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MOTIVE AND POLICY

By "AUGUR"

27 JUL 1925

To get at the bottom of a quarrel among men the Frenchman's advice is: "Look for the woman." To understand a policy—get at the motive behind it.

An acquaintance of sorts with British foreign policy may be obtained from the study of treaties and of other documents. Blue Books, White Papers, and personal Memoirs supply the student with useful information. Yet this cannot bring real understanding if the motive behind the policy remains obscure. To understand British foreign policy it is not sufficient to describe political combinations and the thrust and parry of the diplomatic game. Let us for once—to understand British foreign policy—leave foreign policy alone and turn to the motive behind it.

The currents which govern the life of nations are hidden away deep below the interweaving sequence of daily events. These currents cannot be ruled by the will of an individual or turned aside by a chance event. They have their source in the mystery of race, in tradition and in essential needs. Behind political action stands the national need as the motive for it. To know the force which causes the wheels of diplomacy to go round we must discover the real need of the British nation to-day.

The time is not yet when we may speak of the motive of the foreign policy of the British Empire. The process of Imperialisation is under way. But as things lie at present British Imperial policy remains the policy of Great Britain herself as the predominating partner. The needs of the parts of the Empire are great, but they have not come into full play, and it is the need of the United Kingdom which governs British foreign policy. The talk about Imperial consultation is misleading. During

the Great War there was for a moment of a few years Imperial consultation in the true sense of the word. Now things have returned to a less cohesive position, and often consultation with the Dominions is a pretext for procrastination when the Foreign Office wants to gain time more than anything else. It will be some time before there is real Imperial consultation.

Careful study brings the conviction that there is a national need to-day which in Great Britain surpasses all others. It is expressed by the question: what is the country to do with the surplus of her population? There was a time when the radiating energy of a small nation threw her sons into the world. In their exuberance these exiles and hardy adventurers built up Empires. They achieved even more, for, going beyond national and Imperial limits, they founded new States and new nations. With time the British nation became great, but the world became small. The period of joyous far flung adventure was followed by periods of fruitful acquisition, of prosperous growth, and of consolidation. At home the period of industrialisation brought to the British colossal wealth and power. The Great War ushered in a new period. A future generation will decide what name to give it. Yet if we do not know its name, we know well the burden it has brought: the problem of the surplus of population.

A natural law exists which imposes a limit on the number of people able to exist on a square mile of land in proportion to its natural and agricultural food resources. This number is exceeded if additional resources are provided by industrial development, by transport facilities, or by the increased buying power of accumulated wealth. This is the law of the so-called "civilised surplus." If industry goes back or disappears, if transport facilities dwindle, if the flow of wealth is arrested, the civilised surplus suffers. There is the example of Russia. After the Bolsheviks came into power that country saw its industries closed down, its transport ruined, and its reserves of wealth wiped out. In consequence millions of people were doomed to disappear. War and Terror, epidemics and famine—they all worked towards the

thinning of the population. Statisticians complacently count the millions swarming in civilised countries. The major part of these millions belongs to the civilised surplus. A setback, whether in industry or in transport facilities or in wealth, releases the evil forces which are on the alert watching for the opportunity to get in a blow at the human race. The millions of the civilised surplus pay the penalty.

In Great Britain more than three-quarters of the population belong to that surplus, and suffer from the setbacks mentioned. New Zealand, measured in square miles, is of the size of Great Britain. Yet as compared with the forty-two millions of the latter the Dominion can support only three million people. This because, being an agricultural country, New Zealand does not carry a civilised surplus. The war, by restricting the buying power of the world and by calling forth the development of industry in other countries, has hit industry and trade in Great Britain badly. The permanent unemployment which now exists in the country is a sign of this. In the life of a nation it is difficult to avoid periods of slackness when temporarily workers are deprived of their regular occupations. But when unemployment becomes permanent it is a terrible menace to national virility. An unemployed is a person who has worked and who expects to work again. Then time goes on and work does not appear: the unemployed becomes the creature of the dole, which he receives from the State partly as a charity, partly as a ransom. The doleman looks upon the subsidy supplied by State charity as upon a permanent vested right. The doleman is plastic material in the hands of the extremists. But from the point of view of the national future it is much worse that often he descends to the depths of sloppy content and thinks that the dole is the ideal of well-being. In time the nation is fouled by the presence of people who have never produced. There are thousands of youths in Great Britain who have never done a day's work, who have never had work offered them and who do not know what work is. Here is a great national peril. Subconsciously the nation is aware of it, and its policies •

at home as well as abroad are governed by the apprehension of a great danger.

The national need dictates the national programme: to develop the external trade of the country and to accumulate wealth abroad. The civilised surplus in Great Britain cannot exist if her industries do not maintain at least their production, selling a considerable part of it in foreign lands. Wealth must be accumulated abroad, because for Great Britain, which depends on imported food and raw stuffs, wealth abroad is the regulator which permits to buy cheap and to tide over dull periods. This programme prescribes the lines which the foreign policy of the country must follow: to work for peace in the world; to maintain the balance of power in Europe against the strongest possible competitor; to keep open the trade routes of the world, which are the high seas. This formula determines better than any long compilation of diplomatic documents what the foreign policy of Great Britain must be.

