never encountered or saw reported one case of appendicitis, nor one case of acute cholecystitis, nor a single case of gall-stones or gastric or duodenal ulcer. I can only recall three cases of cancer—two cases of cancer of the breast and one case of cancer of the uterus.

It is not to be inferred from this that the people did not come to hospital or were averse to submitting to operations. On the contrary, the operative work was heavy. I operated six days a week, and usually spent from two to three hours in the theatre daily. It might be supposed that the illiterate and ignorant villagers would shrink from abdominal operations, but such was not the case; they submitted with great readiness to operations of suprapubic prostatectomies, nephrotomies, lithotrities, and suprapubic lithotomies, strangulated hernia, intra-abdominal operations for hydatid disease, ovarian cysts, etc., so had there been any acute appendicitis or cholecystitis or gastric or duodenal ulcers in the district they would have come to hospital. The same remarks hold good with regard to the police and gaol; the only three abdominal operations I had to perform in the gaol in the five years were in connection with acute abdomens, the result of dysenteric perforation. I do remember seeing one case of constipation, at least the patient called it constipation, though the average Britisher in the circumstances would have made no complaint at all. A man presented himself one day at the out-patient department. "What is the matter?" "Very severe constipation," groaned the sufferer. "How many days elapse before the bowel is relieved?" "No days," he replied. "I have had a daily movement of the bowel." "Then how can you be constipated?" "I pass formed stools." Evidently he knew more about the matter than his medical adviser did at that time.

If a Punjab peasant passes a formed stool he complains bitterly of his constipation.

During the war I saw and operated on one case of acute cholecystitis; he was a follower, a muleteer at Gallipoli, had been constipated on the boat and in the trenches, and was in a thoroughly run down and miserable condition. Indian troops at that time were suffering from scurvy and the rations had not been satisfactory. That is the only acute abdomen

apart from gunshot wounds and injuries that I can recall during the whole of that campaign.

Ambala, where there were nine depots of Indian regiments, each depot equal in strength to a full regiment, amounting to some nine or ten thousand troops, did not furnish one case during the year that I was in charge of the war hospital: there, though there again cases of appendicitis were quite frequent at the British station hospital. As all cases requiring operation among Indian troops in Ambala were sent to the war hospital the foregoing facts demonstrate very clearly the absence of appendicitis among Indian troops, and its comparative frequency among English troops living in the same station. At that time there was only one British Territorial regiment in Ambala. In Simla the same contrast obtains. Among Europeans and Anglo-Indians these diseases are only too common.

I had cases of appendicitis and its sequelæ, acute gall-bladder, gastric and duodenal ulcer, visceroptosis, and all its manifold inconveniences, dilated stomach, colitis, all the long tale of ills and woes included in intestinal stasis, while operations for cancer in all its forms assumed the ugly prominence that it holds in hospitals in this country. In the Indian hospital the Himalayan coolie seldom or never seems to suffer from these diseases. I was accustomed to say at Simla that I had to perform more operations for appendicitis in six months than were done in all the Indian hospitals in the Punjab put together in the whole year, but these operations were almost entirely performed among Europeans and Anglo-Indians.

The very small number of Indians upon whom it was necessary to operate came entirely from the cultured and educated classes. During the whole of the four years at Simla I cannot recall even seeing, much less of operating on, a single case of cancer in an Indian, though, as I have stated, operations for cancer among the European and Anglo-Indian communities were distressingly common. From the foregoing it might be thought that the Indian possesses an inborn racial immunity from the effects of intestinal stasis. This is not so; when he adopts a European diet his immunity disappears.

During the war I had to operate more than once upon Indian officers of the Indian Medical Service, holding temporary commissions, for appendicitis. While holding the post of surgical specialist in Poona for nine months during the war, though appendicitis was unknown among the thousands of Indian troops then present, operations for gangrenous appendicitis were not uncommon at the Sassoon Hospital, but all that I saw were on Indians of the well-to-do and professional classes. At the same time and in the same place, operations for gangrenous appendicitis were as frequent at the British station hospital as in British station hospitals elsewhere.

The extract given is most remarkable. Working during twenty-two years among the Indian hill tribes, Colonel Hallilay has seen practically no cases of internal cancer, of appendicitis, colitis, gastric ulcer, etc., diseases which are terribly prevalent in all civilised nations and which seem due to chronic poisoning from the bowels and to vitamine starvation.

Many cancer sufferers who have read my book have written to me that it had opened their eyes as to the cause of their disease, that in their case chronic poisoning and vitamine starvation were undoubtedly responsible. Space does not allow my giving many of these letters. I would therefore give only the letter of an eminent American physician and surgeon who has been a student of cancer for many years, and who was recently operated upon for cancer of the stomach. He wrote to me the following letter which is of the highest value, both as a scientific and as a human document:—

Dear Sir,

In the issue of the *Evening Standard* of July 8th I read your reference to a review of your recent book on cancer, wherein you say that you have been "reproached for failing to deal with the microscopical and biochemical characteristics of cancer cells."

Aside from the very good reasons which you offer for not having treated of this study of the subject, perhaps you would be interested to know that Prof. D. B. Roncalli (formerly professor of surgical pathology in the ancient University of Padua and now holding the same position in the University of Naples), in his classical work published ten years ago, declared that in his opinion the cause of cancer is *an infection pure and simple sui generis*.

Prof. Roncalli is one of the foremost pathologists in Italy, a distinguished surgeon also, and one whose microscopic study of cancer cells has been enormous. Please let me assure you, as a qualified physician and surgeon in America and Italy, that in a study of Roncalli's researches and his "slides" made from hundreds of cases of all varieties and types of cancer and his findings based thereon, I find nothing out of harmony with your theory as to what might be termed some of the exciting causes of cancer, such as "constipation, auto-intoxication, absence of vitamins in sufficient quantities," etc. May they not be some of the exciting causes to the *infection pure and simple sui generis* which Roncalli's extensive studies claim as the cause? And his opinion is based on long years of scientific research, all of which is set out in his classical work of 3,000 pages. I was so much interested in his labours that I spent months with him in his clinic at the University of Padua in 1913-14. It was my intention to translate his work into English, but the war intervened and I had to give up the thought.

At that time (before the war) I had no idea that I was to be attacked in a few years by a type of cancer. About two years ago I had the first *acute* symptoms of an inflammation of the stomach. I was troubled with constipation, indigestion, want of appetite and acute gastritis. I made a test meal examination of the stomach contents, chemical examination of the stools, blood tests, etc., also X-ray examination, but all at that time were negative. In January last I was at St. Moritz when I commenced to fail rapidly in weight. I made all the above-mentioned examinations again, and this time I found a condition of secondary anæmia (50 per cent. hæmoglobin and 3,800,000 red blood corpuscles), absence of free hydrochloric acid in stomach, occult blood in stomach, also in stools. Also had an X-ray examination, but the latter was not clear. However, I concluded that it was a case for immediate consultation with a surgeon, so I returned to England in a very feeble condition. I am 65 years of age. After consultation with Mr. A. J. Walton of the London Hospital, I requested him to operate. He did so on March 12th last at Fitzroy House Nursing Home, Fitzroy Square. A large mass of tumour was found measuring eight inches in diameter arising from the centre of the greater curvature and projecting into the lumen of the stomach. It had all the characteristics of the medullary type of cancer. This is a rarer variety of the medullary type which appears to be much more common in the greater curvature. The growth appears to be relatively benign, for there was a history of symptoms for a long period (I mean the symptoms of constipation, want of appetite, pain, gastritis); the glandular involvement was relatively slight. All coats of the stomach were involved at the base of the tumour. In the centre of this large tumour was an ulcer. Mr. Walton made a partial gastrectomy, removing two-thirds of the stomach. At the time of the operation in March, I had but 48 per cent. hæmoglobin, only 3,700,000 red blood corpuscles, no free hydrochloric acid. Now that four months have passed since the operation I have increased in weight about fifteen pounds (I had lost more than two stone), have more hæmoglobin and red blood cells, eat my food with a relish, something that has not happened in twenty years before the operation. I believe that the tumour was twenty years in its growth. In view of the tumour not being in the pyloric region or the lesser curvature of the stomach, it looks as though metastasis may not take place, and that even if it recurs I have a fair chance to live out my natural life, since in a man of my age these growths are slow. Mr. Walton, too, is of the opinion that I have "an extraordinarily good chance."

I am very much interested in your practical ideas and believe that it is necessary to educate the masses on the lines that you suggest in your very timely book, a copy of which I have and have read with interest. My special studies of cancer as a physician and surgeon, and recent thoughts since my operation based upon my antecedent and personal clinical history, lead me to the conclusion that it is very doubtful if scientific research will ever discover a remedy. I think that all members of the human family, all races, are open to attack. It is only a question of preparing fertile soil in the human organism for the *infection pure and simple sui generis* of Roncalli, when you will have the giant cells running riot. And, I repeat, the reasons you give are some, and perhaps the leading, causes which excite to this self-made auto-infection. If you are

organising a movement to help prevent the progress of the scourge, please let me know something about it.

I notice that on page 169 of your book you cite the experiences of my surgeon, Mr. A. J. Walton. You are right when you designate him as an "eminent" surgeon. *He is simply great.* And I speak as an American physician, who, although now retired, have kept up with and have seen the best in all the large centres. He was a total stranger to me; still, because of an article on "surgical dyspepsias" published last year in the *Lancet* I was particularly struck with a statement where he stated "the difficulty to know when to operate." I have found in my long experience that few in my profession are able to say, "I don't know," or words to that effect. So I concluded that he was the man for me, especially was this so after I had a few words with him. I can tell you that I was not mistaken, for he is everything that a surgeon should be.

My experience in this matter is somewhat exceptional and it is my excuse for this long letter.

Sincerely yours,

WM. JAMESON GAVIGAN.

10th July, 1924.

Leading physicians and surgeons, eminent physiologists and others, have written to me that my theory as to the causation of cancer is probably correct. If it should, indeed, be correct, it ought to be possible to eliminate cancer within a relatively short time by carrying through certain reforms. In order to make absolutely certain whether cancer is indeed caused by chronic poisoning and vitamine starvation, an enquiry should be made among the greatest authorities on causation, among the cancer sufferers themselves. They are never consulted, though they alone can tell how they have been living during the twenty or thirty years which preceded the outbreak. I intend to undertake such an enquiry. If in the overwhelming majority of cases there should be a long history of chronic poisoning and vitamine starvation, my doctrine would be firmly established. Moreover, experiments should be made as to whether the continued consumption of chemical preservatives and over-hot food, combined with vitamine starvation, leads to cancer in animals. Of course, it might be that animals would react differently from humans.

THE STORY OF WOMAN¹

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER V.—REBIRTH

I.—*The Renaissance*

MANY general histories, when dealing with the Renaissance, with that stream of learning and of art which spread over Europe between 1400 and 1600, tend to deceive the reader. They lead him to think that an outburst of civilisation suddenly took place, as if a flower had grown out of the dirt and superstition of the Middle Ages within the confines of a single night. Notably, they suggest that the Renaissance was due to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, as a result of which the Greek intellectuals fled to Italy, and began the great movement by introducing culture into barbarian Western Europe.

Now it is certainly true that the flight of the Greek scholars greatly stimulated the culture of Western Europe, but that culture already existed; Europe was, on the whole, brutal and ignorant, but culture had already lifted its head, sometimes at the court of a king, more often in the castle of a great nobleman, still more often in a monastery. Culture was almost submerged, but the monasteries, notably, had continued to copy Greek and Latin manuscripts, because the monasteries alone afforded education; only by means of the Greek and Latin classics could the monks give a young nobleman or priest an education. Also, the troubadours had gone from castle to castle between the eleventh and the thirteenth centuries, composing and singing poetry that was not always good, but which did embody an artistic aspiration. In this sense, the Renaissance began round about the year 1100, when the dark cloud of the early Middle Ages began a little to lift. For three hundred years art and learning went slowly, and that is why, when we say "Renaissance," we mean, on the whole, the fifteenth century. During the previous centuries the power of the Church had slightly decayed; the crusades had brought Europeans in touch with more educated Arabs and Greeks; these brought back information which stimulated the intellectual forces. As printing was invented and books could be obtained, asceticism went out of fashion; finally, the exploration of the world, which began with Columbus, Cabot, Vasco da Gama, and went on to Sir Walter Raleigh, poured into the ears

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of young men and women the heady wine of romance. So there was thinking and there was discussing; in spite of the Inquisition there was even dissent.

II.—*The Troubadours.*

The rise of the troubadours profoundly affects an analysis of the story of woman. Until they came, such barbarian singers as existed sang mainly of war; the troubadours sang mainly of love. The reader will appreciate what an important fact this is; the troubadours brought woman, her characteristics, her relation to man, into the light. Before, however, detailing the action of the troubadours, it is well to say what they were. The troubadour was a poet who wandered from castles to courts, singing the songs he composed; he took with him a musician called *joglar*; generally, he belonged to the gentleman class; noblemen, knights, and even kings were troubadours; they numbered Alfonso II. of Aragon and Richard Cœur de Lion. Some were of humbler birth, merchants, clerks, but always men of a certain culture. The troubadour movement spread over the whole of France, Switzerland, Italy, and Northern Spain; it had a certain influence on England, and more on the Minnesingers of Germany. The democratic character of the institution will be realised as we note that seventeen women are recorded troubadours. This, again, is important, for these women affronted a prejudice against women so strong that even in the days of Shakespeare there were no female actresses: the female parts were taken by boys.

The burden of the song was love. The troubadour usually chose a lady of rank as the recipient of his platonic strains; this lady was generally married, for the unmarried girl was of no importance—little more than charming cattle. Thus the troubadour became the vassal of the lady he loved: no longer did he look upon himself as her master. There is nothing sensuous, nothing sacramental in this relation; the worship of the troubadour was æsthetic and emotional. The man placed himself at the woman's feet in a way that no Roman or Greek could have done; the troubadour set up the important point of view that love ennobles the lover. This must necessarily have affected the status of woman; she was being given the superior position.

Many of the troubadours have left charming lines. For instance, Arnaut de Mareuil sings to Adelaide: "Great fear and apprehension come upon me, so that I dare not tell you, Lady, that it is I who sing to you."

On the other hand, some rebel against worship. For instance, Marcabrun: "Love is of a detestable lineage; he has killed

thousands of men without a sword." One troubadour, Guiraut de Bornhel, even indulges in psychology, and analyses the nature of love.

What did all this tend to? How did it affect woman? It raised her; it raised the feminine idea; it made of woman no longer a property to control, but an ideal towards which to look. It was these wandering poets who first timidly set up the idea of romance. Some of their delicacy passed from poetry into the daily life of as coarse and brutal nobles as history has known. The point of view was expressed by Geoffrey de Charny, who set up the duty of a knight: "Be faithful to your God, your sword . . . and your lady." To an extent, this was accepted, and absurd things were done; for instance, in 1356, Marshall Clermont and John Chandos fought for a lady's badge; at Meaux, in 1358, the nobles mobilised to defend ladies threatened by a riot; for the sake of a princess of Wales, the ransom of a prisoner was reduced to fifty thousand crowns. Edward III. spared Edinburgh to please Lady Douglas; again, he spared the burghers of Calais on the prayer of his wife, Philippa. What is interesting is that Edward III. surrendered to these ladies, growling and churlish, as if he held vaguely that he ought, but did not want to let them have their way. It is also worth recording that a woman did not yet know how she would be treated. Philippa might beg off prisoners, but her husband did not hesitate to imprison his mother for twenty-eight years. Yet again, when the Prince of Wales took Limoges, he caused not only men, but women and children to be slain. All this is recorded in Froissart, though he is by temperament an aristocrat; he despises the lowly, and sees no wrong in their oppression; still, his chronicles are eloquent and exciting. He sees a world where gentlemanly behaviour is springing up; men are still bad; princes and nobles are faithless; in war they are debauched and venal; most of chivalry is verbal. Within families unrebuked murder furthers ambition; in peace, as in war, few men abstain from treachery. It is a naïve period, a period of formation, where the most important fact is a gentlemanly manner hiding most ungentlemanly behaviour. Indeed, the chronicler, Commynes, writes the epitaph of the period in six cynical words: "Those who succeed always have honour."

So much for the woman of rank. She did not yet hold her rights; she might be treated with the most amazing brutality; when her lord went to the crusades, she might be locked up in a tower for seven years; or, again, she might live a long life, respected and adored. As for the woman of lower rank, the picture is one of unrelieved horror; she is still beaten, over-

worked, practically sold; she is never sure of her liberty or her virtue. Christianity has become political, so the prelates stand in with the nobles, and cease to protect woman; the best Christianity can do is to admit her to the nunneries, into which she crowds to escape the horror of the outer world. Again, it is Commynes who sums up the position of the lowly woman in those later Middle Ages: "If a poor man have a beautiful daughter or wife, he will do wisely to guard her well."

III.—*Manners and Morals.*

By degrees, chivalry decays; there are no more crusades; powerful kings arise in France, in Spain, in Austria; these kings establish a rough sort of order; the nobles are no longer beyond restraint; a few cities grow rich and establish security. In 1500, the world is still full of war, but in large areas a sort of peace prevails; thus culture rises, and woman once more can lift her head. Woman is the first to pay the price of war, and now she is the last to enjoy the fruits of peace. Broadly speaking, during the real Renaissance (Italy 1450, France 1500, England 1550), the attitude to woman is one of the frankest, though elegant, immorality. The document which most precisely shows the conditions is *The Decameron*, by Boccaccio, located in 1348. Boccaccio, a man of culture, was one of the earliest members of the Renaissance. He wrote his tales, partly for his own amusement, partly for that of his beloved Maria d'Aquino. It is an extraordinary book, a collection of one hundred stories. During the plague of Florence, a party of ladies and gentlemen flee the disease, and tell tales to beguile the tedium of exile. Hardly one of the tales fails to bring a blush into the cheeks of the modest; there is much talk of virtue, but much more fear of scandal; continually, the characters parade their piety; continually, the ladies who listen to the stories show mild offence before coarse expressions, but they do not go away: they hear the tale to the end. They are deeply romantic; they weep over young love, but they assume as facts of nature vice in the nunnery, the monastery, the palace, and the hovel. They take life as justified by itself, by the pursuit of love. They approve virtue, but they do not censure vice.

One may suppose that these ladies are representative of refined women in the days of Boccaccio. They seem to have assumed that the flesh is weak, to regret that weakness, and to acknowledge that virtue cannot be strengthened. These ladies are polished, cultured; they are completely sceptical as to morals, so long as the outside is kept fair. Also, they are still sub-

servient; in the preface, Boccaccio causes one lady, when deciding to set out on the journey, to say to another: "We are but women; nor is any of us so ignorant not to know how little able we shall be to conduct such an affair, without some man to help us." They are graceful, and they are dependent. They are romantic weeds blown in the wind, of whom Boccaccio sceptically remarks that they may envy those weaker sisters whom they choose, however, to reprove.

We have another document of the same kind, which the writer thinks it advisable to quote, because it confirms Boccaccio, and therefore strengthens the likelihood that the women of Boccaccio were the educated women of Europe in 1348. This document is a book of tales by Marguerite de Navarre, entitled *The Heptameron*, written in the early part of the sixteenth century, during the French Renaissance. Here a group of ladies and gentlemen tell tales while waiting for a bridge to be built over a river. What is interesting is that after each tale (which is frankly immoral) a lengthy debate on the right and wrong of it is conducted by the company. All the ladies make a great parade of piety, and yet not one of them turns away from the vicious tales; they stress the duty of religious observance and the duty of virtue, but one feels that this is external, that religion has become a formality. A few points taken from the discussions show the feminine point of view at that time. At one place: "All women are fallible provided man is persistent and subtle." At another, the art of love is defined by a lady as "it is the business of all women to torment, kill and damn man." These women state themselves willing to practise fidelity, but they consider themselves released when their mate fails to keep his vows. One of the disputants sums up womankind in the following sweeping manner: "I must run back through all the years of my life to find *one* woman whose virtue can belie the bad opinion man has of her." Finally, the poor opinion that woman has of herself is summarised by Madame Oisille. Following on a story which ridicules a Franciscan monk, Madame Nomerfide says that she had rather be flung into a river than be loved by a Franciscan. Madame Oisille brutally replies that "No doubt Madame Nomerfide can swim."

During the Renaissance, especially in the merchant class, many completely commonplace lives were lived as they are to-day, but the general slant is defined by *The Decameron* and *The Heptameron*. Woman is less moral, perhaps, than she was some centuries before: that is because she is freer, because she is treated as an equal; she is making poor use of her liberty, proving herself flippant, hypocritical, and light. That is inevitable when

freedom comes; what matters to us is that this romantic and emotional freedom at last exists. Time still separates woman from civil rights and economic power, but now she is a long way from the squaw, dragged by the hair, her cries unheeded.

Woman was benefiting by the stir of the period; the Renaissance is as great a period as any that the world has known: within a short three hundred years we find Copernicus and Galileo asserting that the earth does move; Harvey discovering the circulation of the blood; Gutenberg and Caxton inaugurating printing; Cimabue and Giotto giving birth to the primitive school; Dante and Petrarch, for the first time since antiquity, writing immortal verse. We find even a rise in education, a man such as Vittorino da Feltre creating a Utopian College at Mantua, teaching the classics and philosophy to girls as well as boys. The state of the age is parti-coloured; it shines with learning, it is black with vice. Intellect is separate from morals; hardly a name, however great, is clean: the immortal goldsmith, Cellini, is a ruffian and a thief; the poet Villon is a thief, a murderer, and a drunkard; the great Machiavelli is the prince of liars. Woman moves in this chaos, sometimes free, sometimes bound. Perhaps the conception laid down by Rabelais of the Abbey of Thelema, its motto, "Do what you will," expresses the complete cynicism of the romantic Renaissance. It is natural enough that in an atmosphere such as this, woman, who is subtle, should adapt herself easily to new conditions, should find a new liberty. She did not progress in power, but she progressed in happiness. Little by little it became bad form to strike women, to be rude to them publicly; they might be tortured privately, even sawn in two alive between two planks, but before the world they must be treated with bow and compliment. So one may sum up this part of the subject by repeating that woman rose in happiness, if not in worth, and that here was a progress.

IV.—Hesitations.

The reader will realise that in a period such as this, where modernity was clashing with antiquity, where rulers rose and swiftly fell, where one day refinement and learning bloomed, while another day, in the same city, prevailed the rule of a nobleman with the sensibilities of an executioner, the position of woman, whether married or single, must have varied a great deal.

One of the handicaps which woman had not yet overcome was the tendency of the late Middle Ages to create close corporations. Feudalism was exceedingly close, in this sense, that a woman of plebeian blood did not, as a rule, legally marry a nobleman. As

time went on, as during the Renaissance, in Venice, in Florence, Genoa, Hamburg, London, etc., rich merchants arose, noblemen began to marry the daughters of the wealthy man. The impulse which to-day leads the French duke and the English peer to take a mercantile heiress as a wife from the United States existed during the Renaissance also. It was desirable for a woman to marry a nobleman, because this was the best road to dignified treatment; a hundred years later, and especially two hundred years later, a woman could be happy in her own class, the *bourgeoisie*, but during the Renaissance she would be happier with a nobleman.

Unfortunately, there were still two laws—one for women and one for men. Whereas a nobleman could marry whom he chose and retain his social position, a girl of noble family, or even a woman of mediocre family, who married below her class suffered severely. For instance, in Germany, as late as the thirteenth century, a woman who married a serf lost her liberty. She found equal difficulties in trade. Woman earned her own living more easily in the year 1200 than in the year 1750; it was mainly during the Renaissance, a period during which she was absurdly idealised, that woman found herself debarred from paying occupations, that the seed was planted of the great economic rebellion of woman, the end of which we have not yet seen. At Salerno there were women doctors in the eleventh century; some of the guilds admitted women, but by degrees, as the towns came to fear that there would be too many masters in the guilds, and too few buyers, admissions were restricted: naturally women were the first to be excluded.

It should be said in justification of man during the Renaissance that woman seemed to accept the low position in which she found herself. Her subordination was still complete; it extended so far that Thomas Aquinas stated that children should love their father more than they did their mother. And woman was content. A typical case is that of the prioress of Whistones, in 1301. A prioress was a person of importance; not only was she the head of a nunnery, but she might control a large estate, have temporal power, and dispose of troops. When in the district of Whistones a meeting of prelates was held, the prioress was naturally invited. But she replied that it was not fitting for a woman to attend a meeting of men. She did not hesitate to command gardeners, but she did not think herself fit to contradict bishops. The only type of woman who asserted herself much was the heiress; if she had personality, it was not always easy to coerce her into marriage. Joan of Acre, for instance, defied Edward I. and married the man of her choice. Such cases are

not common, but they show that a woman of position might perhaps take charge of her future.

Marriage during the Renaissance was in a very confused state. Theoretically, marriage within a family could not take place; for instance, the Lateran Council, in 1215, forbade the marriage of third cousins. But this did not prevent the granting of dispensations to marry third cousins, second and first cousins, nieces and aunts. No woman knew where she stood with the marriage law, because money and influence could always cause it to be twisted. But one important idea, from woman's point of view, developed during the Middle Ages, and grew stronger during the Reformation: it was the idea of the wedding dowry. Until the sixth century, in every part of the world, the price of a marriageable girl had been paid to her father; the Barbarians, who in this sense were not so barbarous, began to develop the idea that the girl's price was not the price of a heifer, but money which belonged to her. The Barbarians felt that a girl, on marrying, lost the family from which she came, and entered a new family where she would be defenceless. So her *price* was converted into her *marriage portion*. Thus, if she separated from her husband or became a widow, she ceased to be a wretched dependant upon her own children. In a great many cases the portion was stolen from the woman and dissipated by her husband, but the tendency was there; that alone interests a study such as the present.

It should be said that in this period woman completely lost the support of the Church. The Church was in a state of decay, and it needed the strong wind of the Reformation to give it back its vigour. The priesthood was immoral, practically as a matter of course; Gregory VII. (1073-1085) had, it is true, made desperate efforts to cleanse the life of the Church by imposing celibacy, but resistance was intense; though celibacy by degrees came to be accepted, popular feeling was against it. In the *Roman de la Rose* we find Jean de Meung, in 1230, arguing against the celibacy of the clergy; public opinion supported him. It was dimly felt that celibacy was no remedy; many who persecuted the Protestants, a little later, agreed with them in their hearts. This because of the scandal of the monasteries. These, with the abbeys, had once represented civil power emerging from the tide of war. Now the Kings were strong; having no work to do, the monasteries intrigued, and often lived in vice. Pope Innocent VIII., in 1489, horrified by the situation, caused an inquiry to be made, and found that women of bad repute had been appointed prioresses of religious establishments, that the jewels and lands of the abbeys had been stolen; St. Albans was the worst plague spot; it is a criticism upon manners during the

Renaissance that for crimes such as these the abbot was not deposed, but merely admonished. St. Albans was not an unusual case; a record entitled the *Compendium Compertorum* gives a similar catalogue all over the country; the hour had come for Henry VIII. and a dissolution of societies which had ceased to champion the poor and the women—women being of the poorest and the weakest.

V.—Culture and Emotion.

Most of the great centres of learning that exist to-day, and some which have decayed, arose in the very early days of the Renaissance. Schools and universities formed, one might say, by accident. It is a mistake to think that the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Bologna, Paris, Heidelberg, etc., were created as universities are created to-day by a grant from the State, or a rich man. The universities generally sprang up round a monastery, or even round an individual monk who happened to be a learned man. The case of Oxford is probably one of those. Some learned monk made a reputation as a teacher, as a fine Latin and Greek scholar, or a master of logic. Pupils came to him, collected round him as they did in Greece round Socrates and Plato. Their number grew; some became teachers in their turn; they had to be housed somewhere, so inns began to be built; rich men, or clerics, persons of enlightenment, helped with money to build the colleges; these were intended as boarding-houses for the students. They grew, became established and well known; little by little a university arose. The fact that so many colleges were built during great periods of architecture, the Gothic and the Romanesque, should not delude us. They merely happened to be beautiful: what the writer wishes to illustrate is that during the Renaissance education was an accident, and that woman benefited by it only in virtue of a chapter of accidents.

On the whole, woman drew nothing whatever from education by the monks. The subordination of woman appears when we discover that while there was learning in the monasteries, there was hardly any in the nunneries. The monk, particularly the Benedictine, was often a laborious scholar, copying out the Scriptures for distribution, and sometimes increasing his knowledge of Latin and Greek literature, so that he might train young friars. This did not happen in the nunneries, where women were taught to obey the rule, to pray, contemplate, assist the sick and the poor. If literature and philosophy were kept alive at all, it is to the men in the Church that the credit is due. The clerics did not only train novices, but occasionally went to the castles when enlightened noblemen wished to have their sons

educated. On the whole, the regular clergy performed the work of culture inside the monastery, while a few of the secular clergy went outside.

What that education was we do not know very well, because the words used in the Middle Ages to-day have different meanings. One may assume, however, that a young man would be taught something of his own language, to read Latin and Greek literature, a little logic, elementary arithmetic, elementary mathematics, and music. Later on, he began to play with what was called astronomy, but was actually astrology, namely, the forecasting of the future by the stars. The reader will realise from the pursuit of anything so burlesque as astrology, how feeble this education must have been.

Meanwhile, the education of chivalry was doing for women what the monks could not do. Inside the castle, the girl was not at such a disadvantage; the chivalric teacher was allowed contacts with the girl that were not allowed to the monk. Thus, the girl of noble family shared to a great extent in the education of her brothers. It must be said that here was an education much inferior to that of the monks, for it consisted mainly in the use of arms, riding, various sports, and indoor games. But the castle added something that the monastery had not thought of: table manners and the practice of courtesy. The girls joined in all this, except in the use of arms; in addition, they were taught to manage a household, and to nurse the sick; in a few cases they might learn a modern language, read a little literature, or a little history. But the greatest stress of all was on good manners; just as in Boccaccio we have seen that the Renaissance thought it more important to appear than to be, so were women taught that their speech must be honeyed, even if poisoned.

The women of the Renaissance being educated and having been raised to a certain height of respect by the troubadours, we find that more men deferred to them, and loved them, than in the earlier periods. Just as the troubadour had set up woman as a sort of æsthetic ideal, just as he had invented romance, so did the latter part of the Renaissance underline another feature of the relationship between man and woman—emotion. All through history, man has loved woman, but he has not always sacrificed himself for her sake. It is true that Leander every night swam the Dardanelles to reach his beloved Hero, but the average Greek, when in peril at sea, would probably have uttered the cry: "Women and children last!" Now we come to a gentler dispensation; woman has become more precious, the fact of her womanhood giving her a sort of privilege. A typical case of this we may take from the story of Urquhart Castle, in 1295.

The stronghold was besieged by the English King, Edward I., during his attempt to subdue Scotland. The garrison was hard-pressed, starving, its defences breached; it was practically certain that the castle must soon fall. Thereupon, the Scottish governor, anxious to save the life of his wife, caused her to be clad in rags and driven from the gates. When she encountered the English, she told them that she was a beggar woman who had by accident been shut up within the castle; she also said that the garrison had driven her forth because food was running short. The English believed her story and let her go; presently, when the lady was safe, the Scottish garrison sallied out and was cut down to the last man.

This spirit, this emotional approach to womanhood, increases throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; it becomes strongest of all during the English Renaissance, round about 1550. This we know by the poetry that has been left to us by that period; it varies from country to country, according to the national temperament. Addressing his lady, the Italian tended to be rhetorical, the Frenchman simple and graceful, the Englishman emotional, indeed, passionate. Among the English lyrical poetry (which the writer selects as typical so as to avoid unsatisfactory translations) we find lines that survive, that remain jewels in the treasury of English poetry. They define very well the romantic attitude to woman which the Renaissance had fostered. For instance, these lines of Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542):

"O goodly hand!
Wherein doth stand
My heart distract in pain;
Dear hand, alas!
In little space
My life thou dost restrain.

Again, Henry Constable (1555-1615):

"Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets incloses,
Fair sweet how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power.
For dead, thy breath to life might move me."

Perhaps the essential spirit of the Renaissance, of the rebirth of the race, of exultant youth and radiance, is found in Shakespeare's *Youth and Age*:

"Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O! my love, my love is young.
Age, I do defy thee: O! sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stayest too long."

But the sweetest and purest expression of this more emotional feeling is to be found in a poem of Herrick (1591-1634), entitled "To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything." The poem is so exquisite that it may be quoted in full:

"Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.
"Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee.
"Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see:
And, having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee.
"Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.
"Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee."

VI.—*Jewelled Minds.*

We know only in general what woman became during the Renaissance, but we know in particular to what heights rose some women, touched by education and inflamed by the romance of the period. Thus, Christine de Pisan (1363-1431), a strange female genius, together a poetess, historian, and writer of political works; Cecilia Gonzaga, a Greek scholar at the age of ten, at the same time capable of practising field sports like a boy; Lucrezia Tornabuoni, poetess, mystic, patron of Botticelli, the worthy mother of Lorenzo the Magnificent; Vittoria Colonna, beloved of Michael Angelo, an authority on Plato, and the head of an intellectual debating club; Amelia Pia, poetess; Veronica Gambara, head of yet another debating salon; Isabella d'Este, the patroness of painters; the amazing Olympia Morata, who, at the age of sixteen, was lecturing on philosophy at Ferrara, who wrote criticism, and translated the Bible. The most remarkable of all, perhaps, is Marietta Strozzi: she defied her family

and lived alone. By the side of an act so daring, poetry, criticism, are poor things.

We should not, however, conclude too hastily on the intellectual quality of these women, notable though they were; it should be noted that Isabella d'Este and Lucrezia Borgia competed as collectors of works of art, and that many so-called intellectual groups actually met to tell improper stories; notable was a circle which formed round the lewd writer Aretino. The only importance of these circles is that at last men and women were mixing for conversation instead of coming together only in the lists of love. Miss Edith Sichel eloquently sums up the women of the Renaissance in the following words:—

The Renaissance made an epoch for women; it gave them a new field and a new importance. Its appeal to beauty, its quick social developments, the emotional energies, and the varied activities that it involved, were peculiarly suited to their powers; and their frequent discussions in loggia or lemon grove about love and friendship, with all their analysis and nice distinctions between the "love for collective humanity, for irrational objects, for the Great-All . . . for the Angels," though they were little more than metaphysical babble, were yet so finely adapted to feminine intuition that they brought women into society, not as queens of chivalry, but as companions. Nor were women, with their need for expression, slow to make intercourse into an art. They did for life what painting, sculpture, poetry had effected for beauty and ideas; they were its interpreters. They stand, as it were, a race apart, independent of their several nationalities, with the same defects and qualities, the same outlook, recognising their family likeness and holding correspondence with each other throughout Europe. Alike they were full of exuberant energy and curiosity; alike they showed a kind of naïve maturity, a paradoxical blending of art and instinct. Large, sunny, graceful, with a golden opinion of themselves and of others, to them everything seemed worth while.

They danced, they sang, they commanded troops, they read Virgil and Cicero and Greek philosophy, they brought up large families, they wrote treatises, they planned dresses, they governed provinces. They were brilliantly efficient: they went far, but they did not go deep

VII.—*The Reformation.*

The Reformation has nothing evident in common with the Renaissance; in fact, when the Reformation arises the Renaissance is finished. But the course of human ideas is not subject to violent upheavals; there are actions and reactions, while a certain idea travels forward, steadily all through. The Reformation was hostile to the cynicism and the graces of the Renaissance, but, the Renaissance having favoured learning and debate, books having been produced in rather larger numbers, the critical spirit sprang up. As the Church decayed, as education and criticism operated, a certain freedom of mind arose and the Reformation became possible.

The Reformation was not hostile to woman; the Protestants were comparatively willing to acknowledge the human equality of woman; the general outlook of the first Protestants was democratic, just as that of the early Christians had been democratic. As the Church hardened and allied itself with the kings and nobles, Protestantism arose to demand cleaner marriage and a purer clergy. If a bitter Puritanism had not come with the Reformation the movement would have done less harm: it is interesting to observe, by the way, that the early Christians were just as puritanic as the early Protestants: Puritanism is the first sign of the desire to reform.

When the Reformation came the guilds had practically broken down; woman found it difficult to earn her own living, except in the home, where she spun, wove, cooked, made beer, soap, candles, etc. However, woman needed protection; things could be done to her in the home that could not be done publicly; she suffered many obscure tyrannies. Luther and his followers afforded protection to woman by objecting to her being pressed into marriage, though they thought essential the consent of parents. Curiously enough, the early Protestants had no fundamental objection to polygamy; reverting to tradition, they were prepared to condone it, and it is interesting to note that in Germany, in 1648, after a great many men had been killed during the Thirty Years War, polygamy was legalised for a certain period. The liberalism of Luther and the Reformers appeared in their acceptance of divorce. In Germany and Sweden, notably, divorce was recognised by the Protestant Church, even though woman did not yet have rights equal to those of man. In England there was even a period when divorce was allowed to both parties, and when re-marriage was made possible. This is important as an indication of tendency; much time still had to elapse—in fact, another two hundred years—before divorce for both sides became easy and cheap, but the seeds were there. It does not matter whether divorce was rare or common; what matters is that it might be tolerated; that the mind of man at length absorbed the idea that marriage need not be permanent. For the story of woman is the story of marriage; marriage is her protection, and marriage may be her chain; we have seen in the foregoing chapters how marriage came to defend her and to give her rights; we shall see further on how she established those rights, civil, economic, and political; here we need only note the dawn of the idea that woman obtains her rights by marriage, and that she need not in exchange tolerate a lifelong union that may be wretched.

(*To be continued.*)

CURRENT LITERATURE

By S. M. ELLIS

THE literary side of the life of Robert Smith Surtees, creator of the immortal Jorrocks and the saponaceous Sponge, has never been recorded adequately, mainly from lack of biographical material, and, as time went on, from the further fact that all those who knew him intimately had passed away. This Durham squire, fox-hunter, and county magistrate chose to produce his books anonymously, though it was, of course, a very open secret that he was the author of those most excellent novels depicting the humours and misfortunes of hunting and other field sports, particularly when they were essayed by Cockney sportsmen. There is consequently pleasant anticipation in reading a new book on Surtees purporting to be partly "By Himself."¹ The co-author, Mr. E. D. Cuming, states in the preface, rightly enough, that the account of Surtees in *The Dictionary of National Biography* is but a "brief summary of his career." But he does not mention that there have been at least three other articles on the subject elsewhere containing later and fuller information: one of these was, I think, in *The Times Literary Supplement*, the second appeared in America, and the third I contributed myself to *The Bookman*.

Mr. Cuming has been privileged to discover at Surtees's home, Hamsterley Hall, some portions of manuscript autobiography written over sixty years ago by Surtees, with the evident intention of publication under the title of *Sporting and Social Recollections*; but his sudden and unexpected death in 1864 rendered the project abortive. His material for this work had been scribbled roughly on sheets of paper similar to those on which he took notes of the cases that he heard as Justice of the Peace. The whole mass of papers was put away without careful examination after his death, and only lately has the fragment of reminiscence been discovered. This is a noteworthy point for any future history of autobiography.

The *Recollections*, fragmentary and incomplete though they be, prove very interesting; but the book as a whole is not adequate or altogether satisfactory, and we consequently still lack the biography of Surtees. For one thing, Mr. Cuming is not careful enough in detail to achieve the difficult art of biography. He does not even state at the outset the date of his subject's birth, with the result that many readers will remain unacquainted with Surtees's age at any important episode of his career, and he has not corrected such an unpardonable misprint as that which states Surtees was articled to a Newcastle solicitor in 1922! So we

(1) *Robert Smith Surtees*, by Himself and E. D. Cuming (Blackwood & Sons, 1921).

must not seek chronology in this memoir. Further, Mr. Cuming attempts no study of Surtees's position in literature, and he dismisses very briefly in a few words what I think is a very interesting question, namely, how much Dickens was indebted to Surtees, and the fact that Jorrocks was indeed the progenitor of Pickwick. I have dealt with this matter elsewhere, but it may be of interest here to recapitulate the argument.

Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities had first appeared in 1831. Dickens relates that he was approached, in 1835-6, by Chapman and Hall with a scheme that he, in conjunction with Seymour, the artist, should produce a series of sketches relating the adventures of a Nimrod Club ("Nimrod" was the *nom de plume* of C. J. Apperley, a coadjutor with Surtees in *The New Sporting Magazine*, wherein Jorrocks had made his serial appearance)—"the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity." Thus the Pickwick Club replaced the Surrey Hunt and shooting excursions of Jorrocks, and at the outset Dickens followed the proposed plan, though, as he opined would be the case, he eventually broke away on the lines of his own genius "with a freer range of English scenes and people." But Winkle and his adventures with the horse from Rochester and on the ice at Dingley Dell are entirely on the Surtees model. Mr. Jorrocks was before Sam Weller in terming holly "a bit of Christmas." Mr. Jorrocks figures in a legal case like Mr. Pickwick, and it is of interest to compare the two reports, and the similarity of the flowery but violent eloquence of the opposing counsel: Mr. Jorrocks was attacked by Mr. Serjeant Bumptious, Mr. Pickwick by Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

Mr. Cuming is able to quote a letter to Surtees from George Tattersall—"Wildrake"—whereby it would seem that a few years later (1843) it was proposed to repeat—or rather reverse—the process of reciprocal inspiration:—

"Ackermann thinks that a sporting work in monthly numbers on the lines of the Pickwick Club, etc., would answer. . . . Would you like to undertake to write a work of the kind on a sporting basis?"

As Mr. Cuming aptly remarks, "It is singular that Jorrocks having suggested Pickwick, Pickwick in his turn should be used to suggest a similar work to Jorrocks. A case of graceful reciprocity between two eminent men." Surtees's next work, *Hillingdon Hall*, continued the idea of Cockney adventures in the realms of sport, without, however, any particular resemblance to *Pickwick*.

In the present book, Surtees begins his reminiscences with an amusing account of his first school at Ovingham, in Northumberland, where "many of the aristocracy of the north received the rudiments of their education." The details would not be acceptable to the schoolboy of to-day—over a hundred years later:—

We used to rise at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, according to the season of the year, and proceed to a little washing-room adjoining . . .

in which were four basins and four roller-towels against the wall. There were no jugs and no convenience for changing the water, so the last-comer had it anything but pure. The insoluble soap was like a square of ivory; it was so hard and slippery. The ablutions, such as they were, had to be performed with one's hands—sponges, tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, anything of that sort being considered superfluous. Such a thing as a looking-glass was altogether unthought of; each boy had to take his appearance on credit.

It was no doubt owing to the neglect of schoolmasters to supply the decencies of life to generations of their pupils that the erroneous belief arose that a boy is naturally untidy and has a reluctance to wash his neck and brush his teeth and hair. If the means to do these necessary things were lacking for most of the year (and it must be remembered pupils only went home twice, at Christmas and in the summer, at the period Surtees describes) a tradition for ablutionary neglect naturally was consummated. Surtees passes on to the rough service of the breakfast "table":—

It was quite in the rough—no table-cloth, no knives, no forks, no cups and saucers, no nothing in the crockery way. A large bread-basket full of knotches and hunches of brown bread, together with a tin pot full of milk for each boy, having been duly deposited on a dresser, the school formed in single file and marched past, each boy appropriating as much bread as he thought he could consume, and a can of milk. With these they returned to their places at the desks in the schoolroom. Supper was an exact repetition of breakfast, save that occasionally, as a great treat, we had beer and leathery cheese, or roast potatoes and dripping. . . . Dinner was a more sumptuous meal, being served in the master's parlour, where there was both a cloth to the table and a carpet to the flagged floor. Grace being said, pudding came before meat, and generally consisted of very long shiney roll pudding . . . wherein jam played a very subordinate part to the paste—being duly discussed before the meat, which was generally a round of home-fed beef, over whose merits old Birkett used to deliver an exordium as he stood and carved it. Beer was the beverage.

He proceeds to a picture of a journey to London in 1825 on the old Highflyer coach, to catch which at Newcastle at eight o'clock in the morning he had to leave Hamsterley some three hours earlier:—

Then by a steady persevering grind continued throughout all that day, all that night, and all the following day, we reached the dismal White Horse in Fetter Lane at eight that night. The fare was £6 inside, and it was considered very fine travelling.

From Newcastle to York the journey was along the road lying over the high hill-tops, and the vehicle was often drawn by very inferior horses. But after York, where the passengers dined, there was a visible improvement: the horses were better, the harness cleaner and brighter, and the now somewhat stylish coachman would occasionally spring his team into a canter. . . . The coach entered London by the long continuous town of Tottenham, and the last change of horses, I remember, had their heads decorated with hollyhocks; they were a capital team, and in beautiful condition. It was an imposing entry into London, for after the villa and semi-detached villa scenery of the suburbs, through the heart of the city past the Exchange, the Bank of England, the Mansion House, and St. Paul's, so on down Snow Hill, up Holborn Hill to the aforesaid White Horse in Fetter Lane. . . .

London, though perhaps scarcely more than half the size it is now, was more imposing, being more concentrated; you had all the great people there without the little ones; Hyde Park was a magnificent sight, especially on a Sunday. . . . There was more walking—promenading, rather—in Kensington Gardens than Hyde Park. The magnates of the land having shown their equipages would afterwards show themselves in the Gardens, where on a fine Sunday the beauty and brilliance of the scene could not be surpassed. The spreading boughs of tall elms on either side of the South Walk, almost meeting overhead, formed a perfect canopy, under which the rank and fashion used to promenade on the smooth turf. Soldiers and liveried servants were not admitted, nor, indeed, anyone whose appearance the gate-keepers did not consider respectable. None of the great unwashed were to be seen in the Park in those days.

Such restrictions would be thought odd by class agitators in these dulcet democratic days: but similar rules and regulations lingered in the provinces until comparatively recent times. I remember how, only some twenty-five years ago, in the garrison town of Walmer, soldiers—that is to say, Royal Marines—in uniform were relegated to a gallery if they ventured to intrude into the churches of the neighbouring town of Deal. On one occasion I saw a soldier actually turned out of a seat in the body of the church and directed to go to the gallery of segregation—which he meekly did. This sounds incredible, but it is exactly true.

Surtees gives an account of Brighton in 1829—so different, as he states, to the Brighton of thirty years later, when the town reached the zenith of its prosperity, the Brighton of Leech and *The Newcomes*.

At Chichester, in 1832, he came across that curious character, so well known, by reason of his quips and pranks, to race-goers of eighty years ago—Jerry Juniper, the race-list seller, a native of Newcastle. Surtees relates:—

He was a middle-sized, slightly-built man of some thirty or five-and-thirty years of age, lynx-eyed, pasty-faced, and freckled. . . . In full dress, which he always wore on great days, he wore a cocked hat with feathers, sometimes an old admiral's, and sometimes an old claret-coloured coat. He had a quizzing-glass made of the neck of a bottle suspended by a blue ribbon, with which he used to reconnoitre his acquaintance and ogle the fair. No matter who it was, the greater the person the better for Jerry—Lord Chesterfield, Lord George Bentinck, anybody who came along. Jerry had this peculiarity, which does not always attend full-dress attire—namely, that when he wore his cocked hat and feather he generally went barefoot, as if to mortify his feet for the fineness of his head, his nether man clad in a pair of black-and-white tweeds. . . . It was said that he once offered to represent the borough of Wells in Parliament.

"Could I offer you a seat in my carriage to the course, Sir?" he asked, after he had suited me with a race-list.

"Why, no, Jerry," replied I. "I've just engaged one, thank you."

"P'raps then, Sir, your politeness will induce you to offer me one in yours."

I told him to get up behind, and he mounted cheerfully.

Mr. Cuming does not seem to know—or at any rate does not mention—that Jerry attained to the distinction of figuring in a notable romance, *Rookwood*, by Harrison Ainsworth, who used this mendicant

as the medium for introducing his remarkable study of thieves' "flash" or "cant" slang, particularly in the once famous song, *Nix my doll, pals, fake away*. Ainsworth himself stated: "To Jerry Juniper I am unquestionably indebted for a flash melody, which, without his hint, would never have been written." Although Ainsworth placed the story of *Rookwood* in the eighteenth century, his description of Jerry Juniper is no doubt accurate, and it may be of interest to compare it with that of Surtees:—

A brown curly head of hair, carelessly arranged in the modern mode; a handsome, impudent, sun-freckled face, with one eye closed, and the other occupied by a broken bottle-neck, through which, as a substitute for a lorgnette, the individual reconnoitred. A cocked hat was placed in a very *déagagée* manner under his arm, and he held an ebony cane in his hand. . . . Yet was he assuredly without shoes, without stockings, without shirt. This latter deficiency was made up by a voluminous cravat, tied with proportionately large bows. A jaunty pair of yellow breeches, somewhat faded; a waistcoat of silver brocade richly embroidered, somewhat tarnished and lack-lustre; a Murrey-coloured velvet coat, somewhat chafed, completed the costume of this beggar Brummell, this mendicant marcaroni! Jerry Juniper was a character well known at the time, as a constant frequenter of all races, fairs, regattas, ship-launches, bull-baits, and prize-fights . . . you met him at Epsom, at Ascot, at Newmarket, at Doncaster, at the Roodee of Chester, at the Curragh of Kildare. The most remote as well as the most adjacent meeting one he was a *leg*. No opera-dancer could be more agile, more nimble; scarcely, indeed, more graceful, than was Jerry, with his shoeless and stocking-less feet; and the manner in which he executed a pirouette, or a pas, before a line of carriages, seldom failed to procure him "golden opinions from all sorts of dames."

Jerry Juniper was killed at Chichester on his way to Goodwood races in 1848, by clinging to the side of a carriage, which by some mischance fell over and crushed him.

After the conclusion of Surtees's recollections, Mr. Cuming adds thirteen short chapters, relating the other and later events of Surtees's career. One is glad to find here the excellent account of Ralph Lambton (Surtees's hunting mentor) and some interesting letters from Thackeray, Leech, and other friends. This book, as far as it goes, is welcome.

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IS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IN SIGHT?

BY DR. E. J. DILLON

POLITICS at their best are but a sequence of efforts to create opportunity for something worth while, and the most helpful of all policies is that which binds groups and nations, however loosely, together as the withe holds the many-hued flowers in the nosegay. Looked at from this angle of vision, the upshot of the London and the Geneva Conferences was a most valuable contribution by Messrs. MacDonald and Herriot to the problem of European reconstruction. The feat redounds to the credit of the two democratic statesmen, from whose moderation and moral courage much more in the same direction may reasonably be expected. It certainly connotes the first and most difficult step towards the re-establishment of peace and the restoration of passable conditions on our side of the Atlantic. But it is only the first move towards a far-off goal. Its primary effects will be purely negative, but should be none the less welcome on that score.

Just as the acceptance of the Dawes Plan was a result of the conciliatory spirit of the negotiators, in like manner the greater or less friction during its application will depend more upon that same spirit than upon pedantic adherence to the letter of the compact. Had they kept to the letter of their functions the delegates, who were convoked solely for the purpose of considering the report and reaching a practical conclusion respecting that, would not have achieved more than the foregoing Conferences. Their work would have been confined to economics. But interwoven with the economic problems were issues of a political order, and it was open to the delegates either to eliminate these as irrelevant or to include them as inseparable. Either decision could be upheld plausibly. One can fancy

M. Poincaré eloquently championing the former, whereas his successor quietly adopted the latter. In this case it certainly was the spirit of conciliation that turned the scale.

But, despite the Germans' success in persuading M. Herriot thus to stretch a point or two in their favour, they are still just as dependent upon the goodwill of their whilom enemies as before. For the mere letter of the Plan can be twisted and turned towards the right or the left to suit the leanings of the temporary chief of the French Cabinet. The Germans, to be sure, can now appeal to a set of guarantees which they lacked before. In lieu of judgment without appeal and the one-sided intervention of France, a court of arbitration can be asked to deal with the matter. True, but similar protection had been already accorded by the Treaty of Versailles, yet the France of M. Poincaré rode roughshod over that clause of the compact. Britain, indeed, protested against this breach of good faith, but her protest was a bit of phraseology which offered neither let nor hindrance to the French troops when invading and occupying the Ruhr. What it proved was how worthless a scrap of paper can become wherever prejudice and passion get the better of integrity and fairness. The higher respect which the guarantees of the Dawes Plan may be assumed to command can only be the outcome of a wholly different spirit. And in truth this wholesome change is already noticeable in France without, however, being particularly meritorious. For it means only that a few years ago the French people put faith in M. Poincaré's promises, whereas now, seeing that these have not been fulfilled, it has cut loose its moorings from his party and seeks through other channels what it failed to get through him. That and nothing more. There has been no new insight, no Damascus, no conversion.

The psychology of the French people is fairly well known but is seldom taken into account by statesmen or historians. In the present case action and reaction were especially interesting. The victory at the close of the world war came to France as a surprise, an unexpected godsend. The nation was elated beyond measure thereat. Its leaders lost their heads, but the extreme Conservative

Party seized the opportunity and roused the people still further, promising them the realisation of their wildest dreams. The nation snatched at the bait and gave the Conservatives a free hand. Thereupon M. Poincaré was carried with the stream and ended by occupying the Ruhr. One may admit that this measure was actually forced upon him by the trend of home politics, for, whatever current opinion may believe to the contrary, M. Poincaré is by no means endowed with a strong will. Rather the reverse. It was his championship of the Right that conferred upon him for the time being the semblance of uncommon strength. That gone, all of a sudden his star paled and he shrank to a shadow of his former self. To-day he is but a spectre. In the Senate he did not venture to condemn the Dawes Report. Many of his old friends have publicly renounced him and his works, and some go so far as to shift most of the responsibility for the war itself from the shoulders of Kaiser Wilhelm and Franz Josef to those of the then President of the French Republic.¹ M. Poincaré was confident that he had the bulk of the French nation behind him, as indeed he had so long as his dazzling promises were credited. But by the time the elections came on they were seen to be hollow phrases, and his fate was sealed. Yet down to the critical Sunday he himself and most foreigners felt sure that he would be returned to power by a large popular vote.

This miscalculation might have been avoided had the mentality of the average Frenchman been duly reckoned with. He loves money with an intensity which it is hard for other Europeans to realise, but he loves it not after the manner of the American, as an end in itself, but as a means of enjoyment. Hence he strives after it earnestly, works for it perseveringly, denies himself fleeting pleasures, at times even necessities, while slowly hoarding it, and often sinks into the depths of avarice. If a Frenchman had to choose between losing his money or his life he would in nine cases out of ten prefer the latter. He might exclaim: "It may not be necessary that I should

(1) Victor Margueritte is one of the most eminent. See his startling article in the *Ere Nouvelle* of August 7th.

exist, but it is indispensable that I should enjoy a competency." The most sensitive organ of a Frenchman is his purse.

Having won the war, then, it was essential that the people should receive an indemnity, that being for them the outward and visible sign of victory. The money, the actual gold and silver, must be forthcoming. M. Poincaré had promised it in return for permission to enter the enemy's country, and to operate there as he thought proper. They had commissioned him to do this just as a private creditor might authorise a bailiff to collect a debt. Having received such a mission, the bailiff enters the abode of the debtor, and the upshot of his action is usually the recovery of the money, which is all that the creditor cares about. M. Poincaré was the national bailiff, the people conferred on him special powers to get the money from the Germans, and allowed him to use his own discretion as to the means. Their motives went no farther. For the French people as a whole harbour no deep-seated hatred of the German, certainly no such animosity as was, and still is, preached and propagated by certain politicians and pressmen.

But the multitude waited, demanded and clamoured for the money in vain. And when at election time M. Poincaré's friends moved about the country with the same old doctrine of faith without good works, of hatred for the past, trust for the future and patience for the present, they were sharply called to account. I witnessed instances worth recording. I met a peasant in one of the central Departments of France—an ordinary shrewd husbandman—who brusquely broke into one of those unctuous electoral discourses and exclaimed, in his racy *patois*: "You told us all that before the Ruhr was occupied, and we listened to you then because promises were all you could give us then. But they are out of season now. We needed money for reparations. You said you would get it for us if you might occupy the Ruhr. Well, you took the Ruhr and have it still. But you have not forced the Germans to pay us. On the contrary, you are compelling us to pay for the occupation. Is that what we bargained

for? No, sir, it was not. And we won't let ourselves be saddled with Ruhr expenses. We won't throw good money after bad. That's what I say, and the people of my village say the same. You can take that message to your friends from us." That was the knell of the Bloc candidates in that Department and elsewhere.

There and in every part of the country which I visited since my return to Europe last spring the people are gradually ceasing to reckon with reparations. They still expect something, but are prepared to take a mere fraction of their former claims. So they are turning their attention to their debts and are plaintively inquiring whether they must really pay those. . . .

In all this France's behaviour illustrates the forgotten or unheeded fact that to have undergone much is not quite the same thing as to have experience. Something more is needed, and, little though this something may be, it is very often lacking.

M. Poincaré's Bloc National very nearly ruined the country, and Europe to boot. It transmuted the military into an economic war and for two years kept the Continent simmering in chaotic welter. It thwarted all efforts to strike up an understanding with Great Britain. For what M. Herriot accomplished in London last August M. Briand would have achieved at Cannes two years earlier. But the Bloc overthrew his Cabinet, turned him out of office and began to wage a one-sided war on Germany. It scouted Mr. Bonar Law's conciliatory proposals; it planned and executed the occupation of the Ruhr; it played havoc with France's finances; borrowed two hundred milliard francs; pleaded poverty when discussing debts to Great Britain; lent four hundred million francs to France's Polish vassal; advanced three hundred million francs to Serbia; arranged for a loan of one hundred millions to Roumania—all for future contingent military services against Germany, and at last it brought French money so low that M. Poincaré had, so to say, to go hat in hand to New York to solicit a loan to keep the franc from overtaking the mark on the road to financial Nirvana. And when at last the French nation, in response to its most sensitive organ, cried Halt!

M. Poincaré made his bow and departed, leaving as a memento 75 milliards worth of Bons de la Défense. The resulting state of French finances is known to few and is hardly realised by anyone. That is one of the sources of coming surprises.

Under these circumstances it was high time to reverse the political engines and steer a new course, and M. Herriot deserves unstinted praise for the feat.

In Germany the Dawes Plan worked like a powerful cordial on a debilitated constitution. It awakened the energies of the nation and generated hopes for which there were but frail foundations, but which did not seem exaggerated when measured by the tremendous efforts put forward by the Government and its supporters to get the plan accepted. It finally came to foreshadow in the minds of many the end of the nation's misery. This is an overestimate and is sure to be followed by keen disappointment. And yet if one considers the alternative to rejection towards which the Nationalists were steering, the Dawes Plan becomes an inestimable boon. For it sets free the Ruhr, advances 200,000,000 gold dollars to Germany, restores her currency to a gold basis, endows her with better credit, proclaims a five years' period of relative relief, during which she can devote her efforts systematically to the development of her productive forces, provided that she increases her taxes, balances her budget and makes certain periodical payments into a bank. Only after the expiry of these five years' grace has she to begin payment of six hundred million dollars a year on account of reparations. In order to realise some of the immediate benefits of the Plan one should remember that to-day the average interest payable in the Reich on private short-term loans is twenty per cent. a month, whereas henceforward it is expected to fall to twelve per cent. a year.

Thus the scheme apparently offers the nation a fair chance to recover and thrive, and the nation eagerly snatches at it. But, on the other hand, it imposes burdens the extent of which is not realised. For a time, at all events, it reduces the people to the status of hewers of wood and drawers of water. That these burdens will be

borne for long is unthinkable. No statesman who has studied the question imagines this. All that can reasonably be hoped for is that the form in which ultimately they are shaken off may engender the least conceivable amount of friction and cause no destructive explosion. Possibly the load will be removed by those who piled it up, seeing that they will have to shoulder much of it themselves, as the Dawes Plan will enable them to see.

In any case, now the Dawes Plan has been adopted by the Reichstag the Germans may be relied upon to do their best to carry out their undertakings, and their best will be attained only if every promise made by the allied delegates be executed to the full. This, however, does not mean that the impossible will then be realised, or that economic miracles will be wrought. Those who shake an elm-tree in quest of pears are sure to be disappointed, and have only themselves to blame.

Anyhow, the Dawes Plan, together with its corollaries, have become the basis of the European settlement. They constitute the standard to which every new arrangement will be referred. Consequently, to the extent to which the Plan differs from the Versailles Treaty it is an implicit modification of that—a modification, therefore, made without formal revision, the first rent deliberately made in an historic instrument, which until yesterday was proclaimed to be inviolable and sacrosanct. What should now interest the world is not the roundabout way in which it is sought to adapt the Peace Treaties to their victims and temper the wind to the fleeceless lambs, but the all-important implicit admission on the part of the Allied Powers that their Peace Treaty was a blunder and that what they did at Versailles they must undo elsewhere.

The next step, from the purely material point of view, will be the coming together of France and Germany for the purpose of restoring some of the values destroyed during the world war. Progress, as it was understood in those halcyon days, made itself felt in a variety of ways; it was marked, for instance, by a growing capacity to absorb industrial products; by steadily increasing industrial production; by wealth that continued to accumulate

in markets where money was abundant, and by the rising standard of living among civilised peoples. Those were a few of its main characteristics. The war used up the wealth, commandeered the forces of production, and lowered the standard of life. Its concomitants wrought analogous changes for the worse, so that it will be no easy task to restore normal or even create tolerable conditions of material progress. And that is the task in hand. Among the changed and changing factors which preoccupy European statesmen are the movements towards economic independence in Asia, Africa, and elsewhere, which bid fair to convert consumers into competing producers, internal troubles in China, Brazil, India, and a complete collapse in Russia, where the hands of Time's clock seemed to have moved backwards and conjured up conditions of fifty years ago. In Central Europe the period of economic war and inflation is only now coming to an end, and the healing process is just beginning to start. Money has been much too dear to allow the work to be carried on with the necessary degree of thoroughness. Henceforward, however, the measures taken will be more radical and the consequences more painful and widespread. The main object is the cheapening of production in all branches. The principal means are the disposal of the superfluous stocks of industry and commerce, the reduction of the personnel of banks, boards, and generally the cutting of expenses of all kinds down to the point at which outlay plus interest on debts are less than the returns. Enterprises that bring in nothing have no justification for existence, and must therefore vanish. And their number is considerable.

This pruning process will cause weeping and gnashing of teeth, for it will involve unemployment on a large scale and all the evils that unemployment brings in its train. These will not be fully felt until after the harvest, when the pinch will be uncommonly severe. The emigration problem and the lack of colonies will then again be pushed into the foreground of actuality. But however painful these after-effects, the work of pruning and lopping must proceed, for there is no other remedy available. All the

avoidable price-raising conditions that have crept in between production and consumption must be done away with. Railway freights will have to be cut by the German State; the cost of production in the key industries, such as coal, will be sensibly lowered, and more stress laid upon a quick turnover with smaller profits and less capital outlay than has been the case hitherto. The attitude of the State and of legislation towards trusts, syndicates, etc., will be determined by the influence of these upon prices: if they tend to lower the cost, they are beneficial and will be encouraged, otherwise they, too, must go by the board.

As Germany has to feed some twenty millions of her population on the proceeds of her foreign trade, a certain moderately protective tariff is a necessity, but will probably not be higher than the higher cost of her agricultural produce as compared with that, say, of Canada, Australia, or the Argentine. Without such production, agriculture would necessarily decay and become expensive. It is believed, however, that once the prices of commodities have definitely sunk and money is easier, it will be possible to employ more hands. Consumption would thereupon increase without a corresponding rise in prices, and together with these changes the standard of life would mount considerably. This, however, is but a hope. Meanwhile, these coming events have cast their shadow over Great Britain, where many people assume that they portend the rapid decay of our country as one of the greatest producers in the markets of the world. Before the war, it is argued, Germany's industry threatened ruin to ours, and the war having exorcised this danger we of our own free will are doing everything we can to recall it to life.

That is one way of looking at the matter. Happily it is not the only one. There is no doubt that our ex-enemies will shortly become our most redoubtable trade rivals, but if they ultimately drive us from the markets it will be our own fault. The upshot still depends largely upon ourselves. True, the present constellation is particularly adverse. Whereas Germany during the period of inflation invested her paper money in the renewal of her industrial plant and is now thoroughly and efficaciously rigged out

for the fateful competition, Great Britain lags lamentably behind in many departments of industry and trade, and is still hesitating to risk the expenditure necessary for equalising her chances. We are penny wise and pound foolish. Again, the number of the unemployed, who are a drain on Britain's resources and a ponderous drag on her exertions, is not only large but increasing. And no remedy is at hand. In this respect every other country is better off. France's economic situation is exceptionally good, and its tendency is permanently upwards. Even Germany is improving, and not by paces or strides, but by leaps and bounds. Within ten months this betterment in the sphere of public revenue reached ninety-nine per cent., and at the present moment the trade balance is active, exports being in excess of imports. If to economic mischance we add political, the colours of the picture become superlatively gloomy. Troubles in India and Egypt, fears of trouble in Ireland, and the rapid passage of the Imperial organism into a new stadium wherein the centripetal force of the metropolis is unknown and incalculable.

The Versailles peace arrangements, to which Mr. Lloyd George materially contributed, were so perversely put together that, whether French Nationalists under M. Poincaré or French Democrats under M. Herriot set to work to carry them out to the letter or to evade them in spirit, Great Britain has to pay more than her share of the cost. Thus the occupation of the Ruhr, which was an arrow aimed at Germany, struck England as well. And now the Dawes Plan, which is a praiseworthy advance along the lines of international co-operation, will compel Great Britain in self-defence to overhaul her industrial plant, amend her commercial methods and financial procedure, and readjust her legislation for the purpose of cheapening coal, lessening freights, utilising water power, and paving the way to increased production and correspondingly wide distribution. And all this entails heavy outlay at a time when the pound sterling, not yet on a gold basis, is yielding its place as the world's standard to the North American dollar. Moreover, the brotherly sentiments which are to take the place of suspicion and hatred between France

and Germany will probably assume in the first instance the unwonted forms of a huge Franco-German industrial combination and a commercial treaty—arrangements which suggest to British business circles the question whether the old era of Versailles or the new epoch of Geneva was the most trying. The plain fact would seem to be that idealism and politics might be joined in wedlock, so remote is their relationship to each other. Between the idealism of Ministerial speeches and the brutal realism of treaties, tariffs, anti-emigration laws, and bankers' measures yawns the eternal abyss that sunders all being from seeming. It is no exaggeration to say that every political move made on the Continent since the "peace" was largely the result of hidden forces which stood in no casual relation to the reorganisation of Europe. What, for example, wrought the conversion of French electors and brought back the partial evacuation of German territory? A sudden fit of sentimentalism or a new insight into the injustice of the policy of M. Poincaré? Neither. It was chiefly the grounded misgivings of international bankers about the success of their operations and the overwhelming pressure which they brought to bear on the French worshipper of the golden calf. And chief among those bankers was Mr. J. P. Morgan.

Indeed, the only streak of idealism hitherto noticeable in the coarse texture of European policies was introduced by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. His name will be indissolubly associated with the first and only move yet started in the direction of a worthy goal common to all European States. Ever since the Armistice a stream of frothy talk had been incessantly poured forth by Prime and Foreign Ministers, journalists and financiers—talk of Armageddons and Pisgahs and new eras of democracy, but there was no perceptible progress made, no real work done. It is to the credit of the first Labour Premier that he has closed that chapter of high-falutin twaddle and achieved an historic feat. Not only has he pointed out the way to normal life, but he has induced Europe to make the first step on the wearisome road to be traversed. His bold initiative, his acceptance of responsibility, and his readi-

ness to stake on the throw everything that the ordinary politician values and fears to forfeit, stamp him as a statesman and entitle him to a unique place above all the ambitious and hairsplitting demagogues of to-day.

To Mr. MacDonald's credit, then, stands the best stroke of work possible under the prevailing conditions. But the conditions prevailing are bad—almost the worst conceivable—and his action has been confined to a corner of the realm of politics and economics. Hence the drawbacks that still invite criticism and call for betterment, and the curious antinomies that arise once the reform measures are applied. For example, the English-speaking people on both shores of the Atlantic insist on Germany becoming once more a great producer and a cheap vendor, and are willing to assist her with credit, but at the same time in London and Washington Parliamentary Bills are being framed or discussed for the purpose of keeping out her cheap products when offered for sale! If such incongruities be unavoidable something must be wrong at the source.

The fact would seem to be that the European problem in all its manifold bearings has never yet been fully stated. The Dawes Plan has been praised highly and deservedly. But it is a mistake to regard it as a solution. It is at best a telling proof that the reparations problem as laid down by the scribes of Versailles is insoluble, whether by reason of Germany's inability to pay or because payment would ruin, in lieu of enriching, the victorious creditors is immaterial. The important fact is that reparations are a delusion and a snare. Nearly three years ago I discussed this subject at considerable length with the late Walther Rathenau and the Chancellor, Dr. Wirth. They both agreed with me so completely that they looked upon it as Germany's duty to pay everything asked for by the Allied States to the extent of her capacity until her creditors themselves should cry halt! To this point the Dawes Plan is sure to bring us. Therein lies its intrinsic value: it is an economico-financial *reductio ad absurdum*.

The work accomplished in Geneva is in a way monumental and deserves more credit than it has already

received. And yet, scanned from a purely practical point of view, it is hardly more than a sketch roughly traced by the hand of an architect. Whether any universal and lasting institution will ever correspond to it in international legislation is doubtful. And yet some advance towards that is the touchstone, not indeed of its intrinsic value, but of its worth as a stimulant. To-day the peoples of Europe have at least an idea of what must be done before they can settle down again to normal conditions. Whether they will make the requisite sacrifices will depend largely upon their law-givers, their journalists, their public workers—in a word, the teachers and guides who impress, inspire, and move them. For what will ultimately tell is less the number and functions of the new institutions than an atmosphere of fellow-feeling, of mutual trust, of co-operation.

The reconstruction problem has many facets, none of which may be neglected. Besides the economic and the financial, there are the political issues, for some of which no satisfactory settlement can be suggested under present conditions. Assume that Europe is in possession of a genuine League of Nations and an independent Court of Arbitration. The latter body will never be allowed to adjudicate the "reserved cases." All matters involving or supposed to involve the "honour" of a State lie beyond the judgment seat of the international tribunal, and no body other than the nation itself or its official representatives is competent to deal with them. Such is the doctrine still taught by the great peoples of the world. And so long as it prevails, only mere palliatives against the evils of militarism are feasible. There can be no plucking out of the roots. Again glance at the question of guarantees and security when musing on international arbitrament. The first misgiving in the minds of all is this: will such a court be empowered to alter the territorial integrity of the various European States in the exercise of its discretion, or will it be bound to respect the frontiers justly or unjustly traced by the demiurgi of Versailles? Whatever answer may be given to this query will at once let loose a storm of opposition which will sweep away the

best laid plans of reformers. For an era of good fellowship and justice cannot be based upon the systematic maintenance of might and fraud, because a sodality consisting of bullies and their victims joined together by "moral" ties to respect and uphold the booty snatched by the former from the latter is a monstrosity.

So long, then, as Europe remains carved as it was at Versailles by *les géographes malgré eux* no mere Court of Arbitration can hope permanently to keep the peace. A tribunal with large discretionary powers to be exercised freely in the interests of equity, whose decision would be upheld by military force, could accomplish the task. But that is not what Europe is now bargaining for.

The moral and social atmosphere, poisoned by the deadly gases of the world war, is not to be disinfected by institutions only. Propaganda is also essential, and together with that the systematic removal of everything that engenders hatred, suspicion, jealousy. Yellow journalism, for instance, is a scourge that should be extirpated without mercy like yellow fever or leprosy. And for this purpose institutions of a kind that never before existed are needed in every nation on the globe. Are they likely to be forthcoming to-day?

The war, which dislocated every department of State and demoralised every layer of society, thereby disqualified Europe for the new *rôle* destined for it by political reformers. And now it must first go into training. History-teaching, which is generally yellow journalism in book-form served up with pedagogical sauce, must be reformed everywhere. The work has been begun in Mexico under President Obregón, but only there. And one swallow does not make a summer. On the other hand, we have Mr. D. W. Griffith's film *America*, which tells the story of the Americans so patriotically that he makes heroes of the Americans and devils of the British. Such educational poison must be made to disappear, together with much else, before the new era can really begin. The dispute now going on about responsibility for the world war and the passions it is arousing present an instructive, but not an edifying, illustration of what awaits the reformer.

To sum up: the Dawes Plan may fairly be described as an international arrangement whereby the root fallacy will ultimately be laid bare that the reparations problem, as laid down by the Treaty of Versailles and modified by the investigations of Messrs. Moulton and McGuire, can be solved.¹ And the historic resolution taken at the Geneva meeting of the League is a praiseworthy beginning, which, if persisted in, will bring home to the dullest apprehension the rudimentary truth that the wielders of might and their victims cannot be expected to work efficaciously to uphold the sanctity and inviolability of the property acquired by the former. It is against human nature.

(1) *Germany's Capacity to Pay: A Study of the Reparation Problem*, by Harold Moulton and Constantine McGuire. The Institute of Economics, New York, 1923.

MUSSOLINI AND MACHIAVELLI

By G. M. GODDEN

"The principal foundations of all States, both ancient and modern, are good laws, and a proper military force to support them."—MACHIAVELLI, *Discorsi*, Bk. I, Ch. 58.

THE *enfant terrible* of Europe has again thrown a stone into the momentarily placid waters of international politics. A Europe that contains a Mussolini will never be stagnant. The immediate disturbing act is a statement, made deliberately and of intention aforethought, that the principal work of Nicolo Machiavelli—a writer generally supposed to have supplied, by popular affirmation of intimate alliance, our English nickname for the devil—is "the statesman's supreme guide." If the supreme guide of statesmen is to be *The Prince*, the *opus magnum* of Machiavelli, alias "Old Nick," may not a grave apprehension that Europe is going to the devil be justified? On the other hand, as this statement comes from the lips of the strong man who has succeeded, as no other post-war statesman has succeeded, in retrieving his country from the brink of political and social dissolution, and restoring her moral, industrial and financial national life, is it possible that the sweeping attribution of Machiavellianism, that is to say, diabolism, to Machiavelli, may be mistaken?

A question that but two months ago might have seemed but little more than an academic exercise in Italian history suddenly confronts the Englishman, reading his morning paper, as a matter of practical politics; and the man in the street finds himself asking, perhaps with a rare appropriateness, "Who the devil is Machiavelli?"

"I believe Machiavelli's *Prince* to be the statesman's supreme guide," writes Benito Mussolini. Diderot said that the heading apparently most suitable for four of the principal chapters of *The Prince* would be "The circumstances under which it is right for a Prince to be a Scoundrel." Mussolini writes: "I want to preserve the

direct contact between Machiavelli's doctrine and my life as I have lived it, between his and my thoughts on men and affairs, between his and my practice of governing." Recent commentators remind us that the terrible creed of Machiavelli based its calculations, calculations steeped in political immorality, on "the innate folly, ingratitude and depravity of mankind"; and that the principles of Machiavelli are a "negation of the moral law." Is the liberator of Italy from the forces of corruption, of irreligion, of anarchy, now preparing to regulate his administrative methods by the "negation of the moral law"? It has been said that the pages of Machiavelli read as though they had been "written with the point of a stiletto." Is the practice of governing to revert to the habits of the Borgias?

Who and what is this fifteenth century Florentine who, in the brief span of his fifty-eight years, contrived to start a political and intellectual ferment which remains active five hundred years after the close of his meteoric career; a ferment so persistently alive that no less an historian than the late Lord Acton calls him "no vanishing type, but a constant and contemporary influence,"¹ while to a scholar and politician of the calibre of Lord Morley he is "a contemporary of any age and a citizen of all countries"?²

Nicolo Machiavelli was born in 1469. He was the son of a Florentine lawyer, of noble origin, his family claiming direct descent from the feudal lords of Montesportoli. The boy became a good classical scholar, and when twenty-five years old obtained a clerkship in the Chancery of Florence, under Savonarola. Four years later, when only twenty-nine, he was appointed secretary to the *Dieci di Libertà e Pace*, the Council of Ten, which fulfilled, in a measure, the functions of a Florentine War Office. This post carried with it ambassadorial duties, and the young Machiavelli was sent on diplomatic missions to Julius II.; to the Courts of Louis XII., of the Emperor Maximilian, and of Catherine Sforza; to the camp of the infamous Cesare Borgia Duke of Valentino; and to the

(1) Introduction to *The Prince*, by Lord Acton. Clarendon Press Ed.

(2) *Miscellanies*, Lord Morley.

petty Italian despots of the day. On all these rulers, together with their courtiers, their soldiers, the citizens of their cities, and the peasantry cultivating their lands, Machiavelli employed a faculty of observation extraordinarily acute and merciless. He is a faithful disciple of the Aristotelian dogmas, the rediscovery of which had revolutionised the world of perception and thought, two hundred years before his own day. And, therefore, the genius of Bacon applauded the Machiavellian application to the sphere of government of that inductive method which he himself was advocating in regard to natural sciences, the Aristotelian passion for facts: "We are much beholden," wrote Bacon, "to Machiavelli and others, who wrote what men do, and not what they ought to do." Machiavelli, the "student of the art of government," was always "thinking over the material with which he had to deal"¹ both as student and as diplomat. He was continually observing the men by whom he found himself surrounded, and whom, in the exercise of his ambassadorial office, it was his duty to persuade, to control, to utilise.

For fifteen years the life of Nicolo Machiavelli was the life of the man of action; a life passed in the council chambers, the camps, the courts of the Renaissance. And to his visits to the courts of Louis XII., and of the Emperor Maximilian, has been attributed the awakening in his mind of "the magnificent idea of a United Italy, at peace internally, and impregnable to attack from without"; a patriotic ideal which he declared could be attained "by means of a general system of national militia throughout the peninsula, replacing the dangerous and degrading use of mercenaries, then in vogue."² It is this conception which, as we shall see, forms the noble conclusion to the many ignoble pages of *The Prince*. Then, in 1512, came the triumphal return of the exiled Medici into Florence, followed by the fall of the popular party and of their Secretary of State. After the fashion of those days the late Secretary found himself not only in retirement but in prison, and subjected to the torture

(1) Lord Morley, *Romanes Lecture*, 1897.

(2) "Niccolo Machiavelli," *Dublin Review*, 1909.

of the rack on a charge of complicity in a plot against Cardinal Giovanni de Medici. To the personal intercession of the great Medician Pope, Leo X., Machiavelli owed his release; and he then retired "with intense bitterness in his heart" to his little country estate at San Casciano, eight miles from Florence. A letter written in the following year, to a friend, gives a vivid picture of the daily life of this restless genius, suffering from that malady of lost power which is apt, as Lord Morley says, "to afflict members of Opposition":—

"I am at my farm; and, since my last misfortunes, have not been in Florence twenty days. I rise with the sun, and go into a wood of mine that is being cut, where I remain two hours inspecting the work of the previous day, and conversing with the wood cutters, who have always some trouble on hand among themselves, or with their neighbours. When I leave the wood I proceed to a well, and thence to the place which I use for snaring birds, with a book under my arm—Dante, or Petrarch, or one of the minor poets, like Tibullus or Ovid. I read the story of their passions, and let their loves remind me of my own, which is a pleasant pastime for a while. Next I take the road, enter the inn door, talk with the passers-by, inquire the news of the neighbourhood, listen to a variety of matters, and make note of the different tastes and humours of men. This brings me to dinner-time, when I join my family, and eat the poor produce of my farm. After dinner I go back to the inn, where I generally find the host, and a butcher, a miller, and a pair of bakers. With these companions I play the fool all day at cards, or backgammon: a thousand squabbles, a thousand insults, and abusive dialogues take place, while we haggle over a farthing, and shout loud enough to be heard from San Casciano. But when evening falls I go home, and enter my writing-room. On the threshold I put off my country habit, filthy with mud and mire, and array myself in courtly garments; thus, worthily attired, I make my entrance into the ancient courts of the men of old, where they receive me with love, and where I feed upon that food which only is my own, and for which I was born. I feel no shame in conversing with them and asking them

the reason of their actions. They, moved by their humanity, make answer; for four hours' space I feel no annoyance, forget all care; poverty cannot frighten, nor death appal me. I am carried away to their society. And since Dante says 'there is no science unless we retain what we have learned,' I have set down what I have gained from their discourse, and have composed a treatise *De Principatibus*, in which I enter, as deeply as I can, into the science of the subject, with reasonings on the nature of principality, its several species, and how they are acquired, how maintained, how lost. . . . To a prince, and especially to a new prince, it ought to prove acceptable. Therefore, I am dedicating it to the Magnificence of Giuliano." Such was the genesis of that world-famous handbook in the art of statecraft, *The Prince*.

The outcome of his enforced retirement won for Machiavelli very little recognition from His Magnificence Giuliano, or, on the unexpected death of the Duke, from other members of the conquering family of the Medici. Machiavelli, however, left his farm, and returned to Florence; and, as a member of the Florentine Academy, gave a course of lectures, in the Oricellari Gardens, on the military history of Livy, the famous democratic *Discorsi*. It is in these Discourses that popular rule is advocated, since "the rule of a people is characterised by more constancy, judgment, and prudence than the rule of a prince"; and here the unexceptionable axiom is laid down that "the principal foundations of all states, both ancient and modern, are good laws and a proper military force to support them."¹ The late Secretary of State further beguiled his enforced leisure by the production of certain brilliant comedies, and by *Seven Books on the Art of War*. Then came a few inconspicuous diplomatic missions; and a commission to write the *History of Florence*. This work he completed, and dedicated to Leo X., in 1527. Both Leo X., and the second Pope of the Medici family, Clement VII., sought his advice in political matters. On the fall of the Medicis and the restoration of the Republic in Florence, the former Republican Secretary, who had changed parties to become

(1) *Discorsi*, Book I., Chap. 58, etc.

the servant of the Medicis, found himself bereft of all hopes of political employment, and a legend grew up that his death, in this year of 1527, was self-inflicted. This was denied by his son Piero, and it is known that before death came he had made his peace with God, receiving the last Sacraments at the hands of a friar.

Within fifty years of his death the name of this Florentine lawyer, and diplomat, had become famous throughout the civilised world. Catholics and Calvinists both attacked him, and then reviled each other as Machiavellist. He was declared to be the oracle of Catherine of Medici. He was blamed in Spain for laxity, and by English Puritans as an advocate of persecution. An industrious German professor has discovered 395 references to him in English Elizabethan literature, all laying upon him "the craft, malice, and hypocrisy of the Evil One." These researches must have been congenial to certain aspects of the modern Teutonic mind. Cardinal Pole has recorded that, one day, he was conversing with Henry VIII.'s apt tool in confiscation and religious bigotry, Thomas Cromwell. The conversation between the Cardinal and the Minister turned upon the characteristics of a prudent councillor, and Cromwell, as might be expected, advocated the use of hypocrisy and of fraud. He further advised the Cardinal to read a book written by a "practical man, whose rules and maxims were confirmed by every-day experience." The Cardinal procured this useful handbook for politicians, and soon decided that, brilliant as might be the intellectual powers of the writer, the pages nevertheless were "penned by the finger of Satan." The book was Machiavelli's *Prince*. It is very much in accord with the verdict of the great English Churchman that the characteristics of the modern German, as exemplified in the late war, have been directly traced to the writings of this "finger of Satan":—"if we wish to discover the doctrinal source of German unscrupulousness, ruthlessness, and barbarity, we must go back four centuries, to Machiavelli. He is admittedly the author of Prusso-German statecraft. Treitschke was a warm admirer of the author of *The Prince*."

(1) THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, June, 1917.

On the other hand we have Harrington, the famous author of *Oceana or the Model Commonwealth*, declaring that Machiavelli is the skilful physician of the body politic, exposing the diseases which he detects, and thereby tending "not to the increase but to the cure of them." We have Yriarte declaring that "in whatever light he is looked at he is a great patriot, without doubt." We have the youth of the *Resorgimento* venerating him as the originator of the ideals of Italian independence, and unity; and the Italian Government of 1869 placing on his house in Florence a tablet commemorating him under this aspect. We find that United Italy's first King, Victor Emanuel, recognised this "noble ideal, underlying and permeating all his writings,"¹ and that he was careful to make a continual study of Machiavelli's works. We have the present regenerator of Italy proclaiming that, for him, the doctrine of the Florentine exponent of statecraft is more alive to-day than it was four centuries ago; and that, if anything, Machiavelli does not go far enough: "If I am permitted to judge my fellow creatures and contemporaries, I cannot in any way depart from the conclusions of Machiavelli," writes Mussolini, when quoting the Machiavellian estimate of the general baseness of men; "in fact, I have to be even more severe."²

Mussolini, who endangered the first moments of his hardly won political power by faithful adherence to a treaty made by his predecessors, announces himself as the disciple of a teacher who inculcates the reduction of treaties to scraps of paper. Mussolini, whose life is a burning flame of patriotism, accepts the dogmas of a thinker for whom the people, individually, are so despicable that malignity may be presupposed as their natural condition. Wherein shall we find a solution for so resounding a paradox? If solution there be, it must be found in the brief but pregnant pages of *The Prince*.

What are the essentials, and what the accidental parts, of this handbook in the art of consolidating authority in a State? First, we may take Machiavelli's invariable assumption that the State is a form, ordained by God, of

(1) *The Dublin Review*, *op. cit.*

(2) "Benito Mussolini," *English Life*, June, 1924.

human association, whether it be a State ruled by a republic, or by a constitutional, or even by an autocratic sovereign. This is the Fascist conception of the State as a temporal organisation, subserving the universal idea of a universal State, the sovereignty of which is a divine delegation, the authority of which comes from God. For Fascism does not deify the State. Fascism regards the State as under the moral law which finds its sanction in God.¹ The divine right of the State to an ordered and secure existence being postulated, it follows that man, being the turbulent and selfish and ignorant creature that all experience proves him to be, must, for his own good, be placed under a coercive discipline by which his anti-social instincts are restrained, while the lack of political wisdom and understanding, inherent in the masses, is supplied by a leadership of those with wider experience and trained political judgment. "A referendum is a very good thing when it is a question of choosing the best spot for placing the village pump. But when the supreme interests of the people are at stake, even the most ultra-democratic governments take care not to submit them to the will of the people," writes Mussolini. But if the people are not to have control in the affairs of the State, it is the business of the ruler, declares Machiavelli, to see to it that the Commons are both satisfied and contented. "Well ordered States and wise Princes have provided with extreme care that the Commons shall be kept satisfied and contented, and a ruler should show himself a patron of merit, and encourage his subjects by enabling them to pursue their callings, whether mercantile, agricultural, or any other, in security, so that a man should not be under the apprehension that his possessions be taken from him." Machiavelli would have abhorred an income tax of 4s. 6d. in the £; but he would not "refrain from opening a trade for fear of taxes."² Mussolini, in the course of one year, has wiped out a national deficit of 1,187,000,000 lire; and the balancing of the Italian budget, which "even two years ago had seemed a dream of the far distant future, is now an

(1) "The Basis of Fascism," J. S. Barnes, *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1924.

(2) *The Prince*, Chapter XVIII.

accomplished fact.”¹ We perceive, then, that Machiavelli’s rules for the wise ordering of a State at peace hardly suggest the finger of Satan. Do we come to closer quarters with our paradox in his advice to rulers at war, advice which indeed occupies the greater part of his *Prince*, just as war occupied the greater part of the life of an Italian statesman of the fifteenth century? For the political world of Machiavelli was a world perpetually at war; these wars, moreover, being waged under conditions very similar to those inspired, during the late war, by German mentality. To the modern German mind a treaty, as we all know, is a scrap of paper. “A prudent Prince,” writes Machiavelli, “neither can, nor ought, to keep his word, when to keep it is hurtful,” although “everyone understands how praiseworthy it is in a Prince to keep faith.”² Man being what he is, compounded of selfishness and fickleness, it is prudent for the Prince to establish his power by the fear (though not the hatred), rather than the love, of his subjects, since to the average man fear is more potent and enduring than love, and the aim of the prudent Prince is always the material aim of securing a subservient people. In establishing his power, therefore, let the Prince not shrink from a meritorious cruelty which will strike fear into the minds of his turbulent and licence-loving subjects: in other words, let him put the fear of God into them. But having effected this discipline the Prince should at once revert to leniency and the conferring of benefits in order to create contentment.³ In conferring benefits the Prince should be a lavish giver of what does not belong to him, or to his subjects, for “to be liberal with the property of others does not hurt your reputation but adds to it.”⁴ In dealing with a late enemy the prudent Prince should be careful to “root out the line of the reigning Prince,” and we all know the sinister ways of “rooting out” families in vogue during the Italian Renaissance. He should also, when annexing a State, deprive a few persons of their possessions in order to

(1) July, 1924, *The Awakening of Italy*, L. Villari, p. 281.

(2) *The Prince*, Chapter XVIII.

(3) *Ibid.*, Chapter VIII.

(4) *Ibid.*, Chapter XVI.

present the booty to his friends; since the few, being poor and scattered and frightened, will be helpless to harm him, and his own adherents will be rendered devoted by these gifts. Further, “there is no sure way of holding but by destroying, and whoever becomes master of a city accustomed to live in freedom, and does not destroy it, may reckon to be destroyed by it.”¹ Finally, the perfect model proposed by Machiavelli for the conduct of the prudent Prince is Cesare Borgia, the infamous Duke of Valentino, before whose crimes posterity still stands aghast. Here we are confronted with axioms indisputably reeking of the “finger of Satan”; and obviously highly inexpedient, apart from their intrinsic immorality, for the education of the twentieth century statesman. But Mussolini believes Machiavelli’s Prince to be the statesman’s “supreme guide”!

Is the paradox re-solved if we ask whether is meant a supreme guide in aim or in means, in general or in particular, in essentials or in accidentals? The methods of Machiavelli are frankly devilish. They include the breaking of the most sacred ties of human life, the inviolability of the faith of a man with his fellow men, and of a State with other States; the flagrant crimes of murder and rapine; the mean crime of robbing the weak because they are weak; and a total lack of any reference to the laws of God or to the laws of man. For a modern ruler to adopt the Renaissance methods of Machiavelli would, to use yet another paradox, be worse than a crime, it would be a blunder. The failure and final ignominy of the rulers who attempted to employ these methods, in all ages, prove the ultimate impotency of all rebels against divine and natural law.

But the aim of this strangely compounded product of his age is one approved by both the conscience and the instinct of mankind; by both divine and natural law. The aim of *The Prince* is to create a strong, self-respecting, well-ordered State; the State typified by the strong man armed, keeping his house in security. Machiavelli’s ideal statesman, his man of *vertu*, is admirable in his

(1) *The Prince*, Chapter V.

devotion to a single aim, his unswerving courage, his indomitable will, his "passion for facts," his persistence in recognising the many qualities, active for evil and for good, that constitute the human parts of the body politic. He is admirable also in his unflinching recognition of the fact that so long as devilry exists in human nature the powers of good must be in conflict; that human life, if it is to be anything better than the life of the stockyard or the jungle, is a life of incessant spiritual warfare; that while men are compounded of body and of soul this warfare may at any moment become a physical combat of armed forces; and that the ideal State should be ready, by the possession of a national militia, to repel aggression from without, and the ever present forces of disruption from within. To Machiavelli belongs the merit of being the first of European statesmen to make of the militia not a trade but a national service, and the noblest of all the temporal services of the State since, as Cardinal Newman has told us, "a soldier comes more nearly than a king to the pattern of Christ. He is not only strong, but he is weak. He does and he suffers. He succeeds through a risk. Half his time is on the field of battle, and half of it on the bed of pain. And he does this for the sake of others. He defends us by it. We are indebted to him. We gain by his loss. We are at peace by his warfare." It is especially in this ideal of the State liberated from evil powers, made secure from aggression, by the disciplined arms of the citizens, ready to sacrifice life for country, that Fascismo is at one with the Florentine. For, under the leading of Mussolini, Fascismo, in its first arduous days, outnumbered ten to one by the forces of social anarchy, has had but one inspiration, that of active conflict for "God and Country." The first Fascisti went always armed, in body and in soul; they put aside all pleasant things and calmly walked with death; when one of their number fell—and more than 2,000 Fascisti have given their lives in the struggle to liberate Italy—they carried their dead uncovered to burial, *mort sur le champ d'honneur*, slain on the altar of sacrifice for Italy. Mussolini found his country, as she had lain in the days

of Machiavelli, "without a leader, without order, beaten, spoiled, torn in pieces, overrun, and abandoned to destruction in every shape."¹ He rescued her by the invincible power, invincible because based on sacrifice, of the sword drawn in a sacred cause, "for that war is just which is necessary, and their arms are sacred from which we derive our only hope."² What the author of *The Prince* fails to perceive is that armed strength, divorced from morals—that means divorced from the laws of man's final aim—are an inverted pyramid; and that the apparent strength of such acts is but the strength of delirium in the body politic, and not the healthy exercise of all the balanced faculties of the State, raised to their highest efficiency of vigour and of action. The ideal of a unified, strong, secure, national life is perhaps the highest ideal for the present conditions of social existence. But the narrow zeal of Machiavelli pursued this ideal regardless of the laws of man's being; and the millstone of those immutable laws fell upon him, and upon his undiscerning disciples, and ground them to powder. From the initial false premise of "Our country, right or wrong," Machiavelli plunged downwards to the diabolical "For our country wrong is right."³ Blinded by consideration of the merely relative good of wealth, of glory, of power, of conquest, the astute but narrow-minded Florentine missed the necessity of subordinating the particular to the universal, the means to the end, acts of conduct to the laws of the absolute good, whether for man as an individual, or as the patriot member of a national State. Machiavelli failed to perceive that action, unrelated to man's final end, is by no means his chief good; may, indeed, very swiftly become his ruin; and that only by those actions which are in harmony with that final end can he build up an enduring State. Had Machiavelli but co-ordinated the means, elaborated by his acute and observant intellect, with the noble ideal of national unity and security at which he aims, his *Prince* might be recommended, without reserve, as the *vade mecum* of statesmen.

(1) *The Prince*, Chapter XXVI.(2) *Ibid.*(3) *Nineteenth Century*, 1897, Frederick Harrison on "Machiavelli."

ULSTER'S IRISH SPIRIT

BY MACDARA

ULSTER certainly deserves that her sincerity should be as unquestioned by her enemies as it is admittedly, by impartial observers, unquestionable. Her devotion to the Empire and her courage are admitted, but, having wholeheartedly paid her this threefold tribute, one naturally proceeds to make a more intimate examination of her character and position. As a result, I am inclined to liken Ulster to a rather wilful young heir who, full of splendid impulses, is nevertheless rather undisciplined and drinks not wisely but too well of the somewhat heady wine of Imperialism. He mixes it with the undiluted spirit of fanaticism, and as a result looks, as it were, through smoked glasses and sees his cause and himself distorted beyond all resemblance to human common sense. In that, although the Ulsterman is unaware of it, he is acting just the same as the men of the south and west, who, by the same route though with different ingredients, manage to rise to a similar height of unreason.