Writers on political subjects delight in drawing up exact schemes which they expect their readers to accept without criticism. But really, the citizen interested in the affairs of his country should do some thinking himself instead of accepting a cut-and-dried solution "because it is printed." The formula connecting motive and policy has been given, as well as the lines of practical policy which can be deduced from it. The intelligent reader can apply the formula to the present political situation and see for himself how each question fits into the scheme. It will be then evident that Anglo-French relations, the attitude towards Germany, etcetera, can be explained by the basic formula. The necessity to stand on the Rhine, to live in close and friendly co-operation with France, to encourage peaceful development in Germany, etcetera, will be understood. The citizen's duty is to understand the motive behind the policy.

BRITISH POLICY AND THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE

BY CHISHOLM DUNBAR BRUNTON

AFTER seven years of British rule in Palestine, Arab opposition to our policy in that country continues unabated. Those who are in touch with the situation there are well aware of this, while the general public has been able to infer as much from the events which attended Lord Balfour's recent visit to Jerusalem and Damascus. The causes of Arab resentment against British policy may be briefly summed up for the purpose of our subject. Under British rule the Arabs have lost the representative institutions and considerable share of self-government accorded them by the Turks. The compensating measures proposed by the British Government (the Constitution of 1922 and the Arab Agency offer of 1923) allowed them no effective voice either in the administration or in questions of vital importance to the future of their country. On the contrary, such questions have been decided by the British Government in close consultation with the Zionist leaders, but without reference to the Arabs. The Arabs are now convinced that the ultimate aim of the Zionists and of the Mandatory Power is to achieve Jewish predominance in Palestine by means of steadily increasing immigration. It is this fear which has been the principal cause of Arab opposition to, and distrust of, British policy, and the British Government, recognising this, has at various times endeavoured to allay it. The two most important attempts towards that end were made by Sir Herbert Samuel, High Commissioner for Palestine, on June 3rd, 1921, and by Mr. Churchill as Colonial Secretary in his definition of the Jewish National Home in 1922. Sir Herbert Samuel's declaration contains assurances regarding Great Britain's good intentions towards the people of Palestine, and speaks of associating them more closely with the Administration and "ensuring a free and authoritative expression of popular opinion." Mr. Churchill's interpretation of what the British Government intended by a Jewish National

Home is contained in White Paper Cmd. 1,700, and is to the effect that some of the Jews "should, within the limits fixed by numbers and the interests of the present population, come to Palestine in order to help by their resources and efforts to develop the country." Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies, during his recent visit to Jerusalem told an Arab deputation that their fears were exaggerated and that "the British Government is actuated first and foremost by its duty towards the people of the country as a whole." Now, in spite of such official declarations, how comes it that the Arabs do not accept these assurances, and continue to distrust our motives and our policy? The answer is threefold:—

(1) Because our policy in application does not bear out our declarations.

(2) Because the utterances of many prominent Zionists prove that their aims are not in conformity with the British Government's interpretation of the National Home.

(3) Because it is the Mandate, and not the British Government's interpretation of the Balfour Declaration, which governs British policy in Palestine, and the terms of the Mandate seem to the Arabs to be more in accordance with the aims expressed by the Zionists than with those enunciated by British Ministers. Let us briefly consider the substance of this answer.

(1) Whatever the reason, the British Government has shown a marked reluctance to grant any authoritative voice in the administration and affairs of Palestine to the people as a whole. Iraq and Trans-Jordania, no more fitted than Palestine for self-government, have been accorded large measures of autonomy. Not till 1922 was a Constitution framed for Palestine, and it offered no real power to the population in the control of their affairs. The Moslem community was to be under-represented by over forty per cent. in the Legislative Council. This Constitution disillusioned the Arab inhabitants as to the liberal sentiments of the British Government and shook what faith they had still retained in its good intentions. They rejected the offer and also that, which was made later, of an Arab Agency which would have placed the indigenous Arab

najority on an equal footing with the immigrant Jewish minority. Apart from minor questions, the failure of the British Government to allow the population as a whole, with its eighty-six per cent. Arab majority, any effective voice in the management of its affairs is perhaps the most serious cause of Arab distrust and resentment.

(2) After the serious disturbances in Palestine in May, 1921, the Commission of Inquiry found that the fundamental cause of the trouble was "the feeling among the Arabs of discontent with, and hostility to, the Jews, due to political and economic causes, and connected with Jewish immigration, and with their conception of Zionist policy as derived from Jewish exponents." One of those exponents, Dr. Eder, Chairman of the Zionist Commission, in his evidence before the Court of Inquiry, declared that "there can only be one National Home in Palestine and that a Jewish one, and no equality in partnership between Jews and Arabs, but a Jewish predominance as soon as the numbers of that race are sufficiently increased" (White Paper, Cmd. 1,540, page 57). It was following upon the results of this Inquiry that a definition by the British Government of its own interpretation of a Jewish National Home in Palestine was considered to be necessary, and the Zionist leaders were requested to adhere to that definition. Whatever unwilling lip-service may have been done by some of the official Zionists to Mr. Churchill's interpretation, it is certain that it does not represent the Zionist conception of what constitutes a Jewish National Home. There is no lack of evidence in support of this view. The speeches delivered in Jewish colonies during Lord Balfour's visits to them sufficiently emphasise it. Speaking at a Zionist Conference in New York on May 3rd, Judge Rosenblatt, President of the Palestine Securities Company, said: "We are planning to consolidate the existing Jewish settlements, and in ten or fifteen years we shall have a solidly Jewish Palestine." Even such a moderate exponent of Zionism as Mr. Leonard Stein has defined the National Home, in a recent article,¹ as "a

(1) "The Zionist Movement and its Aims" in the *Empire Review*, May, 1925.

well-ordered and self-reliant Jewish society leading *on Jewish soil* a wholesome and harmonious Jewish life." In these utterances and in many others, some indeed violent in sentiment and tone, the Arabs have ample cause for misgiving should the day be approaching when Zionists could impose their will upon Palestine. One might reply that the British Government's declarations are sufficient safeguard against that possibility, and that rash statements of hot-headed Jewish Nationalists neither represent the views of the British Government nor bind it to Zionist visions. Such an argument might be accepted by the Arabs were it not for their knowledge of the terms of the Mandate which governs our policy in Palestine.

(3) Now, although the interpretation which the Arabs put upon the terms of the Mandate may be disputed, it cannot be denied, after a close study of that document, that it contains matter which is singularly open to such an interpretation. Space forbids a detailed analysis of the Mandate, but the following points must be noticed. Article 1 gives to the Mandatory full powers of legislation and administration save as limited by the terms of the Mandate. Article 2 lays down that the Mandatory shall place Palestine under such conditions as to secure the establishment of a Jewish National Home, develop self-governing institutions, and safeguard the rights of the inhabitants. The Balfour Declaration, be it noted, only pledged the British Government to use its "best endeavours" to establish the National Home, while the Mandate obliges us to *secure* it. Article 3 demands encouragement of local autonomy "so far as circumstances may permit." Articles 4, 6, 7, 11, 22 and 23 define tasks to be undertaken by the administration for the establishment of a Jewish National Home: Co-operation with a Jewish Agency, facilitating of Jewish immigration, encouragement of close settlement of Jews upon the land (including State lands), enactment of a nationality law, etc. Article 28 deserves attention. It provides for arrangements to be made by the Council of the League of Nations, "in the event of the termination of the Mandate," to guarantee the rights connected with the Holy Places

(Articles 13 and 14), and for securing "that the Government of Palestine will fully honour the financial obligations legitimately incurred by the administration of Palestine during the period of the Mandate." It will be seen that the Mandate encourages the development of self-governing institutions, lays down certain measures towards the establishment of the Jewish National Home, which the Mandatory is bound to secure, and finally foresees a time when the *administration of Palestine* will be replaced by a *Government of Palestine*. It might be argued that the self-government to be developed is that of the people of Palestine as a whole, but such cannot be the case, for the tasks enumerated in Articles 4, 6, 7, 11, 22 and 23 of the Mandate would never be accepted, at least in their entirety, by a self-governing body representing the present population with its large Arab majority. The self-governing institutions and the future government of Palestine, referred to in the Mandate, must therefore be based on a population of different composition to the present one, or, in other words, a population which, by means of ever-increasing immigration, will have become predominantly Jewish. Thus, argue the Arabs, there can only be one logical interpretation of the Mandate, and that is in conformity with the aims and sentiments expressed by the Zionists, and not in accord with the British Government's interpretation of a Jewish National Home.

Whether we are inclined to agree with, or to differ from, the views held by the Palestine Arabs, it cannot be ignored that they do hold these views and that, in consequence, they are determined to resist, as far as lies in their power, the policy which we are pursuing in that country. The British Government is therefore in the undesirable position of ruling the people of Palestine without the consent, and against the will, of the majority. At the same time it is creating feelings of bitterness and resentment against itself not only throughout Islam but among considerable elements of Catholic Christendom. However much we may propose to disregard such consequences when weighed against the asset of international Jewish good will, which our championship of their National Home may be sup-

posed to have won for us, it would be wiser if we could remove the grievances of the Arabs of Palestine and of their sympathisers. But can that be accomplished without infringing our pledge to the Jews and the terms of the Mandate? The answer is that it is possible to go a long way towards satisfying Arab aspirations without compromising the establishment of a Jewish National Home.

In December, 1921, the writer had occasion to express the following views on the Palestine situation, which, as they appear to him to be as true to-day as when they were first penned, are quoted here:—

A liberal Constitution for Palestine is the one measure which may avert serious trouble and restore to a great extent the confidence of the Arabs in the British Government. But the Constitution to achieve this must give proportional representation to the Arabs and ensure them a liberal measure of control, both legislative and executive, over their own and their country's affairs. Such a Constitution would have an excellent effect in removing Arab distrust of, and opposition to, British policy and moderate Zionism. Any less liberal Constitution would only serve as a further irritant to a population already in a state of dangerous resentment, and who believe themselves to be the victims of a great injustice.