This proves that the men of the Six and of the Twenty-six Counties have the same integral national qualities; they are rather a race of fighters and dreamers than of statesmen, and that provides the great difficulty in arguing facts with either one side or the other. You cannot argue with idealists, and the men of the dour north are really at heart just as romantic dreamers as their brethren of the south. The northerners dream of a God-given Empire, the southerners of a God-given Republic. A passionate love of Ireland is planted deep in the hearts of all these reckless Irishmen; that fact brought them together before, when in 1798 in the great rebellion against England the most determined fighters came from the Presbyterians of the north. The Ulsterman's generous sense of justice was stirred by the wrongs of his countrymen. Sooner or later their inborn love will bring them together again. There

would be no Ulster question now but for the fact that the Presbyterians grew alarmed at the Roman Catholic fanaticism, especially in the Wexford fighting, and they drew back, allowing the rebellion to fail. But the fact remains that it was not so very long ago that the north were willing to join with the south when they considered her cause was just. It was the artificially created religious bogey which divided them then; it is really the same which divides them now. Yet if Ulstermen could join so recently against the Empire when they believed her unjust, could they not join in her interests now when they have cause to love her so well? In much more recent times northern men have declared that if English policy did not suit them in certain respects they would fight it. They are therefore quite as determinedly independent on the Imperial side as their neighbours are on the Republican. Another point of similarity of character.

Northern people still fear and hate Roman Catholicism, and they fail to realise the fact that never since St. Patrick converted Ireland were the Roman Catholics so little under the dominion of the priests. I don't say that they care any the less deeply for their religion, but the events of the last few years prove clearly enough that they have entirely emancipated themselves from priestly control in temporal matters. Even in spiritual guides of conduct they have sometimes questioned it. The result may be good or evil according to one's views, but the fact should conciliate Ulstermen.

This should, indeed, be the moment for the peoples to draw together, and would have been but for the muddling of politicians. I have the best of reasons for knowing that business men on both sides of the border were eager to facilitate a working arrangement in the interests of commerce even after politicians had themselves created the artificial border barrier. But fanatical passions had been let loose by then and well fanned, and neither Sir James Craig nor Mr. Cosgrave can at present escape from the trammels of a certain small fanatical following that urges each man on.

The tragedy is that if north and south were united the

union would create a colony so powerful as to have illimitable possibilities—a helpmeet, not as at present a danger and a nuisance to the Empire. It ought to be possible to make great sacrifices for such an end. The simplest solution to the ordinary man would be to have a referendum in all the counties affected and let the people themselves decide. The Free State are committed to accept the choice of the people, Sir James Craig stated he did not desire to hold any body of people who preferred to be in the Free State. Such a solution would fit the situation for the moment, and later, when passions calmed down and national and commercial needs took the place of party, the first tendrils of permanent unity would be formed.

The Ulster question is not at all as simple as it looks, but is, indeed, very complicated. Beyond her passionate desire to be within the British Empire is the religious question, which is very intense, bitter, and closely allied with politics. In Belfast Sinn Fein and Roman Catholicism is regarded as one and the same. In southern Ireland the religious feeling is infinitely less intense, and they don't understand, and therefore don't believe in, its genuine passion in the north. A modern Catholic takes his religion much more calmly than the modern Orangeman, who still appears to evolve rather a childish satisfaction in sending the Pope to the devil.

There is one event which would solve the boundary question in five minutes, namely, the dawn of a little real religion in Ireland. The adoption by both Orangeman and Sinn Feiner of the Christlike teaching of charity and brotherly love. God first, the Empire second. God first, the Republic second. But they will not do it in the present passion-laden atmosphere.

In many ways the men of the north are a finer type, and they are certainly infinitely better business men than those of the south. Animals are more kindly treated in the north than they are in the south, and leading men are more willing to get away from politics and take an active part in humanitarian work. In the south politics gnaw at the very vitals of the people.

History has done a good deal to make the north what

it is to-day. But England it was and not the desire of the people which really drew the barrier between the north and the south. In 1798, for example, the Presbyterians of the north were ardent Republicans, as before stated. Later the majority opposed the union, but after the union, when the Presbyterian clergy received a large Government grant, which brought them into intimate relations, they gradually became less Republican and more pro-English. Ulster was, curiously enough, the last part of Ireland to come under English rule, and by that fact she was able to preserve the tenant right of Ulster to which she owes a good deal of her present prosperity. By the tenant right of Ulster, where alone it was preserved, a farmer, though his tenure might be nominally at will, could not be ejected as long as he paid his rent, and if he desired to move to another part of the country he could sell his goodwill to an incoming tenant. Conveyances were made of this right, which was a valuable property with which the law dared not interfere. This right did not start with the plantation of Ulster, but was a relic of the ancient free social policy of the nation, and had simply continued longer in Ulster because she, as stated, did not come under English rule until long after the other provinces.

It can hardly be wondered at, then, if the people in Munster, Leinster and Connaught were idle and indifferent to improvements on their farms, seeing that their landlords could at will serve them with notice to quit without any compensation for their improvements. Of course, that is long since remedied, but it has left its mark in the deterioration of character in the south and the contrary in the north.

Curiously enough, in 1845 a famous Protestant gentleman of Fermanagh, Mr. Grey Porter, was one of the first members of the Eighty-two Club, a semi-military wholly national organisation which Daniel O'Connell considered much too advanced and revolutionary. Grey Porter wrote a good deal on the general Ulster problem. In his view Irish Protestants were distinct from their Catholic fellow-countrymen, but they were equally so from the English. He says: "Their psychology is national, though their

politics are imperial. They have more self-control, more self-reliance than their Catholic countrymen, but . . . they are full of Irish ardour—of Irish love of whatever is daring and splendid. It would certainly be a most magnificent consummation of Irish history if that proud and fiery body, the Protestants of Ireland, should, inflamed by a generous nationality, marshal in the ranks of their Catholic countrymen, unfurl the standard of Orange and Green, and, casting off the shackles of England, display their hereditary valour in the fields that would eclipse the glories of Derry and the Boyne." Fermanagh is one of the disputed counties now, but apparently even then she had a strong Protestant following of anti-Imperialism.

So that really none of the disputing groups in Ireland are altogether coherent or consistent. The Catholic "liberator" was pro-Imperial, the Protestant Fermanagh leader anti-Imperial.

In Ireland, in fact, politics and politicians change rapidly, and in dealing with the Ulster question it is well to remember this. For example, the *Dublin Evening Mail*, which at the time was the chief organ of Irish Orange-ism, suggested that a union should be made between the Orangemen and the Repealers (of the union), who were the Sinn Feiners of their day. Better terms, it suggested, would be got from the southerners than from the British Government. "A hundred thousand Orangemen," it urged, "with their colours flying might yet meet a hundred thousand Repealers on the banks of the Boyne, and, on a field presenting so many reminiscences to all, sign the Magna Charta of Ireland's independence. The repeal banner might then be Orange and Green, flying from the Giant's Causeway to the Cove of Cork, and proudly look down from the walls of Derry upon a newborn nation."

At that time so rapidly was good feeling growing between the two sections that Protestant Repeal Associations had been formed in Dublin, Drogheda, and even in Lurgan, a great centre of Orange-ism. Neither side had any intention of giving up their own religion or ideas, yet they were very close to a union of hearts and interests had

not interested politicians again interfered. Sometimes deliberately, sometimes through stupidity, politicians, generally English, always did interfere. There can be no doubt that the English in the old days regarded the Ulstermen as their garrison in Ireland, and did their utmost to keep them apart from the rest of Ireland just for the sake of making the English connection safe, as was natural from the English point of view, but bound to have disastrous effects upon Ireland. It is therefore no small tribute to the Orangemen that more than once they joined the south in a fight for religious and national liberty.

At the time of the union Irish Protestants were certainly mostly hostile to it, and previously, when Grattan's Parliament ran its short but glorious career, it was chiefly Protestant, and they were on the best of terms and gave every possible freedom to the Catholics.

I mention these things as proof that Ulstermen and southern men were able and willing to find a bridge for themselves in the old days, and bridge-making to-day is easier and quicker work. It could be done; if politicians were eliminated, it would be done.

Unionism of the north is not quite the sturdy thing it was a few years ago. The rise of the Belfast Labour Party has weakened them, divisions in their own ranks have become manifest, and it appears to an onlooker that in the near future Ulsterman and Orangeman will not indicate the same at all. One will be a reasonable cultured northerner of Sir James Craig's type, the other an excited Orangeman, say, of Mr. Coote's. The former will serve the Empire, but he will serve it according to its interests, not according to what he thinks its interests should be. The other will do as much harm to the Empire as a certain ranting lady has done to the cause down south that she professes to serve.

Ulster Unionists have always struck me as cultured, charming people, but a certain type of Orangeman, generally not much blessed with education, bears a strong family resemblance to Mr. de Valera's irreconcilables. They assassinate their own cause by the hatred and violence with which they surround it.

And Ulster's cause is a fair and good one if not carried to excess. She has certainly a grievance in the effort to take from her the conditions under which she holds her present Parliament, but, on the other hand, her opponents contend that as she is merely a province of England there is no reason why England should consult individually any of her provinces before she alters the laws governing them. Most impartial observers admit that Ulster was treated in the most irritating way possible by English politicians, who, as usual, failed to understand Irish character either of the north or of the south.

There seems little excuse for the oldest Parliament in the world to have allowed the Boundary Clause in its present form to go through; as it was illegally (apparently) drawn up, it could not possibly benefit the Free State, and the contents of it would obviously not be acceptable to Ulster. Therefore, the only object which it could and did attain was to create a thoroughly artificial and rage-blinded attitude on both sides. Both leaders have been forced into an arena not of their choosing, and it would require the wit of a superman for either to get out without bloodshed and with national credit. They are being compelled to fight with their hands tied and with the handicap of many different sections of their supporters crowding murderously upon them.

The Ulster Ministers are good men on the whole, and mostly they are not extremists. The Minister for Education in especial stands out as a man of much talent, and Ulster as a whole has an all-round abler Ministry than the south. Nothing was more remarkable this year than the reasonable tone of the speeches at even the Orange demonstration, but even then the chief Ministers did not take part in it, apparently desiring to stand apart from party politics. The one Minister who did was severely, and in a very unfriendly manner, heckled by the crowd, which goes still further to prove that there is an extremist party in Belfast whose views do not command the adherence of the more responsible men.

But to the stranger in Belfast even in the heat of the Orange procession the people were charming. They did

not enquire your views, and were quite willing to show you the best way to view their procession. A gentleman who had the reputation of being a very ferocious special acted as my guide, and informed me the only fault he had with Dublin and the south generally was that you could not get a decent cup of tea there on Sunday. He was rather a charming person and made the most sensible observation I have yet heard on the boundary question. "If all speechmaking could be stopped for a year," he observed, "there wouldn't be any boundary question left."

To vilify Ulster and call her people savages is as stupid as it is unjust. They are a straight and fearless business race who have made their province a success. Starting with fate and England on their side—I am not going into political causes in detail—to their own sturdy characters must be attributed their continued success. Their assistance and example is the most pressing need of the south, who at present could yield place to none for their unbusinesslike methods. Fate has been against the south, and their characters have been moulded by fate. But in courage and daring and idealism there is little to choose.

Politically Ulster's position is not quite as ideal as it looks. To be an isolated unit of the Empire has for her, too, its disadvantages. Her unemployment problem is a bitter one, strikes are injuring her, only a few weeks ago forty or fifty of her working-class families emigrated wholesale to Canada. A number of her people are unrepresented in her Parliament and hold a bitterly resentful belief that they have been unfairly deprived of their votes in municipal affairs. Because of this belief they refused in certain districts to take any part in the elections at all, and therefore are utterly unrepresented. Such a condition is thoroughly unhealthy and is bound to breed grievances.

Ulster's house is surely not quite in order. And she was not able, in spite of her imperial connection, to prevent the series of civil fights, killing and outrages which in fairly recent days took place within her borders. The Free State similarly failed. With the causes of either outbreak we are not concerned, but in the results both sides

of the border paid a big price in blood. Had they acted as one they could have prevented any outbreak.

In all the Irish there is a strain of cruelty: indeed, it generally goes with fanaticism, and neither the north nor the south are exempt. Are not they indeed wonderfully alike? Both Governments at loggerheads with one section of their population, both obliged to govern by keeping large crowds of untried men in prison, both embarrassed by the least pleasant, least responsible, and most animal-like section of their following.

The north the most steadily capable, the south the most brilliantly brainy—what a marriage could be there, my masters!

Let me put the situation as it is and as it will affect the Empire.

The big majority of Ulster ardently desires to remain within the shadow of the Empire. It is, indeed, no wonder that they love her, for Ulster has always been England's white-headed boy. The blood and sinews of the Empire founded Ulster, she is more than half English by descent, but she must remember in all fairness that when Ulster was "planted" with English and Scottish settlers the real Irish owners were driven out to make place for them, and, destitute, they were sent to swell the poverty of the rest of Ireland. That should make her gentler in her thoughts of them.

It is admitted, then, that the psychology of north-east Ireland is not at present in harmony with the rest of the people, and it certainly seems obvious that the population there should be allowed to develop freely within the area where majorities can be obtained for separation from administration or jurisdiction by the Government of Ireland. It cannot be too often repeated that the people are Irish at heart, and this they will discover by the natural evolution of their character. North and south will mate again as inevitably as spring follows winter. The planters and settlers in north-east Ireland have become so intermingled by marriage with the original stock that there are few who cannot claim descent from the ancient heroes of Ulster, and fewer still who are not proud of it. Ulster,

because of the union within her of Gael and Saxon, will have the finer character, and she is well qualified to lead the van to successful nationhood. When the scum of passion is cleansed away from both sides of the border and she and the south acknowledge their common nationality and their common difficulties and their common faults, I believe she will do it.

On Ulster's immediate action depends a great deal Ireland's future within or without the Empire. I am not sure that for the Empire's own sake Ireland will not prove the most valuable and most pleasant neighbour if she is without. With Ulster's voice powerful in her councils all Ireland may prove an infinitely better ally without than she would be legally within. Legal rights count little in the south; invisible bonds, implied obligations, act like bonds of steel. Perhaps that is Ulster's future task, to make Ireland great and to keep her close to the heart of the Empire.

Or it may even be that Ulster alone can keep her within the Empire, a great colony for many long days to come. Southerners so passionately long for unity that if Ulster conceded it they on their part would go a long way to sacrifice their own cherished ideals to meet her. Not all of Ireland certainly, but the majority would rally to the colonial status if they had Ulster with them. Such an Ireland, no matter how she developed, could never be in antagonism to England or the Empire.

One does not underestimate the greatness of the sacrifice it would be for Ulster, but it would be for the Empire, and I do not think that any other scheme will keep southern Ireland within it long. Mr. de Valera's party is gradually drawing its strength from the Free State, there seems no constitutional party ready to take the present dying Ministry's place, ninety-five per cent. of the people at root desire passionately not so much a Republic as absolute separation, and when the war cry is raised they will rally again to the age-old bloody struggle. Mr. de Valera would probably not yield his Republican idea even for Ulster, but it would matter little what he did if the majority of the people—and I firmly believe they would—

swarmed to a great constitutional compromise for Ulster's sake. Perhaps only an Irishman can appreciate the chasm between the forced compromise which exists at present and the willing compromise which is possible. I indicate an ideal, I mention nothing of either terms or conditions. It is Ulster's opportunity.

Clause 12, or an English amending Bill, or any other temporary compromise really only touches the fringe of the subject and in the end will make little difference. No forced intercourse or forced isolation can possibly settle the matter. If they have to be used as temporary expedients they will only make the ultimate chasm to be bridged more deep and more dangerous. Just as a surgeon in battle, unable to obtain the proper drugs to operate, can only do the best he can by giving the patient an opiate.

The immediate future may, and probably will, mean either open chaos or another dose of political drugs all round in Ireland, but the future beyond is full of a very fair promise and will be little affected by the mistakes or the expedients of to-day. The destiny of the Gaels is sure.

THE PRIME MINISTERS AT GENEVA

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

GENEVA, *September.*

HERE in Geneva, the city of Calvin and Rousseau, where the Huguenots and the precursors of the French Revolution found a refuge from persecution, the free expression of ideas has its natural home. Under these clear skies, which are mirrored in the lake, the plant of the Reformation struck root, and the seeds of thought were sown from which our most cherished liberties sprang.

It is befitting that the debate on the new Contract Social of the nations should take place in this city of light. Never have the crowds been so large or the interest in the League so intense as in the first days of September, 1924, when the Prime Ministers of the two greatest Powers in Europe arrived to take part in the debate on disarmament and security in the grand hall of the nations.

The ovation which was given to Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot from the public galleries was an expression of the desire of the nations of the world that something definite might at last be done for the restoration of abiding peace and prosperity. The observers in the galleries represented all classes, from the humblest worker to the man of affairs and finance. Student and scholar, merchant and banker, priest and clerk and mechanic were all represented in those eager faces of men and women in the crowded galleries, who cheered every word in the speeches which suggested closer accord between the nations, and above all between Great Britain and France. Everyone seemed to realise that if England and France could not agree there was no hope of any advance being made towards a better and saner Europe. Every point, therefore, in the speeches of the two Prime Ministers, as they were called, although no such title exists in France, was cheered to the echo. There were no partisans in the galleries. The one desire was to have an end to all

differences of opinion that might stand in the way of a complete accord, so that a real step forward might be taken for prosperity and peace. On the floor of the Assembly where the delegates sat, each group before a row of desks, there were differences of opinion. Mr. MacDonald sat to the left of the platform on which the tribune is placed, and near him were Lord Parmoor and Mr. Henderson. With M. Herriot on the other side of the hall were M. Briand, M. Loucheur, M. Boncour, M. Henri de Jonvenel, and the aged Leon Bourgeois—a strong French delegation. The smaller nations, supported by some of the South American States, inclined to the French view of security. They could not conceive of a world in which safety was to be had without armaments, or accept Mr. MacDonald's warning that history taught that the smaller nations which trusted to might as a shield for justice were doomed. But this did not mean that there was a sharply defined opposition. Nothing more clearly marks the difference between the Assembly of the Nations at Geneva and the national Parliaments to which the delegates of the League are ultimately responsible than the absence of that spirit of partisanship which lends zest to debates at Westminster, or in the French Chamber. Such divisions of opinion as existed, and fundamentally there was a deep difference between the British and French view of the question of security, were subordinate to the general desire to reach a working agreement in the interests of all.

The same spirit animated the speakers in the debate, who, in answer to the summons of the President, walked from the bench where they sat, up the stairs to the tribune where they addressed the Assembly, turning round to bow to the high chair in which Mr. Motta sat.

The arrangements of the hall cannot be said to be perfect. The glass roof and the absence of windows in the enclosing galleries make the Salle de Reformation unbearably hot when the sun shines. The orators have not yet accustomed themselves to the "loud speaker" which is placed, like the receivers of a telephone, in front of them. They either forget that they should not shout

into it, or neglect it altogether. Most distracting to the continuity of interest in the debates is the necessity of interpreting the speeches into either English or French as the case may be. But still, with all its disadvantages, it is the most wonderful Assembly in the world. The applause from the galleries strikes strangely on English ears. But it lends a democratic note to the debates, and to see everyone rise from his place, to see the whole Assembly palpitating with enthusiasm from floor to ceiling, while the glass roof trembles to the acclamations of almost every language on earth, is an unforgettable experience.

This year, after the successful issue of the London Conference, expectations ran high. The miracle of an agreement between Germany and her former enemies had been achieved, on the vexed question of reparation. At last the ground seemed prepared for the pacification of Europe. Men spoke of a new world with renewed hope, in which the labourer in the field and the mechanic in the factory would be able to earn their bread in an abiding sense of security, when, to adopt a famous quotation, the war drum would throb no longer and the battle flag would be furled in the Parliament of mankind. The magic word "Arbitration" was to solve the jealousies and feuds of Europe, and the reign of international law and justice as established by the nations was to take the place of an appeal to force. Aggressive war was to be outlawed as an international crime. The nations were to disarm and acclaim a new covenant of brotherhood.

This was the theme of the speeches which Mr. MacDonald made with such force and eloquence. Clearly and courageously he took his stand on the great moral issue which the framers of the Covenant of the League first exalted, against the view that no plan for the settlement of disputes by arbitration would prove effective that was not supported by force.

The issue was overshadowed by the draft Treaty of Mutual Guarantees which had been elaborated in the previous year by the committee for the reduction of armaments as a compromise between the British and French points of view. Mr. MacDonald had already denounced this

treaty before he came to Geneva, and his criticism was supported by other powerful nations. Many of the States which pronounced in favour of the treaty did so in so hesitating a voice that the British view that the draft treaty had been killed before the debate on security began, appeared to be justified. This was Mr. MacDonald's view, and he resolved to leave no spark of life in the treaty by denouncing it again. He declared the mutual pacts of assistance to be the sowing of the dragon's teeth which would end in future wars and the disruption of Europe.

It was evident that M. Herriot was disconcerted by such a vigorous outburst. Like the delegates of the smaller nations, he remained ominously silent when Mr. MacDonald, working himself up into a passion of eloquence, declared that the danger of supreme importance which was facing the world was that national security should be regarded merely as a military problem, and based solely on the predominance of force. This was not altogether M. Herriot's scheme, for he, too, was to prove that he believed in arbitration. But the tone of Mr. MacDonald's remarks seemed in violent conflict with the French view that disarmament, although desirable, could not precede security, that it could take place only when the nations had shown their desire to accept arbitration, and not even then beyond the limits needed to support justice by force if she were challenged.

"If," said Mr. MacDonald, "after all the appalling evidence in history that military force cannot give security, we to-day go back and repeat the follies of our ancestors, then the security we give of to-day is only a betrayal of the nations we lull to sleep under it." M. Herriot closely watched the effect of this appeal to the Little Entente and Poland. It had very little effect. The little nations, including some of the greater States of South America, looked to M. Herriot as their champion, and when he declared that every nation had an equal right to security, and added that although he agreed with Mr. MacDonald (*mon cher ami*, Macdonald) that arbitration was necessary, it was not sufficient, for justice must be supported by force, the loudest applause came from the smaller nations.

"In our view," said M. Herriot, "there are three stages to the problem—arbitration, security, disarmament." Quoting the words of Pascal, he declared: "Justice without force is powerless; force without justice is tyranny."

M. Herriot's tone was more moderate than Mr. MacDonald's, but it was clear that he did not intend to surrender the draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance which allowed France and other nations to make complementary alliances for their defence within the Covenant of the League. In vain did Mr. MacDonald plead that he was not insensible to the French demand for security in denouncing the mutual pact. If the British Prime Minister declared emphatically that military alliance would not bring security he was wise to add that he was still willing that the matter should be further considered.

Had, indeed, Mr. MacDonald consulted M. Herriot more closely from the first, it would have been apparent to him at once that the honours in the debate were likely to be even. The French stuck to their formula, "Security before disarmament." But M. Herriot appeared at the tribune as a most eloquent advocate of the new system of arbitration, which Mr. MacDonald put forward in his first speech. It was impossible, he declared, to emphasise too strongly the importance of arbitration, and it was for the League of Nations to establish a coherent system of arbitration. He underlined the necessity of compulsory arbitration, and he took his stand as firmly as Mr. MacDonald did on the Covenant of the League, declaring that within its provisions was to be found all the necessary machinery for arbitration. It was for the League itself, he said, to determine the courts which should be set up, by devolving the duty of examining all the questions at issue, including the draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, on the First and Third Committees.

M. Herriot, indeed, went even further than Mr. MacDonald in positively denouncing aggressive war as an international crime, and his suggestion that the difficulty of defining aggression might be overcome by declaring that the aggressor might henceforth be described as the country which refused arbitration went some way to

meet one of the British objections to the Treaty of Mutual Guarantees. He was evidently anxious not only to avoid a rupture, but to establish closer relations with the British. He therefore emphasised all the points of agreement, returning more than once to his thesis that the Covenant of the League provided all that was necessary for the building of the new Temple of Peace. He was willing that the articles of the Covenant should be elaborated and more clearly defined by the First Committee of the League, which deals with legal and constitutional questions. This suggestion, which Mr. MacDonald adopted as his own, finds expression in the second paragraph of the resolution which was finally submitted to the Assembly on September 6th. The First Committee is requested to consider, in view of possible amendments, the articles in the Covenant relating to the settlement of disputes, in fact Articles 8 to 17 (eight to seventeen). It is also invited to examine within what limits the terms of Article 36 (thirty-six), paragraph 2, of the Statute establishing the International Court of Justice might be rendered more precise and thereby facilitate the general acceptance of the clause, "and thus strengthen the solidarity and the security of the nations of the world, by settling by specific means all disputes which may arise between States."

One may certainly trace the hand of Mr. MacDonald in these last words, just as the first paragraph of the resolution bears the mark of M. Herriot's insistence on the further examination of the draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, and the obligations which are contained in the Covenant of the League in relation to guarantees of security.

Now Article 36, which is known as the optional clause, played an important part in the debate at Geneva. It formed the keystone to the American draft Treaty of Disarmament and Security which an American group of distinguished lawyers and experts laid before the Secretariat of the League and to which Mr. MacDonald attached some value. The jurisdiction of the Court comprises all questions which the parties seeking arbitration refer to it and all matters especially provided for in treaties and conventions

in force. The option remains to any nations to declare that they recognise as compulsory, *ipso facto* and without special agreement in relation to any other member or State accepting the same obligation, the jurisdiction of the Court in all or any matters of legal disputes concerning the interpretation of a treaty, or a question of international law, or the existence of any fact, which if established would constitute a breach of an international obligation for which reparation is due.

It is thus open to any State to announce that it is ready to submit to the Court any case whatever that concerns it within the sphere of the Court's jurisdiction. It would have strengthened Mr. MacDonald's case at Geneva if Great Britain had signed the protocol for the obligatory jurisdiction of the International Court. Mr. MacDonald declared that it was the wish of the British Government to sign such undertakings. "But we must, first of all, know," he said, "what that will entail." The question had not been settled whether the optional clause would operate in peace or in war. He therefore proposed to submit the protocol to the examination of the First Committee of the League.

British Governments have so far hesitated to accept the compulsory arbitration clause, because our conception of international law differs in some important respects from the Continental interpretation of public law. This applies especially to the right of search on the high seas, to our prize courts and the doctrine of continuous voyage. These technical objections were not mentioned by Mr. MacDonald. But they were doubtless in his mind, and they are of great importance to Great Britain as a maritime Power. They illustrate the difficulty of accepting an indefinite obligation for compulsory arbitration, and the fact is that very few States have so far signed.

The optional clause shows that we are not alone in hesitating to place questions that might affect our security outside our own control.

But arbitration necessitates the running of risks, and after Mr. MacDonald's acceptance of the test of aggression put forward by M. Herriot, he will hardly be able to

refuse to sign the optional clause, whatever interpretation is given to it by the legal experts of the First Committee. The International Court as at present constituted cannot deal with political issues which are reserved for the Council of the League. Mr. MacDonald seemed to contemplate the creation of several Arbitral Courts; certainly strictly legal questions are to be separated from strictly political questions in his system of arbitration, so that problems affecting security are not likely to be brought within the sphere of an International Court. He particularly pressed for a definition of security, and it was to be the first duty of the Third Committee to consider the material dealing with security and the reduction of armaments. Finally it seemed likely that the Council of the League would continue to adjudicate political issues.

Whatever arbitral system finally emerges for the discussion of the International Conference which is to be summoned to deal with the problem of armaments, the test of aggression will remain. "Are you willing to arbitrate? Will you come before us and tell us what you propose to do? Are you afraid of the daylight?" "Failure," said Mr. MacDonald, "to answer these questions is the test, and the only test, of aggression."

As the speeches proceeded—they were more a series of pronouncements made by the delegates of different States and prepared beforehand than a debate—it was brought home to the British delegation that they had an uphill task to perform in persuading the nations that they could safely proceed with disarmament as the best contribution to their security. M. Theunis, the Belgian Prime Minister, pointed to the fate of Belgium in 1914, the victim of an unprovoked aggression. How could his country, he asked, accept the argument that safety lay in disarmament? For Belgium or Poland or Greece the British way to salvation seemed highly perilous. Their representatives did not, it is true, dispose of Mr. MacDonald's argument, that force was a treacherous friend in need, but were simply not prepared to dispense with pacts of mutual assistance to secure their safety. The brief for the French point of view was admirably put by M. Politis, who spoke

for Greece. But the strongest case for the Treaty of Mutual Assistance was made by M. Theunis. "Who desires general arbitration more than small nations?" he asked. "But will anyone say that a refusal to accept the sentence which has been delivered by the Court is not possible, or that we have no longer anything to dread from selfishness, cupidity and pride?" Therefore, ran the argument, the nations must use every means of strengthening their security. According to M. Theunis, the Treaty of Mutual Assistance was in accord with the letter and spirit of the Covenant of the League. So argued also Dr. Benes. Mr. Karnebeek, on behalf of the Netherlands, supported the British view, and was followed by Mr. Stanning, who declared that Denmark was convinced of the uselessness of a fleet or army. Panama might proclaim the wisdom of disarmament as the best means of security, but the voice of Brazil was on the side of France. On the other side M. Salandra, for Italy, spoke of the dangers of the increased armaments and the fresh rivalries that might arise from mutual pacts. But there was no force of conviction in his smooth phrases. In fact, the bulk of the speeches were on the French side, and the note on which M. Herriot had opened the debate rang with reiterated force through the Assembly to the close of the discussion. Perhaps the best speech for the British view came from the Maharaja of Bikaner, a fine, soldierly figure who knew the horrors of war. We could count also on Canada and Australia.

On September 5th the French press indulged in an extraordinary outburst of temper. The *Matin* was abusive, while "Pertinax" called Mr. MacDonald an impenitent Germanophil for his reference to the difficulty of determining the aggressor even fifty years after a war. Even the *Quotidien* spoke of Mr. MacDonald's speech as "terribly deceptive," because the Powers which accepted his system of arbitration would have no guarantee or protection against the Powers which repudiated it. There was a feeling of tension in the air; the Anglo-French differences assumed a sharper outline in the comments of the French press.

Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot took counsel together.

They agreed to speak again, and after much discussion a formula was found to save the situation, Dr. Benes playing his usual rôle of go-between.

Thus was the resolution which was finally accepted by the Assembly, and to which I have alluded, born after much travail on Saturday morning, September 6th. Once more the two protagonists ascended the tribune; once more the galleries were packed to overflowing; and, amid vociferous acclamation, the new Entente on arbitration was sealed. It was on the Covenant of the League. The French had discovered that Article 10 contained the now lively spirit of the Pact of Mutual Assistance; and the two Prime Ministers shook hands, as on a charter of peace and security.

The two Prime Ministers, so different in appearance, one slightly built, grey-haired and sensitive-looking, the other broad and burly of frame, with the open, genial face of the Gascon—D'Artagnan and Porthos, so someone nicknamed them, with Lord Parmoor as Aramis—left Geneva and entered Paris literally arm-in-arm. But let us be under no delusion as to immediate results in the creation of a new morality. Bia and Kratos will not easily let go of Prometheus. The clash of the eternal conflict between those who believe in the appeal to moral principles and those who trust to their strong arms alone has not been settled at Geneva, and no miracle for the regeneration of mankind will come out of the First or Third Committee. Nevertheless there has been an advance to a saner outlook. I confess to being hopeful, for I believe that Herriot, like MacDonald, is at heart an idealist, and has real faith in humanity. He, too, is in favour of Germany entering the League, and thus the empty, menacing chair at the council table, to which Mr. MacDonald so eloquently referred, may be filled. The British delegation have taken a strong line on the entry of Germany, and it is possible that before these lines appear in print she will have asked for her admission. Let us hope that this may be so, for if the fifth assembly of the League were to accomplish nothing else, it would have taken a notable step towards the pacification of Europe.

THE TYRANNY OF TRADE UNIONISM

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE strike of porters at Covent Garden, who receive for their unskilled labour a wage ranging from £3 to £10 per week, according to the season of the year, has directed attention to the dangers which threaten the prosperity of this country owing to the inequalities of wages in sheltered and unsheltered industries.

Among Labour-Socialists there is a growing contempt for expert knowledge in the management of business, the organising of the making and selling of goods; an increasing tendency to undervalue manual skill, finding expression in an anomalous wage system under which "hewers of wood and the drawers of water" are more highly paid than craftsmen; a failure to realise that capital, in constantly reinforced streams, is necessary to industrial progress—to develop fresh processes, erect new factories and buy machinery—and that capital is the result of thrift practised by millions of individuals of all classes; and an ignoring of the essential part which foreign trade plays in the support of this overcrowded country, which cannot live for three months unless it can exchange goods or services (such as shipping, insurance, and banking) for food and raw materials.

In process of time the capitalistic system has enabled upwards of forty millions of people to live in this little island of less than 90,000 square miles, which contains very meagre natural resources (hardly any except its coal measures), where a little over one hundred and twenty years ago—in 1801, on the eve of the industrial revolution—only about 9,000,000 men, women, and children existed at a far lower standard of living. The secret of this progress in population and in comfort is to be found in the free play of national character in developing internal industry and in building up a great foreign trade, sustained by the most efficient, as well as the cheapest, shipping facilities.

The process of wealth production is not so simple as the Labour-Socialist imagines. Food for sustenance and raw

materials for industry are brought into British ports day by day; labour—labour of brain as well as of the hand—converts those raw materials into highly finished manufactured articles, the workers in the meantime having to be paid wages that they may buy food and other things; the surplus of those goods, as well as about 80,000,000 tons of coal, go out into the markets of the world, to be sold at competitive prices; and thus payment is effected for more food and more raw materials. It is obvious that, in the interest of the whole community, the welfare of the wealth producers, who include brain workers and hand workers, should be the first care of the nation, but, in these post-war days, it often pays a man better to sweep a street or act as railway porter or do other subsidiary service than to develop the skill necessary for the making of goods and the production of wealth.

That anomalous position has been reached as the result of the tyranny of trade unionism. For years past it has been engaged in two separate and distinct campaigns. The one has been a general attack on the economic life of the community, finding expression in demands for higher wages and shorter hours, enforced by repeated strikes. The other has been in the nature of internecine warfare between trade union and trade union, and for that also the nation is paying a heavy price in arrested prosperity. Before the war wages in what are often described as the sheltered industries—those not exposed to the full blast of foreign competition, and for the most part unskilled—bore a definite relationship to the wages paid in the unsheltered industries—those in which wages and working conditions of the workers, for the most part highly skilled, were governed by the consideration that, if they were uneconomic, the prices of goods exported would rise, foreign markets would be lost, and our surplus goods would remain unsold, with the result that we should be unable to buy food or raw materials.

As a result of the general campaign which has been conducted by the trade unions, with a complete disregard of the vital interests of the nation as a whole, as well as of the workers themselves, wages have risen in this country to a

level untouched in rival Continental countries, as the following statement from the *Ministry of Labour Gazette* of the "comparative real wages in London and certain capital cities abroad in June, 1924,"¹ reveals:—

INDEX NUMBERS OF COMPARATIVE REAL WAGES, JUNE 1, 1924. (LONDON=100.)

Occupation.	London.	Amster- dam.	Berlin.	Brussels.	Christi- ania.	Paris.	Prague.	Stock- holm.	Vienna.
BUILDING TRADES.									
<i>Skilled :</i>									
Mason	100	86	70	54	70	—	—	106	49
Bricklayer	100	86	70	54	70	—	—	106	49
Carpenter	100	86	70	58	67	—	—	106	52
Joiner	100	86	70	59	67	—	—	106	44
Plumber	100	91	69	51	67	—	—	83	—
Painter (General) ..	100	85	74	48	74	—	—	105	55
<i>Unskilled :</i>									
Labourer	100	93	79	45	88	—	—	128	53
ENGINEERING TRADES.									
<i>Skilled :</i>									
Fitter	100	92	56	66	85	—	—	75	50
Ironmoulder (Hand) ..	100	80	—	66	85	—	—	75	—
Patternmaker	100	86	53	88	79	—	—	70	50
Turner	100	92	56	67	85	—	—	75	54
<i>Unskilled :</i>									
Labourer	100	95	64	68	111	—	—	90	49
FURNITURE TRADES.									
<i>Skilled :</i>									
Cabinetmaker	100	71	84	56	67	—	—	76	39
PRINTING AND BOOK- BINDING TRADES.									
<i>Skilled :</i>									
Compositor (Book and Job) Hand..	100	72	52	52	66	—	—	72	40
Do. Machine	100	75	56	51	61	—	—	74	43
Machine Minder	100	72	—	53	66	—	—	72	40
Bookbinder	100	80	51	56	77	—	—	73	38
Average, June 1, 1924	100	84	65	58	76	—	—	88	47
Do., May 1, 1924	100	90	53	63	78	—	87	90	45
Do., April 1, 1924 ...	100	90	55	62	79	—	94	90	46
Do., March 1, 1924 ..	100	94	55	56	85	83	90	89	47
Do., Year ending Feb. 1, 1924	100	98	51	62	90	88	78	86	48
Do., 1914	100	66	—	61	77	—	84	74	69

(1) The numbers relate to purchasing-power in terms of food alone, and they can only be accepted as affording a very rough indication of the differences that existed, on or about the date at the head of the table, between the real wage levels (in terms of food), in the various capitals, of the selected categories of typical urban male labour. The numbers for the various occupations are comparable horizontally but not vertically. The averages, however, are comparable both ways, provided it be understood (a) that this applies only to capitals other than London, and (b) that any difference between the indices for a given capital at two different dates does not imply a proportionate change in its real wage level between those dates, but only a proportionate change in the level in relation to that of London.

As a result of the sectional campaign of trade union against trade union, the wages of workers, for the most part unskilled, in the sheltered industries have been forced up by strikes and threats of strikes to a level never reached before. In the course of the strike of the men who carry the produce in and out of Covent Garden it was stated that "during the summer the portorage, which is pooled, brings in for each porter £6 to £10 a week; in the winter, during the slack season, each porter earns from £3 to £5 a week." In addition to the portorage a large number of the porters are paid a fixed weekly sum of 20s. to 40s. for other work which they do after their portorage work is finished. The earnings of these men do not, unfortunately, stand alone as illustrations of the chaotic state of the labour market. The movement, which has been steadily progressing since the end of the war, is disclosed in the statement on the next page showing the rates of wages paid in certain sheltered and unsheltered industries (a) before the war, (b) at the conclusion of the war, and (c) in the present year, some typical figures being added of the wages earned by workers in non-trading services of certain municipalities.

In this inequality of wages as between unsheltered and sheltered industries we have the explanation of a great deal of the labour unrest which now exists, finding expression in strikes which endanger our foreign trade in two ways. In the first place, stoppage of work in an industry dislocates the complicated organisation for the supply of foreign markets; foreign customers, unable to obtain goods, are disgusted and are tempted to turn elsewhere. In the second place, though an industry may be brought to a standstill, the overhead charges which employers have to meet continue to mount up—taxes, rates, insurance, salaries, repairs, and depreciation. The consequence is that when work is resumed after a strike production is usually weighted down by the cost of the strike, quite apart from the loss suffered by the men concerned, and the difficulty of competing in oversea markets is increased.

* * * * *

The wage problem may be stated in simple terms: the workers belong to two classes—those in the sheltered

I.—TYPICAL CLASSES OF TIMEWORKERS.

(a) Unsheltered Trades.

Industry.	Rates of Wages at		
	July, 1914. Per Week.	June, 1920. Per Week.	April, 1924. Per Week.
<i>Engineering (a) (16 of the Principal Districts).</i>			
Fitters and Turners	38/11	89/5	56/5
Labourers	22/10	70/8	40/3
<i>Shipbuilding (a) (13 of the Principal Districts).</i>			
Shipwrights (d)	41/4	91/3	48/7 (e)
Ship Joiners (d)	40/-	102/4	50/5 (e)
Labourers (d)	22/10	70/6	38/6 (e)
<i>Agriculture (England and Wales).</i>			
Ordinary Labourers	14/- to 22/-	42/- to 46/6	25/- to 32/-
<i>Shipping (f) (Foreign-going Vessels).</i>			
Able Seamen	Per Month. £5 to £5 10s.	Per Month. £14 10s.	Per Month. (g) £9
Firemen	£5 10s. to £6	£15	£9 10s.

(b) Sheltered Trades.

	Per Week.	Per Week.	Per Week.
<i>Building (a) (40 Large Towns).</i>			
Bricklayers	40/7	97/8	70/10 (c)
Painters	36/3	95/2	70/2 (c)
Labourers	26/11	84/8	53/4 (c)
<i>Railway Service.</i>			
Engine Drivers	45/- to 50/- (b)	84/- to 102/-	72/- to 90/-
Ticket Collectors	23/- to 27/- (b)	66/6 to 74/-	54/- to 58/-
Goods Porters	19/- to 23/- (b)	62/- to 68/6	47/- to 51/-
<i>Dock Labour (10 of the Principal Ports).</i>			
Ordinary Cargo Workers....	Per Day. 4/6 to 6/8	Per Day. 15/- to 17/6	Per Day. 10/- to 12/6
<i>Road Transport (a).</i>			
Tram Drivers (50 of the principal districts)	Per Week. 30/7	Per Week. 73/3	Per Week. 57/10
One-horse Carters (12 large towns)	25/7	65/-	51/5

(c) MUNICIPAL SERVICES.

(Non-trading Services of Local Authorities.)

City of London	Sweepers, watchmen, attendants, 62s. per week; street flushers, stablemen, carmen and loaders, etc., 65s.; sewer men and nozzlemen, 72s. 6d.; storekeepers, 76s. 11d.; timekeepers, 72s. 6d. and 76s. 11d.; motor drivers, 74s. 9d.
Stepney	Watchmen, male convenience attendants, scavengers, etc., 65s. 10d. per week; carmen, stablemen, depot labourers, dust collectors, loaders, gulleymen, yardmen, etc., 69s. 2d.; weighbridge attendants, propagating gardeners, working gangers, 71s. 8d.; motor and steam roller drivers, and walking gangers, 76s. 9d.; motor mechanics and stone crushers, 80s. 1d.
Shoreditch	Road labourers, 66s. 10d. per week; scavengers, 65s.; refuse collectors, 68s. 4d.

(a) The rates quoted are the unweighted averages of the recognised rates.

(b) Approximate figures.

(c) These rates are calculated on the basis of a week of 44 hours. An increase of 1d. per hour has since been conceded.

(d) The figures for the Shipbuilding Industry relate to timeworkers.

(e) These rates were raised to 51/7, 53/5 and 59/6 respectively in July last.

(f) Food is provided in addition to the rates quoted.

(g) Since increased by £1 a month.

industries and those in the unsheltered industries. It has proved comparatively easy for the trade unions in which the workers in sheltered industries are organised to exert successfully pressure for higher wages. Building operatives, for instance, have been able to take advantage of the urgent need for more houses for weekly wage earners generally. A continual struggle has been in progress since the war for shortening the hours of work and increasing the wages. A builders' labourer to-day, though no particular skill is necessary, is paid nearly as much as a fitter or turner in the engineering trade, and more than a shipwright. The shipwright in Newcastle-on-Tyne is worse off than his neighbour in the same street who is a flagman or roadman under the local corporation, while the latter's steam-roller driver or craneman is an aristocrat in this new, mad world, without fear of unemployment. The most fortunately circumstanced men are those connected with the railways, who are now demanding increases which will cost the community a further sum of £10,000,000 to £12,000,000 a year. The man who performs the simple duty of collecting tickets on the railway platform is far better off than the ship joiner or the able seaman. The scavenger in the City of London is more favourably circumstanced than most craftsmen, though it takes no great skill to sweep a street.

If it be asked how it happens that the men in these sheltered industries have been able to press their claims for such relatively high wages, the explanation is a simple one. If they strike, as they have struck, the whole community suffers in its comfort as much as, or more than, it suffers in its pocket. A strike of dockers or railway men or tramway workers or municipal employes involves the hold-up of the economic life of the country, and the trade union leaders, realising how much men and women generally object to personal discomfort, particularly when the public health is imperilled, assume, and as a rule assume correctly, that if they hold out for a few weeks public opinion will demand a settlement, and that that settlement, though it may not concede all that they want, will incorporate some concessions which will satisfy the

members of the particular union.¹ Thus it happens that the men engaged in the sheltered industries, or in performing, under municipalities, various essential but unskilled duties, such as sweeping the streets, or collecting household refuse, now draw each week as high wages as, and in some cases higher wages than, the workers who co-operate with the great employers of the country in producing the wealth which is the foundation of the prosperity of everyone.

The other class of workers, such as those engaged in engineering, shipbuilding, shipping, agriculture, coal mining, and the cotton and wool industries, have to produce goods at a price at which they can be sold abroad in competition with other countries. The British coal miner has to compete with the coal miner in the United States and elsewhere. The workers in engineering and shipbuilding have to meet the rivalry of German, Dutch, French, and Italian workers, who, as a rule, labour for longer hours and receive lower wages—in most cases much lower wages. The agricultural worker is in a peculiarly unfortunate position, because, although he supplies only the home market, that market is open to the agricultural produce of foreign countries, where the conditions favour cheap production.

The trade union leaders who are concerned with the unsheltered industries, as well as the men for whom they speak, are sufficiently familiar with the conditions in which the goods produced are sold to refrain as a rule from pressing impossible demands, either in regard to wages or conditions of labour, which would throw the industries into bankruptcy. The result is that the wages generally in these industries are low in comparison with the wages in the sheltered industries, and yet, in shipbuilding and engineering particularly, they are actually so high relatively to foreign wages that firms are finding it increasingly difficult to hold their own in oversea markets. Mr. W. L. Hitchens, the chairman of Messrs. Cammell, Laird and Co.,

(1) As a rule, the workers involved in a strike of any considerable duration lose so much pay that it is several years before they are as well off as they were before they struck.

in an address to the Summer School of the Independent Labour Party, definitely stated that, as a temporary measure, it was inevitable that real wages in this country must fall.

We could only maintain and develop our foreign trade if our prices compared favourably with those of our foreign rivals. Our foreign trade in engineering was seriously threatened by German, French, Belgian, and Italian competition, and the chief reason why they underquoted us was that their wages were lower than ours and they worked longer hours. It was natural that we should wish for a higher standard of living than our European rivals, but it could only be realised if we produced more wealth per head of the population than they. It could not be said that we had greater natural resources, better machinery, superior organisation, or a more industrious population than our rivals. Hence, in his own view, wages must tend to find the level of those paid by our competitors, however much we kicked against the pricks and struggled to bolster them up by artificial means.

Much the same arguments apply to other industries which are exposed to the full blast of competition. It has been argued that, though the poorly paid workers in the unsheltered industries may regard with envy their more fortunately circumstanced fellows, they are none the worse off because bricklayers, dock labourers, Covent Garden porters, railway servants, and others fare relatively so well. That, however, is a complete misapprehension. In effect, the wealth producers are called upon to subsidise the wages of the men in the sheltered industries. This subsidy takes the form either of high taxes on their production, high rents, or high local rates, or else high transport charges on all the goods which are moved in this country. It is generally true that the goods we export have to bear double distributing charges; raw materials are brought in by ships and then transported by rail, and the finished product is carried by rail to the waterside. The high costs incurred in the movement and distribution of goods at the dockside and on the railways fall on the community generally, and the community consists, in the main, of weekly wage earners. In these various ways the poorly paid workers have to subsidise the building operatives, railway workers, municipal employés, and others. Consequently the spending value of the relatively low wages in the unsheltered industries has, in one form or

another, to contribute to the high wage in the sheltered industries. The nation generally suffers, but none are more heavily penalised than those who are engaged in factories and workshops, exposed to foreign rivalry, whose wages and continuity of employment depend upon the goodwill of foreign customers.

* * * * *

One of the most tragic aspects of this disparity of wages is furnished by the shipbuilding industry. The supremacy of this country in shipbuilding and marine engineering is declining. Recently British shipowners have been considering the necessity of ordering new vessels abroad in view of the lower tenders of foreign firms, and a Tyne shipowner has placed an order for three steamers in Holland. It has since been stated that, owing to interruption of work through strikes on questions of wages and hours, and internecine quarrels between competing unions over questions of demarcation, no British firm could guarantee delivery by a fixed date. Moreover, the Dutch quotation was 23 per cent. less than the lowest British tender. The suggestion that British shipbuilders failed in this as in other competitions because they included in their tenders too high a figure for profit is dispelled by irrefutable facts as to the basis upon which work has recently been undertaken. The Board of Arbitration which investigated the claims of the shipyard workers for an increased wage recently recorded that, far from employers having set out to obtain large profits, they have been accepting orders for ships in many cases with the certainty of loss. The Board recorded that "of fifty-nine contracts on new work completed by members of the Executive Committee of the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation since June, 1922, the sum of £233,000 has been lost, and of eighty-three contracts on new work not yet completed, it is estimated that, on the basis of the continuance of the present wages, there will be a loss of £785,000." The report added that it was "not to be understood that these contracts were a speculation which turned out badly; they were undertaken, in many instances, with a view to keeping the industry alive." The figures, it was conceded, were "startling."

More recently it was stated at the annual meeting of one of the biggest engineering firms in the country—Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson—that of the sixteen undertakings owned by or associated with the firm only two succeeded in making a profit last year. That statement was not accepted by certain individuals among the workmen. The firm accordingly followed it up by publishing the certificate of a firm of chartered accountants showing the costs of building and the prices received for nine vessels built at the Wallsend shipyard. None of the orders was accepted at a figure below the current market price, but on the nine vessels there was a total loss of £8,630.

It is not suggested, even by employers, that the wages paid in the shipyards and engine shops in this country are exorbitant in relation to the cost of living; nevertheless, it has been placed on record by the Board of Arbitration that “there has been no parallel in the history of the industry to the present depression.” It was admitted that “great sacrifices on the part of the employers and workpeople” have been made; “wages have been reduced and contracts undertaken under a grand endeavour to reach a basis which would permit something like the commencement of a revival in shipbuilding.”

In spite of these efforts, the cost of building a ship in this country is higher than in some foreign countries, such as Germany and Holland, with the result that, while in some cases orders for British vessels have been placed abroad, in others shipowners, face to face with their own troubles owing to the depression in the freight market, are hesitating to place orders. Sir Frederick Lewis, the chairman of Furness, Withy and Co., one of the biggest shipping firms of the country, recently remarked that he and other shipowners were confronted with three alternatives: “(1) To build ships in this country at uneconomic prices; that is to say, at prices upon which we shall not be able to obtain a return equal to or even approaching that which we are receiving on Government securities; (2) to build abroad at lower prices; or (3) to defer building until we can do so on a basis that is commercially sound.” Sir Frederick Lewis

stated that he and his colleagues had decided to adopt the last of the three courses. But the time may be at hand when, owing to the ageing of existing steamers and the transition from the steamer to the motor ship, it will be impossible to postpone placing orders any longer, and then British shipowners will have to choose whether they shall build ships in this country, on which there is no prospect of earning profits owing to their cost, or whether they shall place their contracts abroad. When that alternative is inexorably presented, only one course will be open to shipowners who are not prepared to face ruin—the orders must go abroad.

* * * * *

The depression in the shipbuilding and marine engineering industries concerns not only those engaged in these industries but the nation as a whole. When the war was drawing to its close, some anxiety was felt as to the future of shipbuilding and marine engineering, and the President of the Board of Trade appointed a committee, over which Sir Alfred Booth presided, to consider the policy which should be adopted in face of renewed foreign competition. It was pointed out that “the twin industries of shipbuilding and marine engineering are amongst the largest British manufacturing industries; they employed together before the war over 200,000 workpeople, while the capital invested was not less than £35,000,000, and the annual output exceeded a gross selling value of £50,000,000.” This calculation took no account of the trades dependent upon shipbuilding and marine engineering, those which supply the ores from which steel, iron, copper, tin, lead and zinc are manufactured, and coal; woods of all kinds, hard and soft, rubber and oil, and some textiles, such as hemp, cotton and wool. A depression in shipbuilding and marine engineering consequently reacts on many other industries. Under the impetus of the war the number of berths in this country was increased by 33 per cent., and that led to a great expansion of personnel. It has been estimated that there are now dependent upon these industries for a livelihood not less than 300,000 men, and the ratio of unemployment among these workers is higher than in any other trade

at a moment when British shipowners are forced, by economic considerations beyond their control, to look elsewhere for the new ships which they require.

This country was once supreme beyond all rivalry in the production of ships and their equipment. It built for the whole world, as the following statement indicates :—

GROSS TONNAGE OF MERCHANT VESSELS LAUNCHED IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES (ANNUAL AVERAGE).

Period.	British Empire.		Other Countries.	Total.	Percentage of British Output.
	United Kingdom.	Dominions Oversea.			
1892-4	998,000	10,000	238,000	1,236,000	81.6
1895-9	1,170,000	14,000	457,000	1,627,000	72.8
1900-4	1,358,000	27,000	953,000	2,311,000	59.9
1905-9	1,396,000	25,000	934,000	2,330,000	61.0
1910-14	1,660,000	35,000	1,079,000	2,739,000	61.9

Foreign competition has increased since the close of the war, as Sir Alfred Booth's committee anticipated. "This war has shown foreign countries the advantages of a national mercantile marine, and the value of encouraging national shipbuilding facilities. Much new shipbuilding plant has been put down, and the experience which is being obtained by foreign countries during the war is likely to enable them to compete more nearly on even terms with British shipbuilders." Last year the proportion of tonnage built in this country and in the British Dominions declined to about 41 per cent. of the world's output, owing, in the main, to the activity in German, Dutch and Japanese yards, where the hours are long and wages low. In many foreign countries the output last year was, moreover, far below the capacity, and in several instances foreign Governments offered subsidies to stimulate activity.

The outlook for the shipbuilding and marine engineering industries in this country is consequently black, in spite of the Government's intervention under the Trade Facilities Act, and it would be an act of folly to ignore the grave injury to national interests which must ensue unless the output of British yards can be increased. The importance of shipbuilding and marine engineering to the nation and the Empire cannot be correctly gauged by the statistics alone.

To import food and materials, to link together the scattered Dominions, as well as to protect our coasts and commerce, ships are a vital necessity.

It would be inconsistent with the continued existence and prosperity of the British Empire to allow these essential industries to pass into foreign hands. Had the British Empire been dependent during the war for its shipping facilities upon foreign countries, there would have been no prospect of success. Had British shipyards and marine engine works not been capable of a great output, it would have been impossible largely to increase our naval strength or to make good any of the damage inflicted upon our mercantile marine.¹

* * * * *

There are no industries so curiously situated as ship-owning and shipbuilding. They are exposed to the full blast of foreign competition, with the result that costs have to be kept down to the lowest level if profits are to be secured. The enquiries of the Booth Committee showed that before the war British shipbuilders and marine engineers engaged in supplying mercantile tonnage obtained no less than 60 per cent. of their steel forgings, such as crank thrust, intermediate and propeller shafts from foreign firms. The proportion of ship plates and sectional material obtained from abroad was small, amounting to about 10 per cent. only. The Admiralty stipulation with private firms contracting for British men-of-war that the materials used must be of British manufacture contributed powerfully to sustain the steel industry in this country, and by this means the output was kept at an artificial level, while at the same time the volume of the output contributed to reduce the price. Owing to the Washington Treaty, warship construction is now proceeding on a greatly reduced scale, and therefore this measure of protection is no longer as effective as it once was.

The competition between British and foreign firms for the supply of shipbuilding and engineering materials is once more becoming keen under conditions which are most unfavourable to the British firms compelled to pay higher wages, taxes and rates, and to conform to onerous conditions of work which tend to handicap the industry. Before the war, German and other imported material, excluding ships' plates, were in many cases 25 to 50 per cent. cheaper than British material. One witness who appeared before the Booth Committee stated that he obtained finished crankshafts from Germany in December, 1913, at 22s. 6d., as

(1) Committee on the Shipping and Shipbuilding Industries.

compared with 29s. for British crankshafts. German ship plates before the war were also on the average cheaper than Scottish plates. The Booth Committee reported that:—

From statistics and evidence given to us, we are convinced that rough machined forgings and finished crankshafts were systematically "dumped" in this country. We feel certain that this was governed by political considerations, the object being to cripple our forges with a view to reducing the potential output of guns and other war material.

Large hydraulic presses were employed in this country as soon as, if not sooner than, in Germany, but their use was apparently more quickly extended there than here. This improved method of production doubtless assisted the German manufacturers to "dump" their products in our markets at a low price, and in consequence accelerated the closing of some of our less efficient forges. It should be noted also that the German steel works were constructed after observation of British practice, that they were of very large size and intended for an output far in excess of Continental requirements. Dumping was then deliberately arranged for, and was effected by means of their special selling agencies and the Kartel system.

The interests of the British shipbuilder and marine engineer and the makers of the materials with which ships are constructed are again in conflict, owing to the economic revival of Germany and other countries on the Continent. British shipbuilders and engineers, if they are to obtain orders for ships, must buy their materials in the cheapest market, and in many cases, as the import figures show, they are being compelled to obtain steel plates, as well as forgings, from abroad. They are thus on the one hand providing work in their yards and workshops, while on the other they are contributing, by force of circumstances, to depress the state of employment in the steel industry. They are on the horns of a dilemma. Even though they buy their raw material from abroad, they are still unable to compete successfully in the building of ships owing to a variety of causes beyond their control. The wages which they pay to their skilled workers are low in comparison with the wages paid to many unskilled workers in the same district, though they are high in contrast with the wages paid in many foreign countries.¹ They are further handi-

(1) In the shipbuilding district of Barrow, the stokers of the refuse destructor receive 63s. 5d. a week, coke wheelers in the gasworks 79s. 8d., and fire men (for seven days) no less than 100s. 3d., in comparison with relatively low wages paid in the local shipyard to skilled time-workers, ranging from 51s. 1d. to 58s. 3d.

capped by the shorter working day, and by the demarcation of trades upon which the trade unions insist in spite of the obvious injury which the industries suffer.

British shipowners, if they are to exist in face of keen foreign competition, are compelled to place their orders where they can obtain cheap and efficient tonnage. Must British ships in future be increasingly built abroad, and must the profitable support to the shipbuilding industry which was previously obtained by building ships for foreign owners be surrendered? In the year before the outbreak of war we constructed all the vessels needed by the British mercantile marine, and exported new ships from this country to the value of £11,000,000. This branch of the industry received a welcome impulse in the exceptional circumstances which existed after the submarine campaign, when there was a shortage of tonnage; the amount of foreign work was valued at £26,500,000 in 1920, nearly £29,000,000 in 1921, and upwards of £30,000,000 in 1922. This foreign work contributed in large measure to alleviate unemployment in this country. These orders, placed by foreign shipowners immediately after the war, have now been completed, and the latest statistics of *Lloyd's Register* indicate the serious character of the decline which has already taken place. Apart from ships completing the flag of which has not yet been specified, we had in hand on June 30th last only twenty-two ships of small tonnage for foreign countries.

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The most important industries from the standpoint of employment, as well as the most vital to the nation, are being jeopardised by the tyranny which has been established by the trade unions—both by the general campaign for shorter hours and higher wages, and by the internecine warfare which has resulted in higher wages being paid for unskilled than for skilled work. Orders are going abroad in increasing volume because British prices are too high even for the British people, and the eventual effect of this movement on our foreign trade and employment in the essential wealth-producing industries must be disastrous. An increasing proportion of craftsmen are

leaving the country in despair; that is the revelation which is made by the *Board of Trade Journal*. While most of the emigrants are agricultural workers, a rising proportion of the men who are sailing from this country to seek their fortunes elsewhere belong to the skilled trades. The figures for the past three years are significant.

Occupations.	Emigrants from the British Isles.		
	1921.	1922.	1923.
Agricultural.....	13,454	12,937	26,223
Commercial, Finance and Insurance	12,404	9,706	12,960
Professional	5,583	4,404	4,387
<i>Skilled Trades.</i>			
Mining and Quarrying	3,577	4,836	7,300
Metal and Engineering	8,016	10,536	24,724
Building	1,345	1,525	3,642
Other	8,151	7,835	16,867
Transport and Communications	3,096	3,009	4,573
Labourers not in Agriculture or Transport..	9,661	7,022	19,017
Other and ill-defined occupations	7,918	8,462	10,495
Grand total ¹ 18 years and over	73,205	70,272	130,188

The migration of these men represents a drain upon the nation's capital. They are assets, as a rule, of far higher value than the average weekly wage-earner. The mere fact that they are emigrating suggests that they have courage, initiative, independence, and confidence in themselves, just the qualities which we require in this country. How many of them are leaving our shores in rebellion against the tyranny of trade unionism? They are settling for the most part in the United States, where workers are less subject to trade union dictation, and the demarcation of trades is less arbitrary, with the result that men pass from industry to industry in accordance with the fluctuating demand. Moreover, in these countries overseas, craftsmanship still commands a higher wage than is paid to the hewers of wood and the drawers of water.

This country is losing its hold on foreign markets, and it is also losing more and more of its skilled workers, the producers of wealth. Its doom is certain unless remedial measures are taken and the tyranny of the trade unions is broken.

(1) Inclusive of migrants of twelve years of age and over, whose ages were not specified.

SOVIET TREATIES

By "AUGUR"

I HAVE written this article in consultation with E. A. Lessing, M.P., whose knowledge of Russian trade conditions is based on long experience and on information obtained at first hand.

In the ample literature which has already appeared dealing with the two treaties signed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with the Soviet Government stress is principally put on the question of the promised guarantee for a Soviet loan. The clauses dealing with this point in the so-called General Treaty are so absurd that it is clear that they are the product of a political necessity and not of sound reasoning. From the indiscretions of the Soviet Press and of the organs of the extremists in Britain it is now clear how Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was forced by his Communist jailers to accept Moscow's dictation. It is not impossible that Parliament will refuse to be bound by Mr. MacDonald's bond, obtained from him under *duresse*. But for the political observer the chief interest lies not in these absurd clauses at all, but in those stipulations of the treaties which would have to be applied daily in the commercial and social intercourse between the two countries. Here there is an unlimited opening for criticism.

If one were ignorant of the abnormal conditions under which the British delegation carried on its work, one would be tempted to accuse it of a betrayal of common sense and of British interests. But the British experts of the Foreign Office, of the Treasury, and of the Board of Trade were placed in a position of great difficulty by their political chiefs, and especially by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the person principally responsible for the work of the Conference with the Soviet Government.

From the point of view of practical interest, the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation is even more interesting than the General Treaty. I will therefore discuss it first.

Naturally, within the limited scope of this article it is not possible to analyse it point by point. I will restrict myself, therefore, to mentioning the treaty's most salient and, let me use the word, most objectionable features. A treaty of commerce has for its object to govern the daily intercourse between the subjects and citizens of two countries. And regulation, of course, means: increased facilities, extended rights, greater security, and, generally, an improvement all round. Otherwise it is quite evident there would be no sense in having a treaty at all.

The preamble of the treaty is of an unusual form. It avoids a direct mention of His Majesty's name and titles as Sovereign. The Foreign Office have explained that this was done because in the Soviet Union there is no post equivalent to that of a monarch or of a president of a republic. This argument may be of some legal importance. In reality it smacks of the famous ostrich policy: to hide your head, leaving the rest of your body exposed to the blow. For I have convinced myself by personal inspection that the full powers which Messrs. MacDonald and Ponsonby presented as British plenipotentiaries to the inspection of the Soviet delegation were drawn up in due traditional form in the King's name and signed by His Majesty in the ordinary time-honoured fashion. The point is of no practical importance, therefore, unless it proves again the pusillanimous attitude of men like Mr. MacDonald, who is afraid of the Bolsheviks in his own party, and like Mr. Ponsonby, who seems to be sincerely infatuated with them.

Article 1 of the treaty is typical of the way in which British interests have been surrendered to the pressure of Moscow. Its first paragraph sets out at great length the right of British trade in Russia to all the privileges of the "most favoured nation" clause. If this paragraph stood by itself it would be the usual set form of expressing a right which countries are accustomed to accord to each other for the development of mutual trade relations. But two other paragraphs follow; the first of these promises the extension of the Trade Facilities Act to trade with Russia. Coming as it does after the general declaration

of principle contained in the opening paragraph, this promise appears petty and out of place. But it reveals also the true objects of Soviet policy. The concluding paragraph is the one in which I find the Soviet poison to which the defence of British interests has succumbed, for it says:—

Nothing, however, in the present treaty shall oblige the Union to extend to the other party—(a) The special provisions relating to commerce contained in the treaties which the Union may have concluded or may conclude in the future with those States the territory of which on the 1st August, 1914, constituted in all respects an integral part of the former Russian Empire, or with Continental border States in Asia. (b) The rights which are or may be accorded to any third country forming part of the customs union with the Union. (c) The facilities which the Union has or may have accorded to border States in respect of local exchange of goods between inhabitants of the frontier zones.

The meaning of this paragraph, which is a direct surrender of essential British interests, can be illustrated by the two following examples. Poland was detached from the former Russian Empire after August, 1914, therefore it comes under (a) of the paragraph quoted above. Polish textiles and other manufactured goods may in consequence obtain a reduction in the Soviet customs tariff without British goods having the right of claiming a similar privilege on the ground of the "most favoured nation" clause. Another example: China is undoubtedly a border State in Asia within the meaning of the paragraph; for (c) makes it perfectly clear that border States are something different and more than frontier zones. Chinese teas, in consequence, if the Soviet Government desires, may be permitted to enter by paying a lower duty than those of Ceylon. British interests again would be deprived of all means of defence.

Article 2 of the Commercial Treaty attributes to Soviet trade representatives diplomatic immunity and extraterritoriality to their offices. In practice this ludicrous clause is of no importance. Only here, again, we have an excellent illustration of the subservience of some of our politicians to the whim of Moscow. An example will suffice to show the comic side of the situation created in this manner. In France tobacco and matches are a State

monopoly. In view of the precedent of the treaty with the Soviet Government, France could logically claim that the representative of her tobacco and matches monopoly should be considered a member of the French Embassy to the Court of St. James. Some day the province of Quebec in Canada may claim extraterritoriality for the office of the representative of its alcoholic drinks monopoly.

An article which is very dangerous—much more so than the comic Article 2—is Article 8 of the Commercial Treaty. It says:—

Each of the contracting parties guarantees *national* [italics are mine] treatment to the subjects or citizens of the other party and to juridical persons established in the territories of that other party in all that concerns the possession, inviolability, and right to dispose of property, whether imported into the territories of the former party or acquired in those territories in conformity with the provisions of the present treaty and with the laws and regulations there in force.

It can be said with justice that this article does everything but guarantee the rights of British subjects in Russia. By accepting the expression "each of the contracting parties guarantees *national* treatment to the subjects or citizens of the other party," Mr. MacDonald solemnly and definitely accepts that British people in Russia shall receive *national* treatment; that is, the same treatment as that meted out by the Bolsheviks to all Russians. In view of this definite concession all the following words about the possession and inviolability of property are only eyewash destined to mislead the good British public.

Let me give an example of what *national* treatment would mean to a British merchant doing business in Russia. Let us imagine that this merchant had come to Moscow to carry out a contract with the Soviet Government for running a factory, which had been closed since the Revolution. The man came to Moscow with a certain capital in good pounds sterling, which he would have deposited with the Soviet State Bank. Thanks to his enterprise and business acumen, not to speak of the fresh capital he had brought, his business had prospered and his account at the State Bank would have steadily grown. But then suddenly the merchant dies in Moscow. His heirs come from London to liquidate his business and

obtain possession of the money he has left. They are confronted with the Soviet Civil Code, which says (Article 416):—

It is not permissible to inherit—by law or by will—property of a total value of more than ten thousand gold roubles.

This means that if there is more than £1,000 deposited in the late merchant's name at the State Bank it is necessary to enter into an agreement with the Commissariat of Finance as to the distribution of the surplus between the State and the lawful heirs.

In addition, only those heirs are considered to be lawful, even by will, who are direct descendants of the testator. A will to be valid must be made in Russia and registered with a public notary. No publication in the Press for finding the heirs is necessary. If in the first six months after death no heirs appear to claim the property it belongs to the State. The only loophole in these impossible conditions is that the law allows a greater latitude in the case of contracts made with the State. But if the merchant had no such contract and had simply carried on a *bona fide* trading concern there would be no remedy. I have a strong suspicion that the British delegation did not take the trouble of becoming acquainted with the Soviet Civil Code. For if they had done so, and have nevertheless accepted the terms of Article 8, they are guilty of criminal neglect of British interests in a most vital question. And this is only one of numerous examples of the impossible situation in which British subjects have been placed by the acceptance of *national* treatment for them by Messrs. MacDonald and Ponsonby.

As it would be beyond the scope of this article to go into further details on the subject of the Commercial and Navigation Treaty, I will now discuss the General Treaty. But I venture to hope that I have given sufficient indications of the inadequate protection obtained for essential British interests by a document which would be comic if it were not so dangerous.

I have tried to discover in the Commercial Treaty a single concession obtained in favour of British subjects which has not been neutralised immediately by a counter-

concession on our part. I have discovered one point which may be so described. In Article 5, in the end of the second paragraph, it is stipulated :—

They shall be at complete liberty to leave the territories to which they have been admitted whensoever they please.

Now this really is a serious advantage gained. To be able to leave the country of the Che-Ka with its unlimited possibilities whensoever one pleases is a tremendous concession indeed, and places British subjects high above those poor Russian slaves who cannot do so!

The General Treaty is one of those documents which remind me of the sixpenny emporiums one sees in our great cities. There is a variety of goods attractively displayed and all of bad quality. What is there not in the General Treaty? A chapter dealing with old treaties and agreements. Another regulating the fisheries question at some length. Then the notorious Chapter III on claims and loans, and the production is rounded off by a "miscellaneous" chapter, where there is a modest Article 16 solemnly affirming the desire and intention of the contracting parties to live in peace and amity and promising therefore to refrain from all subversive propaganda, direct and indirect.

Chapter III is full of negatives, direct or qualified. The principal claims are reserved for discussion at a later date. These are :—

(a) War loans advanced by the Government of His Britannic Majesty to the former Russian Imperial or Provisional Governments; (b) gold belonging to the former Russian Imperial or Provisional Governments and handed over to the Government of His Britannic Majesty by either of those Governments; (c) Russian gold handed over to Germany under the Supplementary Agreement to the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk; (d) sums owed by the former Russian Imperial or Provisional Governments to British Government Departments, or *vice versa*; (e) the claims advanced by the Government of the Union on the ground of intervention between the 7th November, 1917, and the 16th March, 1921.

At some future date not stated a second treaty will be entered into which will contain :—

(1) The conditions of the settlement of claims of holders of Russian loans or of municipal debentures; (2) the amount and method of payment of compensation for claims by British nationals in respect of loss or injury due to events which took place between 1st August, 1914, and

the coming into force of the present treaty, other than : claims arising out of normal trading relations between the Government of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic or Governments allied to or federated with it and British nationals, or claims covered by special articles of the treaty; (3) an agreed settlement of property claims other than those directly settled by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

When all this complicated procedure is terminated, then, and then only—

His Britannic Majesty's Government will recommend Parliament to enable them to guarantee the interest and sinking fund of a loan to be issued by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The amount, terms, and conditions of the said loan and the purposes to which it shall be applied shall be defined in the treaty mentioned above, which will not come into force until the necessary Parliamentary authority for the guarantee of the said loan has been given.

If Mr. MacDonald's Government was a stable one, unapproachable to influences foreign to traditional Parliamentary channels and taking their source in Moscow, one could have been tempted to say that a loan given under such stringent conditions would not be dangerous. But this would be quite wrong, because the principle itself of any British Government guaranteeing a loan for another State, and that State the Soviet Union, with its revolutionary, anti-social, and uncivilised conditions, is all wrong and quite contrary to the sound tradition of British finance.

Mr. Philip Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, opposed this guarantee violently when the question was discussed in the Cabinet. Though bound by his Socialist and party allegiance, he felt it his duty, as guardian of the British Budget, to protest against a measure which cannot but impair our credit. It is to be hoped that Parliament will not sanction Mr. MacDonald's Soviet treaties. At heart Mr. MacDonald may be glad of this, for he must know all their great drawbacks. But I have said before that Mr. MacDonald is prisoner of his past. Out of this past came the "wild" men whose bidding he must do because otherwise they will break him on the wheel of party politics. Can they carry out the menace? Evidently Mr. MacDonald is afraid that they can do it.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

A Dialogue between
BERNARD SHAW and ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

The dining-room at 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, the home of MR. and MRS. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. Time: the present. Discovered seated at the dinner table, in animated discussion, BERNARD SHAW and his biographer, ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

HENDERSON: I never enter this room, my dear Shaw, that I do not people it in fancy with the many fascinating personalities I have encountered at your table: Mark Twain, Rodin, Yvette Guilbert, Max Beerbohm, Wells, Archer, Lady Scott, Belloc, Granville-Barker, Lillah McCarthy, Massingham—but why extend this roll-call of all the contemporary notables! Do you remember the vigorous argument I had with Wells over his “howler” in *The Outline of History*: that Washington was a notoriously indolent man? Although I pointed out to him Washington’s extraordinary versatility, energy and vigour—as scout, ambassador, traveller, soldier, military commander, ruler, farmer, letter writer, financier, promoter, etc., etc.—Wells tenaciously stood to his guns, declaring he meant that, politically, Washington was entirely static; and that even if he was energetic, it was wasted energy—for he got up at half-past four in the morning and rode over his estate, whereas he could have been much more efficient by remaining in bed until eight o’clock and having his overseer get up early and ride around the farm! At this *non sequitur* we all roared. And Wells finally admitted sheepishly that the “howler” was to be omitted from the next edition of *The Outline of History*. Nothing amuses Americans more, for example, than for Arnold Bennett to say that New York’s electric energy is an illusion, or for Wells to call our Roosevelt of the eighteenth century notoriously indolent. Have you found Americans notoriously indolent?

SHAW (*smiling sceptically*): The human race is notoriously indolent. It is also notoriously industrious.

If Wells says that Washington was lazy he is probably right, as he does not invent his facts. But perhaps all he means is that George did not run round like a mouse in oxygen as the modern American does.

HENDERSON: But, my dear Shaw, compare, for a single example, the hours of labour of the business man in New York and London. The American is at his office at 8.30 or 9 o’clock and remains until 5 or 6; and works straight up till 12 or 1 o’clock on Saturday. The Briton knocks off work Friday at noon, goes to the country for the week-end, and does not return to his office until, say, 11 o’clock on the following Tuesday. In matters of business, large or small, the American prides himself on quick decisions and speedy results. In England it takes a man at least a week to come to a decision on any subject. Which method, in your opinion, is calculated to produce the best results: the slow, deliberate procedure of the British, or the speed and “hustle” of the American?

SHAW (*quizzically disdainful*): The slow, deliberate Britisher is as imaginary as the hustling American. In my youth it was the Yankee who was slow and deliberate and dry and always successful. Mark Twain, you may remember, kept up something of that tradition in his manner. Now the stage American hustles; and the stage Englishman is above business, though his solicitor is occasionally tolerated as a mild humorist. The real Englishman in business comes to grief—when he does come to grief—by taking from Friday to Tuesday off, and being more interested in golf than in his business. The real American comes to grief because he thinks he is hustling along fine when he is only sending unnecessary telegrams and taking unnecessary journeys all day long. Americans have the most elaborate filing systems in the world; but no American can ever find a letter. And every American believes that the postage to every spot on the globe is two cents, thereby levying an enormous tax on the rest of the world in double charges for deficient stamps.

HENDERSON: We must broadcast this conversation in the United States by radio, in order to give my fellow-countrymen a “new angle” (as we unscientifically say)

on the much-vaunted "American hustle." If we accept your unspoken definition of "hustle" as superfluous and fruitless expenditure of energy (a definition I do not for a moment accept), may I ask this further question: Does hustling "get you anywhere"?

SHAW (*grimly*): In half-developed countries it may. In England it is useless: the plots are all pre-empted and the berths all occupied. You have to wait until someone dies. It is pathetic to see the newly arrived young American looking with contemptuous amazement at the hopeless Englishmen who will not hustle, quite sure that he will bowl them all out in a week. He soon finds his mistake, poor lad! The German used to beat him hollow at that game in London, because the German was much better taught and disciplined, and was out, not to make money, but to learn how to make money no matter how hard the work and how small the pay.

HENDERSON: I daresay there is much truth in what you say. In a wonderfully rich and prosperous country like the United States, teeming with natural resources and business opportunities of all sorts, hustling still brings rich rewards. All Europeans tell me that Americans are spoiled by having too much money to spend—and spending it! Americans are constantly establishing in European markets fictitious standards of value—especially in books, pictures, manuscripts, art-objects, and the like—through a surplus of spending capital. It still pays to hustle in a country like the United States, which has not yet been fully exploited. I suppose you would admit that Americans *are* hustlers?

SHAW (*surrendering—but at discretion*): Yes; that is why they never find time to do anything.

HENDERSON: It is a perennial source of amusement to an American to observe the conservatism of Great Britain fighting sternly the losing battle against the modern improvements, inventions, and innovations of American genius. Central heating systems, adequate bathing facilities, modern lighting, etc., etc.—what a mighty struggle for victory these inevitable reforms still have to wage against British dread of innovation! At the White-

friars Club not long ago, when Sir Reginald Blomfield spoke on "The Future of London," and whole-heartedly condemned the American sky-scraper, I was the only person present to speak a word in æsthetic defence of the majestic sky-line of New York harbour and the Grand Canyon (not of the Yellowstone, but—) of Wall Street. By the way, what do you think of sky-scrappers—which the French attractively call *frotteurs du ciel*?

SHAW (*laughing heartily*): A Moorish Marabout once turned me down as an outrageous liar because I tried to describe one to him when he questioned the possibility of such aggregations of populations as produce them. The obvious objections to them are that the space occupied by the lifts, which are virtually up-ended streets, must involve enormous rents to make them pay, and that a threat of earthquake or anything else that would cause all their occupants to rush into the street simultaneously might pile an ordinary roadway with dead bodies six deep. And what about the sunless canyons they produce? Evidently they should not be arranged in horizontal streets. They should be isolated.

HENDERSON: The question of foundation is, of course, a very important consideration. It is safe to build sky-scrappers in New York City on a rock foundation with little or no danger of subsidence; but it is a serious question to build sky-scrappers on the marshy foundations of London. Aside from this, do you think sky-scrappers would suit London?

SHAW: Just as well or ill as they would suit any other city equally free from earthquakes. But we set a limit to the height of buildings relatively to the width of the street, and this operates as an isolation law that the builders could not afford to comply with.

HENDERSON: I wonder sometimes that you do not visit the United States. Sooner or later all distinguished foreigners visit our country, and either lecture us on our shortcomings, give out silly interviews before they have landed, or write even sillier books after they go back home. You ought not to miss what Mencken calls "the greatest show on earth." Of course, you've often been invited?

SHAW: About twice a week for the last twenty years. The invitation is always accompanied by an announcement in the American Press that I am coming; and the next mail brings me a few million requests for lectures and offers of hospitality.

HENDERSON: Yes, I have conveyed to you myself from lecture bureaux pressing invitations to lecture for positively colossal compensation. Once you said you were afraid to land in New York, dreading arrest and incarceration for doubting the Biblical story of Elisha and the bears. Another time you said you couldn't bear to see the Statue of Liberty: your sense of irony not being able to bear the strain. Still another time—since the World War—you told me that, having delivered, over a period of upwards of forty years, something like two thousand public speeches for which you had never accepted a single penny of compensation, you would not at sixty-five care to break the habit of a lifetime, unless the British Government literally taxed you out of existence. By the way, why *don't* you visit the United States?

SHAW (*in comic despair*): Is not Europe enough for one man?

HENDERSON: Now that the Theatre Guild is producing your latest plays with so much success, perhaps they want you to come over and produce your plays?

SHAW (*giving America up*): No. Americans believe that nobody can produce plays but themselves.

HENDERSON: It might be worth your while to visit New York, not merely the financial, but to-day the theatrical and musical centre of the world.

SHAW: As *Heartbreak House*, *Back to Methuselah*, and *Saint Joan* were first performed in New York, the supremacy of the New York theatre can hardly be challenged.

HENDERSON: The United States enjoys another theatrical eminence at the present time. While the American stage has as many and as able actors as the British stage it completely overtops the British stage in the number of able actresses. I wonder if this is accidental!

SHAW (*questioningly*): Is it a fact? I have no first-

hand knowledge of it. It has been the rule everywhere that actresses are better than actors, because the careers which offer the greatest opportunities to histrionic talent, such as the Church, the Bar, the political platform, and, to a certain extent, the Army and diplomacy, have been closed to women. The women who, if they had been men, would have been cardinals, king's counsellors, demagogues, ambassadors or *condottiere*, go on the stage, where they are more highly paid than men and enjoy an undisputed equality of opportunity and esteem with them. Except in cases of the Garrick type, where the natural specialisation of the actor is overwhelming, the male actor is the refuse of the professions, whereas the leading lady is the pick of them. I should therefore infer from your statement that the professions are more overcrowded in England than in America, and less accessible or agreeable to women in America than in England.

HENDERSON: I note with interest that in recent years Englishmen—I think of Henderson, Lord Charnwood, and Drinkwater—have been writing biographies and plays dealing with conspicuous American figures: Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, Lincoln and Roosevelt. How do you account for this?

SHAW: I suppose we are running short of heroes on this side.

HENDERSON: What were your chief impressions of Drinkwater's play on Lee? I missed the production, but read the printed play. Drinkwater's Lee was a one-sided and limited character, very unlike the lofty figure enshrined in the hearts of all true Americans, irrespective of section.

SHAW: The performance held me from beginning to end, as Drinkwater's plays always do. I could not ask for a better play: if the facts of history are to be accepted in it. But plays about fairly beaten generals are never completely satisfactory. They can only emphasise the weakness that produced the defeat. Even Masefield could not make Pompey exhilarating.

HENDERSON: Drinkwater makes Lee merely a Virginian, who cast in his lot with the South out of blind

loyalty to his native State. A foreigner seeing the play might well imagine that the war between the States was a conflict between Virginia and the North. Lee didn't believe in slavery and didn't wish the Southern States to secede from the Union; but he firmly believed in the constitutional right of secession, which he had been taught at West Point in *Rawle on the Constitution*. He was not a tragic hero in the Drinkwater sense, foreseeing from the beginning the South's failure; he was a great soldier who fought to win. His victories—and against heavy odds—were spectacular; and he was “fairly beaten” in the end, only by overwhelming numbers. I should like very much to know if to you, an unprejudiced foreign observer, Drinkwater's Lee was the Lee of history?

SHAW: I have not made a study of Lee; and Drinkwater has. I have an impression of Lee; but I don't know where I got it: probably from some portrait. My notion is that Lee was a soldier, with a soldier's limitations, and a soldier's contempt for democratic fancies about individual freedom. Soldiering is the completest slavery possible in civilised society; and as Lee knew this professionally, he could hardly have felt very strongly about the slavery of Sambo. If he had been a political genius he would have hoofed Jefferson Davis out and made himself military dictator of the Confederacy. Drinkwater's play was broken by the historical impossibility of making this the climax of it: the collapse of Lee in the scene with Davis was dramatically unforgivable.

HENDERSON: The extraordinary material progress of the United States in the past sixty years, since the war between the States, raises the inevitable query as to the artistic and æsthetic developments. What unmistakable contributions to world art—fiction, poetry, drama, *belles lettres*, painting, sculpture, architecture—has my country made, in your opinion?

SHAW: I haven't been there. In the nineteenth century there was only Poe, Whitman and Mark Twain, with Emerson and James running the intellectual and philosophic side of the business, and Longfellow and Hawthorne and Fenimore Cooper as very good colonials. From the

rest Europe got only its own exports, adulterated and stale and forty years out of date. But my impression is that there is a tremendous germination in progress. The colonial and provincial stages are passing; and the metropolitan stage is coming with a crash. Artistic Nature abhors a vacuum; and an artistic vacuum as big as North America must fill itself or wreck the world. Already the situation has changed so far that the Poe-Whitman-Clemens formula I have just given is obviously and ridiculously out of date. Unfortunately, so am I; therefore, do not ask me for great contemporary American names. Rather you must tell me of them.

HENDERSON: No! I am just making an experiment, in the effort to discover the impression upon a foreign observer of contemporary American literature. Would you care to compare the best contemporary American and English fiction—for example, Hergesheimer with Galsworthy?

SHAW (*impatiently*): I tell you I don't read either; and if I did why should I provoke ill-feeling by comparing them?

HENDERSON: Since you don't read American books, I'm afraid my experiment is foredoomed to failure. Anyway, here goes! Surely you know Edith Wharton?

SHAW: I seem to have heard the name, but cannot connect anything with it.

HENDERSON: Willa Cather?

SHAW: Never heard of her—or him.

HENDERSON: James Branch Cabell?

SHAW: Not Cable—no, of course not. Is he a Senator—no; that is Cabot, isn't it? I am afraid I am out of it.

HENDERSON: Sinclair Lewis?

SHAW: Nice chap. I met him with Mary Austin after *Main Street*; and he gave me *Babbitt*.

HENDERSON: Zona Gale?

SHAW: Sorry; no.

HENDERSON: Sherwood Anderson?

SHAW: My mind is a perfect blank.

HENDERSON: Theodore Dreiser?

SHAW: Frank Harris used to talk of him; but I never read him.

HENDERSON: Upton Sinclair?

SHAW: Yes, I know Upton. More power to his elbow! An American Defoe.

HENDERSON: Stuart P. Sherman?

SHAW: I thought he was dead. A general, isn't he?

HENDERSON: Elizabeth Robins?

SHAW: Ah, I loved Elizabeth in the old days when we were fighting the battle of Ibsen. She was most indignant; so I had to be content with reading her books.

HENDERSON: O. Henry?

SHAW: I swallowed six volumes of his stories at a gulp. I have no criticism to make: they are *hors concours*.

HENDERSON: H. L. Mencken?

SHAW: An amusing dog, and a valuable critic, because he thinks it more important to write as he feels than to be liked as a good-hearted, gentlemanly creature.

HENDERSON: Eugene O'Neill?

SHAW: I have seen a couple of his plays and read some others. They depend to some extent on false acting; for example, when Jean Cadell played *Diff'rent* in London, and played it so well that she made the woman absolutely real, the result was too painful to be bearable. However, that is true of some very famous plays. Mr. O'Neill's dramatic gift and sense of the stage are unquestionable; but as far as I know his work he is still only a Fantee Shakspear, peopling his isle with Calibans. I wonder what sort of a job he would make of a civilised comedy like Molière's *Misanthrope*?

HENDERSON: My little catalogue—which might fairly have been doubled or trebled—ends here with a bang. Perhaps I would have stood a better chance with Zane Gray, Stewart Edward White, Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton Porter, Rex Beach, and James Oliver Curwood. I am told that Hergesheimer has "gone off" distinctly in British favour since the success of *The Three Black Pennys*; that O. Henry sells like the Bible and Shakespeare; that O'Neill is admired and read, but not actually a stage success in England; that Mencken is read

enthusiastically by the limited circle of the *illuminati* and the *intelligentzia*; that Cabell is known only by his *Jurgen*, which was regarded in England as a mildly amusing bit of Rabelaisian humour; and that Sinclair Lewis is regarded as a remarkable writer, his *Main Street* dull, his *Babbitt* a masterly satire of the American business man. The "invasion" of England by American fiction and criticism is so far only a qualified success, although the thin end of the wedge has certainly gone in. Contemporary American literature of the best type has a doughty and convinced champion in Hugh Walpole, who has repeatedly called attention in British publications to the best contemporary American literature. To sum up the catechism: do you *ever* read any American books?

SHAW: I never read any books—at least hardly any; but I have no prejudice against American books.

HENDERSON: Of course not. And when you do read them, do you find them worth reading?

SHAW (*positively*): Very few books of any nationality are worth reading. People read to kill time; consequently, it is no more objection to a book that it is not worth reading than it is to a pack of cards that it does not pile up treasures in heaven.

HENDERSON: I suspect that the influence of Freud and the *Libido* school is at the bottom of much of the trouble. Do you not think this school of thought is exercising a pernicious influence upon contemporary fiction?

SHAW: It is exercising a very tiresome one, because most of the stuff you mean is pseudo-scientific gammon. Even so, I doubt if it does as much harm as romantic gammon.

HENDERSON: That is, as I recall, just what Rebecca West said in a public speech not long ago. If both realistic and romantic fiction are perverting and demoralising the youth of to-day, are not greater watchfulness of parents and more rigid control of publishers and legal authorities clearly desired? A reaction against the pornographic novel seems already to be setting in. Caradoc Evans's *My People* and D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow* were suppressed after publication in England, for

example; Victor Margueritte was penalised—having his Legion of Honour membership withdrawn, was it not?—for the publication of the book, *La Garçonne*, which has now sold to the number of more than a half-million in France; and in very recent years a considerable number of novels have been banned in the United States. Is not a reaction setting in?

SHAW: Why dignify it with a name so pompous as reaction? What has happened is that there has been a great extension of the liberty of the Press to deal with the sexual side of human life, followed by a rush to take advantage of it on the part of writers who, like a certain character in one of my plays, have only one subject. But their readers are finding out that crude sex, instead of being the most enthralling literary subject in the world, as they fancied when it was barred, is the dullest. The pleasures connected with it are pleasures to be enjoyed, not to be read about. What fun is there in staring at a young American film actor pretending to kiss Miss Mary Pickford at the happy ending of a movie play? It would no doubt be delightful to kiss Miss Pickford; and it is always pleasant to look at her when nobody is spoiling the view with his nose. But to watch another person kissing her is as indelicate as it is tantalising. And how much more stupid it is not even to see such things on the screen, but only to read about them in books, and know the kisses only by description! The pornographic novel appeals to a want which literature cannot supply. It offers a hungry man a description of a dinner. Even if the descriptions were lifelike, they could not satisfy his hunger. But almost all the descriptions seem written by people who are pitifully ignorant of what they are writing about, and they can appeal only to readers equally inexperienced. Compare these novels with *Ivanhoe* or *Pickwick*. It is like comparing mince pies with apple tarts. In short, the pornographic novel is getting found out for the dull thing it is; and that is the long and short of it.

HENDERSON: The moral slump in fiction is probably an inevitable concomitant of the Great War. The long starvation of the sexual appetite in millions of men

sequestered in the trenches, the physical rebound after the mental tension—all this was bound to show itself in fiction.

SHAW: The war has a great deal of demoralisation to answer for; but the moral shock of it has left us disposed to take art much more seriously, and humbug less patiently, than before. For instance, I am, and always have been, a conscientious writer; but it is only since the war, which sent up my stocks with a bound, that there has been any general recognition of this.

HENDERSON: Not long ago I was somewhat startled to find one branch of human knowledge entirely closed to future research. A very distinguished novelist, a woman, informed me that nothing new could be said about sex. Yet I suspect the progressive degeneration of the human species is now constantly exhibiting extraordinary specimens and examples of sex manifestations. Strange mixtures of the normal and abnormal, of the elevated and the depraved, of the noble and the perverted. These strange new phenomena must be recognised as existent, and their danger squarely faced by physiologists; and they will be painted by novelists whose aim it is, they will claim, to paint, conscientiously, true pictures of human life and society. Do you feel that nothing new can be said about sex in fiction?

SHAW: Utter nonsense. We are only at the beginning of the subject. The old silence prevented us from realising our own experiences; for it takes a tremendous lot of talking and writing to bring experience into clear intellectual consciousness. It also prevented us from discussing them: in fact, we had no decent language to discuss them in. As the silence breaks, and we are forced to think and speak decently because we are thinking and speaking aloud, we are discerning a new world in sex.

HENDERSON: You once described romance as the great heresy which must be swept off from art and life. Married life frequently brings the most shocking sex-disillusionment to romance-fed young girls. Such pictures have been drawn by De Maupassant in *Une Vie*, by Tolstoy in *The Kreutzer Sonata*, for example. Sex in romance—so far

as it goes—has doubtless been worn threadbare. Did you see a recent cartoon, in *Punch*, perhaps, showing a typical British dowager in the act of purchasing a novel? "Are you sure it has no sex in it?" she anxiously inquired of the salesman. "Ah! quite sure," he blandly replies, "it is only a love-story." Despite the beginning made by Maupassant and Tolstoy, it seems to me that the influence of sex in married life still awaits adequate treatment.

SHAW: There is never any real sex in romance. What is more, there is very little, and that of a very crude kind, in ninety-nine hundredths of our married life. The field of sexual selection is too narrowed by class and property divisions which forbid inter-marriage to give anything like enough material for a genuine science of sex. I tell you you will never have healthily sexed literature until you have a healthily sexed people; and that is impossible under Capitalism, which imposes commercial conditions on marriage as on everything else.

HENDERSON: No true literary artist or critic deplors frankness in fiction, provided the author expresses himself or herself tactfully and decently. But overt pruriency in fiction and autobiography is becoming a menace to public morals and the welfare of society. Great art, clean treatment, and worthy purpose justify and sanction the frankness of *Salammbô*, *Madame Bovary*, *Tom Jones*, *Sappho*, *Thais*, *Liaisons Dangereuses*, *Aphrodite*, for example. But the time has come, to-day, I believe, for responsible critics to sound a warning against overt pruriency in current literature.

SHAW: Goodness gracious! have the prudes, male and female, ever stopped warning us against it? You cannot define the terms. One man's poetry is another man's pruriency. One woman's passion is another woman's impropriety. For goodness' sake let people have what they want. Read Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. If that is not prurient, the word has no meaning. Well, are you going to warn people against *A Sentimental Journey*? When I read it—I was a boy at the time—I liked it. I conclude that I liked pruriency when it was

well done. It has never occurred to me to try to prevent anyone else reading it. You must let people eat what agrees with them, even if it seems to you to be garbage.

HENDERSON: One of the great difficulties in this whole, very complicated question is the confused state of the public mind, and the difficulty of defining the terms. For example, people speak glibly of the sex novel—without taking the trouble to find out what they mean by the term. What is a sex novel, if you please?

SHAW: I never used the expression. Why challenge me to define it? I suppose you might call *Manon Lescaut* a sex novel just as you might call *The Nigger of the Narcissus* a sea novel. If you called Wagner's *Tristan* a sex opera or *Romeo and Juliet* a sex tragedy I should know what you meant, whereas if you called *Dombey and Son* and *Macbeth* sex stories I should conclude that you were mad. But the term taken by itself as a category conveys nothing.