A Constitution which would, to a considerable extent, satisfy reasonable Arab aspirations, guarantee the peaceful development of a Jewish National Home on the lines of the British Government's interpretation, and at the same time preserve the essentials of British control in Palestine, is surely not beyond the ability of British statesmen to devise? The following suggestions as to the lines upon which such a Constitution should be framed were originally noted down in 1921¹ as the result of a close study of the situation in Palestine, and of many discussions on the subject, both with leading Arab personalities and responsible British officials:—

(1) A Legislative Assembly elected on a basis of proportional representation of all sections of the population and to consist of elected members only.

(2) The Assembly to legislate and control taxation and expenditure subject to the approval of the High Commissioner's Council and of the High Commissioner.

(3) The High Commissioner's Council to consist of one-

third elected members to be chosen by communities as a whole and not by electoral districts; one-third nominated Palestinian members; and one-third British official members.

(4) Measures passed by the Legislative Assembly to require a two-thirds majority in the High Commissioner's Council before ratification. The High Commissioner to possess the power to veto in special circumstances. Any measure twice passed by the Legislative Assembly and twice rejected by the High Commissioner's Council or by veto of the High Commissioner to be referred by him to His Majesty's Government for consideration, and, if necessary, reference to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations for advice, or to the Council of the League for a decision, within a defined time limit.

(5) The Heads of the departments of Justice, Finance and Public Security, the senior officers of the *gendarmérie*, and a limited number of officials necessary for technical services, to be British. Administrative areas to be reduced to a northern and a southern district, each under a British governor, but with Palestinians in all sub-districts. Palestinians (Arabs and Jews) to be employed wherever possible in the administration.

(6) Trans-Jordan to be given the option, by vote of a representative council or other means, of uniting with Palestine, but without being subject to Jewish immigration unless by the clearly expressed wish of its inhabitants.

(7) The British Government to reserve to itself only a strict minimum of questions upon which the Legislative Assembly would not exercise control. Such subjects to be revised within a short period of years.

It may be objected that such a scheme could not be applied because the Arab majority would use the power given to it in order to frame measures directed against the policy of establishing a Jewish National Home, to which we are pledged; that such measures having been rejected, obstruction and agitation might follow and might involve us in further complications and difficulties. That is a possible, but not a probable, contingency. There is indeed more likelihood of agitation and trouble if we do nothing.

but allow existing Arab discontent to simmer up to boiling point, as it is bound to do sooner or later. The Arabs, having attained to some measure of self-government, might be expected to show both moderation and a realisation of the need for compromise. It is repression and hope deferred which make extremists. The more extreme elements among the Zionists would certainly resent any concession calculated to give the Arabs any real power in the administration of Palestine. But if the British Government is indeed "actuated first and foremost by its duty to the people of the country as a whole," such opposition should not be allowed to stand in the way of a settlement. Responsible Zionist leaders could not reasonably object to measures involving a real beginning of self-government in Palestine (subject to the safeguards suggested) without confirming Arab suspicions as to their ultimate political aim in that country. The probable adherence of Trans-Jordania to Palestine would be of benefit to both. Conditions which have prevailed in the former territory during recent years have not been such as to commend their continuance to the inhabitants if the alternative of inclusion in a largely self-governing Palestine could be offered to them.

The terms of the Mandate definitely encourage the development of self-governing institutions and do not prevent the setting up of any particular form of administration, so that it is open to the British Government to grant, if it so desires, a liberal form of Constitution for Palestine. In the event of any doubt as to possible infringement, by any article of such a Constitution, of the terms of the Mandate, the advice of the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations is available. If ultimately it might be found advisable to adopt some modifications of the existing instrument, as was done in the case of Trans-Jordania, the British Government is not precluded from making such suggestions to the Council of the League.

Concessions, we are frequently told, are regarded by Orientals as signs of weakness. This is true when such concessions are wrung from unwilling rulers by violence

and lawlessness, but it is not so with those freely accorded and which, in the case of the Palestine Arabs, would amount to simple justice. That the peaceful and dignified protests of the Palestine Arabs on the occasion of Lord Balfour's visit to Jerusalem should meet with no consideration is to be deplored, for such treatment must inevitably result in driving them to extremes. The grant of a liberal Constitution would do justice to reasonable Arab demands without prejudicing reasonable Zionist claims. But it would do more than that. It would prove conclusively, by deeds, not words, that the British Government was in fact "actuated first and foremost by its duty to the people of the country as a whole," and that its intentions were indeed in conformity with the official definition of our policy as enunciated by Mr. Churchill when Colonial Secretary. For at present it is useless to deny that an ambiguity exists regarding the ultimate intention of the Mandate and consequently of the Mandatory Power. Zionist utterances have added to these doubts. It is time, therefore, not only to do justice to the Arabs, but also to remove the suspicion which shadows our intentions in Palestine, and which is doing incalculable harm to the British name, both among Catholic communities in Europe and in the East, and throughout the world of Islam.