HENDERSON: I daresay most people mean pornographic novel when they say sex novel. Strindberg's *Countess Julie* might be termed a sex play, Dumas fils's *L'Affaire Clemenceau*, a pornographic play; France's *Le Lys Rouge* a sex novel, Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* a pornographic novel. How would you put the matter?

SHAW: A pornographic novelist is one who exploits the sexual instinct as a prostitute does. A legitimate sex novel elucidates it or brings out its poetry, tragedy or comedy. But there is really no critical sense in such an expression as sex novel. The Victorian novel, which was sexless to the extent that Thackeray could not describe the sexual adventures of Pendennis as Fielding described those of *Tom Jones*, certainly did prove that the novel which says no more about sex than may be said in a lecture on the facts to a class of schoolgirls of fifteen can be enormously more entertaining than a novel wholly preoccupied with sexual symptoms. But readers of *Don Quixote* knew that already; and eight or more generations of readers had found *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* more readable than *Moll Flanders*. It is the

sexless novel that should be distinguished: the sex novel is normal. Don't, by the way, think that all Victorian novels were sexless. Ouida scandalised the Victorians just as much as the people you are thinking of are scandalising the Georgians. Grant Allen was boycotted for a couple of years for *The Woman Who Did*, which reeked with the Puritanism of his North of Ireland ancestry. George Moore's *Mummer's Wife* was a Victorian novel. Zola's works, and De Maupassant's, were translated and prodigiously discussed in Victoria's reign. They were all considered the limit then. Who fusses about them now?

HENDERSON: Surely there must be something not quite nice, let us say—something indecent, and shameful—about a good many novels appearing to-day. I heard a distinguished Englishman, an able critic, say only the other day that a popular novel by an author bearing the name of a great scientist was the nastiest book he had ever read. Mr. Clement Shorter's review of *The Rainbow* in *The Sphere*, if I am not mistaken, was the proximate cause of its suppression. It outrages one to read highly favourable reviews of *La Garçonne* in the English translation, *The Bachelor Girl*, which is bowdlerised out of all resemblance to the offensive original; *Ulysses* was banned when it appeared serially in the United States, as I recall; and any bookseller in England or America, I judge, would sell it over the counter only at the risk of instant prosecution. Proust's great novel, *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, is appearing in English translation; but I suspect that a halt will be called at *Sodome et Gomorrhe*, since from the standpoint of public morals the subjects dealt with, which are treated with great freedom and liberality of view, are *res tacenda* in polite society. What is your view of the treatment of sex in the contemporary novel?

SHAW: I don't read the contemporary novel. There is no such thing as the contemporary novel. Name your novel; and I may tell you what I think of it—that is, if I have read it, which is in the last degree improbable, as a playwright has no patience with novels. But in the few that I *have* read there is no treatment of sex common to them all and yet peculiar to the present period.

HENDERSON: I leave out of discussion the novel *La Garçonne*, which you say you haven't read. To read *Ulysses* is a remarkable and scarifying experience; but the fact that it is "not fit to print," according to Anglo-Saxon standards of public decency, indicates that Joyce has overstepped the bounds.

SHAW: When they asked me to pay three guineas for *Ulysses* I said I would not go a penny beyond seven and sixpence. I read scraps of it in *The Little Review*, not knowing that they all belonged to the history of a single day in Dublin. I was attracted to it by the fact that I was once a young man in Dublin, and also by Joyce's literary power, which is of classic quality. I do not see why there should be any limit to frankness in sex revelation; but Joyce does not raise that question. The question he does raise is whether there should be any limit to the use in literature of blackguardly language. It depends on what people will stand. If Dickens or Thackeray had been told that a respectable author like myself would use the expletive "bloody" in a play, and that an unexceptionally fastidious actress of the first rank, associated exclusively with fine parts, would utter it on the stage without turning a hair, he could not have believed it. Yet I am so old-fashioned and squeamish that I was horrified when I first heard a lady describe a man as a rotter.

I could not write the words Mr. Joyce uses: my prudish hand would refuse to form the letters; and I can find no interest in his infantile clinical incontinences, or in the flatulations which he thinks worth mentioning. But if they were worth mentioning I should not object to mentioning them, though, as you see, I should dress up his popular locutions in a little Latinity. For all we know they may be peppered all over the pages of the lady novelists of ten years hence; and Frank Harris's autobiography may be on all the bookstalls. When Linnæus first wrote on the fertilisation of plants, botany was denounced as corrupting to morals. That seems hardly credible now. But in point of genuine frankness there has been no advance upon Rousseau. Mr. Harris does

not really give himself away as completely as St. Augustine or Bunyan.

HENDERSON: The old defence of the "naturalists" in Zola's day was the truthfulness of the portrayal. The plea was always advanced that the whole truth must be told, if art was to be a graphic picture of human life. Zola vigorously defended his treatment in *Thérèse Raquin*, making good to the hilt his contention that his treatment was scientific in its accuracy, and studiously non-pornographic. *La Terre* positively reeks with references to sexual intercourse; but the book is not offensive, because no base appeal is made to the senses. *Nana* is a photographic study of the French courtesan—affecting, amusing, shocking, horrible; but it contains a minimum of the actual argot of the *poule*, of the language of the *Maison de passe*. *Ulysses*, however, is full of nasty words, reeking with sensual images. Can language about bodily functions not discussed in public be in the interest of public morals?

SHAW (*decisively*): Is any treatment of sex in the interest of public morals? Most of the people who denounce *Ulysses* would say no if they would think out their own position; and that answer would at once reduce them to absurdity. *Ulysses* is a document, the outcome of a passion for documentation that is as fundamental as the artistic passion—more so, in fact; for the document is the root and stem of which the artistic fancyworks are the flowers. Joyce is driven by his documentary demon to place on record the working of a young man's imagination for a single day in the environment of Dublin. The question is, is the document authentic? If I, having read some scraps of it, reply that I am afraid it is, then you may rise up and demand that Dublin be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt. And I may say do so by all means. But that does not invalidate the document.

The Dublin "Jackeens" of my day, the medical students, the young bloods about town, were very like that. Their conversation was dirty; and it defiled their sexuality, which might just as surely have been presented

to them as poetic and vital. I should like to organise the young men of Dublin into clubs for the purpose of reading *Ulysses*; so that they should debate the question "Are we like that?" and if the vote was in the affirmative, proceed to the further question: "Shall we remain like that?" which would, I hope, be answered in the negative. You cannot carry out moral sanitation any more than physical sanitation, without indecent exposures. Get rid of the ribaldry that Joyce describes and dramatises and you get rid of *Ulysses*: it will have no more interest on that side of it than a twelfth century map of the world has to-day. Suppress the book and have the ribaldry unexposed; and you are protecting dirt instead of protecting morals. If a man holds up a mirror to your nature and shows you that it needs washing—not whitewashing—it is no use breaking the mirror. Go for soap and water.

HENDERSON: Superbly answered. But I am unconvinced. The genius of *Ulysses* is unquestioned; and Joyce has made a permanent contribution to world literature. But it is, as you intimate, more a sociological document than a novel. It is a masterpiece *manqué*—a magnificent failure. Literature has been enriched by its high art (in spots); but public decency will rightly continue to ban it from public bookstalls in Anglo-Saxon countries. Literature for all—for the masses—for the public—will always have to conform, as requirement conditional to publication, to a certain standard of decency. And unless Anglo-Saxon society registers a sex degeneration not now indicated (what a terrific retort you yourself made to Nordau!), the standard of literary decency, which follows roughly the social standard, will maintain a respectable level.

Abandoning art and morals for science, I am just back from Berlin, where I had the pleasure of friendly personal and professional intercourse with Professor Albert Einstein. He laughed heartily when I told him you had remarked to me that he looked much more like a musician than a mathematician. He is very fond of music, being a finished violinist himself; and assured me that the creative mathematician was always an artist, with

a highly developed sense of form. Places of honour on his walls were held by three great English scientists: Newton, Faraday, and Clerk-Maxwell. Ever since you paid me the compliment of describing my *Relativity: A Romance of Science* as the first genuinely successful attempt to elucidate relativity for the layman, I have wanted to know your opinion of relativity.

SHAW (*with animation*): Up to a certain point I was astounded to learn that anybody regarded it as a discovery, as I had never been an Absolutist in physics, and never supposed that anyone else was. Also I was naturally tickled by the Michelson experiment as a fresh instance of the vanity of Baconianism. No, I do not mean the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays: I mean the notion that our professional men of science accept the experimental test. *Prima facie* the result of that experiment knocked half the science of the last two hundred years into a cocked hat. Usually this result is avoided by cooking the experiment to fit the theory. On this occasion they cooked the theory to fit the experiment. They always do either the one or the other. As to accepting it without question as they would have accepted it, if it had shown, as they expected, that the ray that travelled along the earth's orbit did its sprint in less time than the ray that crossed it, they never even thought of allowing themselves to be upset in such a fashion. Yet when literary men like H. G. Wells and myself tell them that experiments are put-up jobs and can prove nothing, they are scandalised and invoke Bacon. This was a flagrant case, because the Michelson experiment was not an experiment at all, but a measurement. But they swallowed the discrepancy just as they had swallowed the discrepancy in the perihelion of Mercury. Later on I found that Einstein might be described more accurately as the confuter of Relativity than as its discoverer. His mathematics were not intelligible to me, as I am not familiar with that sort of shorthand. Some day I shall have to do for Einstein what I did for Jevons nearly forty years ago, when I—(*just here Mr. Shaw was called to the telephone, and the thread of his discourse is for ever lost*).

HENDERSON: Once, at this very table, Wells told me he had anticipated Einstein, with some suggestions contained in articles he had published in the *Fortnightly*. Einstein has vigorous opponents in Germany and elsewhere. In England and the United States he is held in especial respect by the public, because he is popularly supposed to have displaced Newton, the greatest mathematician ever produced by the Anglo-Saxon race. May I ask if you have imbibed the idea that Einstein has "ditched" Newton?

SHAW: He has certainly succeeded in shattering the pretensions of the Newtonians and Copernicans to infallibility. I hope we shall soon hear the last of the millions of light years, and the Betelgeuses as big as half a dozen universes, and all the rest of the monstrous exaggerations and fairy tales founded on obviously ridiculous methods of measuring interstellar distances and stellar sizes. A man's sense of humour should be sufficient to prevent him from believing that our neighbour, the sun, so close to us that a cloud between us can make the difference between a hot day and a cold one, is 93 millions of miles off, or over 93,000. I have no patience with such follies. The seance is closed.

THE FILM AND THE FUTURE

BY ALEC WAUGH

A FEW months ago the management of a certain picture theatre in issuing invitations to a number of writers to attend a special literary *matinée* of the film they were then showing, stated that it was the boast of two or three very eminent novelists that they had never seen a film shown in their lives. The names of these writers were not given, nor have their identities transpired since in any newspaper controversy. Indeed it is more than a little doubtful if they had ever any existence outside the astute imagination of the management. How often in the days when we sat at the foot of the history sixth did we not begin an essay with some such sentence as "a certain eighteenth century essayist, a writer more remarkable, perhaps, for the vigour than for the accuracy of his statements, is reported to have said . . ." and proceed to attribute to this anonymous celebrity an expression of opinion that we should be in a position through the remainder of the essay to demolish. Every journalist and every politician knows the value in an argument of a self-created card castle of opposition. And it would seem scarcely possible that anyone, however profound his objection to the film, can have contrived to exist through the last fifteen years in a pleasure-seeking world without now and again finding himself forced into the atmosphere of these "contemptible two-dimensional dramatics." But even if that may not be admitted, this at least is sure, that a great number of very intelligent persons have never entered a cinema except under extreme pressure, have never sat in one without extreme boredom, have never come out of one without extreme relief.

For the film is the parvenu, the *nouveau riche*; that has yet to be accepted socially. It is in too many minds associated with the flickering projections of absurd vulgarities in the stuffy booths of provincial fairs. Too many people can remember its early struggles. The bad photography, the

bad acting, the alternating spasms of sentiment and sensation, the rowdy travesty of humour, the maudlin parody of life; and there are still people who think and talk and write of films in terms of the cinema as it was in 1907, who will complain of the wild gesticulation and the grimacing close-ups that have been out of fashion for a dozen years; people in plenty who obstinately refuse to recognise the film as a legitimate means of self-expression, and remarkably few who will attempt a definition of the capacities and limitations of a medium that may well prove to be the main art form of the twentieth century.

The film, it has been said some thousand and one times, is an entirely different medium from the novel and the play. It has been said and been ignored. Producer after producer has aimed at producing on the screen a stage or a book effect. And it cannot be done. The novel and the play work towards an effect of words, to some such sentence as "and my poor fool's hanged." The film works towards a picture. The incident that is the most dramatic on the stage is the least dramatic on the screen. If one were asked to say which moment in that very fine play *If I Were King* had moved one most, the majority would, I think, select Villon's proud challenge to the Burgundians and the girl's answer to the King's question: "I think, my lord, a man has come to court!" That moment had no screen value whatsoever. Equally that supreme moment in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, when Colonel Sapt says to Rassendyl: "Gad, you are the finest Elphburg of them all" hardly moved one at the Palace, hardly moved one because the film is a presentation of life in pictures, not in words. As a parasite of the novel and the play it has not, it cannot hope to have the least permanent significance. If it has any future at all it must be as a medium through which may be presented more effectively than through any other medium certain effects of situation and emotion. As there is a special province for the novel and the play, so should there be a special province for the film. There should be some things that the film alone can do satisfactorily.

Up to now the film industry has specialised not unnatur-

ally in one direction, in the direction of display. And as regards mere spectacle the capacities and potentialities of the film are without rival. Stage scenery can never be satisfactorily realistic. One knows that the houses are made of paint and canvas. Painted trees can never look like real trees. And it is only through the setting that avoids a literal presentation, as so much modern painting which aims at the abstraction of a scene, that the essence of a landscape can be effectively "got across." A film scene can, on the other hand, always be presented realistically. A sheet of painted glass or cardboard is set ten feet in front of the camera and the front doorway of an English cottage can become the gateway of an Oriental palace, so that it will be impossible to tell which part of the picture is real and which is false. There is no town or country or period of time that cannot be photographed within a five-mile radius of Hollywood.

We should not be moved now as we were fifteen years ago at Drury Lane by the sensationalism of *The Whip*. That a motor car should dash across the stage and collapse against a bridge; that a man should crawl along the foot-board of an express train and uncouple a horse-box; that the Two Thousand Guineas should be run actually before one's eyes—what would that be to us who have watched Lillian Gish floating on an ice block down the rapids of Niagara, who have trembled while Harold Lloyd clung with the fingers of one hand to the sill of an eighteen-storey window in a New York sky-scraper, to us who have seen the sack of Rome. Never again shall we go to the stage for sensational effects of scenery and lighting, for effects that can be got better and less expensively elsewhere. To-day when we do go to the theatre we go there for drama simply. Within a few years' time the drama should have been set free to cultivate what is strictly its own garden.

But although so far the film has been regarded almost exclusively by the public and the producer as a medium for display, display is actually its least potential quality. There is a tether to sensationalism. It is indeed hard to see how, in terms of spectacle, much advance is possible

on the ice scene of *Way Down East*, the battle in *The Four Horsemen*, and the massacre of *Scaramouche*. There are certainly immense potentialities in such a method as that of *Dr. Caligari*, a film that showed through a series of symbolic backgrounds the disordered fantasies of a madman's mind. But *Dr. Caligari* is a side-issue only, an equivalent for certain highly sophisticated tendencies in literature and painting; it can be no more a main current than can be Sitwellism in verse and the cult for Joyce in prose. It is a side-show. A stimulating and intriguing side-show. But a side show none the less.

It is along other lines that the film as an art form will develop, along lines that would seem to have been ignored by nine out of every ten producers. Producer after producer has selected his plot with his eye on a big sensational finale, a selection that disregards entirely what is the chief value of the film, the peculiar opportunities it offers for the presentation of direct straightforward narrative. The value of the film as an art form is its value as a medium for dramatic narrative. It has many advantages over the novel and the play. It can present atmosphere with an admirable economy of time. A novelist might spend a couple of chapters describing the setting for his story—the appearance of the town, the type of person that inhabits it, the routine of his hero and his heroine. All that can be done on the screen in a very few feet of film and with no delaying of the action. The film moves as the novel moves, but the play cannot move, backwards and forwards in respect of time. It has indeed actually more in common with the novel than the play. But its range is larger than the novel's. A great many stage effects that are impossible in the novel are possible in the film. A man is making love to a woman in her husband's absence. The husband returns earlier than was expected. He enters the drawing-room through the French window that opens on to the garden. His wife and her lover have their backs to him and do not see him. He pauses, watching them for a moment, then quietly closes the window behind him and walks round to the front door. Such a moment has far more dramatic effect as a thing seen than as a thing

described. It would be a big scene in a film and in a play, but scarcely in a novel. The film combines certain characteristics of the novel and the play, excluding others. Many moments, that is to say, which would be effective both in a novel and a play, both of which demand words, are valueless for screen purposes. *Anna Christie*, which was a series of speeches and not of pictures, in spite of fine acting and fine production, was unsatisfactory as a film.

It is indeed rather curious to notice that with the exception of a few productions, notably those of that very excellent producer, Mr. Cecil Hepworth, real screen narrative, the sort of narrative that does not require innumerable captions and that explains itself throughout in pictures, has been found chiefly where one would least expect to find it, in the work of those two supreme masters of humour, Charles Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. Humour is rarely remarkable for relevance. Every clown is inclined to over-gag, to delay the action for a laugh. But Charles Chaplin and Harold Lloyd are extremely careful about their plots. The architectonics of *Why Worry*, of *A Dog's Life*, and of *Never Weaken* satisfy the most exact æsthetic canons. Indeed, now that we are familiar with Chaplin's personality, we find ourselves only half satisfied with such films as *A Day's Pleasure* and *Pay Day*, in which the narrative is weak.

The story is everything in the film, and it is because of the lack of good film narrative that producer after producer, especially in the super film, has had to rely on spectacle for his supreme appeal. Only a good story can hold the attention of an audience for two hours and a half. The last quarter of *The Four Horsemen*, of *Scaramouche*, of *Way Down East* and *Sodom and Gomorrah*, are noise and nothing else but noise. The producer is forced to achieve through it what he could not achieve through the rhythm, the inevitable sequence of events. In none of these four films is the narrative strong enough to carry of itself the weight of a big production. The climax does not grow out of the story. It is incidental; it is artificial; it is superimposed. Noise is the final rally of the defeated story-

teller, an attempt to give unity to what has no unity. There was no story in *The Four Horsemen*; there was no story in *Scaramouche*. In *Way Down East* a hundred thousand word story was, for the sake of a super production, expanded to a length of two hundred thousand. It has its effect, of course. We are moved, subdued, intimidated, coerced into an emotional response. But the imagination is not touched. "Any crude emotion will do if it is vague, loud and sprawling," wrote George Moore of that type of literature which aims at a similar appeal. And the supreme appeal is obtained always through understatement, through the one word less rather than the one word more. We are moved for the moment undoubtedly by *Scaramouche* and *Way Down East*. But because the imagination is not touched, the emotion passes as we walk out into the evening air. It does not linger about us as a perfume does.

Such films provide undoubtedly an excellent entertainment, but they can satisfy permanently only the rawest æsthetic sense; and there could be written, there will be written a film as satisfying, as supreme in its own way as any novel and as any play.

I would be the last person to attempt a justification of the last five minutes of Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris*. It was unreal; it was artificial; it was sentimental. It may have been good morals; it was certainly bad art. For ninety minutes Chaplin had presented more effectively than I have ever seen anywhere else presented, the character of the kept woman, the woman in love with luxury and more than a little in love also with the man who gives it her. It was one of the most honest things I have ever seen, as honest as a tale by Maupassant. Pierre Revel was not the gross, coarsened, conventional villain, but a pleasant, lazy, good-natured fellow with a Prosper Profond, a "je m'en fiche" attitude to life. It showed Marie and himself in a rather nice way in love with one another. It showed their relationship as something deeper, firmer, in its way finer than the romantic adoration of the young painter, her village sweetheart. For ninety minutes *A Woman of Paris* was such a picture as Maupassant would

have been proud to sign, and then there came the climax. The wave of jealousy is at its height. The young man kills himself. It was a legitimate and logical climax, a climax that rose naturally out of the action of the story. And after it, to ruin the whole effect, an absurd caption about "time the healer" and a picture of Marie in a country cottage in charge of some Catholic orphanage. But in the last two minutes of the film is produced the finest film effect that I have ever seen, the sort of effect for which the film is particularly adapted, and which the film alone can give. Pierre Revel is motoring through the village on his way to Paris. A friend says to him: "What happened, by the way, to Marie?" Pierre shakes his head a little wistfully. "I don't know," he says. You see Marie walking down the road towards him. For one awful moment you feel that they will meet, will fall into each other's arms, that the film is to end as so many other films have ended—in the close up of a kiss. But there is a cart in the roadway. Marie calls to it, jumps behind, and sits facing Paris so that her back is towards Revel as he passes her. And so these two who so loved each other, who had once meant so much to one another, who are at that very moment in each other's thoughts, pass within three feet of each other and do not know it. And as Pierre's car fades out along the road, one has a sudden sense, a sense that is not to be analysed in words, of the sadness and frustration and impermanence of human friendship and human love. It is an effect that Thomas Hardy would have employed satirically, but that Chaplin used as Turgenev would have used, as a window opening on some mystery that one can recognise but cannot explain, an effect not, perhaps, unlike that of the closing scene of *A House of Gentlefolk*, when Lavretzky sees Lisa in that remote convent cross from one choir to another with the meek walk of a nun. "What were they both thinking, what were they feeling? Who can know? Who can say? There are such moments in life, there are such feelings . . . one can but point to them—and pass them by."

The film is admittedly a perishable medium. But the plays of Shakespeare have outlasted the actors they were

written for and the stage on which they were for the first time set. The actor is the servant of the play: he is the impermanent and fleeting pathway by which the essence of an eternal quality is borne to us. Of the scenario as of the play. That scenario that presents perfectly a perfectly told story will be handed as an heirloom down the centuries.

And it will come, that ideal scenario, a scenario that is worthy of Rex Ingram, of Lasky, of D. W. Griffith and Cecil Hepworth. We have four or five great producers, we have in Barbara La Marr, in Edna Purviance, in Eileen Dennis, in Alice Terry and in Enid Bennett five great actresses, in Henry Edwardes, in Rudolph Valentino and in Lewis Stone three big actors, but we have no great scenario writer. And the actor and producer can do no more than make the best of the material that is there.

We shall get a film that is a work of art when, and only when, a man of genius who is something of a novelist, something of a dramatist, something also of a painter, a man who sees pictorially, in pictures and not in words, the action and drama of the world, shall express, as he will express, in the film his attitude and his reaction to life.

It may be that Charles Chaplin is that man.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF JAPAN

BY STEPHEN KING-HALL

I

THE creation of modern Japan is by common consent one of the most remarkable political feats of the past fifty years, and the decision reached by the clan leaders in 1867, whereby they formed the plan to Westernise their country in order to save her from the domination of the white nations, was undoubtedly a landmark in world history.

In 1853 an American squadron tore aside the veil which the Tokugawa Shogunate had decreed should conceal Japan during her long slumber of two hundred and seven years; during that seclusion only a few fitful rays of Western learning filtered through the Dutch window at Nagasaki. In 1919 the Japanese delegate at Versailles was one of the "Big Five," and actually forced the President of the United States, then perhaps the foremost figure in the world, to condone the injustice of Shantung.

This contrast typified a remarkable achievement.

But it was obtained at a price, and the account is now being rendered.

In studying Japanese affairs there are certain preliminary difficulties to be disposed of. The first of these arises from the dazzle effect produced upon European eyes by Japan's brilliant material progress. One must wear tinted glasses in order to see the truth.

The dazzle is accentuated by the fact that for the past thirty years the Japanese Government has sedulously fostered a propaganda designed to keep the material aspect of Japan's progress in the forefront of the picture. It has been assisted in its endeavours by the complexity of the Japanese language and by the gullibility of certain foreign writers, who, drugged by the charm of Japanese hospitality, have lost whatever sense of balance they ever had. It may be as well to take this opportunity of making a personal statement. I am of the opinion that the Japanese nation are ordinary Oriental human beings in

a certain stage of development; it is a state which has many abnormal features as I shall have cause to show. In the process of developing my argument I may seem to write harsh things of a country and a people of whom I have exceedingly pleasant personal recollections, and if this harshness seems pronounced, it is only because the less pleasant and the less engaging side of Japanese national life is so rarely described to European readers.

II

The fundamental fact underlying all Japanese political events is that the abolition of feudalism in the country dates from about fifty years ago. The famous edict abolishing the clans was dated August, 1871. Up to this time Japan was a feudal country. Her feudal system was not dissimilar to that existent in Europe in the Middle Ages, and it bore a fairly close resemblance to the Scottish system; but to find its near parallel, one must plough back through many centuries to early Chinese feudalism.

In feudal Japan there were four sharply divided classes of society—the feudal nobles (Daimios), the Court nobles (Kuge), the clansmen or armed retainers (Samurai), and the serfs or common people (Heimin). It is impossible in a short study to attempt an analysis of the social complexes of feudal Japan, and I must confine myself to the remark that the common people who in the middle of the eighteenth century were subdivided into several grades of social precedence with the "Eta" or outcasts at the bottom, were in much the same condition as serfs in other parts of the world had been several centuries earlier. They were, politically speaking, absolutely negligible. They formed an inarticulate, uneducated, poverty-stricken mass of toilers in paddy fields who supported the gaudy superstructure of Oriental splendour in which moved the few hundred Daimios, the Kuge, and perhaps a hundred and thirty thousand Samurai. The Kuge lived with the divinely descended Emperor in the prison palace of Kioto; the Daimios, largely controlled by councils of clansmen, moved backwards and forwards in glittering state between their castles on their lands and

their residences at Yedo. At Yedo—the modern Tokio—the Daimios were the planetary associates of the Tokugawa Shogun. The Shogun was the *de facto* ruler of Japan; though by the middle of the nineteenth century the Japanese predilection for “Shadow Government” had asserted itself, and the descendant of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu was in the hands of his clansmen.

When, for reasons of domestic policy which need not be described here, the Tokugawa Shogunate was thrown down by a coalition of four Western clans, the Emperor was officially restored to the pre-eminent position which was his theocratic due according to the doctrines of Shinto. In actual fact he was employed by the clan leaders in precisely the same way as he had been employed by the Shogun; that is to say, the throne was used as a façade, from behind which the clan leaders were able to rule the country.

These leaders soon realised that a preliminary to the Westernisation of Japan must be the abolition of feudalism and the centralisation of power. They were faced with a problem to which two parallels suggest themselves. The first is in China. The Chinese, ever since the first Chinese war of 1840, have been endeavouring to discover a method by which their country could be governed in a decentralised manner internally, whilst at the same time it could speak with one voice in the family of nations. It has taken much foreign aggression to persuade the Chinese that a single Chinese voice in international affairs is an inevitable requirement of the present era. The other parallel I take from the British Commonwealth of Nations. We are to-day grappling with the problem of how to combine local autonomy with Commonwealth unity in foreign affairs.

The Japanese leaders were in one respect far better situated for the solution of this problem than have been the Chinese and British peoples. Owing to the serf-like qualities of the Japanese people they would do anything they were told. There was only one class in Japan which might be expected to object to any centralisation of power and abolition of feudalism, and this was the Samurai. A

section of these men did object, and this was one of the causes of the abortive Satsuma rebellion of 1877. The same docility on the part of the masses is likewise the real explanation of the astounding speed with which the material Westernisation has been accomplished. Feudalism in outward form was abolished by a stroke of the Imperial brush, the hand that held it, guided by the clan leaders of Satsuma, Choshu, Hizen, and Tosa, but mental feudalism remained.

It takes more than an Imperial edict, even in Japan, where edicts from the throne are *ipso facto* the echo of the voice of God, to eradicate the traditions and mental outlook inherited from centuries of feudalism. I have written that this docility of the nation was a great advantage in the hands of the leaders who had to learn the geography of Westernisation during the night and guide their nation along strange paths by day, and it may be that in view of the fact that rapidity of execution was essential it was an advantage worth the price; the final answer to this question still lies hidden in the womb of time.

For useful, and indeed essential, as was that “docility” when measured by the needs of the moment, it had some extremely disadvantageous aspects. These are only now becoming apparent. I have mentioned that both in China and in the British Commonwealth of Nations a problem in a similar class is to be found. In these two cases the difficulty—one is tempted to write the impossibility—of securing a cut-and-dried solution is due to the political consciousness of the people. They are not “docile.” In China, it is fashionable to say that the masses have no political consciousness, and that its development is the pressing need of the hour. As applied to a Chinese peasant in relation to the idea of a Chinese State this was absolutely true twenty years ago, and is still largely true to-day, but applied to that peasant in regard to local government it is fantastically incorrect. For centuries China has consisted of hundreds of self-governing, miniature republics, linked extremely loosely to the provinces and thence to Peking. Similarly with the British peoples. It is that strongly developed genius for self-government

which is inherent in the race which makes it so hard to find an acceptable balance between local autonomy and Commonwealth centralisation.

Yet this characteristic of self-government possessed by the English and Chinese peoples which is so awkward a stumbling block in the path of the enthusiast with his neat diagrams of centralised administration, is actually the secret of the strength of the British and Chinese. It is their most priceless national asset. Before considering what result the process of Westernisation has produced upon the masses in Japan, it is desirable to describe briefly the consequences of Westernisation upon the unity of the ruling classes.

Soon after the "Restoration," a variety of complicated circumstances, which would require a great deal of space to describe even in outline, caused all power to become centred in the leaders of the Satsuma and Choshu clans, and there came into being a body of persons usually referred to as the Sat-Cho clique.

Throughout the history of modern Japan the Sat-Cho clique has had to contend with the jealousy of prominent men who did not belong to the charmed circle which virtually circumscribed all administrative power, and, one must add, personal profit derived from the exercise of that power. Nor has the Sat-Cho clique been united within itself. The two great clans, which are respectively identified for historical reasons with the Navy and the Army, have ever been jealous of each other, and the history of clan politics between the years 1870 and 1924 is largely the inner history of Japanese politics. The coalition of four western clans fell to pieces in 1874, a difference of opinion having arisen in connection with foreign policy in general and a proposed war with China in particular. The peace party led by Okubo¹ and Itagaki triumphed for the moment, though it was to be overcome by its rivals in 1894. Between the years 1880 and 1890 the bureaucrats of the Sat-Cho clique had to contend with much opposition from various classes and persons who for many reasons, honourable and dishonourable, desired to

(1) Okubo was assassinated by reactionaries in 1878.

hasten the coming of a more representative form of government. The most formidable of all the enemies of the Sat-Cho clique were now Okuma and Itagaki. These leaders formed political parties in readiness for the opening of a promised parliament, for the Sat-Cho men had realised about 1881 that it was impossible to Westernise the country and leave the system of administration out of the melting pot. Since the Restoration and up to about 1885 the system of government had been copied from one in existence in Japan in the pre-Shogun days of the 10th century, which in its turn had been copied from an earlier Chinese system. Partly to silence the agitators who were jealous of the Sat-Cho ascendancy and thought that in a parliament they would find a weapon with which to attack the ruling oligarchy, and partly in order to impress the Western Powers from whom Japan was then seeking Treaty revision, the Sat-Cho bureaucrats promised the nation a parliament in 1891. This edict was a severe blow to the personal ambitions of Okuma, who by exposing a huge financial scandal in which he was partly implicated himself had memorialised the Throne for a parliament in 1883 in the hope that he might ride into power on a wave of popular favour.

The Constitution and Diet given to the nation by the Sat-Cho clique were closely modelled on those of Prussia, and during the first seven years of the life of the Diet, the alternate Satsuma and Choshu administrations paid little attention to the continued obstruction and opposition they encountered in the Lower House. When necessary it was overcome by one of three methods: either the Diet was bribed, or it was dissolved, or the Throne issued an Imperial Rescript. After seven years a change took place. The opposition leaders received their first opportunity of translating their theories into practice. They received their chance from Ito, who at this time (1898) had begun his long-drawn-out difference of opinion with his fellow bureaucrat Yamagata, the leader of the militarists and a man destined to exercise very great influence on the life story of modern Japan. Yamagata was strongly opposed to any concessions to the reform and anti-clan government

party, but Ito out-manceuvred him and the Throne invited Okuma and Itagaki to form an administration. After seven years of mutual jealousy, these two opposition leaders had managed to coalesce into a party called the Kenseito. The first party, *i.e.*, non-Sat-Cho administration, Japan has ever enjoyed, or suffered, collapsed ignominiously within a few months of its creation. It was torn asunder by internal quarrels as to the division of spoils. The Sat-Cho clique then resumed its routine of appointing administrations.

However, the experience gained during the first seven years of the Diet had convinced Ito that some use might be made of the Lower House for the purpose of assisting him in his struggle with Yamagata, and with this object in view he conceived the idea of creating a large personal political party which should be supreme in the Lower House.

This plan he carried out, and the famous, or as some would say infamous, Seiyukai Party was born. Its members were chiefly men who leapt at the chance of being associated with a leader who was at that time pre-eminent in the Sat-Cho clique; it mattered nothing to the members of the newly-formed party that for many years they had been advocating the adoption of a Cabinet system responsible to the Diet, whilst the main platform of the Seiyukai was advertised to be ministerial irresponsibility. The lure of office and its certain profits reconciled black unto white in the eyes of the average Seiyukai man.

Since its formation, the Seiyukai, with the exception of two short periods, has always been in a majority in the Diet, and always more or less associated with the administration in power. The Sat-Cho clique, whose leaders have become known as the Genro¹ or Elder Statesmen, have appointed administrations with but little reference to the state of parties in the Lower House or of such public opinion as may be said to have existed in the country and been expressed through an active but uninfluential Press.

(1) There is now only one Genro left—Saionji—though Yamamoto has in a sense qualified for Genroship by forming a second administration. Who, or what, is to take the place of the Genro as Advisors-in-Chief to the Throne at times of political crisis is one of the most discussed political problems in Japan to-day.

A few instances from recent Japanese history will best illustrate the state of affairs.

In 1912 the Choshu clan secured the administration with Katsura as Premier. This was the third time that general had formed a Government. Katsura endeavoured to usurp the leadership of the military party which had been held for many years by his patron, Yamagata. The latter brought down his unruly henchman, but this schism weakened Choshu, and the Satsuma clan secured the next administration with Admiral Yamamoto at its head. This Government fell in dire disgrace as a result of the naval scandals. The Genro were then in an awkward quandary as both Satsuma and Choshu were in trouble and incapable of producing administrations. In their difficulty they tried many casts, but were eventually obliged to turn to Okuma, who had been wandering in the political wilderness for fifteen years. During this period he had ceaselessly and violently attacked the autocratic and imperialistic policy of the Sat-Cho clique, but directly he got into power he frankly admitted that what he said out of office and what he did in office were two very different matters. It soon became apparent that he was absolutely under the thumbs of the Genro, and the world was treated to the ironical spectacle of "Japan's leading Pacifist" inflicting the twenty-one demands upon China.

When Okuma fell he made a desperate effort to pass the succession to his first lieutenant and ex-Foreign Minister, Viscount Kato. His attempt failed, for though Kato was president of Okuma's personal party, the Kenseikai, then in a majority in the Diet, the Genro arbitrarily instructed General Terauchi to form an administration. This gentleman was Governor-General of Korea and a militarist *pur sang*. There was much popular clamour, but the Genro remained unmoved. By this time Ito had been assassinated and Yamagata at the head of the militarists dominated the ageing body of Genro.

Terauchi's *régime* collapsed as a consequence of the very serious and widespread "Rice Riots" of 1918, which were initially economic in cause but developed into an

expression of political discontent. The Genro took alarm at this unmistakable indication of popular feeling and decided to play the democrat. A civilian and a commoner, Mr. Hara, the President of the Seiyukai, was invited to form a government. This event was loudly trumpeted abroad as a triumph of democracy and a sure sign that the hidden and dark forces of clan politics were at their last gasp. In actual fact, the Genro continued to control matters from behind the scenes. A squabble between the two great clans in connection with the betrothal of the Crown Prince weakened Choshu, and when Mr. Hara's temporary successor, Viscount Takahashi, resigned, Satsuma secured power with their representative in the person of Admiral Baron Kato as the head of a government. This was described as an "All Peers, Transcendental and Above Party Government." The Seiyukai became more or less attached to it, but only on humiliating terms. When Kato died in 1923, the Satsuma people, in order to retain power, appointed Admiral Yamamoto, of naval scandal fame, as the Prime Minister. The formation of this Ministry coincided with the great earthquake and fire, two calamities which effectually silenced all political criticism for the time being.

Yamamoto fell as a consequence of the attempted assassination of the Prince Regent. In 1923 Viscount Kiyoura received the Imperial mandate to form an administration. A split then took place in the Seiyukai party, long bloated and ripe for parturition. A section of the party favoured the time-honoured policy of supporting the men in power; others considered that the appointment of Kiyoura, who was reputed to be utterly out of touch with such public opinion as exists, was so scandalous that to support him would result in the extinction of the party. The Diehards broke away from the Seiyukai and formed a party known as the Seiyu Honto. When Kiyoura met the Diet he was confronted by a mass of opposition and disorderly obstruction. The Government were even accused of having tried to wreck a train carrying the opposition leaders. Kiyoura, realising that it would be hopeless to try to get Government measures through

the Diet, promptly dissolved that body. The elections held in April, 1924, registered a signal defeat for the Seiyu Honto and a victory for the Kenseikai and Seiyukai.

Viscount Kato—of twenty-one demands notoriety¹—was instructed to form an administration. He is at this moment riding precariously, one leg on his old rivals the Seiyukai, the other on the Kenseikai, his own party, and although the result of the elections reflected a distinct hostility towards "Bureaucratic Government" on the part of the electors, Viscount Kato's worst enemies would not accuse him of being a Liberal.

Such in sketchy outline have been some of the outstanding reactions of the ruling classes in Japan to Westernisation.

The party politics of Japan have up to the present developed along two lines. The Lower House has been used as a pawn in the clan struggles for power, and it has been used as a rostrum from which men outside the charmed ring attacked those within it and obstructed them in every possible way in the hope that if the obstruction was sufficiently irritating the agitators would be given some share in the spoils of office in order to silence them.

On every occasion when those outside the ring have been able on any terms to become parasitically attached to those inside the magic circle they have joyfully done so. All the high-sounding principles have been abandoned. No wonder that the masses in Japan, tentatively reaching out towards new ideas, have begun to experience an intense disgust for so-called parliamentary government. We must now consider the effects of Westernisation on the masses in Japan.

III

The first and most important factor to remember in connection with the effects of Westernisation upon the masses is one to which I have already drawn attention, and that is the very recent existence in the country of all the outward

(1) He was Foreign Minister when these demands were presented to China, and has always actively justified them.

symbols of feudalism. When these were abolished, the outward signs of democracy and Western culture were installed in their stead, but no attempt on a considerable scale was made to change the mental outlook of the people. Several reasons explain this fact. Firstly, it would have taken much too long to educate public opinion. The clan leaders did not dare to Westernise their country slowly; they could not afford to wait until a powerful body of public opinion recruited from the masses should demand the importation of Western ideas. The importance of the time factor; the danger that if Japan did not immediately take steps to meet the West as an equal she would learn her lessons in bondage, were factors which condemned the clan statesmen to the rôle of dictators rather than leaders. Secondly, the clan leaders were by temperament and inheritance accustomed to command, and to them it seemed quite natural that the masses should be nothing more than obedient supers in the great transformation scene. In fact, the few men who wielded supreme power—of whom the Genro became typical—have consistently opposed giving any share of that power to men in the next social grade, such as members of the Diet. Thirdly, the people were at the outset in no position, nor had they the inclination, to change their ideas. They accepted the orders relative to the Westernisation of Japan which came from above and were voiced from the Throne, with that passive receptiveness with which they had received the *volte-face* of the four Western clans at the time of the Restoration. The Imperial Party had then first appealed to the nation with the cry of "Exclude the foreigner," and, the Restoration accomplished, they had immediately announced that the foreigner must be welcomed.

For these reasons a most unusual event has taken place in Japan. Material progress has preceded mental advancement. Japan has her banks, her steamship lines, her industries (other than that of silk), her newspapers, her colonial empire, her conscript army and navy; but not because her people have wanted these things, or thought the thoughts of which these things in the West have been the material consequence. Japan has these things because

the few men who ruled her looked towards Europe and the U.S.A. and blindly adopted whatever they saw, good, bad or indifferent. As a result of this wholesale importation of Western culture and materialism, nearly every enterprise in Japan is State-controlled, and there are numerous large Government monopolies. In this interference by the State in every branch of national life is to be found one of the chief causes of the notorious and tremendous corruption in Japanese political life.

Modern Japan may be compared to a pyramid, but a pyramid on its point; its foundation is not in proportion to the structure it supports.

So much for the first general result of Westernisation upon the masses. A second very important consequence has been the industrialisation of Japan and the creation of a body of opinion in which Labour and Socialist ideas have taken root.

There is at present in Japan no Labour party, or even Labour member in the Diet, although there are many hundreds of thousands of industrial workers in the country. Nevertheless the Labour and Socialist movements are likely to become so important in the near future that it is necessary to describe them in some detail. The theories believed in by Labour and Socialist leaders in Japan, which with certain exceptions are roughly similar to those held by similar persons elsewhere, are absolutely and utterly obnoxious to the rulers of Japan. By the Peace Preservation Regulations, Trades Unions are illegal associations, though since about 1918 the authorities have recognised the trend of the times and the Home Minister has stated in the Diet that Trades Unions will be tolerated if they obey orders. The Trades Union movement in Japan is comparatively weak, a state of affairs due to official repression, the ignorance of the workers and their poverty. If a strike lasts for more than a few days in Japan it is a remarkable event. On the other hand, Japanese Trades Unionism is surprisingly advanced in its political outlook, and at the present moment is controlled by men who profess a belief in direct action and despise the Diet. There is a close connection between Labour

and Socialism. Organised Labour, like many other institutions which the Japanese have borrowed from the West, has leaped several normal stages in development and provided the field in which Japanese Socialism took root at the time of its renaissance in 1913. The first Japanese Socialist movement became evident about 1900, and was purely a movement amongst intellectuals, some of whom were anarchical; it was easily crushed by the police, largely because there was no public opinion to which it could appeal. When the movement revived in 1913, Organised Labour was taking definite shape, and Socialist theories spread rapidly amongst this public. The attitude of the authorities is still frankly that of ruthless suppression, and in this policy they receive the support of the educated classes. It was quite amazing to read the letters contributed to the Japanese Press when the gendarmerie captain Amakasu murdered the Socialist leader Osugi, his wife and a child, during the confusion which followed the earthquake. The majority of the letters candidly upheld the murderer's action. A similar expression of opinion was noticeable when the Labour leaders were bayoneted at a police station at the same time on the most frivolous of pretexts.

Notwithstanding constant repression, the movements are increasing in strength, and the authorities are openly concerned at the growth of what in Japan is called "dangerous thoughts."

For a full appreciation of the factors which will affect the political future of Japan it would be necessary to extend this article beyond all reasonable limits, but enough has been said to make it possible to pass to conclusions.

IV

From the material point of view the Westernisation of Japan is complete; from the mental point of view it has only just begun. The paraphernalia of Western culture which has been superimposed upon a feudal nation has begun to produce its reaction upon the foundations. The traditions of feudalism have gradually been killed by

Western culture, and the people have begun to think for themselves. But—and this is the crucial point—they have seized upon the thoughts which have been circling around the world these last four years—very revolutionary thoughts. One of the consequences of the above-mentioned facts is that there is no middle class in Japan in an intellectual sense. There is on one side the governing class, which is reactionary, and on the other side there is a section amongst the masses which is crudely revolutionary. This latter class is increasing in numbers. There are practically no signs of what could be called constitutional Liberalism, did it exist. Moreover, the state of affairs is such that it is difficult to see how reform is to take place in an orderly manner. The forces of the right and of the left are separated by an unbridged chasm. The official panacea for all evils consists of measures for the "control of national thought." The chief instruments of control are a widespread bureaucracy, the police and Shinto. How Shinto, which is the official foundation of national *moral*, can be equated with democracy is a problem whose solution passes man's understanding. On the other hand, the Labour and Socialist thinkers, accustomed to nothing but harsh treatment from above, are openly contemptuous of the Diet and the existing political parties. With these two antagonistic forces in the State and no middle class to act as a buffer between them, it is obvious that a very awkward situation may arise unless the authorities can devise a safety valve through which to release the accumulating pressure.

In my judgment there is only one correct way in which this problem can be solved, and it is a solution which calls for great breadth of view on the part of the rulers of Japan. Just as modern Japan was built up on the material side with great rapidity at the cost of neglecting the mentality of the masses, so now the people must be forced to govern themselves, even though this will entail a certain loss of material efficiency. It should be the somewhat melancholy task of Japan's present rulers to undo some of the work the foundations of which were laid by the first Genro. The bureaucracy should be pruned; the administrative system

decentralised; the police liberalised; the Constitution amended with a view to making the Cabinet responsible to the Diet. At the same time a most necessary reform is the abolition of the regulations which confine the Ministries of War and the Navy to the ranks of service men. Encouragement should be given to the formation of a Labour Party in the Diet, and real party government in the English sense should be brought into being. Shinto should be gradually disestablished, or at all events pruned as far as possible of its political implications. It is obvious that far-reaching reforms of this nature are best carried out over a long period of years, but the democratisation of Japan is every whit as urgent a problem to-day as was her material Westernisation in the '70's. Procrastination in the past would have exposed the State to the perils of aggression from without: procrastination to-day exposes it to perils of disruption from within.

The price of rapid material Westernisation was the mental atrophy of the people; the price of teaching Japan democracy must be a temporary loss of material efficiency, but this is preferable to the two alternatives: one of these is a Bolshevik type of revolution in Japan, a kind of disturbance of which the 1918 Rice Riots were symptomatic; whilst the other alternative is that the ruling classes in Japan will recognise the seriousness of the unrest amongst the masses and seek to distract them by a foreign war on the continent of Asia. In the opinion of many people, of whom the writer is one, the masses are still sufficiently docile to cry "Banzai" for such a war.

THE PLAYS OF ALLAN MONKHOUSE¹

BY GRAHAM SUTTON

IN the pre-war or Repertory Age (*floruit* 1900-1914: still remembered affectionately by some of us, though cut off by the remorseless cleavage of a time when only the commercial drama could flourish) theatres gave wider scope to the young playwright than he has since enjoyed. Then they did curtain-raisers: they did curtain-droppers (if that be the right name for them): they even did triple bills. And they did all these things as they did full-length plays (including tragedies!) with frequent changes of programme: wherein the young playwright seized his chance, rejoicing. For no normal man, being neither genius nor conceited owl, sits down to write a full-length play first-shot, any more than even Shakespeare sat down to *Romeo and Juliet* till he had served an apprenticeship at "writing in" scenes for more experienced craftsmen. The one-act, one-week play gave tyros their opportunity—first to find out what they could do, and then to consider whether they felt like doing something bigger.

Allan Monkhouse began thus, with one-act repertory plays. *Reaping the Whirlwind* was his first, produced by Miss Horniman in 1908: a rather arid little piece, though it leaps suddenly into life at the end. *The Choice* came soon after, perhaps before *Mary Broome* was begun. I don't know when he wrote *Resentment*, but should imagine it to date from the same period. These are all somewhat dry and intellectual—not highbrow, in what that word connotes of affectation, but the work of a literary young man who has not yet gained the knack of making his folk talk as he wants them to. This common talk of cultivated people is a difficult business; gutter-speech is not so hard, running as it does to *clichés* which have yet their peculiar raciness: and on the other hand the speech of Wilde's and Congreve's characters is flash and polish untarnished by realism's demands; but to make cultured people talk

(1) From *Some Contemporary Dramatists* (to be published shortly by Leonard Parsons).

realistically requires a degree of skill which you will better appreciate if you turn from these early pieces to another one-act play, *Night Watches*, written about 1915. In the first batch one feels the literary dramatist groping his way to life; in *Night Watches*, the live dramatist expressing himself in literature.

Meanwhile Mr. Monkhouse was beginning to test his strength, under such favourable conditions as I have implied. Repertorially he was in the thick of things. He was dramatic critic to the *Manchester Guardian*; he was a *protégé* of Miss Horniman, Grand Cham of repertory; his name was known wherever two or three were gathered together to form a repertory audience. And yet his first two full-length plays were at least as remarkable for their divergence from the repertory standard as for their conformity.

* * * * *

I remember a witty clergyman once asking, plaintively: "Have these young playwrights *all* inadequate fathers? Or can it be that the playwrights' fathers are unfortunate in their sons?" The remark was made at one of those coterie-meetings held in connection with the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, of which the clergyman was an enthusiastic director. It was a very palpable hit. One of young repertory's most sacred duties was to *épater le bourgeois*; and for *bourgeois*, I suppose because it *was* so young, it usually read parent, pastor and master, and middle-aged authority in general. It attacked the elder generation with insight and gusto: partly by tragedies and serious plays (its own or Ibsen's), more often by comedies which were never happier than when they were pulling the Philistine leg; and if the Philistine were old, and there were in the cast some budding artist by whom his leg could be pulled, so much the better for the play and so much more satisfactory the leg's elongation.

Monkhouse proclaimed his originality by reversing this process. In *Mary Broome* and *The Education of Mr. Surrage* it was the artistic leg that was pulled, and pulled pretty savagely—or rather the sham-artistic leg. The young playwright knew his public intimately; he had

observed that any vital movement in art must have its ruck of sham artists—caterpillars of its commonwealth—who will be "in the movement" even though they cannot be of it; and in these two plays he went rampaging through their ranks, much as *The Wild Duck* had confounded the corresponding section of Ibsen's worshippers. *Mary Broome* has been much praised—perhaps too much—and yet not often enough praised for its chief virtue, namely, its challenge to the bogus artist. As a first play it is remarkable for its keen dialogue; but it is nothing like so good as *Mr. Surrage*, either in dialogue or in the differentiation of character. The second act is aesthetically improper and shocking—I will not say because it is in bad taste: the bad taste of its young artist-cad is one of the points of the play—but because it is out of key with the rest. The frankness of comedy of manners consorts ill with these middle-class and middlingly intelligent suburbans; it becomes comedy of bad manners merely, and the play sags heavily where it is introduced.

In his next piece, *The Education of Mr. Surrage*, Mr. Monkhouse combined the two pet themes of repertory—the old-fashioned father and the up-to-date artist—and shed a new light on both. When the play opens Mr. Surrage (one of the most likeable old buffers in the whole range of drama) is retiring from business, and for the first time in his life has leisure for conscious philosophy. Granville Barker's Mr. Huxtable, you remember, was in the same position; and old Mr. Timbrell was just coming in sight of it at the end of *Mary Broome*. Mr. Surrage is "ready for some kind of suitable adventure," and his three children have decided that he shall be dragged in the wake of their progressive chariot—"you see, we are anxious that you should—if I may put it so—share our—well, our liberal developments . . ." And finance them, no doubt: for "even if you don't go quite as far as we do, father, you can sympathise with us in—in what we are aiming at, you know . . ." ("By the by, what are you aiming at?" asks Mr. Surrage tactlessly.) So they invite three specimens of their advanced acquaintances for the week-end:—

SURRAGE. Let's see. There's another, isn't there? The lady, the painter—

ARCHIE. Oh, yes. Suckling.

SURRAGE. And what's his line?

ARCHIE. Oh, well—he's rather a young chap, but very much in it, you know. He writes plays. He's quite in the swim.

SURRAGE. And where are they performed?

VIOLET. He's a bit too good for the regular theatres.

SURRAGE. Humph! And your painter? Does he ever sell his pictures?

ARCHIE. Of course, my dear father, the business man's attitude toward this kind of thing is—well, rather mercenary.

SURRAGE. Yes. That was my fault as a business man. I was mercenary.

ARCHIE. You mustn't judge Vallance's pictures from that point of view.

SURRAGE. I wonder why these people are coming here? . . . What do they want? It's all right. Quite natural, of course. I forget sometimes that I haven't kept up with you.

Henceforward the joke lies in the shrewd, kindly summing-up of his strange guests by Mr. Surrage, who has assessed them severally some time before they have done patronising him for a simple old Philistine. For note that Mr. Monkhouse's plan is not simply an antithesis of sham-artist children against artist guests. The guests themselves are differentiated, sheep from goat; and Mr. Surrage treats them each differently, finally winning the respect of all three. Vallance is sheep—a black sheep certainly, one of the predatory artist type to which Svengali and Dubedat belong—but an authentic artist; Mr. Surrage manages him, engineers his success, and “all through business principles which are really, when you come to think about it, sound morality.” Mrs. Staines is half-and-half; and her creator has done nothing more humorously tender than those scenes in which the old gentleman gives her the benefit of the doubt. Suckling is goat all through—a sham artist, predatory without the justification of genius; in the end the hungry goat looks up to Mr. Surrage in spite of himself: but is not fed by him, for all that.

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The Hayling Family reveals kinship with the Repertorian Gens by certain birthmarks of Ibsenism. It is a family divided against itself; also, its story is a drama of retrospect. . . . Among the endless types in which modern

drama can be classified there are two broadly opposed: that in which present action brings a change of circumstances, and that of which the mainspring is some action tucked away in the past. To the first type belong most melodrama, comedy of humours, and farce; to the second, nearly all Ibsen's plays and their derivatives. Critics who prefer the present-action type have sometimes appealed to the Greeks, and to the root-meaning of the word drama, which is something *done*; they forget that most Greek drama, as a matter of fact, is of the other kind; *Ædipus'* deeds were done sixteen years before we meet him, but, so far as *Ædipus Tyrannus* is concerned, he has neither killed his father nor married his mother until the play is half over. Ibsen's innovation was to go back to the Greeks in this respect; his vital action generally takes place in the past; his drama is revelation. Changes no less abrupt than those of slapstick comedy are brought about by the actionless utterance of words; a truth comes out, some barrier of misapprehension or reticence is broken down, and at once everything is different for ever.

So Mr. Monkhouse in this play. Old Hayling, not unsympathetically drawn, is a speculative sponge who has sucked up his wife's capital only to be squeezed of it. His children's money is tied till they come of age. Then he demands that too, in the sacred name of family. The three children have grown too far out of touch with him to guess how deeply he is committed, but their eyes are opened now:—

HAYLING. Reasonable! Considerate! I'm your father.

JOHN. We have not forgotten that.

MRS. HAYLING. But we must all be reasonable, Godfrey.

HAYLING. You, too.

MRS. HAYLING. Oh, what's coming upon us? It was only a pretence that all was well, but that was better than this. . . . A new spirit has come to you.

HAYLING. Yes. “Honour thy father and thy mother” is a little out of date.

JOHN. We will honour you, sir, as far as you are honourable.

HAYLING. You think I'm dependent on you, and so you may revolt.

JOHN. The revolt was accomplished long ago.

MRS. HAYLING. Ah, yes. We lost them long ago.

RHODA. No, mother.

BOBBY. Not you.

MRS. HAYLING. I'm not one of you now. I'm as far away from you as he is. It's strange to hear your father spoken to like this.

HAYLING. I'm down. I'm in trouble. No more to be got out of me.

MRS. HAYLING. That's unfair, Godfrey. That's unfair.

HAYLING. You side with them.

MRS. HAYLING. Oh, misery! what has come upon us? How can I side with them or with you?

JOHN. Mother, there's no need to take any side. Let us get to the practical question.

MRS. HAYLING. I can't see that that matters. It's this terrible change that's come upon us.

JOHN. There's no change, mother. We're just as we were.

MRS. HAYLING. But the things that have been said—

JOHN. Oh, yes. Things have been said.

MRS. HAYLING. And they were never said before.

JOHN. A good deal crumbles away in the course of years. We can't keep it by pretending that it's there.

HAYLING. A few homely virtues seem to have crumbled away.

JOHN. Good heavens, sir! We don't stand where we did. We are not children.

HAYLING. Well, let us bow to facts. I've no legal control over you, and I dare say I'm mentally inferior and morally culpable. I have made a business proposal to you. Accept it or reject it as you please.

(*He stalks out.* MRS. HAYLING *hesitates and follows him.*)

MRS. HAYLING (*at the door*). Be merciful.

Later comes present action. But the seeds were sown long before, and it is too late for their tragic harvest to be averted. "It was only a pretence that all was well, but that was better than this. . . . Things have been said. And they were never said before." It is too late for anything but to be merciful.

* * * * *

For better or worse, *The Hayling Family* was more like what became known as repertory drama than most of its author's work. But it maintained a certain spaciousness, at least in its setting. So often its fellow plays were set in poky little villas or cottages, some of whose atmosphere perished in conflict with the uncompromising hugeness of a normal stage (the curious thing was that these realists tried all kinds of experiments—including a fender under the conductor's nose: if there was a conductor—except the obvious experiment of "masking in" and staging a crowded room.) Here, again, Mr. Monkhouse declined to be quite typical. A *large* villa is the scene of *Mary Broome*, a country house the scene of *Mr. Surrage* and

The Conquering Hero; and it is not till the third act that the Hayling family are at last confined to the familiar repertorial rabbit-hutch.

* * * * *

Hobbes wrote in 1650 or thereabouts:—

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, the same is consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain . . . no commodious building; no arts; no letters; no society; and, which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death; and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

And in the preface of *Heartbreak House* Shaw echoes him:—

There was only one virtue, pugnacity; only one vice, pacifism. That is an essential condition of war. . . . Ever since Thucydides wrote his history, it has been on record that when the angel of death sounds his trumpet the pretences of civilisation are blown from men's heads into the mud like hats in a gust of wind. But when this scripture was fulfilled among us, a shock was not the less appalling because a few students of Greek history were not surprised by it. . . . Then think of the young men themselves! Many of them had no illusions about the policy that led to the war: they went clear-sighted to a horribly repugnant duty. Men essentially gentle and essentially wise, with really valuable work in hand, laid it down voluntarily and spent months forming fours in the barrack yard, and stabbing sacks of straw in the public eye, so that they might go out to kill and maim men as gentle as themselves. These men . . . were not duped for a moment by the hypocritical melodrama that consoled and stimulated the others. They left their creative work to drudge at destruction, exactly as they would have left it to take their turn at the pumps in a sinking ship. They did not, like some of the conscientious objectors, hold back because the ship had been neglected by its officers and scuttled by its wreckers. The ship had to be saved, even if Newton had to leave his fluxions and Michael Angelo his marbles to save it. . . . Hardly one of the epoch-making works of the human mind might not have been aborted or destroyed by taking their authors away from their natural work for four critical years. Not only were Shakspears and Platos being killed outright; but many of the best harvests of the survivors had to be sown in the barren soil of the trenches. And this was no mere British consideration. To the truly civilised man, to the good European, the slaughter of the German youth was as disastrous as the slaughter of the English. Fools exulted in "German losses." They were our losses as well. Imagine exulting in the death of Beethoven because Bill Sikes dealt him his death blow!

Either of these two passages might serve to introduce *The Conquering Hero*, Mr. Monkhouse's latest piece.

Its theme is not quite that of Granville Barker's war play, though it is kindred to it. *The Secret Life* is static, showing the disillusion of the sensitive mind which has been warped by war: *The Conquering Hero* dynamic, showing the warping process in operation.

The Conquering Hero is immensely bigger than anything that its author has so far done. Looking back one sees in it the play that he has all his life been waiting to write. Before this his plays have often been concerned with the man who deals in things of the spirit, but whom fate compels to shoulder some burden as distasteful as it is unforeseen. Sometimes the burden has been war; it was so in *The Choice*, a very early play about a boy sent out to South Africa by his sweetheart's urging, and in the crucial moment shot down by his commanding officer because his courage failed; it was so in *Shamed Life*, a play of yesterday which we might call *The Choice* brought up to date, had we not Hobbes' words to remind us that this theme is dateless. Sometimes the sensitive man whom Mr. Monkhouse brings to the test (whether by war or otherwise) has been by profession, or at least by ambition, a creative artist; and in such cases the test has been embittered by the instinctive contempt and hostility shown to the artist by the rest of the world. In *Mary Broome*, though this contempt and hostility are amply justified, you still feel that Leonard Timbrell would have been disliked by his family for his artistic aims, however well he behaved. In *The Stricklands*, Gerald may be rather a footler, but he is quite an inoffensive young man; it is the family contempt for his outlook on life that really leads him to fratricide. The conquering hero, once more, is a creative artist. . . . We have seen how Mr. Monkhouse is much less preoccupied with Philistia than some of his fellow playwrights. Genuine culture is what interests him—the culture of people to whom literature and art mean something more than a row of classics in a glass cabinet, or fifty guineas' worth of gilt frame with a picture thrown in. His folk move in circles where the arts bear normally upon daily life. *The Conquering Hero* is about such folk: their test again being war.

Chris Rokeby is faced in 1914 with the problem of

enlistment. He has a sister Margaret, married to Captain Frank Iredale; his brother Stephen is a parson; their father Colonel Rokeby a very gallant gentleman, who has never had the chance of active service. Chris does not want to go. He is no coward (later on you find him passing the supreme test where Walter Lilley, in *The Choice*, failed). But he is one of Nietzsche's "good Europeans," and it is not his fault that none of his fine qualities conform to the pugnacity standard. He is a writer: and by making him a young, unpublished writer Mr. Monkhouse has very considerably heightened the perplexity in which he is placed. For your young artist's vulnerable point is the disparity between his actual and his potential value; he has no credential but self-confidence, and no defence against people who mistake his self-confidence for conceit; and yet if he does not believe in himself who shall? Chris does believe in himself:—

CHRIS. I stand for something too.

MARGARET. What good is it now? Who wants your novel? Or your pretty little stories? He's writing a play.

CHRIS. They are not pretty.

MARGARET. What does it matter? What does the world want? What does England want?

CHRIS. Yes. When the pipe bursts you send for the plumber. And the plumber's the most important person in the world. What's the good of being amusing or charming, or wise or virtuous? Are you a plumber? Why aren't you a plumber?

MARGARET. You can't understand a man like Frank.

CHRIS. I think I do. He's not just a machine of destruction to me—no, nor of saving us from destruction. Yes, and the plumber may be a charming man, but all you want is that he should plumb. So do I, for the moment.

HELEN. This is the moment.

CHRIS. Don't you see—don't you see—the point is that some of us have to keep the eternal going.

HELEN. Why you?

CHRIS. Because I'm an artist. It's my work—my duty, if you like. It isn't only Frank we want; it's the idea of Frank. Now, I can give you that.

MARGARET. This is rubbish. You are exasperating, Chris. You are out of place. You're not serious enough now.

HELEN. The world has left you behind.

CHRIS. The world doesn't exist without me—I speak for the lot of us—wars are not worth fighting but for me.

And for all his sensitiveness, where Chris knows he is right not even Margaret can be harder than he.

Yet in the end Chris goes. What neither Margaret's taunts nor Helen's rupture of their engagement has been able to do, is wrought out from within himself by a mysterious urge to action—there is nothing finer in the play than the motivation here—a blind force, an instinct that drives him in the teeth of reason to *escape* :—

CHRIS. This war has taken hold of me. I might as well be there.

HELEN. That's the escape from it you meant?

CHRIS. I want to escape from myself. . . . I did it to get away from the war, I think. It's the only way. And I'm a romantic. And my father was always calling to me—and Frank too. I should never have gone for you, Helen. . . . It came upon me that there had never been anything in the world like this, that in all my life nothing had ever mattered so much, that I should never be happy again if I held back now. You don't blame me, Stephen? . . . Don't begrudge me my bit of lime-light.

No illusions, even now: only a blind impulse to plunge into the war and commit himself. For, indeed, the intolerable thing about the conscientious objector's position—intolerable, I mean, to the objector who, like Chris, really was conscientious—was the conviction that he ought to have cried his faith before war came. And yet how could he, poor devil? The world seemed sane enough in those pre-war days. And then came disaster, and it was too late for argument. The ship had to be saved, even if Michael Angelo had to leave his marbles to save it.

* * * * *

And then Chris comes home.

Tired with dull grief, grown old before my day,
I sit in solitude and only hear
Long silent laughter, murmurings of dismay,
The lost intensities of hope and fear;
In those old marshes yet the rifles lie,
On the thin breastwork flutter the gray rags,
The very books I read are there—and I
Dead as the men I loved, wait while life drags
Its wounded length from those sad streets of war
Into green places here. . . .

Let a war-poet¹ speak the epitaph of Chris Rokeby's youth, which has passed through some dreadful and unspeakable things without loss of honour, but is now broken in retrospect. The village meets him with a brass band. He evades that; but he cannot evade his sister Margaret, who

(1) Edmund Blunden, *Festubert*, 1916.

buttonholes him as soon as he sets foot in his home, and in an oddly horrible little scene proceeds, as it were, to scrutinise his conduct-sheet. Can the coward possibly have failed to let the family down? Even Helen joins: "Speak plainly. We can forgive." "What have *you* to forgive?" cries Chris. . . . There is grim comedy here. Once more we are reminded of Shaw's preface—"We had even to assume that the parents and not the children had made the sacrifice, until at last the comic papers were driven to satirise fat old men, sitting comfortably in club chairs, and boasting of the sons they had 'given' to their country."

* * * * *

Now this is a serious play for serious people, a live play for (temporarily) living people, and above all a play for those to whom life means not merely their own existence but the culture and sanity of mankind. It is hot-topical, as journalists say; and only the gaminage of criticism can afford to scrawl "war play" on its outer wall and run away hooting. It is even more timely now than it would have been ten years ago; for in war-time, and in the face of fresh bereavement, it were unreasonable and inhuman to suggest that the death of A—let us put this quite crudely and brutally, as Chris Rokeby does—that the death of A may be less tragic than the interruption of B's work: that the dead dog may be less disastrous to civilisation than the live lion, if the lion live only on condition of being stunted and warped: or, to adapt Shaw's parable, that Bill Sikes extinct may matter less than Beethoven marred. In war these things are not discussible; the artist's agony yields to the plumber's efficiency, and the present play has not appeared till five years after the Armistice. But they must be discussed some time, and the time is now. Let us have done with the stage magnate's foolish fiction that such plays are out of date. Let us rather produce and ponder them with sharpened wits, instead of living in security as Chris Rokeby had lived, as Walter Lilley and Claude Plassey had lived, as you and I had lived and are preparing to live again. If not, be sure the next war will come without consulting us; and then it will be for us as it was for them, too late.

ON AN AUTUMN EVENING SPENT IN
READING COWPER

(Written for the Cowper Society)

BY EDITH SITWELL

THE lake said, "Every watery thrill
Is a cathedral made of steel,

And like princesses waxen fine
The fish float in a soundless shrine."

Beside the lake where the light dies
The trees seem ancient libraries,

And the last sunrays smiling dim
Seem the chapel's painted cherubim. . .

Maids comb the wool of evening-fleeces
From which shine meek sheep-faces, nieces

And maiden aunts, hymn-bleating sheep
Whose dullness lulls us into sleep.

Now every humble room that dozes
Seems a cavern of moss-roses

Where little mothers, long ago
Dead, move soft and very slow. . .

O touch dove-feathered, wax-blond calice
Of soft hair, and coral palace

Of those lips that speak no more!
All these, a little dance-tune bore

Till, Cowper, in the evening hush
The quiet lamp, a flowering bush

Of dewy roses, brings again
Your simple heart, your joy and pain,

All your dead youthful gentle graces,
Smoothing my companions' faces

Till heaven's honey-bells, the waxen
Stars ring, bring them home—these flaxen

Clear-eyed, limpid-minded sheep
Beside the waveless lake of sleep.

THE STORY OF WOMAN¹

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER VI.—THE AGE OF CRITICISM

I.—*The Seventeenth Century.*

SOCIETY changed swiftly in the seventeenth and especially in the eighteenth century. Protestantism, with its taste for discussion, with its refusal to assume the sacred character of the priest, was to modify accepted ideas, and to give rise unconsciously to the agnostic movement. Thus, once again, in the history of mankind and in the history of woman, it is Christianity which conducts the human orchestra. Naturally the Protestants did not know what they were doing; most worldly actions are of such a character. But when a number of important people threw off Roman Catholicism and began to examine their own consciences, they were bound to discover doubts. Some became cynical, for human beings are of two temperaments: some are born religious, while others are born doubters. In the seventeenth century the religious either remained Roman Catholics or provided the Huguenots; the doubters began to sow the seed from which was to spring Voltaire.

The education of woman, in the seventeenth century, was essentially a polite education; the religious side was stressed only in so far as to enforce conformity upon women of position. In that sense, the women of the seventeenth century were akin to the women of the Renaissance, but they were beginning to think intellectually: until then they had thought only morally or æsthetically. They were not, in the modern sense, educated women; two hundred years would elapse before a European or American woman could hope to obtain real education. If she was a woman of talent, she must steal knowledge. One should not generalise from the women whose names we know: Mme. de Sévigné was a charming woman with a gift for letter-writing; her works are classics, but she merely happened. She was not bred, as young women are to-day bred, out of colleges. The same applies to women like Mlle. de Scudéry, or Mme. de Maintenon. All over Europe, the seventeenth century was a period of great brilliancy; at the court of the Stuarts, at that of the kings of Spain, or France, feasts, private theatricals, ballets, and comedies flourished; the business of the nobility was still fight-

ing, but more and more the novel, the theatre, and poetry began to occupy them. Hence came affectation. Our modern eyes can hardly visualise the rich woman of the seventeenth century, her movements impeded by a great ruff, walking with difficulty in her swollen garments of velvet or brocade; her fingers decorated with as many as fifteen or twenty rings drawn over her gloves, her face thick with cosmetics, her hair dressed upon a wire frame. . . . The poor woman was still a beast of burden; she was still subject to overwork and to unspeakable cruelty; but the rich woman, the one which until recently has marked the course of history, was still a woman of the Renaissance; the troubadour outlook survived; while, in theory, a woman of position was pure and modest, the moral level of the seventeenth century was no higher than it had been before.

All the same, some women were thinking. One of the most notable was Mlle. de Scudéry. She was ugly, "swart and gipsy," and wrote romances, though of a sarcastic temperament. One can hardly believe that she intends the following sentence: "I say this as if you could see into my heart: you cannot hurt my feelings more than by treating me as a clever woman." Yet, Mlle. de Scudéry was already railing at her period. Hear her: "Is there anything odder than the way in which people deal with the education of women? One does not wish them to be coquettish or loose, and yet one allows them carefully to learn all that is fittest to looseness, without allowing them to know anything that can fortify their virtue or occupy their mind." Further, she says: "To this person, who must show good sense until her death and talk until her last breath, one teaches nothing which might make her speak more agreeably or act with more conduct."

Mlle. de Scudéry refers to great difficulty in her way, because the seventeenth century scoffs at feminine pretensions. It is true that Fénelon, the great archbishop, believes in the teaching of science to woman, but on the whole the century scoffs. Even women scoff at each other; even Mme. de Maintenon. This lady was one of the most remarkable personalities of her century. She seemed ill-fitted by nature for the rôle which she played. Long-nosed, shapeless about the mouth, her skull round as a cannon-ball, she imposed herself upon Louis XIV. In the monarch's esteem she followed courtesans, Mme. de Montespan, Mlle. de la Vallière, Mlle. de Fontanges; she became the governess of his illegitimate children . . . and after many years his wife. She had personality, yet judgments vary. For instance, Sir James Stephen calls her the very type of mediocrity out of place. He states that "her prudery and her religiousness, such as it was, served but to deepen the aversion which her

(1) Copyright, W. L. George (1924), through *McCall's Magazine*, in the U.S.A. and Canada.

Intriguing, selfish, narrow-minded, and bigoted spirit excites and justifies." And this is the woman who created one of the first colleges for women, St. Cyr! Mme. de Maintenon was a champion of women; she wanted to raise their mental grade. She believed in the teaching of poetry, in learning to speak properly, in frequenting the theatre, etc. Her prudishness, however, was intense, and by degrees, as religiousness grew stronger, she tried to turn girls from reading and science towards humility, simplicity, Christian obedience. By stressing piety, she began to efface her own work. In one place she sums up women brutally: "Women know things only by halves, and the little they know as a rule makes them proud, disdainful, gossiping, and disgusted with solid matters." Mme. de Maintenon was not a great educator, but she was a pioneer. Pioneers do things imperfectly, but they are the first to attempt them.

These early movements were influenced by Protestantism. The Protestants were more serious than the Roman Catholics, because they were new, because they were a minority. They attracted people of an intellectual cast of mind; even Catholics were influenced, as in the story of Port Royal, in which Mme. de Maintenon was interested. Port Royal was a convent, reserved, it is true, for Catholics, but influenced by what is called Jansenism, namely by the importance of moral ideas. Passionately devout, these women stressed practical humility, practical charity, practical virtue. Moral ideas thus spread among women. In the middle of the æsthetic Renaissance, the moral point of view originated, but it was only in the seventeenth century that the relationship between man and woman took the shape of a moral bond. Another step in the evolution of woman is taken. Though the seventeenth century is frivolous, solid thought, responsibility, is growing in women.

But the movement is slow: if Mme. de Maintenon herself scoffs at woman . . . what could be expected of man! The reader must make a mental picture of this queer period of salons. Salons existed only in the houses of rich women who received their friends on a fixed day every week. People met to talk, and ladies gave their opinion on anything. Young aristocrats, learned men, unbelieving priests, made up a brilliant gathering. The talk was of love, politics, gambling, poetry. Improper stories threaded the conversation. Sentiment haloed it. Someone talked theology. Especially just then women began to talk science; in the middle of the salon you might find a terrestrial globe, Central Africa blank, America blank beyond New York: the lady of the house was a geographer. Out of a window peered a telescope: the lady was an astronomer. Or a doctor that knows

of no remedies except bleeding and cupping. She was ridiculous. She wallowed in words she did not understand, and naturally man laughed at her. Molière was particularly bitter. Listen to his heavy husband talking to blue-stockings:

"For your perpetual books I care not at all.
Apart from your fat Plutarch, fitted to press my ties,
You should forthwith burn up this stuff devoid of merit,
And leave the quest of science to doctors of the town."

Further on, and this is interesting, Molière attacks the new woman, the woman of 1672:

"Our fathers on this point were people of much sense.
They said that a woman has the learning she needs
When the capacity of her mind knows how to raise itself
The difference to perceive between a coat and breeches."

This is amusing, because Juvenal, nearly two thousand years ago, was attacking the new woman; she is attacked in 1672, just as she is to-day. Woman is always new and always criticised. If she is criticised to-day, how hard must have been the path of people like Mme. de Maintenon! The following incident suggests the period. During the siege of Pamplona, by the French, a Spanish Infanta swore that she would not change her linen until the city was relieved. The siege lasted eleven months; from the colour of the royal lady's linen a fashionable colour arose, called *couleur Isabelle*. The Infanta's name was Isabelle, and the colour was buff. Upon such a century pioneer women were trying to make an impression.

Meanwhile, in England, women led a rather more masculine life. The fuss and artificiality of France and Italy existed in England, too, but the sporting tradition was naturally stronger among the English. For instance, in 1642, Dame Mary Banks defended Corfe Castle against the Parliamentary troops. She closed the gates, collected soldiers and supplies. In person, she received the messengers demanding the surrender of the castle, and had artillery trained upon them. Likewise, Charlotte Countess of Derby for two years defended Latham House against the Parliamentary troops; she was her own commander-in-chief, and defeated the Parliamentarians every time. This is all the more extraordinary in that women were then frequently married at thirteen, or even at twelve; it would be thought that in such circumstances personality would not easily develop. Possibly the sight of the world as it was then, with Central Europe ravaged by war for thirty years, when the rivers were thick with corpses, so that pestilence after pestilence came over the country, had upon women a stimulating effect. On the other hand, dark

superstition prevailed. Women of position used love potions, which they poured into their victims' wine; hundreds of trifles were unlucky; if a cow sickened in a village where lived an old woman, rumour cried out that she was a witch. The witch was burnt alive, or thrown into a pond to see whether she floated or sank. If she sank she was no witch, for water received her. Contrast inspires this century: it is another period of beginnings.

But again, as in France, we find Protestantism at work in England, just as it is at work in New England. Among the bourgeois who supported Cromwell, among the people who landed at Plymouth Rock, who created Boston, we find a harder type; we find the women who will make the eighteenth century and modern times. Mr. Sidney Dark wrote an interesting essay on Lucy Hutchinson, a typical Puritan. She lived for knowledge, in the fear of God, purely, dutifully, if perhaps a little unsympathetically. She had tutors in music, dancing, etc., but says: "My genius was quite averse from all but my book . . . I would never practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me." Mr. Dark says of her that when unlucky girls and boys were brought to her father's house, she tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers. She herself bluntly remarks: "Play among other children I despised." And yet, and yet—here again this strange, blended seventeenth century: "I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought when I had done this on the Lord's Day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to do anything that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems."

How is one here to find one's way? Lucy Hutchinson, in later years, did realise the evil character of amorous sonnets, but even though she was a Puritan, there ran through her the conflicting strains of the seventeenth century, when woman was still light, when she together considered her salvation and critically viewed her mind. The eighteenth century was more clearly to define the future, to afford a first proof of the modern woman.

II.—*Mankind is Born Good.*

One of the most revolutionary ideas of the eighteenth century is expressed by this phrase of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Here was a complete reaction from the idea that mankind is born laden with original sin. Rousseau suggested instead that man had been

made evil by his conditions, and that he was originally good. This idea, as it filtered into points of view, began to upset the common theories: it had much to do with the American Revolution, and with the French Revolution; it influenced the enfranchisement of the people, the treatment of crime, the revolt of women, and the origins of socialism. It was an idea which made people laugh, but which moved them all the same.

The intellectual contribution of the eighteenth century eddies round this idea of Rousseau: the reader will realise how much it must have affected the position of women. As soon as one assumes that mankind is born good and is made evil by bad treatment, one must conclude that if women are light and foolish it is because they are ill trained. In a sense, it is unfortunate that this idea came to Rousseau, because he was a person of loose life, fantastic appearance, and endowed with a character which failed morally, not only as regards women, but as regards the common prides which we call honour. Rousseau was the typical vagabond upon whose brow a star chooses to settle. Still, we cannot command inspiration, and though it would have been better if the idea had come to Voltaire, in fact it did not. Rousseau was, practically speaking, an anarchist. One likes to hear him reason: "I too have been good. For forty years I have been easily and charmingly good." (He was mistaken.) "My movements of hatred and malice, since when do I find them in myself? Since I have entered into human society. What I am, I have been made into by them. Mankind is born good, I am sure of it; man has become evil in becoming sociable. Moral evil is the result of error. Mankind thinks itself made to live sociably. It should have stayed in a state of nature." Rousseau goes so far in his hatred of organised society that he looks upon the man who thinks as a depraved animal. The present writer, being inclined to describe man as a degenerate ape, will not quarrel with Rousseau, except that he is doubtful where Rousseau is positive. Moreover, Rousseau, like most inspired people, pushes his ideas to the extreme; he thinks that human systems arise from the stupid selfishness of the crowd, and the manoeuvres of the knaves; he assumes that man is born free and is everywhere in chains. All this is wild, for nothing proves that man is born free. Rousseau becomes crankish when he opposes the theatre, which he calls a school of bad morals. This is absurd: M. Faguet broke through that childish idea by pointing out that if man is born good, and if man composes comedies, then how can the comedies do harm? Likewise, Rousseau hates education. He vaguely believes that the child can teach itself, that we can take our information from the air; he seeks to look upon the arts

and letters as occasions for sin. The characters he creates are full of virtue, thoroughly immoral, full of rhetoric. What comes out of this chaos? An important thing: philanthropy. Until then, there had been charity. The reader will appreciate the difference. Many people had assisted man; Rousseau conceived the idea of loving him.

When we come to other pioneers, such as Montesquieu, we strike a different, more aristocratic, more frivolous attitude. He is a sceptic; his work connects with that of Voltaire. He is what they call an experimental philosopher; science, which is dawning, suggests itself to him as important; he has ideas of social organisation. Instead of allowing a country to happen, he would like to arrange the population *pro rata* to acreage, keeping the proportion true for bachelors and families. But he, too, has confidence in humanity; he is a democrat. He connects with Rousseau, but he is a little drier.

Still drier is another of the great group, namely Voltaire. Voltaire is the real eighteenth century, the great revolutionary. Where Montesquieu constructs, rather childish, and where Rousseau rhapsodises, we find Voltaire ironic and mercilessly logical, smashing the old social ideas. He is continually in conflict with the authorities. At the age of twenty-three he goes to the Bastille for a satire on the Regent. Six years later, one of his plays is suppressed by the censor. As he grows older he remains untamed: twenty years later, his play *Mahomet*, on the excesses of fanaticism, is suppressed by the government as "infamous, wicked, irreligious, and blasphemous." Before then he has had to flee to Paris, and his books have been burnt by the common hangman. His *Philosophic Dictionary* is burnt in Paris and at Rome. But all this seems to harden his faith, to unite him with the glorious group of the Encyclopedia, with his colleagues Diderot and D'Alembert. His influence radiates in England and America; it touches tyrants, such as Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the Russian Czarina Catherine. He is the champion of freedom, toleration, and justice.

Voltaire's is a double greatness: he broke down old ideas, and set up new ones. He protested against the censorship of books and plays; he engaged in a number of law cases for the defence of Protestants against the Catholic government; he was blazing the trail which Zola would follow a century later in the Dreyfus case. His life was a long struggle against the Roman Catholic Church; though he was not an atheist, but a free-thinker, he considered that priests caused wars and maintained tyranny. He had no faith in distinctions between vice and virtue, for these vary with period and according to latitude. There was a foolish

side to Voltaire; he took a crankish interest in medicine, and believed with the eighteenth century that smallpox should be treated by bleeding, emetics, and strong wine. In his correspondence, one finds much nonsense of this kind. But mainly the man is noble. He thinks that the idea of justice should naturally grow in a good man; he considers that the idea of reward is as ignoble as the idea of punishment, namely, that it is enough for a man to do his duty.

These three men are the founders of the eighteenth century, the restless, sceptical eighteenth century, a curious forerunner of the dull, heavy, respectable nineteenth century. The Victorian age springs from another eighteenth century, from a reaction against the courtesans, the dances, the corruption; from the Puritans.

No conception of the period can be had if we ignore the Puritans and their way of living, which to-day seems so strange. Roughly speaking, the American colonies founded their laws on the Old rather than on the New Testament. According to Mr. Arthur Train, the Reverend Mr. Davenport, of New Haven, stated that "the Scriptures do hold forth a perfect rule for the direction and government of all men." If New England had applied the Scriptures we might have had no blue laws. But, in fact, those early Americans laid down that it was sinful to keep Christmas or saints' days, to make mince pies, to dance, to play cards, to play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or jew's harp; they considered that on Sundays it was wrong to cross the river, run, walk in one's garden, travel, cook food, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, shave, kiss one's wife, husband, or child. It is not surprising that people following such a code in the name of religious freedom should feel entitled to scourge Quakers and kill Roman Catholics. The present writer quotes the laws of Connecticut and Massachusetts without derision, for he greatly admires these bitter pioneers. A small white community, separated from Europe by six weeks' sailing, and confronted with hordes of savages, must have a hard rule if it is to keep together. The Puritans lived bitterly, but on the whole cleanly, honourably, independently; it is they who made America, not the crowds of British, Italians, Germans, Swedes, and Poles who came behind. But the reader will realise the agonising position of woman under Puritanism, for she was refused the elegance and gaiety natural to her temperament; no doubt the Puritan girl broke through, or schemed through, but on the whole she was oppressed. We must not forget this side of the picture, passing as we do from brilliant ideas and brilliant courts. Under Puritanism woman was given justice, but she was never given mercy. Thus we

once more mark the passage of time, the beginning of even treatment for the two sexes; both are then equally harshly controlled.

Then again, contradiction. As in the seventeenth century, by the side of Puritanism, by the side of liberal ideas, we find an intense brutality of life. Most English statesmen, in the eighteenth century, had no religion, and lived immorally; Prime Minister Walpole appeared drunk in drawing-rooms; Prime Minister Duke of Grafton took a loose woman to the theatre; there was no education for women, and only a few grammar schools for boys; Hannah More stated that in the parish of Cheddar there was only one Bible, which was used to prop a flower-pot. The cities were full of crime, and women were hanged for stealing more than five shillings; the gin shops of London advertised that they would make you drunk for a penny and dead drunk for twopence. The prisons and the transportation ships were full; both sexes were herded in cells; the prisons were centres of immorality. Meanwhile, day by day the people were losing their land, as it was stolen from them by the big landlords who fenced it. The reader need not be told how women were treated at that time. A woman of quality had much the same rights as two hundred years before, and was not generally forced into marriage; but she was often abducted for her fortune, and had no redress. A poor woman could be publicly whipped, or stood in the pillory. She had no rights against her husband, who was entitled to beat her. In a number of cases a husband sold his wife to another man for five shillings; in Mr. Thomas Hardy's book, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, you find an incident of this kind.

Thus continues the long tale of woman's misery; it seems that the ages will never unroll, that woman will never be free. She is infinitely higher than a thousand years before, and yet the next hundred years will make her position unrecognisable. The reader must realise that not only in medicine was the eighteenth century still barbarous. Not only did the barber remove teeth by means of a key in the shape of a corkscrew, but the middle eighteenth century had nothing that makes life so easy to-day; no steam, therefore no railways or steamboats; no glass windows, no means of ventilation, no sewers, no pure water; there was no telegraph, no telephone, no machine for making nails or pins; spinning and weaving, all this was done by hand. The housewife made her own beer and wine, her butter, and her bread. If she was well, she was overworked. If she was sick, people gave her beer during fever, performed operations without chloroform, and tied up the wound with a kitchen duster. As she

grew older she lost most of her teeth; almost invariably she had rheumatism. There were no bathrooms, which explains why the eighteenth century developed perfume to a high degree. Kings with a spittoon between their knees would give audience to ladies of the court.

All this had to be swept out by the industrial revolution, by the creation of steam, and therefore of factories. The independent workman had to go, and with him the power of the nobles, so that the middle class might arise, so that, little by little, slavery might be lifted from the black, and somewhat removed from the white.

III.—Some Women.

It is difficult to indicate what may be called types of the eighteenth century, because it was a period of beginnings as well as endings. But women of rank could aspire to influence as well as to pleasure. Pleasure naturally held a great place in the scheme, but for the first time women were personally hostesses; until the seventeenth century, they had mainly been exhibitions of their husbands' power. Now we find them not only entertaining, but intensely gambling. A great many took shares in the famous South Sea Bubble, a speculation which burst in 1720, and led to the expulsion from Parliament of the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself. A Duchess of Devonshire is said to have lost £100,000 in speculation, while her sister, the Countess of Bessborough, was arrested and fined for gambling.

A characteristic specimen of the eighteenth century woman is Catherine of Russia. She was an extraordinary woman. Married to a drunkard, she enslaved her son until his death. She was sentimental and sensual, yet intellectual in the eighteenth-century way. That is to say, she dabbled with ideas, showed herself a patron of Voltaire, who flattered her with a grossness that makes one suspect irony, of Rousseau, and of D'Alembert. She brought Diderot to Petrograd; she read the *Philosophical Dictionary* from cover to cover. Yet she was at the mercy of any handsome adventurer; if he called her young and beautiful she made him a general or a governor. She was vastly ambitious, and enlarged the frontiers of Russia; she was a tyrant . . . and yet, as a democrat, she hated monarchist France. Her policy was muddled and continually changing; she explained this by saying that she was guided by "circumstances, conjectures, and conjunctions." She was a magnificent chaos. She had a certain dignity. For instance, when she heard that young Prince de Ligne had spied on some Mussulman women, who, thinking themselves alone, had unveiled their faces, she said to him in presence of the

court: "Gentlemen, this pleasantry is in bad taste, and sets a very bad example. You are in the midst of a people conquered by my arms; and I propose that their laws, their religion, their morals, and their prejudices shall be respected." This has nobility; here, a hundred years too early, is a hint of the attitude of Queen Victoria, who, hearing an improper story, remarked: "We are not amused."

Another side of the eighteenth century is to be found in Martha Custis, who became the wife of George Washington. In his book on the hero, Professor James A. Harrison makes a charming picture of Martha Washington at twenty-six. She is beautiful, a highly bred Virginian, "rich in heart and soul, rather than the intellect and understanding." She is a typical American lady of the eighteenth century, charming, high-spirited, not exactly a *grande dame*, but essentially a good housekeeper, an early riser, given to carrying her knitting about the house. She is plainly dressed, attends to the kitchen and the laundry; she communicates, and every day devotes an hour to prayer and to the reading of the Scriptures. But Martha Washington was no Puritan; she was sociable, rather hot-tempered, fond of pretty clothes. She lived with George Washington the ideal life of the old plantations, but was always ready to follow him throughout the revolution; she joined him in winter quarters at Morristown, and was with him at Valley Forge. Martha Washington represents a beautiful type, intelligent but modest, devoted and full of gaiety. She is perhaps expressed by a phrase in Washington's letter to her, when he is appointed commander-in-chief: "I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible."

What a sharp contrast is made with Martha Washington by the dazzling Madame de Pompadour! History treats her badly, looks upon her as a common courtesan. In fact, though born in the middle class, she had all the instincts of a great lady. She was rather tall, slim, and very graceful. She had thick chestnut hair and dark eyebrows, the famous bow mouth, beautiful teeth and eyes. She conquered Louis XV. to such an extent that, in her middle years, she was to him friend rather than lover. She had captured his mind. This not only because she was vivacious and beautiful; she was well educated, played the spinet, rode as well as she sang, and was a perfect hostess. Madame de Pompadour is interesting, however, because she represents that important eighteenth-century type, the political woman. In conjunction with Prime Minister Choiseul, she made the treaty with

Austria which Louis XV. signed. It was she who exiled the Jesuits from France. She founded the porcelain factory at Sèvres, and induced the king to create the military school where France still trains her staff. Indeed, one gains an idea of Madame de Pompadour's personality from a description of her death. She read her will carefully over, charged her steward to recompense all who had tended her during her illness, and to give the money in her desk to the poor. She then ordered her women to dress her, and put some colour on her pale cheeks. She gave an audience to Janette, controller of the post-office, read and criticised the papers he submitted to her, with her usual interest. The priest then spent some time with her. When he was about to take his leave, the marquise smiled and asked him to remain, saying: "One moment, *Monsieur le Curé*, we will take our departure together." A few moments later she died.

If the marquise differs from Martha Washington, how much more does Marie Antoinette differ from Madame de Pompadour! While the latter is insulted in history, Marie Antoinette is idealised and wept over, because her stupid head was cut off, and an end made to a political strumpet. Marie Antoinette had auburn hair and heavy eyebrows. She was not beautiful, but attractive. She read very little, and what she read was vulgar. She loved pleasures, and changed them as often as she could. She had an intense passion for jewellery, which she liked to buy, and for which she forgot to pay. She encouraged the extravagance of the court, and gave the bad example of gambling. In public she behaved indiscreetly with men, and went out into Paris without escort. If she had not interfered in politics she might be dismissed as one of the many vulgar queens, but she could let nothing alone. Louis XVI. was stupid and well-meaning. Marie Antoinette was stupid and domineering. Necessarily, she won. By her continual demands for money she upset the already disturbed exchequer. She insisted on the payment of a subsidy by France to Austria. She helped to throw France into the arms of the revolting American colonies, and thus maintained France's traditional enmity with England. She helped to turn out Turgot, who might have saved the finances and stopped the Revolution. When the French Revolution began, she took part in every mistaken act of policy, which she varied by a card party lasting thirty-six hours. First she was for fighting, then for flight. She loathed the mob, and did not understand why they asked for bread. In her time, women were flogged and branded with hot irons. With this she did not interfere. One might write an epitaph for Marie Antoinette, and say that she was as fitted to die well as she was ill-fitted to exist.

Meanwhile, in England the woman novelist had come, in the shape of the rather absurd Mrs. Aphra Behn and the more important Fanny Burney, to whom we owe *Evelina*. Fanny Burney paints a distasteful world: a young lady faints at the idea of seeing her father after a long absence; her women are always weeping; their lives are always being blighted. Hers are womanly women, and so refined that Camilla thinks it an unpardonable liberty that a man should kiss her hand. Here is the beginning of sensibility: for many years after Miss Burney we shall have to suffer what Henry Tilney calls "imbecility in females, and a great enhancement of their personal charms." Indeed, the eighteenth century is sounder in France than it is in England, Russia, Italy, or Germany. In England the point of view is either mawkish or coarse. Fielding's great novel, *The History of Tom Jones*, continually affords sidelights on this. There is a certain looseness. The great Marlborough does not hesitate to receive money from the Duchess of Cleveland. The men assume that women marry them unwillingly, and Squire Western thinks marriage well founded on a little aversion; he does not threaten Sophia with a stick, but the threat is very near. The same points of view appear in the conversations of Dr. Johnson. When Boswell pleads for a lady who has been divorced from her husband, Johnson briefly replies: "My dear sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice. The woman's a whore, and there's an end on't." Which is rather elementary psychology. Mrs. Thrale remained friendly with Johnson only by flattering him in the grossest manner, but there was light in Johnson; he was slightly in favour of the education of women; he considered that only a weak man married for love, and went on to say that marriage was much more necessary to a man than to a woman. Dr. Johnson illumines the manners of his century, for he wonders why young women should marry, as they have so much more freedom, and so much more attention paid to them while unmarried than when married.

From a woman's point of view the eighteenth century was a period of decay and of creation. The decay is represented by the rococo style of printing, by editions where the title-page, head-bands, and tail-pieces are incredibly complicated, the initials decorated, and the text made illegible by fleurons, vignettes, and borders. Art is corrupt, and manners are brutal. While the etchers are producing exquisiteness, women are wearing the brank. The brank is an iron frame fixed to the head; a plate, which enters the mouth, prevents the tongue from moving; sometimes the tongue is cut and bleeding. A woman who scolded or nagged could be sentenced to wear the brank and to stand in the pillory.

Let not the reader imagine that branks are oddities; a large number are to be found in museums. On December 3rd, 1741, Elizabeth Holborn was thus treated at Moorpeth. As late as 1824 a scolding woman was fitted with a bridle at Congleton, Cheshire.

The reader will conclude as to the general situation of woman. In the eighteenth century, on the whole, in the French nobility, a girl was not consulted before marriage. This is a very deep-rooted French idea. Under the Code Napoléon the consent of parents was made essential, in the case of men up to the age of twenty-five, in the case of girls up to that of twenty-one. This was done away with only in 1907. In Germany, while marriage was no freer, both parties obtained divorce fairly easily, but in France, under the Code Napoléon, a man obtained divorce for infidelity, while woman had to prove additional grievances. Before that time, and throughout the eighteenth century, in France, no woman but a great lady could obtain anything except separation. As for England, where the old system of divorce by Act of Parliament continued to make divorce impossible for the poor, the figures exhibit the situation. The modern divorce law was established in 1858. In the first three hundred years of divorce by Act of Parliament only 317 divorces were granted. But in the next eleven years as many as 1,279 were pronounced by the courts.

It is difficult to sum up this century of barbarism and enlightenment. It differs from the preceding because it is more intellectual, more intellectually cruel as well as intellectually just. Woman is more conscious of her situation: thus the next century will enable her to amend it.

(To be continued)

CURRENT LITERATURE

By S. M. ELLIS

MR. W. L. GEORGE'S new book¹ is described as "a philosophical novel," which is both something more and something less than the fact, or, more tersely, it is a misnomer. A philosophical novel is apt to be dull and devoid of incident; but *The Triumph of Gallio* is full of incident, tells vividly an uncommon life story, and holds the attention throughout a prolonged reading: it is often unpleasant, but never dull. It is the Epic of Egoism, the Iliad of a supremely selfish—or, rather, self-obsessed—man, relating all that he destroyed—belief, faith, ambition, wealth, family ties, and love—in order to win to his victory of Freedom. In *The Egoist*, George Meredith only provided a tame and inconclusive retribution or ending for his self-obsessed hero, merely the all too common fate of mankind—a shrewish and ageing wife. Mr. George treats his hero more kindly, for he endows him with the faculty of discovering how "not to be unhappy" and with the exquisite joys of Freedom at the close, marching along the open road, under the wide sky, away to the North—"exquisitely alone, released from the penalties of life by suffering, liberated by disillusion. I gazed for some moments into the sky, my sadness falling from me as the emptiness in my heart made me light, removed me, denied calls to pity, denied all calls."

Mr. George's system of philosophy seems to be that unhappiness can be avoided by believing that nothing really matters in a world which has no top and no bottom; that life has nothing to offer that one would really miss; that love and power are useless, because they are merely passing incidents in a brief episode such as this world of human life; that money has no value. The last assertion is transparently false, as any literally penniless disciple of the new philosophy would very soon affirm, and even Mr. George's hero at the last resumes his old vocation of highway pedlar to provide himself with some modicum of money, and life *had* something to offer him still that he *would* miss in his new found freedom—the joy of the open road and the beauty of Nature, if only, in his own words, to see "the green pallor of the night mute itself into rose," and "the morning as it came to birth fling trails of silver and of pearl." No, I am not much impressed or moved by the philosophy of Mr. George's new hero, for, like all philosophy, it is merely a kind of mental auto-intoxication or specialised Couéism, which by continual suggestion and repetition the disciple comes to believe in. And, after all, the greatest philosophy is only of use to those who practise it, and not worth a brass farthing to those millions who have no knowledge of its precepts. Mr. George's

(1) *The Triumph of Gallio*, by W. L. George (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d. net).

philosophy is not even consolatory, for he postulates "that life is merely an arrested moment between two corruptions, that love is the decoration of that brief interval, success the drug which prevents that interval from growing too wearisome."

I prefer to regard *The Triumph of Gallio* as a very fine story, as an interpretation of an abnormal personality, represented by Holyoake Tarrant, a personality, by force of early circumstances dependent on self-effort, gradually developing, step by step with ever increasing success, into a very colossus of self-fetishism, disdaining all canons of law and morality and obligation, and deficient only in self-sacrifice. And the history of all this in the telling is so absorbing and provocative of surprise, so illumined by caustic wit and brilliant headlights upon erring human nature, that it must be read from cover to cover, despite certain scenes and phrases that will inevitably wound many readers. Briefly, it is the history of a pushful young cad or bounder, such as Mr. H. G. Wells has so often pictured, the son of a provincial Radical agitator. The early part of the book is frankly in the style of Mr. Wells in *The New Machiavelli*, with its minute detail of a domestic interior and even more in the presentment of the growth of adolescence and sex-instinct in a youth of the lower middle class; the only difference is that here the scene is Birmingham instead of the Bromley district near London. Mr. George, by the mouth of his hero, is a little unkind and ironical at the expense of his early mentor:—

Wells dowered me with an inflamed passion for life. This horrible world about me, the poverty, dirt, injustice, inequality, all this could be done away with if only we hated it enough. It was only later that I understood Wells better, and that I saw in him a noble imagination soaring from nothing into nowhere. I still read Wells, and I enjoy him with a strange curiosity, rather as if I had paid a penny in a booth to see the bearded lady. . . . I will not deny my master, even if the cock crow.

The young protagonist of *The Triumph of Gallio* in time takes to the paternal work of a paid agitator, but his faith in Radicalism is shattered by evidence of venial corruption in municipal affairs among prominent local supporters of his cause. In disgust, he abandons his calling and home, and sets forth as a highway pedlar. This is one of the most delightful portions of the story, with its glimpses of characters met on the road and in taverns. By the way, in future editions of the book Mr. George must correct the statement that his young pedlar visited Warwick "Cathedral" during his itinerary; and in this connection of exactitude, surely twenty years ago (the period of the middle portion of the story) people did not go to "the Pictures" as a habit in the manner of Chappell and Betty; the cinema was then in its infancy.

Through leafy Warwickshire and the southern counties to the sea at Littlehampton goes Holyoake Tarrant as a pedlar, and back again and on to Liverpool. Here he increased his business, and in time became a marine store dealer. He prospered, and soon saved

enough money to buy, with the help of a friend, an old tramp steamer. This is also a romantic portion of the tale; the "Muriel Jones" was the sincerest love of this selfish man's life. He loved the old hulk more than the girl, Paula, whom he thought he loved and who loved him to the bitter end. This girl he renounced twice, the first time as a sacrifice to his resolve to become a shipowner, and so he married instead a woman with wealth.

He prospered yet more and became almost a millionaire, when Fate assailed him with retributive strokes. His three children (whom he loved) died, his wife went off with another man, and his shipping business fell to ruin. Then it was he evolved the philosophy already adumbrated. He had possessed everything and he possessed nothing, but nothing mattered, for he learnt now to be not unhappy. So he set forth again as a pedlar on the highway, refusing the love and company of the one woman who had loved him throughout. That last scene when she struggles to follow him and fails from fatigue beyond Edgware is one of infinite pathos—as unforgettable as another scene of the road, Tess's sister and Clare climbing the steep road out of Winchester, and turning to see the black flag creep up the staff. Tarrant does not want or need Paula now, and goes on leaving her behind and alone, until he hears no more the sounds of her sobs and failing footsteps. He is free at last from all human claims and alien clutching hands on the rein of his life. He is still scarcely of middle-age. But what of the future? Will his freedom solace him in old age and in the hour of death? And what of the recurring lust for women which had attended all his previous years; will he not realise Hardy's pregnant lines

And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide?

The Triumph of Gallio calls for a sequel as clamantly as ever did *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, for in both cases we want to know the ultimate result and effect of "the system."

* * * *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 DISSOLUTION AND THE FUTURE

By W. PERMEWAN, M.D., F.R.C.S.

AFTER a period of office longer than was generally expected, full of events of first-class importance, full also of repeated but always falsified rumours and alarms of impending dissolution, the Labour Government has at last been compelled to appeal to the country.¹ The causes of its defeat were ostensibly two—its alleged interference with the course of justice in the Campbell case, and its proposal to guarantee a loan to Russia. Both these questions are big enough to have provoked the crisis. But in truth the real factor which has led to its catastrophe is the growing impatience of men both inside and outside Parliament to put an end to the reign of make-believe and to get back to reality and sincerity in the administration of our public affairs. A minority Government is a phenomenon which offends the political instincts of the British people, though it is not the first time that a stop-gap Ministry has been seen. But a Government which came into office on the cry of Socialism as the only remedy, and which has done nothing to show that in practice they are any more Socialist than the other parties, is an anomaly and not far removed from the classic description of Disraeli—"an organised hypocrisy." It is that conviction in the public mind and not any specific act or omission on the part of Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues which has brought about their fall. For in truth it cannot be contested that they have some achievements to their credit, the new *entente* with France and the settlement with Germany, for example. But apart from approval or disapproval of what they have done during their term of office, there is the fear that when opportunity comes the Govern-

(1) By the time this article is published the result will be known.
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ment will be forced, either by their own convictions or by the pressure of their extreme supporters, to practise what they preach, and to put into actual operation the principles of real Socialism.

At last the leaders of the Liberal Party, who in effect put them into office and have retained them there, have come to see, what was apparent to impartial observers from the first, that the longer the Government remains the less the chances for the return of the Liberals. So also the openly defiant attitude of the Labour Party to their Liberal supporters has at last produced its natural effect, and they have resolved to bring the Government to an end and put their fortunes to the hazard. That it is the growing resentment of the Liberals which is the main factor in the situation is admitted, and, indeed, boasted by such a responsible organ as the *Westminster Gazette* :—

There is something more behind . . . the persistent refusal of the members of the Labour Party to make Liberal-Labour co-operation possible in order to secure agreed measures of social progress. . . . The breaking-point has been reached in the House of Commons. . . . Labour has been more than ungrateful for the goodwill which put it into office, and has got it out of scrapes time after time: it has actually bitten the hand stretched out to it in democratic fellowship. Till that attitude is changed the present atmosphere of irritation and uncertainty and recrimination must go on. The rôle of the patient oxen is ended.

The metaphor of the bitten hand is not quite a happy one. Perhaps the Labour members do not like the rôle of the grateful dog any more than the Liberals like the rôle of the patient ox.

In an article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* in August last on the political prospect I said :—

The Prime Minister in an optimistic moment has said that he sees no reason why he and his Government should not remain in office for two or three years before the next General Election. I fear that the wish is father to the hope, and that, on the contrary, before the year is out we shall once again be plunged into the agitation of an election.

Again, referring to Mr. Winston Churchill, I said, among other things :—

It is doing him no injustice to suggest that there is no room to-day for a new Liberal-Unionist party, and that if he regards Socialism as the enemy, his most effective means of fighting it is to return to his old love and rejoin the Tory ranks.

We who indulge in political prophecy are so often wrong that I may perhaps be permitted a feeling of complacency that I was able to predict so accurately two events which have occurred in so short a time. Mr. Churchill is now once more a Tory candidate, and Mr. MacDonald has been compelled to go to the country.

The return of Mr. Churchill to his original party is an event which has been for some time inevitable, though the exact moment was uncertain. "Things are as they are," and no man can resist his destiny. Further than that, the party is no more necessary to him than he is to the party. The Conservatives are in need of leaders of mettle, and it is remarkable that no man has given a warmer welcome to Mr. Churchill than that statesman who led the party so long—Lord Balfour. True it is that his re-conversion raises and will raise questions of status and relative rank. True it is also that the *Morning Post* maintains complete silence on this new advent. But the unifying influence of party association will do its work. The Conservative Party will want all its strength in the coming conflict with Socialism.

Perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon of the present Parliament has been the spirit in which the eternal Irish problem has been dealt with in both Houses. Mr. J. H. Thomas was right when he said that there is now in all parties a sincere desire to do the right thing by Ireland, whether North or South, and to refrain from making party capital out of that distressful country. Perhaps it may be that party capital on either side is not easily to be made to-day. There are Unionists who are still Unionists, and who look back on the treaty or the treaties as a base surrender to clamour or to fear, but even they well know that the Act of Union is dead and cannot be revived. The vast majority of people are sick of party contests over Ireland; they are impatient of the quarrels which impede the economic development of that country, and the only union they look forward to is the union of the two sections under one Government brought about by the Irish people themselves.

The merits of the Boundary Commission Bill have been

discussed and exhausted in Parliament; I do not propose to argue them here. Most people believe that some such measure was inevitable, and nobody can fairly blame the Government for the results of hasty legislation or imperfect drafting by former Ministers. Nor is it quite fair to press too hardly on the mistakes of the Government which passed the measures of 1920 and 1922, for if the settlement had not been quick it could not have been made at all. A long experience has shown that the most sincere attempts at settlement have been, time and again, wrecked on the rocks of Irish unreason. It will not be surprising if the results of the Boundary Commission are no more real or permanent than those of the thousand Acts of Parliament which have dealt with Ireland. But at any rate, for good or evil, Irish grievances and Irish quarrels have, it would seem, lost their power to arouse English passions. And it is not to Irish measures that the Labour Government has owed its defeat.

The two ostensible causes of the Liberal revolt have been the Campbell case and the Russian loan. The withdrawal of the prosecution of Mr. Campbell only a few days after the Treasury counsel had described it as one of the gravest importance—as, indeed, if the offence had been established, it clearly was—because of “representations” having been made that the article did not really mean what he had been instructed it did mean, was a startling decision. Either the prosecution had been ordered without due enquiry and consideration, or some influence had intervened to arrest the course of justice. Either hypothesis was a grave reflection on the Attorney-General, on whom rests—and should exclusively rest, as Lord Birkenhead has pointed out—the responsibility in these cases. Both parties hastened to express their reprobation, the Conservatives by a motion in which the word “censure” was plainly used so that the Government should have no possible grounds for mistaking their meaning, and the Liberals by a demand for a Select Committee. The Government replied by announcing that “we will offer the firmest opposition to both the Unionist vote of censure and the Liberal amendment. Our view is that

there is no essential difference between them.” There Mr. MacDonald showed his sense of actuality. There was no difference except in form, and the result of carrying one or the other must be either the resignation of the Government or the Dissolution of Parliament.

The debate was conducted on lines which are puzzling to outsiders, but which are dear to members of the House of Commons. The final result was, however, unmistakable, viz., the decision of the House that an enquiry was necessary. The Attorney-General made an able and detailed defence of his action—so able, at least, that it converted that brilliant Conservative lawyer, Mr. Mitchell Banks, who had come to ban but stayed to bless; Sir John Simon displayed that forensic power of analysis which makes him so effective in the courts and so unsatisfying to laymen; Mr. MacDonald boldly affirmed the right and the duty of the Executive to have its say in these “political” prosecutions, and Mr. Asquith defended the fairness of a Select Committee as a tribunal of investigation, and, to make it still more fair, was willing that his own party should have no representation on it. But the Government was obdurate; they would stand or fall by the vote. The vote was decisive, and the defeat overwhelming.

Yet there was an element of unreality about the proceedings which was open and palpable. The issue was not the case of Mr. Campbell, but the fate of the Government. Not all members of the victorious parties welcomed the result, not all even of the Liberals who had brought it about. The *Manchester Guardian* styled it “A False Conclusion.” In the judgment of that eminent organ of pure Liberalism, the Attorney-General had to decide not only the law of the case—“which may be clear”—but also the expediency of the prosecution. In their opinion “both he and the Government decided rightly. It would be preposterous if for no better reason than this they should be driven from office.” Twelve Liberal members voted against their leaders. Here lies a bad omen for the electoral prospects of the Liberal Party.

The Russian Treaty has been hailed by Conservatives and Liberals alike as a favourable point of attack on the

Labour Government. Both parties have pointed out that this country is being asked to guarantee a loan to a Government which has adopted the position that they are not responsible for the debts of their predecessors in office, and that there is no security against the next Russian Government, whatever it may be, repudiating this loan in its turn. And, indeed, if the security is good, is there any need for a Government guarantee at all? Are there no financiers always ready to find profitable investment for their money? Is it not therefore perfectly clear that the British nation guarantees the loan *precisely because there is no security*? The reply of Mr. MacDonald is that a large proportion of the money will be spent in this country and thus furnish employment for our workers. But even if two-thirds is to be spent here, why make the loan to Russia at all, and why not use the money entirely for the benefit of our own people? There is a widespread suspicion that the real reason for the loan is quite other than a desire to help British unemployment. People believe that the Soviet Government, having recklessly destroyed property and credit in their own country, are on the brink of ruin unless they can induce their "fellow-workers" in this country to bolster them up by their hard-earned savings. What has the Soviet Government done for us? They and their friends here reproach us for having sent money and troops to help the "Tsarist" Government during the war, and, as they put it, thus "made war on Russia." How many hundreds of millions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives did the Russian revolutionaries cost us by destroying the "Tsarist" Government, which from first to last stood bravely by the side of the Allies? We have not forgotten how they attacked East Prussia in 1914 and thus saved the situation for us in the West.

Yet the present Russian Government has the assurance to put forward a claim of no less than £4,000,000,000, which would, of course, wipe out many times their indebtedness to this country, and to ask for this further loan.

The only possible reason for a new loan to Russia would be the hope of preserving that country from enter-

ing on such close relations with Germany as to furnish a menace to the future peace of Europe. If Russia is willing to acknowledge her indebtedness and make some attempt to discharge it, and refrain from interfering by propaganda with the security of our Empire, there is no reason why their credit should not be re-established on the basis of the great natural riches of that country. But she will have to keep her international engagements, and, as is obvious to all but the wildest Communists, set up some system of government, Monarchist, Republican, or what she pleases, which will give to her own people reasonable security that they will enjoy the fruits of their labour, and which will refrain from attempts to disturb the political and social stability of this and other nations. Till then it would be folly to pledge our credit to support the tyranny of the Bolsheviks.

The Prime Minister does not show to advantage in the hour of defeat. The speech delivered to the Labour Conference the day before the division can only lower him in the estimation of those who were beginning to think that there was something of the great man about him. Such a combination of self-righteousness and self-laudation, with a total lack of recognition of any decent motives in his opponents, has surely never been uttered by a Minister of the Crown. Mr. MacDonald complains that he and his followers were not fully reported at the last Election. It is to be hoped that the newspapers will not make the same mistake again. "O that mine enemy had written a book" was the aspiration of a man of old time. "O that the Prime Minister will go on making such speeches" will be the fervent hope of his political opponents. The effect of office on a politician can never be exactly predicted. To some men it brings humility and self-distrust; others profess the distrust without actually feeling it. Mr. MacDonald is the only example in our history of a man who had never held the smallest place being called suddenly and unexpectedly to the highest. On him has rested for nine months not only the responsibility for our foreign relations, but in addition the vast weight of the office of First Minister. That fact may

perhaps explain, though it does not excuse, his arrogance. "*L'Etat, c'est moi*," that seems his attitude, "and you who attack or criticise me are wanting in patriotism and actuated by the lowest party spite." If anything can rouse the determination of the country to resist the tyranny of Labour in power it will be speeches like this.

It is a pity that the Prime Minister should consider it necessary to indulge in this street-corner eloquence, for his action in foreign affairs has been in some instances marked by firmness in the support of British interests which is altogether admirable. His very latest despatch on the question of Egypt and the Sudan could not well be bettered. He insisted on the right and the duty of England to safeguard the Suez Canal; he declined to withdraw from the Sudan "till the work of Great Britain there is done"; and he placed on record his conviction that "the effective co-operation of Great Britain might be ensured by the conclusion of a treaty of close alliance." Sound sense expressed in moderate language. What a contrast.

Probably Mr. MacDonald's address to the Labour Conference was dictated by the belief that his hearers there and his supporters in the country are incapable of appreciating a statement unless it is emphasised by loud and vituperative language. He knows his followers better than outsiders can do, but assuredly such violence will only arouse contempt in the average man. The Prime Minister seems unable to believe that any other statesman has either the knowledge or the intelligence or the desire to deal fairly and effectively with public affairs, and he claims an immunity from opposition which is quite foreign from our political methods. "Sacrosanct supersensibility," Mr. Asquith calls it, and with reason. Such an attitude is even more than usually preposterous because Mr. MacDonald and his Government are where they are by the compliance of other parties than their own. But he has had a rude awakening.

What will be the result of the appeal to the country is even more than usually difficult to predict. At the moment of writing the respective programmes are not yet issued.

Yet it is not difficult to foresee the scope of the Labour appeal. After a vigorous denunciation of the unfairness of their defeat, a defeat brought about by the jealousy of "Capital," they will claim the greatest credit for their foreign policy. They will point to the London Agreement on German Reparations, on the improvement of our relations with France, and on their effective support of the League of Nations; and they will claim the recognition of Russia as a great step to European concord, spoilt by the refusal of the other parties to sanction a loan. They will again maintain that in their social policy is to be found the only remedy for unemployment, though they will be less certain now than they were nine months ago that they have a positive cure. Finally they will make a great display of their programme of a Factory Bill, a new Insurance Bill, a measure of equal franchise for men and women, and a Bill to establish pensions for widows. Probably even more attractive proposals will be evolved to brighten up their appeal to the electorate. Above all there will be a fierce attack on the Liberals, whom they hope utterly to crush.

What is to be the attitude of the other two parties to the Socialist attack? That is a grave question and one on which depends the future Government of this country. The Socialist danger is now imminent. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may try to veil its hopes and its risk to the community with high-flown sentiments and aspirations. The Socialist Party is out for plunder and will be satisfied with no less. And it goes to the country with the prestige of office which the Liberals were foolish enough to bestow on it. Is there any prospect that the Liberals and Conservatives are going to combine to defeat the common foe? So far there is small reason to think so. Local arrangements in isolated places there may be, but any general agreement between the leaders, still less any cordial co-operation, seems entirely out of the question. That is unfortunate, but is apparently inevitable.

What, then, should be the action of the elector who fears Socialism and all it connotes? The answer is to be found in the reflection that what the country wants is the

return of a party with a real majority in the House of Commons. The only party which has a reasonable chance of fulfilling that condition is the Conservative Party. Not even the most sanguine Liberal believes at this moment that he can hope to be in a majority in the new Parliament. And, too, if the Liberals maintain their present numbers—still more if they increase them, what course do they propose to follow? Do they propose to do what they did in the last Parliament, viz., to put the Labour Party back into office? It is a sorry prospect for those who hate Socialism and believe in a strong Government. Or are they prepared, the most moderate of them at least, to support a Conservative Government? The answer will soon have to be given. The differences between Liberals and Conservatives are hard to see. The manifestos may be different, but their essence is the same. But the issues between the two older parties on the one hand and the Socialist Party on the other are fundamental and vital to the interests of the country. It is a hard saying by one who looks back with pride to the past achievements of the Liberal Party that, as things are to-day, unless they are prepared to support a Conservative Administration, the fewer Liberals there are in the new House of Commons the better for the stability of the country and the Empire.

THE DRAGONS' TEETH

BY "AUGUR"

Jason sowed the dragons' teeth and armed men sprung up.—*Greek Myth.*

A SUN-DRENCHED square in front of a mosque in the holy city of Kerbela, near Baghdad.

Wild shouting breaks the quiet; into the square rushes a raving crowd of bareheaded, half-naked fanatics; they brandish swords and daggers; they are Shijas celebrating the memory of their religious head: Ali, the cousin of the great Prophet.

The fanatics slash and hack themselves about; blood flows from broad gashes; a man collapses from a deep, self-inflicted wound. Suddenly the Eastern pandemonium carries my mind back to London. I see Whitehall in the grey light of a cold, beclouded morning; a man is placidly walking into a Government office.

I know the man: he is a British politician. But what is the connection between the demented Shija fanatic, covered with sweat and gore, and the neat gentleman placidly walking in Whitehall? The self-inflicted wounds of the one remind me irresistibly of the wounds caused by the other. This rhetorical question I am able to answer without hesitation.

The world is not one great brotherhood. The hands of many are raised in jealousy against the man who wins. States, like individuals, are exposed to competition and jealousy and bear the wounds from the attacks of their enemies. The British Empire has enemies; no less and probably more than other States. For enemies come to those who are successful, and our success as an Empire has been colossal. Yet, not content with being enclosed in an unfriendly ring, we take delight in injuring ourselves.

Britain is unfortunate to have produced and to tolerate a type of politician who, under a calm exterior, is devoured by an exuberant zeal for reform through the destruction of

what exists. This zeal is only equalled by the gentleman's faith in his ability to carry out destruction thoroughly and to rebuild solidly and well. In the olden days men of this stamp went as missionaries to the islands of the South Seas, where they applied their energy to persuading the natives (by force if necessary) to perspire decently in shirts and trousers. Now they have discovered that a benevolent nation lets them experiment at home. The cold climate of this country has not moderated their zeal for reform by destruction.

The political missionaries are full of energetic endeavour. One day they settle the question of the Indian Dyarchy, the next they are busy drafting Irish treaties. They are ready to work day and night. They are ready to invade a Minister's home at early breakfast or to take a pleasure trip in the Pacific to obtain consent to a new scheme which at the moment possesses them. The unfortunate thing is that preconceived notions count for so much. We believe, for example, that a man who has settled successfully a quarrel among Zulus acquires the prescriptive right of dealing with the affairs of New Zealand or of Bengal. He himself is a victim to the delusion of his political greatness. We follow his activities tolerantly, and only when the wounds which he causes become too painful we murmur: "Which part of the Empire will he wreck next?"

Men like this are responsible for the fact that the ring-fence of the Empire is broken in many places. Then I accuse of a state of affairs which lets our enemies imagine that they can destroy the ring-fence altogether. But it is we ourselves who are the great criminals because we allow men like this to experiment with the Empire.

We must free ourselves from the slavery to preconceived notions which distort our outlook on life. Of this slavery we must rid ourselves at any cost. Among the preconceived notions under which we labour an awful one is the idea that Britain is respected by the whole world for the fairness of her views and beloved for the justice of her actions. God will forgive us for this stupidity, but practical politics will scourge us for it! Beloved and respected

for fairness and justice—what a delusion! In modern times love of and respect for Britain were greatest when the external effort of the nation's force had reached its height in the Great War. This is not to say that justice and fairness are not the ideal. But the majesty of the Courts of Law is useless without the truncheon in the policeman's strong hand.

Really, this delusion about love and respect for Britain in foreign countries becomes comic at times. Not so long ago a well-known politician, speaking to me of the importance of Gibraltar, maintained that our presence there was useful to Spain, and he was surprised when I told him that Spaniards until now have not forgotten that the Rock is part of their national territory. He, on the contrary, was ready to believe that if the Union Jack did not fly at the entrance to the Straits the Spaniards would be all too glad to put it there.

The truth is that we are not loved at all abroad and that we are respected only so far as there is an idea of our power. Since the War our diplomatic action has been the sowing of dragons' teeth which come up as a crop of estrangement and suspicion. Britain stands isolated. These are bitter words, but true. . . .

The doctrine of splendid isolation is old. British alliances are made to deal with a need and are put away when the need has passed. We take our allies when we need them. The only sensible plan for British diplomacy is to see that, when needed, such allies can be found among our friends. The doctrine of isolation excludes permanent commitments, but makes all the more necessary the exploration of ways and the preparation of means for eventual agreements. The doctrine of isolation demands that the State should be either stronger than any possible combination against it or that it should be surrounded by friends. It sounds paradoxical, but is true nevertheless, that precisely because the doctrine of isolation is our traditional policy, and because at present we are not sufficiently strong to oppose the world, we have to run away from isolation by cultivating friendships with other States. It is in this that we have been singularly unfortunate after the War.

In surveying the field of international relations we naturally turn first to our immediate geographical neighbour—France. The War did not come suddenly. Since the Krüger telegram of Emperor William the coming conflict was a menace ever present in the minds of those few British statesmen to whom we owe that in 1914 we were neither quite unprepared nor without friends. The main issue in the War was the question: would new industrialised Germany be able to deprive us of our preponderant financial position in the markets of the world? Other issues were subordinated to this one. For geographical and political reasons France was drawn into the state of war before us; but let there be no mistake about it: France was overrun because of her position between two mighty antagonists, Britain and Germany. Through France the German blow was directed at the financial and economic hegemony of the City of London.

King Edward, the wise diplomat, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, the inspirer of British military policy, Viscount Grey at the Foreign Office, and his assistants—all had worked hard to prepare for the day when isolation would mean destruction. Thanks to them, in 1914 Great Britain had good allies and friends. Of these, the foremost, the best, was France. Shoulder to shoulder with the French we fought and we won.

The doctrine of "splendid isolation" forbids the continuation of alliances when the object for which they have been concluded has been attained. Our alliance with France had for its definite aim the sterilisation of Germany's military power. After the victory of 1918 the alliance lost its *raison d'être*. This was confirmed by the British Government when it withdrew from the Pact of Security, which in the eyes of the French was a necessary annexe of the Treaty of Versailles. Officially we gave as a pretext the refusal of the United States to honour President Wilson's signature, but in reality our withdrawal was the consequence of the doctrine of isolation.

The statesmanlike thing to be done at this juncture was to declare the alliance with France at an end. This was the means of preserving that friendship which had stood

us in good stead during the crisis. But in a petty, grasping jealous mood leaders of British foreign policy continued to claim the privileges of the allied position. We had ceased to be allies, yet we claimed the right of intervening in French policy as allies. This attitude caused the trouble between ourselves and the French in the period after the War. Our mistake was not that we followed the traditional policy of isolation, but that we had not the courage and the foresight to declare our intentions in all sincerity, and that we persisted in claiming privileges which were ours no longer. M. Poincaré could have turned the tables on us absolutely: instead of going into the Ruhr he could have turned on us and said: "You claim the right as allies to criticise our plan of action. Very well, I leave it to you to get for your allies the Reparations which Germany refuses to pay." In that case we should have found ourselves in an inextricably ridiculous position.

By our clumsiness we forfeited the friendship of France, and it will take a long time to get it back. People must not imagine, because there has been a change of Government in France and because relations have improved, that the old friendship is revived. The Bloc National on which M. Poincaré based his power was a war product and had its roots in war associations. The policy of M. Poincaré and of the Bloc National, in spite of bickerings on both sides and of rebuffs from us, was decisively pro-Entente, and could not be otherwise. The Bloc des Gauches which is now in power wants really to take up the thread of international relations where it was torn off by the War; the whole trend of its political action is towards an economic understanding with Germany.

There are people in Britain who foolishly imagine that they have a right to intervene in a Franco-German economic arrangement and to dictate the conditions on which it may exist. They are quite right when they speak about the danger to British industrial welfare; they are comic when they proclaim our right to act as arbiters in the matter. Alsace-Lorraine is a necessary element in the complex machine of German industrialism. France holds

that key now, and Germany will have to come to an agreement. We can as soon prevent this as paint the moon red. If we maintain our friendship with France we shall obtain the best possible conditions to avoid the unfavourable results of a Franco-German economic agreement. If we persist in demanding the enforcement of non-existing allied rights we shall get nothing. The London Pact of this summer for the enforcement of the Dawes plan for the payment by Germany of Reparations is not really a part of the Versailles Treaty at all. It is the direct consequence of the French occupation of the Ruhr, which was as much a denunciation of the old war alliance as the refusal to maintain the Pact of Security was such a denunciation on our part. Therefore the London Pact is a new departure.

For reasons into which it is needless to enter in this essay France accepted our will and initiative in the London Pact. Herriot, the successor of Poincaré, sacrificed a great deal to comply with the views of British policy. Frenchmen are agreed as to the sacrifice. The difference only is, that while the friends of Poincaré consider the sacrifice to have been useless, the friends of Herriot expected much good to follow from it. But now Frenchmen want to know what they are to receive for the sacrifice.

But we went on sowing the teeth of the dragon. The chief French sacrifice was on the question of independent action for security. In exchange Herriot confidently expected to receive compensation at the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva. Instead, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald spoke there of the injustice of depriving Germany of Upper Silesia, and gave to understand that the Versailles Treaty needed amendment. The Geneva Protocol for obligatory arbitration and mutual assistance which the brilliant French delegation desired to make an instrument for security in Europe is compromised by the mumbling declarations of the ineffective politicians who represented Great Britain and who finally did not sign. The Geneva Protocol does not coincide with the interests of the British Empire. Its defects are such that we ourselves, and our Dominions especially, can never accept it as it stands. It is not the refusal to accept the Protocol which is repreh-

sible, but the playing about with it and the pretence of enthusiasm for it. No wonder that one of the ablest diplomats we have has warned the Government of the deep distrust in France of our policy and of the growing tendency not to count upon our friendship. The dragons' crop is coming up dense and stark.

Yet Britain and France must be friends if they desire to maintain the great Imperial spheres of influence they have built up in Africa and Asia. The menace of an awakening anti-European movement is common to both countries. British embarrassments in Egypt find their echo in Morocco, Algiers and Syria. A menace to British prestige in Iraq on the Mosul border is equally a menace to French prestige in Aleppo and Damascus. Allies we need not be, but friends we must remain.

A word of warning is timely here against those in this country who speak about the danger of a French attack. The great culprits in this respect are some of the flying chiefs. In their desire to create a powerful aerial fleet any argument seems to them good enough if it proves the French danger. Not so long ago they started a scare in influential circles by incessantly babbling about the danger of French aerial preparations against London. Things went so far that it became necessary for the French to invite a British mission, which under a well-known general inspected all there was to see in French aerodromes and convinced itself of the entire absence of fact in the rumours started.

Let us now pass to Germany. In our anxiety to impose our will upon the French "allies" we used our influence at Berlin, no doubt without premeditation, yet quite definitely, to obtain from the German Government a certain line of policy. The result of this was that the Germans, who during the War had worn trouser buttons with "Gott strafe England" on them, imagined that we had come to love them. And they returned our love with such intensity that the position at times would have been comic if there was not tragedy in it. Now that the French have given in to our will, our need of the Germans has vanished and the old economic antagonism is coming up. The poor

Germans cannot understand the change and feel intensely hurt. There are few people to believe this in Britain as yet, but very soon we may see the return of the trouser buttons, appealing to God for justice against England.

And so our political missionaries go on sowing the dragons' teeth, East and North, and South and West. They antagonise the Dominions, lower British prestige in India, hesitate in Egypt, crawl to the Soviets, hustle the Poles. They are all out for the League of Nations. Then they do not want it. They are strong, they are weak; they are firm one instant and collapse the next; they have high principles and low motives—great ideas and small executive power; they speak nobly of building and destroy with glee. Only one thing they have not got: a consistent constructive policy!

The sowing of dragons' teeth is not restricted to the sphere of foreign policy. In domestic affairs we are just as badly off. If space permitted one could write volumes about the relations within the Empire. Certainly, if the mighty British League of Nations is holding together, it is because it possesses intense vitality and is governed by an instinct of race which it is difficult for a political missionary to destroy. For we have nothing useful to show that we ourselves are doing to preserve and to strengthen the Empire. We sin against it daily. Our enemies are watching all around us to see what will happen.

We go on merrily sowing the dragons' teeth without giving a thought to the crop which will come up. We sow abroad, we sow in the Empire, we sow at home. For the political missionary in his zeal does not spare anything, even his own body, in the pursuit of the nebulosities which to him appear as luminous aims. As a result of the persistent effort of our political missionaries, we are now confronted with a problem the growing magnitude of which looms up as a great black cloud on the horizon. It bears the storm. We do not fear it, as we ought, because we turn away and do not look. It has been said that the capacity to forget and not to think, more than anything else, preserves the human race from madness. But woe to the nation whose leaders give way to this sweet habit!

To prove the magnitude of the problem of unemployment I will not quote figures. Statistical proof is a double-edged weapon. One column of figures may be disproved by another one. If I say that we have more than a million unemployed I may receive the answer that, in view of the national wealth, which is so much, of the total number of population, which is so much, and of the balance of trade, which is so much, the figure of a million is below the danger limit. And I am sure that there exists already somewhere a statistician who proves that unemployment in the long run stands for future prosperity. The proof, therefore, of the fact that unemployment is a national problem, the root of most of our troubles, I will seek in another direction.

Has it ever occurred to anybody that if unemployment lasts long enough it produces a new national type? We speak of the unemployed—that is, of people who have had work, who have lost it, and who are now waiting for a new job. But what about those who have never worked, who do not miss work, and who are only waiting for the dole and the Saturday football match? In British industrial towns there are now thousands of youths and young men who since they grew up have never done a day's work and before whom there is no work to do so far as one can see. This army, this growing army, of natural dolemen is the danger. The unemployed aspires to improve his position through work of some kind: the dole man expects everything out of the purse of his neighbour or, worse still, he has come to look upon his squalid existence as normal and seeks no improvement. In the first instance he becomes "Kanonenfutter" for the Communist. In the second he goes to increase the slime into which a weakened nation is always in the danger of slipping.

The political missionaries, who with their nostrums have not been able to do anything to reduce unemployment—who, on the contrary, have done much to make it worse—commit the mistake of treating it as a swiftly passing sickness. But unemployment in Great Britain has come to stay for a long time because it is produced not by casual temporary circumstances, but by conditions which have now become permanent. The problem of unemployment has

become the problem of the surplus of the population for which there is no profitable employment. A famous novelist has described a method of putting workers in storage while there is no employment for them, but we have not yet reached that stage of detached cruelty to the individual human being.

There seems to be a natural law establishing the exact number of people per square mile of a country which can be supported by its agricultural resources. If to these resources are added industrial development and transport facilities the population may grow in proportion. This "civilised" surplus is bound to decrease and even to disappear if industrial development stops or goes back and if transport facilities are reduced or destroyed. We have before our eyes the Russian example. That country in the present Revolution saw its industries closed down and its transport ruined. In consequence millions of people disappeared. Civil war, Red Terror, epidemics and famine all co-operated to this end. The millions populating various "civilised" countries, and of which statisticians are so proud, form the "civilised" surplus above the limit fixed by the natural law of agricultural resources. Each set-back, whether in industry or in transport facilities, releases the play of calamities which always lie on the alert watching for an opportunity to run in and hit out at humanity.

Of the population of Great Britain certainly three-fourths—and this is a modest estimate—belong to the "civilised" surplus, and need for their existence industrial prosperity and open transport routes. The latter we continue to possess, but the first has gone back considerably. The political missionaries, so as to be undisturbed in the sowing of the dragons' teeth, in which they excel, pretend that the reason for this set-back is the War—that is, they put the causes of industrial depression into the past. They do not understand that the powerful reasons for our industrial depression are in the present, and that the future promises worse things to come. They do not see that after the War Continental Europe has become more industrialised and is pushing industrial production to the limit. We

are therefore confronted with the fact that the industrial monopoly and the preponderance which we enjoyed in the nineteenth century are things of the past.

We must do or die. The political missionaries do not care if others die if they themselves can carry on with their plans of reform through destruction. The crop of dragons' teeth sown by them in the country is coming up. They will not deal with it. The danger calls for a national effort. There is much loose talk nowadays about co-operation of Capital with Labour. But to make such a co-operation possible we must have first a political *entente*. Perhaps there is some truth in what an old Liberal told me: "Salvation lies in team work of Conservatives and Labour vitalised by Liberal advice."

AMERICA AND BRITAIN IN THE FAR EAST

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

(Vice-President, Navy League of the United States)

I

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE — POST-CONFERENCE
FLEET EXPANSION—THE MISSION OF CRUISERS AND
SUBMARINES

It may be of interest to Britons to consider an American's estimate of some of the major realities in the Far Eastern situation and to examine some of the seeming requirements for the maintenance of peace there—especially as the present outline will lead to the conclusion that it is to the interest of America that Britain develop an adequate naval base for modern capital ships at Singapore.

The American proposal for the limitation of naval armaments at the Washington Conference was that the tonnage of capital ships, of aircraft carriers, of all other surface combatant auxiliaries, and of submarines, all be limited, respectively and class by class as stated, in the ratio of 5-5-3 as between the United States, the British Empire, and the Japanese Empire. But while little real objection to such fleet ratios was voiced, there was conclusive objection from other Powers to specific fleet limitation except for capital ships and aircraft carriers; and the Japanese refused to agree even to that unless their proposal that insular fortifications and naval bases be developed no further in the region stretching from the Marshall Islands to Hongkong and from the Aleutian Islands to Australasian waters—exclusive, of course, of the Japanese Archipelago proper.

The table on next page shows the tonnages of modern light cruisers and of submarines built or authorised before the close of the Conference, the tonnages of cruisers and of submarines authorised within twenty-four months after the Conference, and the totals up to the second anniversary of the adjournment of the Washington Conference.

	LIGHT CRUISER TONNAGES.			SUBMARINE TONNAGES.		
	United States.	British Empire.	Japanese Empire.	United States.	British Empire.	Japanese Empire.
Pre-Conference—						
Built or Authorised ..	75,000	274,020	106,680	76,388 ³	47,130	46,488
Ratios	2.1	7.7	3.0	4.9	3.0	3.0
First Post-Conference						
Authorisations (July, 1922)	None	None	70,000 ¹	None	None	28,165 ⁴
Second Post-Conference						
Authorisations (Aug., 1923)	None	None	100,000 ²	None	None	53,000 ⁵
Totals Built or Authorised up to the 6th February, 1924	75,000	274,020	276,680	76,388	47,130	127,653
Ratios	0.8	3.0	3.0	1.8	1.1	3.0

From the foregoing table it is apparent that the initiative the Japanese have shown in authorising and building those classes of vessels not limited by the Naval Treaty promises to give them, in a very few years, a cruiser fleet greater than that which the British now have and an up-to-date submarine flotilla larger than the combined tonnages of the somewhat antiquated submarine flotillas of America and Britain. Nor are the Japanese to be criticised for this. For in thus developing their fleet, for their own ends, they do not seem to have gone counter to the stipulations of the Naval Treaty. On the contrary, if there is any occasion for criticism, it would seem that it should be addressed to those at the Washington Conference who did not work for complete fleet limitation and to those who then put exceedingly serious restrictions upon American and British naval power without accomplishing more than building an ineffective dam a fraction of the way across the rising river of naval competition.

But the strategist finds himself confronted by the following conditions:

The Japanese capital fleet of the capital ships, with but normal quotas of auxiliaries, could defend the Japanese Empire with assurance. And not only that, but

- (1) Construction more than half finished.
- (2) Construction said to be suspended for one year because of earthquake.
- (3) Nearly half are small, obsolescent vessels; none of long cruising radius.
- (4) Mostly large, long-radius vessels; construction more than half finished.
- (5) Mostly large, long-radius vessels; construction said to be suspended for one year because of earthquake.

because the Japanese have complete naval control over the insular barrier to north-eastern Asia, from Kamchatka to Formosa, they can command all maritime lines of communication to that continental region where now there is no power that could prevent them from extracting supplies from it. On the other hand, if, while holding their own home waters inviolable behind the guns of their capital fleet, they were preparing to be able to conduct an extensive cruiser warfare, driving the commerce of their chosen enemies from the Pacific and isolating the insular possessions and dominions of their enemies, then, for that kind of warfare, they would need an excess of high-speed cruisers and of long-radius submarines—such an excess as the foregoing table shows that the Japanese authorities have been authorising and building ever since the Washington Conference.

As their home security is assured, for what other purpose has this supremely great fleet of cruisers and flotilla of submarines been undertaken?

II

THE JAPANESE MARITIME PLAN

The answer to this question was gathered by the present writer from many of the American, British and Dutch authorities in the Far East in 1923 during the course of an extensive survey he then made of the politico-naval situation there. Indeed, among those most experienced in international grand strategy in the Far East, the assumption seemed to be that an understanding of the Japanese plans in these matters constitutes the intellectual background essential for a comprehensive grasp of the major problems of the situation there.

The record of thirty years and more indicates conclusively that the persistent purpose of the Japanese authorities naturally is to make the Japanese Empire as great and as strong a Power as possible; to enable the Japanese of the future to enjoy as high a degree of well-being as possible; and to make the position of the future Japanese Empire as secure as possible. Nor would there

seem to be cause for criticism of such proper purposes—in themselves.

Yet without regard to such constructive considerations, some seem to think that the major problems presented by the Japanese Empire can be solved by the single expedient of allowing its growing population to scatter among other nations. But those who adhere to such an idea cannot realise that Japan proper now raises over nine-tenths of the food its inhabitants consume—which makes it difficult to find there any pressing problem of over-population when we recall, for instance, that England, Belgium, and the Netherlands all have to import greater proportions of their sustenance, all have greater densities of population, and yet all enjoy a vastly higher average scale of living.

In the broadest sense, such conditions for these latter countries—and particularly for England and for the Netherlands—are the result of their having worked themselves into such a politico-economic situation that the human and material resources of other lands make very important contributions to their well-being. And from such examples it follows that, without great emigrations, far more Japanese than now exist could fare far better than the present standard in Japan if they could gain control over the human and material resources of Eastern Asia and adjacent regions, exploit them for their own advantage, and, with the consequent economic power, make their own position thoroughly secure.

What is known as the old Territorialist Plan of the Japanese to this end aimed at the progressive conquest and subjugation, for economic exploitation, of such adjacent regions as Korea, Manchuria, Eastern Siberia, Mongolia, and China proper. But this rather crude Territorialist Plan need not detain us here; for it has been temporarily abandoned—primarily because the Japanese high authorities at last seem to have recognised the greater effectiveness of the far more subtle, more extensive and more easily executed Maritime Plan that the Japanese naval authorities, for many years, have been known to be developing.

Stated in the barest outline, this Maritime Plan looks first to securing political and economic control over Eastern Asia, not by the crude and costly procedure of conquering it piecemeal, but rather by merely extending Japanese naval and political control along the insular barrier that commands all sea lines of communication with Eastern Asia.

As students of the influence of sea power upon statecraft realise, this would enable the Japanese fleet also to overshadow the diplomacy of all other Powers in China and adjacent regions—with the inevitable result that, though spared the costs of conquering and policing China, the Japanese would come into virtual political control over it and then, in effect, could set it aside from the rest of the world as their own particular economic preserve to which they would hold all sea lines of communication. Whereupon, with the great increment of economic strength the Japanese could then gain, they could develop their forces sufficiently to proceed to the isolation and absorption of the defenceless Netherlands East Indies and of woefully undermanned Australasia.

The result would be a vast and contiguous maritime empire, including virtually vacant and congenial breeding grounds more extensive than the United States, which would enfold Eastern Asia and could command the Pacific and Indian Oceans, washing the very coasts of the United States and of South Africa and pushing the British Empire back to Aden or Suez.

It has been implied that a fairly detailed understanding of this Maritime Plan is assumed as the essential intellectual background among those in the Far East conversant with such matters. But that appreciation of this Plan is not confined to American, British, and Dutch officials in the Far East is indicated by the following considered summary of informed opinion in London, whence it was transmitted for publication in New York last March:—

According to these same (British military) experts, the earthquake set Japan back just one year in the development of her naval programme, but five years hence she will have her full strength again. . . . It should be noted that in all utterances of the British officials, danger of war is

not anticipated for several years. Experts, other than those connected with the (Labour) Government, foresee Japan turning first to China and the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and Borneo, and then to Australasia.

However repugnant it may be to us, such in very brief outline is the realistic prospect in the Far East—as gathered from authoritative sources independent of each other in the Far East by the present writer, and confirmed in substance from informed English sources.

III

THE PHILIPPINES AND THE AMERICAN FLEET

In the face of such a prospect, arguments to show that the major interests of America and of Britain in the Far East are parallel would seem to be superfluous. Both have hoped for the development of more stable and equitable conditions for all concerned in the Far East. Both earnestly desire to see peace maintained there. Both naturally want to retain and foster their present extensive interests there. And in this latter connection it may be well to recall that, in 1923, the external trade of the British Isles—upon which most British labour there lives, directly or indirectly—amounted to nearly £2,000,000,000, of which about half was carried by the Pacific and Indian Oceans, while in the same year the external trade of the United States, which has been increasing most rapidly in the Orient, was about four-fifths as large as that of the British Isles.

With such ideals and interests at stake, it would seem patent that the practical and peaceful way for America and Britain to maintain them would be for each to hold its pivotal position and dependent possessions in the Far East with such evident firmness as to make obviously futile any attempt on the part of the Japanese to carry out their southward trending Maritime Plan. Let us examine America's ability to maintain its position and the step seemingly essential if the British element of their joint front is to be made as secure as possible.

It should not require even a glance at the map to appreciate that, as Korea was the outstanding obstacle to the old Territorialist Plan, and, consequently, first was detached from the suzerainty of China, and then was absorbed into

the Japanese Empire, so the Philippines now are the outstanding obstacle to the comparatively new Maritime Plan that the Japanese have taken up—which should make clear why the Japanese, for quite a while, have been doing so much to help free the Philippines from the United States. And it should make equally clear that the guard the United States now mounts at Manila Bay, as things are, is an essential frontal element in the defence of adjacent British regions, of the Netherlands East Indies and of Australasia—especially if the British do not develop their base at Singapore so that their navy can express some material measure of capital strength in the Pacific.

When we realise that the peace and welfare of this vast region in which America and Britain have such very important interests may well depend on the United States being manifestly able to defend and hold the Philippines, it would be natural for Britons as well as Americans to call to mind with regret statements from high sources to the effect that the Philippines are virtually defenceless. But anyone with a comprehensive knowledge of the situation knows that such is not the case. The island of Corregidor and adjacent positions at the entrance to Manila Bay have been so strongly fortified under the administrations of Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, that they would be virtually impregnable against land and sea, or air attack for quite some time, if they were adequately manned, munitioned and supplied. It is, in the words of an unquestionable authority to the writer, "the Gibraltar of the Far East—incomparably stronger than Gallipoli." Corregidor can hold out and can deny Manila Bay for a while, thus assuring the American fleet of a safe haven or refuge for refit. And once the American fleet were in Manila Bay, then the fleet could not only defend the Philippines, but would make it eminently unsafe for the Japanese to allow their capital fleet to adventure far from its home waters. So not only would the Philippines be secure, but all American, British and Dutch regions of importance would be safe—except for cruiser raids against which the defence is adequate counter-cruiser forces.

But Corregidor could not hold out indefinitely; and if

it were to fall before the American fleet had been able to reach Manila Bay, then the fleet would find its essential haven of refuge for refit in the hands of the enemy. Consequently, as things are, the security of all American, British and Dutch interests in the Far East, and of Australasia, would seem to depend on the speed with which an adequate American fleet could reach Manila Bay after a declaration of war.

The crux of the whole situation is that the American fleet should be up to the Naval Treaty ratio in *every essential respect*; its operative efficiency should be as high as possible; and—of the utmost importance—it should always be ready to go *instantly* to its haven in the Philippines.

As peace and the security of the vast British interests we have been considering, as well as that of lesser American interests, depend primarily on its becoming obvious to the Japanese that an adequate American fleet would be able to reach Manila Bay before they could reduce Corregidor, may an American be permitted to say frankly that the maintenance of the American fleet at full strength and in instant readiness would seem to be fully as important to Britons as to Americans?

IV

SINGAPORE AND THE BRITISH FLEET

In the broadest terms, the British naval situation seems to be somewhat as follows:—Though American naval power evidently will continue to be focussed on the Pacific, and though there is no proximate possibility of all other European Powers together equalling Britain in naval strength, still Britain is spending about £55,000,000 a year to maintain the largest fleet in the world, mostly in European waters. But no considerable fraction of this great fleet can express sustained capital power in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and consequently it is virtually without influence on the Far Eastern situation, because Britain has no secure naval base for modern capital ships east of Suez. And although the cost of developing such a base at Singapore—a strategically ideal position where

Britain has had a minor base of sorts ever since 1882—would involve the expenditure of only about £150,000 per annum for the first two years and a total of only about £10,000,000 in nine years, yet the British Labour Government has refused to sanction the inauguration of this project and thus, in effect, withholds from Britain any considerable influence, through naval power, in the entire region in which are by far the greater part of her interests and responsibilities, and with which is carried on half the external trade upon which labour in the British Isles lives.

When we recall, on the one hand, the known Maritime Plan of the Japanese, outlined above, and, on the other, that the practical and peaceful way to check the southward trend of the Japanese is for America and Britain each to hold its pivotal position and dependent possessions in the Far East with such evident firmness as to make any attempt against them obviously futile, then the conclusion that the British Labour Government is preventing Britain from doing her part to maintain peace in the Far East seems unavoidable.

All of this throws added pressure on the American position in the Philippines; for a dam is no stronger than its weakest part, and if the latter goes then the whole structure may be swept away. Consequently, there would seem to be no room for doubt but what it is directly to American interests that the British develop their base at Singapore, so that they can maintain a considerable measure of capital naval power in that region. And here it may be well to add that, after visiting the Singapore base site, the present writer discussed that project with such high political and military authorities in Java as were thoroughly conversant with the Far Eastern situation; and he found them heartily in favour of the project—indeed, the Dutch authorities seemed to be relying on it for the defence at least of the southern Netherlands East Indies.

But even though Britain had every desired base-facility at Singapore, that would not mean that virtually the entire British fleet could be sent to the Far East. For, as General Smuts recently has put it, "European troubles will probably synchronise with any future tension in the Pacific and make it out of the question to move the whole or (a) large

part of the British Navy to Singapore." And he might have added that acute trouble in India is even more likely to occur if war breaks out in the Pacific. Indeed, a comprehensive political survey of the military commitments and contingencies that encompass the 8,000-mile line of communication from England, through the Mediterranean and across the Indian Ocean, to Singapore seems to force one to the conclusion that, in time of trouble, the British should not be expected to maintain more than ten capital ships and their auxiliaries at Singapore; that they might not be able to maintain six; and that it seems likely that they would not there maintain a fleet of more than seven or eight capital ships and their auxiliaries.

Such a conclusion brings us, in turn, to others that may seem surprising.

If we eliminate the American fleet and consider only a British fleet of, say, eight capital ships, based on Singapore, at the end of a somewhat precarious 8,000-mile line of support from England, and opposite to such a British fleet the Japanese fleet of ten capital ships, based directly on their extensive home yards, less than 3,000 miles to the north-east of Singapore, it becomes evident that, say off Hongkong, about half way between Singapore and Japan proper, the British fleet would be under a very serious handicap. Nor would it seem safe to consider Hongkong as an advance British base in such an operation. For its defences, limited by the Naval Treaty, could not be expected to do more than hold off a cruiser raid; it could be taken quite easily by land operations, as was Tsingtao; and thus it might become an advanced Japanese position. But what would be more serious—if America were out of the entire situation—would be that the Japanese might secure an advance operating base either in the southern Philippines or in French Indo-China, which would enable their fleet to dominate any fleet it would be reasonable to expect that Britain could maintain at Singapore.

To point out how the situations just suggested would be entirely changed if an adequate American fleet were based on Manila Bay would be beside the present mark. This is that it would be too much to expect that any fleet that Britain could maintain at Singapore would be more, in

effect, than merely *a regionally defensive force*—though very valuable as such; but it would not be strong enough to adventure on any remote offensive operations. Consequently, it would seem that there is not the slightest warrant for suggestions to the effect that, if the British develop their Singapore base, it will be a menace to Japan proper, nearly 3,000 miles away. Such a fleet as the British could base on Singapore would be merely an important obstacle—with others—to the Japanese pursuing their Maritime Plan toward Australasia.

This purely defensive function of the Singapore project might explain the outcry that has come from the Japanese Press against the project—under the general allegation that it will be a menace to Japan proper. But in making such an allegation the Japanese seem to have overlooked the fact that the Singapore project calls for the spending of £10,000,000 *during the course of the nine years* necessary to complete it, whereas the Japanese, though they have six uninjured dockyards quite capable of taking care of the whole of their fleet, are said to be spending £10,000,000 *within the present twelve months* to rehabilitate and greatly improve two of their bases that were injured by the earthquake of a year ago. Is not Japan just the same 3,000 miles from Singapore that Singapore is from Japan? And are not extra bases, to be finished within the year by the calamity-stricken Japanese at a cost of £10,000,000, more of an implication of menace to Singapore and to the Philippines than a single base at Singapore to be finished ten years hence?

Consideration of the entire naval situation suggests, however, a deeper reason for the past outcry in the Japanese Press against the Singapore project. It will be recalled that during the twenty-four months following the close of the Washington Conference, the Japanese have authorised and started the building of 170,000 tons of post-Conference cruisers and of over 80,000 tons of post-Conference submarines, whereas, in that period, neither America nor Britain authorised any expansion of the "unlimited" classes of their fleets. Yet some seemingly plausible pretext had to be given to the Japanese public

in order that it would give adequate support to the intensive fleet expansion the Japanese authorities were pushing in order to make American and British opposition to the Maritime Plan probably so costly to us as not to be maintained. The obvious thing to do was to keep the Japanese people in a turmoil of fear. So the only outstanding naval project—the Singapore base—was represented to the gullible Japanese as a direct threat aimed at Japan.

All of this has been so well understood in informed circles that it was predicted that if the development of Singapore were stopped, as it has been by the British Labour Government, then the Japanese authorities, being deprived of the pretext under which they were expanding their fleet, would promptly raise another issue. For Japanese policy demands either the semblance of a menace or a grievance—to serve as a popular internal irritant and stimulant to preparation for external effort. So it was not surprising to some that, within three weeks after the British decision not to develop Singapore, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, at the instance of his Foreign Office, precipitated a serious situation by saying that "grave consequences" would result if Japanese were excluded as immigrants. A grievance was promptly furnished to the Japanese people as a substitute for the alleged menace of Singapore. And it may be added that, unless the development of Singapore is resumed in the near future, it is expected that Australia and New Zealand will hear from the Japanese on the subject of immigration.

V

CONSEQUENCES OF THE ABANDONMENT OF THE SINGAPORE BASE

Under such conditions as have been merely outlined above, it would be superfluous to emphasise the manner and degree in which the attempt of Britain's Labour Premier toward "allaying the international suspicions and anxieties which exist to-day" by stopping the building of a proper British base at Singapore has added to the anxieties of Australia, of New Zealand, and of the Nether-

lands, and that, by so doing, he has rendered less secure about half of the seaborne trade on which labour in the British Isles is most dependent.

Rather is the desire here to point particularly to the common interest that both Britain and America have in maintaining equal economic opportunity for all and peace in the Far East. And even more particularly is it desired here to emphasise the regrettable fact that the unpractical idealism of Britain's Labour Premier has not only gone directly counter to America's interests in the Far East, but that, by having in effect increased America's burden of responsibility there, he has put a handicap of moment on such capacity as America may have to help elsewhere, and he has given America a practical and deterring lesson on the inexpediency of accepting a European point of view as to world affairs.

Whatever idealism Europe and America may each indulge in at home, the fact remains that modern Eastern Asia is at least as much of a realm of realism as was *ante-bellum* Germany—a realm in which practical conditions must be met by America and Britain each holding its pivotal position and dependent possessions with such evident firmness as to make any attempt against them obviously futile. In short, we should face the realities and take practical steps to meet them.

The American Fleet is not as strong as it permissibly should be. It would seem to be to the interest of Britons everywhere, as well as of Americans, that without delay it be brought up to the Naval Treaty ratios in every essential respect.

The British Fleet is without an adequate and permissible base in the Pacific; it is virtually without influence of moment there. It would seem to be to the interest of Americans as well as of Britons that the construction of such a British base as that planned for Singapore be delayed as little as possible.

Then America and Britain may feel reasonably prepared to maintain equity, peace and their interests in the Far East, to preserve and foster their common civilisation for the welfare of future generations.

THE COMING GERMAN COMPETITION: A LETTER FROM BERLIN

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

BERLIN, *October 4th.*

THE expected increased German competition in international trade will soon be a fact. The first concrete indications were export surpluses in July and August, after almost continuous passive monthly trade balances; and it is characteristic, and, in the light of what will later be said about production, significant, that these surpluses were attained, not by increasing sales to, but by reducing purchases from, abroad. Significant, because German pressure in world-markets is likely, in view of the compulsion to economise supplied by Reparations, to take the form of scanty buying rather than copious selling. The Minister of Industry last month exclaimed, "Hinein in die Weltwirtschaft!" and added that Germany must play in international trade an even bigger rôle than before the war. Here he seemed to express a different view. Which view is right is hardly important, because in either case British foreign trade is likely to suffer. The German nation has no choice in the matter; it is bound either to sell more than it sells now, or to buy less. It acts as if it hoped to do both. On the one hand, it is framing a revision of the Customs tariff of 1902 which is calculated, through its high duties and leverage for retaliation, to compel the outside world to admit German goods; and on the other hand, it is taking measures, particularly in the price domain, to increase the nation's competitive capacity, and to keep wages, the standard of living, and prices so low that foreign goods, other than indispensable raw materials and food, have very little chance of getting in.

The commercial treaties now being negotiated with England and France are not likely to change these factors. The unchangeable dominant factor is Reparations; and as one must assume provisionally, and until proof to the contrary comes, that a part of the Reparations liability is

going to be paid, one may also assume damage to British and Ally trade, at least until the world adapts itself to the novel system of getting something for nothing. The prospects of payment of a little Reparations, if still not great, are certainly greater than they were half a year ago. First, because the Marx Cabinet has been the first administration to act on the principle that payment of Reparations requires a planned, homogeneous price policy; and, secondly, because there are numerous signs of German recovery. Unemployment, after a rise in the summer, has begun to decline, and is now about one-fifth of the unemployment of December, 1923. Industry every day reports greater activity. The currency trouble has been finally overcome, after a "stabilisation crisis" far less serious than the crises experienced by Austria, Czechoslovakia, and some other States. Bank returns, particularly savings-bank returns, show that the re-accumulation of capital has begun. On all sides one sees activity, optimism, re-organisation, and measures for betterment in technical, transport, and industrial-social domains. If it were not for the Reparations liability Germany would present (at least according to the popular, very doubtful, theory that trade rivalry does cause damage) a serious threat to British industry. With the Reparations liability—and this is the factor which casts doubt on the whole underlying assumption of Reparations—Germany seems to present a very much greater, and this time, it seems, a real, threat.

In international trade matters the German Government is not in a placable mood. It expects a struggle. It believes that Ally Governments will continue, as at Versailles, to abuse their military superiority—their ability to make trouble upon all excuses, good and bad—in order to exact trade concessions. That the belief is well justified was shown by the demand of the French negotiators on October 2nd for continued duty-free admission of goods from Alsace-Lorraine. The Marx Cabinet, though its utterances are moderate, is prepared for the struggle. As a hint to the Allies it last week announced that after January 10th next, when Article 264 of the Versailles

Treaty lapses, most-favoured-nation treatment will be accorded only to countries that accord to Germany the same treatment, unless meantime it is otherwise provided by treaty. In the tariff revision question the Cabinet has so far shown itself inclined for high, even prohibitive, Protection; it has here gone further than the mass of Germans and the representative organs of German industry and trade approve of. In the early summer it committed itself to re-imposition of the very high grain, cattle, and meat duties which were revoked in August, 1914. The draft general tariff submitted at the same time to the Reichswirtschaftsrat was a high tariff. It provided more or less summarily and indiscriminately for increase of the duties in the 1902 tariff by as much as 80 per cent. The ostensible justification of this indiscriminate increase was the all-round rise in gold prices since 1914. As German duties are levied upon weight, their *ad valorem* incidence has, of course, fallen, and an increase in duties was inevitable. But the Government's aim was to increase the *effective* duties. Since 1914 world-market prices have fallen much less than 80 per cent. German prices, as shown by the commodities index (September 30th), have risen only 31.5 per cent. The chief factors in production cost have risen much less: coal by 11.8 per cent., pig-iron by 11.3 per cent., bar-iron by 11.4 per cent., railway transport by 52 per cent., and wages practically not at all. Of course, this proposed tariff was an autonomous tariff, and concessions under treaty were to be granted. But nevertheless the Government's first project indicated that it aims at what case-hardened Protectionists would consider a good, healthy, fighting trade policy; and though the project was rejected by the Reichswirtschaftsrat, the policy has been adhered to so far.

The Reichswirtschaftsrat has only advisory powers. But it represents specially all the economic interests—agriculture, industry, trade, banking, transport, and insurance, and it represents both producers and consumers in each. It declared emphatically for a moderate tariff. This was to be expected. While Free Trade has very few adherents in Germany, extreme Protectionism has not

many more. Special interests, such as the motor car and aluminium branches, clamour for prohibitive duties; but organisations, whether commercial or industrial, representing business as a whole want moderation. Even the experts and economists in the *Verein für Sozialpolitik*, an institution traditionally associated with State economic tutelage, last week proclaimed for a moderate tariff and condemned the proposed food duties. The Cabinet professes to agree with this programme, but it acts otherwise. It has repeatedly proclaimed that the autonomous tariff is not to be high and that it will be further moderated by mutual agreements. But the newest project, which revises about 350 items in the 1902 tariff, is again high-Protectionist. Duties on luxury goods are increased 600 per cent. or more. Certain chemical products, which are at present duty free, bear rates of up to 1,000 gold marks per 200 metric pounds. Duties on textiles are increased by 100 to 200 per cent., though the prices of textiles have risen only 89 per cent. The new rates for internal explosion motors and for motor cars are altogether prohibitive. On motors of under 50 metric pounds weight the duty is 2 gold marks per pound; on motor cars of 4,400 metric pounds or under, the duty is 1.50 marks per pound; and on motor cycles the duty is 350 gold marks per 200 pounds. These are only specimens. The Reichswirtschaftsrat had already passed a resolution condemning summary increases in duties, and demanding a discriminated tariff. When the project last described was submitted, the Reichswirtschaftsrat passed a second resolution condemning high-Protection in principle and in all countries, demanding that the Government should negotiate its new commercial treaties on the assumption of "moderate (German) Protection," and declaring that the treaties, as before the war, should be on the basis of "universal and unqualified most-favoured-nation treatment."

The Reichswirtschaftsrat represents opinion. The Cabinet represents tactics. Its aim is to force Ally countries and some of the former neutrals (*e.g.*, Switzerland—Spain has already come to terms) to withdraw anti-

German trade measures originating in war antagonism or in the post-war dumping panic; it knows that an effective high tariff will never come into force, and that such a tariff is against the majority's wish. But the mere threat of retaliation in case foreign countries refuse to come to terms is not a sufficient lever. If Germany is to exact concessions, she must prove her ability to compete and undersell. Hence the Cabinet, which in economic matters is extremely active, efficient, and successful—the good currency and balanced State finances of to-day sufficiently prove that—simultaneously with its initiative in tariff and treaties, began to take measures to foster exports and check imports by purely economic means. The whole industrial price-level needed to be brought down. It is true, as shown by the indexes, that the prices of commodities in Germany are not in themselves high, but industry is still so heavily burdened with special industrial taxes and dues, so burdened with the cost of execution of the innumerable restrictions and prohibitions of war years and post-war years, that the minimum prices at which many classes of articles can be exported are still high, sometimes too high for successful competition. The price-comparison above given, it should be mentioned, is based on the rates obtaining since the price-reduction measures were taken. That was in September. In that month the Cabinet reduced railway freight rates, which were already reduced 10 per cent. on March 1st, by another 10 per cent. It reduced the price of Silesian coal, and after the reconstitution of the Rhenish-Westphalian Syndicate also Ruhr coal, by 10 per cent. It reduced the Turnover Tax (*Umsatzsteuer*), which is levied on all internal sales, from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent. This measure was very important. The Turnover Tax is collected every time an article in its successive production processes from the raw material stage upwards changes ownership; on textiles, as a Reichswirtschaftsrat inquiry showed, it is paid five or six times over, so that the effective addition to the ultimate price is often as high as 8 or 10 per cent. The Ministry of Finances has since declared the tax to be injurious to production and has foreshadowed its further reduction and ultimate abolition.

Dear capital, as the same inquiry showed, is a potent cause of high industrial prices. In May long-term credits could not be had at under 90 per cent. a year. The Government, therefore, cut down the stamp duty rates on company capital transactions. It is now about to abolish the restrictions on dealing in exchange, which involve costly clerical work for banks. It lowered the discount rates of the Gold Discount and Renten banks, and brought pressure on the commercial banks to reduce the great disparity between interest on deposits and loans. These are only the first steps. The Ministry of Industry promises a series of further measures aimed at bringing the industrial price-level down to a point at which the exporter's ability to compete, even against discriminatory tariffs of other European countries, will be beyond all doubt.

Taking the whole year which has elapsed since the currency depreciation was in its last throes, the official price policy has been a striking success. The success is all the more striking because in achieving it the Government was able to relinquish important sources of revenue, such as the 40 per cent. coal tax, without prejudicing the finances.¹ The following table shows the drop in prices of fuel and iron. March-October is the term chosen for the latter owing to the fact that March brought prices to a new high point:—

<i>Gold Marks per Metric Ton.</i>			
	Sept., 1923.	Oct., 1924.	
Coal (Foerderkohle)	38.46	15.00	
Foundry coke	58.49	25.00	
	March, 1924.	Oct., 1924.	
Ingots	116.00	90.00	
Structural shapes	145.00	110.00	
Bars	150.00	112.00	
Thick sheets (5 mil. and over) ...	160.000	132.00	

Coal and iron prices dominate production cost in practically all branches. They have fallen. Wages have increased. This was inevitable, because though the last months of the currency depreciation (contrary to the foreign

(1) The current financial year so far, April 1st-September 20th, shows a surplus (expenditure out of revenue on redemption of loan being allowed for) of 388,593,000 gold marks.

belief) brought very high gold prices for commodities, wages and salaries lagged behind, and they were bound to catch up. Further, the gold cost of living has risen; and experience shows that real wages in Germany cannot be depressed beyond a certain level. The present gold cost of living for working-class families is 19 per cent. above that of 1913-14. It has of late increased, mainly for two reasons: the proposed food tariff and temporary removal of export prohibition on grain, which sent up bread prices; and the gradual restoration of rents, which this month are 66 per cent. of the pre-war. As the famous Third Taxation Decree of February, 1924, enacts that rents shall gradually rise to the pre-war level, the cost of living and wages are bound further to increase.

But in wages from competition viewpoint Germany has nothing to fear. Nominal wages are extraordinarily low; real wages are even lower, considerably lower than before the war; and, finally, working-class incomes are lower still. Incomes (apart from the factor of frequency of employment) are materially affected by interest upon savings; and the pre-war 19,689 million gold marks (1913) of deposits in the savings banks only have almost entirely disappeared. In August the average wage of a skilled workman in eight important industries was only 35.76 gold marks a week (about 35s. gold), and of an unskilled workman only 27.35 marks; and in buying power these wages had the value of 91.1 and 99.7 per cent. respectively of pre-war wages. The highest weekly wage earned by any class of workman (skilled miners) is 39.30 marks, that of skilled textile employees 27.35 marks (women 16.69 marks), and of skilled paper employees 24 marks. These rates assume full employment. No German weekly wage reaches £2 gold. Another vital wage factor is the long hours which are being worked. In 1919-23, when the Eight Hours law was in force, the average working week in all industries was 44 to 45 hours. A census taken in May by the trades unions, embracing 2,453,523 men in seven leading industries, shows that since the Marx Cabinet in late 1923 suspended the Eight Hours law hours have increased very much. In textiles 82.4 per cent. of employees are working

longer than 48 hours. In the metal branches 68.5 per cent. are working longer than 48 hours, and of these 21.1 per cent. work longer than 54 hours. In the heavy iron and steel industry the ten hours day is now almost everywhere the rule, and therewith the post-war three shifts a day system has been replaced by the pre-war system of two shifts. The reduction of production costs has been very great. The Essen *Bergwerks-Zeitung*, the chief organ of the iron and steel branch, prints data showing that one smelting concern produced as much iron with 9,200 hands as it had formerly produced with 13,500 hands, merely as a result of the reversion to the ten hours and two-shift system, and that it thereby saved in wages £400,000 a year. In underground coal-mining 8 to 8½ hours is now the rule, instead of 7 hours as in 1919-23. Coal production per man per shift, which fell from 934 kilogrammes in 1913 to 591 kilogrammes in 1922, had recovered by March last to 880 kilogrammes. Clerical and technical employees are paid almost incredibly low salaries. A 26-year-old clerk in Essen gets 100 marks a month; a specially educated engineer, who "is qualified to execute difficult tasks independently," gets 185 marks; and an engineer "in a high and independent position" gets 230 marks.¹ There is no sign that Germans are more discontented with such pay and hours than British industrial employees are with their better lot. In 1923 only 15 million days were lost in strikes or lockouts, against 29 millions in 1922, and 48 millions in 1919. In the present year, with the exception of the Ruhr coal strike in May, labour troubles have been almost unknown.

Judged alone by labour conditions and by the present prices of the commodities dominating industrial production, Germany could certainly undersell competitors. The ultimate reason for this is undoubtedly the very low *per capita* taxation, which results from obliteration of debt and from reduction of military expenditure. The reply often made to the former point—that the debt has merely been transferred to the nation—is, though literally true, not entirely valid. The ruined bondholder has been forced

(1) Official *Wirtschaft und Statistik*, September 15th, 1924.

into wealth-creating activity; the former Minister of Industry, Prof. Julius Hirsch, shows how through this process and through the reduction of the defence forces by 700,000 men, Germany has actually gained 6,000,000 additional workers. The real question of importance remaining open is whether and to what extent the burden of the Reparations industrial bonds will operate against competitive capacity. The Dawes Report throws no light on this matter, because it is both doubtful in theory and entirely wrong in facts. According to the Report, practically no new burden is to be imposed on industry. Referring to debentures and mortgages, the Report says that "Such indebtedness has for the most part been discharged by nominal payments in depreciated currency, or practically extinguished." Even when the Dawes experts sat in Berlin in the winter of 1923-24 this was not true, and it ceased to have any semblance to truth in April last when the Report was completed. The facts are as follows:—In 1913 the position of industrial companies (share companies only) as regards capital and debts was (in millions of marks):—

		Per cent.
Capital	19,954	73.9
Debentures	8,871	17.9
Mortgages	1,166	8.2

How much of the two classes of debts was cleared off before the end of 1923 is not known, nor is the total of new debts contracted in stable guaranteed currency. The first twelve gold mark company balance sheets issued under the law of December, 1923, showed that on an average 89 per cent. of secured debt was cleared off. But this was on the assumption that old paper mark debts, having depreciated to the one-billionth of their original gold value, had disappeared, and that they would not be reimposed in part by special legislation. The assumption proved mistaken. The Third Taxation Decree of February last reimposed the debts to 15 per cent. of their original gold value and imposed a tax of 2 per cent. a year on the 85 per cent. which the debtors would otherwise have put in their pockets. A company with debentures and

mortgage debts originally totalling 1,000,000 gold marks has now a debt of 150,000 gold marks bearing 5 per cent. interest, and on the extinguished 850,000 gold marks it pays an annual tax of 17,000 gold marks. If before the war it paid 50,000 gold marks a year in interest it will now pay 24,500 marks, in addition to interest on later debts borrowed in a stable currency. This throws into a new light the inaccurate Dawes Report assumption that the imposition of 5,000 millions of Reparations bonds "does not create a burden greater than that which would have existed had there been no depreciation of currency." The question, however, whether the burden will hamper competition is a different one, owing to the total obscurity prevailing—which Ally Governments never tried to clear up—as to the real incidence of Reparations. It is possible that German manufacturers, if, as is likely, they can produce at much below world market prices, will be able, without risking loss of orders, to add to their export prices a sufficient supplement to pay for the interest on their Reparations bonds. During the inflation years they did this with ease, though for another purpose. If they do it again the outside world will pay Reparations—as it probably will in any case. It is possible, on the other hand, that company dividends will be reduced by the amount of the interest liability. This also would produce no convulsion, for the good reason that shareholders have for years received no dividends except paper mark sums of practically no value in gold.

The Government is doing all it can to counteract the bad effects, if there are to be any, of the Reparations bonds on the producer's competitive capacity. The annual liability on the bonds of 300,000,000 gold marks, which is only 5 per cent. of the value of exports in 1923, will be distributed among so many concerns that the burden of the great exporting industries will be much reduced. The Dawes settlement assumes that the 5,000 million gold marks burden will be borne only by industry proper (with which are classed shipping and private transport), and only by such concerns as have net property worth at least 50,000 gold marks, as assessed for Property Tax in December,

1923. The Government has wisely decided to put the burden on a much broader basis. While the Reparations bonds capital liability will be imposed only on concerns of the kinds and dimensions stated, to the annual interest fund will be compelled also to contribute all classes of businesses (banks, trading companies, insurance companies, etc.), in so far as their property exceeds 20,000 gold marks, or £1,000 gold. This is being done through a special "Contributions Law" (*Aufbringungsgesetz*), which is outside the Dawes plan. By this means the total property liable for interest on the bonds will be increased from 20,000 million gold marks to 30,000 millions; and the average business (taking all classes together) will be required to pay for Reparations (including amortisation) 6 per cent. per annum on between 16 and 17 per cent. of the value of its property. In this way the Reparations bond burden on the exporting industries is considerably reduced. Beside the partly reimposed old secured debts, the 2 per cent. tax on the extinguished 85 per cent. of these old debts, and the new borrowings, the bonds lose their position of dominant factor which the Dawes Committee somewhat precipitately assumed.

The whole burden of debt on German industry remains very big, and that fact is here daily advertised and emphasised. But even if it be assumed that German exporters, favoured in so many other ways, will not shift the interest liability to their customers' shoulders, this liability is not sufficiently onerous to prejudice capacity to compete. Even assuming the whole industrial debt to be twice the Reparations bonds total, the annual interest of 600,000,000 gold marks would be far more than compensated for by the gain made through the present low wages. The assumption is therefore reasonable that nothing in the Reparations settlement will hamper Germany's competitive ability so far as prices are concerned. Germany is going to undersell, and probably to force down the price-levels and wages of her competitors. But there is no sign that she is going to flood the world with vast quantities of goods. That, indeed, is necessary if Reparations are to be paid to the amounts laid down in the Dawes plan; but

nobody seriously believes that they are going to be so paid. It is impossible to create the required export surplus of 2,500 million gold marks on a foreign trade of which (1923) the whole volume is 12,000 millions. That would require at least a doubling of the present volume. Professor Gustav Cassel last month told the merchants of Lübeck that it would require a volume of 27,500 gold marks, or 12,500 millions imports and 15,000 millions exports, which is much more than the pre-war 21,000 million volume. The estimate is reasonable. Neither the present consuming capacity of Europe nor the productive capacity of Germany allows of any such thing; and in this respect the Dawes Report is chimerical. The facts as to Germany's production of exportable goods cannot be gone into here; it is sufficient to say that whereas in the first seven months of 1913 she exported 3,434,923 metric tons more than she imported of iron and steel and wares thereout (machinery excepted), in the same months of this year she exported only 100,314 tons more than she imported. The collapse of the other export industries is, of course, nothing like as bad as that; and some export branches, such as paper and rubber goods, are rather better off than before the war. But there is no prospect of Germany's capturing any large volume of British trade in the next few years. If British export trade continues to be depressed, that will probably be because of the decline in customers' consuming power. England, however, may expect that Germany will export to the moderate limit of her capacity at very low prices; that the prices obtained for English goods in the world market will be correspondingly depressed; and that unless English production cost and cost of living decline in turn the English exporter and the English working man will be much worse off than they are to-day.

GENERAL HERTZOG

BY FRED. W. BELL

GENERAL HERTZOG during the last twenty years has been the most abused man in South Africa. In the pages which follow I shall attempt to give an impression of General Smuts's successor as he appears to one who tries to judge him impartially. Unconscious bias, I hope, has not warped my judgment, though when continually injustice is done towards anyone resentment may evoke a desire to champion the wronged. Although by the nature of happenings I have somehow come into the picture, I shall allow records and facts to speak for themselves.

My first meeting with General Hertzog was a few years after the Boer War, outside the house of Mr. Justice J. A. P. de Villiers, Yeoville, Johannesburg. He was leaving as I got there, so, by him, possibly the formal introduction was never remembered. To me it was a surprise, and a memory. As a Briton, late "Uitlander" under the Kruger regime, I had hardly been prepossessed by the picture conjured in my mind by the Press of one who was supposed to be the incarnation of all that was anti-English. Was this genial personality with a winning and particularly pleasant voice, and a handshake that betokened sincerity, the General Hertzog about whom I had heard so much? There was evidently something wrong; something at variance with all my preconceived notions.

When next we came in touch with one another possibly I alone remembered that we had ever met. I dwell upon this fact, for the openness and candour of the personal letter I then received impressed me as much as its remarkable contents. It happened thuswise.

In March, 1911, as Chairman of the Transvaal Native Affairs Society, I delivered my valedictory address. After deploring the fact that party politicians regarded the neces-

sity of agreement on the native question as of small import, I remarked:—

A definite native policy spells political trouble rather than peace, and trouble is to be avoided. Expediency is the order of the day with each of the parties as regards native policy. They look to the polls rather than for a policy. Until a body of resolute men are prepared to sacrifice personal and party considerations from patriotic motives, and go boldly forward with principles they will never relinquish, waiting only till the country rallies round them—as I believe the country will rally round such stalwarts when they arise—no consistent native policy in South Africa will ever be adopted or carried out.

I sent issues of the paper to various public men, and remember sending copies specially marked showing the portion quoted above, amongst others, to General Hertzog and to the late General Beyers, each of whom I judged to be strong personalities. My covering letters were most formal. From each of the two named I received appreciative personal letters, which contrasted strongly with the formal acknowledgments sent by others, in some instances only through their secretaries. The acknowledgment I received from General Hertzog I regard as a classic of its kind. General Botha could not have written such a letter. General Smuts would not!

The sincere reply and warm response to my note proved a bond of union that has lasted to this day. The following is the letter in full:—

DEAR MR. BELL,—

9th May, 1911.

It has taken a long time for me to answer your letter of 15th March, with its interesting enclosure. The reason, however, must have been very plain to you. A protracted and busy Parliamentary sitting, such as we have just had, cannot be conducive to thought in any form or on any subject, least of all on a subject of such vast importance and far-reaching results as the native problem. I have before me your address to the Native Affairs Society and have only just re-read it. Differing from Mr. Hosken,¹ I am obliged to admit that there is nothing of importance in your address on the subject with which I am not in full accord—even segregation. With you I feel that the policy of drift in connection with this momentous question is going to do South Africa irreparable harm. Ever since 1903 I have advocated segregation as the only permanent solution of the question, and it is to me very clear that unless such a policy is undertaken soon, the conditions necessary for its realisation will, as has happened in America, vanish. It is with a feeling akin to horror that I look into the future

(1) A gentleman with Exeter Hall tendencies who expressed disagreement with some of my conclusions.—F. W. B.

with this question unsolved. Our children and their posterity will more and more feel the dead weight of a lower civilisation dragging them down to the level of their native environment—unless, as you say, they abandon the country and emigrate elsewhere; or unless they suffer themselves to be completely extirpated. In these circumstances I cannot help feeling with you that it is high time that the policy of sentimental cant be boldly arraigned before the tribunal of South African common sense in the common interests of the sons and daughters of South Africa. There will, no doubt, be a world-shaking cry of horror from men and women who have no direct interest in the question, but we who are so nearly concerned in the matter have a right to say that it is our question first and last, and that not until we have safeguarded our existence as South Africans, and our civilisation, shall we suffer abstract theorists to prescribe to us.

The native franchise I cannot help looking upon as a sin towards the European and his permanent interests, both moral and material, while to the native it is a snare and an hypocrisy. Let there be no mistake about it, that unless we are very careful and exercise the utmost discretion the so-called “justice” which theorists demand we shall show to the native by extending to him the franchise and other social privileges will be to him no more than a Nessus shirt.

It is clear to me that this whole question as to the native, his rights and his status, cannot any longer be shelved; and it is equally clear to me that before long it will have to be determined in Parliament. I am very strongly in favour of the native receiving full justice and every consideration apart from political equality and social fraternity. To these he has no right of claim which cannot be met by a more imperative claim on behalf of the European, and European civilisation, to his exclusion.

In conclusion, let me thank you for your letter and for the manner in which you have raised a note of warning on this important question. I am confident that those who think as we do will increase in numbers as time goes on and as the danger becomes more evident.

Yours very sincerely,

J. B. M. HERTZOG.

I had much amusement later over this letter, a typed copy of which I carried about with me with the author's name omitted. I frequently showed it to friends, who more often than not expressed astonishment and doubt when the identity of the writer was disclosed. Such was the effect of the vitriolic abuse showered upon General Hertzog in those days.

In a similar manner was I amused at the remark of my wife in reply to my inquiry as to how she liked General Hertzog's address on the native question a couple of years later. We had travelled over to Pretoria to hear him unfold his segregation policy on January 20th, 1913. The point of my question was missed for the moment,

and the reply came back: "And so that is General Hertzog! I thought him quite a different sort of person!" And so it is with most in similar circumstances, considering the caricature that is presented to them. One may confidently assert that no one since Rhodes passed his Glen Grey Act has tackled the native question with such thoroughness, and with such consideration and sympathy for the real welfare of the natives themselves, as General Hertzog, Minister for Native Affairs for the Union in General Botha's first Cabinet.

The next more or less public association I had with the object of our sketch was in December, 1912, about a week after General Botha dissolved his Ministry with a view to letting General Hertzog drop out. The British section were very disconcerted by the sayings of General Hertzog as reported by the Press. On December 14th, 1912, the Botha Ministry resigned. On December 20th I wrote to General Hertzog saying that as a South African, although I subscribed to Lord Selborne's dictum that "one could not be a good Imperialist without being a good South African first," and although I might appreciate Kipling's lines:—

Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own;

yet, according to the English translation of his De Wildt speech in *The Star* of December 7th, 1912, I could also read sinister meanings which not only were unworthy of a member of the family, but were suggestive of a mean and rebellious child.

May I, therefore (I continued), before committing myself to support you as I should like to be able to do, particularly on account of your native policy, or before I endeavour to enlist the support of others in that cause, ask you three plain questions, and at the same time request that you will, in reply thereto, give me plain and straightforward answers:—

(1) Do you desire the development of South Africa as an integral part of the British Empire and under the British flag, and do you intend to work politically in accordance with this view?

(2) Do you hold, as might be implied from your De Wildt speech, that the British connection may be looked on as a thing only to be regarded or acknowledged when it may be made to serve selfish interests?

(3) If you can give a frank and unequivocal affirmative to question No. 1, and an equally frank negative to No. 2, then I think, after delibera-

tion, you will be compelled to assent to the proposition contained in No. 3, which naturally follows:—

Do you not hold that the integrity of the Empire is a paramount necessity for the well-being of all its parts, as while each part on arriving at capacity for self-government is accorded the right of managing its own internal affairs, there still remains a clear duty incumbent on each part to unite with the others in a policy of action calculated to cement and preserve the whole?

To these questions I asked the favour of an early reply, and further requested that I might be allowed to make any use I thought fit of the answers given. General Hertzog wrote saying that he knew my letter came from a South African anxiously desirous of the well-being and advancement of South Africa, and from one who, like himself, belonged perhaps too much to the school of Carlyle to do homage to cant and hypocrisy; so, he said, he would gladly reply to the questions contained in my letter.

In answer to the first (he wrote) I say emphatically Yes, and in answer to the second my reply is as emphatically No, though you must excuse me when at the same time I say that nothing like the proposition embodied in this latter question could be implied from my De Wildt speech or any other speech of mine. In reply to your third question, I am not prepared to make such a positive answer as you seem to think is logically required. The very manner in which the question is stated by you seems to me to suggest some doubt in your own mind, at the time when you formulated it, as to it being in reality such a necessary corollary from any answer to the preceding questions, hence two lines of question and five of argument. As a matter of fact, the real question, "Do you not hold that the integrity of the Empire is a paramount necessity for the well-being of all its parts?" is one which no person, not even the most enthusiastic Imperialist, could answer in the affirmative as holding unconditionally, without a closer definition of the terms used, and a due restriction of time and circumstances.

The last answer is characteristic of the General's sincerity and foresight, and shows a clearer perception of the situation and all its possibilities than held by the questioner. All of which made me smile on receipt of General Hertzog's answer, as I also did with him a year later at Capetown, when, in discussing these questions, I confessed that No. 3 really had not been framed by me at all! It happened in this manner. After making the two simple inquiries I added a third, in which I asked whether, in view of the treaty at Vereeniging and the

generous treatment of the late Republics by Great Britain, it was not rather "up to" Dutch-speaking sections of the population to "play the game" towards the English-speaking section? I forget the exact wording, but this, colloquially, was the gist of it. Upon reflection, however, it seemed, in the circumstances, hardly a generous inquiry, so I deleted it from my letter, which I happened to discuss in draft with an old and valued companion. My friend said, "Hold on, it isn't every day one has the opportunity of questioning Cabinet Ministers; let me see if I cannot substitute an appropriate question for number three." And then I did what I have never done before or since, and that is let someone else write a considerable portion of matter to which I subscribed my name. Anyway, the General scored over the framer of the question "Number Three." General Hertzog told me on this later occasion that he had in mind the possibilities of complications in Australia through the process of Asiatic peaceful penetration.

I have dealt at length with this incident, as the De Wildt speech was the justification pleaded by General Hertzog's opponents for his "dismissal" from the Cabinet, and, further, the reply to the first question put to him by me has been published so often in the columns of the Jingo Press without full reference to the circumstances and occasion which gave it birth. The present I deem a fitting juncture to record the full occurrence.

The true reasons for exclusion of General Hertzog from the Botha Cabinet probably will never be published. Recently the Hon. Mr. Burton furnished his version to the Press in the middle of an election campaign, and other Ministers (some since deceased) have given theirs. And even General Hertzog's own account might not reveal all that prompted the dismissal. "Onlookers see most of the game" is true in politics as well as elsewhere, and the principal actors often disguise their parts.

Without desiring to revive a buried controversy, I would venture to suggest that the greater popularity manifested at that time towards General Hertzog by the Dutch-

speaking population, even over Generals Botha and Smuts, was not regarded with complacency by either of these leaders. Striking evidence of this preference in the minds of the Dutch-speaking population was evidenced by the ovation accorded to General Hertzog on his entry to a Congress of delegates of the old "South African National Party" held at Pretoria in about the year 1913, which far surpassed the reception by the same body given at that time to any of their other leaders. But, apart from personal considerations, here was a Minister who had the temerity to tackle the native problem. This meant political trouble. And General Smuts, ever here, with his eye on the polls, preferred a line of less resistance. Further, the proposed legislation regarding native squatters was not regarded kindly either by General Botha or by other large landowners who were his friends and political supporters. For the sake of argument, too, we will even admit that General Smuts honestly may have thought "segregation" a dangerous policy. Some years before he gave forth that view, and held that its adoption would precipitate a bigger native war than yet experienced. This was before he became a supporter of aircraft and bombing. Possibly, too, General Hertzog may have been a troublesome and somewhat restive steed within the team; it is on record that a certain section objected to his continued inclusion. General Botha was conservative, Smuts was for expediency. The others were mediocre. And the Cape members of the Cabinet were avowedly at variance with the native policy of the Northern Provinces, to which General Botha was pledged. Thus it may be seen that a somewhat complicated position existed simultaneously with factors which rendered what happened a likely occurrence. Threats of resignation were put forward unless Hertzog was jettisoned. And so the matter was arranged. Unfortunately in this country, as well as in England, personal considerations and jealousies and even little intrigues are allowed to play their part, and results become history, although future recorders are unable accurately fully to assign causes. Suffice it to say that to this day the

man in the street talks of Hertzog being "kicked out of the Cabinet" because of his De Wildt speech.¹

Not only has General Hertzog been abused in the Press and from rival platforms, but he is accused of continually and unjustifiably saying that he is misreported. I can call to mind a few instances known to me, and cannot help wondering whether they may not be typical of many more. The first one had an amusing as well as a deplorable aspect. It was a few weeks after the De Wildt speech, about Christmas or New Year's season, when scanning the leading article in *The Star*, Johannesburg, in which peace and goodwill, or new resolutions, were held up as desirable to the community, I remarked to a friend, as I turned from the reading desk at my club, "Well I'll be d——d, this is the first time for months I've read a leading article in *The Star* that hasn't had Hertzog's name in it, and held him up to abuse." I had, however, spoken too soon, for just as I thought I had discovered a novelty, I noticed, towards the end of the article, the sentiment expressed that this desirable peace and concord might be brought about if Hertzog would only become an angel, or something to this effect. Shortly afterwards, in talking to the "dismissed" Minister at Pretoria, I recounted the incident as being somewhat amusing, when he said, "Oh! I'm getting used to that sort of thing, and to being misrepresented, but what do you think of this?" Then he told me how upon his return to Bloemfontein from Smithfield, at which latter place he had been speaking, he was confronted by a reporter who desired to be permitted to

(1) In a covering letter which I addressed to *The Star*, dated February 15th, 1913, dealing with the dropping of General Hertzog from the Cabinet and his alleged De Wildt speech, I wrote:—"On the eve of the meeting of Parliament, when it was publicly known that General Hertzog, as Minister for Native Affairs, was about to introduce an important Bill dealing comprehensively with the whole native question on general principles—on principles which had been recognised and agreed to by General Botha—we find he is jettisoned on account of his alleged lack of Imperialism, and his De Wildt speech. Some even explain General Hertzog's exclusion from the Cabinet on account of subsequent indiscretions! I think that when the inner and true history of recent events is fully known, it will be found that personal considerations and party jealousies and ambition were greater factors than the honest desire to repudiate or to dissociate one's self from views said to be held by a colleague."—F. W. B.

interview him. General Hertzog replied that he did not then wish to be interviewed, and added, "Besides, I'm tired now and am just going to lie down." Next day the news was flashed all over the country to the effect that after speaking at Smithfield (where he was supposed to have been sowing dragon's teeth), on his return to Bloemfontein General Hertzog had refused to allow himself to be interviewed, and said to the reporter that he "was going to lie low now"; this he was reported to have said "as he retired behind a sardonic smile"!

Years ago, at Turffontein, I remember General Hertzog delivered a speech which he had had typewritten, and which he read so as to avoid the possibility of misrepresentation. Even this did not prevent his reference to exploiters who sacrificed South Africa's interests to their selfish aims as "our irreconcilable enemies" being interpreted as the English race!

Only a few weeks since at Potchefstroom, he had occasion to complain of gross misrepresentation regarding his references to the abolition of horse-racing. In his speech at that town he was reported, by *The Star*, as having said, regarding the native question and the native franchise, that "he would make a party question of it"!

On the 6th June I addressed the following letter to the Editor of *The Star*:—

I have heard General Hertzog on several occasions declare that the native question should be kept apart from party politics. He has written to me in a similar strain. Imagine, then, my surprise to read in *The Star* of the 3rd inst. that, as regards the native franchise, he is reported as having said on the previous day at Potchefstroom that "he would make a party question of it." I therefore sent up a written question to the chairman of General Hertzog's meeting in the Town Hall on Wednesday last, asking him what he had to say on this matter. General Hertzog read out the question at the meeting and expressed surprise at the incorrect report, and reiterated his oft-declared statement that he desired and hoped that the native question would be kept free from party strife. In neither your report of the meeting nor in that of your morning contemporary was this declaration reported. I think this matter is of sufficient importance to be definitely recorded.

No publicity was given to this letter either, which was returned to me by the Assistant Editor with some references regarding horse-racing! It was acknowledged that

probably General Hertzog *had* been misreported, but no correction in this respect was made.