SPAIN UNDER THE DIRECTORY

By PERCY F. MARTIN, F.R.G.S.

[The author has recently returned from a widely extended tour of Spain, during which he was enabled to acquaint himself with the opinions of many different classes of the people.]

*Es mas cierto médico el experimentado.*¹—Spanish proverb.

On January 25th last, the Marquis de Estella publicly declared that the Directory, "having found solid ground beneath its feet," would remain. On May 19th it was unexpectedly, and, as some think, prematurely, brought to an end, or, to quote the expression of one of its most persistent opponents, "it had, at length, found sufficient rope to hang itself."

Following approximately these twenty months of experimental dictatorship, under which many of the Spanish people (deprived of the opportunity of either expressing freely their dissatisfaction or of propounding their complaints) have fretted and fumed, they are confronted suddenly with a promised restoration of their forfeited liberty and centuries-old privileges. "A *promised restoration*" it is and must for a time yet remain, notwithstanding the official nomenclature applied to it—"a revived confidence between the Government and the governed." Even though a flagrantly unconstitutional situation has been formally abandoned and the rightful prerogatives of the people restored, much—very much—is left to remedy and redress.

For nearly two years conditions in Spain have existed that have afforded a complete negation of the favoured ideal of "all the people being governed by all the people for all the people." A proportion of the population; by no means confined to one class or station, has all along strongly resented the infliction of a dictatorship. But for a foreigner to be able either to agree or disagree with the real national sentiment or to be enabled either to offer or to withhold sympathy with the Spaniards regarding their

(1) Trans. "Experience makes the best doctor."

new experience, it is necessary, first, to consider the original motives that brought about the imposition of a despotic in place of an articulate form of government, and the application of what has been described as the substitution of a mere *brutum fulmen* for the too-tolerant form of government, which seemed to encourage anarchism and disobedience to all constituted authority. Secondly, should be reviewed, in a spirit of complete impartiality and detachment, the actual results—social and economic—that have accrued from the almost unprecedented act of a constitutional sovereign consenting—however unwillingly—to the suspension of the national laws.

Few European countries during the periods of their political and economic expansion have known forms of administration more varied than those of Spain. The several violent changes brought about have been the outcome of the movement of minorities, as in 1837, when the Constitution was revised; in 1868, when—through a short-lived revolution—Queen Isabella II was compelled to fly the country; in 1870, when a foreign king, Amadeus of Italy, was brought in; and again, in 1874, when the Bourbon dynasty was restored to the throne in the person of Alfonso XII. If, as was subsequently proved, the son of Isabella had been reinvested with sovereignty as the result of a minority movement, it is no less a fact that it has been with the consent of a considerable majority of the people that the Directory, once constituted, has been unopposed or that the Spanish Crown has been strongly upheld. The mass of the Spaniards are no more in favour of a republic to-day than was the case at the time of the Carlist wars of 1834-39 and of 1872-76.

On April 6th, 1923, following upon disrupting and irreconcilable political struggles and a reign of actual terrorism, King Alfonso had signed a decree dissolving the Cortes and ordering general elections to be held at the end of that month. Parliament was to have been summoned some time in the following May, and among the firstfruits of the Deputies' deliberations were to have been important reforms, including yet a further revision of the Constitution, such as would effectually prevent in future the suspen-

when inquiry is made into the character of those individuals who might be expected to head a revolution, if ever there were one. For there exists in Spain to-day no single statesman, politician or labour leader who could declare, as Napoleon declared to Count Molé: "I am the signet which marks the page where the revolution has been stopped; but when I die it will turn the page and resume its course."

With scarcely an exception the enemies of the Spanish monarchy or of constitutional order are men of little or bad reputation, wielding an infinitesimal amount of influence upon the actions or the beliefs of the general public. Their disruptive preachings, delivered even through some other source than that of political harangue, for instance, as literature or science, fall upon stony ground. Such, undoubtedly, proved the case with Vicente Blasco Ibañez, who, although much esteemed and followed as a writer of romance and poetry, earned nothing but execration when he applied his conspicuous mental abilities to an attack upon the Head of the State. His infamous pamphlet, *Spain under Military Terror; Alfonso XIII Unmasked*—of which numerous copies, translated into English, were proclaimed in this country through the influence of some sensation-loving members of Parliament and journalists rather too ambitious for self-advertisement—failed in its object. There followed no withdrawal of the traditional support of the Spanish throne. Indeed, so far from this gross libel having wrought any harm to King Alfonso, the circulation of the Ibañez pamphlet succeeded in arousing for that monarch—deservedly loved for his great personal qualities—the sympathetic condolences of some of his most bitter political opponents.

Not only did the clergy, the aristocracy, the army and the navy, as a whole, declare fidelity to the Throne, but great bankers, merchants, manufacturers and professional men vied with peasants and workers even in the humblest ranks of labour to remain loyal to its occupant. These inarticulate supporters of the King and all that he stood for, quite as much as the Government which had imposed itself upon them—may be regarded as having helped to

stem the dreaded revolution, and to have contributed to an assured—if slow-moving—restoration of the country towards normal progress.

The Spaniards, like the Greeks, being by nature inveterate politicians, have never become reconciled to the absence of the Cortes or to the ban placed upon party politics, discussions in which they love to indulge. But this last deprivation, distasteful, perhaps, from the individual point of view, may not have been altogether a bad thing for them nor for their country. Instead of devoting his time to the fruitless—because endless—discussion of political questions, the modern young Spaniard has been compelled, *malgré lui*, to think more of matters such as commerce, finance, agriculture and industrial development.

What, then, have these twenty months of Directory Government yielded for the common weal? Public order and security, steadily undermined, if not actually made an end of at the period that the Directory administration first established itself, have been restored; the industrial situation, disorganised by perpetual labour strikes and not infrequently accompanied by outrages upon the part of the strikers, has been saved; the chaotic state of transport, from which every branch of commerce suffered alike, has already been partially overcome, affording genuine indication of further material improvement from day to day, while elaborate programmes of new construction and other improved means of internal communication have not alone been decided upon but actually initiated; shipping, which suffered from both lack of freights and very low rates paid for those obtained, has for some time been gradually reviving, and a number of important mail contracts, providing for more frequent communication with the rest of the world, entered into; strikes by Government officials, such as that which occurred in 1923 among the postal employees, when the collection and distribution of nearly 10,000,000 letters were held up for days, are now unheard of; "syndicalism" in the banks has been forbidden; and a period of trade depression, during which numerous factories were either closed entirely or worked on short time, has been sensibly relieved. Irrigation works have been started and are now

extending gradually over hitherto profitless areas, the populations of numerous districts having already derived therefrom substantial economic benefits. Cotton culture has been undertaken in the provinces of Sevilla, Córdoba, Huelva and Cadiz, showing more or less satisfactory results; German, French and American capital is again entering Spain, while a number of commercial treaties, concluded with Latin American countries, are already proving fruitful. Anglo-Spanish commercial associations have improved, and, as a consequence, several British banks have decided to establish branches in Spain, hoping for a fair share of profit earning.

The at-one-time menacing difficulties of the financial situation have in part been overcome; but while the Budgetary deficit has been reduced from 1,000 to 400 million pesetas, it still forms a heavy burden for a comparatively poor country to bear. Several more years must elapse before the Spanish Budget can be balanced; but towards this consummation the improvements already effected are assuredly notable? Time and money have even been found for the prosecution of such national and, indeed, world-wide interests as the reconstruction and restoration of the famous Alhambra. These accomplished reforms, among others, must, in common fairness, be credited to the intervenient rule of the Directory.

There remains the question of Morocco. Here the future of the Spanish Zone continues undecided, and an expeditionary force of between 30,000 and 40,000 men must still be maintained, naturally at considerable expense, before Spain's mission in Africa can be regarded as settled. The concurrence with French interests is encouraging; and the Marquis de Estella, who promised on his birthday (April 2nd) "to send home as many men as he counted days' service in the army," has kept his word. Having served his King and country in various capacities for thirty years, the Head of the Directory has restored some 10,000 soldiers to Spain. The services of the Marquis de Estella in Morocco are undeniable. His task has been both dangerous and difficult, and his own fears of possible failure were known; but his moral

courage, his grim tenacity of purpose, and his unquestionable military capacity have also been recognised. Public distrust of his powers at first experienced has given place to well-merited confidence, and while his duties in Morocco remain far from complete and his responsibilities still heavy, the profound moral respect and support that the Marquis de Estella has latterly met with, from even among his most irreconcilable political opponents, must have proved vastly encouraging in these still strenuous days.

To the Marquis has been assigned, at his own wish, the ungrateful task of clearing up the military mess, the correction of political blunders, and the rectification—so far as rectification was still possible—of the widespread social mischief that had been largely occasioned by the shifting policy of his predecessors in office. To a man naturally kindly disposed, just and strictly moral, no duty could have been more painful than that of condemning and punishing the misdeeds of his former friends, high officers of State, who were once, as he is to-day, both powerful and respected. Yet he faced—and is facing—all the disfavour, the discredit and the personal dislike that the carrying out of these unpleasant duties must entail.

All who know the Spaniards, and especially members of the official classes, will recognise that no one but a magician could transform their habitual lethargy and indolence into a sudden display of activity and assiduity. In most parts of the country operations still move along with the same dilatory and cumbersome procedure. The substitution of "*tan pronto que posible*" for the inevitable "*mañana*" has meant little more than a readjustment of a polite formula. Clerks in the public offices, policemen, postmen and even soldiers smoke endless cigarettes during official hours; bank employees, from the desk clerk to the hall porter, still apply sand in the place of blotting-paper, unusable pen-nibs and a foul-smelling, cheap kind of gum in place of clean, fresh paste. Delay, disarrangement and discontent in connection with the public services rule yet in many Departments, for the cleansing broom of reform has not yet reached them. That it will do so in course

These sums do not include the large sums paid by the trade unions to their members. If Sheffield is typical of other industrial centres, and it is said that the Tyne and the Clyde, owing to the continued depression in the shipbuilding industry, have not recovered to the same extent, those who declare that unemployment is the gravest issue which faces the people of this country at present would appear to be justified. For the crippling effect of this expenditure in increased rates and taxes on industry is a very serious matter.