One more record and then we will deal with matters in more general terms. While General Hertzog was still within the Botha Cabinet I was shown a most remarkable character delineation appertaining to that Minister. I have no intention here of entering into the circumstances connected with the incident beyond saying that the manner in which it was given and matter it contained were so arresting that, for curiosity's sake, I noted the contents, believing that the most intimate and confidential associate could not have given a truer reading of his characteristics. Perhaps I may be permitted to make allusion to its principal features.

The General was depicted as being enterprising, quick and daring, and unusually active in many useful ways. The necessity for caution was indicated. The indomitable character was always to be restrained by wisdom and by the lessons of experience. But the most remarkable utterance in connection with the reading in question (which happened to have been given to a third person without the slightest suspicion regarding the residence, sex, or identity of the subject) was the concluding sentence, which read, "This nature has the courage born of hope, and, given the other good qualities, *can accomplish a lot for the progress of mankind*!" I will merely add that this dictum was given by one who, as it were, "gets at the heart of things." I have often pondered over the last nine words, knowing that by the nature of things there are so few to whom such a saying could with reason be applicable.

It cannot be gainsaid that the first and middle portions of the remarkable document exhibited to me were applicable to the subject of our sketch more than ten years ago, and also that he has indeed been tried and harried as few public men have been tested. If he has grown in wisdom and gained by the lessons of experience, let us trust that with the courage born of hope, and the good qualities he has developed, we may all help him to do a lot for the progress of this glorious land, the Cinderella of the

Empire, and also that our progress may in turn be helpful to the rest of mankind.

One thing is true, namely, that though persecuted and slandered and misrepresented almost beyond endurance, it may be said of our Premier that neither harshness nor injustice has succeeded in making him other than the genial and generous nature so beloved by his friends.

In 1912, in my covering letter to *The Star* regarding the De Wildt speech correspondence, I wrote:—

General Hertzog, whose name has never been associated with party jobs and personal gain, evidently regards principles rather than political expediency, otherwise he might have accepted General Botha's proposal to sign the proffered letter and still remain in office.

The same stands good to-day. In personal and private life General Hertzog's record is clean and honourable. It is, however, often said he is too outspoken for a politician!

Let us now look at what is laid to the debit of his political account. Should you ask his Jingo political opponents what they think of General Hertzog (apart from immoderate abuse, or all sorts of things it is supposed he will want to do) you would be told at least:—

(a) That he is violently anti-British, and that he unmistakably showed it by his treatment of the inspectors under the Educational Ordinance in the Free State after the Boer War.

(b) That he favours a "two stream" policy, is anti-Imperialistic, and wishes to keep the races apart.

(c) That during the Great War he instigated and favoured the Rebellion.

As this article is neither an "apology" nor a "defence," but merely an "impression," I shall not deal fully with the above contentions. As to his being anti-British, his acts will show. The evidence I possess fails to substantiate the charge. Indeed, he once told me, at Cape-town, with deep feeling in his voice, when speaking of his endeavours to gather together, as it were, the Dutch after their repatriation at the conclusion of the Boer War and to inspire them with national ideals, "I would have done the same for the British in similar circumstances. We were a broken people." There is a difference between

being pro-Dutch and being anti-British; but (and may I be pardoned as a Scotsman in saying so) I regret to say I hear more violent speech against the Dutch from some of British birth than I ever hear from Dutch against English. Such extremists are pests within the land. However, time and intermarriage are settling the racial question. The newspapers have been made the means of fanning the dying embers of racialism into flame. As to the specific charge of hostile treatment to English teachers in the Free State, the issues were not so simple as people imagine. And they were purposely obscured for party purposes.

Regarding the "two stream" policy, much political capital has been made by the use of this phrase. General Hertzog has repeatedly given the origin of the term. In a speech made at Grahamstown more than ten years ago, which was applauded at the time, he paid a tribute to the virtues of each section of the white races in South Africa, and encouraged the maintenance of their respective traditions and ideals. It is a case of "any stick to beat a dog with," or any catch-phrase out of which party capital can be made. In Great Britain it is not considered a political crime similarly to encourage the Irish, Scotch or Welsh to adhere to, or to cherish, that of which they respectively are proud.

Under the heading of being anti-Imperialistic, it is said that General Hertzog favours secession from the British Empire. I think his remarks regarding Question No. 3, addressed to him by me in 1912, reflect the true position. There is, to my mind, an answer in two words to "Secession": "Sea power." This Mr. W. P. Schreiner and the leaders of the Afrikaner Bond recognised in the "nineties." I treated this question fully in my work *The South African Conspiracy*, under the heading of "The Bond and the Naval Vote." This idea of British protection to our coasts was the answer General Smuts gave to me in *Het Volk* offices in Johannesburg in 1907, when I asked him practically the same thing as, in Question No. 1, I asked General Hertzog on the eve of our first General Election under responsible government in

the Transvaal. The position from one point of view was frankly stated by his wife during the recent elections, as recorded in *The Star* (May 23rd, 1924), when Mrs. Smuts said: "I will not say some day we may not have a republic, but we are not worrying about that. We can leave that to the future, and in quite a constitutional way we may get back our independence." As a Briton I say confidently (as Rhodes said at the time of the Raid), "Let the flag question settle itself." I go further than Mrs. Smuts, and say South Africa *has* its independence now—at all events its political independence. Secession is beyond the realms of present-day practical politics, and none can speak for posterity. The term may be used as a bogey, as General Smuts uses "Bolshevism" for party purposes. But the best remedy against such contingencies is a well-governed, contented and prosperous South Africa. General Hertzog laid the secession bogey in a written statement printed over his name in *The Guardian* (Durban) of June 6th last. And in an exclusive interview accorded by him to the *Rand Daily Mail*, published by them in their issue of June 21st, he said: "I say positively that the Nationalists do not look upon secession as a matter of practical politics."

As to General Hertzog having instigated or favoured the rebellion in 1914, the best and only answer is that when such a charge was made by a political opponent in the House of Assembly he demanded a Select Committee to inquire and report upon the accusation. This Committee, composed largely of his political enemies, after the fullest inquiry completely exonerated him from the charge.

I am more concerned with the welfare of South Africa and its people than with party squabbles. And, although I fear already the personal note has been too dominant in the foregoing (though it seems it has been my fate, one way or another, to have come in touch with the subject of this sketch, and records that have accumulated are of more evidential value than special *ex post facto* pleading), I may be permitted to say that, though not without political convictions, I am no party man. I supported Botha and Smuts years ago when the same Press that has been

"blackguarding" Hertzog was abusing each of them. Believing, then, that General Smuts for years past has been more concerned with fine phrases than with the welfare of the people of the Union, and that there is a very prevalent belief that he has leaned towards the support of interests and persons bent on exploiting the country for the sake of the few rather than of developing it for the benefit of all, I feel firmly convinced that the best interests of South Africa will now be served by supporting "the Pact" and the Government presided over by General Hertzog.

On two big questions vitally affecting the welfare and future of the country (questions for which I have laboured and striven), viz., segregation and the establishment of a State bank, both parties constituting the Pact are agreed. Space will only permit a passing reference to these matters. I think I am correct in saying that General Hertzog and his Government, although having a fixed policy and objective, will do nothing to upset the equilibrium of the country.

As regards segregation, I believe it will be a policy, an aim, instead of merely a profession. There will be no attempt to achieve the impossible by single legislative enactment. But, by the systematic adoption of consistent measures, tendencies will be corrected, and the aim ever kept in view that the white and native races shall be encouraged to develop along their own lines and be domiciled in their own territories.

With regard to a State bank, although no panacea for all our ills, it is a decided and important step in the right direction. Economic power precedes political power, and economic independence is a corollary to the greater measure of self-government assumed by the people of South Africa under the Act of Union. It is the continued dependence (a legacy from the days when the Cape was only a dependent settlement) and the lack of "self-dependence," as well as the need of a sound economic policy, that has landed South Africa into the position she now finds herself. And it is the neglect of this sound economic policy, combined with the effects of a bad

financial one, that hastened the downfall of the late Government.

On July 9th last year I had occasion to address General Smuts on the subject of finance. Amongst other things I wrote :—

Should you leave for England without having provided the necessary machinery for this country's financial and economic redemption, I fear you will return to a stricken land, only to find that power will have entirely slipped from your party's hands.

Goldsmith wrote of conditions "where wealth accumulates and men decay." Although in the economic sense this country is wealthier now than ever, as its capacity to deliver goods and services as, when, and where required is greater now than heretofore, and although its people should be better conditioned and more prosperous than formerly, it is not so; nor can it be said that generally amongst the people of the Union wealth has been accumulating. We produce and export more than ever. But the accumulation of wealth seems to be reflected in the ledger accounts of bankers and moneylenders overseas. The men are decaying right enough; and the white population for the moment is almost stationary! The debt of the Union has been increased, since the late Government assumed power in 1910, by over a hundred million pounds. By far the largest portion of this debt (which we may roughly total as 220 million pounds) is held overseas. In various ways money not only has been made a diminishing quantity by the policies and action of the banks, but the wealth of the country is being drained from it. And the purchasing power of the people within the Union, according to Mr. McKenna's own formula, since the Currency and Banking Act was passed four years ago, has been diminished by over thirty million pounds. Business is stagnant and unemployment abounds. Insolvencies have reached an unprecedented figure. All of which makes for instability and discontent. These are not pleasing features. In a young and undeveloped country, with so many of Nature's bountiful gifts, we should be improving the welfare of the people and raising their standard of living rather than lowering it. Our rulers

have waxed fat and strong, while their charges have grown lean. The late Government seem to have lost sight of "service" as their duty. So the present change is welcomed by the people. We shall require and must demand from our new Government that real progress be made. The great scheme progresses. We are part of the scheme; let us conform to the movement of the whole. In fact, I look upon the big scheme, of which we all form a part, as the working towards

One far-off Divine event
To which the whole Creation moves.

I believe the British Empire, its development and its influence, has been a not inconsiderable factor in the present working of the scheme of things. And I believe the welfare of the whole is determined by the healthy development and the general welfare of each component part. I believe India and South Africa, with their peculiar problems and subject races, are big items in present Empire development, and, as has been said, in these fields will England's genius for Empire be tried. And, strange as it may seem, I further believe that the dangers from which possible disintegration of the Empire might spring are to be found in the plans and policies prompted and executed by dominant and selfish influences working rather for self than for the betterment of humanity, and that, wittingly or unwittingly, our late unfortunate Premier had become in a measure bound by thralls from which he found it impossible to free himself. A new start is being made in this fair land, and I look with confidence and hope that General Hertzog may be the agent and means, under Providence, of leading this country out of the Slough of Despond, and of raising the condition of its people—white and black—and that, by strengthening the bulwarks of Empire in this distant land, even by giving a lead to be followed by other portions of the "Commonwealth of Nations beyond the seas" in the way of economic reform, he may fulfil the prediction of the seer, so strangely recorded, of "accomplishing a lot for the progress of mankind."

JOHANNESBURG, June 30th, 1924.

ANATOLE FRANCE

By W. L. GEORGE

It may be said that the greatness of a literature is measured by its tradition. That is perhaps why, taken as a whole, French and Russian literatures arouse a feeling of, shall we say, greater homogeneity, greater wholeness, than does the literature of England and America. This does not imply inferiority in individuals, for the individual, servant of tradition, can be its master. While some literatures are inferior, the Spanish has its Cervantes, the Portuguese its Lope de Vega. But these are the brief swallows of a single summer that a lonely wing has hatched from the egg of time.

Such an impression does not arise from French literature, where the novel, and notably the politico-theological satire, are "bound upon a wheel and go from life to life." The French have always produced great *frondeurs*, of whom three have carried their tradition through three centuries: Voltaire, Renan, and Anatole France. How they will stand on Judgment Day, when the time comes for literature to appear at a bar behind which perchance no pundits may sit, no man can say; but I suspect that of the great dead Frenchmen, Anatole France would be called early. For he was not only a writer, but also a man, a combination not over common. He was capable of petulance, incongruity, prejudice, generosity, cruelty, and childish mischief. He grew old as Pan might grow, playing upon his eternal pipes the fugitive ragtime of the day. That diversity, perhaps, has made him difficult to understand, and has called up the attacks of various enemies. While the clericalist and the royalist hated him all his writing life because his pen would not salute generals or sing the praise of priests, Labour called him a false brother, because in *Les Dieux ont Soif* he did not hesitate to depict the revolutionaries of 1792 as the small,

well-intentioned, theatrical, crude people they were. His unjust enemies even said that he wrote this "reactionary" book to enter the Académie Française . . . to which he was admitted seventeen years before the publication of the work. And he has been attacked by the romanticists, who will have it that his conception of life is exemplified in the many little affairs which occupy in his books two hours of time and six pages of print, but do not take place between people who have bound to their shoulders the wings of the ideal with the cement of make-believe. Notably, they have attacked *Le Lys Rouge*, his conception of love red as that lily; they have called him coarse, but one may be sure that he never resented the charge. He says openly, in one of his essays: "In spite of all disappointments, I have not yet lost faith in my old friend Life," and a little further: "I like life, coarse, ugly, rough, smelly, just life." That is not only Anatole France speaking; it is Rabelais, Flaubert, the French, all those Frenchmen, his fathers, who have viewed life with little illusion, little pity and much delight.

The man's complexity makes it difficult to release the main strand from the tangle of incoherence which describes the best human mind. There live such varied men in Anatole France. There is the worldling, fine gentleman by instinct. This one causes Maurice to say to the angel who appears in Maurice's bedroom at a moment when a third party must be looked upon as an intruder: "You may be an angel, but you are not a man of the world." There is the bookish old gentleman, sometimes Bergeret, sometimes Bonnard, or Trublet, or Brotteaux, all of them mild, all undeceived by this life and the next, yet all joyful before a stained-glass window, a pretty face, an old manuscript, a legend, or a page of Lucretius, as if they were young men born old. Or old men still young. Above all, in the gentlest acceptance, Anatole France is a sensualist, to whose ears, if not to whose soul, music sings, for whom flower stems bend in service, who is grateful if he may delight in a beautiful woman, and still grateful if he may look upon her. As Bergeret says: "To see a pretty girl is a stroke of luck."

Others figure in his complex. There is Dechartre, passionate pagan; there is a Red Socialist laughing at the Radicals who painted their scarlet pink before the election and made themselves "just small enough to slip through the ballot-box slit." There is the romantic theologian of the middle ages, who likes to engage in debate to show that in celestial mathematics two and two may not make four because man does not know all the properties of numbers. There is the gourmand, who voluptuously sets out the recipe for making Castelnau stew with onions and goose-legs, a stew to be renewed by continuous addition throughout eternity, so that its subtle foundation may simmer on through the ages and embody the profound amber of the arm of a Titian girl. But above all stands the satirist disguised as the great serene.

In Anatole France we have, perhaps, lost our greatest satirist. Max Beerbohm, Hansi, F. P. Dunne, are satirists, yes; but they lack tradition. They sting, and satire must do more than sting; it must run the rapier right through, so that, the blade withdrawn, one may see right through. Anatole France achieved this without the savagery of Swift; his satire is always light; he never emphasises a point; he records with interest that the rich are obviously more moral than the poor since they do not beg in the street or steal bread, and passes on. Such is his method, and he has applied it in his five principal satiric books, *L'Ile des Pingouins* and *Histoire Contemporaine* (*L'Orme du Mail*, *Le Mannequin d'Osier*, *L'Anneau d'Améthyste*, and *Monsieur Bergeret à Paris*). Like all satires, they are best understood by the satirees and their friends. They are not easily grasped by the British, except, perhaps, *L'Ile des Pingouins*. Though *L'Ile des Pingouins* is the history of France, it is the history of any country; so, in a sense, *L'Ile des Pingouins* is also the history of England, fellow subject of a supernatural president, subject to the same follies and the same miseries. In that book we see man in his earliest superstitions, the birth of modesty (due to the fatal invention of clothes), the birth of war (due to the invention of

property), the birth of class (due to the invention of defence by an overlord). It is a terrible, laughing book, not so much because people suffer, as because their future is all suffering. In the end Capitalism rises, makes a civilised world, then tyrannises over it, and the houses, as New York sky-scrapers, never seem high enough to the intoxicated populace. They revolt against Capitalism, overthrow it, and in its stead establish barbarity. And Anatole France gives us an awful, rapid glimpse of this ruined society once more setting up the same civilisation, once more aiming at a time when the houses will not be high enough . . . and so on, in a mad circle.

Anatole France was wrong in this, for even the most gilded periods of Rome and Babylon produced nothing so elaborate as a modern small town. The old sage cannot have believed that the world travelled a circle; more likely its course is described by a cycloid, always travelling back, always travelling on. But then he was not always scrupulous. He wanted history to amuse him, and thought life very useful because it provided material to literature. In *L'Île des Pingouins* and the four books which deal with modern French society, he sought mainly amusement. He delighted in the angry debate which took place in Paradise after the baptism of the penguins, in the argument between St. Patrick, who said that birds could not enjoy baptism, St. Damasius, who said that a duly ordained priest could baptise anything he chose, St. Guenolé, who argued that a priest could not baptise penguins since they were not conceived in sin, and St. Augustine, who grew official and said that baptism would be regular if the proper forms were observed. Above all he must have enjoyed Tertullian's outburst, when he grew irritated by this long debate and regretted that the penguins had no soul, as thus they could not go to hell.

Anatole France toyed with these ironic pictures, with that of Virgil in Hades, criticising the impossible manners of the early Christians, with that of Napoleon and the single surviving loyal penguin who thought the extinction of the race by war worth the glory it earned, even though it was never enjoyed. And, in the end, when the Dreyfus

case unrolls, he must have delighted in his pictures of General Mercier, drawn with a hot poker. One wonders what the General felt when Anatole France transparently ascribed to him such phrases as: "Arrest the man; find some evidence, the law demands it." Or, later: "Don't have evidence; it fogs the case." At last, reluctantly: "Oh, well, if you must have evidence, trump it up; manufactured evidence is better than the truth, for it is made to order."

That is not English satire. Our Defoes, our Swifts, our Butlers, are heavier and more savage. Anatole France giggles wickedly, winks. In the four volumes of *Histoire Contemporaine* the promotion of Guitrel to a bishopric affords the author, through involved intrigues, opportunity for many little . . . complications. Every character suffers, the member of Parliament who is a royalist and a republican, the Jewess who goes to sales to pick up cheap chasubles, the prophetess who, thanks to divine inspiration, can forecast the return of the Bourbons, but cannot state the logarithm of nine. (Celestial mathematics again.) All through, M. Bergeret wanders, reading, meditating, discovering that the Romans made roads as a matter of trade and not a matter of glory, that man dominates the horse because man has thumbs, though monkeys also have thumbs and yet are subjected, that the truly aristocratic type is born exclusively from shop girl or plebeian actress mothers. And life proceeds foggily; M. Bergeret's existence is obscured by his wife, who is unfaithful to him, and his cook, who can make only two kinds of soup. Everybody wanders; everybody wants little things—an invitation to a hunt, a light love, a mitre. They dawdle, they dodder, they die, and, like an old faun, Anatole France smiles. He is not unkind. As he puts it himself, his philosophy is irony and pity. One sees it at its clearest in *Crainquebille*, where an old coster is unjustly locked up, being falsely charged with having shouted: "Down with the Peelers!" When he comes out of prison his barrow has been sold; he is ruined, and takes to drink. At last, one day, starving, he does stand before a policeman and shouts: "Down with the

Peelers!" But the policeman shrugs his shoulders and walks away.

Naturally enough the satiric quality of Anatole France appeared in book reviews, of which he wrote a great many. It was not always pleasant to be reviewed by Anatole France, though he was very generous to young men, especially those who knew well all that is left us of Latin and Greek literature. But when he encountered an established person like M. Georges Ohnet he was not nice: "There is not a page, not a line, not a word, not a syllable of this book which has not shocked, saddened, and offended me. I was disposed to weep over it with all the Muses for company."

Somewhere else he deals with Zola. He remarks briefly that zinc factories and flat-irons occupy too much space in M. Zola's soul; he goes on to analyse *Le Rêve*, where Zola strove (most regrettably) to espouse chastity and mysticism, states that he prefers M. Zola on all fours to M. Zola winged, and passes on.

Anatole France was probably at his most ferocious when dealing with religion. Like all agnostics, he was interested in it, and to him it represented an eternal comedy. He saw faith as a form of cowardice, as the cry of man who dares not die, who hates truth and takes refuge in superstition. He expressed this through the mouth of Riquet, the dog, who stares at his master and thinks: "My master warms me when I lie behind him in his arm-chair; that is because he is a god. . . It is difficult and necessary to define the thoughts of the master. . . I love my master, Bergeret, because he is terrible and powerful." And the little dog prays:

"Oh, my master, Bergeret, God of Slaughter, I worship thee! Hail, oh God of wrath! Hail, oh bountiful God! I lie at thy feet, I lick thy hand. Thou art great and beautiful when at the laden board thou devourest abundant meats. Thou art great and beautiful when, from a thin strip of wood causing flame to spring, thou dost of night make day. . ."

A fairly clear version of the Christian cosmogony. Yet Anatole France is not unjust to the churches; he likes their

ceremonies, their music, their perfumes; he appreciates their taste for learning, deploring its present decay; he has written many graceful romances round saints and priests. Only now and then does he grow irritated, and reduce Christianity to the level he thinks fit. In *Le Procureur de Judée*, for instance, he has written a supreme short story. A generation after the Crucifixion, Pontius Pilate, who is taking the waters in Northern Italy, meets an old friend. They talk of bygone times, of horses, of the policy of Vitellius, of the waters, of the social news from Rome. Then they hark back to those foolish wrangles between the noisy, obstinate Jewish sects which raised disturbances in Jerusalem. At last the friend recalls "a young Galilean thaumaturge," who was crucified for a forgotten reason. Pontius Pilate reflects. "In those days we crucified lots of people." "I'm quite clear about it," says the friend, "his name was Jesus, Jesus of Nazareth." "Jesus?" says Pontius Pilate after a long time, "Jesus of Nazareth? No, I don't remember him."

That is Anatole France's method of reducing the sublime to minor proportions. Mr. Shaw tried to do this in *Pygmalion* by causing the smart set of Rome to describe the Christian agitators as "very bad form." On the whole, Anatole France finds Christianity amusing, and grows irritated with it only when it encourages asceticism. When in *Thaïs* he paints the picture of Paphnutius burned up by remorse as much as by love of the courtesan, he sees the monk as the victim of a god idea, of a tyrant, a power of darkness. He pities him because he has turned away from the "serpent with golden wings which twisted round the tree of knowledge its azure coils formed of light and love." He pities him because he has turned away from the rosy wharves of Alexandria, where great ships with brown sails unload silk and spices, from Hermes of the secret smile, and Aphrodite of the honey-stained lips and tresses garlanded with flowers, to the horrid Christian anchorite, self-starved, self-scourged, verminous, sour, contemptuous of the beauty of the body and of learning.

He repeats this in *La Révolte des Anges*, when the angels escape from Paradise. Incidentally, in this book

Anatole France expresses the terminal of his philosophy, a sort of anarchism: Satan forgoes kingship for fear that authority shall make him like Jehovah, harsh, dogmatic, intolerant, hostile to all novelty. He ends on a note rather akin to Diderot's lines: "Nature has created no masters and no servants; I will neither obey nor make laws."

This attitude has not manifested itself obviously in Anatole France's historical and political works. His *Life of Joan of Arc* carefully dispels some of the mediæval fog which surrounds her, exposes her hysteria, her hallucinations, the manœuvres of the priests and politicians who used her; he describes her as a military mascot. The book is close in documentation, gives a peculiarly lucid picture of life in the fifteenth century, but it might have been written equally well by the average scholar. Anatole France expresses himself better in *Les Dieux ont Soif*, where the Jacobin terrorist lives through the French Revolution, the murder of Marat, the death of Robespierre. He disengages with entire lucidity the almost hypnotic belief such men acquire in the value of blood for blood's sake. The work, a balanced piece of fiction, is historical, exhibits the life of ordinary people in the midst of revolution: all through, they paint pictures, go to picnics, and make love. Anatole France is neither for the aristocrats nor for the people; he is for truth and beauty wherever it may be found. That is why he is addicted to Socialism, which promises him something in the nature of beauty, namely, order instead of confusion.

Anatole France, however, never saw Socialism clearly, and on one occasion, when he set up a Utopia (in *Sur la Pierre Blanche*) he was ridiculous. Utopias are always ridiculous unless they are written by poets, and Anatole France was not exactly a poet, but rather a poet's audience. He would have criticised a Utopia better than created it; he had too little faith in man's intellect to believe entirely that he can create a harmonious world. He did not believe in equality because we do not know what that is. He did not believe that men will grow good or bad; he was content to say that they would be what they would be. Those attitudes suffice an acute critic, but they do not

suffice a builder. A constructive politician can work effectively only through his prejudices, while Anatole France has always wanted to split his vote. To sum him up, it is difficult to say whether Anatole France should be judged exclusively as a satirist-critic or as a purely literary man. The latter he is not, which some may debate, unless we define the literary man as one who is preoccupied with the way in which he writes his book as much as with the contents. Anatole France, conscious probably of a pure style, troubled little with construction. I do not suppose that he could say of any one of his works what Flaubert revealed in a letter: "I have worked sixteen hours to-day, and have at last finished my page." He would not want to do that, since Flaubert was trying to express objective truth, while Anatole France has seldom tried to mirror the world save in his own eyes. That is why none of his novels are well built. In the four volumes of *Histoire Contemporaine* one does have a sense of developing lives, but all the time Anatole France puts on someone else's coat, calls himself M. Bergeret, and makes entirely irrelevant comments; they are delightful but they are irrelevant. This applies even to *Le Lys Rouge*, which is more definitely a novel, but here, too, the love story is so tangled and deflected by the æsthetic views of Vence and Dechartre, by the mystical proclamations of the vagabond Choulette, that one loses the outline of the story. Anatole France nearly succeeded in following the objective tradition of French literature in *Histoire Comique*, a fine picture of French stage life and of the demi-monde, though it has not the detachment of *Les Petites Cardinal* or *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes*; still he spoils it because Dr. Trublet appears, another delightful old gentleman, who stops the story by talking about medicine, love, faith, food, morals and mandolines. Anatole France never cared whether his ideas were relevant to the story; he asked only that they should be relevant to the *temperament* he was sketching. Like Sterne, like Pater, he was a literary iconoclast.

Still, his novels have the qualities of their defects: he is so little concerned with the tale he tells, so much with

the persons who move in it, that they acquire a life of their own apart from the book. Characters such as bombastic Tudesco, furry Guitrel, careless Madame de Gromance, are developed with Dickensian intensity, but without Dickensian exaggeration and dishonesty. Anatole France teases his characters; he will let them have no virtues without vices, and insists upon enjoying both. (I do not want to be ill-natured about it, but Anatole France never pokes fun at Bergeret, or at the other nice old gentlemen whom he makes in his own image; these are never absurd; they are always benign, scholarly, generous, and full of humour. But then it may be too much to ask a Frenchman to criticise himself; that can be demanded only of the English, who alone of all peoples deride themselves . . . and even this may be only an evidence of national hypocrisy.)

It is a pity that Anatole France should not have been such a super-man as to analyse himself with irony and pity. We can do that work for him, though irony and pity are not easily applied to this, the greatest literary figure of the twentieth century. His humanity lifts him above men. He is so robust; he so entirely agrees with Théophile Gautier:

"Pleasure seems to me to be the object of life and the only useful thing in the world. God has so willed it, and made woman, perfume, light, beautiful flowers, good wines, spirited horses, greyhounds, and Persian cats." It is characteristic of Anatole France that he delights in cats. Most artists have loved cats, Baudelaire, Poe, Verlaine. Artists like cats as nice men like dogs. Anatole France is interested in dogs, which he calls religious animals, because they so readily worship man and do not understand him. But he does not respect them, whereas he does respect a Persian cat, aloof, discriminating, unimpressed by pompous mankind, and capable always of using man to its advantage. It is not surprising, then, that he should ecstatically address sumptuous Hamilcar, the Persian cat in the library:

Hamilcar, somnolent prince in the city of books, watcher in the night! In this silent library which thy military virtues protect, Hamilcar, sleep, languid as a sultana. For thou dost unite in thy person the formidable

air of a Tartar warrior and the indolent grace of an eastern maid. Heroic and voluptuous Hamilcar! Sleep until the mice shall dance in the moonlight before the Acta Sanctorum of the learned Bollandists.

That apostrophe is written by a pagan for whom beauty and grace outweigh all moral qualities, who will always exchange honest worth for elegance. Anatole France did believe in honourable courses, truth, courtesy, pity, service, but not because some harsh Protestant impulse ruled him; it was because these fine, clean things were revealed to him as harmonious and lovely. For him the sombre fates, duty, fear, retribution, tyrannic Jove and malignant Jehovah legislated in vain. His the gods of Elysium and their chorus of wine, woman, and song. For him, too, the fine scholarship which has wafted him above the battle of life: in the trenches, in 1870, he read Virgil, just as Brotteaux, on the way to the guillotine, read Lucretius. He was clear and balanced as a Latin, not fear-hunted as a Greek. He had no use for the confused arguments of Greece, akin to the table talk of Coleridge about the objective and the subjective; for him flowers and honey to lay upon little altars.

This appears in his style, which is as clearly Latin as possible, given that he writes in French, the bastard tongue where low-Latin, Frankish, Norse and Saracen have come together in philological congress. His work is polished and condensed; he uses as few words as he can, and when he has made his point he stops. He does not, like Zola, flounder and roll over the prostrate point. He selects details, and so his characters and scenes have a quality of intaglio. He enjoys paradox, too, paradox for its own sake. He likes to make M. Bergeret say that he could justify that misunderstood man Macbeth; he likes to picture Bluebeard as a good fellow, hen-pecked and scandalously deceived by his wives; Napoleon the Third, well-meaning, but "devoid of influence"; Napoleon the First, explaining that he rules mankind only because he himself is a commonplace person. A certain naughtiness pervades this, the adorable naughtiness which is always found in beautiful things that never grow old.

Philosophic, profound, sagacious, even so, Anatole
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France was a Peter Pan among metaphysicians. To the end he wondered, and to the end he loved. Some will say, notably the sentimental English, that he never loved, because he could conceive only sensuality; I will not debate whether there is anything else to conceive, but will own rather that his vision of love was incomplete, for love is tripartite, sensual, æsthetic, and spiritual. . . . Anatole France never seemed conscious of any but the first two elements. But this should not expose him to the censure of people to whom love is mainly an intellectual concept.

He was a creature of contrasts, and so not easy to understand, but understanding is not essential to love; in fact, understanding may slay, and so one may love Anatole France as one loves the sunshine, tulips, golden cats with black-luned amber eyes, upcurling lips against a skin of honey, the mournful rage of bagpipes, epigrams, and verse that enshrines the long roll of an Atlantic wave. One must love him to thank him for having brought into the dusty old lumber-room of stale ideas the breath of the new, for having proclaimed beauty in a world that had strayed into callousness, for having been gay when the creeds bade us be sad.

BRITISH POLICY IN THE MIDDLE EAST

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

NOT even the serious crisis in our domestic politics and the distraction of a General Election have altogether diverted public attention from the importance of events occurring in Iraq and Arabia at the present time, with their undoubtedly deep significance for British policy in the Middle East. The perception of this significance may not be the precise reason for the concern evinced. After all, there are not very many people in this country who follow and understand the constantly changing situation in South-Western Asia. Naturally a far wider interest is aroused when there is the prospect or the certainty of fresh raids on the British taxpayer on account of some past commitment or urgent need, as to-day in connection with the Mosul question. In the Moslem parts of the Empire large numbers, for obvious reasons, continually watch and comment, according to their predilections, on everything that happens in the Middle East of a political or politico-religious nature. But it may be guessed that here in England a good deal of the usual indifference would have been displayed had not the things taking place on the northern frontier of Mesopotamia and at Mecca been of a decidedly sensational character. Shattered was any complacent idea that our difficulties with the Turks had been removed by the sacrifices at Lausanne. And the sudden and, on the surface, surprising disappearance from the Arabian scene of King Hussein of the Hejaz, who only a few months ago was acclaimed Caliph of Islam, at any rate by his partisans, and whose name used so often to figure in our newspapers as that of the great potentate who was the pivot of so much of the British policy in the Middle East, could not but seem, even to the most casual, something extraordinary and bewildering, if not inexplicable.

Yet the truth is simple. In Iraq we are suffering from the greatest sacrifice we made at Lausanne; it is a sacrifice

that is not written in words in the Treaty, but is virtually embodied in almost every clause of it—the sacrifice of our prestige in the East, which may have been inevitable in the circumstances then, but was bound in the upshot to cost us very dear. In Arabia the fall of Hussein marks another failure and another blow at our prestige. As in the Near, so in the Middle East, we have backed the wrong horse. Thus things are as they are. It is not that there have been no warnings, but that they have been disregarded. In 1919-1920 British prestige in the Middle East was something tremendous. It was based on actual military power exercised in various parts of the area; indeed, it is not too much to say that Britain then—less than five years ago!—was the mistress of the Middle East, Persia scarcely excepted, for she had come into such close touch, through the Anglo-Persian Agreement of August, 1919, that other nations declared Persia had become to all intents and purposes a British protectorate. Britain might have dealt with this vast region in any way she pleased, but permanent occupation was not in her thoughts, and she had given certain definite undertakings and pledges that had bound her to act accordingly. There was the undertaking that France should have Syria. There were pledges to the Arabs. There was the Joint Declaration of Britain and France regarding the “complete and definitive emancipation” of the peoples—Arabs, Armenians and others—which had so long been oppressed by the Turks. Both Powers clearly announced that it was their intention to encourage and assist the formation of indigenous Governments in Syria and Mesopotamia. There was the Balfour letter, the purpose of which was the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jews. The Anglo-Persian Agreement specifically pronounced for the absolute independence of Persia. And so on.

Under the Treaty of Sèvres, 1920, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria, Armenia and the Hejaz became independent—the first three under mandatories—and autonomy was conferred on Kurdistan. In July of that year Sir Herbert Samuel was appointed High Commissioner for Palestine,

and somewhat earlier the Acting Civil Commissioner in Mesopotamia made an announcement at Baghdad of the policy of the British Government. British troops were withdrawn from certain districts, and when it was evident that the Persians did not want to implement the Agreement no pressure was put on them. As Britain fulfilled, or strove to fulfil, her undertakings and pledges, her military power became less and less visible, and her prestige began to wane: in the East, even more than elsewhere, prestige is the reflex of power, that is, military power, which is the only power Orientals really understand. It was nothing to the point in the East that a huge reduction of expenditure had become necessary for Britain, and that this entailed a reduction of the numbers of her armies. The decrease in her fighting strength was the one thing that was obvious. It was this that encouraged Mustafa Kemal in Anatolia and the Bolsheviks in the Caucasus and Central Asia. It was this that underlay the rebellion in Mesopotamia in 1920, otherwise the Arabs of Damascus and Aleppo, who fomented it, would never have attempted such a thing. The writer does not affirm that Britain should or could have acted in a different way; he is merely noting causes and their effects. The rebellion in Mesopotamia was suppressed, with little enhancement of our prestige considering the forces engaged and the money expended.

Early in 1921 the British Government created the Middle East Department of the Colonial Office, and placed under its purview Mesopotamia, Palestine and other Arab districts within the British sphere of influence that had previously been under the Foreign Office, or rather the India Office, which long had had dealings with the Persian Gulf and Southern Arabia. The change was supposed to be accounted for by the new political status that had been granted to India, but was also explained by the fact that territories held by Britain or the Empire under mandate were now dealt with by the Colonial Office. On the whole the change was a good one. Unfortunately it did give some colour to the view widely held in the East that the mandates were merely up-to-date camouflage for annexation, insured, so to speak, at a low rate by the

League of Nations. Mr. Churchill became Colonial Secretary, and in March, 1921, he presided over a conference on the Middle East which was held at Cairo. "For the first time," to quote from an article of his in the *Empire Review*, July, 1923, "the numerous official and high authorities selected for the Middle East, civil, military and air, were brought together, and made to concert a uniform policy." The bringing together of these authorities in one meeting was a great step forward, as before that time the Foreign Office, the India Office and the War Office (by virtue of directing 40,000 to 50,000 troops in Mesopotamia after the rebellion) had all had a say in the matter, and did not always say the same thing. But the policy adopted by the conference, while very substantially reducing expenditure by an enormous reduction of the fighting forces, was built on a thoroughly insecure foundation.

The main question was: What was to be done about Mesopotamia, or Iraq, as Mr. Churchill preferred, perhaps rightly, to call it, and certainly British memories of that land do not afford much ground for regarding Mesopotamia as a "blessed word." The conference decided to establish Iraq as an independent Arab State (which might be held to be in line with the Joint Declaration of Britain and France) under an Arab king (which was not necessarily in line with that Declaration at all). The king chosen was the Emir Feisal, the son of King Hussein of the Hejaz, whom the French had ejected some months before from the Damascus-Aleppo district of Syria, over which he had attempted for some time to reign as an independent sovereign. Britain thus definitely nominated Feisal to the throne. This did not, of course, increase our popularity with our French friends, but it settled the business. Said Mr. Churchill, in the article referred to in the preceding paragraph: "The Arab king (Feisal), whose lineage gives him claims upon both the religious sects into which the Mohammedan world is divided, sits upon the throne as a result of an election which, whatever its shortcomings to Western standards, has certainly been the freest election ever held in any Oriental country." It

sounds very pretty, but those acquainted with that election know that it is utter nonsense. The Shia Moslems of Iraq, who form the majority of the population, repudiate with scorn Feisal's claims on the score of lineage. As for the "freest election," Britain had plainly intimated her wishes; she still had these 40,000 to 50,000 troops in the country, and this made the intimation not very different from intimidation. When Feisal arrived in Iraq his welcome was cold. He was accompanied by certain Syrians, who became his advisers, with the result that for months he paid no attention, and otherwise gave a great deal of trouble, to the British authorities. As he had been in Syria so he was in Iraq. Strong measures had to be taken to bring him to his senses.

Here we come up against the whole question of the Arab as it affects British interests. In previous articles in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* the writer has discussed various aspects of this question, the most recent of these articles being "Iraq and Other Arab Problems," which was published in the December, 1922, number. It seems well, however, to present a short statement of the facts, especially in view of the abdication of King Hussein. Before the Great War there was some agitation among the Arabs in those parts of the Turkish Empire which were distinctively Arab. This movement was not really nationalist, but merely aimed at obtaining equal political rights with the Turks, as had been promised under the Constitution, restored in 1908, with some modifications later. Came the war, and Lord Kitchener—at any rate, so it is said—conceived the idea of dividing the Moslem world and thus of preventing a general *Jihad* by splitting the Arab from the Turk. Negotiations were begun with Hussein, then Grand Sherif or Emir of Mecca, but a Turkish official. It was widely believed that as Keeper of the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina his influence was paramount among the Arabs. Encouraged by British support and official undertakings, and stimulated even more, it is to be feared, by unofficial and unauthorised promises, Hussein rebelled against Turkey, and in June, 1916, proclaimed his independence. In the following November he assumed the

title King of Hejaz, and in June, 1917, King of Arabia, but his claim to the latter title was immediately challenged by the other princes of Arabia, notably by Ibn Saud, Emir of Nejd-Hasa, who was also on the British side during the war. There was some talk then of Hussein making himself Caliph, but that died away. It is probably true that the British Government recognised him neither as King of Arabia nor Caliph, but it did recognise him as King of the Hejaz, and did make him the centre of its policy in that part of the world. It had its reward in the contribution by Arab forces, led by Feisal, Hussein's son, to Lord Allenby's great successes in Palestine and Syria in 1918. Lord Allenby eulogised the services rendered by these Arabs.

Before that time it was apparent that Hussein's ambition soared far beyond the Hejaz kingdom. His calling himself King of Arabia had been significant, but he wanted much more than Arabia. His mind was filled with the idea of forming an Arab Empire under his own rule. Whether it was conceived by himself or came from Arabs immediately around him, or was inspired by British sympathisers, some of whom unquestionably went out of their way to promote his cause, is beside the point. In brief, Hussein intimately associated himself with what was known as the Pan-Arab movement, which looked to the political unification of the Arab race in the Middle East by the formation of an Arab Empire which should consist, as Feisal stated in Europe in 1919, of Arabia, Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia. As an idea the unification of the Arabs is by no means an ignoble one; it has a certain appeal. But so far as Hussein was concerned it was not "practical politics." He had so little hold on Arabia that his styling himself its king was resented outside the Hejaz and even ridiculed. He had no hold on Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia. Worst of all, he had a strong and determined foe in Ibn Saud, whose emirate of Nejd-Hasa, though situated in Arabia, lay, a huge block of hostile territory, almost in the centre of the suggested Arab Empire, and Saud's soldiers were the dreaded Wahabis, the Puritan fanatics of Islam. So far as the proposed

Empire was concerned, Ibn Saud was its most powerful prince, not Hussein. Yet Hussein went on cherishing his great idea. He was well aware of the intense, perhaps immitigable, tribalism of the Arabs, but that did not matter. He was buoyed up by British policy, which provided him with money. When Saud successfully attacked him in 1919, and might then have occupied Mecca, Saud was bought off by British gold in the shape of a monthly subvention of £5,000, to be paid to him so long as he was good, that is, so long as he left Hussein alone.

If Hussein was grievously disappointed when Britain handed Syria to France and went on developing her plans for Palestine, he had the satisfaction in 1921 of seeing Abdulla, his second son, entrusted by her with the government of Transjordan, which consists of the Hauran and some contiguous districts, and, later in that year, Feisal made King of Iraq, while the independence of his own kingdom was guaranteed. He had every right to feel that himself and his family still enjoyed the support of the British Government. Nor did he abandon all hope of Palestine and Syria. France, with her highly intelligent realist policy towards the Arabs, was not to be moved, and Syria, at all events for a time, faded out of his dream-picture. Palestine, he thought, presented an easier mark, and his next effort was the negotiation of a treaty with Britain, one effect of which would virtually have been the undoing of the British programme for and in the Holy Land. He continued this effort for two or three years, and was still prosecuting it when his fate overtook him. The cessation of the subvention that had been paid to him by Britain scarcely had disillusioned him; relying on those old inflated promises which identified the "independence" of the Arabs with his own headship of them—promises which he never ceased asserting had been solemnly and authoritatively made—he believed that Britain still was backing him. Unluckily for him the subvention paid to Ibn Saud, now styled Sultan of Nejd, had also been stopped, and the feud between them, which had been interrupted by British gold in 1919, became active again. The first signs of it appeared in Wahabi incursions into

Transjordan, where Abdulla reigned under the protection of British bayonets, or rather aeroplanes, as Ibn Saud discovered to his cost. Then came the attack on the Hejaz itself, in the capture of Taif and the advance to Mecca by the victorious Wahabis, followed by Hussein's abdication and the crumpling up of his fond dreams of Empire and Caliphate. Left by Britain to enjoy his independence, Hussein has found it a tragedy. It cannot be said that this was something entirely unforeseen, unpredicted; for one, the writer pointed out two years ago in this REVIEW that it was highly probable. Hussein's fall will tell in the Middle East against the whole Sherifian family and its pretensions, and therefore against Britain. And how long Ali, Emir of Medina, who has succeeded his father as King of Hejaz, remains on the throne depends on Ibn Saud. That prince is not likely to show much forbearance, as the feud includes the sons as well as the father. While the general effect of current happenings in Arabia on the positions of Feisal as King of Iraq and of Abdulla as Emir of Transjordan cannot be good, the future, of course, can alone disclose just how things will work out, but it is impossible not to feel some anxiety and apprehension.

Transjordan is very much less important than Iraq, and may be passed over here. What about Iraq? The Treaty of Sèvres vanished at Lausanne; it is no use to pretend that the Turks did not win the peace, or to suppose that they are not perfectly well aware of that fact. All Iraq is perfectly well aware of it too, and in her heart is deeply wondering what is going to happen about Mosul. Though the two are not on all fours, the question is asked: If Armenia was abandoned at Lausanne, may not Mosul be abandoned at London? True, the British are in Mosul; they were not in Armenia (yet in 1919 they could have done what they liked with the Turks about Armenia, but did nothing). True, the Lausanne Treaty prescribed the maintenance of the *status quo* until the Mosul dispute was settled; true, also, the ratification of the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty by the Baghdad Assembly has attached to it the rider that "this Treaty is invalid if Britain does not protect Iraq's entire rights in the Mosul vilayet." Further, it is true

that the recent proceedings of the League of Nations seem to indicate, by its appointment of a neutral commission to investigate the whole boundary question, its determination to effect a settlement. But the very unpleasant fact remains that, just as the Turks violated the Mudania Convention, so have they broken the *status quo* regarding Mosul which was laid down by the Lausanne Treaty. They have invaded with regular troops Iraqi territory, despite Fethi Bey's assurances at Geneva that the *status quo* would be respected. They are snapping their fingers at us. At the moment of this writing their forces have not been withdrawn, but are advancing, and two British Notes, calling attention to this state of affairs and requesting the retirement of these troops across the frontier, have not even received a reply. The remonstrances of the British representative at Constantinople have apparently had no result. Our commanders in Northern Iraq are being credited in our press with great forbearance, whereas the truth seems to be that they have retired both their troops and police as the Turks have come on. This is the kind of tactic on which Easterns will place but one interpretation—weakness. It is a very serious matter. Britain has incurred a definite responsibility for Iraq, and it can never be discharged by running away from it. Surely the time has come for Britain to make a firm stand, and this not only for the sake of Iraq but for the sake of all our interests in the East. The Turks must be repelled. Then, and not till then, can the problems of the Middle East be satisfactorily approached and haply solved.

P.S., October 16th.—Since the foregoing was written, Sultan Saud has occupied Mecca, Medina may be expected to fall soon into his hands, and Ali has retreated to Jeddah—a king without a kingdom. The Sherifian claim to Arabia is now seen to be what it always was—a mirage. As regards Iraq, further discussion of the precise meaning of the agreement with Fethi Bey that the Turks should respect the *status quo* on the Mosul frontier has made no change for the better in the situation. The matter has been referred to the Council of the League of Nations, but the governing fact is that the Turks have *not* retired—they continue to snap their fingers at us, and think they have won the first move!

THE LEE COMMISSION AND THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

BY STANLEY RICE

It is no secret that the appointment of the Public Services Commission which went to India under the chairmanship of Lord Lee was unwelcome to all save one of the parties interested. The Moderate Indian politician groaned at the thought of another burden to be placed upon the already overstrained financial camel. The Services declared roundly that incessant memorials which had no apparent effect had placed in the hands of the Secretary of State the necessary materials upon which to act; if he had the will to act, they were convinced that there was a way, or if it really was the case that the finance of the country did not permit of what they claimed to be a measure of simple justice, why, then, the Lee Commission was not going to coin any more money, but, on the contrary, was going to take *pro tanto* some of it away with them. But there was a deeper apprehension. The Commission was, of course, bound to take evidence, and there was grave misgiving lest its very publicity should serve to fan the flame of racial animosity, and especially of hostility to the Services in whose interests it was working. Its composition also might disclose an unpleasant cleavage, for Indians and English do not think alike, and a committee composed of four Englishmen and four Indians suggested a split vote which threatened to be constant, thus putting a grave responsibility upon the chairman with his casting vote. The one party which may be presumed to have given the Commission a qualified welcome was the party of Swaraj, since it contained great possibilities of political capital which could be utilised against the special objects of their dislike. It would doubtless give them particular pleasure to veto if they could all the recommendations of the Commission in favour of the English Services, and as it was their avowed object to get rid of the English, this could be done under a specious plea of logical tactics.

But the memorials were not lost on the Secretary of State. They had driven home the conviction that even the better paid officers were finding it hard to make two ends meet, and that to the new anxieties of an unexpected position and of unforeseen responsibilities were added the constant worry of domestic embarrassment. Something had to be done. The "steel frame" showed no signs of breaking, but here and there it was ominously bending. As long, too, as the conditions of service remained so unattractive recruitment was languishing, and figures supplied by the Commission showed a very startling decrease in British candidates since the war, even when allowances were made for the special recruitment of war candidates. To do the Government justice, however, they were not solely influenced by the future; they viewed with genuine concern the condition into which the Services had fallen, and they recognised that it would be fatal to allow them to suffer such a diminution of prestige as must follow upon constant financial embarrassment. Their task, however, was difficult. In the present state of feeling in India politics could not be ignored, and the issue of autocratic orders, even though they might be strictly in accordance with the Constitution, was certain to be unpopular in the extreme when they were obviously intended to benefit the English Services at the expense of India. It was no doubt the theory of Parliament that these Services were essential to Indian well-being; nowhere was it more plainly so stated than in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. But there were hardly any Indians who really accepted it, though a certain few might pay it lip-service and a rather larger number honestly believed in the limited employment of Europeans in certain departments.

To meet this situation the terms of reference suggested a compromise. The Commission was charged to enquire not only into the "organisation and general conditions of service, financial and otherwise, of those Services," but also into "the possibility of transferring immediately or gradually any of their present duties and functions to services constituted on a Provincial basis," and as a corollary to this "the recruitment of Europeans and

Indians respectively," and "the best methods of ensuring and maintaining such recruitment." Here were plain hints. Something was to be done for the European Services; that much was expected of the Commission. But in order to compensate for the inevitably increased expenditure something might also be done to speed up the "association of Indians" of which the Declaration of August, 1917, had spoken, and this could be arranged by recommendations on recruitment.

It is here as well to explain again, what has often been pointed out, that the Indian Swaraj Question contains two quite distinct branches. The first of these is the growth of democratic institutions. The second is the replacement of Englishmen by Indians, upon which Indian eyes are almost exclusively turned. It is a matter of far less moment to the Indian politician that the country should be governed by itself than that it should be governed by Indians. Thus it was that very part of the new order which most interested Indians, and which at any rate for the present is most likely to affect India's destinies, that the Commission was called upon to investigate in addition to the financial condition of the Superior Services. Many of the prognostications came true. The evidence was of so delicate a nature that witnesses were given the option of testifying *in camera*, and as the whole cannot be printed it was decided to print no part of it. The Report was admittedly a compromise, each side abating some of its claims in order to secure the weight of unanimity, and in one instance where the parties found no way of adjustment the cleavage on racial lines was apparent. On the other hand, unanimity on all major points enabled the Government to claim that the proposals, far from being autocratic, were the considered verdict of disinterested Englishmen and representative Indians.

The notion that the Indian Civil Service is the best paid service in the world was fast passing into a legend. Comparison with the conditions of other Overseas Services showed that even upon financial considerations the erstwhile Blue Riband was becoming distinctly faded, and that which applied to the Civil Service applied with even

greater force to the Public Works, the Police, and other minor departments whose members boasted, each in his own line, of traditions no lower than those of the premier Service. The political conditions of the country and the atmosphere of hostility—sometimes even of danger—in which they were compelled to live were added to financial difficulties to create a general feeling of discontent. Rightly or wrongly there was an impression that the Services who were obliged to submit to the decrees of Government were being sacrificed to the clamour of those who could make Government very uncomfortable, and this impression seemed to be justified by the apparent futility of memorials which never produced any tangible result. The Commission carried with it at least this consolation, that while memorials might be ignored it was impossible to ignore the Report of a specially constituted Royal Commission.

The Report itself wastes very few words; it is, indeed, a model of brevity considering the scope of the issues involved. The reliefs which it offers are in themselves modest—free passages, certain concessions to meet the fall in exchange, an increase of overseas allowance, designed to compensate the European for the extra expenses incidental to race and domicile, and some facilities in medical attendance, besides in the special case of the Police alone, whose position in India is just now one of peculiar difficulty, a small increase in basic pay, admittedly overdue. These proposals do not meet what the Services consider to be their just demands, but they have accepted them loyally and are prepared to abide by them, at any rate for the present.

The Commission appear to be confident that their proposals to safeguard the Services in their careers and prospects will meet the case and will stimulate recruitment, but this optimism is hardly justified by the facts. It is this uncertainty of outlook which more than anything else is killing the old zest for the Indian Civil Service as a career. It must be admitted that there are factors which no Royal Commission could eliminate—the transference of certain higher posts to Indians, thereby decreasing the chances of

promotion and blocking the way of the younger men; the pressure of public opinion which unceasingly demands the employment of Indians at the expense of Europeans; the possible rearrangement and reduction of some higher posts consequent upon the establishment of ministries. But the Services have asked for some guarantee that they will not be deprived of their career at a moment's notice, and in particular the guarantee of Parliament. What have they got? The ridiculous covenant of the Civil Service is to be replaced by a regular contract applicable to all services and enforceable in a court of law; such a document would no doubt have moral force even though the individual probably could not afford to bring an action, and to that extent it is a step in the right direction. The resounding but ambiguous phrase "existing and accruing rights" which occurs in section 96 of the Act has been interpreted to mean just nothing at all unless the right not to be kicked into the street is counted for something. But the Commission merely proposes to turn over the interpretation to another body which will be as much in the dark as itself. Pensions are to be commutable up to one-half instead of one-third, but the apprehensions of the Services regarding them are dismissed with the cheery remark that the Commission does not share them. It will be matter for surprise if such suggestions as these really stimulate recruitment. The young man entering the Service does not look so far ahead as pensions. What he wants to know is that his career is reasonably secure. The official view apparently is that a real guarantee is an impossibility; one Parliament cannot bind the next, and whatever promise may be made may be repudiated in the next six months. That may be true from the strictly constitutional standpoint, but the fact remains that a Government, unless it were of the revolutionary type, would be very reluctant to dishonour the pledges made by its predecessor, especially to its own servants serving in a country which is supposed to be outside the range of party politics.

The Commission have laid great stress upon the necessity to treat the Report as a whole as regards its main proposals; you cannot, they say in effect, accept some parts

and reject others without doing violence to the whole structure. The reason is clear; indeed, they give it themselves. The Report is a compromise, and a compromise is essentially of the nature of a bargain. If, therefore, the Services are to be compensated, the price must be paid, and that price is a more rapid admission of Indians to the higher ranks of the Services and an extension of the Provincial system. Expressed in terms of percentages, the result of the proposals would not seem to be great; but Sir Alexander Muddiman, speaking for the Government of India, gave some remarkable figures. When the Indian Civil Service had reached the basis of equal division between the races there would be some 675 Europeans left, of whom only about 400 would at any one time be on responsible duty. The Civil Service and the Police, which are called the key services, would muster about 900 Europeans between them, and the whole administrative machinery on the All-India (as opposed to the Provincial) basis would include some 1,300 Europeans, including doctors on the military reserve. The steel frame is wearing thin.

The expansion of the Provincial system, technically known as Provincialisation, requires a brief explanation. Certain officers are recruited by the Secretary of State and come under his control; certain other appointments are made and the control over them retained by the Government of India and the Provincial Governments. Such officers pass no competitive examination, and usually rise through clerical posts. It is proposed to extend the scope of their promotion, but it was also felt that the Ministers who are in charge of "transferred" subjects under the dyarchical system were in an anomalous position in that they had no control over their own All-India subordinates. The Report implies that no practical difficulty had hitherto been felt, but the Commission, following the French plan of strict logic rather than the usual English one of looking to practical utility and leaving logic to take care of itself, have proposed to meet the case by turning over the *personnel* of the transferred subjects as far as may be to Local Governments. This means the disappearance of the

Educational, of the Agricultural and Veterinary, and of parts of the Forest and Engineering services as fields for European activity. It is a fair presumption, however, that the Commission was not convinced by its own arguments, and that in this respect the European members yielded to the pressure of Indian members. One of the expressed desires of the Legislative Assembly is to get control of the administrative machinery, or, in other words, to take the place of the Secretary of State. To this the Services themselves are inflexibly opposed on the ground, amongst others, that the Government of India is in a state of transition, that they have no certainty to what kind of tender mercies they would be committed, and that, to judge by the present attitude, they would be exposed to harsh, if not altogether unfair, treatment.

More is involved in this control than is at first sight apparent: the Commission has called it "one of the principal issues of our enquiry." For with the control of the Services goes the power to make the rules and regulations that govern them, and anyone conversant with the workings of a Civil Service knows that even impartial and apparently just rules can be interpreted to the disadvantage of an individual or of a class. To control the machinery of government is a long step towards complete independence; that is why Indians of a certain political colour give the matter a place of importance next to finance, and that is why the Services are so strongly opposed to any such measure of devolution. They feel that the Secretary of State is a man of tried honesty, unlikely to be deflected by political considerations or swayed by every wind of political agitation; and, while not imputing dishonesty to the Government of India, however constituted, they do not feel certain that they will not give way to popular opinion if it is expressed strongly enough, and do that which is expedient rather than that which is just.

The Commission was instructed to make all haste, for relief to the Services had become urgent, and they rightly took credit for the promptitude with which the Report was submitted. Suddenly the Government flung a bomb-

shell. It was announced that they had promised to allow the Legislative Assembly to debate the proposals, although the Commission had been at some pains to avoid any suggestions which might involve the intervention of that body. This involved the postponement of any decision until after the September session, and Lord Lee, to whom much of the credit is due, complained bitterly that his great effort had been wasted. There was, however, some justification for the action of Government. In any case it was obvious that the Government of India, and through it the Local Governments, would have to be consulted on so far-reaching a subject, and official consultations are not begun and ended in a day. Moreover, the Government was in a dilemma. If they ignored the Legislative Assembly they invited the criticism that the voice of the "people" was only to be heard in minor matters and the Reforms were a sham; if they consulted it, and the result was what everyone expected, they must either accept the decision or overrule it. It must be remembered that there was no legal obligation to consult the Assembly, for, as was pointed out, every suggestion was within the competence of the Secretary of State in Council. But political situations are not governed by cut and dried legalities.

They chose to consult the Assembly, and they are now landed in a more difficult position than ever. The Assembly, by 68 votes to 46, accepted an amendment which was virtually a rejection of the whole Report. To bow to this decision is practical abdication, as will presently be shown; to override it is to furnish the enemy with the ammunition on which he has been counting. But again, to accept it is to abandon the Services and to prove to them that Government is ready to sacrifice them for a political advantage. For the Indian attitude makes it clear that no proposal emanating from Government will find favour unless the Assembly itself chooses to endorse it; in other words, in order to secure the vote the Government must surrender the vital point of the Secretary of State's control and hand over the Services to the caprice of the Legislature. That is abdication. No Indian is

content with the present rate of "Indianisation"; and apparently even the generous price which the Lee Commission offered for the acceptance of its relief proposals is not high enough to satisfy the extreme party. It is obvious, therefore, that the popular control of the Services would be exercised in such a manner as to drive Englishmen out of the country; every opportunity would be taken of making the position of the Services intolerable, and every device would be employed to render the Services unattractive to possible recruits. To destroy the Services is to destroy the whole existing machinery of government; such Europeans as remained would be allowed on a sort of contemptuous sufferance until such time as they, too, could be made to go.

Let us be clear about two things, even at the risk of repetition. The Englishman is working for the establishment of democratic institutions, and regards the admission of Indians to power as a means to an end; the Indian wants the power, and does not care much what sort of government will follow upon it. And again, the Englishman has repeatedly declared that a strong infusion of the British element is essential for the gradual advance of the country to self-government; the Indian does not think that any European is required, though some of them may say so either to throw dust in the eyes of the Government or because they have never really thought about the matter. A few there are who admit that the British Army (and Navy, vaguely conceived), the Political Department and the Foreign Department, ought to remain for a while, but even they look forward to an early deliverance from the tutelage. Let it be understood that this is said without rancour. It is by no means unnatural, and it is certainly not disloyal, that India should aspire to govern herself as soon as possible. It is as easy to argue that India is right as that England is right, if only you can translate yourself into the Swarajist frame of mind and get rid of preconceptions. In any case, however, the ideals are absolutely divergent.

Good, however, may come out of evil. The Swarajist party is logical in its uncompromising hostility, and an open

foe is better than a concealed one. The wholesale rejection of proposals which are in themselves so eminently reasonable, which go so far to conciliate Indian opinion, and which, so far as the main lines are concerned, can only be seriously contested upon the grounds of finance, really leaves the Secretary of State with a free hand. The bargain remains the same, for the consent of the Indian members was obtained on the principle of *quid pro quo*; it would therefore be a mistake to suppose that the Government is liberated from any of its contractual obligations. But for the immediate issue wholesale rejection is easier to deal with than detailed criticism. Possibly the Indian Opposition has felt this; they could not reasonably demand a more rapid rate of Indianisation, or a greater share for Provincial servants, while trying to whittle down or altogether to eliminate the reliefs proposed. It becomes now a question of abstract principle; and it becomes a question no longer for the Secretary of State, but for Parliament. For Parliament has declared that it alone is to be the sole judge of the rate of advance towards self-government, and the surrender of control over the Services, together with the cessation of all recruitment, implies not only that the Secretary of State is prepared to abdicate, but that Parliament is willing to allow its hand to be forced. What is to be the issue? If the Prime Minister¹ is prepared to abide by the message which he sent to India in the early days of his Premiership and declines to be bullied, the answer cannot be doubtful, but at least he knows where he stands.

(1) Ramsay MacDonald. Written before the political crisis.

THE RESULTS OF LENINISM

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

WHEN I was in Russia I found that the Bolsheviks were all under the spell of what they called Leninism. Karl Marx was much revered, but it was evident that he was regarded as a back number. I was most anxious to find out precisely what Leninism meant. One day Kamenev, who at present is the most influential of all the Bolshevik leaders, made a speech in which he said that two chapters were missing from Marx, one describing how a Socialist revolution was to be made, the other describing the position of the working classes on the day following their assumption of power, and the problems they would be called upon to solve. Lenin, he continued, completed the work of Marx. He invented the idea of getting into power by bloody civil war and introduced terrible forms of class struggle. And he maintained himself in power by putting forward as the central idea of the revolution the dictatorship of the proletariat.

There you have in the plain language of one of Lenin's nearest disciples an authentic definition of Leninism: bloody civil war, bitter class struggle, proletarian dictatorship.

Some days later Zinoviev, who is second only to Kamenev in influence, also made a speech, in which the following remarkable passage occurred:—

Who of us before the Revolution thought about the economical and political rôle of the *bourgeoisie*, how they would look in reality a few years after the Revolution? Marx said nothing about this. Even Lenin was silent on the subject. . . . We cried that we would crush the *bourgeoisie*. But they survive. They are a fact. And they are growing like a fever.

Thus no sooner has Kamenev told us that Lenin completed Marx by stimulating class hatred and civil war and by designing forms in which proletarian dictatorship could function, than Zinoviev comes along and says:

But he forgot one important matter, and so did we all. He forgot how the conquered *bourgeoisie* would look and deport themselves several years after their conquest; and now we find that they are actually alive and are even menacing our Proletarian State.

Thus we reach the strange position: Marx forgot about the possibility of the proletarians getting into power, and Lenin, who successfully planned a civil war which actually put them there, in turn forgot about the *bourgeoisie* altogether.

In the early days of the Revolution there was but one cry: "Down with the *bourgeoisie*! Exterminate them!" And hundreds of thousands were exterminated, but a good few managed somehow or other to survive, and many new ones have since sprung up. Indeed, I should say that as a class the *bourgeoisie* is almost as strong numerically as it was in pre-revolution days. I found, when I was in Russia, that this was a problem which troubled the Bolsheviks very much. It must not be forgotten that the fundamental theory of Communism, as it is taught in Soviet Russia, is that there must be a society without classes; that the dictatorship of the proletariat is an indispensable instrument for bringing about this condition, and thus paving the way for the remote ideal of Socialism without the State.

But up to the present, as we have seen, quite the reverse has happened: class divisions remain and are as sharply accentuated as ever. The following table showing the different occupations of the town population in Soviet Russia, which I have extracted from an official statistical report of current date, gives us a complete picture of the concrete results of Bolshevism seven years after the Revolution:—

	Number.
Workmen	1,908,334
Servants	296,759
Officials and employees	1,568,137
Free professions (doctors, lawyers, artists, etc.)	62,697
Individuals who are their own masters	1,131,289
Relatives employed in business	659,531
Individuals and students in receipt of State help	635,748
Others	573,898
Unemployed	790,452
Total	7,626,845

Genuine proletarian elements, it will be seen, do not amount to more than 28 per cent. of the whole; and in that total the number set down under the heading of "servants" is included. The rest are by no means capitalists; for poverty is general in Russia—to that extent equality has been established. But an overwhelmingly large proportion, the majority indeed, are individuals whom the Bolsheviks would certainly label *bourgeois*; and of these considerably more than a million are, as will be noted, still their own masters. All such details, it should be emphasised, relate solely to the towns. In the country (where 85 per cent. of the whole population is located) the figures are still worse for the Bolsheviks. There, hardly any individuals are Communists, and the rich peasant is thriving in place of the dispossessed landowner.

Thus after seven years of revolution the Bolsheviks wake up with a start to find that it is a physical impossibility to exterminate the *bourgeoisie*, and for the first time they begin to think seriously about them. Nevertheless, they have no practical plan for dealing with this very grave danger to themselves. They confess, with true Russian *naïveté*, that they are drifting God knows whither, and that they have not the least conception of what form developments will take in the future. The whole business began as an experiment, and it goes on as such. "We Russian people," said a professor to me when I was in Russia, "are what the rabbit is to the physiologist. We are vivisected by the Communist surgeons for the benefit of the rest of the world."

No doubt at one time many Bolsheviks imagined that the *bourgeoisie* could be exterminated by the simple method of massacre; and a good few still cherish the same insane illusion. But the real leaders, a trifle satiated with bloodshed, have come round to the view that the *bourgeoisie* must be put up with for a while at least; that they can be allowed so much rope and no more; that in effect they can be kept in a permanent state of poverty, and for ever deprived of all political rights. Many of them will starve and die; that cannot be helped. (Russians say cynically that at present the only cheap thing in the

country is human life. Some of them will be of temporary use to the State as specialists and Government officials. So soon as it is possible to replace them with proletarian elements this will be done. What is to happen to them afterwards? Of what importance is that? Who cares? It is the experiment that matters.

In the Socialist State there can be no freedom for the *bourgeoisie*. They must be "controlled." This means that what is called the dictatorship of the proletariat must go on—for how long no one knows. Presumably, as long as the *bourgeoisie* remains the *bourgeoisie*, which suggests for ever. In reality there is no such thing as the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia; there is only the dictatorship of the secret police. So powerful, indeed, is this dictatorship that even letters addressed to prominent men like Kamenev are opened and scrutinised by them before being delivered.

The official justification is that the terror is merely the instrument of the proletarian dictatorship, and that this, in turn, is founded upon the vote of every individual in the State except clergymen, merchants, and "exploiters of others." Such a claim is mere sophistry. For the voting takes place in the very presence of the terror, and is therefore valueless as an expression of popular will. In their hearts the Bolsheviks know this to be true, and, when pressed, take refuge in the familiar excuse that the end justifies the means. But even were this admissible, what evidence do they offer that they are the type of men fit to produce the end—the end being a race of perfect men living in perfect happiness in a perfect world? Very little in view of the state of Russia at present.

When I was in Moscow I did not meet with anyone who could even give a clear definition of the word "*bourgeois*." One prominent Communist whom I questioned on the subject answered glibly that a *bourgeois* was an individual who exploited the labour of others.

"Then am I a *bourgeois*?" I asked.

"No, you are not," he said. "You earn your livelihood by writing with your own hand."

"But assuming that I employed, and thus 'exploited,' a secretary or a typist—what would I be then?"

"I suppose you would be a *bourgeois*," he replied hesitatingly.

Another Bolshevik remarked to me that it was easy to define a *bourgeois*: he was an individualist. Whereupon I replied that if I accepted that definition nearly all the Communists whom I had met in Soviet Russia would be *bourgeois*, for, as far as I could see, they were Communists only in theory, but in practice were most pronounced individualists, and that the struggle for power and place in the Russian Socialist State was as intense, if not, indeed, more so, than that going on in any capitalist State. This is literally true. In Soviet Russia everyone is elbowing one another in order to secure a privileged position in the immense Bureaucracy, which is the principal source of intelligent employment. And State trusts, of which big industry is made up, think of little else but competition one with another, and, rather than have regard for the general interests of the community, are intent upon squeezing the utmost farthing of profit out of the proletarians and peasants. Thus, it seems, neither the term "individualist" nor that of "exploiter" is apposite.

A better, if not altogether satisfactory, definition was used by the artistic *intelligentsia*, who regarded himself as advanced in the old days, and who in these times is called reactionary and *bourgeois* by the Bolsheviks. He frankly looked upon a *bourgeois* as a conventionally minded and self-satisfied individual, who "did himself well" and always behaved and thought as the majority of mortals behaved and thought. It has remained for Karl Marx and the Bolsheviks to discover the *bourgeoisie* as an economic species and as an identifiable class.

The subject is one upon which much mental confusion exists everywhere, and nowhere more so than in revolutionary Russia. Although the Russian workmen are far worse off than before the war, many of them are in a better, much better, position than the ordinary intellectual; the revolution has awakened new needs in them, and, as might only be expected, all their tendencies are reminiscent of the crudities

and extravagances of the newly rich. Thus in a sense they are linked with the new *bourgeoisie*, which is a special product of the New Economic Policy, the N.E.P. as it is called. And the intelligent class, professors, teachers, engineers, doctors, etc., whom the Bolsheviks contemptuously label "*bourgeois*" and regard as the enemies of the Revolution, have been forced by poverty to adopt a mode of life which is almost monastic in its simplicity.

The worker would be indignant if you were to accuse him of *bourgeois* tendencies. He has his own conception of what a *bourgeois* is. It is, I need hardly say, a grotesque conception, and one which has been largely shaped for him by the revolutionary literature and the theatre. A *bourgeois* has a red face, a double chin, and a big stomach, is fond of tango, good dinners, and drink. It would seem that he wears a top hat and evening clothes all day long; and he is incessantly making love to other men's wives.

It is not suggested that the workman, too, is not fond of good living—it is even argued that he is entitled to it. But his good living, it is claimed, is done in a quite different atmosphere. No evening dress, no table decoration—none of this *bourgeois* nonsense. To such a state have things come in Russia that if one dresses smartly, or requires a clean tablecloth, or an extra fork or spoon, or polished boots, one is at once accused (good-humouredly, of course) of having "old *bourgeois* prejudices."

In these conditions it is not to be wondered at that the Russian *bourgeoisie* are intensely miserable. They feel that life has lost all the little amenities and refinements which made it worth while, and that everything has become vulgarised. The Scythian, they say, has been resurrected by the Revolution. But sometimes, I think, they are too hard upon the worker and his conduct. The middle classes have always been a little too precise about their manners, a little too anxious to show that behaving properly is second nature to them. Here the Russian aristocrat has proved himself more experienced and tolerant. He did not shrug his shoulders and go into hysterics at seeing the workers eat with their fingers that which "ought" to be eaten with a knife and fork. Now that he has come down in the

world he does not strain himself to keep up false appearances, but has gone into the kitchen with the rest. But the poor *bourgeoisie* cannot get used to their new position: for they are desperately afraid that if they abandon their exterior pretences, nothing will be left of their "culture," a precious word of which they are much too fond.

Meanwhile the political Bolshevik—the Conscious Bolshevik—is, I think, the proper term—disposes of this, as he does of most problems, very simply. He labels everyone who does not approve of his rigid way of thinking as *bourgeois*. When Trotsky, for instance, began to agitate for democratic forms within the Communist Party he and his associates were at once accused of having *bourgeois* tendencies, the most terrible accusation which could be levelled against an orthodox Communist. If so sturdy a revolutionary as Trotsky is thus under suspicion, we can imagine how the ordinary anti-Bolshevik is regarded; the big, black label of "*bourgeois*" is at once affixed to him. This means that henceforth he has no political existence, for anyone who is not a Bolshevik in Soviet Russia is not permitted to be anything else. He is forced to register himself as "non-party"; the mass of the Russian people to-day come under this neutral designation. Is it not strange that in this age a man should have to submit to a questioning by police as to his political convictions, and stranger still that he should have to reply "I am without political views!" which is tantamount to saying "I don't think!" What is more incomprehensible still is that the Bolsheviks imagine that all is well with their system so long as the majority of people are terrorised into answering in this way. Yet when it comes to the education of children they become amiable theorists, insisting that all forms of repression are wrong; and merely lead to deceit and later on to open revolt.

Is there any sign of revolt among the *bourgeoisie* in Soviet Russia? I have heard it said that terror and poverty have robbed them of all vitality, that they have got below the state when rebellion is possible. It is perfectly true that the vitality of the *bourgeoisie* is extremely low. But the State suffers just as much from this fact as they do themselves. The ordinary intellectual employed

in Russia to-day, as I have said, is paid far worse than the worker. The result is that he has no heart in his task and does as little as he possibly can to justify his earnings. Yet the State cannot be altogether without him. If the Revolution has taught one thing it is that "surplus value" is as much the product of brain as of hand.

But not only is the intellectual working at a slow pace, but he is beginning, for the first time for several years, to raise his voice in protest against the treatment which he is receiving. When I was in Leningrad there was a Conference of Engineers, and one delegate got up and spoke in this bold language: "We feel antipathy to our work. What is the reason? We have no prospects. We can't count on agreement with the Communists. They have brought us here to explain why our work does not go hand in hand with theirs. I will tell the real reason. It is simple. The Communists are Materialists. They think that in the first place man must be given the things of necessity. We intelligent people think differently. We say that in the first place we must have the rights of man. Until we have got them we cannot work energetically. The motto that Labour will be the power of the world is not a right one. It is a motto that binds our hands. The power of the world will be the free thought of the free man. That is the only motto under which we can and will work."

In replying to this speech Zinoviev said that from time immemorial the Russian engineers were the most sensitive group of the *bourgeoisie* and Leningrad was one of the most sensitive political centres. "But such rights," he added, "they shall not see so long as a man cannot see his own ears."

And then came this significant utterance: "We clearly see now that people speak in 1924 as they dare not speak in 1918-19 and 20."

The *bourgeoisie* are disarmed, disorganised, and politically helpless. But they survive; they are, as Zinoviev says, a fact. For the Bolshevik plan to succeed it is essential that they be ultimately exterminated. But how this is to be done no one knows. As fast as they are killed off new ones appear; and even the workmen

when they get educated and rise in the world, exhibit precisely those *bourgeois* tendencies which are the plague of Soviet society. We are taught by Christian fatalists that the poor must always be with us. The Bolsheviks, who have certainly not so far disproved this assertion, nevertheless pour ridicule upon it, and rightly so, I think. Perhaps it is the mission of their new religion to teach us that the *bourgeoisie*, too, must always be with us. Man, as a materialist, can go no higher, and thus civilisation jumps from out of the fire into the flame!

While many of the Bolshevik leaders are in despair at the growth of the *bourgeois* class, and admit that they do not know whither the Revolution is drifting, others are more optimistic. These last say that the direction is right—Soviet Russia is on the way to the creation of the Perfect Man. Such idea has seized upon many people who talk about it enthusiastically, as though it were a vision of the second coming of Christ—or Lenin, dare I say?

How queer that the divine image of perfection should shine forth so luminously amid all the filth and degradation of the Revolution! Myerhold, the producer, has turned his dramatic school into a human laboratory, where he is endeavouring to create a new type of actor in his scientific quest for perfection! Dr. Siemashko, the Commissar for Health, is striving to bring up the new generation after the manner of Greek Gods. Trotsky has suddenly gone mad on culture. He dreams of a world composed of Communist nobility. But men of the Zinoviev type imagine perfection to be plenitude; they laugh at the wide girth of the capitalist, but are themselves as gross as the Moscow merchant of Tsarist times. And to the proletarians they sing the old, old tune, so familiar in the West, work harder and you will grow rich and fat. But the worker does not respond. In spite of all the prattle about the dignity of labour, he hates his job—it is dirty and tedious. And so the Revolution hangs in mid-air. It set out to lead the proletarians somewhere, but where it does not know. The truth is that Leninism has ended where all religions began: in the quest for the Perfect Man.

THE ORIGINS OF FASCISM AND THE EVOLUTION OF MUSSOLINI

BY LINA WATERFIELD

FASCISM has always reminded me of the magic mirror in the fairy tales of childhood in which each one found reflected the image he most desired to see. For some people Fascism has been a new religion with a touch of mysticism, to others it is a training in false values for the young. Many say that it saved Italy from a Bolshevik revolution, D'Annunzio called it "the slavery of the labourers," and every day opinion spreads that any good it may have done is dearly bought, since it has divided Italy into two camps of bitterest enmity. The Pope is reported to have remarked upon the difficulty of forming any opinion of the movement as it varied in every province, while a prominent politician added "in every Fascist." This confusion of ideas is not really surprising. Its attractive battle cry, "*Per l'Italia*," drew to its standard vast numbers of people of all classes and political creeds, who were suffering from post-war discontent, especially after it dropped Socialist tenets and put in its place a salad Russe programme, wherein everyone found pickings to his taste; and it was organised by a group of revolutionary Socialists of republican tendencies, who changed their ideas with lighthearted ease and harnessed an elaborate system of trade-unions to reactionary conservatism, playing the part simultaneously of defenders of Capital and of Labour. Italians who were not carried away on the tide gazed at this new Janus-faced creation with alarm. In England the situation seemed quite simple and eminently satisfactory—the trains arrived punctually and there were no strikes; also the Fascists looked so picturesque; and the story of Mussolini, "the blacksmith's son," was romantic. It was nice to think how he had been converted in the trenches from Socialism and all the other "isms," had saved Italy, and perhaps Europe, from Sovietism, and consequently was basking in the sunshine

of general approbation, with the exception of a few blind citizens whom he scornfully points to as "subversives." Now that the glamour of Fascism is passing away, and many ardent hopes have died down almost as rapidly as they rose, it becomes easier to sift the facts and try to understand why so many patriotic Italians either held aloof from the movement or have cut themselves free from it.

I

Don Sturzo, leader of the Christian Democrats, sums up the situation during the last thirty years clearly when he points out that the moral unity of Italy has three times been broken. The first schism was caused by the *non expedit* of Pope Leo X in 1895, which gradually was healed when the veto on Catholics voting was removed by Pius X, enabling the constitution of the Popular Party, composed of Christian Democrats. This "religious crisis" was followed in 1918 by an economic crisis known as "the Bolshevik period," but although it produced a turbid political and social situation, the State remained intact in its prerogatives and significance. "The crisis of Fascism is a moral crisis and constitutional crisis, invading the State in order to transform it into a party instrument, undermining law and order and constitutional principles."¹

II

The spirit of Fascism sprang from out the fierce struggle of 1914-15, when Italy was wellnigh torn in two by neutralists and pro-war enthusiasts, deriving from her complex position as a former ally of the Central Powers, and from the fact that Rome was the seat of the Papacy, an international Power of great moral force which had many reasons for not being altogether on the side of the Allies. The struggle proved to be of such a bitter nature that the country remained sharply divided, still discussing intervention and the war long after the war was over—indeed, a truce has not as yet been signed. The disgraceful attitude taken up by the Communists and extreme

(1) Reported in the *Corriere della Sera*, September 7th, 1924, p. 2.

Socialists towards the soldiers during the war and afterwards still further aggravated the situation: by every insult heaped upon those who had most distinguished themselves at the Front they sought to turn the wine of victory into a poisoned cup, and the Red Flag triumphed instead of the Tricolour. The strong reaction which followed resulted in a deification of the war and of military decorations by the Military-Nationalist-Fascist Party, which many patriotic Italians say acts as a vampire on the life of the nation. The raising of Yugo-Slavia on to a level with Italy at Versailles, where she felt like "the Cinderella of Europe," was also a spoke in her wheel of internal peace. Out of this situation, as much psychological as political, seeds of a deadly feud were sown among Italians, who all loved their country in different ways.

The men who helped to bring Italy into the war, and fought in it, did so from very different motives. Action was at first the main factor: Idealists, Utopians, Realists, Nationalists, Radicals, Independent Socialists, all worked together in harmony for the common end of victory; but after the Armistice motives began to exercise a determining influence. Upon the occasion of a speech by Bissolati at the Scala Theatre, Milan, in January, 1919, which acted like a watershed upon public opinion, the pro-war party separated into two enemy camps.

Idealist, Socialist, and Patriot, revered by all parties for his qualities of mind and character, Bissolati was listened to with additional attention as he had fought in the trenches, although nearly sixty, was wounded three times, and only left the Front when forced to take office in the Boselli Ministry. He stood for Wilsonian principles, which involved some territorial and material sacrifices on the part of Italy, but he did not justify America's attitude towards Fiume, and suggested that it should be given to Italy in exchange for Sebenico, the Dalmatian town promised to her in the Pact of London. Those who agreed with the principles laid down by Bissolati, and afterwards supported the Giolitti-Sforza foreign policy, aiming at friendly relations with their neighbours on the opposite

coast, were stigmatised as "renouncers" and unpatriotic in the Military-Nationalist camp, which was determined to uphold the claims of Italy in the Adriatic and to extract the full value of the Italian victory in spite of the Treaty of Versailles. The great Liberal paper, *Il Corriere della Sera*, held very strongly the opinion that the acquisition of Dalmatia would in no way benefit Italy, and it tried to dissipate any illusions in the country, knowing that Fiume (not included in the Pact of London) would never be handed over to Italy as well as Dalmatian territory. It should be remembered to the credit of Signor Mussolini that as Prime Minister, faced with realities, he became a "renouncer" in his turn.

At the time of the Bissolati speech the Fiume campaign was being actively engineered by a military *Fascio*, which could boast of a million ex-Service men, professing a strong Nationalist programme and determined to make their rule felt. The rallying flag was held by Gabriele d'Annunzio, who claimed to be somewhat of a creator, and was regarded at this time as the essence of *Italianità* by his followers. His plastic work upon the mind of young Italy had begun some years previous to the war; his fine tragedy of the sea called *La Nave* referred to the Adriatic Sea as *Mare nostro*, the entrance to another sea which also has been baptised in more recent days as *Mare nostro*. In all his writings he intensified the Mazzinian tradition of Italy's mission: "Italy is to be a model for the world."

About this time (March, 1919) another *Fascio* was founded by Mussolini, with the support of a group of revolutionaries and ex-Service men, as a menace to the "renouncers," in order to proclaim "the vindication of the Italian victory and of the rights of the soldiers," as well as "to obstruct by every means the candidature in Parliament and communal elections of neutralists of all parties." The battle cry was "For the greatness of Italy and the liberation of the world."

D'Annunzio and Fiume greatly increased the reputation of Mussolini, who only enjoyed a local reputation at the time. The first Fascist committee held for the elections in 1919 was under the patronage of the poet-soldier,

and the walls of Milan proclaimed the fact: "Whosoever votes for the Fascist *bloc*, votes for Fiume, for Gabriele d'Annunzio, and for the greatness of Italy."

- In a speech made at Bologna on April 3rd, 1921, Mussolini laid the seal on the new movement, which was to prove the practical application of Nationalism and of reactionary Conservatism:—

After our victory, when there arose that school of more or less democratic renunciation, we Fascists had the supreme, unprejudiced courage to say that we were Imperialists and anti-renouncers. We fought our first battle at the Scala Theatre in January, 1919. What! We had conquered, we had conquered for all; we had sacrificed all the best of our youth, and they came to us with bills like usurers and moneylenders! They strove with us for the sacred boundaries of our country, and there were democrats in Italy whose democracy consists in encouraging Imperialism in others and denying it for ourselves, who flung absurd accusations at us simply because we insisted that Italy's northern frontier should be the Brenner, where it shall remain as long as there is the blood of one Italian in Italy! We insisted that our eastern confine should be at Mount Nevoso, because those are the just, natural boundaries of our country. We were not blind to the sufferings of Fiume; we bore in our heart the agony of our brothers in Dalmatia; and, lastly, we felt ourselves joined by living, vital ties of race not only to the Italians of Zara, Ragusa, and Cattaro, but to the Italians of Canton Ticino, to those Italians who no longer care to be Italians, to those of Corsica, to those beyond the seas, to this great family of fifty millions of men whom we wish to unite in the same bond of pride of race.

Mussolini points out in another speech how Lloyd George speaks openly of an English Empire, adding: "Imperialism is the foundation stone for every people tending to economic and spiritual expansion. What differentiates Imperialisms are the means adopted." He makes it clear that Italian Imperialism will not be that of some other nations, and there are some pointed references to the oilfields of Armenia.

It followed that a man professing these tenets, and with a keen sense as to the direction of the wind, should throw himself heartily into the Fiume campaign. He applauded the march on Fiume as "a revolutionary act," and called the officers and soldiers of the regular army who took part in it "magnificent deserters." He published in his paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, D'Annunzio's famous letter to the Dalmatians, which so irritated the French, abused

Wilson and the Allies, and opened a subscription for the Fiume cause which brought in over two millions of lire. Under the Nitti Government whole columns were censored, but the editor explained matters in Fascist style:—

Censored by order of that swine Nitti, most despicable Bourbonic Minister. We cry out under your snout: *Evviva Fiume Italiano! Evviva D'Annunzio!*

Over and over again the paper warned the Government that if it tried to suppress the insurrection of Fiume in blood Italy would rise, which encouraged D'Annunzio to flout his own Government and the Allies. The Poet-Tribune and the Fascist leader worked together in harmony until the Treaty of Rapallo in the autumn of 1920, which proved such a bitter disillusionment to the Legionaries and their adherents. They had always hoped that the Government and the Allies would officially recognise the occupation of Fiume once the *coup* had been made, but Mussolini had too much political flare to ignore the Treaty, and his orders now were to accept it as best result of a bad bargain. D'Annunzio continued to strike out blindly. When Giolitti sent ships and soldiers to drive "the Regent" out of Fiume, news reached Italy that D'Annunzio was dead, but not a single Fascist moved an inch. In answer to the poet's gibes Mussolini retorted that he did not carry revolution about in his pocket like *une boîte à surprise*.

Broken-hearted to find that the Fiume Regency was but a castle in the air, and weighed down and bewildered by the financial network of conflicting interests closing round Trieste and Fiume, D'Annunzio retired to ostentatious solitude on Lake Garda, which became a Mecca for discontented intriguers from every part of the world.

After the failure of the Fiume campaign all eyes turned towards Mussolini, the man of action, a born leader and organiser: the army hailed him as a precious successor to D'Annunzio, crowds of the Legionaries passed over to his Fascio, while Giolitti drew him rapidly within the Government orbit, and Agrarians, Industrials and small tradesmen, still shaken by the fear of Communism, willingly contributed vast sums a year to his party funds.

Besides D'Annunzio's mantle, Mussolini took over a rich booty of Imperial symbols, elaborate Roman gestures and songs of youth and incitement. "*Eja, Eja, Alala*"¹ is the old war-cry of the followers of Eneas, so the poet-soldier tells us, which he used one night in the summer of 1917 when his air-squadron floated victoriously over Pola. He asks now with some bitterness:

Do the boys who now shout it in triumph over useless violence, or unjust retaliation, ever stop to think of the hour of high endeavour which consecrated it anew to modern Italy?

III

The first period of Fascism, sometimes called "*La Passione di Fiume*," closed with the Treaty of Rapallo in the autumn of 1920; the second period—"the campaign of the Socialist Labour organisations and the Communes"—ended on October 28th, 1922, with the "March on Rome"; the third period—"the installation of a Fascist State"—is still in progress.

As the energy of Italy has always pulsed through her municipal life, and public opinion is formed in her provincial towns,² Mussolini knew that if only the communes were captured, Rome would fall at his feet like a ripe plum. To make himself doubly secure he continued upon these lines after he had become Premier; 474 communes and 32 provincial councils were arbitrarily dissolved up to October 31st, 1923. Punitive expeditions were organised, led by young Fascists in motor lorries, armed to the teeth and sometimes possessed of machine guns, who seized town halls, encamped before cities, and, in short, brought the mediæval chronicles up to date. Mussolini hurled his well-organised forces full tilt against the Socialists, not because of their Socialism, since he himself flourished a red programme of his own at this time, but because they had obtained possession of most of the communes directly after the war, and also because of their anti-nationalist foreign

(1) This may be part of the Greco-Roman history which Papini says in his *Stroncatore* D'Annunzio culled from his children's Encyclopædia.

(2) By far the most influential papers are provincial, the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan and the *Stampa* of Turin.

policy. As it destroyed, Fascism had to build up something for the thousands of disbanded workmen, and an elaborate system of trade-unions known as National Syndicalism was launched in June of 1922, which aimed, through corporations of the different trades, to discipline industry and labour. As it was Fascist, capitalists, big and small, welcomed it as a good experiment; the labourer was less enthusiastic. The idea on paper was to abolish all class warfare, Labour and Capital co-operating towards the prosperity of the nation. Mussolini himself this year acknowledged that it was not successful as at present organised, and certainly there is a growing call for liberty of labour associations. The story of Molinella, the little Socialist stronghold near Bologna, which owes its economic life to thirty years of co-operatives, proves the uselessness of compulsory organisation, as well as the excellent and tenacious qualities of the country people. For three years the majority have refused to enter the Fascist trade-unions, and sooner than do so they are ready to live by eating grass by the roadside.

"Our co-operatives are burnt to the ground," the women told me, "our horses sold, our machinery put up to auction, our winter foodstuffs have been seized. Some of our men are in hiding, we do not know where—or else they are without work because they are not Fascists. . . . They are beaten, and we must look on."

I shall never forget those women of the Romagna, calmly courageous, hard-working, and most courteous to the stranger. Since, one of their men was killed by the Fascist "Ras," who exercised his political functions for thirteen months with a warrant out against him, only giving himself up under Government and party pressure.

When most of the Socialist municipal administrations, labour exchanges and co-operatives had fallen into the hands of the Fascists, they turned their attention towards the Popular Party (the Christian Democrats led by Don Sturzo), whose main following were the peasants, while the Socialists held the day labourers. Later, as Fascist appetites increased, Radicals and even Liberals, treated with scant courtesy, were ousted from civic administrations. Mussolini's characteristic in tactics has always been an un-

compromising attitude to all parties and to all men. "For me or against me" is his formula. No alliance of parties has been possible with Fascism, only servitude and oblivion of political principles. Believing implicitly in force, Fascism carried out a system of organised violence throughout Italy, though at the same time Mussolini declared that "it was not a school, still less a pleasure. We are violent whenever it is necessary to be so. But I tell you at once that the necessary violence of Fascism must have a line and a style of its own which should be distinctly aristocratic, or, if you prefer it, distinctly surgical." Another famous dictum of his is: "Neutralists have never dominated events: they have merely endured them; it is blood which makes the sounding wheels of history revolve." One of his latest remarks was made to a French journalist this October: "No Government need fall unless it wants to." His party militia owes something to Machiavelli's *Prince*.

IV

Was Italy really in danger of revolution after the war, did Fascism save her, and was all the destruction of life and property necessary, and the exile of working-men from their homes? The answers given are curiously contradictory. Many clung to Fascism as to a raft, and Liberals salved their conscience by rather ingenuously maintaining that, like the fisherman in the *Arabian Nights*, Mussolini would entice the jinnee of violence back into the bottle directly he came to power. In order to justify the continuation of violence at the end of two years as Premier, he periodically brings out the spectre of Communism and assiduously dusts it.

The Opposition, which numbers seven parties, entrenched on the Aventine since the assassination of Signor Matteotti, declare that the story of the Bolshevik period in Italy was much exaggerated, and that the Fascists not only started their campaign against Communism when all real danger was past, but in many cases encouraged the transgressors.

Apart from the fact that Italy is not the right shape for

revolution,¹ the would-be revolutionaries were only capable of talking of the blessings of Sovietism, for no Italian Communist leader had any clear idea of the inner workings of the Russian machinery. The only men with brains and technical ability capable of leading an efficacious revolution followed Turati, "Father of Italian Socialism," a man who has consistently preached against violence and revolution for thirty years, and all through the troubled post-war period did his best to act as a drag on the extremists. The impossibility of any serious revolution taking place in Italy was proved beyond discussion when, in the autumn of 1920, the workers gave up the factories of their own accord and returned to work, having realised their total impotence to carry on industry without capital and expert knowledge. Giolitti, with sardonic foresight, had allowed them to make this great experiment rather than drive them out at the point of the sword and risk civil war. A further blow was given to the revolutionary parties when Turati's followers consented to his proposal at this time to separate completely from the Communists and the Moscovite Socialists (known as the Maximillists), and it was formally carried out at the Socialist congress at Leghorn in January of 1921, when the *Turatiani* took the name of *Socialisti Unitari*.

Don Sturzo, as a leader of a mass party, who believes in evolution as a fundamental principle, not in revolution or violence, must also be given credit at this time for stemming the tide of Communism, though later the extremists in his party gave considerable trouble to landed proprietors, and were less easy to deal with than the Socialists. But the real saviours of Italy were undoubtedly the people themselves, who soon went back to work, once the mirage of Russia was dissipated, when the Italian Socialist delegates had returned from their voyage of inspection, and brought no expected offers of ships of corn from "Comrade Lenin." A signal proof of the industry of the people and that the Governments were not so incompetent as usually made out is the fact that the internal debt, which

(1) Newspapers published in Turin and Milan at 6 a.m. reach Rome at 8.30 p.m. An aeroplane service will one day unite north and south.

was twenty-three milliards after the war, diminished to three when Signor Mussolini took over the Government. The Italian countryman is eminently sane and peace-loving; politics and parties are closed books to him, into which he has no curiosity to peer. "Whatever Government is in power, it is all the same, one must work," he says, and certainly he is not only industrious, but works as though he enjoyed work and took an interest in it. A Roman cabman of my acquaintance, who, unlike the peasant, finds a connection between politics and the forces of nature, talked to me last year about the fine harvest and the abundant vintage. "Ah!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "it is evident that we have a strong Government at last!"

V

It has not been mere caprice, party differences or only a disgust of violence which threw so many leading Italians and patriots into the ranks of the opposition. They considered that the whole Fascist movement had been initiated and supported with criminal frivolity, and severely blamed the sane elements in the country which had pronounced in its favour without probing into the political past of the "revolutionaries" or looking ahead to see what effect a *coup d'état* would have upon the Constitution. There was even a question about the leader's patriotism. Some people had not forgotten his remarks at Voltre di Civitella in his native Romagna on July 2nd, 1910, at the time of Crispi's Libyan campaign:—

The proletariat must not pour out its precious blood as a holocaust to the Moloch of patriotism. The national flag is a rag to be planted on a dung-heap.¹

There is an idea that Signor Mussolini instinctively understood the necessity of Italian intervention directly the war broke out.² As a matter of fact, he was for "absolute neutrality to the end of the conflict" until the autumn of 1914, when he miraculously changed his

(1) See *Lotta di classe*, July 2nd, 1919.