We must not, however, exaggerate the evil or overlook the fact that the great majority of the workers in a city like Sheffield are in employment. If there are 23,000 out of work in Sheffield there are still 150,000 busily engaged in the mills and factories, and the output of Sheffield to-day is greater than it was before the war. Of the 23,000 unemployed 3,000 are women, while there are a considerable number of boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Before the war we had no measure of the real extent of unemployment, and in a great industrial city there is always a percentage of men who are unemployable. They appeared on no register before, but to-day they probably amount to one per cent., which in the case of Sheffield would be about 5,000 of the population.

Moreover, a number of workers were imported into Sheffield during the war for the munition factories, who swell the total of unemployed. But this other side to the picture would be more reassuring if so many of the employers did not declare that it would pay them better to close their works altogether, profits having reached the vanishing point. The companies are anxious to keep their skilled men together in the hope that trade will improve. But there is a limit to the call that can be made on reserves, and gallant as is the struggle which the employers are making to keep their works going, day after day one reads in the newspapers of men being given notice. Thus at Barrow, which, like Sheffield, is an armament centre, the Barrow Haematite Steel Company was compelled to warn its men on May 29th that the ironworks, where two furnaces had been in blast, would be closed down, as well as the steel-producing plant and rail and other departments. The

furnaces at the Millom ironworks also belonging to the company had already been damped down, and the total number of furnaces operating in North Lancashire were thus reduced from their normal average of twenty to nine. The record of a great Sheffield works like Vickers' is fortunately more cheerful for its stockholders. But this is due more to the armament orders which have been received from the British Government and the Dominions than to any revival of the export trade. It may be a wise policy on the part of the Government to accelerate orders for warships, which give employment in the steel works, but this is not productive expenditure. We live by our export trade.

In Sheffield I did not find any general belief in the virtue of Protection as a remedy. There are, of course, some employers, especially those who are engaged in the cutlery trade and the making of hacksaws and files, in which there is very keen competition from Germany, who think that Protection would help them. But the higher grade steels in which Sheffield specialises can hold their own against foreign competition, and a tax on imported steel, by raising the price of steel plates, would only add to the difficulty which the shipbuilding trade and other industries dependent on steel are faced with. Moreover, the cheaper steel, which comes from the Continent, is used in the re-rolling mills for the making of black and galvanised sheets and hollow-ware, and an important industry has been built up, in South Wales particularly, which has enabled us to capture the markets of the world in this business.

If by Protection employment could be increased in our great industrial centres no abstract argument concerning the virtue of Free Trade should be allowed to stand in the way. But since the reverse is true and tariffs would create more unemployment in the industries dependent on iron and steel than the employment it would produce in the heavy industries, Protection would only add to our troubles. Neither Protection nor subsidies would touch the root of the evil. The Government can, in fact, do very little, and it is all to the good that they should realise this. What they can do is to give the country cheaper electrical power by helping to build big power stations

and by linking up existing distributing centres. This they intend to do by introducing legislation in the autumn. If this is to be effective the vested interests must not be allowed to stand in the way of the provision of cheaper electricity. The Government can also assist by promoting scientific research work for the better and cheaper use of our coal in factory and workshop. The most hopeful line of experiment would appear to lie in the extraction of oil from coal, which if it could be produced as a commercial proposition would, I am informed, lead to a revolution in industry comparable to that created by the application of steam as a motive power. With our abundant supplies of coal we should reap a very great advantage from such an invention, which would, moreover, save us many millions which we spend at present in the buying of oil from America and other countries. It is estimated that we lose forty millions a year by the methods of combustion now in use. Everything comes back to coal, on a cheap and abundant supply of which England has built up her great industrial supremacy.

Many employers will tell you that they cannot compete with Germany, France, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, and other countries because wages are lower and longer hours are worked on the Continent than in Great Britain. But there is general agreement that the wages of the men in the heavy industries cannot be further reduced. Indeed, if it were not for overtime many of the workers would find it difficult to get sufficient food. The basic wage of a skilled engineer in Sheffield is 59s. a week. The shaper or slotter is paid at the rate of 55s., the driller receives 47s. to 49s., the moulder and the pattern maker 61s., the smith 59s., while the more highly skilled worker, such as the melter, who is responsible for the mixing of the ores in the furnace, makes as much as 23s. a day, and the gas stoker on the by-product plant about 80s. But the unskilled labourer receives only 46s. as a basic wage. This is for a week of forty-seven hours. There are, however, comparatively few of these men who do not earn extra from overtime. The aim of the employers is to give a man a third more than his basic rate in this way, the working of overtime being unavoid-

able in the difficult and delicate processes of manufacture in the steel works.