(2) *The Awakening of Italy*, by L. Villari, p. 19. (Methuen.)

opinions and founded the *Popolo d'Italia* as a clarion call to all Italy to take up arms on the side of the Allies. One must remember that Monsieur Barrère was French Ambassador in Rome. Just before this date Signor Mussolini (then editor of the Socialist *Avanti*) had written an article in answer to Signor Sergio Panunzio (now a member of the Fascist Government), who was sustaining the pro-war party cause in the Nationalist organ, *L'Idea Nazionale*, in which he said:

Ah! we have it at last—the war is destined to increase the prestige of the ruling House, of the Army and the State. Excellent! But you tell us nothing new, gentlemen; and it is precisely for these reasons that we do not want war, because the goal we aim at is diametrically opposed to them. We aim at destroying the prestige of the ruling House, of the Army, and of the State.¹

From articles in the *Popolo d'Italia* we also find that Signor Mussolini, Michele Bianchi (one of those originally entrusted with the "reform" of the Italian Constitution), and Cesare Rossi (late chief of the Government Press Bureau and now awaiting his trial for complicity in the assassination of Signor Matteotti) were inciting and encouraging Labour to hazardous experiments at a time when Fascism now boasts to have been "putting down Bolshevism." They praised the agrarian strike of Novara in March, 1919, supported the railway strikes in May against Bonomi, the Socialist Minister, opposed Turati, who was against the raiding of shops and farms as a protest to the profiteers, and heralded the occupation of the factories by the workmen as "a movement of exclusively Syndicalist conception learnt in the good school of Sorel." The very first occupation of a factory was at Dalmine, near Bergamo, where 2,000 workers, followers of Fascist Syndicalists, hoisted the tricolour flag, which pleased Signor Mussolini at the time, and he hastened to Dalmine to tell them that they were "inaugurating a new era." Lanzillo, in the *Popolo d'Italia*, January 16th, 1920, was insisting upon "the railways for the railwaymen," and Mussolini and Cesare Rossi affirmed the legitimacy of strikes in public services.

(1) *L'Avanti*, September 13th, 1914.

In January, 1920, Signor Turati organised a great meeting in Milan against strikes and violence.

In order to follow out the study of Fascist "continuity" one must look up the political posters printed at the *Popolo d'Italia* and issued as the programme of the *Fascio Italiano di Combattimento*. It was called "sanely Italian, revolutionary, because anti-dogmatic and anti-demagogic . . . we place the vindication of the revolutionary war above all things and all people. The other problems, such as bureaucracy, schools, colonies, etc., we shall tackle when we have created a ruling class." It included a heavy progressive tax on capital, heavy succession dues, and an 85 per cent. levy on war profits; technical labour control of industry, abolition of the Senate, confiscation of religious property and Episcopal revenues, and the institution of a National Militia with short periods of instruction and an exclusive object for home defence. They asked for the nationalisation of munition factories, and a national foreign policy which should assert the rights of the Italian nation in the pacific competition of the civilised world. The programme was only dropped in 1921, when Fascism was patronised by well-to-do burghers and capitalists whose nerves were still shaken from post-war tumults.

A Reactionary Government, such as the one which Signor Mussolini finally inaugurated, could certainly not carry out these reforms. Instead it dropped the scheme of levying taxes on war profiteers, suppressed the inquiry into Army contracts, and abolished the succession duty and proceeded to establish a party militia, fully armed, so as to evade the squalls brought about by that awkward personage—Public Opinion.

PIONEER MEDICAL WOMEN

[A Record and a Remembrance.]

BY FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER

WHILE the foundation of the first Medical School for Women, of which the jubilee has been celebrated this year, was an important landmark in the history of the entry of women into modern medicine, it was not the pioneer work.

When the first British Register of Medical Practitioners was established by Act of Parliament in 1858 there was no medical education open to women in this country, and no examination that those educated elsewhere could essay. One woman, indeed, got her name placed on that first register, by virtue of a provision in the Act that any person with acceptable credentials from some source, and already engaged in medical work in this country, might *de facto* claim admission to a place on the register. Under this clause Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., of the University of Geneva, New York State, but at that moment working in this country, presented her certificates and testimonials, and was admitted to the register.

This was of importance, as it established once for all that sex was not to be a disqualification for legal practice in this country. But no other woman could ever gain admission to this position in the same way; it was a concession to existing interests, and all future would-be legally accepted practitioners must fulfil the obligations laid down, take specified courses of study, and pass certain examinations. Unregistered practitioners under that Act are in an impossible position. They cannot give certificates of the cause of death or any other valid medical certificates, or sue for unpaid fees, or hold any public or hospital appointments, or meet other doctors in consultation. In our own time a qualified doctor has been expelled from the register for the offence of giving anæsthesia to a patient for the wonderful operations of Sir Herbert Barker. In short, to be unregistered is in this country to be an outlaw in the healing profession. So it was an

important fact that Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell was placed on the register in 1859.

She was of English parentage and birth, but her parents having emigrated when she was an infant, she had been brought up in America. When she resolved to become a doctor the idea was perfectly new, but after much effort she was received as a student at the Geneva University, took a brilliant degree, and came to England to obtain post-graduate study. She was made welcome as early as 1850 at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. By permission of the authorities she attended some courses of lectures, and "followed in the wards," with their sanction, and with "the utmost consideration from the students," both physicians and surgeons. The one department to which she was refused access was that of the diseases of women. The Professor of that subject said that "he declined to admit her to his wards as he entirely disapproved of a lady studying medicine."

Amongst the friends that Miss Blackwell made in England, one of the most valued was Florence Nightingale. Dr. Blackwell herself told me that Miss Nightingale deeply longed to join her in full medical study, but was prevented by home influences. "She was just a young lady chafing against her restrictions at that time."

I knew Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell in her old age; and what struck me specially about her was her deprecating, her almost timid, manner, her nearly exaggerated gentleness: as if accustomed to apologise for existing just as she was, wise and learned. I observed the same manner in some other of the real pioneers. It was truly *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. No doubt it was really the adaptation to environment by which a new type survives, for the case, in the middle of last century, was still much as it had been a hundred years before, when a woman of great acquirements, Elizabeth Carter, wrote that "a woman must have great sweetness of manner and disposition to get *forgiven* for being learned"! It was anyhow better than the brusquerie, the coldness, the hardness that some of the women to step forth later as leaders assumed, as a sort of protective shell, no doubt, but unfortunately.

Dr. Blackwell returned to America and founded a hospital and subsequently a medical school for women in New York. In a few years she had the satisfaction of not only seeing similar institutions founded in many other States, but of knowing that "in several long-established colleges women were received on equal terms with men as students." All this was accomplished before anything was done in our country.

Six years later than Dr. Blackwell a second woman gained admission to the register. Miss Elizabeth Garrett, afterwards known as Mrs. Garrett Anderson, obtained a complete course of tuition, but for herself alone, often by means of paying very high fees to her individual teachers. She then passed the examination required for the Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Society, and was thus entitled (in 1865) to be, and in due course was, "registered." Immediately after, however, the Council of the Apothecaries' Society formally decided not to admit any more students to examination unless they could present certificates of having attended courses of lectures at some one of several specified "recognised" schools. Now no one of those schools would admit women. Therefore the door through which Elizabeth Garrett had entered was effectually shut against other women.

The true pioneer of medical women in this country was Sophia Jex-Blake, born in 1840. She was the daughter of well-to-do parents; her brother was the well-known headmaster of Rugby. Great sums were spent on his education and advancement, but his sister only obtained leave to take one year's higher education at Queen's College by "going into hysterics, which frightened the poor old man," her father. She taught mathematics at the same college for a time, but without pay, in deference to that same "poor old man," who assured her that if she took any fees for her work it would "debase your standing and place yourself in a position that people in general will *never as long as you live* understand otherwise than as *greatly* to your discredit." Such was the attitude taken up by the majority of respectable parents in those days. However, his daughter cherished the hope of one day founding a great school for girls, and was visiting America

to study the education of women there, when her father's death set her free to "follow her call"—to open medical study and practice to her countrywomen.

That call came in Boston, U.S.A., where she made the acquaintance of Dr. Lucy Sewall, and sat with her in her dispensary. "Thirty-four cases were heard and helped. Dr. Sewall with such kindly ready sympathy, and such clear firm treatment—undoubtedly the right person in the right place." She saw there, moreover, how many women really preferred doctors of their own sex, "by the crowds that come on the four days of the week when the lady physicians are in charge, and the handful that comes on the other two days, when men preside."

Her mind made up to study medicine, she immediately came to certain good and wise decisions. One was not to graduate at any *women's* college, but to try to open the only path by which women could enter upon medical work on a footing of equal dignity and importance with their male brethren, namely, by following precisely the same course of study and submitting to identical examinations and tests with those that men fulfilled. Her second great determination was not to seek a medical career for herself alone, but to open the road to an equal medical standing with men for all other women who wished to follow.

She returned to England, and at first proposed to try Cambridge, but was urged by Professor Henry Sidgwick to refrain, in order "not to harden a mass of fluid prejudice." He advised trying Edinburgh University, and gave her a letter of introduction to Professor David Masson. That distinguished Professor of English and man of letters proved from first to last her greatest helper. Sir James Young Simpson was still living, and threw his influence into the scale on her behalf. But the Nestor of the University, Professor Christison, was an uncompromising opponent throughout. Later on he took it upon himself to intimate that Queen Victoria had expressed to him her utter disapproval of women studying medicine, which had a mischievous effect at the time. But the good Queen soon made amends. She was begged by a personal message from an Indian Maharanee to send medical aid

to her shut-in women subjects of India, and, after inquiry, Her Majesty charged Lady Dufferin with a special mission to aid in supplying, which, of course, involved first educating, medical women to work in the Indian zenanas.

In Edinburgh, Miss Jex-Blake set herself by interviews, meetings, letters to the newspapers, and all possible means to form a public opinion in favour of medical women, and largely with success. On the other hand, a petition was presented to the University Court, signed by 180 male students, against the admission of women "because of the difficulty that would be felt by male students in following certain courses in company with ladies." Similarly, later on, when it was a question of allowing women medical students to study in the wards of the Royal Infirmary, an adverse petition was signed by 500 students of the other sex. Their delicacy, though not hurt by the presence of female nurses, and not extending so far as to feel the least objection to the exposure and treatment of female patients before a crowd of callow youths, would, they declared, be terribly offended by the presence of half a dozen other women as fellow students.

After various checks and much discussion, the University authorities determined to admit women, and a series of rules for them was inserted in the *Calendar*, the official publication giving intending students particulars of the courses, fees, and degrees open to them. This set of rules began: "Women shall be admitted to the study of medicine in the University." "There shall be separate classes for women only." "All women attending such classes shall be subject to all the regulations now or at any future time in force as to the matriculation of students, their attendance at classes, examinations and otherwise."

Nothing could be more explicit as an invitation to women to go up to that school of learning. When trouble developed, it was said that Miss Jex-Blake and those who joined her at first had "forced themselves into the University." At all events, that could not be said of me and the others who "joined up" after the above was inserted in the *Calendar*. *We* were invited!

The Autumn Session, 1869-1870, began happily. Only

four women in all had "joined up" as yet behind Miss Jex-Blake: Mrs. Thorne, Miss Pechey, Miss Chaplin, and Mrs. de Lacy Evans. The five candidates sat at the matriculation examination, and all passed. The first year's classes—chemistry, physiology and anatomy—were arranged. The fees were far higher than for the male students, though even then the Professors could not feel themselves adequately compensated. For practical anatomy (that is, dissecting) the women had to pay £100 for a six months' course. Of this, Miss Jex-Blake herself supplied one-third, for two of her fellow-students were not rich. She made up her mind to spend £1,000 from her own fortune in this cause, if needful. "I feel sure," she wrote, "that one does more good in thus concentrating one's energies and one's funds to get one thing done thoroughly, than in frittering away lots of small sums in charity. It is a grand thing to enter the first University ever opened to women."

Miss Jex-Blake and Miss Pechey set up housekeeping together at 15, Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh. Edith Pechey was a handsome, dark girl, then twenty-four years old. She was one of those "not rich," for she was a governess in a private family before "joining up." She was clever and industrious and in earnest. She at once showed special capacity for chemistry, and when the Professor of this subject, Dr. Crum Brown, held his own end-of-the-term examination for his male and female pupils alike, in March, 1870, it was found that the lady student's name came out in the third place, which was really the first place for a first year's student, as the two men above her had each taken the same course in the previous year also.

Now this success of one of the few women over the many men might have passed with only some secret sex-jealousy but for the unfortunate fact that there were four "Hope Scholarships" belonging as of right to the four students whose names headed this list. Miss Pechey had therefore become entitled to one of these scholarships, which carried the privilege of free use of the college laboratory for future work. This advantage was, of course,

an invaluable aid to an earnest student. But then it was stipulated by the University that the women students "should only work in separate classes."

The Professor was equal to the emergency. Whether out of his own unaided genius, sense of justice, love of fair play, and respect for his own accepted financial and moral obligation, or whether assisted by deliberations on the subject with other gentlemen of honour and learning cannot be known. But what he determined to do was this: he declared that, as the ladies had studied separately, they were *not* members of his University class, and therefore not entitled to honours and pecuniary aids provided for the leading students in the class. He had, indeed, issued a class list of honours in which the ladies' names appeared in place as his students according to the marks each had gained. But he now refused to give them certificates of having attended his "University class," although such certificates were absolutely indispensable for their later examination for University degrees!

The matter was referred to the Senatus, and a decision as grotesquely unfair as that of the Professor himself was arrived at, but not the same decision. The Senatus declared that the class *was* certainly to be counted as the ordinary University one, entitling the women students to examination; but also that the woman who had won the prize for excellence in that class just should not have it!

By a curious coincidence this Hope Scholarship was founded with the proceeds of courses of lectures on chemistry given years before by a previous Professor, Dr. Hope, to ladies. Those earlier students had been so numerous—though drawn, of course, by love of learning pure and simple, as there was no notion then of professional training—that Dr. Hope had made over £1,000 profit from them. How touching, how tragic, indeed, are the indications in history, such as this one, of the aptitude for and the love of learning wasted and suppressed in the women of the past, generation after generation!

Professor Crum Brown now announced that he would never carry on another separate chemistry class for women students. The University authorities, it must be under-

stood, had not undertaken to arrange or order that any classes for women should exist, but only had declared that any Professor who was willing might hold a class for women. Such was the disastrous end of Edith Pechey's too brilliant success!

Some of the men students were now making themselves disagreeable. They "shut doors in our faces, ostentatiously crowded into the seats we generally occupied, burst into horse laughs as we approached," and generally devoted themselves to making the women's position uncomfortable. The ladies took no notice, walked as if unseeing and unhearing through the hostile groups of young men, and continued their studies as unconcernedly and with as much absorption as they could. But anybody must understand how much nerve force must have been wasted in suppressing their indignation, and how much the mental attitude desirable for the student must have been disturbed by resentment of such male rudeness.

It all culminated, on November 18th, 1870, in the "riot at Surgeon's Hall," which attracted universal attention in the Press.

When the women students arrived in sight of the College of Surgeons gates they found the space occupied by a mob. Some two hundred medical students, as a practical method of demonstrating their own fitness for the exclusive right to treat sick women in the future, had organised a sort of sex demonstration. They sang rowdy songs, they shouted, they hindered the ladies' approach to the gate. The women students were "bespattered with mud from head to foot," and foul language, purposely couched in medical phrases, affronted their ears. As they passed through the mob it opened to allow their passage, but as they reached the gate it was slammed in their faces. They stood outwardly calm, but within they surely thought of Calvary.

Not all the students there were heart and soul in this conspiracy. Some cried "shame," and some—"Sanderson, Robert Wilson and George Hoggan" are mentioned—bravely came to the rescue. The last named was destined a few years later to become the husband of a

medical woman who was at that time peacefully pursuing her studies at Zurich. These generous young men forced open a small leaf of the gate, and the ladies entered. Their friends amongst the men then organised a bodyguard, who escorted the women between their homes and the school until this aid seemed no longer required.

The incident, however, brought more trouble. Miss Jex-Blake at a public meeting named the assistant of one of the Professors as having taken a leading part in the outrageous scene, and he brought an action for libel against her; as her counsel was not allowed by the judge to ask the plaintiff if in fact he had been there and used the language asserted, the jury found justification not proved, and awarded one farthing damages, which the judge in his discretion made carry costs against her. The amount was nearly £1,000. It was entirely raised by a public subscription, but the whole unfortunate business much embittered the controversy. Miss Jex-Blake knew that by unguarded speech and unwise anger she had injured her cause. Nevertheless, this affair brought many friends.

It was immediately after this trial, and as a result of reading of it, that I arrived in Edinburgh to begin the study of medicine. I know now the nervous distress and overstrain from which Miss Jex-Blake was suffering, and I no longer think her so stern and forbidding as I did then. I was a child still—only sixteen. This is now the age at which girls are permitted to begin study, but then it was eighteen, and so I had to anticipate the boys who "joined up" too young in the Great War! Dr. Lucy Sewall was on a visit to Miss Jex-Blake, and I encountered both these ladies at one time, supported only by my mother's presence, and she was not really in sympathy with the proceeding. Dr. Sewall was quite alarming; she wore those terrible spectacles that show the entire eyeball magnified, and as she fixed this piercing gaze upon me I felt an insect under a microscope, but a cheerful, courageous insect, sure of getting out safely presently.

Miss Blake accepted her 'cruite, but she referred my mother for all practical details to Mrs. Isabel Thorne, who was relieving her leader of all such minor duties as she

could. She proved to be a charming, gentle-mannered lady, a young wife (supported by her husband in all she did for her cause) and the mother of a little family. Mrs. Thorne found me a "coach" and a place to live at, and made her house a sort of home during my stay in Edinburgh. Later on she filled a similar motherly place to dozens of other young students at the London School of Medicine for Women, where she was for years the Honorary Secretary, generously resigning the taking of her own medical qualification and practice in order to fulfil this important office to the younger generation of students. Her daughter, Dr. May Thorne, is the present Honorary Secretary of the London School.

I met several times another delightful member of the students of the "First Army," Matilda Chaplin, who afterwards married Professor Ayrton (their daughter is now Mrs. Israel Zangwill). She, too, helped me to see that a medical student could be also a "nice woman." She was gentle and gracious in manner, and I well remember the extraordinary patience with which one evening, just before dinner, she played at "trains" with Mrs. Thorne's small son, moving from one seat to another, some of them being the edge of upturned chairs, and enduring the piercing screams that represented the guard's and engine whistles. I wished the boy in bed, but I admired Matilda Chaplin's womanly "childward care." She was considered to look peculiar, because at a time when skirts were rather voluminous, she wore a gown cut on much the present-day lines, and, as a lady critic put it to me, "looked as if she had only one garment to cover her."

Miss Jex-Blake learned that the intention was formed by the enemy majority in the Senatus not to admit the original students to their first professional examination, which it was now—at the end of their second year's course of study—in order for them to take, and for which they had fulfilled all the requirements. She also heard that it was intended to refuse to admit any more women students to the October matriculation examination—that is, the one for which I was now preparing in Edinburgh under a "coach"—notwithstanding that I and others had been actually invited to come up for that same

examination, by the regulations inserted in the *Calendar* issued by the Senatus, and above quoted.

Miss Jex-Blake thereupon again sought high legal opinion, and received the statement that the Senatus was bound to hold both these examinations, by its own published invitation to women to go to the expense and labour of preparing themselves for such examination.

The Dean of the Medical Faculty did in fact notify us at the very last moment—the evening before the examination—that we should be refused our examination papers. But her lawyers at once sent him “Counsel’s opinion on the legality of your refusal to admit ladies to the preliminary examination in Arts which will take place to-morrow,” to the effect that “you are individually responsible if the refusal is persisted in, and we are instructed to raise an action for damages against you on behalf of each of the three ladies affected.”

Professor Balfour immediately replied that under these circumstances he could not take the responsibility of refusing us admission, “till the matter is decided upon by the proper authorities.” Accordingly, Miss Anna Dahms, Miss Mundy and I presented ourselves, shepherded by Miss Jex-Blake herself, at the examination rooms next morning, and were given seats and papers, which were duly examined by the University examiners.

In like manner, the ladies who were ready for their first professional examination were each informed by Professor Balfour that they would not be examined, and that their fees, “which had been accepted in error,” would be returned to them. Fancy—their examination fees “accepted in error” when they had been for two years matriculated students of the University, and had fulfilled all the rules and requirements laid down for them by the University authorities! However, in the case of this examination also a threat of an action at law led to the withdrawal of the embargo; the women students who were prepared sat, and all who sat passed well.

This attempt of the enemy to keep out the students from examination was purely foolish. They had the game entirely in their own hands, in other ways.

Bitter opposition to the women students on the part of

men teachers and students alike was growing. For instance, the respective Presidents of the College of Physicians and the College of Surgeons openly announced that they would refuse to preside at the prize-giving if the lady students were allowed to present themselves to receive the honours they had gained! Those honours, by the way, were noticeably many.

More disastrous than all else was the decision now come to by the Professors of the “extra-mural school” not to allow any of their members to hold any more classes for women. The first party of women had received most of their instruction in these classes, and if they were now to be closed those, like myself, who were to come on in their turn to those studies would have no teachers ready. Moreover, under University laws, only four courses might be taken from teachers outside the University’s own Professors, and the first party of lady students had perforce already availed themselves of that number of outside teachers. They therefore now applied to the Senatus to allow women to take more outside classes than this rule permitted, or as an alternative to appoint special Professors to hold separate classes for women students of medicine. By a majority of one vote only that body refused to take any steps at all. So the women were faced by a blank wall, or rather a shut and barred door.

It must be borne in mind that the University had not undertaken any definite responsibility to provide teaching for women students. It might certainly be inferred from the wording of the invitation in the *Calendar* that classes would be provided, but there was no plain guarantee that the University would provide such; and as a fact, Miss Jex-Blake and her co-students had arranged all their instruction for themselves. Now they had reached the end of their road, and found it was an impasse—a blind alley! They had taken all the classes outside the University that they would be allowed to take; their further education must perforce be had from Professors of the University, and none of those Professors would consent to teach them, nor would the Senatus take any action to open another way for them.

Everybody could see how cruel was the injury, personal

and pecuniary, thus inflicted on those first seven students, with no fault of their own (save, indeed, that of proving too good students and taking places absurdly high in proportion to their number in the examinations), allowed to go half way through their course and then "hung up."

It was on the consciences of some of the Professors to offer a compromise. It was privately suggested to Miss Jex-Blake that if she would agree that she herself and the other six ladies already half through the course should be permitted to finish it, and get their degrees, wholly as a matter of grace and favour to them, and not to create a precedent or give a claim for others to enter, this would be arranged on behalf of the seven.

Nobly and bravely she refused to be a party to such a compromise. Her aim was not to slip in herself, through a door opened just a crack to admit her and the party she brought up with her, knowing that it was to be immediately shut and barred for all future students.

Most of the handful of women students now gave up the struggle at Edinburgh; my parents, on Mrs. Thorne's advice, removed me for one. Some went to Paris, some to America, some abandoned study for the time. But Miss Jex-Blake remained undaunted. Aided by a large and influential committee that she had now formed, she brought an action at law against the University authorities, asking for a "declaration" that the University was bound to admit female students on equal terms with males. One Court decided in her favour, but, finally, the highest Court of Appeal ruled, by the decision of seven judges against five, that the authorities of the University had acted illegally and *ultra vires* in ever opening the doors to women at all. This decision would naturally govern, or at least affect, any other British university in admitting women. So at last the brave effort of Sophia Jex-Blake was in this direction brought to an end!

What was now to be done? Every other possible opening had been tried in vain already. No university, no medical school connected with a hospital, in all Great Britain was ready to open its doors to women. No examination was available that would allow them to

"register" and so become legally entitled to practise medicine, however complete their private preparation might be.

Miss Jex-Blake decided that the proper step to be next taken was to found a complete medical school for women only, staffed by competent teachers willing to prepare women to pass the ordinary doctor's examinations. London was evidently the proper site for such a new special school. Aided by Mrs. Thorne and by many valuable medical and lay friends, she entered upon this immense undertaking. And she accomplished it. Starting with only £1,300 in hand, she took premises in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, fitted them up sufficiently though poorly, formed a full and highly qualified medical and surgical teaching staff, got together some students, and set fully going the London School of Medicine for Women, at which most of the women doctors of to-day have had their training. The school opened just fifty years ago.

Still, there was no legally qualifying examination or degree open. But by this time the great council of the nation was to some extent interested. The Paladin, the "parfait knight," for women in the House of Commons, Sir James Stansfeld, saw Miss Jex-Blake, and promised her that he would find a Member of Parliament to introduce a Bill not *compelling* but at least making it certain that it was legally permissible for any teaching and examining body in the United Kingdom to arrange for women students. Sir James Stansfeld could not himself bring in such a Bill because he was at the time a member of the Government. But he induced Mr. Cowper-Temple to bring in an Enabling Bill, which was backed also by Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London; and another ever loyal friend to the advance of womanhood, Lord Shaftesbury ("the good Earl"), undertook to present the Bill in the Upper House. After some of the usual delays it was passed, and received the Royal assent in 1876—just seven years after the first opening of Edinburgh University.

It was only, remember, an Enabling Act, and the difficulty of finding the authorities of any one of the then

existing nineteen examining bodies of the United Kingdom willing to avail themselves of this permission to examine women might still have proved impassable. As a fact, however, "The King's and Queen's College of Physicians of Ireland" at once consented to examine women who could show that they had received suitable courses of full medical instruction; and some of the original Edinburgh seven were so qualified to proceed immediately to examination, and passed triumphantly on to the "Register for Great Britain of Qualified Medical Practitioners." Others followed, and many more doors were opened as years went on; and the progress of medical women has been steadily successful, until the Great War came, and set a final seal on their competence as proven. In Serbia first, in Malta, in France, and finally in England, large hospitals for wounded and sick men were entirely staffed by women surgeons; and if anybody wants testimony to their work—well, let them ask the brave patients!

Little by little opposition was converted into favour. Hundreds of women have passed on to the medical register and engaged in practical work. School after school, qualification after qualification, has been opened. One after another of the men's established schools of medicine, forgetting that once mixed education in these matters shocked male feelings too terribly, have offered instruction to men and women together. At the present time women are taught with men at some of the great London hospitals' medical schools, at the universities of Scotland, and at English and Irish provincial schools, as well as alone at the London School for Women; they can take the M.D. degree of all the universities of Great Britain, or the Licentiate and Membership of the conjoint Boards of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians (the qualification that most men practitioners hold), as well as many foreign and Colonial degrees. Surely in the history of the progress of mankind so extraordinary a change was never so quickly worked.

THE STORY OF WOMAN¹

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER VII.—REBELLION AND RESPECTABILITY

I.—*Early Rebels.*

THIS title gives the measure of the nineteenth century, which must not be confounded with the popular expression "Victorian Age." The fifty years extending between 1840 and 1890 were mainly mercantile, pietistic and reactionary; they afforded social justice grudgingly, and cannot impose their reputation upon Darwin and Swinburne. The great men of that day despised their period and its ideals; the period feared and disliked its gifted children. One may perhaps refer to the Victorian blight, but not to the Victorian Age. Moreover, we cannot call Victorian the movements which in other countries produced Abraham Lincoln, Flaubert, Garibaldi, and Wagner. So let us say Victorian Age when we mean everything that is hypocritical, dull, and meanly sensual; when we analyse the period which invented, which philosophised, which fought for liberty, let us say, not "Victorian Age," but "nineteenth century."

The nineteenth century, like its predecessors, stood upon the shoulders of its fathers. It stood upon the great shoulders of Voltaire, on the lesser shoulders of Rousseau. These men laid the foundations; the nineteenth century erected the buildings. It was a time of ideas and of blood; America and France underwent revolution. In that excited atmosphere, when kings were tumbled in the dust by the power of ideas, it was easy to be great. Only two women, Mary Wollstonecraft and Madame de Staël, achieved greatness, but many more suddenly rose out of their obscurity. In the early part of the French Revolution we find a crowd of women clamouring not only for liberty, but for feminine liberty. Women such as Olympe de Gouges, Théroigne de Méricourt, and Renée Audu, were among the first revolutionaries to demand woman's suffrage. Many became public speakers, and appeared at the clubs, even at the great constitutional republican club of the Cordeliers. Also, for the first time in Europe women's clubs formed, and one of these collected three hundred members. In fact, in 1792, during the famine at Lyons it was the women's club that ruled the city and organised supplies. Naturally, the women who set out to do

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great things did small ones, because they were not only women, but also human beings. Frivolity and immorality ensued, as a result of which, in 1793, the clubs were closed by the Convention.

Meanwhile, however, the old-fashioned action of women was showing itself powerful. Women were forming political salons for the promotion of republican ideas; those of Mme. Roland and Mme. Robert were among the most celebrated; but the most powerful was perhaps that of Mme. de Condorcet, where the Lyceum Club was created. These women were remarkable in the field of character as well as that of the mind. For instance, Mme. Helvétius and Mme. Vernet had the courage to risk their heads to conceal Condorcet when he was proscribed. Thus they compare with Charlotte Corday, an absurdly idealised figure, who was merely a romantic heroine. Women of a more reflective type were marking their period, Mme. Roland, who at the age of eight was reading Plutarch, and especially Mme. de Staël. Mme. Roland was a born revolutionary; at the age of seven she had the audacity to wonder why the hostess should sit in an armchair and the guest on a stool. By the time she was sixteen she was a radical and an agnostic; she became the chief adviser of her husband when he obtained cabinet rank; she was guillotined by the Jacobins. She is one of the many women who left us diaries, criticisms of the Revolution, and pamphlets. It is interesting to note that during the French Revolution several papers were edited and printed by women.

As for Mme. de Staël, she was a handsome woman, with large, fiery black eyes, and black curls. She often attended at the Assembly; by temperament she was a Rousseauite, addicted to rather sentimental rhapsodies over the innocence of man. But at the same time she was a cool judge of the revolutionaries, of whom she has left us fine pen pictures. She had tact, too, and managed to make opponents meet in her drawing-room to talk. Still, she was not so substantial in the mind as was Mary Wollstonecraft. This woman, who was to marry Godwin, the revolutionary, whose daughter was to marry Shelley, another revolutionary, was remarkable because she originated the revolt of woman. Hers was a short life, for she died before reaching the age of forty, but it was entirely filled with study and with agitation in the cause of human liberty. In her *Vindication of the Rights of Women* she showed herself an effective critic of masculine tyranny, because she was logical. She considered that equal education must result for women in equal civil and political rights. She objected to all distinctions brought about by rank and wealth. She campaigned against the "doll" side of woman, whom she viewed without illusion, merely striving to explain her, a little

to excuse her: "Considering the length of time that women have been dependent, is it surprising that some of them hug their chains?" Such remarks are commonplace to-day; they were not so over a hundred years ago. She had a certain biting wit: "Formed to live with such an imperfect being as man, women ought to learn from the exercise of their faculties the necessity of forbearance." She objected to the education of a girl for her husband, as if for an eastern harem. She objected to the idea of woman as a man-hunter, and said that the idea of conquest made her sick. She asked why her sex should be trained to please men. In education she was a pioneer, for she objected to punishment by masters, and demanded trial of children by their own jury. And already she was in favour of co-education. It is not remarkable that such a woman should have been called by Prime Minister Walpole "a hyena in petticoats." But then Walpole, gross-spoken, cynical, and narrow, was a poor judge of a first proof of the future.

Still, in spite of such women, change did not speed upon the world. In spite of the excitement of revolution we see, first, the United States refuse the suffrage to women; then the French National Assembly treat women so contemptuously that it refuses to read their petition. In other words, as regards woman the men of that period were lagging behind their ideas. Strictly speaking, the average man preferred a book by Mrs. John Sandford, entitled: *Woman in her Social and Domestic Character*, published in 1831. This book proclaimed that woman had a subordinate station, that her exertions should always be subordinate, guided and supported by man; it enjoined upon her the strictly feminine deportment of tears and faints: in three years England bought four editions. Therefore, though women had lit a beacon, it did not burn. Still, it smouldered. We find Maria Edgeworth writing a strong defence of female education. In this early nineteenth century we see Jane Austen deriding men even more than women, sharpening upon them a continually witty pen. Here is no revolt, but in Jane Austen we hear the quiet giggle of the women who know man for a child, but as a child humour him. Indeed, there lives in this woman a secret rebellion against bourgeois snobbery. It will take a long time to overcome, but Jane Austen lives, and the bourgeoisie dies.

II.—Marriage.

To analyse marriage in the nineteenth century is not so simple as to analyse ideas, because ideas are proclaimed, while marriage stays in emotional hiding. But one may say that sixty or

seventy years ago a husband expected from his wife almost absolute obedience, and that he usually obtained it. She was not to interfere with him, but to comfort him if he failed, and to praise him if he succeeded. If he chose to be drunk publicly or to swear, or to be unfaithful, she must tolerate it. It is only fair to add that, though a certain crudity of manners prevailed in those days, men were much less coarse, brutal, and faithless than they had been before. They tended to be respectable; we shall see a little further on what respectability amounted to. The man of 1860 was a better man than the man of 1760, but he retained his old rights. Woman, on the whole, looked upon her rights as those of a subordinate; she recognised her sphere as being to cook, to look after children, and to please men. She found it difficult to earn an independent living, and thus she wanted protection. She did not greatly aspire to playing games or consorting with men. To read her Bible, tend her children, sing to her man, this seemed to make up her simple philosophy. Soon after her wedding she put on a cap and pretended no more to attentions. It sounds ideal; and it was—for men. Many men in the twentieth century would like to turn back the clock to those simpler times, when women made few claims. But perhaps he might be bored by a companion who was almost invariably uneducated, sometimes practical, but never much of a friend. He might be wearied by her stress on social etiquette, and exasperated by the ease with which she was shocked.

Being a subordinate, woman was often subjected to rough treatment. For instance, we find Charles Lamb denying that there is such a thing as gallantry. He points out that round about 1820 England is just giving up whipping women in public; that women are occasionally hanged; that actresses are hissed off the stage; that women stand in the pit of London theatres till they are sick and faint with exertion, while men sit; above all, he protests against the current sneers at female old age when it happens to be unmarried. This is important, for only very recently has the expression "old maid" begun to recede from our language. In the nineteenth century it was well established that a woman who did not succeed in "catching" a man was a failure.

If, however, she "caught" a man, she still lived under a hard rule. For instance, in France it was laid down that the wife must obey and follow her husband; if she hated him and ran away her person could be recovered by force. In England, in the early days of Queen Victoria, Mrs. Norton was sued by her husband for infidelity. The jury declared her innocent, and yet her husband retained the power to deprive her of her three infant

children. Indeed, it was not until 1839 that a woman obtained the right of access to her children. Even then she could be deprived of them after they reached the age of seven. This because she was held to be inferior. So strong was the feeling of inferiority of women that in 1840, when American women appeared in London at the Anti-Slavery Congress, the meeting declared that it was "contrary to the ordinances of the Almighty" that women should sit in congress. In spite of William Lloyd Garrison they were excluded. This had the excellent effect of provoking the first Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls in 1848.

To revert to marriage in particular, until 1870 no English married woman had a right even to her earnings. If she worked and her husband was idle, he might receive her wages. This was done away with in 1870, but even then the husband still disposed of the property his wife brought into the marriage. It was not until 1882 that the Married Women's Property Act mended this state of things. But to this day any English woman married before January 1st, 1883, still finds that any property of which separate use has not been given to her is controlled by her husband. The theory was that a wife is a minor; her husband was responsible for her debts, and to this day he is responsible for her libels. As regards divorce, the strange old system in virtue of which an Act of Parliament had to be obtained, continued in England up to 1857, namely, to the lifetime of millions of people living to-day. However, when this divorce law was made, inequality was created, for divorce was granted to men whose wives were unfaithful, while it was granted to women only if in addition the husband deserted his wife or proved cruel. Thus, all through the nineteenth century Englishwomen were refused divorce from unfaithful husbands, and not until 1878 could a woman obtain even a separation for cruelty or desertion. Both as regards property and as regards divorce woman was still in an inferior position. It was only by degrees that woman gained control of her property; women waited as late as 1891 for a British court to decide that a husband may not force his wife to live with him.

III.—*Work.*

It will be seen from the above that though the struggle was intense, it was successful. As 1870, 1880, 1890 came, the fetters of women were gradually struck off. We have seen that it took several thousands of years to establish marriage as a legal and exclusive arrangement. In the nineteenth century marriage is absolute; men are punished for bigamy; some sort of divorce is

granted to women. That struggle is finished, and the moral contract between man and woman is becoming equitable. So now the struggle moves to another ground, to the demand for civil rights as they affect property, inheritance, family powers, etc. Current ideas allow of firm victories. This is partly due to the seething ideas of the nineteenth century, a century of much greatness; it is also due to the factory system and to the vast increase of women workers.

The eighteenth century was a period of great ladies, rich in social influence. In the nineteenth century the great lady has gone. She is driven out by steam, the factory, the middle class. In her stead rises first the woman who works in a cotton mill; then the forewoman, the manageress, the trader. Before the end of the nineteenth century the female inspector, the doctor, have arrived. There is no room for great ladies, because there is less room for futility, and because women are working. In Boston and in Cranford we still find Miss Matty trembling in the presence of a man. But the younger Miss Matty is earning money. In 1880 a formidable type appears, the shorthand typist, the woman who seeks work first and marriage second. That one is seeking education as a means to freedom. Therefore, she pockets her salary and is audaciously beginning to say: "I earned it. It's mine."

In the nineteenth century women earned money at the price of much agony. When factories first were created the nineteenth century believed in liberty, that is to say, in the right of the strong to force the weak to do their will. A hundred years ago or so there were no regulations of any kind in European or American factories. The law left it to the employers and the workers to fight the matter out. It was only the conscience of the nineteenth century and the rising tide of ideas which forced inquiry upon the governments. It was then discovered that in the cotton mills of Lancashire children were employed for twelve to fourteen hours a day; that they were strapped to their benches so that they might not fall off; that only one set of beds was kept, since one shift of children went into them when the other came out. One mill-owner, before a commission of inquiry, protested with an air of injured innocence that he employed no children aged less than five. In coal mines women were used in lieu of ponies to pull the trams. They did this ten hours a day or more, stripped to the waist, caked black with sweat and dust. Industrial diseases naturally raged; malformed bones, curved spines, rupture, asthma, and heart disease manifested themselves in girls of seventeen.

The nineteenth century woke slowly to the situation: in 1802

laws were passed for the ventilation and cleaning of cotton mills, but it was not until 1819 that a great victory was gained for children: their weekly labour was *limited to seventy-two hours!* Still, in 1845 women were excluded from night shifts; a few inspectors were moving among the worst wrongs. Nothing real was done until 1878, when children were excluded from the textile factories until they reached the age of ten. Meanwhile, women and children were being inspected by men; it was not until 1893 that the first woman was appointed inspector. The times were very dark. As we read to-day of a period so proximate, we must be surprised that some of the darkness has lifted so swiftly.

IV.—America.

The American women, who have travelled so fast, began their journey to independence only in the nineteenth century. Yet a white population had inhabited America for two hundred years, during which women were treated much as they were in Europe. The agitations of the Renaissance and of the eighteenth century left American women almost untouched, because they were still pioneering. Life in America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries held many elements of tragedy. The Indians provided continual danger; the population often moved, and therefore women had to rear their children and keep their homes in the face of incredible difficulties. Doctors were scarce, nurses unknown; schools were unsatisfactory; the small personal workshops provided few commodities. To obtain goods from Europe required four weeks or more; except in the cities, there was no police and no safety. It is not wonderful that American women did not early begin to dwell on their rights. It is remarkable, indeed, that they should have been sufficiently conscious of their sexual dignity to send a petition to Congress in 1776, and demand the right to vote equally with men. This right was denied them, for the Americans of 1776 are separated by an abyss from the Americans of to-day. They were not Americans at all; they were colonial Europeans, imbued with European prejudices. They were closely akin to the British. The great immigration still had to come to form the American of to-day.

One can have no conception of that old America, unless one realises that even in 1841 pigs were roving about New York, and eating the garbage that was thrown there, as do the dogs in Constantinople. This must have made a piquant contrast with the sight described by Dickens: "What various parasols! What rainbow silks and satins! What pinking of thin silk stockings and pinching of thin shoes, and flutter of ribbons, and silk tassels,

and display of rich cloaks, with gaudy hoods and linings!" America was in formation; pigs and satin went side by side. But Dickens pays a tribute to the good dressing and general superiority in health of the American girl of 1841 compared with the "careless, moping, slatternly, degraded" English type. This sounds unfair, but Dickens was comparing industrial pioneers with English girls crushed and befouled by a factory system without pity. Incidentally, he paid tribute to the courtesy of Americans to their women.

Also Dickens had very little information, and did not know what progress America had made between, let us say, 1820 and his journey to the United States in 1841. The fate of women in America was in 1820 much what it was in Europe. They worked as long as fifteen hours a day; they had to be at the mills at half-past four in the morning; if they did not produce enough the overseer beat them with a whip. There was no public education; indeed, in 1830 a Philadelphia labour paper stated that in some of the factories less than one out of six boys and girls could read and write. So the European tragedy neighbours the American tragedy. There is no reason why it should have been otherwise.

V.—*Respectability.*

Respectability was not invented by the nineteenth century; we find the idea in the eighteenth-century novels of Fielding and Smollett; the characters are not respectable, but they are conscious of the fact, which is a way of paying tribute to respectability. Dr. Johnson was highly respectable. In the eighteenth century the moral ideas which rose out of Protestantism and Jansenism were beginning to grow, but they did not develop into a bushy arbour capable of excluding all light until round about 1830.

Respectability did not develop faster because it did not arise solely from ideas; it arose also out of a new fact: the industrial revolution provoked by steam. Men and women became respectable because Denis Papin happened to notice that when the kettle boiled the steam raised the lid. In the eighteenth century the middle class did not exist to the extent which we know to-day. Above all others stood the nobility; below that a generation of squires, in Virginia and the South, as well as in Europe; then came the yeomanry (that is to say, small owner-farmers), small manufacturers employing a few workmen, and some merchants employing a few clerks; still below came the labouring masses, most of them practically slaves. But such a division may be

excessive in delicacy; in fact, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, though these classes existed, there were in reality only two classes: the nobles and the rest. In general, the nobles did not marry the daughters of the inferior class. The exceptions are chronicled in genealogies and looked upon as unworthily romantic. Commonly, a workman married his employer's daughter and followed him; the daughter of the merchant often married the clerk. As the eighteenth century progressed, conditions changed. Great fortunes were made in Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, the West Indies, British India. A new class arose, the rich merchant or banker, who compared with the rich merchant of Venice, Bremen, or Winchelsea, from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries. The daughters married into the nobility, but that did not blend the classes. The girls were merely absorbed, and trade remained contemptible. At the time of the American Revolution a gentleman, whether English, French, or German, would naturally follow only the profession of arms; he might enter the law through the court, but only by the way; in the same manner he would enter politics; he might enter the Church, but only as a means to career. Trade he could not touch without being defiled. A gentleman might seek money *through* power, but not money first of all. The rest of mankind, which stood beyond the gentleman class, stood there until the arrival of steam.

Steam re-made the world in creating the factories, for gentle blood stokes no boilers. A demand arose for technically trained people, engineers, draughtsmen, surveyors, architects. The gentleman class could not supply them; they came out of the labouring class, which began to pursue an education that might be profitable. Then goods had to be marketed: this made a demand for accountants, cashiers, salesmen, storekeepers, etc. This, too, offered opportunities to the labouring class. The movement originated about 1780; by 1830 it had risen to great proportions. A new class found itself created, composed of people of vulgar extraction, yet people much better educated than the aristocracy. That was the middle class. This class did not at once become conscious of itself; though all over Europe it fiercely agitated for electoral rights, its mind stayed slavish: right up to 1880 or so, the middle class truckled to blood in the most repulsive way, but it had become conscious enough to create a new morality.

The middle class, so recently born, instinctively realised that the aristocrats were living broad, licentious lives, and that the poor were living gross, licentious lives. So recently promoted from among the poor, they determined to be unlike them. Still full of admiration for the aristocrats they did not dare to be

like them. Thus they became moral by a process of elimination. It was the only thing they could be. Thus was set up the great god of respectability, composed as follows: the man held that work was a good thing, and therefore dignified the worker, provided that he did not work with his hands. (Respect for manual labour was to come much later.) He thought thrift a cardinal virtue. He considered that the more money a man amassed the higher he rose in virtue. He believed in the survival of the fittest many years before the invention of the phrase. He held in great respect his commercial honour; he met his engagements, and kept his contracts. He felt no mercy for the poor; they were under because they were under; because they were under, they deserved to be under. He believed in education for his children, because that would enable them to make money and attain power. He disliked Government interference, because this might prevent him from making money. He was somewhat chaster than had been his great-grandfather, but he affected a higher level of propriety than he could justify, because he saw that it would not do to allow the poor to feel for him anything but respect. He was against all new ideas in the field of sociology, religion, and philosophy. He was, however, not absolutely opposed to new ideas in the domain of science. This because scientific ideas made money, while sociological ideas made only disturbance. He was honest, cleanly, God-fearing, inclined to rule harshly, but not always ungenerously. He was somewhat akin to the Puritans. He was a dull man, but he was not a small man, not a contemptible man.

As for the woman of the period, she was the natural subordinate to which we have alluded in the section on marriage. She was highly uneducated. The education of chivalry having disappeared, and no schools of value having been created, she was taught, apart from cooking, only accomplishments, such as drawing, singing, playing the piano, etc. Attempts were made to educate her a little more in history and general topics through a once famous book by Mrs. Mangnall, entitled *Historical and Miscellaneous Questions for the Use of Young People*. This book was used by governesses, namely, decayed spinsters, in a great state of humility and titter. Its value was defined by an English wit, who called it *Mrs. Mangled's Questions*. The woman's mind was certainly mangled by a strange, crushing system composed mostly of "thou shalt nots." She must not seek the society of men, nor isolate herself with a man who had no "intentions"; she must not practise field sports; she must attend religious services, and never discuss them; she must avoid in conversation topics such as politics, babies, or the faith, because they might

cause awkwardness; she must entertain those who entertained her, and none others; she must listen to her husband, and answer when questioned. In other words, she was carefully stifled. The archness, the gaiety of the Elizabethan period had become repulsive to the sober, heavy men of the early nineteenth century. Men no longer said to Anthea: "Bid me to live, and I will live, Thy protestant to be"; they were more inclined to say: "I bid thee cook, *my* faithful Jane, my protestant art thou." And the woman who so comforted herself was called respectable.

The writer has no space to develop further this aspect of the Victorian blight, as he is bound to describe that period; but he cannot resist a few quotations from Thackeray, a brilliant exponent of all that, in the days of blight, was snobbish, hypocritical, patronising, and secretly salacious. On the third page of *Vanity Fair* we find the letter that Miss Pinkerton writes to Mrs. Sedley when Amelia leaves school: the opening will suffice:

"MADAM,—After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honour and happiness to present Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. . . . In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realised her friends' fondest wishes. . . . A careful and undeviating use of the backboard, for four hours daily during the next three years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified *deportment and carriage* so requisite for every young lady of *fashion*. . . ."

Thackeray is laughing at Miss Pinkerton, who must have written this letter in 1814. But he did not invent her, nor the backboard which straightened her generation. Naturally, such a young person as Amelia, being thus treated, grew up in plaster of Paris, because she was a young lady. Becky Sharp escaped because she was no lady. To be a young lady was a terrible thing. She could not be taken seriously; she was a pearl for some man to wear. Thackeray gives us a hint of the treatment of girls on page 320 of *The Adventures of Philip*. It seems that Philip wanted of Charlotte: "A word or two about the weather, a look or two, a squeezekin, perhaps, of a little handykin." Further on in the book, on a single page, we find "little" Charlotte, her "little" desk, her "little" letters, her "little" letters again, her "little" letters once more (page 331). All through the book you find that she had a little hand, but also a little heart, and a little head. The first one believes, the second one regrets, the third one is sure of. Could any attitude be more nauseating from a modern point of view?

One gains a clear idea of the atmosphere in which lived the early Victorian girl from a talented novel called *The Family*, by Miss Elinor Mordaunt. In this book we find that woman was always worrying because the furniture was not polished, because crumbs were left about. When dust was left upon the sideboard she wrote the word "dust" with her finger. Weakly children were given port; at dinner they had beer, and liquor was freely used. The men bullied their women, swore in their presence, stopped social functions if they disliked them, and disinherited their sons and daughters freely for disobedience. Yet they considered it virtuous to have large families. Small children were petted; after the age of fifteen they were bullied. In the night nursery a fire was lit, and the window was shut; but in the living-room there was no fire. When trouble arose in the household those Victorians did not re-act and seek pleasure; they developed and enjoyed the agony. Occasionally, they dealt with it by means of texts. Any son or daughter showing signs of artistic fever was put into an office, or sent to stay with an aunt. (The Victorians possessed an aunt class, now extinct, which was used as a gaoler.) The men went to work, and after dinner the women produced a modest imitation of an eastern harem, singing, dancing, and so forth, until told to stop. Sex was never referred to before the young, but no joke was too gross to be exchanged between elders. It was generally held that women looked upon passion as hateful, and upon marriage as an ordeal to which, in the name of religion, they must submit. If any such subject was broached it was the hostess's duty at once to change the subject. The unmarried mother was looked upon as criminal, and the illegitimate child as a worthy candidate for death. There was talk of the Scarlet Woman, and of the appropriateness of the scarlet letter. The prevailing impulse was moral and pietistic; thus a child for its birthday would be given *The Christian Year*, by Keble, or a book the moral of which explains itself: *Eric, or Little by Little*. The men were often careless of religion, but enforced it upon their women. Woman was practically in pawn, having neither money nor social power. As a summit to the family pile, in the drawing-room stood the man's armchair: it was woman's duty to sit upright.

It is interesting to observe that this state of things prevailed not only in England, in the Victorian Age, but all over Europe. In France, for instance, the country of alleged lightness, we find de Maupassant, in 1887, causing a girl to say: "I am as hungry as a hunter. I shall be ashamed to eat so much before a man." (See *Mont-Oriol*.) Oh! shade of Thackerayan heroine raised by her delicacy over gross masculine appetites! A useful parallel

is provided by the reproof of the Victorian governess to the little girl who remarked that she was in a sweat. The governess said: "My dear child, only animals sweat; men perspire; but young ladies merely glow." Meanwhile, in France, the development of cant and of social lying had reached such a pitch that after the fall of Napoleon histories of France were printed which went on straight from Louis XVI. . . . as if the infamous Revolution had not happened! An idea of the social gentleness of the French at that time can be obtained when we realise that a strange institution was created for the redemption of child offenders. These children were redeemed by being imprisoned in cells where they could not see each other. The density and dullness of Victorian life, of this moral century, is well expressed in *Le Rouge et Le Noir*, where it is stated that novels must not be allowed into the house, because these dangerous books might corrupt the daughters and the servants. A little further on, in the drawing-room of Mme. de Fervaques, the hero observes large blanks upon the pictures. He finds out later that the hostess, thinking the subjects undesirable, has had the pictures corrected . . . in what Stendhal calls "this moral century." The nineteenth century was indeed moral: in 1867 *Madame Bovary* was prosecuted as indecent, irreligious, and blasphemous; any modern reader who searches this classic for immorality or blasphemy will be disappointed. A number of French booksellers refused to stock *La Maison Tellier*. Even in France they must have had backboards. Here is a quotation from *Le Nabab*, by Alphonse Daudet, 1864: "Paul was talking gently with the handsome old lady, whose features were regular and severe, whose hair was white and piled like hemp on her distaff, and who sat up straight upon her chair, her flat bust tightly clad in a little green shawl, who never in her youth had lent upon a chair-back, who had never sat down in an armchair." So it was in Boston, in Richmond, in Philadelphia. So it was all over the world, when women still knew their station.

And yet time was travelling, urgent, merciless. While discussion was being stifled, ideas were bursting their way into the light. While morals were being maintained by society and the law, morals were being questioned. And while man tried to believe that the earth was flat, Darwin was tracing man from the monkey.

For the nineteenth century was great in spite of itself. It is so far the greatest century the world has known, far greater than the romantic Elizabethan. It is a century of man's first conquest over ignorance. Consider, indeed, the cohort of talent which arose in the nineteenth century. The names of the great

would fill this chapter, and yet another, if all were included. Let us note a few :

Politics: Abraham Lincoln, Bolivar, Disraeli, Gladstone, Gambetta, Thiers, Bismarck, Cavour, Kossuth, Kruger, Li Hung Chang, etc.

History: Mommsen, Lecky, Bryce, Carlyle, Macaulay, Michelet, etc.

Literature: Browning, Swinburne, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Bernard Shaw, Heine, Hans Andersen, Bjornstjerne, Ibsen, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Walt Whitman, Emerson, Henry James, Poe, Victor Hugo, Flaubert, Lamartine, Anatole France, Hauptmann, Tchekov, Tolstoi, Turgenev, Dostoevsky.

Painting and Sculpture: Manet, Whistler, Rodin, Cézanne, Aubrey Beardsley, Ingres, Degas, Burne-Jones, Turner, Corot.

Science: Crookes, Edison, Röntgen, Darwin, Russel Wallace, Bell, Marconi, George Stephenson, Swan, Cayley, Maxim, Morse, Westinghouse, Wheatstone, Nobel, Welsbach, Diesel.

Music: Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt, Brahms, Schumann.

The most interesting feature about this haphazard list is that almost every one of these great names is that of a man or woman who was opposed to the spirit known as Victorianism. There was no cant in Swinburne, no illusion in Darwin. They were bred in the nineteenth century, warmed by the fermentation of the eighteenth. They made their century great in spite of itself, and it did all it could to crucify them. But instead they crucified their century. History revenges more often than it repeats itself.

(To be continued)

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THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THIRTY.

THE year 1924 has been an important one in the life of the Prince of Wales, quite apart from his recent visit to the United States and Canada and the many other public events which have kept him so prominently in men's eyes. In June last he completed his third decade. This is to be a portrait-sketch of the Prince at thirty.

It is much better fun being heir to a Throne in the twentieth century than it was in the nineteenth. So at least one is inclined to say when comparing current conditions with those which prevailed in the young days of King Edward VII. or even of King George and King George's royal contemporaries on the Continent. They will tell you in Rome of the ruthless discipline which the present King of Italy underwent in his early youth at the hands of his governor, one Colonel Osio. The Prince had to be out of bed, and having his cold bath by dawn, winter or summer; then came his first hour's lesson, followed by a ride in all weathers. Then the day's studies began in earnest: Italian and French, German and English; history and geography; the physical sciences; constitutional law; political economy—everything essential to the mind of a modern king. Studies and recreations were interwoven with almost scientific regularity, and even the recreations were educative. The Prince, it is said, confided once to a friend that his one happy hour was from two to three in the afternoon—when it was raining. "Why when it is raining?" the friend asked. "Because then," the Prince answered, "I need not go for my drive and can have one hour to do what I like." . . . And the only reason for discrediting the story—so they used to say in Italy—was that you could not imagine old Colonel Osio allowing even the heaviest of downpours to interfere with the drive!

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King Edward when young was similarly at the mercy of a martinet—his mother. He had no real boy's life whatever. It was Queen Victoria's "hope and prayer," so she herself wrote when he was a baby, that he should grow up "like his dearest papa"; she wanted him to resemble the Prince Consort, she declared later, "in *every every* respect both in body and mind." This aim was followed with the most appalling persistence throughout the Prince's early years. While secluding him from any active political interest (as Sir Sidney Lee, his official biographer, records), Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort addressed themselves systematically to the task of making their son "a model of morality, of piety, of deportment, and of intellectual accomplishment." Novels were withheld from him as "demoralising," and even the great and good Sir Walter Scott "came under the parental ban"! Poor young Prince! Even at Oxford a little later there was no real freedom for him. He was not allowed to live the normal life of an undergraduate. He had to wear a special gown which distinguished him from all the others, and when he attended a debate at the Union it was the absurd practice for everybody present to stand up on his entering the hall. To a full-blooded youth who at heart was very companionable and free from all trace of superiority or conceit, this sort of thing must have been irksome in the extreme—almost intolerable.

A much pleasanter and much more sensible education was given to King Edward's sons, Prince Albert Victor, who died in '89, and our present King; but even they were hedged around by many traditional forms and ceremonies. There was very little of this kind of thing in the life of the boy born in June, 1894, in the modest little house in the centre of Richmond Park called "White Lodge," where our present Queen spent a part of her early married life.¹ Queen Mary brought up all her six children just like any other well-born Britons, and it was a very natural and unspoilt little lad of a little more than eight and a half who made his first noteworthy appearance in English history

(1) It was the home of her mother, the Duchess of Teck, who died in 1897. Originally it had been a shooting-box of George I.

in the spring of 1902, when he and his younger brother the present Duke of York, were confided to the care of Mr. H. P. Hansell, who from this date onwards acted as a tutor to both boys, and whose special duty it became to train the elder of them for the great position in life he was one day to occupy.

To know Mr. Hansell is to go quite a long way towards knowing the Prince of Wales. Picture a very erect, extremely tall, good-looking, dark-haired, faultlessly dressed Englishman, with a heavy drooping moustache—a cavalry moustache, we used to call it, but our British cavalry to-day are more apt to emulate Charlie Chaplin—a man of very quiet, kindly manner and serious, thoughtful eyes that study you; in fact, the best and nicest type of English public school and 'Varsity Englishman of good family, something of a scholar, a great deal of a sportsman and of an athlete—a grave and gentle giant—he stands six foot four in his socks! The physical contrast between him and the smiling, light-hearted Prince is remarkable enough to-day. Think what it must have been in that year 1902! They must have presented a really strange and rather touching spectacle—this very big man of close on thirty-nine (as he then was) and his blue-eyed, fair-haired little charge, walking and talking together, studying and playing together, living almost their whole lives together from morning till night.

It is equally necessary to know something of another of the Prince's close companions and friends, sturdy, jolly, hearty, energetic, capable Mr. Frederick Finch, now a man of fifty-three—his father was valet to the great Duke of Wellington and was at Walmer Castle when the Duke died there. Mr. Finch, first as valet and footman, now as steward at York House, St. James's, has been with the Prince of Wales since 1899; and as regards the Prince's development in outdoor pursuits it is a question whether he or Mr. Hansell has counted for most. In respect to cricket and football the Prince owed more to Mr. Hansell, who has excelled in both; but it was this trusty body-servant of his who taught him how to ride and shoot and swim and manage a boat. A splendid fellow, Finch—so

the Prince himself will assure you. Master and man, in peace and war, they have been together now for a quarter of a century. "There is a bond betwixt them, not of yesterday."

The Prince as a boy was fonder of football than of cricket. At twelve he was captain of a football eleven at Sandringham, in Norfolk, where King Edward spent so much of his life and where the aged Queen Alexandra now resides. It is a moving thought that out of the eleven small boys in that team, nine served in the Great War and all were wounded with the exception of the Prince himself and one other who was invalided out of the Army. Four of them were killed. The Prince escaped illness and wounds alike throughout his four years' service, although he had some narrow escapes of death. Early in 1915 his car was destroyed by a shell during his brief absence, and he returned to find his chauffeur dead.

The Prince of Wales never became as enthusiastic about shooting as King George has always been, and is not so good a shot. He has always been fonder of fishing and of riding. He plays golf and lawn tennis, but the only game that means much to him is squash-rackets. His great passion is really for the sea.

So Mr. Hansell declares, musing over the time when the Prince and he were inseparables. An idiosyncrasy of the Prince is the way in which "he takes root in things," so Mr. Hansell proceeds to say. He took root in the Navy during the years which he spent as cadet and midshipman, and it was a real grief to him to be taken away from the battleship H.M.S. *Hindustan*, in which he was serving in the North Sea in the autumn of 1911, and obliged to return to Sandringham, to prepare for Oxford. The period which followed was, perhaps, the least happy in his life, and Mr. Hansell was glad when, in March, 1912, there came a pleasant break—a visit to Paris and a stay of five months with the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, charming people and devoted friends of King Edward; the Marquise, by the way, is an American, daughter of the late Commodore Garner, of the New York Yacht Club. Those months in Paris and France (for they visited

Le Creusot, where the big guns are made, and many other places) were pleasant in the extreme. The Marquis, who sat for the Hautes Pyrénées for fifteen years in the Chamber of Deputies, was a prominent member of the French Jockey Club and an all-round sportsman, and he had a fine residence in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, close to the Arc de Triomphe. The Prince learned a good deal and enjoyed himself thoroughly, and the French recognised in him that gift of gracious tact by which King Edward had won their hearts. Paris is a disturbing city for a youth, of course—above all a youth endowed with high spirits and plenty of pocket-money; and the French are apt to smile at the sowing of wild oats, especially when the wild oats are Royal! It was well therefore that the Prince had with him a companion of Mr. Hansell's mettle: no kill-joy, no wet-blanket, no prig, but a man of sense and of will. "Too much Hansell and too little Gretel" was the comment of some wag at the Garrick Club at the time—I believe it was Mr. Seymour Hicks. Well, there were doubtless many tantalising and distracting moments when the young English visitor to Paris must have said the same! But it was a delightful experience, evidently, on the whole.

At Oxford one is apt to be much less troubled by the importunate sex, and the Prince's year and three-quarters at Magdalen College, which he entered as an ordinary Commoner, were crammed full of wholesome work and play. Mr. Hansell shared his rooms in College, and he had with him also, as equerry, Major the Hon. William Cadogan of the 10th Hussars, a man who seems to have been universally praised and liked; but in almost every other respect, unlike his grandfather, he was able to live the ordinary Oxford life. In the special "Eights weeks" issue of *The Isis*—the Oxford University magazine—in 1914, these words were written of him: "He is a familiar figure at the meets of the Oxford countryside and on the polo field; he has marched, fought, and camped with the Officers' Training Corps. He mixed with men who will probably help him in time to come to guide the future of the State or serve with him in the Army and other

services. Oxford will lose him with genuine regret and a keen remembrance of his strenuous life and modest bearing, but she will send him forth to his new tasks in the larger world with loyalty and confidence."

Then came the war with all its excitement and tragedy. How long ago it all seems now!

If in appearance the Prince has changed scarcely in the slightest since 1919, those previous five years simply transformed him. In a photograph of him as a captain in the Grenadier Guards leading his company, taken in September, 1914, he cuts quite a melancholy figure with his almost cadaverous face and pathetic spindle-shanks. "Sings, does he?" one disrespectful "Tommy" is said to have replied to another who had been commending the Prince's voice: "Well, so 'e ought by the look of 'is legs!" As was the experience of so many hundreds of thousands of his contemporaries, in all the armies and on all the fronts, the War developed him, body and soul, and made a man of him.

Now at thirty, no less than at twenty-five, he is of athletic build, as tough and sinewy as even Sandow or Müller could wish to see him. There is no game like his favourite squash-rackets to keep a man fit, and in addition to this regular exercise he has a ride or a run most mornings before breakfast—the run, in shorts and vest, round the grounds of Buckingham Palace, the ride in Hyde Park, on his favourite Arab mount. He takes a very light breakfast and an almost equally light lunch; in fact, he may be called a one-meal-a-day man; and even at dinner he does not eat much. He has the athlete's regard for health. There is so little variation ordinarily in his weight that a recent increase in it by a couple of pounds quite disturbed him. On weighing himself at the Bath Club one morning in the second week in May he discovered that he had risen from his normal 9 st. 2 lb. to 9 st. 4 lb. "This won't do!" he laughingly declared afterwards. "This won't do at all! The Roumanian Royalties will be in London next week and I've got to wear my uniform. I'll never be able to get into it!"

The Prince is no great club man and is seldom to be

seen at the Travellers' in Pall Mall, or at Boodle's or Brooks's in St. James's Street, of all of which he is an honorary member. The only ones which he visits frequently are the Marlborough, the Bath, and Buck's. Buck's, so-called after its founder, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, the polo player, is a new institution with premises off Vigo Street, north of Burlington House. It is for the most part a young bloods' resort, though it does not exclude such "sappy quinquagenarians" as Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Major Maurice Baring.

But even Buck's and the Bath can seldom claim him for long. The truth is that the Prince has very few indoor tastes. He is neither a card-player (though he makes an exception sometimes in favour of poker) nor a collector nor a connoisseur. He does not care much for billiards, and he has not yet fallen a victim to mah-jongg! In his State apartments at York House there is a gramophone, with which he sometimes whiles away an hour, now and again reinforced by a jazz band contrivance, in the operation of which his brothers are as proficient as he himself; but he is no musician; as a boy he sang, but he regards his singing days as over. This official residence of his is imposing enough, of course, and with some beautiful things in it, but apart from a few travel trophies and War relics it has little in it to reflect the Prince's individuality. Only in the book-cases in one room are to be seen any real indications of his bent of mind. Without being anything at all of a bookman, he has his literary likes and dislikes. He loves Kipling, and generally carries a Kipling volume about with him when travelling. He delights, too, in Stevenson. He enjoyed immensely the war-time memories of Mr. Page. There is a shelf full of records of Arctic exploration, Scott's book and Shackleton's conspicuous among them; and there are many works bearing on naval history and on the sea, and a good few devoted to big-game shooting in various regions of the world. Prominent in one book-case is that attractively produced series—there are, probably not a dozen other copies of it in private libraries over here—*Chronicles of Canada*, in 32 volumes, edited by Mr. George M. Wrong and Mr.

H. H. Langton, of Toronto. Perhaps it is because he has not overcrowded his brain with the contents of books that the Prince, like his grandfather, King Edward, is able to boast a wonderfully retentive memory.

There are some men as to whose personality no two observers ever agree. Most people agree about the personality of the Prince of Wales. Naturalness and impulsiveness are two of his outstanding characteristics. There is no "side" about him and no affectation. He is the same with everyone—cheerful, courteous, friendly, frank. Most of the stories that one hears about him illustrate in some way this aspect of the Prince. Here is one connected with a big banquet given in New York in 1919, at which the Prince of Wales was present and spoke. His speech was considered a great success by the entire company assembled—with *just half-a-dozen conspicuous exceptions!* For at one end of the principal table sat a little group of Australian officers, and the Prince, who had had fine things to say about the American troops and the Canadians and all the others, had not said a single word about Australia! But he speedily and amply made amends. Perhaps he realised his omission as soon as he sat down—perhaps it was merely that he caught sight of the half-dozen somewhat disconsolate countenances in the distance. Anyway, the very first moment he could leave his place, he contrived to get round to those Australians to express his regrets. "The fact is," he exclaimed, "I had no notes for my speech to-night and I felt so d—d scared that I simply didn't know what I was saying! Of course, I wanted to talk about Australia, too! You fellows must really forgive me. And I tell you what—a secret, mind you, as nobody knows about it yet—I'm going over to Australia this winter and I hope we'll all meet again over there!" And he shook hands heartily with every one of the six. One can imagine how pleased with him they all were!

In considering the Prince of Wales's character, that remark of Mr. Hansell's about the way in which he "takes root in things" must always be kept in mind. The world may not get to know the Prince's true self until in some

way he is enabled to settle down for good. Until now there have been too many uprootings. There was that first uprooting from the Navy. The second was from the Army. He had been gazetted 2nd lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards on August 7th, 1914, and once again—in his duties now as an ordinary officer—he had taken firm root. For five years he could almost forget he was a Prince, his work absorbed and thrilled him, and it was his ardent wish and hope to get over to France on active service with his regiment. But Kitchener was against it and appointed him aide-de-camp to French instead. There was quite a heated altercation about it one morning at Buckingham Palace, where Kitchener had been having a talk with the King. "What does it matter if I am shot? I have four brothers!" urged the Prince. But you might not be shot—you might be taken prisoner: such was the gist of K. of K.'s reply, and there seemed some force in it. Later the Prince had his way and did get to the front—in fact, to several fronts—and had his fair share of the fighting; but it took him some time to recover from that wrench.

There was a third uprooting on a lesser scale and of a different kind, but quite real in its way, more recently in Canada. The Prince was fascinated by that Alberta ranch of his, secured in 1919, and by all the conditions of life out there. It has cost him more than a pang not to be able to stay on it, and he thinks of it wistfully at times in the midst of the restless and rather feverish existence prescribed for him in England by tradition and circumstance.

The Prince at thirty seems quite happy, and he makes other people happy wherever he goes. Whether at work or at play, whether looking after the interests of ex-Service men, or visiting hospitals or charity bazaars, or putting young thoroughbreds through their paces on Epsom Downs (and smashing a limb or two incidentally) he always looks bright and blithe. But the heart knows its own sorrow, and in the Prince's cup of bliss there is just a touch of acid, one imagines, and it may well be due to restlessness. Yes, he needs to settle down. Above all,

he needs a wife. Here we approach very delicate ground indeed, and must walk warily. There is, of course, no subject in connection with the Prince of Wales so constantly debated by his future subjects and with so much curiosity and zest. Whom will he marry? Some young Princess from the Continent? The choice has always been limited by considerations of religion, and it has been further restricted by the events of recent years. The daughter of some old English family of high degree? The Prince's associates—those of them whom one may question—reply with a laugh that they haven't the very slightest idea on the point. Even Queen Mary, they think, is in the dark. One can only speculate idly, remembering that we are in a time of quite sensational transition—a time when a British Cophetua might almost choose a beggar-maid, or at any rate a Cinderella. Perhaps there is a Cinderella waiting somewhere in the Colonies? Or in Perth—shall we say?—or Monmouth or the County Clare? Perhaps in New York—why not? Perhaps close at hand, in London? Time will tell.

THE GENERAL ELECTION—IS LIBERALISM DEAD?

BY HAROLD SPENDER

THE result of the General Election challenges all our judgments in regard to contemporary politics. Does this colossal defeat of Liberalism mean that the Liberal Party is going to disappear? The Socialists, with suspicious promptitude, have leaped to that conclusion; and it is an ominous fact that the corresponding party, both in Holland and Belgium, has indeed practically vanished from the stage. Are we on the verge of a bitter class war in which there is no room for middle, moderate views? Is Liberalism a view which was created by issues now settled and decided? Has it nothing fertile to contribute to the new questions which are now rending and dividing society?

Those are the questions raised by this election, and now perplexing many minds in this country.

In the last phase the General Election became a stampede. "I was beaten by fear" was the comment of one defeated Liberal candidate; and every close observer agreed that the publication of the Zinoviev letter drove thousands of Liberals into the Conservative camp. They wanted to make sure. "Safety First" was their maxim—and the only safety they could see was to get as far away as possible from the red light. That being so, it was in no sense a test election. In the old days we had "Khaki" elections. Now it has been fated for us to have a "Red" election. When the State is threatened, whether by Khaki or by Red, there is a natural and reasonable rally to the trenches of Conservatism. "Conserve what you have and restore what is destroyed." Those are the words of the Coronation Service, and it is on those lines that opinion rallies in times of danger.

The General Election was rather a negative to Socialism than a positive for reaction. It was really a Referendum.

It is already quite clear that the Government now placed in office by this decision will have to move cautiously, and be careful not to go beyond its instructions. English majorities in modern Parliaments are very sensitive to the movements of public opinion; and susceptible to every change that takes place between one election and another.

Mr. Baldwin definitely cut himself off from the proposal of a general tariff. But it will be necessary for him to deal very cautiously even with such weapons as the Safeguarding of Industries Act and the proposals for Colonial Preference, which he has, with equal deliberation, reserved for his use. If he is driven by his extremists, as Mr. MacDonald was, he will certainly share the same fate, in spite of his great majority. In that sense, therefore, the election has created a Government which will be in chains. It is a Conservative Government supported by a great block of Liberal votes.

The greatness of the majority must not deceive us as to the greatness of the victory. In modern politics great majorities crumble rapidly. They have a tendency to divide and disintegrate. The cautious leader will not presume too much on the quantity of his following. The great majority won by the Liberals in 1906 was soon seething with discontent. Its very size proved its weakness. During those very years the Liberals laid the seed of the present Conservative majority.

Precedents, therefore, do not confirm the view that a badly defeated English party should live as one without hope. On the contrary, the resurrection is apt to come rapidly. Great victories create presumption and overconfidence in the conquerors. If the leaders preach moderation, their followers point impatiently to the size of the following. Those who won the victory demand their reward; just as the brewers and the Churchmen demanded their reward after the great Conservative victory of 1900. The distribution of electoral spoils creates discontent in other directions, and in that way produces a rebound of opinion.

It is also true that in the modern House of Commons a small party may become extraordinarily powerful;

especially if it is well led by good debaters. The Liberals have managed to return to Parliament some of their most skilful leaders—Mr. Lloyd George, Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman, and Sir Alfred Mond. Small as it is, therefore, the Liberal Party will still be rich in parliamentary ability; it may become a veritable gadfly to the vast and unwieldy bulk of the Tory following. On the merits, therefore, the Liberals have no reason to despair of their future. They start their new life free from the old complications; no longer tied to Labour; master at last once more in their own household; with full freedom of criticism and policy. Other things being equal, we might see a Liberal revival to match the swift recoveries of the Conservative Party after the defeats of 1880 and 1906.

But other things are not equal. Since those days there has arisen a new party now stronger than the Liberals, and attracting the youth of the country by its very vehemence and daring. The Labour Party have made great mistakes. After six months of good behaviour, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald suddenly surrendered to the extreme forces of his Left, and brought his Government, at its proudest moment, into sudden disaster and disgrace. He refused to accept the conditions under which alone he could exist as a minority Prime Minister. His policy of destroying Liberalism clashed inevitably with the fact of his dependence on Liberal votes. He went further. He bit the hand that fondled him. We may write over the Labour Government the epitaph that Burke uttered over the early French revolutionists:—

Their resistance was made to concession; their revolt was from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand holding out graces, favours, and immunities.

Refusing the Liberal votes, Mr. MacDonald became powerless in the hands of his Left Wing; and in proportion as he defied Mr. Asquith he became more and more a slave to Mr. George Lansbury and his friends. Behind the Labour Government all the time there was the Jacobin Club of the Labour Parliamentary Committee. The Prime Minister's own lurid past during the Great War gave hostages to the Communists; and forced his

surrender to men like Ross Campbell. His consuming ambition to achieve results made him impatient of the failure of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby to settle with Russia; and in an untimely hour he surrendered to forces of which he was probably only half conscious himself. It was really easier for onlookers to perceive the direct connection gradually established between Moscow and Downing Street. Mr. MacDonald was a victim of the "Third International."

Thus, when at last the vivid illumination of the Zinoviev letter revealed this connection even to the Labour Government, there was probably no man so surprised and startled as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself. Lord Randolph Churchill once said of Mr. Gladstone that he was "an old man in a hurry." Mr. MacDonald is by no means an old man; but in October, 1924, he was very much in a hurry. If he had kept the Bolsheviks waiting he could probably have achieved a reasonable Russian settlement within a year. But he could not wait himself; and so he rushed into the Bolshevik trap. All this was the direct result of his refusal to agree to an understanding with the Left Wing forces of Liberalism.

Such an understanding was open to him at any moment. He would have detached some of the strongest forces of the Liberal Party, and might have broken that party in twain. It is quite possible that along those lines lay his surest methods of destroying Liberalism. In any case he would have secured another year or two of office for himself, and might even have achieved great things for his country.

All this is now behind us. The Liberal Party has now been thrown towards the Right; and Labour towards the Left. A gulf has opened between them; and far more Liberals voted Conservative at the General Election than ever before in the history of the party. The Socialists have embarrassed themselves with an unnecessary feud, and will find themselves in their future attacks on Capital raked all the time by the flanking fire of the party of reform.

It remains an open question whether, under such con-

ditions, Labour can ever again—in our time—in spite of the considerable increase in their total vote, form a durable Government. No utterance in modern politics called forth so much Socialist scorn as Mr. Winston Churchill's daring opinion that Labour was incapable of governing. It was partly as a reply to that challenge that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his friends took office last January. We all remember the triumphant testimonials of self-confidence which they blazoned throughout Whitehall during those halcyon weeks when the country stood aside from criticism, and in its own British fashion gave Labour its chance. The Labour leaders mistook expectancy for approval, patience for acquiescence, and fair play for applause. We are a people of jurymen; and it is our habit to listen and watch. But the antics of Mr. Wheatley began to disturb the vigilant public quite early in the summer. The apologies of Mr. Shaw left the unemployed cold. Then came the disturbing incident of the motor car; the crash of the Bolshevik Treaty; and Mr. MacDonald awoke to the surprising fact that he had already exhausted the credit of his popularity. Vainly did he bluster, defy and denounce.

In the final verdict the British public, by an overwhelming majority, affirmed the opinion of Mr. Winston Churchill.

Yet the rise and power of the Labour Party presents all the time to the Liberal Party a most formidable menace of annihilation. Whether a possible Government or not, at any rate it can claim to be "His Majesty's Opposition." It may even be powerful enough to achieve its openly boasted aim of destroying Liberalism.

The Liberal Party in the General Election was entangled in the catastrophe of Labour. It was sucked down by the sinking ship. It had not time to get free. It was too slow in its decisions. Having broken with Labour, Liberals could not make up their minds to any understanding with Conservatism. It ought to have been clear that Liberals could not stand alone. They were certain to be "nipped." Yet in their attitude towards the Conservatives they repeated the error committed by Labour towards

themselves. They repelled friendship when they should have ensued it. Both the Liberal and the Labour Parties perished by their refusal to accept help in the storm. But Labour at any rate showed some capacity for manœuvring, thereby saving three-quarters of its strength. The chief burden of calamity fell on the Liberal Party, which lost three-quarters of its effectives, and is now reduced to a small section of forty members.

Why was this? The answer is that Liberals were caught in an ambush. Badly directed, and badly organised, they marched straight to their doom. They placed themselves between two fires by moving the amendment to the Conservative vote of censure on the Campbell case. Labour was instantly swift to choose that as the issue of the election. From that moment Liberals were doomed.

But before that event the Liberal Party was already in an impossible position. From the moment since, in January last, they entered into an unconditional contract of service to Labour, they had become political slaves. They were contract labourers to Labour, and they endured that degrading service for nearly a year.

Thus they went to the poll already humiliated. Nor had they completely rid themselves of the poison of their old divisions. They were weakened by internal jealousies and unforgotten hatreds. Their organisation was of the worst. By restricting their candidatures to three hundred they announced to the country their despair of forming a Government—just at the moment when the one thing the country wanted was the certainty of a strong and durable governing authority. Thus situated, their only chance of survival was a general national pact with the Conservatives; and for that they lacked the nerve, or the right temper.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's virulent counter-attacks on all local arrangements with Tories frightened the Liberals. Yet these local pacts saved the situation in various districts, notably Bristol and Norwich. But no local pact could have the virtue of a national pact; and at a critical moment one of the Liberal leaders—Sir John Simon—embarrassed the local pacts by a denunciation of the whole principle.

Thus divided between two policies, the Liberals slipped over the precipice, and now lie shattered and broken. Their only consolation is that, at any rate, they have achieved their freedom. But at what a cost!

* * * * *

What, then, are the Liberal chances of recovery?

Their best chances will lie in the errors of their opponents. It is the nature of all Governments to err; and the probability is that the new Government will proceed to err very rapidly.

For the very downfall of Liberalism means now that the other parties lean to extremes; and in the end England always abhors the "falsehood of extremes." Labour has not really strengthened itself by its divorce from Liberalism. That act has condemned it to sterility. Nor will the Conservative Government be stronger for the immensity of its victory. It is impossible to suppose that England is at heart Conservative; and yet that illusion will probably be fostered by the size of the majority.

Events are moving too swiftly for any Government to stop still. All prophecies and forecasts are baffled by the rapidity of the current down which we are moving. The tide bears us on. Strong and weak Governments alike are now subjected to swift and stark tests. The new Government will be no exception.

The gaunt figures of the homeless and the unemployed will face the Conservative Government as grimly as they faced Labour; and they will brook no refusals. For it is among the ranks of the homeless and the unemployed that the Communists of to-day are being enlisted, and it is Communism that is every day growing stronger in the great towns of the North. It is only by diminishing the ranks of the unemployed and the homeless—only by supplying the workmen of England with homes and work—that any Government can really lay strong and deep the foundations of authority and rule.

THE ANSWER OF DEMOS

BY SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

"THERE at length . . . the imperial race turned desperately to bay." These words close one of the noblest passages in English narrative prose. Lord Macaulay was telling the story of the stout resistance of the Irish Protestants in Derry. "All Lisburn fled to Antrim; and as the foes drew nearer, all Lisburn and Antrim together came pouring into Londonderry. Thirty thousand Protestants, of both sexes and of every age, were crowded behind the bulwarks of the City of Refuge. There, at length, on the verge of the ocean, hunted to the last asylum, and baited into a mood in which men may be destroyed but will not easily be subjugated, the imperial race turned desperately to bay."

From 1914 to 1918 the same imperial race stood desperately at bay. In October, 1924, men and women of the same race again showed something of the same temper. The General Election of 1924 was fought on one of the largest issues ever submitted to the arbitrament of a popular vote, and the answer given by Demos represented not so much the triumph of a party as the revolt of the nation.

The question put to the electors in November, 1923, though immensely important, was, after all, only a "circumstantial." The issue between Free Trade and Protection is a matter of *policy*. It does not involve eternal verities. A man may with perfect political consistency be a Free Trader to-day and a Protectionist to-morrow. An English Free Trader is not necessarily a wiser or a better man than a French or German Protectionist. A question of policy must be decided by circumstances. The question of Home Rule for Ireland was, again, a matter of policy. On these two questions—Home Rule and Free Trade—practically all our elections have turned for the last forty years, except the two "khaki" elections

of 1900 and 1918, the two elections of 1910, and the "tranquillity" election of 1922. Both the elections of 1910 turned on the "veto" of the House of Lords. That I should class as a "circumstantial," though the existence of a Second Chamber would properly be regarded as a "fundamental."

A prominent Liberal politician, writing in *The Contemporary Review* for November, had the temerity to affirm of the election of this autumn that "there is no great dominant issue." Such complete lack of political perspective may perhaps in some measure account for the persistent electoral ill-fortune which has dogged the career of an undeniably clever politician. If endorsed by his colleagues, Mr. Masterman's strangely inadequate analysis might explain the annihilation of the Liberal Party.

"No great dominant issue"! As between Conservatives and Liberals perhaps not; as between these two historic parties on the one side and the Socialist Party on the other there was an issue more essentially fundamental than any which the present generation, or any recent generation of Englishmen, has had to decide. And the nation realised it. The supreme issue was not the Campbell case. That case did, indeed, supply the occasion of the contest; but, as Aristotle long ago observed, the occasion of a revolution must be carefully distinguished from the causes of it; since "the occasion may be trivial, the causes never are." Not that the withdrawal of the Campbell prosecution was a trivial matter. Quite otherwise. But the deeper issues involved in it did not easily lend themselves to popular exposition. The pivotal doctrine of Montesquieu—the principle of the separation of Powers—the notion that the best guarantee of individual liberty is to be found in a rigid separation between the judicature, the legislature, and the executive; the legal niceties of the case of the Five Knights; the precise significance of the distinction between the *Droit Administratif* of France and the English Rule of Law—these are topics which may be more appropriately discussed in the pages of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW than on the public platform, however simple the language employed, and however lucid

the exposition. Nevertheless, the petulant refusal of Mr. MacDonald to permit investigation into the circumstances attending the withdrawal of the prosecution against Campbell, or even so much as to put his foot on the golden bridge which Mr. Asquith was so evidently anxious to build for him, unquestionably supplied a serious count in the impeachment of the Socialist Government.

The more so as the electorate was quick to understand that Mr. MacDonald rode for a fall on the Campbell case rather than face the much more dangerous fence presented by the Russian treaties. The monstrous ineptitude displayed by Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. MacDonald himself in that matter, the unspeakable folly of proposing to guarantee a loan, of indefinite amount and sinister destination, would alone have sufficed to bring about the defeat of the Socialist Party at the polls.

Yet these things did not supply the dominant issue. That issue was as plain as it was vital. The electors clearly perceived—and more and more clearly as the contest proceeded—that they were asked to pronounce for or against the principle of private property and individual enterprise; for or against the establishment of a “really Socialist Commonwealth.” Mr. MacDonald’s itinerant rhetoric was mostly hazy and hysterical, but in the course of his tempestuous campaign he made certain admissions which will not quickly be forgotten. Notably at Sheffield, where he is reported to have said, on October 21st: “We can cure unemployment by carefully taking to pieces not only the ancient constitution of this realm, but its social and economic machinery. But until that preliminary process is accomplished the unemployed can expect nothing from us.” The issue between Conservatism and Socialism could not have been more explicitly stated, and on that issue, supreme and fundamental, the battle was joined. On the one side an attack upon the existing institutions of the country, political and economic. On the other, the defence of those institutions.

That defence has been traditionally entrusted to the Conservative Party, and it is their primary and proper function. Speaking on the eve of the most remarkable

victory ever won by the Conservative Party—a victory which followed upon nearly thirty years of exclusion from power—Disraeli used words which it seems appropriate to recall. Repudiating the notion that a flashy programme was under a democratic franchise essential to victory, he said: “If by a programme is meant a plan to despoil churches and plunder landlords, I admit we have no programme. If by a programme is meant a policy which assails or menaces every institution and every interest, every class and every calling in the country, I admit we have no programme. But if to have a policy with distinct ends, and these such as most deeply interest the great body of the nation, be a becoming programme for a political party, then I contend we have an adequate programme. . . . Gentlemen, the programme of the Conservative Party is to maintain the Constitution of this country.”

That Constitution was, in the recent contest, definitely assailed. Assuming that he was correctly reported, Mr. MacDonald’s words could have meant nothing less than this: If the Socialist Government has failed to produce its positive cure for unemployment, it is because the preliminary work has still to be accomplished. We cannot look for effective social reform until we have “carefully”—we will assume that this meant by Parliamentary as opposed to revolutionary methods—taken to pieces the existing Constitution and the present industrial system.

No Conservative has ever suggested that either our political Constitution or our industrial system is incapable of improvement. Disraeli’s own record and the tradition which he bequeathed to the party which he recreated negative the assumption. But while there is room for improvement, particularly in the economic sphere, this election has proved unmistakably that any attack upon “fundamentals”—political or industrial—will recoil upon the assailants. Demos has made up its mind that, while in regard to “circumstantials” it is open to conviction, on “fundamentals” it is adamant. “Hunted to the last asylum,” the imperial race will always turn to bay.

The “fundamental” elements in our political constitution are evidently the “King-in-Parliament” and

"King-in-Council." The essentials of Parliamentary democracy as evolved in the country of its origin are a Monarchy, limited or "constitutional," a Legislature of two Chambers, and a Cabinet responsible to the elected Chamber. The House of Lords as at present constituted is not a "fundamental"; a Second Chamber, under my submission, is. With rare unanimity the civilised world has rejected the nostrum of unicameralism, and has decided that two legislative chambers are as necessary to a modern democracy as were two consuls to the Roman Republic. No modern State has, however, reproduced (few have been in a position to reproduce) the English House of Lords. Many of them have rejected the principle of hereditary monarchy. Some of them could afford to do so. Great Britain, an insular and exclusively European State, might have been able to afford a similar experiment; Great Britain, the nerve centre of the British Commonwealth of Nations, could not. General Smuts, nurtured though he was in republican traditions, and himself a representative of the autonomist or nationalist school of Colonial statesmen, has laid down this doctrine with an explicitness which leaves nothing to be desired: "How," he asked, "are you going to keep this Commonwealth of nations together? If there is to be this full development towards a more varied and richer life among our nations, how are you going to keep them together? It seems to me that there are two potent factors that you must rely upon for the future. The first is your hereditary kingship; the other is our conference system. I have seen some speculations lately about the position of the kingship in this country, speculations by people who, I am sure, have not thought of the wider issues that are at stake. You cannot make a republic of the British Commonwealth of Nations." Proceeding to argue that the election of a President for the British Empire would present an insoluble problem, General Smuts added: "The theory of the Constitution is that the King is not your King (he was addressing an audience of Lords and Commons in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords), but the King of all of us, ruling over every part of the whole Common-

wealth of Nations; and if his place should be taken by anybody else, that somebody will have to be elected under a process which it will pass the wit of man to devise."¹

This is the language not of sentiment, but of common sense. It is arguable that in each component State of the Commonwealth an elected President might adequately discharge many of the functions now assigned to the Crown, but a President of the whole Commonwealth, still more of the vast and varied Empire of which the Commonwealth forms only a part, is unimaginable. The abolition of the Monarchy would mean the dissolution of the Empire.

It may be objected that in postulating the "taking to pieces" of the "ancient Constitution" of this realm Mr. MacDonald had nothing so definite in mind as the abolition of the hereditary monarchy or of a Second Chamber. Perhaps not; though it is permissible to inquire what otherwise his language portended. Be that as it may, there is no ambiguity as to the policy of the Socialist Party in regard to the industrial structure. That is to be scrapped; "capitalism" is the cause of unemployment; and capitalism as the base of the industrial system must, root and branch, be destroyed.

Demos—including, of course, the majority of the manual workers, who supply to the Conservative forces by far their largest contingent—is beginning to appreciate at its true value the capitalist bogey. I have found that there is no article in the Conservative creed which is more attractive to popular audiences than that which may be briefly expressed in the formula: "Every man his own capitalist." The modern industrial system—prejudicially described as "capitalism"—is in reality a vast co-operative enterprise, depending for its success upon the collaboration of manual labour, brain labour, and the accumulated savings of a multitude of small investors. The function of muscle and brains in production is easily apprehended; the function of capital is more subtle and less readily appreciated. But there are few working-class audiences which do not, nowadays, contain a fair sprink-

(1) *War Time Speeches*, p. 34.

ling of "capitalists"; small capitalists, it may be, but not on that account the less tenacious of the rights of capital, or less anxious as to its security. Mr. Philip Snowden, speaking as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons, confessed that he was staggered by the amount of working-class savings for a single year, and he was courteous enough to furnish me with the figures for the last available year—in most cases the year ending March 31st, 1924. They aggregated £215,968,117, made up as follows:—

	£
P.O. Savings Bank (gross annual deposit to 31/3/24)	81,300,000
Trustee Savings Banks (gross annual deposit to 31/3/24)	40,000,000
Railway Savings Banks (gross annual deposit to 31/12/22)	3,000,000
Co-operative Societies (average net increase in shareholding and deposits)	about 4,000,000
Bulding Societies	21,000,000
National Savings Association (net)	11,000,000
Friendly Societies and Branches (partly estimated, 1922)	9,000,000
Collecting Societies' Premiums, 1922	7,088,000
Trade Unions (Benefits)	8,000,000
Industrial Assurance Companies (Premium Income, 1922)	31,580,117
	215,968,117

These figures, it will be seen, take no account of the investments made by wage-earners in industrial concerns, in railways, or in small house property. The amount of the last item was computed in 1914 to be no less than £600,000,000. The sum invested in industrial companies, notably in Lancashire cotton mills, though not easily ascertainable, is certainly large, while it is a well-known fact that the number of shareholders (many of them very small ones) in English railway companies exceeds the number of employees by 100,000 (about 800,000 as against 700,000).

Apart from these individual investments, the corporate funds (*e.g.*, of the great trade unions) are, as the annual savings indicate, very large, and constitute in the aggregate a large stake in the country.

These facts, if more generally realised, ought, I submit, to put courage into the hearts of those timid folk who are constantly apprehensive of a social revolution in this country. People are apt to be blinded by the ostentatious display of great wealth by the very rich, who are relatively few in number. It is quite true that in regard to landed property we still compare disadvantageously with France, despite the recent break-up of large estates; but personal property, represented by investments such as those which I have enumerated above, is far more widely diffused than is commonly realised.

To this diffusion I attribute in no inconsiderable degree the answer given by Demos to the question propounded to it by the first Socialist Government. A frontal attack upon the principle of private property will always, I believe, meet with a stout resistance from a people of whom a large proportion appreciate from personal experience the "rights of property" and recognise, however hazily, the debt which English industry owes to individual enterprise and personal initiative.

"No great dominant issue!" What issue more dominant could any politician desire or invent? Philosophers are as insistent as politicians in regarding private property as a fundamental. The testimony of a teacher of such strong popular sympathies as the late Sir Henry Jones is, on this point, of exceptional significance: "Property," he wrote, "is always personal and is rightly called private. . . . The right to gain and hold it is as fundamental as the right to life and liberty. It is, indeed, a condition without which the latter can have no real value. A person who owns nothing can do nothing and be nothing." Even the divines with a strong inclination to Socialism agree that property is essential to personality, though some of them draw a curiously inept distinction between property "for use" and property "for power." The distinction is, of course, intelligible, but I find it impossible either on ethical or on economic grounds to justify it. "Property," writes Mr. H. G. Wells, "is a trust for the community varying in its responsibilities with the nature of the property. The property one

has in one's toothbrush is different from the property one has in ten thousand acres of land; the property one has in the photograph of a friend is different from the property one has in some irreplaceable masterpiece of portraiture." That goes without saying; but J. S. Mill and other utilitarians were surely wrong in attempting to draw a distinction between private ownership of land and other forms of property. "The claim of the landowners to the land," wrote Mill, "is altogether subordinate to the general policy of the State." That is evidently true; but it is true not only of land, but of every form of property. It may, indeed, happen that the State will find it expedient to interfere with the private enjoyment of the rights of property more often in some cases than in others. But that is a matter not of principle but of degree.

Mill's distinction illustrates the pains taken by theorists to discover a satisfactory ground on which to base the defence of private property as a social institution. The legal theory of *occupatio*, or priority of appropriation; the doctrine first elaborated by Locke and adopted by Mill that a man has "a natural right" to the product of his own labour; the Hegelian theory that property is defensible as an expression and essential attribute of personality—all these theories, and many others, contain an element of truth; but the only perfectly safe and sure ground is that in the long run the interests of the community are better served by the recognition than by the negation of the principle of private property. That its recognition may permit and even encourage abuses is not denied. But not on that account will the wise legislator proscribe it. Recall in this connection the sage words of David Hume: "Property must be stable and must be fixed by general rules. . . . Though in one instance the public be a sufferer, this momentary ill is amply compensated by the steady prosecution of the rule and by the power and order which it establishes in society."

At this point, however, a question obtrudes itself: does the right of property imply the recognition of the rights of capital? Your Socialist says "No"; the divines who applaud the distinction between "property for use" and

"property for power" seem equally to deny it. But see the dilemma, economic and ethical, on which such an argument impales us. Do these good people really suggest that so long as a man spends his income up to the hilt he is morally blameless; but let him save a portion of it and convert his accumulated savings into capital, he is guilty of the attempt to enslave his fellows; he is using property "for power" and imposing upon a proletarian community the degrading yoke of capitalism! Is this sober argument, or the hysteria of class prejudice, or the *reductio ad absurdum* of ethical perversity?

The truth is exactly contrariwise. The man who "flings his money about," extracting the last ounce of personal gratification out of his expenditure, is the enemy of society; the "careful man," though a much less popular character, is helping his fellows to profitable and continuous employment, and contributes to the prosperity and well-being of the whole community. But in the process of achieving this desirable end he has necessarily committed the unpardonable sin of becoming a "capitalist"!

What unspeakable nonsense it all is: street corner orators; noisy demagogues; semi-socialistic divines; popular preachers—there is nothing to choose between them as regards the deception of the people; and the answer of Demos proves that the people refuse to be deceived. The popular discussion of economic problems during the last twenty years is—contrary to expectation—beginning to yield a harvest of truth and understanding. Certain pivotal truths are beginning to percolate through the minds of the vast electorate of to-day. Hence the verdict just recorded in favour of economic sanity.

The Socialists lay to their souls the flattering unction that though they have returned to Westminster fewer by 41 members (150 as against 191) than in 1923, they have polled 1,200,000 more votes. That is easily explicable by the striking reduction in the number of triangular contests. It is, indeed, arguable, though not susceptible of proof, that the greater part of the 1,200,000 additional votes recorded for Socialist candidates were supplied by Liberals who preferred a Socialist to a Tory. Neverthe-

less, the analysis of recent election figures, as worked out by Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Secretary of the Labour Party, is sufficiently remarkable.

It is as follows:—

SEATS CONTESTED.							
1900	...	...	15	1922	...	...	414
1906	...	...	50	1923	...	...	427
1910	...	...	78	1924	...	...	514
1918	...	...	361				
MEMBERS RETURNED.							
1900	...	...	2	1922	...	...	142
1906	...	...	29	1923	...	...	191
1910	...	...	40	1924	...	...	150
1918	...	...	57				
THE AGGREGATE VOTE.							
1900	...	...	62,000	1922	...	...	4,236,000
1906	...	...	323,000	1923	...	...	4,348,000
1910 (Jan.)	...	...	505,000	1924	...	...	5,551,000
1918	...	...	2,244,000				

Whatever the explanation of these figures, their significance is incontestable. They appear to establish the conclusion that Socialism has permanently supplanted Liberalism as the second party in the State and that to the Socialist Party the nation must henceforward look for the only alternative to a Conservative administration.

There is no genuine Conservative who will not sincerely deplore this development. Conservatives and Radicals have so long confronted each other in the House of Commons, and have fought each other so long and keenly in the constituencies, that it is not easy for either party to forget their historic antagonism. Yet the things which divided them might mostly (though not exclusively) be classed as circumstantial, not fundamentals. Indeed, the remarkable success of parliamentary government in the nineteenth century was due, in large measure, to the fact that the two historic parties were not divided on fundamentals; and it is difficult to repress the doubt whether the success of that delicate form of government is really attainable under any other conditions. Over the passing of Liberalism we may drop a tear, not of the crocodile variety.

But has Liberalism passed? Valiant champions like Mr. Lloyd George and Dr. Macnamara vociferously deny its decease.

In an article contributed to *The Daily Chronicle* on the morrow of the election Mr. Lloyd George, after pointing out that the Liberals polled nearly three million votes, with comparatively few candidates in the field, proceeded: "A party that can rally so many men and women to its flag when it had no challenging appeal to rouse its supporters to enthusiasm and no hope of victory to hearten them in the fight is a force to be reckoned with in the government of this country." Convinced that "in giving Labour its chance" the Liberals "acted in the highest interests of the country," he contends that no reasonable person could have foreseen that "the leader of a great party would have behaved like a jealous, vain, suspicious, ill-tempered actress of the second rank" and have thrown away a great opportunity—"the only chance his (Mr. MacDonald's) party is likely to get for this generation." So much for the Labour Party and its leader. Next as to the Conservatives. "The Conservative tide," he contends, "has reached its highest mark. It will now rapidly recede. Who will reclaim the foreshore?" That question he had already answered; for, "looking the future straight in the face," he expresses his conviction that "it is full of hope for Liberalism."

Yet neither Mr. Lloyd George nor Dr. Macnamara (in *The Sunday Express* for November 2nd), nor, so far as I have seen, any other Liberal, has furnished any solid ground for the conviction they profess to entertain, nor has explained what the Liberal Party can offer to the nation which cannot equally well be provided by progressive Conservatism. Still less do they explain, or even notice, a fact which might, if realised, shake their confidence in the future, viz., the virtual extinction of "Liberalism" in almost every self-governing Democracy. For myself, I am regretfully constrained to say that, viewing the situation as dispassionately as I can, and rather through the spectacles of a scientific student of politics than of a party politician, I can see no future for

Liberalism in this or in any other country. Liberalism, as its name suggests, was a product of the conditions which prevailed in the early decades of the nineteenth century, when Benthamite *laissez-faire* was the fashionable philosophy of the hour, and when in many spheres the hand of the liberator was urgently called for. Roman Catholics and Protestant Nonconformists had to be emancipated; trade and industry were enmeshed in the shackles of "mercantilism" and had to be freed; slavery had to be abolished; and so forth. Liberalism had a great work to do, but its specific task has been accomplished. No doubt the anticipation and calculation of the Liberal leaders when in January last they put "Labour" in office was that Labour, leaning on Liberalism, would, even at the risk of alienating the Communist wing in its own party, support or promote legislation conceived in the spirit of Liberalism rather than Socialism.

Except in finance, that hope has been entirely disappointed. I so far agree with Mr. Lloyd George as to think that had the Socialist leaders been worldly-wise they would have taken this line—at any rate, during the early sessions of the Parliament just dissolved. Had they done so, they would unquestionably have gone far to disintegrate the Liberal Party and have attracted to the Socialist camp many who will now remain outside it during the rest of their political lives. Yet, without minimising in any degree the disastrous effects upon his party of Mr. MacDonald's petulance and vanity—attributes which seemed to develop with surprising rapidity as he neared the edge of the electoral precipice—I cannot think that the Socialist Party would in the long run have gained by the adoption of the tactics upon which the Liberal leaders, by their own ingenuous confessions, had craftily calculated.

After all, the Socialists have a creed in which they passionately believe. I hold that the gods whom they worship are false gods, but quite obviously they worship them in sincerity and truth—nay, with a passionate devotion which puts many of us to shame. Moreover, their faith evokes a missionary fervour, which, unless countered

by equal zeal on the part of those who would still stand in the ancient ways, may, to our ruin, overwhelm us.

We Conservatives are too apt to lump all "Socialists" together and denounce them as Bolshevists and Communists. The experience of the last three months has, I admit, gone far to justify this rough classification, and to discourage discrimination. Nevertheless, I am sure that it is the part of political wisdom, not less than of Christian charity, to discriminate between those who are led to adopt Socialism from motives which, however mistaken, are lofty and pure, and those who are inspired by envy, hatred and all uncharitableness. With the latter we cannot argue; with the former we can, and, if we are to hold the ground we have won, we must. They have been overborne—for the moment—by a flood to which a good many streams have contributed; but mainly by the splendid political instinct of a truly imperial race—a race which, when really roused, has proved itself equally potent to withstand the proud and to succour those who suffer. Menaced by no ordinary danger, that imperial race has turned to bay. It has now answered in the polling booths, as ten years ago it answered in Flanders and in France, those who would threaten either the well-being of the citizens or the safety of the Commonwealth.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

THERE have been three Presidents of the United States since the Civil War who were not opportunists. The first of these was Abraham Lincoln. He was re-elected but served less than two months of his second term of office by reason of his assassination. The second of these was Grover Cleveland, who served four years, from 1885 to 1889. He was then defeated for re-election on the tariff issue, as the people ascribed the hard times of the latter part of his administration to the Democratic tariff policy. When it was discovered, during the subsequent Republican administration, that all the troubles of the country were not due to Democratic policies, Cleveland was again nominated and elected, this time by reason of his personality, to serve another four years. The third President who was not an opportunist was Calvin Coolidge, who was elected Vice-President in 1920, took office in 1921, and became President in August, 1923, at the death of President Harding. Calvin Coolidge has now been elected President of the United States in his own right by a popular vote approximating nearly two-thirds of the entire electorate of thirty-two millions.

It has been said that all great statesmen and politicians have necessarily been opportunists, but the political history of the United States seems to prove that either this is not true or that there are notable exceptions to the rule. Of Lincoln it is unnecessary to speak, for history has given him full credit for his uncompromising attitude in matters of principle. That the rugged honesty, directness of purpose and lack of adroitness shown by Grover Cleveland was the cause of the downfall of his party was the charge made by critics within the circle of his own political family. That he was not a man of great intellect, and in many respects not a great politician, is true, but the qualities of his character brought him back to the White House after the country had experienced four years

of expediency and opportunism under other leadership. The fourteen months in which Calvin Coolidge has served the people of the United States as President, during a most difficult time and when his party was under a cloud of suspicion, inspired such popular belief in his courage and high principles that, in spite of his serious handicaps, the people have kept him in office with an overwhelming vote of confidence.

The results of the American election have been loudly hailed as a victory for conservatism akin in meaning to the result of the recent election in Great Britain. The two situations have little in common. The slogan of the British election was "the Union Jack or the Red Flag," an obviously dishonest and unintelligent issue, if such it be, and the Conservatives came into power with a minority of the popular vote. In the American election there was no issue of "patriotism," for no candidate or party could have been justly accused of being less than "100 per cent. American" in desire or purpose. The Democrats nominated the best they had, a man of fine character and principle, but they were unable to present convincing reasons why they should be given control of the Government. The Third Party, the so-called party of protest, led by Senator La Follette, made small appeal. His abuse of the older parties excited derision of himself rather than virtuous indignation against them, and the remedies he suggested for acknowledged and alleged evils of government were of such experimental character, and savoured so much of extreme paternalism, that they repelled rather than attracted practical-minded Americans.

The result of the election is a great personal triumph for Mr. Coolidge, which he disclaims with characteristic brevity and modesty. The Republican Party got into deep water in the months preceding the death of President Harding, and when Mr. Coolidge came to the White House he found himself the inheritor of a serious and compromising political situation. He did the obviously honest and straightforward thing: kept his own skirts clear of entanglements and treated the whole matter as a case of illness within the Government service in the treat-

ment of which party lines did not exist. He righted such wrongs as had been committed within the limits of his power, and maintained throughout an air of severe detachment which defied criticism along political lines.

When Mr. Coolidge first came to Washington his personality made little appeal; in fact it was almost repellent to many of the more robust type, for he was the New Englander of fiction and the stage, and he still remains such, but he has largely lived this down with the nation as a whole, and from criticism and gibe the people have come to a more or less unwilling respect, admiration, and even awe of the apparent immutability of his personality. There is nothing impressive or commanding about his presence or his speech, but the hard keenness of his mind, the simplicity of his life, and the uncompromising courage and quality of his creed, always so tersely expressed, have reached the public consciousness and become a legend.

There is one direction in particular in which he has been a surprise, and that is in his ability as a politician. It has been a common belief that such ability could not exist in conjunction with the qualities and personality for which he has been recognised, but he has brought about a new conception of what a successful politician may be. He has had much experience in politics, having been city councilman, State representative, mayor of his town, State Senator, President of the Senate, Lieutenant-Governor, Governor, and then Vice-President of the United States. All of the offices he has held have been elective, and require as much campaigning as those of greater moment in the affairs of the nation. Until he came to Washington as Vice-President, his political life had been, however, entirely within the narrow confines of the State of Massachusetts, the term narrow being used in other senses than geographical.

Local politics are a good training for usefulness in a wider field, the only difficulty in this case being that local New England politics do not as a rule give a rising politician that broadness of outlook and wide and various experience of humanity, as it is to be found in the United States, which is necessary to an understanding adminis-

tration of the affairs of the whole country. Given certain outstanding qualities and a degree of mental adaptability, the latter often lacking even in some of the best products of New England, the handicap of environment may be overcome, and it would appear, although it is not absolutely proven as yet, that this needed breadth of vision is part of the Coolidge equipment. If this is so, it was latent, and only needed the vastly enlightening and broadening experience of being President to come into active play.

It is interesting to recall that the late W. Murray Crane, once Governor and afterwards Senator from Massachusetts, one of the ablest and most astute politicians and business men America has brought forth in the past fifty years, advised a friend of his, when Calvin Coolidge first entered politics, to keep an eye on the man who is now President of the United States. Senator Crane then said that not only was Calvin Coolidge a rising young man, but predicted he had a great future before him, and the Senator was one of the keenest judges of men there was in public life in those days, his prophecies being rarely at fault. There was much that was akin between the two men. Both lived spare lives regardless of income, for the late Senator Crane was many times a millionaire and Calvin Coolidge was a poor man. The life interests of both were entirely absorbed by whatever business was in hand and their family affairs. W. Murray Crane became the colleague of Senator Lodge in the United States Senate and Calvin Coolidge has become President of the United States.

Thirty-four times have the people of the United States chosen a President, and on only five occasions have they come from New England. John Adams and John Quincy Adams came from Massachusetts, President Pierce from New Hampshire, and President Arthur and now President Coolidge from Vermont, although the latter, owing to his long residence therein, is more identified with Massachusetts in the public mind than with his native State. Arthur became President through the assassination of President Garfield and not by election, hence President Coolidge is the first President to be chosen from New

England since Pierce was elected in 1852. This matter of geography is important, for early environment has a great influence upon the mental processes of a man when he reaches the more mature stage of life, and within the boundaries of the United States lies an immense variety of conditions under which a citizen can be brought up to the voting age. Those which have prevailed in New England are as distinctive as any, or perhaps more so than those of any other section.

The quality of the political courage possessed by President Coolidge has been shown on several notable occasions. He first attracted the attention of the nation by his vigorous handling of a serious strike of the police in Boston. He broke this strike by methods which would apparently cost him the vote of the labour element, but it did not. Since he has been President he vetoed an Immigration Bill, vetoed the Soldier Bonus Bill and gave his support to certain measures for reducing public expenses and taxation, the first two having the strong support of Congress and the latter being unpopular with that body and with a considerable section of the Press. On all of these occasions he could easily have taken a stand which would have apparently strengthened him with the great body of the electorate. He followed his own convictions, however, clearly and emphatically set forth, and judging by the result political honesty has paid him an enormous dividend. The American people have had many years of Washington administration based upon political expediency and are evidently quite willing to risk four years more of something quite different.

Present indications are that the new Republican administration will have a small working majority in the next Congress, instead of being at the mercy of a small group of independents, as at present, and this will be a much more satisfactory state of affairs from every point of view. It is always better for the country that a party in power should have full responsibility for what is done, with a strong minority Opposition to keep tab on all lapses from virtue. The result is less equivocal, and if the party in power goes wrong it cannot put the blame upon lack of Congressional control. It is compelled to stand or fall

on its record. The final session of the existing Congress begins December 1st and terminates March 4th, 1925. The newly elected Congress comes into regular session December 1st, 1925, unless called into extra session before that time. It is customary for the new Senate to convene immediately after March 4th to confirm such appointments as the newly inaugurated President has to make, and then adjourn without transacting other business. It is now announced that unless something of great importance arises the new Congress as a whole will not be called into extra session, and that the country will have respite from political agitation from the present time until December 1st, 1925, at least.

It seems, therefore, that in the United States, as in Great Britain, political affairs will remain upon a fairly level keel for several years to come, and that sensations, if wanted, will have to be sought for in other directions. The people of both countries are more or less weary of political turmoil and will welcome the stability which is promised. Therein lies danger, however, for assured political power is generally abused, bringing about reaction against those who have taken advantage of a vote of confidence to become slothful or to betray the trust reposed in them. During the coming years of Conservative ascendancy in England and of Republican control in the United States the opposition forces in both countries will consolidate and strengthen. In Great Britain there can be no sure sign as to their strength until the Government falls. In the United States the Congressional elections of 1926 will indicate the trend of public opinion, and owing to the small Republican majority in the new Congress that particular "off year" election will be of unusual importance. There is generally a sag in the strength of the party in power in the Congressional elections which come in between the Presidential years, and it would require but a small loss to put the Opposition into power in the legislative branch of the Government during the last two years of the administration of President Coolidge, a situation generally to be deplored.

What the result of the last American election means for the future can be read in the records of the past few

months. President Coolidge has already clearly defined his foreign policy and has acted as he has spoken. Republican fiscal policies are already in force, and there will be little or no change. In fact, it would appear that the immediate future can yield few surprises. The larger affairs of all countries appear to have entered upon a quiet period, this period having been inaugurated by the agreement between the Allies and Germany, or, in other words, the adoption of the so-called Dawes plan through the efforts of M. Herriot and the then Prime Minister of England, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

With perhaps some element of appropriateness the man who gave the name to the Allied agreement with Germany, Mr. Charles Gates Dawes, comes into office March 4th next as Vice-President of the United States. There is no "legend" attached to the personality of Mr. Dawes. He has never been charged with being reticent, terse, or inscrutable. He has a flow of language which he delights in using, and his vocabulary possesses a certain lurid quality which adds more or less picturesqueness to his discourse according to the prejudices of the listener. Otherwise he is a shrewd business man of high standing in the community, and when in Washington in previous years made a competent public official. He comes from Chicago, that most materialistic of cities, and from the domain of practical affairs wherein worldly success is the measure of man. That he has had more fame out of the "Dawes plan" than he was perhaps entitled to is not his fault, for whether he devised it or not it was named after him, and that is sufficient to give him a place in history to which but few attain.

One of the minor results of the election is the defeat of Col. Theodore Roosevelt for the office of Governor of New York. New York State as a whole went strongly Republican, and gave Mr. Coolidge a handsome majority. The Democratic candidate for re-election as Governor was Alfred E. Smith, a self-made man who has achieved a wide personal popularity for himself and by his competent administration of the affairs of the State has won the friendship and respect of many men of affairs and influence. He received a very large vote in New York

City, large enough to overcome the majority received by Col. Roosevelt in the balance of the State, and was re-elected.

In this defeat Col. Roosevelt meets with the first serious check to his career which up to this point had progressed along somewhat similar lines to that of his illustrious father, although the son had taken a number of short cuts to places his father had reached only after much preliminary work. It is yet to be demonstrated that he possesses those qualities and talents which brought his father to the forefront of American life and kept him there for so many years, or whether he has climbed to his present prominence on the strength of being his father's son. Had he been elected Governor of New York he would undoubtedly have been a candidate for the Presidency in 1928 to succeed President Coolidge, for the Governorship of New York is a vantage point from which a number have succeeded in reaching the White House. He is young, only thirty-seven, with all his maturer life before him. He has already risen faster and higher than most men do. Time alone can tell whether he is to be ranked as a fixed or as a shooting star in the political firmament.

To reach some idea as to the real meaning of the American General Election it is necessary to disregard to a certain extent the size of the Republican majority in the Electoral College in the same manner as it is necessary to ignore the size of the Conservative majority in the House of Commons if a real understanding of the political situation in Great Britain is to be obtained. It is true that while the Conservatives came into their complete control of the Government in Great Britain with a minority of the popular vote, the Republican Presidential electors in the United States received a very large majority of the popular vote. It is obvious, therefore, that while a majority of the voters in Great Britain do not think along Conservative lines, it would appear that in the United States the Republican Party, with its record, its policies, and its promises, was fully sustained and endorsed by a great majority.

This would be an entirely unsafe conclusion, however,

for in the concurrent Congressional elections the Democrats held their own and Insurgents and Radicals were retained in such numbers as to give the Republicans a bare majority over the combined opposition. In other words, President Coolidge ran well ahead of his party in practically every State. Senator La Follette, who was to have swept the country according to the wishes and belief of his following, secured only 13 out of the 531 electoral votes, and yet there existed, and still exists, a very large adherence to his ideas as to the proper method of conducting the Government. This following is so scattered as to be ineffective at the polls, but that it has had, and will still have, its influence upon the older parties and upon the future of the nation is undeniable.

To say that the result of the American election was brought about through a desire on the part of the people of the United States to emphasise their disbelief in "Bolshevism" is an absurdity, for "Bolshevism" was not, and probably never will be, an issue in an American election. "Bolshevism" does not succeed through elections in a democratically governed nation, and there is as about as much danger of "Bolshevism" succeeding in the United States as there is of the King of England being driven from his throne before the coming of the New Year. President Coolidge was elected in spite of his party organisation, that is to say the older portion of it, and in the belief held by the nation that not only was he safe, sane, and honest, but that he was no willing and pliant tool in the hands of those who manipulate party affairs. If President Harding had lived and the recent election been his second candidacy, the Republican electors would probably have been defeated, or would at least not have received a majority in the Electoral College over the combined opposition, for the late President was primarily an exponent of his party and not of any independent creed of his own.

It was this knowledge and belief on the part of the Opposition as to the general distrust of the old Republican party organisation that led both Democrats and Radicals to over-estimate the votes their candidates would secure.

Their under-estimate as to the faith the nation had acquired in Calvin Coolidge was responsible for their surprise and disappointment when the election returns came in. In no recent election in the United States has the party declaration of principle or the criticism and promises of those who aspired to election played such a negligible part. American elections are decided by the "floating" or independent vote, and this element has been created through distrust of party politics, and has grown to its now very large dimensions by reason of the betrayal of the public interests by party organisations when they have succeeded in putting their faithful henchmen into office.

The loss to the parties of a large number of "through thick and thin" followers first became noticeable during what may be called the Roosevelt era, and he was largely responsible for much of the encouragement then given to independence of action on the part of the voters. Theodore Roosevelt was forced upon the party managers as their candidate for the Presidency against their will, for they could not bend him to their purpose if his own opinions or desires led him in opposite directions. Calvin Coolidge was not the real choice of any political clique for much the same reason, but the Republican Party has always been more or less skilfully managed, and it can make the best of a disagreeable situation with practised ease. Its purpose is either to get into power, if out, or to stay in if already there, and it will adapt itself to any conditions to achieve this purpose. The back of the old organisation was broken, however, and its heart as well, when Roosevelt, a Republican ex-President, defeated the regular nominee, Mr. Taft, by running as an independent.

Now, through a combination of circumstances, comes into the White House, nominated by the Republican Party, a man elected by a great majority, notwithstanding the fact that the party organisation was in disrepute and its leaders defied by him when they attempted to bend him to their will.

If precedent be followed the coming four years will be Mr. Coolidge's last term in the White House. This fact

will, insensibly perhaps, make him more independent than ever. It is inevitable that he will at times in the future come into conflict with his party as he has in the past. The fact that he has been elected as a Republican this year by a large majority does not mean, however, that the party strength is thereby indicated. With other men and other issues it might be that at the next election the pendulum will swing to a point far removed from that now registered. In the past sixty-three years the Democrats have only been in power for twelve, and each of the three four-year terms was given them in protest against Republican misrule. They failed to take advantage of their opportunity, however, and the voters turned them out, preferring the lesser evil. New parties must arise from the wrecks of the old, for their long-established systems have been scrapped by the growing independence of the voters. The new parties may bear the same names as the old, but they will not be the same in method or in creed.

As compared with the La Follette following the Republicans are conservative. As compared with the Democrats there is very little to choose between them. There is a small reactionary element in both the Republican and the Democratic parties, but the main body of both leans towards a conservative liberalism, slightly tinged with Socialistic doctrine. The great problem in American politics to-day is to secure a Government for the people as a whole, and not for the special interests of a minority. If the Republicans under the leadership of Mr. Coolidge can find their way to this they will remain in power for long. If they cannot, the vote of the electorate will swing far enough to the "Left" to drive them from power. The question still in the minds of many is as to the true measure of the taciturn New Englander now in the White House. He has a great opportunity and a great responsibility, for the nation is asking for leadership into other paths than those which make for material success alone. The people have given him his chance, having faith in his honesty, and much is expected of him, probably much more than he will be able to accomplish.

GERMANY'S TRADE WAR AND AFTER

By JOHN BELL

A TOUR through occupied Germany just now is fruitful of impressions, some pleasant, others of ominous significance. It is particularly instructive in view of what has taken place since January 11th, 1923, when the French and Belgians entered the Ruhr; and it is all the more interesting to one who, like myself, spent seven months in the industrial basin, the great German arsenal during the war, watched the passive resistance struggle, and noted the disastrous effects of this foolish policy pursued by Germany in the hope that it would enable her to avoid furnishing the coal and coke she had agreed to deliver. I was able to study the pitiable aftermath of this policy in January and February of this year. The Germans were then in a repentant frame of mind. Those who were best able to judge of the catastrophic consequences of Dr. Cuno's ill-advised policy of resistance—the German industrialists themselves—acknowledged that it was a mistake, a dismal failure.

But the Germans have wonderful powers of recuperation. Realising that the French and Belgians were masters of the situation, they faced the position courageously, made the best of things, believing that better days would come, and entered into industrial agreements with the occupation authorities. Let it be said now that they carried out these contracts loyally until the Dawes Plan, conceived in order to enable Germany to make reparations, brought them to an end.

I re-visited the Ruhr and the whole of occupied territory just as the Dawes Plan was being put into execution. What a change in the German outlook! Wonders had been worked in a few months. There is unemployment in the Ruhr, in the British zone and in other parts of Rhineland; but the number of workless is not large in relation to the population, and it is being reduced every

month, which, unfortunately, is not the case in England. Arguing from external appearances, there is what seems a curious contradiction: the German workmen are paid lower wages than British workmen receive, but it is the truth to say that they emerge very favourably from a comparison between them and the other workers of Europe.

There are certain classes in Germany who are feeling the pinch, but it is untrue to say, as has been said, that the workmen of Germany are starving as the result of low wages and high food prices. The fact is that the last vestiges of the criminal passive resistance policy are fast disappearing from occupied Germany. The industrialists complain of two things: shortage of orders and lack of capital. Still, there is no scarcity of money. It is spent, rather ostentatiously, as it seemed to me, in the restaurants, where the prices are very high and are maintained because there are people to pay them. Many Germans have a habit of dining out on Saturday and Sunday evenings, and an examination of the menus of fairly good-class restaurants showed that a dinner of the ordinary number of courses might well work out at 35s. without wine. The restaurants were full; the Germans were eating and drinking of the best.

It has not to be concluded that the prices in the shops are extraordinarily high. Taking 100 as the index figure for the retail cost of the principal necessities of life at Düsseldorf before the war, it was 125 at the time of my visit. There is general evidence of returning prosperity. The food shops are well stocked, and buyers are not lacking. Another symptom of reviving activity, of confidence in the future, is to be found in the hotel industry. During the late summer last year, when the collapse of the mark reached its climax, many hotels in the principal towns of the Ruhr and Rhineland were practically empty. Now they are doing good business, and travellers moving from one town to another find it necessary to telegraph in advance of their arrival so as to ensure accommodation.

These details are symptomatic of an industrial awakening. How has this transformation been effected? Without doubt the stabilisation of German money by the introduc-

tion of the Rentenmark is one of the responsible factors. The Reparations Commission had a scheme for stabilising the mark, but the German authorities would not adopt it, arguing that it was their business to stabilise German money. By a clever trick of conjuring they invented the Rentenmark, which is fixed on a dollar basis. By this feat of legerdemain German money has more value than that of the Allies. In Germany the English pound and the French franc are depreciated currencies.

And yet America and the Allied nations raised forty millions sterling for Germany. So far as Britain in particular is concerned, it cannot yet be said whether this loan provided by the Dawes Plan is going to help her. It cannot yet be foreseen if the execution of the plan which has restored to Germany her economic unity is going to reduce the number of unemployed in England. What can be said with truth, however, is that the Dawes scheme has revived German courage. It is responsible for the changed outlook in occupied and unoccupied Germany alike. It has given rise to new hopes engendered by the sense of economic freedom, by the feeling that Germany is again mistress of her economic destinies.

It is useful to examine these hopes and aspirations, and the evidence I found on personal inquiry in the Ruhr is not in consonance with the belief of those who consider that the Dawes Plan is a perfect solution of the Reparations problem. It will come as a surprise to those optimists to learn that the German industrialists do not consider that the plan can be realised. They told me that it was accepted by Germany because it was the only plan presented; that the moment had come to do something, and that as the Allies had accepted the scheme Germany, in face of this unanimity, would have found herself in an awkward situation if she had rejected it. For the German industrialists the value of the plan lay in the fact that it furnished the means of getting the French and Belgians out of the Ruhr.

The German Government and the industrialists will, I believe, make an effort to carry out the plan, not for the *beaux yeux* of France and the other Allies seeking reparations, but for two reasons. One is the threat of sanctions

in the event of default. It is conceivable that, having regard to the machinery set up for proclaiming or disclaiming a default, there will be no doubt about sanctions, applied collectively this time, if Germany again gives evidence of bad faith. The Reich may be counted upon to do everything in its power to avoid collective action, which would probably be more disastrous in its effects than the isolated action undertaken by France and Belgium in January, 1923.

The other reason likely to weigh with the German industrial magnates is that the execution of the Dawes scheme will help them to regain their lost trade and at the same time to make stupendous efforts to capture the commerce of other countries. In fact, it permits them to begin a commercial war. This is foreseen. What is not foreseen is what may follow the industrial conflict. It is patent to all economists that if Germany has to increase her exports in order to discharge the burden imposed upon her, she must make inroads on markets hitherto held by other countries. Before the Great War began she was fast gaining industrial and commercial supremacy. She is now resuming where she left off. The Dawes Plan offers her encouragement to enter upon a merciless competition with other industrial nations; and if as a result of her success it is sought to impose penalties upon her on the ground that her greatly increased exports are injuring the industries of other countries, it will be within her right to complain that the Allies are making it impossible for her to carry out her engagements.

But Germany can only carry out these engagements if she enjoys political and economic tranquillity. Political peace is an unknown factor. There must always be uncertainty where there is a big and increasing element working not only to destroy the Treaty of Versailles but to prepare for a war of revenge. It is true that a powerful association—the Schwarz-Roth-Gold—has been started in order to fight the German Fascists with their own weapons. Begun in the spring, this association has made rapid progress. It has now between two and three million members, composed for the most part of old soldiers. There are branches all over Germany.

The idea underlying the Schwarz-Roth-Gold is to sustain the Republic against those who are seeking to restore the monarchy. It wants peace at home, but the fact that its members are adopting military discipline is somewhat disquieting to British observers of its activities; for there is no knowing what development this association may assume. An instrument of political ascendancy at home and presumably imbued with pacific ideals so far as Germany is concerned, it remains to be seen what may be its attitude towards Germany's former foes. Certainly an organisation of between two and three million men would be useful to the German Republic, which, it should not be forgotten, has never accepted responsibility for the war, has never fully carried out the disarmament conditions of the Peace Treaty, and is, in fact, countenancing surreptitious methods for increasing the number of trained men and experiments for the manufacture of gases more terrible in their effects than those hitherto invented.

If the political factor is unknown in Germany, so also is the economic factor. It is rightly assumed that before Germany can fulfil the obligations imposed upon her there must be peace in the Ruhr and other industrial centres of Germany. There is no sure guarantee that there will be industrial peace. What I saw and learnt in occupied Germany does not encourage the hope that the Dawes Plan will be executed without labour troubles.

It is opportune to indicate the situation. First of all, those who think that the German workmen are content to work long hours for low wages are harbouring an illusion. The wages earned in the Ruhr at present are such as no section of British workmen would accept. Foundrymen work ten hours a day at 60 pfennige, or, roughly, sevenpence, an hour. That is about two pounds a week for what is probably the hardest of manual labour. The men employed in the rolling mills and other allied industries work nine and a half hours a day and are paid at the rate of 55 pfennige an hour. The miners work eight hours from bank to bank. For them the eight hours day was fixed by Government regulations. Their pay is 5 marks 67 pfennige a day, or about 36s. a week. The men employed

in the metal trades have had their working day lengthened. Formerly they worked eight hours. When the industrialists entered into agreements with the French and Belgians the first thing they did was to decrease the cost of production by making their hands work longer hours. The metal workers put up a fight. They went on strike and kept up the struggle for six weeks. It was only when their funds gave out and they were faced with starvation that they gave in.

It must not be assumed that the German workmen will be satisfied with the present conditions. They are biding their time. They are now engaged in accumulating funds; and when they think they are strong enough they will point pistols at the heads of their employers, demand higher wages and a reduction of the hours of labour, and enforce their demands by coming out on strike.

Labour troubles are expected to break out in the Ruhr when the Dawes Plan is in full swing. From the point of view of the formidable competition which England will have to face with Germany economically resuscitated, there are those who think that a victory for the workmen would be all to the good, since it would serve to bring about something like an equalisation in the costs of production in Germany and Britain, thus removing the handicap from British industries. It would be a good thing if means could be devised to put an end to industrial throat-cutting, to give competitors for the world's markets an equal chance. But there is another aspect of the labour trouble in Germany, and it must be taken into account. If the German industrial magnates refused to pay the wages demanded or to reduce the hours of labour, if they closed their works, as some of them did several times during the Ruhr struggle, the scheme of paying reparations as furnished by the Dawes Plan would suffer.

Who could contradict the employers if they put forward the contention that they could not carry out their engagements if the workmen's claims were conceded? It is conceivable that in the case of some undertakings a stoppage would be welcomed. Let it be repeated that the view of German Industrialists, as given to me at Essen, is that the Dawes Plan cannot be realised.

There are other problems connected with the settling down of Germany—if, indeed, there is to be a settling down—which may well cause the Allies anxiety. From what I was able to find out by inquiry at competent sources, one of the most serious problems refers to disarmament. It had been suggested that what is now supposed to be a complete inspection of armaments should be brought to a close about the time when the Reich had to enter into full possession of its economic unity. It can be said at once that the material Germany has been asked to deliver up for destruction will not be destroyed during the present month, for the reason that the officers of the Inter-Allied Commission for the Control of Disarmament have been plainly told that the machines in question cannot be destroyed. It is a fact that equipment for turning out formidable engines of war still exists in the Ruhr. The Allied officers whose business it is to get to know the equipment of every factory have made repeated demands on workshops, including the great Krupp concern where the Big Bertha guns which fired on Paris were built, and, while they have smashed up a considerable quantity of material, much remains to be disposed of before it can be said that Germany is totally disarmed.

I have come to the conclusion that Germany will never be totally disarmed. The British Government must be in possession of reports which, could they be published, would startle the world. Competent authorities in occupied territory do not deny that the Germans are making munitions. "In less than ten years Germany will be the most powerful nation in Europe," was the answer given to a question I put to an authority who knows what has been done in the way of disarmament and what remains to be done.

It is a curious fact that many men on the spot, officers and officials, charged to carry out the Peace Treaty, are not optimistic about the future of Germany. They are not pessimistic, however. They believe that things will work out all right if the Allied Governments, profiting from the mistakes committed in the past, do not pull against one another, but work together on a settled policy. No one can deny that it was the divisions of opinion among

the Allies, dating from the application of the Peace Treaty, that led Germany to adopt the policy that brought about her collapse. This policy was dictated by one motive: to get rid of the burden of reparations.

The great mistake Germany made during the war was her woeful ignorance of the psychology of her enemies. She perpetuated this error by assuming that a division of opinion among the Allies would be in her favour. But it was precisely Allied disunion that produced financial and economic chaos in Germany following the occupation of the Ruhr. The Allies were divided on the question of employing means of compulsion to make Germany pay. Now, the harm having been done, they are at the moment united as to the methods to be employed for getting Germany out of the mess which she herself created, and, like Good Samaritans, they are giving her a helping hand. The history of nations furnishes no more eloquent example of returning good for evil than the present attitude of the victorious Allies towards the beaten foe. It is sincerely to be hoped that they have not forged a weapon that will be used against them.

If no economic or political strife occurs to interrupt the successful execution of the Dawes Plan, a commercial and industrial war will be inevitable, and from it Germany hopes to emerge victorious. If she does not come out of the struggle triumphantly, it is difficult to see how the Dawes Plan can be carried out in the manner hoped by those who framed it and by the Allied Governments which approved the conditions of its application. What will happen if Germany realises her dream and obtains commercial and industrial ascendancy in Europe? Is it to be expected that she will be content with that? Having won the commercial war, she will think more and more of that other war—the war of revenge, the idea of which obsessed her on the morrow of her defeat.

There are people in England, France, and other European countries who scout the idea that Germany is thinking of a war of revenge. They argue that Germany has had enough of war, that a spirit of peace has laid hold of the nation. I believe these good people would

revise their opinion if they could visit Germany and see things for themselves. They would witness a great awakening there, a new spirit of confidence, of cocksureness, which to my mind is not dictated by love of peace. A nation that is strong rejoices in its strength when the thought animating it is to keep the peace since it has no reason for breaking it. But it is different with a powerful nation conscious of its strength, smarting under defeat, and yearning for the day when it can retrieve the great disaster to its arms.

Obviously the duty of the Allied Governments, and of the British Government in particular, is to see that Germany can never again be all-powerful. She can never be all-powerful militarily if economic domination is withheld from her. One is the complement of the other. The Conservative Government must realise this. Any efforts Mr. Baldwin makes to protect British industries, and therefore British labour, must have their repercussion in Germany. The activity of the Conservative Government in this respect may affect Germany's capacity to furnish reparations; but for us the question is whether we shall find employment for our million workless people or wait years for our share of reparations, the payment of which is always uncertain. Better that the Dawes Plan should fail than that it should give Germany that industrial power which would enable her not only to impoverish, in an economic sense, the nations that were at war with her, but to crush them. In spite of an arbitration pact for the settlement of international disputes, in spite of the admission of Germany into the League of Nations, she would not, as her history shows, hesitate to break any engagement entered into if it suited her purpose.

These conclusions are induced by a study of the situation in Germany, by observing the preparations for the trade struggle, and noting the revival of the old spirit of arrogance, masterfulness and conscious superiority in every domain of human activity which bred the war. What has happened during the occupation of the Ruhr has served to foster this spirit. That is not to say it would not have existed had there been no foreign occupation of

the industrial basin. I saw a great deal of what the French and Belgians did last year, and have seen what they have done during the last twelve months; and while it can be said that President Ebert never uttered a greater untruth than when, on the liberation of Dortmund, he talked of oppression, it has to be admitted that the French made a grave mistake in the encouragement they gave to what was undoubtedly an artificial Separatist movement in occupied territory. The object in view was signally defeated. The genuine Separatists, men of position and culture, of whom there are quite a number in the British zone of occupation, would have nothing to do with a movement of which the storm troops were largely soldiers of fortune. It was a profound error of judgment to suppose that the Rhineland could be separated from the Reich by engineered assaults on towns. As a result of this unreal agitation the Separatist movement is practically dead. This, at any rate, was the impression forced upon me during my last visit to occupied territory.

There is a closing-up of the ranks there in preparation for the supreme tussle that has to determine whether Germany will be *über Alles* in the commercial and industrial domain. Her weapons are ready to her hand, as are the means for using them. She is invited to free herself from her obligations by increasing her power of production so that she can pay what she is called upon to pay. The question for us is whether her economic success will eventually mean our economic failure, whether, if she succeeds, it will be at our expense. The Conservative Government is warned, and no doubt it will wait and watch, and, if necessary, adopt those measures for the industrial security of England dictated by preservation, the first law of nature.

DEMOCRACY AND CONSERVATISM

BY "AUGUR"

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD and the other leaders of the Labour Party are the artisans of the Conservative triumph at the last election. They neglected the unemployed, they played with Russian Communism, they tampered with justice, and they went to the country on a futile motive. For this they have been punished: the electorate placed the Conservative Party in power. But this was done by destroying the halfway house of Liberalism. The Labour Party itself came out of the fray as strong in the country as before. It is said of the last election that it was fought on the Socialist issue. The next election will be even more a straight fight on the same issue.

The Conservative Party has won with a negative battle-cry: "Down with Socialism." To consolidate its position it will have to produce a positive programme and to follow it up with practical constructive work. But the main handicap of the Conservatives is that, even by many of those who voted for them this time, they are looked upon as reactionaries. There is a preconceived notion that democracy and conservatism do not go together. The man in the street has been taught to believe that democracy is the ideal social state. With him this is not a considered view, but a preconceived notion. Political parties on election day rely upon the man in the street for their votes. The Labour Party will drive home persistently the idea that conservatism is opposed to democracy. The success of this propaganda will swing the political pendulum back again to the Left.

It is unfortunate that the opponents of the Conservative Party have been allowed to monopolise the democratic idea. Conservative leaders have passively let the other side steal the thunder. Not only that, but they have missed the importance of proving to the masses the democratic nature of their programme. But before convincing others, the leaders first of all must be convinced themselves of

the truth of what they advance. This essay is intended to supply them with arguments to achieve this conviction.

It is necessary to define exactly what is meant by the word democracy. The main difficulty is to find the limits of the democratic formula. Things pertaining to human existence are in a state of perpetual change. Really, when one thinks of it, only one thing in human existence is complete in itself—I mean death. Nothing else is stable. All things human, whether in the physical or in the spiritual plane, are only stages towards an ideal not to be found in nature. Men are accustomed, not having the ideal itself, to give its name to things which are moving towards it.

Here is an example: injustice we know, for it is everywhere in the world. The dictionary says elegantly that injustice is the opposite of justice. But what is justice? The name is usually given to that degree of injustice which to-day appears to us to be more than tolerable. To-morrow our standard will be different. Human ideas are on the march always. It would be contrary to common sense to consider them immutable. Something like trying to substitute a snapshot for the film of an event. Political ideas form no exception to the rule. We put a name on a *régime*, not because the latter complies exactly with a formula, but because it shows a tendency to comply with it. We are lenient and allow to honest intention what is due to complete fulfilment. This applies to the case of democracy. In its perfect form democracy does not exist on this earth. We say that a *régime* is democratic when it tends to comply with the formula.

There should be no sympathy with the lax way in which people often speak of things that matter. The method is comfortable, but it does not facilitate the investigation of serious problems. This laxity is responsible for the success of the Socialists in their effort to hypnotise the world into the belief that democracy is a monopoly of theirs. The modern dictionary says that democracy is a social state in which all have equal rights without hereditary and arbitrary differences of rank and privilege. This definition is typical of our time. While speaking of

rights it omits to mention duties. Yet the latter are at least as important as the first. If citizens do not understand that the exercise of their rights is a democratic duty the *régime* becomes obsolete before a generation is gone. Such things have happened. The right to have an elected Government is a civic right. But the duty to vote is as important. When it is not carried out citizens help to introduce minority rule—a sure way of getting rid of democracy altogether. Throughout the social organisation right and duty balance each other. They are so interwoven that an ideal democracy cannot be imagined if in the State all have not equal duties as well as rights.

But this cannot suffice. Citizens not only must have rights, but they must be conscious of them; they must be willing also to carry out their civic duties. In short, democracy must be a live thing for them. The definition of the ideal democracy is, therefore, that it is a social state in which all are conscious of having equal rights and all are willing to fulfil equal duties.

The Socialists say, and many people are fain to believe, that conservatism is incompatible with democracy. The Socialist system of propaganda by endless repetition is effective and wears down opposition. In addition, the Socialists practise a trick of legerdemain: taking advantage of the laxity in definition already mentioned, they oppose democracy to conservatism as one social state to another, and as one excluding the other. This is wrong, because while democracy is a social state, conservatism is not—it is a mental attitude.

Perpetual change is the characteristic of human existence. Change for better, or for worse, but change always. Change for the better is the aim of human activities, and men call it progress. Mental attitude towards change is sometimes conservative and sometimes the contrary. The word radical suits the latter case. In the life of a nation it is not change itself which is a danger, but a state of affairs when the component national parts react differently to altered conditions. Then appears the danger of change being transformed into a violent revolutionary process.

A living generation is encompassed by the traditions of the generations which have gone before and by the shadow of the generations to come. It depends on the prevailing attitude towards change if a link is maintained with past traditions, or if feelers are sent out towards the future. In the first case we have undiluted conservatism, in the second—its opposite. In real life both tendencies—that of looking back and that of straining forward—can and do exist together. The resulting blend is called conservative if the first element predominates. People living under a Communist *régime* may be as conservative as people ruled by a monarch if they stick through thick and thin to the social forms under which they exist. It is not the social state which matters, but the attitude of the people towards the ever-present question of change.

If it is right to say that conservatism is the name of a mental attitude, the main characteristic of which is a reluctance to break with the heritage of the past in favour of the demands of the future, then there is no reason why democracy, as a social state, and conservatism, as a mental attitude towards it, cannot go together. Citizens may be rightly reluctant to undertake experiments recommended by people who look into the future and who are blind to the present. The Socialist who sticks to the letter of the Marxian doctrine exhibits a conservative mental attitude.

When speaking about change as a prominent feature of human existence I add: for better or for worse. If change were always for the better conservatism would be a drag on progress. But change often is for the worse, as is proved by the numberless setbacks experienced by humanity. These setbacks would have been more frequent if conservatism did not exist as a corrective to revolutionary activities.

I have succumbed at last to the stock word: revolution. It fails to impress me either with the zeal of the Extremist, or with the abject fear which it brings to some drawing-rooms. Revolution is change deprived of the steadying influence of conservatism. In life there is usually a blend of conservatism and of radicalism. The result obtained is called evolution. Revolution and evolution are merely

forms of change. Revolution is the penalty for a period of an excessive conservative attitude. The consequences of a too radical attitude are the same, only then revolution is called reaction.

It usually happens that revolution is preceded by a state of affairs when, for some reason, society ceases to be in a fluid state, and when vertical and horizontal partitions become so strong, so high, and so broad, that the structure of society is ossified and for the moment immobile. Another favourite idea of mine is that revolution is caused by a peculiar social process, which I have named "ass selection."

Selected asses are the curse of civilised life under any *régime*. When men organise existence in common, ass selection begins immediately. What is this process? In every path of life men at the top have a tendency to choose their assistants in a plane of inferior capacity, so as to avoid competition. In the course of time the second numbers, by outlasting them, take the place of the first, and, in their turn, select new assistants on the same principle. If the system is carried on for a sufficiently long time, ass selection becomes too potent and causes a violent reaction. In affairs of state, in business, in social and in political affairs selected asses from time to time become all powerful. With our instinctive dislike for facing issues squarely we speak of degenerates and pedants, about red tape and what not. This is an attempt to get round the distasteful fact of ass selection. Civilisation carries the burden of its asses. Ass selection is individual conservatism reduced *ad absurdum*. But it is as potent in Radical as in Conservative circles.

The conservative mental attitude, with all its defects and virtues, may be the characteristic of people living in any social state, therefore also in a democracy. The remark may be made that politically there does not seem to be much in common between Socialism and conservatism. The answer to this is that Socialism is not a state and not a mental attitude, but yet another thing—a doctrine.

Socialist propaganda is clever: instead of speaking of the advantages of the *régime* it advocates, it concentrates

on preaching that it is inevitable. By the method of parrot-like repetition it is being hammered into people's brains that the Socialist kingdom is inevitably approaching. The *bourgeoisie* is told that resistance is useless. This sort of thing has been allowed to go on for the last quarter of a century, with the result that moral apathy has settled upon a large part of the propertied classes. This apathy, which prevents citizens from exercising their democratic rights and encourages them to neglect their duties, is the great ally of Socialism. In Russia the apathy of the propertied classes gave an easy victory to the Bolsheviks. As a striking contrast, in the tiny neighbouring State of Finland, citizens who were not afraid to back their vote with their lives saved the country swiftly from the Red *régime*. In Finland democracy was saved by conservative citizens from minority rule by wild radicals.

I have used the word Socialism, and I feel the need of defining what I mean by it. The object of Socialism is clear—the abolition of private property—this in the ideal—but in reality the abolition of private property for some people. Neither the ideal nor the methods suggested for its application can appeal to my democratic views as outlined above.

Less than a century ago there was a period in European history when the radical mental attitude was nearer to democracy than its opposite. This because historical events had obliged democracy to take a back seat. From that time the tradition has been handed down that democracy implies a radical mental attitude. Now, without people having remarked it, there has set in in Europe a renaissance of conservatism. It has come imperceptibly almost, but swiftly. The excesses of Bolshevism have done for this more than any friendly propaganda could have achieved. In places this renaissance is accompanied by violence. But on the whole it has come about peacefully. The advent for a time to power in Great Britain of a Labour Government does not disprove this assertion. Some day the verdict will be given that Mr. MacDonald has done more to keep Socialism out than his immediate predecessors. A Prime Minister is but the humble

servant of the mighty currents which carry a nation towards its historical destinies.

Under the growing pressure of conservatism democracy is returning to principles which for a time were pushed into the background by the infatuation with Socialism. It suits the Socialists to pretend that democracy depends on two things: the improvement of the conditions of life of the living generation and on the number of votes cast irrespective of their intrinsic value. Statesmen anxious to win the war pandered to the egotistic instincts of the mass. They encouraged it "to make the best bargain and not to think of to-morrow." The mistake of war-time statesmanship was that the idea of conscription was not carried to its logical end. Surely, if it was right to conscript manhood to fight the battles, it was also a duty to conscript labour to make the shells, and to conscript wealth to pay for them. Instead, labour was pampered and wealth was allowed to make a free contract with the State. In this manner the part of the democratic formula about equal duties was not carried out. War waged nationally means the utilisation of all available resources. Therefore, on terms of equality, it means the conscription of courage, labour and wealth. Pandering to labour, more than anything else, upset the national economic balance; pandering to wealth created the war fortune—an excellent electoral agent for Socialism.

The world is returning to a conservative mental attitude. This has reinstated two healthy democratic principles. The first is that the living generation owes a duty to the traditions left by those who have gone and to the happiness of those that are coming. In a stable democracy the living generation cannot devote itself exclusively to its own material comfort. Governments have the moral right to demand self-restraint and sacrifice from those whom they rule. A Government on Socialist lines comes in the long run inevitably into conflict with the governed, unless it is ready to concede all demands of immediate material advantages.

The second principle is that behind every man's vote is the responsibility of citizenship. This depreciates the

value of electoral figures. Behind a man's vote is a man's life. Real democracy has little use for the masses which file past the ballot-box only when the weather is fine and when there is no danger. In our generation people are inclined to forget that the freedom of the ballot-box was won in a weary, uphill fight for the liberty of voting. It all comes back to the essential fact that the duty to vote is as great as the right to vote. From this fact there is but one step to discrimination in the quality and in the circumstances of voting. In some European countries this has occurred already. For example, in Italy, where the Fascists refused to recognise a Parliament elected by party caucus under the mask of universal suffrage.

Italian Fascismo is worth studying. In its success I see the proof of the fact that mental attitude is more powerful than party doctrine. The Fascists are not a party: they are the virile elements of several parties which are divided on ordinary political issues but have discovered a common mental attitude towards the question of democratic rule. One cannot say that Mussolini and the Fascists are not with the nation. Fascismo traverses the body of the nation like the roots and rootlets of a tree run through the earth on which it stands. The garb of Fascismo is tyrannical, yet it is democratic in the sense that, like the Catholic Church, it knows no party. The Church distinguishes the godly and the ungodly. Fascismo divides people according to their mental attitude: into conservative nationalists and radical internationalists.

The radical mental attitude has contributed in the past to improve the human existence. A happy blend of radical and conservative elements is responsible for flourishing periods in human history. It is unfortunate that the Socialist doctrine has become at present so closely identified with the radical mental attitude. The word doctrine means something definite, opposed to change. By identifying itself with the Socialist doctrine the radical mental attitude commits an act against its own nature. A mental attitude is not necessarily rigid, and admits the possibility of compromise, therefore of change. A doctrine, on the contrary, demands faithful adherence to

tenets. A Socialist is tied hand and foot and dares not follow common sense in opposition to doctrine.

The conservative as well as the radical mental attitudes are both necessary for the healthy development of society. In practice a blend of the two secures happy historical periods. And I believe that in the blend the conservative element has the right to preponderance. Democracy prospers with the everlasting interweaving blending of the two elements. Radicalism, left to its own devices, when it becomes the sole master of the situation, easily leads, as experience shows, to Bolshevism.

By allowing the radical mental attitude to be identified with a doctrine the latter is allowed the honour of finding itself in opposition on a footing of equality to the conservative mental attitude. This bad trick is only made possible by our notorious laxity in defining the exact sense of things and by the tendency of the masses to accept, parrotlike, the hypnotic suggestion of a heresy simply because it is repeated sufficiently often.

Conservatism is a mental attitude rooted in human nature. Democracy is an ideal state towards which powerful moral currents direct humanity. Socialism is a written scholastic doctrine which pretends to possess the recipe for solving all human problems. As a mental attitude conservatism is compatible with any social state, therefore also with democracy. In life it intervenes daily to relieve the pressure of radicalism in the latter's feverish haste towards the future. It is only with the help of conservatism that a perfect sane balance in human existence can be established.

MR. MACDONALD AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

IT is generally admitted that whatever criticism may be passed on the domestic policy of the Labour Government, Mr. MacDonald has on the whole earned the gratitude of the nation in his conduct of foreign affairs. Opinion is sharply divided as to his handling of the Russian Treaty, and the course which he pursued in regard to the Zinoviev letter, but his severest critics in these matters do not deny that he did well at the London Conference and at Geneva.

When Mr. MacDonald took over the Foreign Office from Lord Curzon, the European situation, in the words of Lord Grey, was drifting towards the dangerous state of things which preceded the last war. The peace of 1919, according to Lord Grey, had miscarried. The miscarriage must not be attributed to Lord Curzon, who had done his best to make M. Poincaré see reason. But the fact remains that on the French side were fear and apprehension as to the future, and on the German side a growing hatred and desire for revenge. Mr. MacDonald's main task, as was pointed out in an article on his foreign policy in the March number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, was to remove this fear by giving the French security against future attack, while at the same time obtaining just treatment for the Germans in the settlement of the Reparation question. He placed the settlement of Reparations in the forefront of his programme, refusing to deal with the problem of security before this question was solved, his immediate object being to secure the evacuation of the Ruhr valley, the continued occupation of which constituted, from the economic and political point of view, the gravest danger to the stability of Europe. Instead of dealing with M. Poincaré as Lord Curzon had done, as a hardened sinner against the peace of Europe, he endeavoured to create a more favourable atmosphere for an agreement between Great Britain and France on all outstanding problems. From being one of the harshest critics of

M. Poincaré's policy, Mr. MacDonald suddenly became an ardent supporter of a closer *entente* between France and England. No doubt this was also Lord Curzon's aim, but his sharp remonstrances, although successful in checking the Separatist movement, had produced a feeling of exasperation on the other side of the Channel. Mr. MacDonald determined to try a different method, and, relying on the adage that a soft answer turneth away wrath, opened a friendly correspondence with M. Poincaré. His letters to that astute gentleman must have greatly puzzled him, for he was invited to shake hands and forget the misunderstandings of the past as a prelude to a sincere effort on the part of both countries to bring Europe back to peace and prosperity. M. Poincaré returned the friendly salute, but by underlining Mr. MacDonald's reference to the necessity of paying due regard to national opinion and national interests he clearly showed that he was not to be caught off guard.

There is, indeed, no knowing whether Mr. MacDonald's method of dealing with M. Poincaré would have proved any more successful than his predecessor's, if one of those electoral surprises—of which we have had too many in this country—had not brought M. Poincaré's tenure of office to a close. This was a stroke of good fortune for Mr. MacDonald, who would have found it very difficult to win over M. Poincaré to the complete economic evacuation of the Ruhr, while he would probably have stubbornly refused to withdraw the French troops until Germany had paid the last farthing. It was almost more than Mr. MacDonald could have hoped for that his "dear friend Herriot," as he called him at Geneva, should have been brought to power on the crest of the wave of Radical feeling which submerged M. Poincaré in the May elections. Whatever the decision of the French election meant, whether it was a vote against the rise in prices or a decisive rejection of the Ruhr adventure, it was a godsend to Europe at this time. That Mr. MacDonald did not expect the result, is proved by the letter which he sent to M. Poincaré on the eve of the elections inviting him to the London Conference.

Another piece of good fortune which he owed to Lord Curzon was the appointment of the Dawes Committee to devise a plan for the settlement of Reparations. Their deliberations were drawing to a close, and the ground was thus being prepared for the Conference which was to have such a beneficent effect on the European situation. M. Poincaré had done his best to prevent the military occupation of the Ruhr from being considered by the experts, and to limit their terms of reference to the present capacity of Germany to pay, while he stubbornly refused to consider the fixing of a total sum for payment by Germany. But with the advent of M. Herriot to power the whole aspect of European politics changed. Never did the time seem more favourable for a reasonable settlement of the Reparation question, or for dealing with the problem of security and disarmament.

The stars seemed to fight in Mr. MacDonald's favour. Lord Curzon had been faced with the difficult task of trying to convert the most obstinate and narrow-minded of French statesmen to his point of view before he could hope to make any headway with his plans for the recovery of Europe. In M. Herriot Mr. MacDonald had a friend and sympathiser, who was anxious to work with him to the fullest extent and was restrained from going the whole way with the British Prime Minister, only by the knowledge that, his majority being unstable, he would have to make concessions to Nationalist opinion in France.

Thus the London Conference met under good auspices, and the acceptance of the plan of General Dawes' Committee by all the countries concerned, including Germany, provided a firm foundation on which to build a lasting scheme for the settlement of the Reparation question. Mr. MacDonald might well congratulate himself that the experts based their plan on the restoration of the economic unity of Germany, which brought the Ruhr problem to the front in such a way, that consideration of the effect of the military occupation could hardly be avoided. The experts, indeed, proclaimed that unless all the penal measures in special tariffs and taxes which burdened the industries of the Ruhr and the old occupied

areas and divided them by a fiscal wall from the rest of Germany were swept away, there could be no hope of payment from Germany.

But M. Herriot was not completely master in his own house, for the advisers whom he brought with him were attached to the Poincaré policy, and in Paris a powerful Press incessantly endeavoured to undermine his position. Without the support of the American bankers, and the assistance of the unofficial representatives of the U.S. on the Committees in which the work of the London Conference was done, Mr. MacDonald could hardly have won through. The stiffest battle of all raged in Committee No. 1, where Mr. Snowden had to overcome the opposition of the French to a change in the constitution of the Reparation Commission when called upon to consider the question of a flagrant default on the part of Germany. Mr. Snowden, tactfully supported by Mr. Logan, stubbornly held to his position that the Reparation Commission with its Franco-Belgian majority must not be left as the sole judge of a possible German default. Behind the scenes the American bankers declared that they would not recommend a cent being subscribed to the German loan, which was a necessary condition for the success of the Dawes plan, unless all danger of separate action by France was removed. Various compromises were proposed, but finally the French gave way, and although France still retains her theoretical right under paragraph 18 of Annexe 2 of the Treaty of Versailles to take what action she may consider necessary, the danger of another incursion into the Ruhr is very remote. What M. Herriot agreed to was the addition of an American to the Reparation Commission, if and when it is called upon to decide on a German default, with the provision that if the Commission then failed to come to a unanimous decision the question would be referred to a committee of three, the chairman of which must be an American. Moreover, this committee must either be chosen unanimously by the Commission, or be appointed by the President of the International Court at the Hague.

The recourse to arbitration on this and other vital points,
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connected with the working of the Dawes plan, was a good omen for the success of the scheme which Mr. MacDonald had already in mind, and which he was to advance at Geneva for substituting compulsory arbitration for an appeal to force in the settlement of disputes between nations. M. Herriot stood loyally by Mr. MacDonald at the London Conference, taking his political life in his hands more than once. He was hotly attacked by the Nationalist press in Paris for surrendering all hold over the strategic lines in the Rhineland. The question indeed proved so embarrassing to him that Mr. MacDonald refrained from pressing it until the end of the Conference, when the demand for the inclusion of French and Belgian railwaymen in the Ruhr and Rhenish railways was seen to be relatively of small importance beside the risk of wrecking the whole work of the Conference. Mr. MacDonald showed the same discretion in handling the question of the military occupation which overshadowed the Conference. Mr. Owen D. Young, Mr. Lamont and Mr. Logan, who voiced the opinion of the business men in the United States, warned the French that if they would not fix an early date for the withdrawal of their troops from the Ruhr after the economic evacuation, not a cent would be forthcoming for the loan to Germany. But the issue was not within the terms of reference to the London Conference, and Mr. MacDonald wisely left Herr Marx and Herr Stresemann, when they arrived in London, to negotiate with the French Government directly. After a crisis in which a deadlock seemed inevitable, a compromise was arranged by which the last French soldier is to leave the Ruhr in August next.

The London Agreement was his first serious test as Foreign Secretary, and he wisely allowed himself to be guided by his experienced advisers at the Foreign Office. His critics accuse him of vanity, but on this occasion he showed no trace of that assertive egotism which has been laid to his charge. Remaining in the background, he refused to allow the limelight to be thrown on the all-important services which he rendered to the State at this time. Avoiding contact with the Press, he worked

quietly and unostentatiously to attain his ends. He proved himself most skilful in conciliating the French and in smoothing over difficulties. But he set his face resolutely against patched-up formulas which concealed real differences of opinion without adjusting them to a workable compromise. On fundamental principles he stood firm, greatly assisted in this by Mr. Snowden, whose friends were perhaps right in claiming that he inspired the Prime Minister with his own determination. Mr. Snowden no doubt played a valuable part at the London Conference in holding rigidly to his principles. But that hardly justified him in rushing into print after the Conference to explain his profound dissatisfaction with the determination of the French and Belgian Governments to continue the occupation of the Ruhr, as if the British view that it was illegal under the Treaty and that there was no justification for remaining there a moment after the Dawes plan had come into operation, had not been sufficiently emphasised by Mr. MacDonald.

Would anything have been gained by insisting on the British view that the occupation of the Ruhr ought to be brought to an end at once? M. Herriot was not invited to London to discuss this point, although it was bound to be raised. The raising of it caused such a storm in Paris that he found it necessary to cross the Channel to appease it. To have pressed the British case against the legality of the occupation to its logical conclusion might have endangered M. Herriot's position, which was none too secure, and brought the whole work of the Conference tumbling about the ears of the Prime Ministers.

Mr. MacDonald was probably well advised in the course which he pursued. In another nine months the last French soldier will have left the Ruhr, and the three towns which were previously occupied with Mr. Lloyd George's consent. M. Herriot has already withdrawn the French garrisons from Dortmund and Horde, from the haven of Karlsruhe, from Offenburgh and the citadel of Mannheim and other outlying places. The tariff walls between occupied and unoccupied Germany have fallen, the penal taxes have been withdrawn. Before these lines appear in

print, the railways will have been restored to German control, and Germans may now travel in the Rhineland without that hated system of special passes which made passage into or out of occupied Germany so unpleasant for them. The loan of forty millions has been raised and heavily over-subscribed, credit is flowing back into the parched channels of commerce, and a new spirit of confidence and hope in the future is abroad. It is true that although General Degoutte set a good example in the Ruhr, the amnesty which M. Herriot promised in London was carried out rather grudgingly in the Rhineland and the Palatinate. The healing virtue of this measure of appeasement was rather spoilt by the meticulous examination to which the deportees on the reserved list were subjected. Perhaps it was natural that General de Metz, whose bullying methods in the Palatinate are notorious, should have fought a rearguard action in the hope that the old *régime* might return. But M. Herriot has now insisted on his orders being carried out, and all but two or three of the expelled Germans from the Palatinate have been allowed to return to their homes, while all the officials are at their posts again. In the meantime the French forces in the Ruhr have been greatly reduced, and it is to be hoped that this is a good omen for the reduction of the French garrison in the old occupied area where there is a great shortage of houses. The presence of the black troops is still a constant source of humiliation and danger to the Germans. If they were removed the relations between France and Germany would become much more friendly. The penal ordinances which were passed during the time of passive resistance should also be withdrawn so that the Germans might again acquire the liberties of free speech and a free Press, and the right to hold meetings, which were guaranteed to them under the Rhineland Agreement subject to the security of the armies of occupation.

But as it is, a nightmare has been lifted from the lives of Germans in the occupied areas, and for this they owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot for so courageously embarking their fortunes on the new tide in the affairs of Europe.

Now let us examine the part which Mr. MacDonald played at Geneva in the Conference of the League of Nations on the question of disarmament and security. M. Herriot put security first; while prepared to accept the principle of compulsory arbitration he insisted that arbitration was not sufficient in itself, because justice to be respected must be supported by force. Mr. MacDonald took a loftier standpoint in his speeches, which made a great impression in the Assembly. His was the vision of a world converted to peace by respect for the moral law, and he passionately warned the Assembly, and the little nations in particular, against relying on force for their security. The fundamental difference between the British and the French points of view could not be removed by Mr. MacDonald's eloquence, and the resolution which was adopted by the Assembly was a compromise between conflicting ideals. M. Herriot contrived to keep the question of guarantees for security alive by insisting on a further examination of the draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance by the First Committee of the League. Mr. MacDonald had to come down from his high pedestal, and disarmament, which in the British view was the best guarantee of security, fell into the background.

It is beyond the scope of this article to make a critical study of the protocol which emerged from the deliberations of the Committees of the League. Mr. MacDonald had little hand in it, for it was drawn up in his absence. The shadow of a General Election was already diverting his attention to domestic affairs.

The fate of the protocol, if indeed it is ratified by the new British Parliament, depends on a successful issue to the Disarmament Conference next summer. From the British standpoint it has been severely criticised as placing the Peace Treaties beyond the scope of arbitration, and therefore removing any possibility of their amendment by the League. It is supposed to give an invidious power to any member of the Council to compel the League to take action. On the other hand, the protocol represents a real advance towards the outlawry of war by the definition of the aggressor as the State which refuses arbitration.

Mr. MacDonald is certainly to be congratulated on the work of the Foreign Office at Geneva in strengthening the Covenant of the League.

His handling of the Russian Treaty is open to far graver criticism. It is difficult to discover what happened in the August morning when, after the Foreign Office had announced that the negotiations on the Russian Treaty had broken down, Mr. MacDonald was hurried out of bed to take up the broken threads and to promise a guarantee for a loan after protesting that he would never do so. Mr. Morel has explained how he whipped up the supporters of the treaty and saved the situation. Mr. MacDonald's *volte face* had all the appearance of a surrender to Soviet pressure. But whereas he was able to make out a specious case even for the guarantee of a loan to Russia, he handled the Zinoviev letter in such a way as to leave his most ardent apologists speechless. Did Mr. MacDonald desire the publication of this mysterious document or not? Does he—for it is impossible to tell what his real opinion is—believe the Red letter plot to be authentic or not? If not, why did he take the trouble in the heat of the election to draft such a sharp reply to the Russian *chargé d'affaires*? Finally, had the Foreign Office full discretion to send the letter and Mr. MacDonald's note to the Press, or did it act, as he suggested, precipitately and without his authority? From his speech on October 27th he appeared to expect that the letter would come back to him from the Foreign Office with proofs of authenticity before it was published. The fact that a copy of a letter was in the possession of a Conservative newspaper which intended to publish it convinced him that the whole affair was an attempt at the eleventh hour to weave a net over the Labour Party and involve it in a cloud of suspicion. It was suggested, indeed, by Mr. Shaw, the Minister of Labour, that the Civil Service might be in the plot, and that some Tory politician in a Government Department had revealed the letter to the *Daily Mail*. This was very improper language for a Minister to use who had no proof of anything of the kind, and Mr. MacDonald ought never to have allowed himself to make

the suggestion that the Foreign Office had exceeded its discretion. This was tantamount to laying the responsibility for the publication of the letter and the reply on the Foreign Office. It is impossible to imagine Sir Eyre Crowe acting precipitately or publishing a document of this importance and a sharp Note to M. Rakovsky without the full authority of the Prime Minister. The rules of the Foreign Office are far too strict to admit of any misunderstanding in a matter of this sort. The most charitable explanation of Mr. MacDonald's extraordinary behaviour is that he lost his judgment in the excitement of the election. The publication of the Zinoviev letter was undoubtedly a blow to his election prospects. Nearly all his colleagues made frantic efforts to disown it as a forgery, aided by Mr. MacDonald himself, who continued to the last to throw doubt on its authenticity. Zinoviev's appeal to the British Communists to try to stir up rebellion in this country was indeed calculated to blow the treaty with Russia sky-high. It was strange, if Mr. MacDonald was not absolutely certain that it was a forgery, that he should have continued to speak in favour of the treaty as if nothing had occurred to shake his confidence in the good faith of Soviet Russia, for Zinoviev, if not in the Russian Government, is one of the most powerful men in Russia.

Mr. MacDonald promised that when he returned to London he would probe the affair to the roots and let the public know how it was originated and who was behind it. But the Cabinet Committee which he appointed reported that they had not sufficient evidence on the subject to form any conclusion. The Foreign Office was naturally a little taken aback by Mr. MacDonald's behaviour over the Zinoviev letter. Up to that moment their relations with him had been of the most friendly kind. In all the Government departments with which he had relations he was liked and respected. The general opinion was that he was singularly free from any touch of false pride, that he was ready to learn and to take advice. But he was out for quick results, since his position was insecure, and he would quite unexpectedly throw over the traces, as in his conduct of the Russian Treaty. He hated his dependence

on the Liberal Party, and this made him reckless of advantages which other men less sensitive to criticism would have seized. His refusal to work with the Liberals, indeed, led to his downfall. It has been said that his excessive vanity betrayed him.

Yet no one who met him at Geneva could accuse Mr. MacDonald of giving himself airs. He was most genial and accessible, and he showed no desire to court the public gaze. But the oratorical impulse which he has to a high degree has a disorganising effect on the mind. In his case it meant the loss of touch with realities, which blinded him to the effect of his conduct of public affairs. Hence in the excitement of the election his mind was jerked this way and that, and finally he became hopelessly entangled in the affair of the Zinoviev letter. What he needs is to escape for a time from "the faces of the audience and the passions of listening men" and to return to the ground of everyday life, which all statesmen must tread to perform enduring work.

THE SABINE FARM

BY W. J. STRAWSON

HORACE used often to invite his friends to his villa in the Sabine Hills. There they could forget for a while the "smoke, the luxury and the noise of Rome" (*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*) and exchange the clamour of the Forum for the wisdom of the poet.

Perhaps such an invitation might not be unwelcome to us; the secluded Sabine Valley has changed little during the flight of two thousand years, and a visit might aid us in our understanding of Horace and increase our pleasure in his verses. Let us then go and follow in Horace's leisurely footsteps, trying to see the things that Horace saw and to describe them, as far as we may, in his own words.

We will start from Rome, for most of us have already been there. It is a fine morning and the warm air gives the streets a characteristic somnolence; the buildings stand out sharply against the blue of the cloudless sky. We pass along the broad Via Nazionale to the Piazza Venezia, and then, after a few short, dark streets, we come suddenly to a light, open space: the Forum. Here, standing on the Clivus Capitolinus, we see in the distance the grey outlines of the Sabine Mountains with the bold summit of Monte Gennaro; just below us, in the Forum, lies the confused mass of ruins, fascinating but sad, which was once the heart of the Roman Empire: the barbarian with destructive foot has thrown down the standing column. The rough and weedy pathway which runs along the Forum and then curves to the right is the Sacra Via, where Horace was wont to walk (*Ibam forte Via Sacra, sicut meus est mos*) and where one day he met the effusive bore. On the south side of the Forum is the Palatine Hill, where Augustus had his unpretentious palace; beyond it begins the Via Appia, which Horace mentions in the account of his journey to Brundisium with Maecenas, Varius and Virgil. Towards the east is the Esquiline Hill, upon which

was the noisome burial ground of the slaves and paupers where Canidia practised her horrible witchcraft; later on Maecenas reclaimed most of the burial ground and used the space for his palace and gardens. It was in these gardens that Horace was buried, Suetonius tells us, "close to the tomb of Maecenas." Although the remains of the pit-graves of the slave cemetery have been found, no trace is left of the tomb of either Maecenas or Horace, and to-day this part of the Esquiline is dominated by the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. As we look down upon the Forum, we can see in our minds the figure of Horace, short, stout and prematurely aged, in a toga not too wide, strolling long the Sacra Via, avoiding those who seek his introductions and glancing at the crowd of orators, slaves, togatæ, soldiers, and foreigners from the three continents that enclose the Mediterranean.

Now let us follow Horace's route from Rome to his farm in the Sabine Hills: a journey by road of thirty-six English miles. We leave Rome by the Porta San Lorenzo (the ancient Porta Tiburtina) and drive along the Via Tiburtina across the dreary Campagna, which has for many, as it had for Goethe, an air of intense familiarity, as if it were the place of early childhood; then, after some fifteen miles, we come to the foothills of the Sabine Mountains and ascend to Tivoli (Tibur), which Horace extols for its unmatched beauty and for its view of "the Anio falling in cascades." Augustus and Maecenas each had a villa at Tibur, but it is highly improbable that Horace had: certainly he never mentioned it. We now take the Via Valeria, which follows close to the winding Anio, to Vico Vara (Varia, named in Epis. I., 14), and, a little way beyond, we catch sight of the river Licenza (Digentia). Our road now runs beside the Digentia until we come to the steep zigzag ascent to Rocca Giovane, situated boldly on the edge of a precipice.

We are now on the threshold of the Sabine Farm. Rocca Giovane is the *fanum putre Vacuna* which Horace mentions in the two closing lines of the Epistle to Fuscus: "Behind the crumbling shrine of Vacuna, I am dictating to you these lines, happy in all else, except that you are

not with me." Standing here at Vacuna, we can imagine with what kindly hospitality Horace would have welcomed us, but with what surprise that pilgrims should come from amongst the "Britons at the furthest limit of the world" (*in ultimos orbis Britannos*), those "Britons who were fierce to strangers" (*Britannos hospitibus feros*). Formerly so many Englishmen visited the spot that the Sabine peasants thought that Horace was an English poet; to-day the herdsman, as he prods his heavy Latin oxen from our path, looks with curious surprise at the infrequent visitor. The guide can no longer be found, and there are no mules for hire: patrons are too few.

Not far away is a tiny osteria by the roadside; here we can rest and taste the Sabine wine. The place is very like an old-fashioned English barn with tall folding doors and without windows; inside, at the one end there are logs sawn for firewood, and at the other end are trusses of straw, partly covering some large barrels of wine. We sit down at a rough wooden table, and from the dark interior look out through the doorway into the brilliant sunshine, into a little fairyland of green trees beneath the deep blue of the Italian skies. Here we can "drink from modest cups poor Sabine wine," wine that can be but little different from that which Horace himself drew off from his store "and sealed in a Grecian jar" to commemorate the success of Maecenas in the theatre (Ode 1, 20). For keeping his ordinary wine, Horace would no doubt follow the prevailing custom of his time and use the large casks sealed with gum. During two thousand years the method of wine-making in the small vineyards has not greatly changed; the simple process of gathering, pressing and fermenting in casks is still carried on with the simplest implements. Our "*Vile Sabinum*" may taste a little rough, but we would not exchange it for the costliest Caecuban, nor for the grapes crushed in the wine-press of Cales; neither Falernian vines nor Fermian hills shall flavour cups of ours.

The way now becomes a rugged footpath along the hills overlooking the long valley of the Digentia. Every now and again we catch a glimpse of the bright water of the little river beneath us. The hill on the left is called

Il Poggitello, said to be a corruption of "Colle del Poetello," which, likely enough, it is. Very soon the narrow path ascends into a wood of mountain-ashes and firs. Three unbroken asses come galloping down, half stop, and then dash by. We pass out of the wood and across some open country, its green turf pierced here and there by white rocks. The air is clear and invigorating; we are about 1,500 feet above the sea. We walk a little farther and come to the crest of a hill affording us an uninterrupted panoramic view. Below us is the upper valley of the Digentia and the site of the Sabine Farm.

Here is the "range of mountains, continuous except where they are separated by a shady valley of which the right side is warmed by the sun in the morning and the left side in the evening" (Ep. I., 16). Along the valley runs, due south, "the cool Digentia river of which Mandela drinks" (*gelidus Digentia rivus quem Mandela bibit*). And there, a little to the north, is the low-lying ground where, Horace tells his bailiff, the river must be "taught, by many a banking-up, to spare the sunny meadows." In front, due east, rise range upon range of mountains, green near by, but gradually shaded into a bluish-grey as they stretch away into the Abruzzi; on their more favoured slopes are little patches of woodland, bright-green pastures and brown, ploughed fields, looking in the distance not unlike the tiny rice paddies on the hill-sides by the road to Kandy. Behind us, on the west, is the bold grey form of Monte Gennaro, some four thousand feet high; this is Horace's "pleasant Lucretilis which swift Faunus often visits." Standing here, we can pick out every tree and bush mentioned by Horace: there are "the oak and the ilex, which yield acorns for the cattle and shade for their lord"; here is the "low-growing arbutus sought out by goats," and there an elm still clad by vines; on that hill is "the mountain ash not always widowed of its leaves," and in the valley is a lofty pine-tree such as that which overhung Horace's villa (*pinus imminens villæ*), and which he held sacred to the triform Diana. On the hill-top is the dark green cypress, a tree to which Horace refers as "invisa" and "funbris," pre-

sumably because it was sacred to Pluto and was much used at funerals—a use which to-day survives in every *campo santo*; dotted over the valley are the sage-green olive-trees, the white poplar, the linden, the briar, the laurel, the simple myrtle, not unbecoming for Horace as he drinks "in the vine-entwined bower nor for the slave who waits," and "the green ivy, the reward of learned brows," a reward which exalts Horace "to the gods above."

The site of Horace's farm we know beyond reasonable doubt; Horace himself has described its position clearly enough. But the extent of his domain is uncertain. Much of the higher ground bordering the valley is unsuitable for cultivation; so it is probable that Horace's land ran, in a long strip due north and south, beside the river Digentia. The northern limit is indicated conclusively by the position of the mountains, but how far the estate extended south towards Vacuna (two miles distant) we do not know. The total area could not have been very small, for it supported Horace, his bailiff, eight other slaves and five tenant-farmers. The exact position of the villa is also uncertain; probably it was situated at the northern end of the estate, near the place where a brook flows into the Digentia, upon the spot still called the "Villa d'Orazio," where several pavements, some of brick and others in mosaic of Augustan pattern, have been unearthed. We could wish that these remains had received the scientific care of a Lanciani or a Boni; as it is, little has been discovered since 1767, when L'Abbé Capmartin de Chaupy published his delightful work, *Le Découverte de la Maison de Campagne d'Horace* (in three large volumes), a book which is still the most accurate that we have upon the subject.

The descent from the hillside to the valley, across Horace's farm, to the Digentia, is one of the most beautiful walks in Italy. Hospitable and kindly, the Sabine peasants allow us to walk, all unhindered, through their orchards, among their goats and down the meadows to the stream. The shallow water, "cold and more transparent than glass," swirls and gurgles over the clean stones of its sunlit bed. Along the grassy bank grow the white

poplar and the evergreen ilex. The valley is very fertile, so fertile that "you would say that Tarentum was transported here with all its leafy woods"; it is well sheltered, for, surrounding it, stand the great, bleak forms of the mountains, to which we now and again look up—of their presence we are always conscious. As we wander along the bank we see the homely vegetables which Horace names: mallow, that brings health; sorrel, that loves the meadows; garlic, the herb more noxious than hemlock; thyme, endive and the rest. "Here," Horace tells Dellius, "where the great pine and the white poplar love to entwine their branches to give hospitable shade, and where the brook babbles down its winding course, command the slave-boy to bring wine, and perfume, and the pleasant but too short-lived rose." *Hic in reducta valle*, Tyndaris may avoid the dog-star's heat and beneath the shade drink harmless Lesbian wine and play her Teian lyre. Here Quintius Hirpinus may recline at ease under plane or pine and cease striving for the wants of a life of which the needs are few: "Why fatigue with eternal plans a mind too small to comprehend?" (*Quid æternis minorem consiliis animum fatigas?*) Later on, in the Middle Ages, this same thought was expressed by the more ardent voice of Dante: "*State contenti, umana genti, al quia.*"

This, then, is the valley where Horace was "blessed enough in this one Sabine farm" (*satis beatus unicus Sabinis*). When Maecenas gave him the farm, Horace was thirty-two years of age, and he lived there until his death, twenty-five years later; it was during this period that all the Odes and Epistles, the *Carmen Sæculare* and *De Arte Poetica* were written. The scenery of these Sabine Mountains and their fertile valley had a noticeable influence upon his work. Horace was born in the southern border-town of Venusia, and he calls himself half-Apulian and half-Lucanian; his schooldays were spent in Rome, and he says that he was bred in Rome; he finished his education at the University of Athens, and he says that he learned to search for truth at the groves of Academus: we can discern in his writings the separate influence of each of

these places. But in the Sabine Mountains alone we find the natural setting for Horace's poetry, the setting which interprets his work. The farm itself and its situation were exactly suited to his preconceived wishes and to his taste. Horace says, "This was my longing: a piece of land not very large with a garden and a perpetual fountain of water near to the house and, in addition, a little woodland. The gods have done more plentifully and better for me than I asked. It is well. I pray for nothing more." The farm was rightly chosen for its purpose. Its fertile soil made Horace his own master again and quite independent of patronage: how independent he was we see when he gracefully refuses further benefits from Maecenas and declines the invitation of Augustus to become his private secretary and live as a friend in the imperial household. It afforded Horace the competence and seclusion to write with deliberation and conciseness, for he "cared nothing for quantify": he scorned the poets who wrote merely to gain the applause of the "buyer of nuts" (*nucis emptor*) in the theatre and the approval of those who are "superior in number but inferior in merit and repute."

On the Sabine farm he found rest "now by the books of the ancients, now in sleep and leisure, passing the time in sweet forgetfulness of anxious life."

It was after Horace went to the Sabine farm that he wrote so much of moderation and content. "The man is not poor who has enough," and Horace has enough and to spare. He hates luxury; then why should he exchange his Sabine farm for wealth more troublesome? Neither Phrygian marble nor purple robes soothe away life's cares. Enjoy to-day; seek not to know what fate the gods have appointed for to-morrow.

The identity of the Bandusian spring has been much discussed. There are several springs on the hill-sides near the Sabine farm; to most of them might be applied Horace's description that the spring is very cold and "more brilliant than glass" (*splendidior vitro*) and that "from hollowed rocks its babbling waters leap." The spring now locally known as the "Fonte dell' Oratini"

has no better claim to the distinction than the others have. It has been suggested that the Bandusian spring might have been at Venusia, but there is no reason to doubt that it was on or near the Sabine farm; whether it was one of those still existing we do not know. Of the Bandusia (Odes III., 13) Horace predicted: "Thou also shalt become one of the famous fountains," for he already knew that his work was immortal. In the final ode of the same book, he says: "I have built a monument more enduring than brass and more lofty than the regal pyramids, which neither devouring rain, nor furious north wind, nor the passing of countless years will be able to destroy." The potter is exulting in the beauty of his amphora as it comes slowly forth from the revolving wheel.

The mountainous country surrounding the Sabine Valley is well worth the ascent. From most of the higher ranges on the western side we get an uninterrupted view of Rome, looking like a dark island set in the sunny but desolate Campagna; the skyline of the city is now dominated by St. Peter's, which rises some two hundred feet higher than the Esquiline, the highest of the Seven Hills. To Horace the scene must have been very different; then the population of Rome and its outskirts was about one and a half millions—three times greater than the present population—and the city spread out much farther than it does to-day; the Campagna was well cultivated and dotted with farmsteads and villas; parks and gardens covered the foot of the Vatican Hill, where, seventy-five years after Horace's death, St. Peter is said to have been buried; the skyline of Rome must, even then, have appeared lofty, for we know that the *insulæ* were so tall that Augustus had to restrict the height of all new houses to a maximum of seventy feet.

That Horace used to roam about these hills that surround his farm we may be sure; in the ode to Fuscus he says: "While I wander beyond my boundary, all free from care and singing of my Lalage, in the Sabine wood a wolf fled from me, from me although unarmed." And as Horace lets his footsteps wander through the woods so he allows his thoughts to wander with a lightness and charm

unmatched by any other lyric poet of antiquity. In this short ode he begins with a moral lesson, passes on easily to describe a monstrous wolf, and ends with a love-song: "Place me on the infertile plain where no tree is fanned by summer breeze; place me beneath the chariot of a sun too near, in a land where dwellings cannot be: my sweetly smiling, sweetly prattling Lalage will I love." We wonder whether Lalage was a real person, one of the fascinating *hetairæ* of her day perhaps, or whether she lived only in the poet's fancy. We must be content to leave her in Horace's gallery of named but unknown loves:—Chloe, for whom he would not fear to die; Lydia, whose kisses Venus has imbued with a fifth part of her own nectar; Phyllis, who binds her bright hair with an ivy wreath; Damalis, upon whom all will fix their ardent eyes; Glycera, whose splendour shines brighter than Parian marble; and the kind Cinara, to whom the Fates gave few years of life.

The proximity of the Sabine Farm to Rome enabled Horace to entertain freely at his villa. Friendship was the greatest of all Horace's pleasures. *Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico* ("Whilst I have my senses I would compare nothing to a pleasing friend"). The three odes, in which he invites Maecenas to the Sabine Farm, glow with hospitality: a cask of mellow wine has been long waiting expressly for Maecenas, who must come and forget the gnawing cares of State as "the wearied shepherd seeks the river and the shade." In a more playful strain Horace asks Virgil to come and see the Sabine Valley with its nesting birds and its "meadows where guardians of the sheep play tunes upon the reed to charm the god whom flocks delight," and Horace, pretending that Virgil must buy his own wine, recommends a cask, "lying in the storehouse of Sulpicius, which will give new hope and drive away the bitterness of care": "it is sweet at times to be unwise" (*dulce est desipere in loco*). Torquatus, the advocate, is invited to spend the holiday, Cæsar's birthday, at the Sabine Farm, where he can "spend the summer night in genial conversation"; for a long time "the furniture has been polished" in honour of the awaited guest. Upon the death of his friend Quintilius, Horace's kindly heart

is overcome with grief : "Does then perpetual sleep weigh down Quintilius? What shame or moderation can there be in our keen grief for one so dear? It is hard, but patience makes more light whatever it is impious to alter." Good fortune befalls his old friend Varus, and Horace "raves with joy." Virgil takes ship to Athens and Horace prays for the safe return of "that one-half of my soul." After the illness of Maecenas Horace foretells that the same day shall see the death of both, and swears that, Maecenas leading, they "shall go, shall go and pace together that last road of all." Even when amid the distractions of Rome Horace exclaims : "O nights and repasts divine when I and my friends dine before my own hearth."

Sed omnes una manet nox. Pallid Death, with impartial foot, knocks at the cottages of poor men and the palaces of kings : on November 27th, A.U.C. 746, she knocked at the villa of the Sabine Farm. So violent was his final illness that Horace was too weak to sign his will : by word alone he bequeathed all his property to the Emperor Augustus. Life had become lonely ; his "dear knight Maecenas" had recently been buried ; Virgil, Varus, and "the kind Cinara" had long ago joined the fantastic shades. And Horace was old for his fifty-seven years. We can imagine him repeating to himself, with Roman bluntness, his own words : "*Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti: tempus abire tibi est*" ("You have played enough, you have eaten and drunk enough ; it is time for you to go away"). Often he had referred gloomily to the journey across the black waters of the Acheron towards the region of lurid Orcus and of endless exile, to the three-tongued Cerberus, and to Pluto, who may not be moved by tears, no, "nor placated by the sacrifice of three hundred bulls." But, in the immortality of his work, his confidence was unfaltering : "Not all of me will die ; great part of me will escape the goddess of death ; constantly shall I grow." . . . "On no common, on no slender wing shall I be carried through the clear skies ; never shall I be held back by the Stygian wave. The Colchian and the Dacian will know me ; I shall be studied by the learned Spaniard and by him who drinks of the

Rhone. Let there be no funeral dirges for my empty bier ; restrain the wailing, and forbear the superfluous honours of the sepulchre."

*Now night is settling over the Sabine Farm ; the sun has long ago gone down behind the Mons Lucretilis. The surrounding mountains seem like great banks of shadow and, *Vespero surgente*, we see faintly in the clear sky the other "silent signs of night" (*taciturna noctis signa*). The Digentia is babbling over the stones as it did in the sunlight this morning, but now its waters are black except for, here and there, a little foam. A breeze is swaying the woods on the hilltop. The black form of a pine tree is silhouetted sharply against the fading light. It is the tree "that is oftenest tossed by the wind," because it is more lofty than the rest.

CHRISTMAS WITH THOMAS HARDY

BY W. M. PARKER

IT has become second nature with many of us at Christmas-tide to take down *The Christmas Carol* and re-read Dickens's great message to mankind with renewed relish. Indeed, it is an almost annual homage to the master, one of those yearly habits of which, in truth, we need not be ashamed. But even our best habits may tend to keep us in a groove, and prevent us from tackling something new. No better time than Christmas offers for a fresh form of reading entertainment. Is there no one else, no other great writer nearer our own time, to whom we may turn for Christmas reading? I answer the question by suggesting a further familiarity, or a first acquaintance, as the case may be, with the Christmas scenes in Thomas Hardy's works.

Hardy has always been so much associated with gloom and so-called pessimism that this recommendation to turn to his pages at Christmas may surprise not a few readers. It is a mistake, however, to imagine we can extract nothing but what is gloomy from the pages of the Wessex novelist and poet. Indeed, if we go through his works we shall be astonished to find how often he sets a scene in harmony with the festive season, when "randys," or country parties, of a former day were full of spirit and goodwill.

The gayest Christmas scenes in Hardy are depicted in *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Almost all the first part contains rural pictures, painted in the style of the Dutch school, of Christmas spent indoors and out-of-doors. At once we are drawn into the Yuletide atmosphere. The second paragraph opens with: "On a cold and starry Christmas Eve within living memory, a man was passing up a lane near Mellstock Cross. . . ." Then follows the assemblage of the Mellstock parish choir, preparatory to going the rounds of carol-singing. "Soon appeared glimmering indications of the few cottages forming the small hamlet of Upper Mellstock for which they were

bound, whilst the faint sound of church-bells ringing a Christmas peal could be heard floating over upon the breeze from the direction of Longpuddle and Weatherbury parishes on the other side of the hills."

The choir visit Tranter Dewy's house to refresh themselves with his cider, and here they receive old grandfather William Dewy's hearty welcome. "Ah, so's—here you be!—Ah, Michael and Joseph and John—and you too, Leaf! a merry Christmas all! We shall have a rare log-wood fire directly, Reub, if it d'go by the toughness of the job I had in cleaving 'em."

We follow the choir on the rounds. Arriving at the schoolhouse, old William, the leader, gives out, "Number seventy-eight."

"Then passed forth into the quiet night an ancient and time-worn hymn, embodying Christianity in words orally transmitted from father to son through several generations down to the present characters, who sang them out right earnestly." Space forbids quotation of more than one of the staves, which runs as follows:—

In Bethlehem He was born,
O thou Man;
In Bethlehem He was born,
For mankind's sake.
In Bethlehem He was born,
Christmas-day i' the morn:
Our Saviour thought no scorn
Our faults to take.

No response greets this effort, and further hymns meet with the same fate. Their repeated attempts to attract the attention of Fancy Day, the new schoolmistress, seem unavailing, but the leader, nothing daunted, makes a final appeal. "At the close, waiting yet another minute, he said in a clear, loud voice, as he had said in the village at that hour and season for the previous forty years—'A merry Christmas to ye!'" This exclamation at last secures the intended effect, and the young girl appears at an upper window, dressed in white, her hair in disorder, and holding a candle. "Opening the window, she said lightly and warmly: 'Thank you, singers, thank you!'"

A very different reception awaits them at Farmer

Shiner's abode. On the point of starting the third verse of "Behold the Morning Star," they hear a roaring voice exclaim: "Shut up, woll 'ee! Don't make your blaring row here! A feller wi' a headache enough to split his skull likes a quiet night!" Such discourtesy incites the choir to give the offender more than his share of carolling, and they continue with renewed vigour. Thereupon the enraged farmer appears in person.

"'Drown en!—drown en!' the tranter cried, fiddling frantically. 'Play fortissimy, and drown his spaking!'

"'Fortissimy!' said Michael Mail, and the music and singing waxed so loud that it was impossible to know what Mr. Shiner had said, was saying, or was about to say; but wildly flinging his arms and body about in the form of capital Xs and Ys, he appeared to utter enough invectives to consign the whole parish to perdition.

"'Very onseemly—very!' said old William, as they retired. 'Never such a dreadful scene in the whole round o' my carrel practice—never! And he a churchwarden!'

"'Only a drap o' drink got into his head,' said the tranter. 'Man's well enough when he's in his religious frame. He's in his worldly frame now. Must ask en to our bit of a party to-morrer night, I suppose, and so put en in humour again. We bear no martel man ill-will.'"

The vicarage is the next place of visitation. As in the case of Fancy Day, their first rendering of nocturnal harmonies calls forth no response from the lately arrived incumbent, Mr. Maybold. An extra carol is duly supplied, and presently a voice is heard issuing "from inner depths of bedclothes, 'Thanks, villagers!'" As one Bowman is hard of hearing, the expression of thanks has to be repeated.

"Old William, in his gratitude for such thanks from a comparatively new inhabitant, was anxious to play all the tunes over again; but renounced his desire on being reminded by Reuben that it would be best to leave well alone."

The next Christmas scene we read about is that in which the tranter's household get ready for church on Christmas morning. "It being Christmas Day, the tranter prepared

himself with Sunday particularity. Loud sousing and snorting noises were heard to proceed from the back quarters of the dwelling, proclaiming that he was there performing his great Sunday wash, lasting half-an-hour, to which his washings on working-day mornings were mere flashes in the pan. Vanishing into the outhouse with a large brown basin, and the above-named bubblings and snortings being carried on for about twenty minutes, the tranter would appear round the edge of the door, smelling like a summer fog, and looking as if he had just narrowly escaped a watery grave with the loss of hat and neckerchief, having since been weeping bitterly till his eyes were red; a crystal drop of water hanging ornamentally at the bottom of each ear, one at the tip of his nose, and others in the form of spangles about his hair."

Later we renew our acquaintance with the Mellstock choir, now ensconced in the church gallery. "The music on Christmas mornings was frequently below the standard of church performances at other times. The boys were sleepy from the heavy exertions of the night; the men were slightly wearied; and now, in addition to these constant reasons, there was a dampness in the atmosphere that still further aggravated the evil. Their strings, from the recent long exposure to the night air, rose whole semi-tones, and snapped with a loud twang at the most silent moment; which necessitated more retiring than ever to the back of the gallery, and made the gallery throats quite husky with the quantity of coughing and hemming required for tuning in. The Vicar looked cross."

For vivid treatment of a Christmas revel, surely it would be difficult to match, even from among the pages of Dickens himself, the chapters describing the tranter's party. "The guests had all assembled, and the tranter's party had reached that degree of development which accords with ten o'clock p.m. in rural assemblies. At that hour the sound of a fiddle in process of tuning was heard from the inner pantry.

"'That's Dick,' said the tranter. 'That lad's crazy for a jig.'

"'Dick! Now I cannot—really, I cannot have any

dancing at all till Christmas Day is out,' said old William emphatically. 'When the clock ha' done striking twelve, dance as much as ye like.'

"Well, I must say there's reason in that, William,' said Mrs. Penny. 'If you do have a party on Christmas Day night, 'tis only fair and honourable to the Church o' England to have it a sit-still party. Jigging parties be all very well, and this, that, and therefore; but a jigging party looks suspicious now. Oh, yes; stop till the clock strikes, young folk—so say I' . . ."

"At five minutes to twelve the soft tuning was again heard in the back quarters; and when at length the clock had whizzed forth the last stroke, Dick appeared ready primed, and the instruments were boldly handled; old William very readily taking the bass-viol from its accustomed nail, and touching the strings as irreligiously as could be desired.

"Minute after minute glided by, and the party reached the period when ladies' back hair begins to look forgotten and dissipated; when a perceptible dampness makes itself apparent upon the faces even of delicate girls—a ghastly dew having for some time rained from the features of their masculine partners; when skirts begin to be torn out of their gathers; when elderly people, who have stood up to please their juniors, begin to feel sundry small tremblings in the region of the knees, and to wish the interminable dance was at Jericho; when (at country parties) waistcoats begin to be unbuttoned, and when the fiddlers' chairs have been wriggled, by the frantic bowing of their occupiers, to a distance of about two feet from where they originally stood."

The party enters upon a more excited state as the night progresses, and the dancers dance more wildly. "It was the time of night when a guest may write his name in the dust upon the tables and chairs, and a bluish mist pervades the atmosphere, becoming a distinct halo round the candles; when people's nostrils, wrinkles, and crevices in general seem to be getting gradually plastered up; when the very fiddlers, as well as the dancers, get red in the face,

the dancers having advanced further still towards incandescence, and entered the cadaverous phase; the fiddlers no longer sit down, but kick back their chairs and saw madly at the strings, with legs firmly spread and eyes closed, regardless of the visible world."

Then arrives the time for supper. The tranter and his wife confer together regarding the sustenance awaiting their guests. Mrs. Dewy announces in a few words that the meal is in process of preparation. "That portion of the company which loved eating and drinking put on a look to signify that till that moment they had quite forgotten that it was customary to expect suppers on these occasions; going even further than this politeness of feature, and starting irrelevant subjects, the exceeding flatness and forced tone of which rather betrayed their object. The younger members said they were quite hungry, and that supper would be delightful though it was so late."

The repast finished, the party breaks up and the guests depart. The tranter and his family are left alone again, and the high spirits and urbanity they have assumed for the occasion seem to evaporate now that the event has passed. Mrs. Dewy, indeed, speaks her mind with no uncertain voice. "'I like a party very well once in a while,' said Mrs. Dewy, leaving off the adorned tones she had been bound to use throughout the evening, and returning to the natural marriage voice; 'but, Lord, 'tis such a sight of heavy work next day! What with the dirty plates, and knives and forks, and dust and smother, and bits kicked off your furniture, and I don't know what all, why a body could a'most wish there were no such things as Christmases. . . . Ah-h, dear!' she yawned, till the clock in the corner had ticked several beats. She cast her eyes round upon the displaced, dust-laden furniture, and sank down overpowered at the sight."

I think all this first part of *Under the Greenwood Tree* calls for an annual Christmas reading as much as does *The Christmas Carol*. The two books are, of course, different; Hardy's makes no claim to give a message; but it would be difficult to surpass these scenes just quoted

for their living account of the rollicking good cheer and rustic humour that used to attend the Christmas festivals down Wessex way some eighty years ago.

We receive a different impression of Christmas entertainment in *Far From the Madding Crowd*. The two chapters, near the end, describe a less mirthful scene, which is actually the dramatic *dénouement* of the plot. It will be remembered that Bathsheba Everdene, discouraging the advances of Gabriel Oak and Farmer Boldwood, had been secretly married to Sergeant Troy, who formerly seduced Fanny Robin. Bathsheba discovers Troy's previous relationship with Fanny, and so her husband is compelled to go away. It is falsely rumoured he has been drowned. Believing herself to be a widow, Bathsheba at last consents to marry Boldwood, and the Christmas party that takes place at the farmer's house is to celebrate the engagement.

"Christmas Eve came, and a party that Boldwood was to give in the evening was the great subject of talk in Weatherbury. It was not that the rarity of Christmas parties in the parish made this one a wonder, but that Boldwood should be the giver. The announcement had had an abnormal and incongruous sound, as if one should hear of croquet-playing in a cathedral aisle, or that some much-respected judge was going upon the stage. That the party was intended to be a truly jovial one there was no room for doubt. A large bough of mistletoe had been brought from the woods that day, and suspended in the hall of the bachelor's home. Holly and ivy had followed in armfuls. From six that morning till past noon the huge wood fire in the kitchen roared and sparkled at its highest, the kettle, the saucepan, and the three-legged pot appearing in the midst of the flames like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; moreover, roasting and basting operations were continually carried on in front of the genial blaze.

"As it grew later the fire was made up in the large long hall into which the staircase descended, and all encumbrances were cleared out for dancing. . . .

"In spite of all this the spirit of revelry was wanting

in the atmosphere of the house. Such a thing had never been attempted before by its owner, and it was now done as by a wrench. Intended gaieties would insist upon appearing like solemn grandeurs, the organization of the whole effort was carried out coldly by hirelings, and a shadow seemed to move about the rooms, saying that the proceedings were unnatural to the place and the lone man who lived therein, and hence not good."

Suddenly, when the party is in full swing, Troy unexpectedly appears upon this scene. Not observing who he is, Boldwood welcomes him. "Come in, come in!" he repeated cheerfully, "and drain a Christmas beaker with us, stranger!" Troy has come to claim his wife. But as Bathsheba hesitates to go with him, the sergeant adopts a domineering and threatening manner. This is too much for Boldwood, who sees himself again thwarted by a worthless trickster, and the woman he loves about to be dragged back into a union she has regretted. Boldwood, therefore, snatches up a gun and shoots Troy dead. Thus the strange Christmas party is brought to an end. Subsequently Boldwood undergoes penal servitude for the crime, and the patient, long-suffering Gabriel Oak finally marries Bathsheba.

It is close on Christmas at the opening of that sombre tragedy, *The Return of the Native*, and during the bonfire episode on Rainbarrow one of the rustics observes: "You be bound to dance at Christmas because 'tis the time o' year; you must dance at weddings because 'tis the time o' life."

Two days before Christmas Day Clym Yeobright returns. Churchgoing is the most likely "expedient of provincial girls and men" to bring about acquaintance-ship. "In an ordinary village or country town one can safely calculate that, either on Christmas Day or the Sunday contiguous, any native home for the holidays, who has not through age or *ennui* lost the appetite for seeing and being seen, will turn up in some pew or other shining with hope, self-consciousness, and new clothes. Thus the congregation on Christmas morning is mostly a Tussaud collection of celebrities who have been born in

the neighbourhood. . . .” Then follows a short commentary on the household customs at Yuletide. “People who came to these few isolated houses to keep Christmas with their friends remained in their friends’ chimney-corners drinking mead and other comforting liquors till they left again for good and all. Rain, snow, ice, mud everywhere around, they did not care to trudge two or three miles to sit wet-footed and splashed to the nape of their necks among those who, though in some measure neighbours, lived close to the church, and entered it clean and dry.” Eustacia fears that Clym will not go to church during his brief period of leave, and it would be useless for her to go there in the hope of seeing him. She is, therefore, led on to partake in the Christmas mumming-play, “St. George,” an opportunity that may afford her an encounter with Clym.

The entertainment takes place at Mrs. Yeobright’s house. Among the characters portrayed is that of Father Christmas. He was “an older man, who accompanied the band as general protector in long night journeys from parish to parish, and was bearer of the purse.” A dance is proceeding when the mummers arrive, and as soon as the fiddles cease, and the dance finishes, they prepare to enter the scene of gaiety. “When, from the comparative quiet within, the mummers judged that the dancers had taken their seats, Father Christmas advanced, lifted the latch, and put his head inside the door.

“‘Ah, the mummers, the mummers!’ cried several guests at once. ‘Clear a space for the mummers.’

“Hump-backed Father Christmas then made a complete entry, swinging his huge club, and in a general way clearing the stage for the actors proper, while he informed the company in smart verse that he was come, welcome or welcome not; concluding his speech with

Make room, make room, my gallant boys,
And give us space to rhyme;
We’ve come to show Saint George’s play,
Upon this Christmas time.”

When the play concluded, not one of the company commented, “any more than they would have commented on

the fact of mushrooms coming in autumn or snowdrops in spring. They took the piece as phlegmatically as did the actors themselves. It was a phase of cheerfulness which was, as a matter of course, to be passed through every Christmas; and there was no more to be said.”

The foregoing excerpts have shown in what varied aspects Hardy presents Christmas parties: pure fun in *Under the Greenwood Tree*; drama in *Far from the Madding Crowd*; and an ineffective theatrical performance in *The Return of the Native*. The pathetic type of Christmas party is revealed in *The Woodlanders*. Giles Winterborne attempts a desperate effort to win Grace Melbury, and decides that as good a means for bringing matters to a crisis is to ask Grace and her parents to such an entertainment. Before putting it into practical operation, he consults Marty South on the subject.

“‘. . . Suppose you know a person, and want to bring that person to a good understanding with you, do you think a Christmas party of some sort is a warming-up thing, and likely to be useful in hastening on the matter?’

“‘Is there to be dancing?’

“‘There might be, certainly.’

“‘Will He dance with Her?’

“‘Well, yes.’

“‘Then it might bring things to a head, one way or the other, I won’t be the maid to say which.’

“‘It shall be done,’ said Winterborne, not to her, though he spoke the words quite loudly.”

But Giles’s “randy” is fated to meet with failure from the first, for he is deficient in household management. The initial failures of the evening develop into disasters as the party continues. Poor Giles’s lame attempt at entertaining at length comes to an end, and the Melburys depart without Giles having gained his objective.

“‘Well, Giles is a very good fellow,’ said Mr. Melbury, as they struck down the lane under boughs which formed a black filigree in which the stars seemed set.

“‘Certainly he is,’ said Grace quickly, and in such a tone as to show that he stood no lower, if no higher, in her regard than he had stood before. . . .”

“‘Oh yes—’tis all over!’ murmured Giles to himself,

shaking his head over the glooming plain of embers, and lining his forehead more than ever. . . ."

The only Christmas scene in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* takes place just prior to the marriage of Tess and Angel Clare. The young man wishes to spend a romantic day with her on a jaunt to some town. For the first time in their lives they shop together. "It was Christmas Eve, with its load of holly and mistletoe, and the town was very full of strangers who had come in from all parts of the country on account of the day. Tess paid the penalty of walking about with happiness superadded to beauty on her countenance by being much stared at as she moved amid them on his arm." The legend of the D'Urberville coach attached to Wellbridge Manor House, where they spend their first night as a wedded couple, refers to Christmas Eve, for on that night the blood-stained coach is believed to pass over the bridge near by and draw up at the house, but only those of D'Urberville blood are able to see or hear it, and the vision predicts disaster and death.

Other references to Christmas occur in *Life's Little Ironies*. In one of the sketches belonging to the group entitled *A Few Crusted Characters*, it is to a Christmas dance that the Hardcomes, first cousins, bring their intended wives. During the evening each is so impressed with the other's sweetheart that they agree to exchange. There is another sketch which relates how Old Andrey Satchel's appetite for Christmas fare leads him into adventure. "Lord, how I should like to join in that meal of beef, and turkey, and plum-pudding, and ale, that you happy ones be going to just now! One more or less will make no difference to the squire." Ignorant of music, he goes as a fiddler with the choir to the Hall, and all would have gone well had not the squire's mother discovered that he was not playing his instrument, and consequently had him turned out as an impostor. A further brief sketch recounts the "absent-mindedness in a parish choir"—"all sound and powerful musicians, and strong-winded men—they that blowed. For that reason they were very much in demand Christmas week for little reels and dancing .

parties; for they could turn a jig or a hornpipe out of hand as well as ever they could turn out a psalm, and perhaps better, not to speak irreverent . . .

• "Well, this Christmas they'd been out to one rattling randy after another every night, and had got next to no sleep at all. Then came the Sunday after Christmas, their fatal day." It was a dark winter afternoon, and the cold in the church was intense. The choir, therefore, took a gallon of hot brandy and beer mixed to the service, and passed it round. The liquor overcame them and they fell asleep. When the evening hymn was given out the choir remained in a somnolent condition. A wideawake boy, sitting with them, roused them, but they were so muddled they imagined they were at a party, and struck up "The Devil among the Tailors." The leader, seeing that nobody moved, began to shout out directions. The congregation became confused, the squire stood up and stormed at the band, and at last they came to realise where they were, "and the old players played no more" in that church.

Two short tales remain to be included. *The Grave by the Handpost*, contained in the *Changed Man* volume, gives an account of how, "on a dark, yet mild and exceptionally dry evening at Christmas-time," the Chalk-Newton choir "left their homes just before midnight to repeat their annual harmonies under the windows of the local population. . . . The local waits of those days mostly refrained from sounding a note before Christmas morning had astronomically arrived, and not caring to return to their beer, they decided to begin with some outlying cottages in Sidlinch Lane, where the people had no clocks, and would not know whether it were night or morning. In that direction they accordingly went; and as they ascended to higher ground their attention was attracted by a light beyond the houses, quite at the top of the lane." The remainder of this grim story is too long for recital here. It closes on a dramatic note. "The Christmas cheerfulness of next morning was broken at breakfast-time by tragic intelligence, which went down the village like wind. Sergeant-Major Holway had been found shot through the

head by his own hand at the cross-roads in Long Ash Lane where his father lay buried."

If we ransack Hardy's poetry for references to Christmas we shall find enough to fill an article by itself, but we cannot better conclude than by citing the four beautiful verses of *The Oxen*, which are as follows:—

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock,
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek, mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come; see the oxen kneel

In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

THE ENGADINE IN THE SIXTIES

BY MRS. J. COMYNS CARR

S. MORITZ—Pontresina—Maloja: names common enough nowadays in the mouths of English people planning their winter sports; or in those—chiefly now—of Germans taking their families to "do the Bathe-cure" in the summer; but in the early sixties known to no intruders save a handful of Swiss from its own Canton or from the Valtelline and the nearer Italian valleys.

My father—English Chaplain at Genoa since about the year 1851—had discovered the beautiful district in his annual Alpine walking-tour, and had come back enthusiastic over the homely village in its imposing surroundings and the simple comfort of the little old Kulm inn, then run by Badruth *père*—or, probably, more than "*grand-père*" now, if the name still exists in the great noisy *hôtel*-world of the present day.

So delighted was my father with his new "find" that he must needs convey his family up there, with some weariness of travel, for the next August holiday. He had also extolled the place to a few choice friends sufficiently to gather a tiny congregation of Anglicans for whom he held an intimate service on Sundays in the salon of the inn. This must have been in the year 1863 and was the beginning of his thirty-seven years' pastorate there—soon enrolled under the S.P.G.—during which time he collected funds to build the little English Church on the road between the old Kurhaus and the village.

But that was not even dreamed of when I was a child. "Church" was short for a dozen worshippers, of whom one would start a hymn, without accompaniment, to end up; and then we would sally forth on to the balcony, where the Badruth family had, perhaps, been listening to us, and go for a walk round the shining blue lake below or to the waterfall where the stream was still pure and green and brown in its pools and shallows, and full of the leaping

• trout.

I suppose the waterfall is used for power now—its clean current sullied and the trout exterminated long ago—but in those days we had many a bit of exciting sport there with a worm fastened to a birch-sapling rod—the young Badruths teaching us how to tickle the fish, but, alas! very soon also how to catch them with a net for *table d'hôte*.

And that balcony of the Kulm—only one of the many roughly carved brown balconies adorning those half-stone, half-wooden built *chalets*, their roofs weighted with huge stones to keep them on in the gales and under the snows of winter: I wonder if it still exists in some hidden corner of the great yearly increased edifice, as a memento to the old family!

Probably not, and the waters of the lake—now emerald, now blue, now calmly reflecting the snow peaks and dark fir forests, now lashed into waves by the storm wind from the Maloja—are circled by hotels in lieu of the greenest of meadow-slopes, jewelled with flowers in spring and early summer, and crowned by the Piz Lauguard and the Bernina range away to the left, where the lapis-lazuli blue of the sky sometimes grows softer towards the lower valley.

I can have been scarcely more than twelve years old when we first came to the Engadine—reaching it by the Maloja pass from Chiavenna. Of course, we travelled in the *diligence*, for my father could not afford a private carriage and relays of horses—and a lumbering affair it was.

He always chose to sit in the *banquette*, behind whence he could readily leap down to take the short cuts across the zigzags of the road and rejoin the coach at the top of the hill. But the governess and we children pleaded for the open *coupé* in front, though our mother would often prefer the horrors of the stuffy *intérieur*, where she could see less of the coming perils of the road. Little enough sympathy had we little wretches for her nervousness! Well I remember how we teased her on one occasion of the downward journey when the postilion with the fresh horses whom we picked up at Silvaplana was as drunk as a lord on his wedding day! I can see her anxious eyes—as his friends hoisted him up to his high seat—and the laughing

face of his bride, wishing him luck from the doorstep. My mother's fears were not ill-founded, for we just missed colliding with the incoming *Post* as we rushed, swaying, along the shores of the glittering lake, passing Silz-Maria on the opposite shore, and neared the dangers of the Maloja descent. Luckily, the splendid horses knew their familiar journey well enough to be left to their own good sense, and luckily the postilion was just sober enough to leave them to it! But as their noses looked over the precipice at each turn of the road before they swerved to the left, I know now what my mother suffered. Yet safely down we were at last and cantering merrily past the village of Casaccia and by the roaring river which has crept and then leapt down the precipices from the Maloja heights.

My father, who was a willing pioneer of budding Alpinists on the crags and glaciers, used to take his parties to see what he called the watershed of Europe on those Maloja heights; and I can recall my youthful scepticism when I was told that those trickling streams spreading from a boggy centre would grow into the great rivers whose names I had just been learning at school.

But everyone listened attentively to information supplied by the Rev. A. B. Strettell—especially on mountaineering subjects. He was a trusted guide who took no risks, though he was stern in forbidding his flock to stray on the mountains and proud that he had never had a mishap. I think for this reason he was much dismayed that in conveying my husband up the comparatively easy Piz Lauguard, where he had led parties something like forty times, my poor man was seized with such giddiness in scaling the cone that my father could only ensure his arrival at the summit by bidding him close his eyes and submit to being pulled up by the hand. I think the old man would have blushed if his own son-in-law had failed him, but the excursion was scarcely a pleasure to the victim, who descended backwards, his feet placed at each step by his careful protector.

When we were homeward bound for Genoa, we only slept once on the journey—at Milan; but when upwards in the spring there was a halt at Chiavenna, too, for we

were never allowed to pause in the marshland about the head of Lago Maggiore.

On one occasion, when we little girls were travelling alone with our German governess, some delay on the railway journey landed us rather late in the evening at Colico. We had missed the *diligence*, but our governess happened on a return carriage, which she hired, and off we set in the misty gloaming. The horses were jaded, and before we reached the halt where we might get fresh ones our progress became very slow.

Then our governess, afraid of allowing us to sleep in the air of the marsh, suggested that we should all sing *Volkslieder* to cheer the horses on; and I can hear us falling into our parts and lustily bawling out:

"Ach, wie wär's möglich dann
Dass ich dich lassen kann,"

"Lorelei," and other pathetic or merry love songs, and firmly believing that the horses were going faster for our efforts.

Chiavenna was a picturesque Italian town in those days, perched amid steep vineyards and where unkempt pergolas hung dusty grapes over our heads in the inn garden; it was the last of our Italy, for even at Promontogno, though it lay among magnificent chestnut woods, the houses began to wear a more solid look, and at Casaccia they were the small-windowed mountain dwellings, meet for the storms of winter.

Yet even here the folk still bore something of the Italian charm so soon to be exchanged for the dour character of the Grisonnais who—in spite of the presence of many Latin words in their ancient Romansch language—have little of the friendliness of the South.

I remember a comely and lovable hostess at Casaccia, where we were once forced to pause for illness. There was no inn, and my father had found rooms at a well-to-do *chalet*; he was so wont to bargain in Italy, where every foreigner was obliged to do so, that he was dumbfounded at the bill here.

"I think you have forgotten to charge for the rooms, Signora," his conscience made him say.

"And why should I charge for the rooms?" smiled she. "They are there all the same, and I was glad to be of service to the indisposed Signorina." "A little for the food, yes, because it costs something to me. And," with a deprecating gesture, "a little for the trouble."

Not a penny more would she accept. How many such hostesses are there left in those valleys—or, indeed, anywhere—nowadays?

But that woman was not of the Engadine. I have an idea that my father did not get off quite so well for the apartment which he had secured for us in one of the handsome *chalets* at Campfer where we spent that second summer in the Engadine.

I remember it vividly, the wide, carved brown balcony overlooking the swift green river, beside which ran the branch road leading down to the old Kurhaus; the pine-panelled dwelling-room within it, the little beds with their huge feather *duvets*; the still smaller washing basins; and, best of all, the great barn piled high with hay in which we used to play and hide, often escaping chastisement for mischief under its sweet, soft covering. Merry days we spent there, playing with the daughter of the housewife, a girl who had been apprenticed in Italy and who chattered with us in the familiar Italian instead of the German language which we were less at home in.

Many years later I pointed the *chalet* out to my husband one day when we had come from S. Moritz to lunch with the Bancrofts at the Campfer Hotel. As we approached, the little lady came out of the porch to meet us and, in a merry moment, my husband was inspired to dance a hornpipe down the dusty road, upon which she immediately took her skirts daintily in either hand and footed it as of old in response.

I suppose the hotel still flourishes, and I hope the beautiful old *chalet* with the large pink carnations hanging from the window-boxes still belongs to the successors of the dour lady whose daughter shared our childish pranks.

As his little congregation slowly but surely increased, my father thought it best to abide in S. Moritz village, where he held his services at the Kulm Inn.

So the year 1865 saw us installed there in a then slightly enlarged hotel.

The addition must have looked ill against the mellow building, for it was much less well designed and was adorned not with one thick carved wood terrace, but with a small cast-iron balcony to *each* room all the way up, giving the façade a gimcrack appearance. These balconies were, however, a source of great fun to us youngsters.

We had two boy-comrades about this time—Julian and Waldo Storey, the sons of a well-known American painter dwelling in Rome, and—truth compels me to add that rare pickles they were! Luckily for mischief, their rooms and ours were on the top floor, and their position suggested a devilish device. With one of the hooks that we used to fish in the torrent attached to a long, strong piece of string, these imps were wont after dark to haul up the boots placed by unsuspecting visitors on their balconies in readiness for the boy who was to collect them for cleaning at daybreak.

Many an angry word passed between old Badruth and his guests, and many a hiding did that poor lad get before the real culprits confessed, and then the language of the innkeeper—who was not the mildest of men—knew no bounds. Yet it did not daunt the “Storey boys,” and their next prank lasted longer before it was unmasked.

They had made friends with a very correct English lad, much their senior, whose apartment was on the ground floor of the old portion of the inn.

The wicked ones had noticed that there was a trap-door in the ceiling of this room, a method in use in the old *chalets* for entering the room above: they found out that two timid old maids were sleeping in that room above, and when the unsuspecting occupier of the lower apartment was safe in the salon of an evening and they knew that the old ladies had retired to rest, these “limbs” would cautiously invade their friend’s premises, unbolt the trap-door, and shoot apples or other missiles into the sanctum overhead.

The effect on the spinsters may be imagined. At first the fear of ridicule kept them silent, but at last broken

sleep and harrowed nerves opened their lips; the correct gentleman on the ground floor was evicted, and had it not been for a merry Engadine housemaid, who discovered the secret and unmasked the true offenders, they might have gone scot free. As it was I believe their mother was requested to remove them from the hotel, and that the ire of old Badruth was only appeased by the disinclination to lose American patronage.

But their pranks outside could not be restrained, and I fancy the famous “Cresta Run”—now the scene of many exciting competitions, but then a natural though dangerously precipitous toboggan-slide—saw some wild exploits.

I barely recognise the village now. A few tennis courts were gradually erected for summer visitors as the Kulm—still the only important inn—grew in size; but winter-season there was none, and consequently levelled and flooded meadows and skating rinks and inventions innumerable for the entertainment of the winter-sports folk did not exist.

All our fun was in summer. In the mornings most of it consisted in walking or driving down to the old Kurhaus either in the leisurely omnibus or the livelier private *einspänner*—a small open carriage drawn sometimes by a big horse and driven by a more or less wild Jehu.

There we drank the waters, cold or mixed with warm whey (abominable concoction!) or soaked in the shabby old wooden baths not then demolished; but chiefly we strolled up and down the front, buying useless objects of Swiss carving and embroidery and watching the gay ladies—mostly Italian—in their fashionable clothes.

I recall a tall, dark, Milanese beauty who was the adored of many in the days when I first began to notice the *élégantes* and to dream of dressing as they did. The Austrian Minister’s daughter ran her close, and so did our English belle—Georgiana Lady Dudley—whose *testolina graziosa* the Italian beaux extolled, though her willowy figure was too spare for the taste of a nation which admires a well-made woman before a pretty face.

This Milanese countess had one cavalier above all others who would actually, though very unwillingly, have

risked his life to win her smile. He was a vain, fatuous fellow, who would have been more of a butt for the ladies' merriment than he was if it had not been for his childlike simplicity. He was rich and could afford to have his horses sent up for the season, but he trusted to his country's reputation for horsemanship rather than his own valour, and was not himself the whip that he pretended to be. He liked to show off his fine team in front of the Kurhaus and along the broad, flat highway beside the shores of the Silvaplana and Silz lakes, but it was whispered that he would never risk it on any difficult mountain road.

So one day the charming countess planned a picnic and bade him drive her in his high cart and tandem down the Maloja spirals. Luckily the party had to be indefinitely postponed; the lady was indisposed! Some said it was to save his face and others to save her own.

In these days that count's coach-and-four would be a Rolls-Royce or equivalent car; and he might have to take it to pieces at the sharpest of the curves, as I saw a more adventurous Italian do, later, on a still worse road, when fighting for a wager. But most likely the Maloja highway is improved since the sixties.

Anyway "Kurhaus promenade" was the most fashionable thing in my day. Small German and Italian royalties began to arrive by the time I was a *débutante*, though it was not till many years later that our own Queen Mary came as a girl; not till after I had left all Continental homes for a permanent English one.

Our own church was built by then, and the hymn-tunes were played on a harmonium by a better organist, in the person of my sister, instead of a trembling little girl on the piano of the Kurhaus ballroom.

But though the Kurhaus was "the thing" in the forenoon, fun was organised in the village of an afternoon: long *einspänner* drives to Beverthal or Pontresina, picnics on the Mortaratch glacier or in the pinewoods by the blue lake, among the cyclamen and Alpenrose; and sometimes a dance and a cotillon or a concert in the Kulm drawing-room of an evening.

One of the amusements of the day-loiterers was to watch the incoming *diligences* as they arrived at the Post, depositing cramped passengers on the cobble stones; old ladies still trembling from the descent of the *Julier* spirals, fathers of families admonishing refractory youngsters and laden with small packages thrown down at them from the pile on top, or searching for their larger luggage in the following *Furgon*. No porters, no obsequious lackeys from the hotel; handbags carried up the dirty, rough street, with its running, and none too fragrant, side-gutters as best might be, and a dour manager to receive the visitors in the dark hotel hall.

And what a ramshackle place was that Post Office, too! Some friends of ours bearing the familiar name of Jones waited days for important letters once, and only traced them at last by insisting on investigating the pigeon-holes, when they were found under the letter G. "If you had said the name was Ionès you would have had them," grumbled the sour clerk. I recollect, even in later days, my husband enquiring daily for an expected parcel and mercifully catching sight of it on the office stool when the clerk stood up: it fitted the stool and was of a convenient height for the young gentleman. What would the English-speaking clerks in the up-to-date Post Office say now to such goings-on?

So much for the fashionable season of the sixties. But there was another aspect of the Engadine which I was the first English girl to see.

About the year 1866, at the time which I had been banished for a while to a hated Brighton school, my brother, who suffered from lung trouble, was allowed to make what was then considered a somewhat risky trial of the Alpine climate in the warm months.

I just remember the approval expressed by his physician, Dr. Hermann Weber, at the end of that summer and how anxiously it was decided that he should follow the emphatic advice of the local Swiss doctor and try the effect of the winter frost. The decision would never have been made had it not been for the patient's own obstinate desire to make the experiment. The lads of the Engadine

went to Italy to pursue the confectionery trade, for which the valley is famed, and often returned infected; but, if taken in time, that doctor affirmed the disease was always arrested by the keen air. Why not also in an Englishman? The Englishman saw no reason why not.

So for two winters my brother remained in the snug though homely Kulm hotel, and by that time he was a noted person, for he was so much better that his case was written of in *The Lancet*, and he was joined by other sufferers in his exile. At the end of the second winter, it being considered advisable that he should make his home in the Alps, my father bought a plot of land on the lower slope of Piz Näre and build a solid house not far from the village church with its crooked *Campanile* and its grim legend on the lych-gate reminding the passer-by that:—

Where you are we were,
Where we are you will be.

The time came when my father sold that house, and the last I heard of it was that it had been turned into a home for indigent consumptives. Be that as it may, we had some varied experiences in it before it passed from us.

There I spent my first winter in the snows, alone with my brother and another invalid guest, and I must admit it was not very gay. Organised winter sports were not yet thought of, and only a portion of the Kulm Hotel was kept open for the use of pulmonary patients following my brother's example; and as the free, outdoor life which is now part of their treatment was not yet ventured on, there were no arrangements for the entertainment of visitors. All the other hotels were closed and the road down to the Kurhaus was not practicable, the diligence-sledge routes, both up from the Maloja and over the Julier and Splügen passes, being on the higher level. I believe the Engadine is approached now from every direction by railways, but the fine post horses and reckless, merry postilions were then our only conductors over the perils of the high mountains.

Yet though there was no arranged fun for "foreigners," there was no lack of it for the home-birds whose holiday

was in winter; and we as householders were sometimes, though rather reluctantly, admitted into that category by the none too friendly Grisonnais.

I well remember the long, low, old coffee-room at the Kulm flanked by rough wooden benches and lit with pendant oil lamps, chiefly concentrated on the improvised platform from which three or four fiddlers and "zither" players twanged forth the lilting, slow three-time waltz.

The girls sat on one side of the room, their rosy faces and buxom figures well set off by the colours and sparkling silver chains and ornaments of the Canton costume, though those who had been down into Italy, "in the confectionery," were wont to pride themselves on showing off the new fashions; the men stood ranged against the opposite wall, and when the music struck up each fellow made a dive across the floor and pulled out his already secured partner.

I was not allowed part in the dance, but it was fun to watch, and more exciting still to see the jumping competitions in the snow on holidays (not Sundays in that Calvinist community) and the tobogganing down the Cresta hill. Not that any such excellence was reached in these sports among the natives as that which they have now attained through emulation of the foreigner; and I do not recollect seeing any ski-ing, in which the Swiss are now such proficient instructors.

The lake ice was too rough to favour expert skating, and the Cresta run was a very amateurish affair; all the perfection of sporting arrangements has been attained to attract the foreigner. But we had picnics on the sheltered, southern sides of the pine woods, where the fierce sun bakes the crisp snow yet cannot melt it, under gaunt firs purple in the shadows but with the icicles and fantastic frost-wreaths with which they are hung, glittering like glass chandeliers in the blazing Alpine sunbeams. Sleigh drives we had also along the shores of the frozen lakes, when the dancing beams that we children used to call "weddings" as they bobbed up and down on the summer wavelets sparkled on snow fields instead.

As everyone knows, there is nothing like the depth of

the blue in the sky when it is spread above the snow, but there is something more tender in it at a season which the winter-sport folk do not wait to see : and that is in spring—the spring that German poets sing of, when slowly the snows begin to melt and, as if by magic, the first Alpine flowers bloom in the mosses that have lain warm underneath. Then along the receding edges of white, the green becomes jewelled with colour : the purple-rose of saxifrages, the sapphire-blue of the deep-cupped gentianella and of the starry little gentian verna, the soft, pink cushions of the silene acaulis, the transparent mauve of the slender, fairy-like soldanella, and many another tender floweret known to the Alpine botanist.

We saw this first glory; but sometimes we were wont to descend into Italy for a few weeks until the ground was dry again; and, driving down through the bursting chestnut-woods of Promontogno, I once beheld, in a relapse of winter, one of the fairest sights of Nature : the fruit-blossom against the snow. Pink peach-blossom, green-white pear, fairy clusters of cherry—all standing out from the more dazzling white of snowdrifts that clung to the lower slopes of the mountains or lay in shaded fields which the hot sun could not reach.

All the way down to the Lago Maggiore the vegetation grew more luxuriant; serried meadows of lilac pansies were starred with pheasant-eyed narcissus and, when we reached the lake, the tamarisk was waving its pink feathers in the breeze and the wistaria and the Banksia rose hung their tendrils over the water.

But we only stayed a short time in Italy. When the Engadine was dried out again we fled from the enervating Southern spring back to the keen airs of the Alps. There everything was changed once more; the snow had retreated to the higher slopes and those around our dwelling—no longer studded with the most delicate flowers—of which only the pinguicula lifted its frail stem beside the rushing stream—the slopes were strewn with such a profusion of gaudier colour that scarce a green patch remained : fields of white narcissus and cuckoo flower were sprinkled with the blue of forget-me-not and starred with the gold of the sulphur anemone, and I remember seeing once,

suddenly, through the steep pine-woods above Celerina, a sheet of crimson so vivid and so unbroken that it seemed like a field of blood : it was just a large meadow of sainfoin in full flower.

Yes, we had our compensations for the dull seasons. Very few of the gay folk who throng all those crowded hotels in summer and grumble at the not impossible August snowstorms, or even those who enjoy the hot suns and blue skies of winter have rejoiced in the madness of spring or dreamed through the mellow October days when the larches are gold upon a lapis-lazuli background, and the pines almost black in contrast; when the ground is crimson with the bilberry leaves and yellow with the falling fir-needles; when there is no breath of the Maloja wind against which the pretty ladies swathe their faces with blue gauze in summer. The autumn waters of the lake are smooth emerald and deep brown in the shade, and every slim fir-tree and spreading pine, every floating cloud and towering Alp lies reflected upon them as in a mirror.

No, those were not entirely dull seasons when the hotels were shut to gaudy and exacting visitors and merely open to armies of rosy girls and boys busy cleaning and beautifying them for the summer or winter seasons, and boxing one another with the pillows and *duvets* which they hung out on the balconies to air.

Then was their chance for fun. All the weddings of the year were crowded into the spring and autumn months, and when we profited by the quieter days to carry our tea-kettle into the Alpenrose shrubberies by the waterfall or the deeper pine-woods towards Pontresina, we would often happen, with inconsiderate carelessness, on couples of lovers in solitary places, or add our own laughter to that of boisterous native merry-makers in *einspänner* that dashed down the curves of the Samaden road towards those solid, comfortable homes in the big white *chalets*, with their handsome balconies and gateways of finely wrought iron, that stud the road of the Lower Engadine.

Oh! nobody had a bad time of it in the *dead seasons*, and I am not sure that those are not the occasions that leap to my mind the most readily as typical pleasures of the real invigorating life of the Engadine.

THE RUSSIAN DREAM OF FREEDOM

By J. A. T. LLOYD

THE aphorism that every country gets the government that it deserves has long passed into a platitude, suspect, like all platitudes, from the standpoint of the excluded half-truth. Still, no race has been robbed of its dream of liberty quite so ironically as the Russian. That dream has received exceptional publicity because it lives in the pages of some of the foremost creative writers in the world's literature. The question of freedom in Russia was never confined to the politicians; Russian literature is steeped in it from the beginning. It is the one link between the fastidious artist, Turgenev, and that ruthless iconoclast, Maxim Gorky. And Turgenev himself, through this same sympathy with the disinherited, is linked to the author of *Dead Souls*, who first projected the dumb Russian peasant upon a canvas that was to attract a hitherto indifferent Europe. So from the very beginning, from the time when Madame de Staël foresaw the coming of a day when Russia would indeed be interpreted by Russians, the idea of liberty has been incarnate in the works of the great Russian writers.

Gogol in his mystical way—a mysticism that blended always with that untaught sense of reality which has made Russian realism so alien from Latin—was content with drawing a merciless picture on a vast scale presenting his enslaved compatriots exactly as they were, sparing neither master nor slave, stabbing impartially at the corruption of every class, writing down Russia once and for all as he himself had seen her with his own fresh eyes. But of the future, the dawn of that far-off freedom, he has given us but few glimpses beyond that mystical conception of Imperial Russia, accomplishing blindly a dimly divined historic purpose.

Turgenev produced no parallel to *Dead Souls*, but he paid much more attention to the future of the serfs. He was not content to draw them as they lived their hard

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lives beside him at Spasskoë. He was not content with the stage of official freedom that his own book, *The Annals of a Sportsman*, had done so much to bring into being. He foresaw that a time was coming when the peasants would attempt to assert themselves as human beings. He knew that already the Intellectuals were working day and night to rouse them from their lethargy, and that the revolt must at least be rehearsed in the not too remote future. He understood that, just as in the French Revolution, it was a question of the ideas of the Intellectuals trickling down to the great mass to work upon it, as it were, like leaven. The fermentation had been terrifically swift in the France of 1789. He believed, however, that there was an infinitely deeper inertia in the Russian mass, and in book after book he exasperated contemporary Russian criticism by his sustained scepticism.

On the Eve, published in 1859, illustrates excellently the first stage of this scepticism. It was perhaps not by accident that Insarov, the hero of this novel, is a Bulgarian and not a Russian. In any case, Insarov was ready to strike the blow for freedom, but his associates were stamped by the old uncertainty of purpose and paralysis of will which has made the Turgenevian hero a subject of mockery not only among foreigners, but among Russians. *Virgin Soil*, published in 1877, marks the second stage of the author's disbelief in his compatriots' deepening illusions, and now the author's purpose is no longer even thinly masked. Nejdánov is a Russian Hamlet who wishes to bring freedom to Russia. He cannot grasp that there is an abyss between the dream of a poet and the stifled, intermittent nightmare of a submerged people. He was to learn the truth as Insarov had not lived to learn it, and it was to be from his fellow citizens, the actual peasants of Russia. For he came at last close to them, not as idealised figures, but as they actually were. For their part, they looked at him with bewilderment and indifference, and he was merely dragged into the nearest tavern to listen to torrents of idle words. The brutalised stare of the moujik stamped his failure upon his brain and he shot himself, so unbearable had it become to realise

that from first to last he had been living in a fool's paradise. This book, like *On the Eve*, has its merciful glimpse of escape, not through the hero, but through the heroine. And just as the lesson of *On the Eve* is perhaps from Uvar, the inarticulate Slav, who only flourishes his fingers and stares moodily into the distance when he is asked if there will ever be men among the Russians, so that brutalised stare of disturbed peasants is the final message of *Virgin Soil*.

Dostoevsky was essentially the novelist of the city as opposed to the country, but he certainly never lost touch with the reservoir of force in the Russian people. Profoundly different from Turgenev in so many ways, he realised, equally with him, the madness of any group of individuals attempting to set themselves apart from the great mass, while at the same time expecting a swift response from it at a given moment. As for the revolt itself, he has given it to us in *Demons*, which was admittedly an answer to Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. Of this extraordinary book Maikov observed: "These are the heroes of Turgenev in their old age." What an old age! Though the plot resembles slightly that of *Virgin Soil*, Turgenev's indictment of those who would inoculate the Russians with the virus of their own madness is pale and gentle compared with that of Dostoevsky. Stavroguine, however, the arch-demon, be it specially noted, was infirm even in denial: "One can discuss infinitely on everything, but from me there has only issued a negation, without grandeur and without force."

Tolstoy's attitude towards the Russian peasant throughout all his works is profoundly different from that of either of his two great rivals, though he is one with them in sympathy. Dostoevsky had accepted the Russian peasant as one, at least, of the types of the future, but Tolstoy approached him as the great teacher of the present. Yet Tolstoy, too, was a realist and he never idealised the moujik, though he admitted that it was from him alone that he could not so much learn, as unlearn, the recognised teachings of the world he so passionately sought to renounce. He devoted, indeed, a large part of his life to

actual working for the peasant, and, perhaps because he was closer to him than either of the other two great novelists, he refrained from giving us a picture of an attempted peasant revolution in Russia.

It is Maxim Gorky who, particularly in *La Mère*, brings the dawn of revolution into red perspective. Unlike his great predecessors in the nineteenth century, Maxim Gorky, sprung from the proletariat, believed in its fierce wants. In those days, at all events, he shared the proletariat dream as unquestionably as the Mother herself came eventually to share it. Certainly she is a strangely living figure who, without that fantastic symbolism which is so innately distasteful to the Slav, does represent, after her fashion, that voiceless Russia who was groping for a voice. Here, at the dawn of the golden days that seemed veritably approaching, the questioning irony of Turgenev and so many others was being definitely answered at last.

Well, if not in Gorky's *La Mère*, at all events in modern Russia, the answer has been writ large enough for all to read. For the dream of Russian freedom has actually emerged against so many predictions and over such hecatombs of corpses, such multitudes of quietly broken lives, such morasses of strangled efforts. It is an actual fact, disputable by none, but still viewed doubtfully by Europe in general and perhaps a little fearfully by the overwhelming majority of the Russian people. Its enemies have thundered against it all over the world. What do its friends say? They do not often speak in the English language, and that is precisely what makes a recently published volume, *Marooned in Moscow* (Thornton Butterworth), by Marguerite E. Harrison, a work of quite unusual interest. The author is an American who, even during the short interval since the publication of this book, appears to have come into repeated conflicts with the Soviet Government. In these pages, however, she is quite obviously willing to make out as good a case for the Bolsheviks as she possibly can. Determined to enter Russia without a passport, Mrs. Harrison came through Poland into the neutral zone, where she surrendered to a Red Army patrol and crossed the frontier as a prisoner. She received permission,

however, to stay in the country and observe things at first hand for herself. She had intended to stay for six weeks, but she actually spent eighteen months in Russia, ten of which were passed in prison. But during the first eight months she watched the actual working of the Soviet Government in Moscow, while acting as a correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* and the *Associated Press*.

Fresh from ruined areas in Germany, Belgium, Poland, and Austria, she was not particularly shocked by her first sharp impression of Moscow in 1920:

The people I saw on the street, every other one of whom was dragging a little sled laden with wood, bundles, or provisions, were for the most part better dressed and seemed better nourished than the people I had seen in Minsk or Vienna. Outside of the station and in the public squares there were plenty of sleighs, with their picturesque *isvostchiks*, or Russian cabbies, in long coats of black, green, or blue cloth belted with metal-studded girdles or barbaric coloured sashes. Occasionally well-dressed men and women dashed by in luxurious sleighs with tinkling bells and fur robes. The only sinister impression I received was from the flocks of ravens who hovered over the city, sat in the bare branches of the trees in the parks and on the eaves of all the buildings. They are as thick in Moscow during the winter as the pigeons around St. Paul's in London or in the Piazza of St. Mark in Venice, and almost as tame.

The author experienced unexpected freedom in obtaining news, and she soon obtained an interview with Chicherin, whose personality rather disconcerted her: "I had expected to see a tall, self-confident, rather masterful looking person, but instead I saw a thin, delicate-looking man of about forty-eight, with sandy hair decidedly thin around the temples, and a small pointed blond beard and moustache." Interviews with Karl Radek, Trotsky, and most of the notorious workers of the machine followed. She attended congresses, and on first meeting her Trotsky actually kissed her hand. She made a study of him as he sat on a platform, scribbling on a pad while he waited for his turn to speak: "I could only see his high forehead with its mass of dark, curly chestnut hair and the sharp line of demarcation between the upper part of the forehead, which had been protected by a cap, and the lower part of his face, which was tanned by life in the open with the Red Army. When it was time for him to speak he

pushed back his chair with a quick, restless movement and advanced to the front of the platform. I saw a broad-shouldered man of middle height, slightly inclined to stoutness at the waistline, but erect and military in his bearing. He had grey-green eyes, a prominent chin, brought still more into relief by a dark chestnut goatee and close-clipped dark moustache." Lenin himself, as he was then, seemed to her "a short, thickset, unimposing looking little man, with colourless hair and complexion, a small, pointed beard, piercing grey-blue eyes, and a quiet, unemotional, almost monotonous manner of delivery."

Evidently the author was without prejudice towards the workers of the machine, and she examined its actual working as sympathetically as possible. Naturally she was interested in the Russian woman's part in the Revolution and in the condition of women under the Soviet Government. She listened to fiery speeches, followed by practical questions such as, "Where can I get a pair of shoes?" "When will we get more bread?" "Why are there so many churches in Moscow?" She found the ignorance of the Russian working woman, however, perfectly explicable: "When you work from six to eight hours a day, spend three or four standing in a line outside one of the co-operatives waiting for food and clothing issued on cards, or dragging a hand sled loaded with wood for several versts, cook your own meals, feeding four mouths where there is enough for two, you have little time for anything else."

So much has been written about the state of morality under the Soviets, that the following passage is not without significance:

As is well known, an enormous number of professional prostitutes existed in Czarist Russia, under Government regulations, with their famous "yellow tickets." This class has been entirely abolished by the Soviet Government. At first these women were summarily dealt with. Large numbers, who were hopelessly diseased, were shot as the easiest form of prophylaxis; others were isolated; still others put to work. Those belonging to the aristocracy of the underworld made their escape to foreign countries. As a result, there is no open soliciting in the streets of Moscow. What might be characterised as predatory vice has also disappeared. Painted ladies no longer maintain luxurious establishments, or lay their decoy nets; the women of the lower classes are all workers,

self-supporting and independent, with the same wage scale as men. Types such as the old *roués* and the gilded youth who haunted the *cafés* and boulevards in former days are non-existent, but to a certain, though lesser, extent a new type has arisen to take their place.

These people are the new *bourgeoisie*, who have emerged already from the very infancy of the Bolshevik *régime*. For the most part, they are Jews who have amassed jewels and gold and have access to inexhaustible food supplies. The author was to meet in prison a beautiful young Ukrainian who had been Trotzky's mistress while he directed the campaign against Petliura in 1919. "Trotzky told me once," she observed naïvely, "that I was the only woman with whom he had had an affair who never asked him for food supplies." So much for the men of the new type; the women have also commenced to emerge, as this little anecdote illustrates very plainly:

A Red workman in Petrograd took a seat in a trolley car next to a gorgeously gowned, highly perfumed lady who fairly exuded luxury. He began to reproach her for being a *bourgeoise*, accusing her of belonging to the class that had lived so long on the blood of the proletariat.

"And you are still at your old tricks," he cried, "still managing to keep your furs and fine clothes, by crooked means, no doubt, while honest working women in Petrograd are going without coats and shoes."

"Aw, keep your mouth shut," she answered in the Russian vernacular. "I am the mistress of a fool of a workman like you!"

As for that widely spread scandal of the nationalisation of women, the author assures us that it has been from the beginning regarded merely as a joke in Bolshevik Russia. It was apparently started by a newspaper published by a group of anarchists in Saratov, but merely as a speculative fancy in which they themselves scarcely pretended to believe.

Divorce, however, is not difficult in the Russia of to-day, being a matter of three weeks with the consent of both parties, and, if one of the parties disagrees, obtainable none the less in six months. Moreover, legal disabilities are no longer attached to illegitimate children, for whom, if necessary, the father is compelled to assume responsibility. Irregular unions are regarded with even more than the old Russian tolerance. But the spirit of elementary human nature still persists, and the author encountered a woman

followed down a side street by a crowd pelting her with stones. A militiaman halted the mob and asked the leader what was the matter. "Paugh," said the furious woman, "she is a worthless wench. I go out to work and I come home and find her with my husband. I will tear her to pieces; let me get at her." This speech was cheered by the crowd, but the militiaman led the two women off to the People's Court to settle the dispute as best they could.

Having examined the conditions of the working classes, Mrs. Harrison studied the actual position of the *bourgeoisie*. She knew General Brusilov personally, and quotes from him a point of view which may be accepted as that of the intelligent *bourgeois* who has refused to become an *émigré* in London or Berlin or Paris: "We got ourselves into this mess through our own indifference and selfishness and corruption, and our utter inability to read the signs of the times. It is up to us to get ourselves out of it. If we are unable to do this we deserve any form of government that may be imposed upon us." That is a singularly gallant point of view, considering the facts of the case, even as presented by the author of *Marooned in Moscow*. For even the manipulators of this fantastic machine are shown to be constantly at loggerheads. And just as the old corruption and the old *laissez aller* persist in this utopia so, too, the old imperialism strangely survives, and this is a fact too often ignored by the enemies of Bolshevism:—

Vosnesyensky dreamed of a Soviet imperialism that would make Russia mistress of all Asia. He had a propaganda map, which he once let me see, in which centres of Bolshevik agitation were marked with little red circles. They extended all over Asia, and there were even several of them in the Philippines. Under his supervision men were trained and sent out to each of these countries, and he supervised the publication of an immense amount of propaganda literature in every Oriental language. Vosnesyensky was frankly a militarist. He believed in taking the offensive against Japan and backing open revolt of the nationalists in Persia, India, and Asia Minor; he favoured supporting the Southern Chinese Government and stimulating a revolution in Korea.

This policy, however, was not tolerated by Chicherin, and Vosnesyensky retired to the country.

Of all the Commissariats in Russia that of education impressed the author most: "It has done more than any-

thing else to keep up the *moral* of the people during a period of intolerable suffering and privation, and it is teaching the people of Russia to think for themselves." In the meantime the very humblest peasant has had daily opportunities of criticising the machine in its commonplace daily working. Quite rightly Mrs. Harrison illustrates this working at some length by sketching, in minute detail, the purchase of an ordinary saucepan in Moscow. First of all she had to apply to the Moscow Food Administration for a permit to make this purchase at the Soviet stores. After proving her identity and her right to live in Moscow she received an order to purchase the saucepan, but this had to be countersigned by three officials in the Food Administration, which took a whole day. The next day she exchanged this order for a permit to go to the Government store and choose a sample. She chose it by number, receiving another coupon entitling her to purchase it at the particular Government co-operative in her district. After this it was necessary to ascertain the day on which saucepans would be sold: "On the morning of that day I was obliged to go early and stand in line until the shop was opened in order to make sure that all the saucepans would not be sold before I arrived." The purchase, when eventually made, had taken the greater part of a week. It is no wonder that "the gods" of the machine have seen fit to modify their attitude towards private initiative.

The Bolsheviks, indeed, even as viewed in these moderate pages, seem to have intensified every failing of the old Russia, while at the same time stabbing at the inner cohesion which made the Russians, in spite of everything, a powerful race. The prison system, which Mrs. Harrison was so soon to test at first hand, appears to have preserved carefully most of the old evils. The sudden entry of soldiers, the quick brutal questions, the brief orders to pack, and then the disappearance from circulation, how familiar they all are in the lives of those who have lived and died for their dream of Russian liberty! And now that the dream has been grotesquely accomplished the system is still the same. Mrs. Harrison's first evening in

a cell of nine feet square has the bitter impress of experience: "There was a plank bed, a small table, and a parashka, nothing more. It was very cold in the room, and for a while I walked up and down trying to keep warm and hoping that the light would soon be turned on. At that time I did not know enough about prison ways to realise that the guard had forgotten to turn on the light and that I could knock and ask him to do so. Later I learned to knock and ask for all sorts of things, from a needle and thread to darn my stockings to a light for a cigarette." Very soon she was to pass from solitary confinement to conditions of horrible overcrowding: "Once, for several nights, a woman slept on the floor between my bed and my neighbour's opposite, and I had to literally walk over her to get out. There were then eleven of us, and there was absolutely no floor space left, so when another prisoner arrived about 2 a.m. we cleared off our cups and dishes and put her on the table. When she had just gotten settled another appeared, so we offered her our one chair, and she sat up for the rest of the night." Still, even these pictures of prison are relieved by just the same merciful appreciation of companionship that one catches in Dostoevsky's *La Maison des Morts*. There is, too, the same love for the old Russian melodies. But what is really curious is the fact that these supposed enemies of the Communists sang in prison the "Red Flag" and the "Funeral March" of the Nihilists. Mrs. Harrison did not stay for long in the *otdelenye*, as the main section of the prison was called, but, owing to her health breaking down, was moved to a hospital which she calls tolerantly a *prison de luxe*. From this, on the intervention of Senator Joseph I. France, of Maryland, she was released and allowed to return to her own country.

Such is the record of the Russian dream of freedom in the actuality of modern Russia. It is a record presented by an eye-witness who is singularly willing to make the very best of things, in spite of any personal inconvenience. But she sees only too clearly that the peasants are excluded from the new State as carefully as they were excluded from the old, being represented "in the proportion of one

to one hundred and twenty-five thousand in the All-Russian Council of Soviets." As for the town proletariat, it is represented by "one to twenty-five thousand." In short, the peasants of *Virgin Soil* have scarcely changed their position since Turgenev betrayed his mournful scepticism in that masterpiece of forgiving irony. The proletariat of the towns are no more masters now than they were when the Mother, in Gorki's novel, heralded their coming triumph.

The prophecies, indeed, of the nineteenth century Russian writers have been ironically fulfilled. The Demons of Dostoevsky have been permitted to do their work on a vast scale at last, but what is the result? Theorists will naturally turn to the grandiose dreams of expansion as elaborated by some new Vosnesyensky. Mystics will proclaim the working out of some pan-human purpose in the very act of being accomplished by a free people. But the plain man, thinking neither imperially nor in terms of utopian brotherhood, will be inclined to turn from both Vosnesyensky and from the successors of Karl Marx, content with asking the single question: "How does the machine function in actual fact?" And, discarding the wide issues of State and the personal fantasies of idealists, he will examine closely that significantly insignificant transaction of an American woman's purchase of a saucepan in twentieth century Russia. Then the cynic that attacks the plain man in all such moments of impaired resistance will whisper to him that since the *peculium* of the Roman slave there has been for the human race but one bitter motto—*Pecunia alter sanguis*.

Already they are returning avidly enough to that motto from which, if there is an escape at all to be found, it is most certainly not in Bolshevik Russia. For the change has not come from within, but has been imposed from without. The brotherhood of the dreamers has become the kinship of functionaries, and the bitter gibe of Gogol's "Revisor" may well be modernised into—*Tu manges trop pour ta place*.

That deep historian, Kluchevsky, noted that for the Russian people the State was at no time a source of pride •

and affection. The Russians did not feel themselves its children, but rather its servants. And when, in that other historic period of trouble, the Smuta of centuries ago, the Russian peasant found himself dissatisfied with his new master he merely wandered away, unconscious of the fact that he was deserting something of which he himself was an integral part. In this Smuta of to-day the attitude is similar. The cry of the people is not for wise laws, but for bread, and the woman of the people, indifferent to scientific regulations of human conduct, merely stones the rival who has stolen her husband.

But if the great Russian realists of the nineteenth century foresaw the inner failure of the Russian people in revolution, they divined equally clearly the future attitude of the mass towards the Intellectuals who, generation after generation, had worked for Russian freedom. Has not Turgenev given us a picture in *The Labourer and the Man with the White Hand*, which speaks to us to-day with quite startling clearness? An idealist had worked after his fashion all his life for liberty and had died for it in the end. And when he had paid the last price for the cause one of the real people, whom he had never understood, exclaimed to his comrade: "Don't you suppose we could get a bit of the rope he's hanged with?"

Well, the incidents in the episode of Russia's catastrophe have passed with amazing celerity since that marooning in Moscow. Lenin's economic *volte-face*, his paralysis, his death, the recognition of the Soviets by this country and Italy, are already facts in the endless series of allegations. Yet for the idealist, pitiless at last in his disillusion, the symbol is not at all the red flag of holy liberty, but rather that colourless hangman's rope.

THE STORY OF WOMAN¹

By W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER VIII.—ON THE WAY TO THE FUTURE

I.—*Formal Rebellion.*

THE situation in 1840 did not recall the one which fifty years before confronted Mary Wollstonecraft and the women of the French Revolution. Civilisation had taken a notable step by developing industry, and stimulated woman by introducing her into the factories. Though the world still looked upon woman as a subordinate, she herself did not greatly disagree. But already doubt was rising, and a few women were beginning to suggest that the right to own property and the right to vote had nothing to do with the Christian faith. Women who held this view were unpopular; they were in the situation occupied to-day in England by the three or four hundred clergymen who are members of the Guild of St. Matthew, and who contend that the fact of holding socialist views has nothing to do with their faith.

In 1835 two English women were elected members of the Royal Astronomical Society. In 1847 Anne Knight produced a pamphlet demanding votes for women. The exclusion of women at the Anti-Slavery Congress, which has already been referred to, and the first women's conference, in 1848, in America, helped to stir the woman question. Absurd as it may seem, the brilliant organising capacity of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War revealed to many men a fact of which they had hitherto been unaware: women had brains. There was a general stirring, a discontent among women. In the 'sixties there were in England no women's clubs, but little social groups of agitators began to form. Besides, not only women, but men were stirring in the great year 1848, when in France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, the struggle for political liberty reached its intense point. Besides, the agitation went on: if the reader has an impression that the 'fifties and 'sixties were dull, let him set it aside. Religious, political, social systems, everything was being questioned. Naturally, woman, emerging from slavery, was deeply stirred. Finally, in 1867, came a great shock to masculine self-complacency: John Stuart Mill put forward in the British Parliament the first proposal to admit women to the political franchise. Mill was defeated: but two years later English-

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women were given the right to vote in minor municipal elections, while the State of Wyoming earned for itself the everlasting glory of being the first to admit women to vote for its legislature. One year later, in England, when the Compulsory Education Act was passed, women were allowed to vote for the members of the school boards, and even to be themselves elected.

These seem small successes, but the enfranchising fire was catching in all directions. In the latter half of the nineteenth century a number of brilliant women, such as Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Chapman Catt, Miss Ellen Key, Miss Selma Lagerlof, Miss Jane Addams, and hundreds more, began to inflame the world with their demand for absolute feminine equality. Thus, in 1893, Colorado gave women the franchise. Then came New Zealand and Southern Australia, a number of American States and other British colonies. But old Europe was the last to fall: only in 1907 did Finland, and in 1908 Norway, give women political rights equal to those of men. The reader will imagine that these successes were not easily earned. Continually the women faced lampoons, newspaper articles, and music-hall songs bidding them "Go home and mind the baby." Some made themselves ridiculous by advocating rational dress and appearing in breeches. The collar, the eyeglass, hair cut in masculine ways—these absurdities of 1880 did a great deal to retard the movement, for it took a long time to make men realise that the feminine sex contained a percentage of fools equal to the percentage achieved by the masculine sex, and to realise that if masculine fools were allowed to vote, it was only fair to redress the balance by admitting feminine imbeciles.

It is not surprising, however, that these childish things were done when we recall that the first English woman's paper was founded as recently as 1858; that even in 1867 a British Royal Commission, inquiring into British education, was not commissioned to examine girls' schools: they were not considered important enough. Indeed, though several fairly good girls' schools were established in England in 1843, it was not until 1858 that the famous Cheltenham was created to replace the titters of the governesses. The fine side of Cheltenham, which America could produce long before Europe, was the fight that Miss Beale delivered against accomplishments, against the feeble drawing and the feeble music of the Victorian age. Miss Beale set out to make women; it was the descendants of those women later broke all barriers. One of the slow results was to destroy the old maid. She still exists to-day, but she is generally about fifty; the unmarried woman of thirty is generally just an unmarried woman, and we may hope she will so stay.

One reason is that the struggling women of the nineteenth century began to break their way into the professions. An alternative to marriage, a bad alternative, but still something, was provided when Elizabeth Garrett became an apothecary, and when at last, in 1869, Miss Jex-Blake demanded a medical degree at Edinburgh. A modern reader can hardly believe it, but in those days society held the point of view that it was indecent to instruct a woman in medicine and surgery. For two years the struggle raged; the medical faculty excluded women from lectures; an enlightened faculty, which admitted them, refused to present women with the prizes they had won. Finally, the British Court of Appeal excluded women from medical courses; the British Medical Association excluded women in 1877. But the struggle went on by meeting and newspaper; man was repeatedly asked to explain why a woman who could take the examination should not have her degree. At last, in 1888 . . . within the short life of any man who is to-day a captain in the army, Mrs. Scharlieb was given a medical degree. These details are quoted in full to provide a graphic picture of what woman had to break down before she was allowed to earn a living.

The reader should not conclude, however, that the darkness soon passed away. Great conquests were being made in America, where, much earlier than in Europe, women were being allowed to practise medicine and the law. Everything that was given to women was given reluctantly, and only when the most commonplace people were shamed into confessing that women could not be kept out. For instance, in England, Lady Sandhurst, in 1889, was elected as a London County Councillor by Brixton. The defeated male candidate brought the case before a court: Lady Sandhurst was turned out. In the universities it was the same thing. Edinburgh did not open its classes to women before 1867. The University of Oxford admitted women, but refused them degrees until after the War. And at the time of writing, in 1923, the University of Cambridge, which has at last been battered and ridiculed into granting degrees to women, still refuses them the right to vote at the meetings of men who hold the same degrees.

On the Continent the struggle was similar, but peculiar. For instance, in France, the first woman barrister was admitted in 1903, nearly twenty years earlier than in England. Yet to this day the French refuse women a political vote, not only in the French legislature, but even at town meetings and parish elections. All over the Latin countries the position of woman remains low. Dark as was England, she has always been more liberal to women. Perhaps the truth is that England is not

liberal, but that she can be worried into action. That is a question of national psychology into which the writer cannot enter.

II.—Masculine Allies.

The reader may conclude from the foregoing that women waged against men a lonely battle for civil and political freedom. That is, however, not entirely the case. Since the nineteenth century was a great period of ideas, since liberty, evolution, free-thinking, were the topics of the day, it was impossible that the men who originated these ideas should hold towards woman the dark thoughts of the past. Or, at least, their disciples were affected. Darwin, for instance, did not concern himself with the woman problem, but as he proceeded, with Russel Wallace, to shatter the old conception of the origin of man, he encouraged debate, he developed minds, and some of these naturally travelled towards the question of the equality of the sexes. Men who had not the slightest desire to raise the position of women, such as Herbert Spencer and Nietzsche, by stirring minds turned some towards liberal ideas. All progress in intellect was progress for women. The suppression of slavery by the British in 1807, and its severe repression throughout the century; its suppression by America after the Civil War; the agitations of 1848—these actions formed part of the great movement for freeing all that lives; it connects even with the creation in 1825 of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: at that time there was no society for the prevention of cruelty to women.

But taking the particular, one may say that three men did more to release women than most men and women combined: John Stuart Mill, Ibsen, and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

John Stuart Mill was not the founder of the woman movement, but he was the first man of note and power to formulate philosophically the opinion that woman is unjustly tyrannised over by man. His famous essay, *The Subjection of Women*, published in 1869, is the basis of the modern suffrage movement. Here are some of the phrases of Mill: "The principle which regulates the existing social relations between the two sexes—the legal subordination of one sex to the other—is wrong in itself and one of the chief hindrances to human improvement." But he is not sentimental; one feels that he blames woman for asserting herself too little; he considers that most of what women write about women is merely flattery destined for man. He is shocked by Mme. de Staël when she writes: "A man can defy public opinion; a woman must submit to it." He objects to the idea that woman must obey man; he protests against the transfer of

property to the husband; he describes as slavery the position of the wife; he shows with indignation that man controls the woman's child, that after his death, even, she may not be her own child's guardian. He considers that the legal equality of married persons "is the only means of rendering the daily life of mankind a school of moral cultivation." He is passionately in favour of equal suffrage for both sexes; he argues for the opening of all public offices to women, and he supports this by showing woman's matchless capacity for dealing with details and leaving general ideas alone. Mill places the woman question in the realm of pure thought. The central idea of his work is that it is unjust to subordinate women, and that all things unjust make an evil society. This may seem to the reader so obvious as to be below notice; it is to-day so evident to most of us that ability has no sex that Mill's points of view may fail to impress. But that which is commonplace to-day was revolutionary in 1869. The main value of Mill's action was two-fold. It placed the woman problem on an argumentative basis; it lifted the question out of the field of emotion and compelled judgment to compare mind with mind instead of long hair with moustaches. The second part of Mill's action is the practical. It was useful to agitate; it was better to legislate. Though Mill failed to obtain the franchise for woman, he dragged the debate out of meeting halls, magazines, and pamphleteering committees, out of the dusty darkness, into the political arena of a great nation. He showed that the movement was real, thus making for it practical friends, and, still more valuable, aggressive practical enemies. He advertised woman's rights.

The action of Mill had powerful effects on America, where he was held in high esteem; but it was an action of a peculiar kind: it was not popular. Round about 1870 there was no "yellow" Press, so that mankind was deprived of one of the most potent forces for its betterment. The "yellow" Press is misjudged; often childish, sometimes malicious, stressing trifles and ignoring much that is lofty, it has a great quality: vitality. If in 1870 there had been a yellow Press it would have fastened upon the woman's movement, poured upon it floods of ridicule, held it up daily to caricature. Thus it would have made the success of the woman's movement by advertising it to persons whom Mill could not touch. He forced the problem upon the politicians, a few lawyers, the Church, and the solid people who read *The Times*, but the masses of the middle class, who made up public opinion, he could not stir. Those people could be attacked only through the novel and the play. On the whole the novel was ineffective; a few books, such as *The Woman Who Did* and *Marcella*,

created debate, but it was not until 1900 that the novel became significant. Meanwhile the play was recruiting Hauptmann, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Dumas Junior, Strindberg, and, greatest of them, Ibsen.

It is difficult to-day to realise Ibsen. Until he came the theatre had shown men and women in their ordinary relations; it exhibited good men and bad men, but man always kept woman in her place. There were no rebels; they pictured women noble or vile only within the limits of their sphere. Suddenly Ibsen put forward the idea that women had rights *similar* to those of men. No longer was the demand for kindness, for special rights, but for equal rights. Most of Ibsen's plays are, from the woman's point of view, revolutionary. He was the first to criticise marriage on the stage and to show that from a woman's point of view it may not be satisfactory. Ibsen did this in a possibly rather unfair way, by creating a gallery of husbands of the most objectionable and imbecile character. Very subtly he gave up the old type of husband, domineering, unfaithful, and selfish; he began to create inept husbands. Thus, in *Hedda Gabler* he makes the husband a creature that fusses with papers, receives news by "Fancy that!" and is surprised that a woman should have the courage to commit suicide. As he puts it, "People don't do these things." In *The Wild Duck* the husband is a vain idiot who sleeps every afternoon on the sofa, and pretends to himself that he is working on a great invention; he likes his family to fawn upon him, taking this as a recognition of his superiority: he completely collapses when truth is laid before him. In *The Doll's House* the husband is one of those trying, self-complacent men, who calls his wife "a little skylark," and thinks that the grimy facts of this life are unsuitable for her little ears. On slight provocation, however, he thinks the worst of her. Ibsen created women whom he thought fine, but he did much more damage to the anti-suffrage cause by exhibiting the imbecility of the male.

Of all his plays, from our point of view, *The Doll's House* is the most important. Nora, to obtain money to take her consumptive husband abroad, had forged a document. Thus she has saved his life. But the document falls into the hands of a blackmailer, and the husband discovers the truth. At once he assumes the worst, that she is a criminal or a fool; he does not question her, seek out her motives; he is not thinking of her but of himself, what *he* is to do, how *his* position will be affected, what will be said of *him*. Nora realises that she has never counted, that she has never been more than a pleasure, a toy. Her nature changes, and in a few minutes she grows old as she

revolts against her status, which is that of a child: "When I was at home with papa he told me his opinions upon everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact because he would not have liked it." "He called me his doll child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you . . . I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arrange everything according to your own taste, and so I get the same tastes as you—or else I pretend to, I'm not quite sure which." In another place she says: "We have never sat down in earnest together to try to get at the bottom of anything." Then she realises what she must do: "I must try and educate myself. You are not the man to help me in that. I must do that for myself. I must stand quite alone if I am to understand myself and everything about me." Then she says something fatal: "I don't believe any longer that before all else I am a wife and a mother. I believe that before all else I am a reasonable human being, just as you are—or, at all events, that I must try to become one. I know quite well, Torvald, that most people would think you right and that views of that kind are to be found in books; but I can no longer content myself with what most people say, or with what is found in books. I must think things for myself and get to understand them." It does not need a great effort of the imagination to realise the effect of such phrases in 1879. At the end, the play is still more striking: Nora leaves her husband and her children, shutting the door behind her. One feels that as that sound was heard woman was leaving behind her many scores of centuries.

Last of the great three comes Mr. Bernard Shaw. He is not primarily an advocate of woman's rights; he is primarily an advocate of socialist rearrangements and of general ideas; it is along this road that he travels towards a plea for the emancipation of women. On the other hand he is without illusions, so realises woman as an animal rather akin to a beast of prey. He sees the contact between the sexes without taking a side in it, except in so far as he laughs at both combatants. What matters is that Mr. Shaw faces things as he sees them, that pity and tradition count for nothing. Consider, for instance, the following extract from the preface of *Man and Superman* when he controverts the common idea that man attacks and woman submits:

"The pretence that women do not take the initiative is part of the farce. Why, the whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins, and pitfalls for the capture of men by women. Give women the vote, and in five years there will be a crushing tax on bachelors. Men, on the other hand, attach penalties to marriage,

depriving women of property, of the franchise, of the free use of their limbs, of the ancient symbol of immortality, the right to make oneself at home in the house of God by taking off the hat—of everything that he can force woman to dispense with without compelling himself to dispense with her. All in vain. Woman must marry because the race must perish without her travail; if the risk of death and the certainty of pain, danger, and unutterable discomforts cannot deter her, slavery and swaddled ankles will not. And yet we assume that the force that carries women through all these perils and hardships stops abashed before the primnesses of our behaviour for young ladies. It is assumed that the woman must wait, motionless, until she is wooed. Nay, she often does wait motionless. That is how the spider waits for the fly."

The value of such writing is "light, more light." Thus, away with sentiment about woman. Ann, the heroine of *Man and Superman*, is, like Major Barbara, the woman who takes; the heroine of *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* is the woman who manoeuvres. No Bernard Shaw woman is a typical rebel in the Ibsenian sense, but all through his plays we find women endowed with energy, logic, and courage; like Ibsen, he upholds woman by attacking man, except that he thinks him less inept and more disagreeable. For woman, the value of Mr. Bernard Shaw lies in the immense intellectual agitation which was raised by his works among the young people, in England and Germany especially, between the years 1885 and 1905. He criticises marriage, medicine, the law, love, religion, and by so doing he helps woman: by making woman discuss, he helps to make her invincible.

The world did not, of course, swiftly throw off the effects of the Victorian blight. Social life from 1880 to 1890 was a heavy affair, of which some ideas can be gained from the novels of George Gissing, Harold Frederic, and Henry James. Narrow ceremony defined social relations; the dinner-party of twelve to twenty guests, followed by whist, defined entertainment; only those who gave dinners received them, except perhaps marriageable men; who gave themselves. Woman was still enslaved by the home; in every class the house rather than the flat represented the family; there woman struggled with bad grates, bad lighting, and in the end bad servants. Also, as woman was growing educated, there arose conflicts between husband and wife; woman rebelled against conjugal authority, and took to cigarettes or *The Yellow Book* as a protest. She was still supposed to avoid delicate subjects. To show her independence she selected

them for discussion; still able to feel shocked, she decided to shock. In 1885 the world was heavy with conflict, with the merciless struggle for freedom that was to come to fruition thirty years later. In a sense, the world was duller in 1885 than in 1865; costume was hideous; the hotels were about to kill the clubs without replacing them; in London and in New York religion was being questioned, while ethics were not yet adopted. The struggle took place underground, in the Pioneer Club, and especially in the best bedroom, where Mrs. Caudle reproached her husband without quite knowing for what crime. In fact, she was reproaching him for having married her, though she would have been very unhappy if she had remained unwed.

But time went swiftly; with 1890 the social life of Western Europe was stimulated by the arts; it became exciting. That period compares almost exactly with the great intellectual agitation which began in America round about 1910, and has now produced the play and the novel of revolt. Europe was just shedding side whiskers, and out of youth came a strong demand that ideas also should at once be shaved. The French inspiration of realism was coming in great gusts from de Maupassant and Zola. Soon the Dreyfus case was to convulse the whole world, make it doubt the word of generals and the discretion of priests. It was a period of magnificent intellectual activity, when it was possible at last to pronounce the words "free love" or "socialism" without being excluded from human society. Burgomasters were laughing at artists, and preachers were pronouncing serious sermons over *Robert Elsmere*. They little knew!

III.—Militancy.

It is tragic to record in the present history that more was done by violence in thirteen years than had been achieved by reason during a hundred; that Ibsen, Stuart Mill, Haeckel, and Darwin between them could not achieve for women what was achieved by the first Lancashire mill-hand who set fire to a pillar-box. Votes for women were not gained by reason. The first act of militancy took place in 1905, at a time when no European country accorded women the vote, when hardly anybody knew or cared what suffrage meant. It is tragic and disgusting that within a few years Norway, the best-educated nation in Europe, Finland, itself so much oppressed, the house of Liberalism called England, and at last practical America, surrendered to the women. Men had resisted argument; they gave way to nagging and to noise.

We can say to the glory of English women that it was they

who broke the masculine ring. In 1905 two members of the Women's Social and Political Union, a society headed by Mrs. and Miss Christabel Pankhurst, rose in a political meeting and audaciously demanded of the Liberal speaker whether he was prepared to introduce a Bill giving the suffrage to English women. He replied by something non-committal. Nothing more happened. Then, to the amazement of England, at every political meeting women began to appear, always putting the same question. At first they were laughed at. Then they began to interrupt. Little by little the question ceased to be put, and the cry of "Votes for Women" became a means of obstruction. In 1906 a number of women attempted to rush the House of Commons, and were arrested. Twice in the month of December the attack was resumed. Demonstrations in great masses, and new attacks upon the House of Commons, were met by mounted police and numerous arrests. Attempting to see the British Prime Minister women chained themselves to the railings of his house, where, until the chains could be cut, they remained shouting their monotonous cry. Then they picketed the British Parliament, standing night and day in all weathers, and throwing at each member a look of reproach.

Their campaign was met by violence, by ejection from meetings, by insults, and in a few cases by assaults. Monotonously, the Government went on arresting: the only effect was to fill the chest of the suffragists with money, to fill its ranks with girls of fifteen, married women with half a dozen children, and women so old that one had to be wheeled to the House of Commons and lifted out.

The British Government was disturbed, but it did not realise what women were capable of. Seeing that the ordinary protests were useless, the suffragists promoted a campaign of violence. A number of churches were set on fire; tar was poured into letter-boxes; thousands of windows were broken in the London stores; one heroic woman, Emily Davison, struck at the heart of England by rushing across the course on Derby Day and stopping one of the horses. She was killed, and England was more shocked than it would have been by the burning of Westminster Abbey. The comment of one man is historic: "She might have hurt the horse." But now the Government found itself unable to punish, because the hunger strike was introduced. The police could arrest the women, but these could refuse food. The Government realised that if it let them die a sentimental fit of fury would sweep the country; so it fed them forcibly by tubes through the nostrils. Public opinion was impressed, and woman's suffrage

became the special subject. There was nothing that women would not do, would not suffer. The agony of forcible feeding, the suicide of the girl Grey, raised the women's ardour to fever point, caused them to crowd forward, begging for martyrdom. The British Government did not know how to give in; it did not like to give way to violence, any more than did the American Government, in spite of the continual riots at Washington. The false pride of these Governments was saved by the war, which provided another violence, and enabled the suffragists to make a great gesture, to declare that they would do nothing to impede the waging of the war.

But, strangely enough, it was war released them. The arming in Europe and America of over twenty million men aged from twenty to forty, flung the industrial system into such a state of disorder that women had to be recruited for every trade. In England, about four million women were employed in unexpected occupations: steel forging, mining, driving post-office carts, working lifts, carrying burdens; they entered not only the European civil services, but even the banks, those spots almost as sacred to men as their temples. The phrase went round that the women were splendid; a number of nurses were killed, and, idiotic as the argument was, out of their blood sprang the seed of political equality. The shooting of Nurse Cavell helped women to power, as if the world had not long known women full of gallantry. Thus, as soon as the war was done the instinct of self-preservation, which is so strong in governments, made London and Washington realise that if they did not act, act at once, the suffrage campaign would begin again, and that it would then be too late to eat the fine sentiments they had indulged in during the war. So the Government flung themselves upon the splendour of the women, which they had discovered within four years, the previous six thousand having proved inadequate; the war had not been done six weeks before English women were enfranchised; soon American women followed.

IV.—*The Present and the Future.*

It is easy to harbour illusions as to the position of woman to-day. If we compare this position with what it was in London or Boston fifty years ago we naturally say that it has been revolutionised. We find in America, Great Britain, France, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and Russia, that woman has been approximately equalised with man. There exist differences between the system of these various countries, for in some women have not yet political power, while in others they

may not fill this function or that. But on the whole, in America and a large part of Europe, woman is given a more or less great share in government; she may practise the law, medicine, pharmacy, accountancy, architecture, etc.; she has entered business on a moderate scale, and a certain number of important positions are in her hands. But we must recall that a large proportion of the world is, from woman's point of view, in a state of darkness. In the so-called intellectual France woman cannot vote; in Portugal, Spain, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, the whole of the Balkans, the whole of Asia, most of Africa, the whole of South America, and most of Central America, she is definitely an inferior. Not only is she refused a vote, but in most cases the marriage and divorce laws are very oppressive to her; her position in business is restricted, and always low. Viewing the world as a whole, one may say that only one woman out of six has been liberated to the moderate extent we know.

Moreover, in the countries where woman has been liberated, one may doubt whether the liberation is complete. A great deal of the ground won during the war has been lost by women. Most of the posts that women gained were taken from them when the soldiers returned, which was just; but in cases where the places of dead men had to be filled the vacancies were given not to women, but to men. Thus a great body of unemployed women was created. Competing as they must for wages, they have brought down the wages of women. To-day, women would have a harder struggle for life than have men if it were not that their standard of living is lower. It cannot be denied that many important positions belong to women; the United States supplies the instance of an Assistant Attorney-General, and several instances where women have been chosen as State attorney; America has a certain number of female judges; England has chosen a woman as Assistant National Health Commissioner; a number of women occupy highly paid positions in business. But this must not blind us to the fact that if we consider each rank in the professions, in business, or in the public services, we find rather less than one woman on an equality with every twenty-seven men. The reader will imagine, therefore, what extraordinary capacity a woman must still show to obtain, not superior, but merely equal rank. It is only fair to say that woman does not as a rule, exhibit this capacity, and that she is still suffering from the subordination which was enforced upon her during so many centuries. Therefore, the future of woman resides not so much in revolt as in actual training, in the fitting of the female sex for the positions to which it aspires.

In Western Europe this is taking place to a certain extent,

but it is in America that the development of female education has risen to an extraordinary degree. For instance, in the Universities and colleges, according to the latest returns, there are two hundred and twenty-four thousand male students, and one hundred and fifty-two thousand female. This is an astounding situation, and naturally it will have its effect. The world cannot with impunity educate women on such a scale, and it must thereby be compelled to give them by degrees a larger share of power. The hope lies with America rather than with Europe, because young America is older in feminine education. In 1852, when England was excluding women from its universities, American women already had two sororities, associations of graduates, both in Georgia. But American example becomes every day more vivid, and every day more vital. It is interesting to note that at the beginning of 1923 one can find in the United States eight and a half million female workers, that there are in the whole of America only thirty-three occupations which employ no women. At the moment America has a little over nine thousand women doctors and dentists, over one thousand seven hundred lawyers, and nearly one thousand eight hundred clergywomen.

One may also note with satisfaction the great improvement in the physical condition of woman. Much of her subordination in the past, her rheumatism, bad teeth, and special diseases, were due to her exclusion from athletics. It is an illusion to think that even English women were readily admitted to field sports in the past. Forty years ago women did not play hockey or lawn tennis; it is unlikely that they played golf; when the bicycle became fashionable, it was thought immodest that a woman should use the new machine; only of late years have women been allowed to do away with the side saddle. American women have been playing games for probably less than thirty years; Frenchwomen for only about twenty-five years. (A number of virile and athletic women have, of course, played games at all times, but games have been played by women on a large scale for not more than forty years, if as long.)

The new addiction of women to games is an indication of revolt, an attempt to achieve equality in the field, as they are achieving it in the mind. Of this revolt we find traces, not only in the darker parts of Europe, but also in the harems of Turkey and India. When the Chinese Empire fell, one of the women's first acts was to unbind their feet. Nothing could have been more symbolic. In the Turkish harems women are still confined, but are reading, not only French novels, but also solid works. They are wretched, shut off from the modern movement of freedom and of ideas, like monkeys trained to tricks, but kept enchained. Mr.

Pierre Loti has perfectly expressed them in his novel *Les Désenchantées*. Revolt is there; the Turkish women are asking release; in Japan women are joining the socialist party. The future of women is a future of revolt, and a future of conquest.

In a work such as this, it would be imprudent to offer any outline of what the future reserves for women, because this depends upon the common social organisation. We may expect that in another hundred years the world will be more closely regulated and ordered than it is to-day; we may expect that education will be immensely superior to what it is to-day. We have no reason to think that woman will lose the position she has achieved, and we have no reason to think that she will then stand absolutely equal with man. Indeed, it seems unlikely. All we may look forward to is to a considerable broadening of woman's opportunities; women may then occupy many seats in the legislatures, and possibly in the cabinets; we do not know; all we know is that progress will be very slow because the prejudice of man against woman cannot in a hundred years be wiped out, given that it was created in a hundred thousand. We may expect that the marriage bond will be comparatively lax, that the State will more and more supplant the family in the care of the child; we do not know. We know only that the theological imperatives are not to-day as strong as they were, and we may think that they are growing weaker. We may expect a political tightening of the public, and a social slackening of the individual, relations. That is about as far as a prudent observer can go. But of one thing the writer is convinced: there recurs to his mind the picture of the Chinese women taking from their feet the swaddling bands imposed upon them by the centuries. There cling to-day about women's feet many swaddling bands: he is sure that, though in the days that approach woman thus hampered may still trip slowly, no period which now lies in the womb of time will find the strength or the desire to add new bands to woman's feet, as she pursues her unknown course into the future.

CURRENT LITERATURE

By S. M. ELLIS

THE late Mark Twain had but a poor opinion of the reviewer and critics in general. He stated: "I believe that the trade of critic, in literature, music, and the drama is the most degraded of all trades." He went on to say that as all reviews of his own books were merely reflections of the first review that appeared, he took care to send his later manuscripts in advance of publication to Mr. Howells, of *The Atlantic Monthly*, who could be relied upon to produce a favourable and early review, which was duly re-echoed by all other journals. The plan worked admirably except on one fell occasion, when the English *Daily Graphic* got out first with its notice, which was unfavourable; then lo! and behold! all the subsequent reviews in America of the great Mr. Clemens's new book became with one accord unfavourable. Bearing this homily in mind, I have refrained scrupulously from reading any reviews by my degraded fellow-critics of Mark Twain's posthumous Autobiography, so that whatever I have to say of the book¹ in the course of this degrading article will not have been inspired, either intentionally or unconsciously, by any earlier review.

Fresh from perusal, the point that strikes me most in this often interesting and entertaining book is its amazing prolixity; pages and pages of dull detail about unimportant matters, though admittedly these are, on occasion, illumined by a rapidly passing meteor ray in the form of a typical Clemensian sally. Thirty-one pages are devoted to a meticulous description of the Villa Quarto in Florence, occupied by Mark Twain in 1904. The number of the rugs in a room, the colour of the chair covers, the situation of the doors and the species of knobs they bore—all is set down in arid confusion. One would have thought Clemens's sense of humour would have saved him from including in his published Autobiography details only suitable for the catalogue of an estate agent and auctioneer. I agree with what Mark Twain says: "An autobiography that leaves out the little things and enumerates only the big ones is no proper picture of the man's life at all; his life consists of his feelings and his interests, with here and there an incident apparently big or little to hang the feelings on": but there must be limits to the narrative of little things.

Again, although the death of Clemens's daughter, Susy, was a very sad event and full of pathos, it scarcely justifies the immense amount of space allocated to her childish sayings and doings, which, indeed, form a sort of recurring motif throughout the book. She was, no doubt, a charming and amusing child; but her remarks were no more

(1) *Mark Twain's Autobiography*, with an Introduction by Albert Bigelow Paine, (Harper and Brothers.) Two volumes.

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amusing than those of any sharp, intelligent child of the same age, and such things in long detail are only of interest to the family circle.

The fact is both Mark Twain and his editor were unduly impressed and obsessed with the literary importance of this Autobiography. Mark Twain rather theatrically announces: "I am speaking from the grave." Mr. Paine, curiously oblivious of the duties and uses of editorship, has evidently thought it his obligation to publish every fragment of memory, just as Mark Twain wrote or dictated it, without altering or eliminating a word. (Personally, I think the coarse similes drawn from physical ailments could have been cut out.) Instead of arranging his material, it is given without any regard to chronology or cohesive narrative, again just as Clemens produced it. The latter began jotting down his more lengthy recollections with an account of his association with General Grant and the publication of the General's memoirs, then switched off to his own early days, and so on, in the same haphazard way all through the manuscript. In consequence, this Autobiography almost begins with the dull section about General Grant, which possesses little interest, for English readers at any rate. This is a pity, because directly Mark Twain gets into his stride and relates his own boyhood in the Wonderful West—Missouri—the narrative becomes delightful; this portion of the story should, of course, have been placed first.

Four miles from Florida (Clemens's birthplace), Missouri, was the farm which for the purposes of his story both in *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* the author transported to Arkansas. The farm belonged to Clemens's uncle, John A. Quarles, who possessed eight children and some twenty negroes:—

It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my Uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks, and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "wheat bread," hot rolls, hot cone pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear; succotash, butter-beans, string-beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; butter-milk, sweet milk, "clabber"; water-melons, musk-melons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple-pie, peach-pie, pumpkin-pie, apple-dumplings, peach cobbler. . . . I can see the farm yet with perfect clearness . . . the vast fireplace piled high, on winter nights, with flaming hickory logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out, but did not go to waste, for we scraped it off and ate it; the lazy cat spread out on the rough hearthstones; the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs and blinking; my aunt in one chimney corner, knitting; my uncle in the other, smoking his corn-cob pipe, the slick and carpetless oak floor faintly mirroring the dancing flame tongues; half-a-dozen children romping in the background twilight. . . .

The farmhouse stood in the middle of a very large yard . . . beyond the palings was the orchard; beyond the orchard were the negro quarters and the tobacco fields. . . . Down a field, abreast the house, stood a little log cabin . . . where lived a bed-ridden, white-headed slave woman whom we visited daily and looked upon with awe, for we believed she was upwards of a thousand years old. . . . We called her "Aunt Hannah," Southern fashion. She was superstitious

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... Whenever witches were around she tied up the remnant of her wool in little tufts, with white thread, and this promptly made the witches impotent. ...

I can call back the solemn twilight and mystery of the deep woods. ... I can call back the prairie, and its loneliness and peace, and a vast hawk hanging motionless in the sky, with his wings spread wide and the blue of the vault showing through the fringe of their end feathers. I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and the sumachs luminous with crimson fires. ...

That is a fine piece of writing, a picture conjuring up all the aspects of romance and plantation song in the old picturesque America of the early days, before the railway and the automobile invaded its pristine woods and primitive life. Primitive indeed, and Clemens relates some examples of outrage and murder which were common enough among his wild neighbours. He passes on to a medley of memories of his later life, amusing experiences and anecdotes, a curious portentous dream, his personal likes and dislikes. I like his story of how he was lecturing at a town in the Boston district:—

At the hall I tried to press in, but was stopped by the ticket-taker. "Tickets, please." I bent over and whispered: "It's all right. I am the lecturer." He closed one eye impressively, and said, loud enough for all the crowd to hear: "No, you don't. Three of you have got in, up to now, but the next lecturer that goes in here to-night *pays*!" Of course, we paid.

This is a book to read, despite its prolixity; and, reversing the usual practice, sift the chaff from the corn-ucopia of plenteous detail.

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It is, of course, a truism to say that many books worthy of a great success fail to reach the goal of popularity and second editions. A recent example is the entertaining autobiography of Johann Dietz, a barber-surgeon of the later part of the seventeenth century: a most valuable and interesting book.¹ One is reprimanded nowadays if any attempt is made to draw a comparison between the immortal Pepys and other citizens who, like him, have revealed their own lives and the life and manners of their time, so I will content myself with saying that Dietz is as intimate and indiscreet as Pepys, and gives as vivid a picture of a period, with this difference: Dietz was born in 1665, and the setting of his scenes is Germany and Northern Europe. Here is a detailed presentment of the old romantic German middle-class life; of the adventures of an army surgeon in the campaign, in 1686, of the Great Elector Friedrich Wilhelm of Brandenburg against the Turks; of voyages with the whale hunters in the Arctic seas—the experiences, in short, as the sub-title puts it, of the writer "among soldiers, robbers and peaceful citizens, young maidens and apparitions: he finally settling down in Halle, his native city, where he married two wives, and all that he suffered in this world."

Johann Dietz was the son of a rope-maker and corn-chandler of

(1) *Master Johann Dietz*, from the old manuscript in the Royal Library of Berlin. Translated by Bernard Miall (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 12s. 6d. net).

Halle, and his mother was a Nitzsche. The boy was apprenticed in his fourteenth year to a barber, the first step to becoming a surgeon. In this capacity, in addition to shaving, he had to do the hard household work of water-drawing, wood-cutting, and firing; yet so low was then the practice of surgery that in his third year he was put to "serve many notable people and to dress their wounds," including sufferers from the plague which devastated Halle in 1682, when fifty and sixty persons died in a day. He himself caught the pestilence, and was locked in a barn by his father and left to rave and roll in his own blood. He pulled through miraculously, and later set forth for Berlin to find fresh employment. On the journey thither through the forest of Schmerberg he had the first of his many amatory adventures, for, according to his own account, his flaxen-white hair and soft white skin procured him the successes of a minor Casanova throughout his life. There is probably a strain of Munchausen in many of his stories, but the following might have suggested to Byron the adventure of Don Juan with Julia in the first Canto, when, after the suspicious husband had departed, "with much heartfelt reluctance, be it said, young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from the bed."

Once, as I was going home in the bright moonlight and had to pass the city magistrate's house, who had there three grown-up daughters and a priest's daughter from the country, these nymphs were leaning out of one of the windows of the ground floor. As soon as they recognised me they called to me and conversed with me, and the conversation lasted so long that they pressed me to join them. ... They found a means of harbouring me that night; they let down a bed-sheet and a towel, which I had to bind round my body. In short, the four of them drew me up to them, and I, too, gave some assistance. I need not tell you how we laughed and diverted ourselves. Now I was lying in this bed, now in that, and this was not done without laughter, shrieks, and a general uproar, which the old magistrate heard, so that he came in with burning taper and clanking keys. The maidens, suffering a thousand terrors, could think of nothing but burying me deep in bed. ... When he had gone I left by the way which had first brought me thither.

In another mood Dietz can be vastly grave and impressive. On one of his voyages to the northern icy seas the ship's carpenter was seized with a fatal complaint:—

He died on board ship of a wasting illness and was long bed-ridden. I saw him many times and warned him of his approaching death, and admonished him to pray diligently, as did the commander and others likewise. But he would not hear of this, as he was an Atheist, which was the reason why he had never come to prayers. He lived like a beast, he died like a beast, and was buried like a beast, for he lay dead in his berth before anyone was aware of his death. There was very little ado made about the matter; we carried him upon deck, bound him to a plank, and, four or more men seizing it, they sang: "Hory sond, Hory sond, Hory see,"—and therewith pushed him overboard into the sea, whereupon he floated in the wake of the ship. Whether the bears ate him, or the seals, I know not, but his ghost was repeatedly seen on board the vessel. ... Before we realised what was happening the air had become quite dense and dark, so that it seemed as though one could take hold of it. All about us every thing was frozen, so that for many miles no one could have drawn a drop of water

from the sea. We saw no sun, no moon, no stars, and there was not a breath of wind stirring. This lasted four whole weeks. We gazed at one another with dismal looks. The Commander, who was responsible for this misfortune, had ceased to show himself; he was afraid lest the men would put him overboard. . . . I believe that until then no ship had ever come so close to the North Pole. The crew already looked half dead, were quite confused, and were always dropping with sleep. . . .

As one day I was walking to and fro upon the deck, beside the helmsman, sunk in such dismal thoughts, while we deplored our situation, mingling our sighs and prayers, the helmsman gazed up into the sky by the ship's pennant, and said, "If the dear Lord would give us a wind, then, God willing, it might help us!" It may well be that my judgment had grown infirm, but it did indeed blow with greater and greater violence; and there was a crash and a roar from the ice as though many heavy guns had been fired, and now, lo and behold! the ice about our vessel broke up and left an opening.

A dramatic little sea-yarn, this, indeed. The suggestion of the carpenter's corpse following in the wake of the ship is as startling as any incident ever portrayed by Marryat, Clark Russell, or Conrad; and the second part almost reads like a prose version of *The Ancient Mariner*, which Coleridge was to write over a hundred years later.

Dietz has as grim a tale to relate of an incident that occurred when he was attached to the Northern Dragoons. A drummer was executed for robbery, the gallows being erected outside Hamburg. "The hangman had made the rope too long, and wished to drop the culprit a second time. For this purpose they took him down again and improved the arrangement of the rope. There stood the poor sinner under the gallows, staggering like a drunken man; he was all but dead already, and already choking." He was strung up again, and two more men were hanged for theft on the same gallows. That evening Dietz, having ridden into Hamburg, was returning home:

As it became quite dark while I was on the road, I gave my horse his head, to which he was accustomed, and we came by chance upon the place of execution. My horse stopped short, snorting and seeking to turn round. I was startled, and could not understand what was wrong. I put spurs to my horse, turning his head in the right direction. But he would not budge. I drew my pistol and fired, as the custom was among soldiers, and then I saw in the dusk, as it were, several men walking upon the gallows. I looked more closely, and perceived that I was close to the gallows.

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