The result is that the unskilled labourer makes about 50s. a week. On night shifts the labourer will make as much as 52s. a week. In the same way, taking a week at random in the pay sheet of one of the big firms, the pay of the engineer, the skilled turner and fitter, came to as much as 70s. and 90s. respectively; while the semi-skilled and rough fitters earned 60s. and the machine men 60s., the moulder receiving 67s. 6d. and the fettler 65s.

In the same way we find that the smith, whose basic rate was 59s., made 87s. The average wage for all grades of labour worked out at 63s. 6d. a week.

I was warned by the Lord Mayor of Sheffield, to whom I showed these figures, that they must have been taken from an exceptionally favourable week. He did not think that the men in the steel works made so much as a rule. He gave me some interesting details about the wages in the unsheltered trades in Sheffield. It is often argued that the municipal employee and the transport worker receive an unduly high wage in comparison with the skilled worker in the factories. But the maximum wage for the unskilled labourer employed by the city of Sheffield is only 48s. 6d. a week, and the highest wage paid to the skilled worker is 55s. 6d., full time being subject in some instances to loss of pay owing to weather conditions. Nor does the miner, who is paid at the rate of 8s. 9d. a shift, appear to be overpaid. Whether anything could be done to reduce the cost of living by a reduction in the wages of the railway workers, it is certain that the trade unions as a whole would strenuously oppose a lowering of the wage in the sheltered trades. They would regard this as the beginning of a campaign for the reduction of wages all along the line. As Mr. Garnett, the secretary of the Federation of Trade Unions in Sheffield, explained to me, the men in the unsheltered trades do not regard the wages paid in the sheltered trades as too high in comparison with their own. They feel certain that if once the standard of the sheltered trades were reduced to their own—the difference would appear

to be much greater in a city like London than in Sheffield—they would lose all chance of any improvement in their own position.

It is not the wages in the steel works which the employers complain of. It is the cost of labour per ton which they say must be brought down if they are to compete with the Continent. More than ninety per cent. of the actual cost of producing a ton of steel is represented by labour, which includes the cost of mining the coal and the iron ore and making the pig iron. Coal contributes fifty per cent. of the total, and it is argued that if the miner would work an extra hour a day half-a-crown could be knocked off the cost of a ton of coal, which would make a very great difference. Here we come to the question of longer hours for the worker generally. On this point the men in the steel works are adamant. The employers in the engineering trade have offered a bonus of two shillings a week if the men will work an extra three hours a week. This would not preclude the chance of making more by overtime. The men have replied by demanding an extra £1 a week, and there is some alarming talk about the amalgamation of the Unions for the purpose of forcing this demand, in which Mr. Cook, the secretary of the Miners' Federation, has played a conspicuous part. But the miners have refused to follow Mr. Cook's lead for breaking off negotiations with the mine owners, with whom they are at present discussing conditions in the coal industry. In spite of Mr. Cook and the extremists, relations between the employers and the men are better than they have been for some time, and by constantly preaching the gospel of goodwill and the necessity of both sides pulling together Mr. Baldwin has undoubtedly assisted the cause of peace. I do not think, from what I heard in Sheffield, that the men will press their claim for an extra £1 a week at present, for they know that it would mean the closing down of a great many works. On the other hand, the employers would be wise to drop their demand for longer hours, for that will be resisted to the utmost. The possible exception is the coal industry, where something might be done to save time that is at present wasted

in walking from the men's homes to the coal face by a better organisation of the hours of work. It is difficult to believe that the miners would resist all appeals to work longer at the coal face if it were explained to them that cheapening of the cost of coal is the first thing necessary for an improvement in trade. By adding an hour to the shift and reducing the days actually worked to five, more coal could, I am told, be produced at a cheaper cost without adding materially to the time worked.

But I cannot speak for the miners. All that I know from my visit to Sheffield is that the Trade Unionists there declare that shorter hours are the one advantage which they have saved from all the concessions which were made to them during the war. They have submitted to a substantial reduction of wages on the ground that this would bring in more orders and increase employment. It has not done so, and the workers believe that longer hours would prove to be no remedy, for they would merely be met by a still lower standard in Germany and elsewhere.

It is indeed the present insane competition, not for increased output so much as reduction of costs on the limited production which the world can at present absorb, which is at the root of the industrial depression. The more wages are reduced and the standard of life is lowered, the less becomes the purchasing power of the great masses of the people, who afford the best market for goods. The Trade Unions are right to resist a tendency which would only add to the evils from which we suffer. We are not alone in suffering from unemployment. There are at least half a million of Germans out of work, and many more working less than full time. Every ton of steel which is produced from Krupp's works at present is sold at a loss. What is indeed needed is not a lowering of wages, which would still further reduce purchasing power, but a raising of the standard of life among the workers of Europe, so that trade depression might be solved by increased consumption of goods.

What the British workman demands is the general introduction of the eight hours day under the Washington Convention. Although at the recent conference of the

International Workers' Federation at Berne the German representative declared that his Government was anxious to conform to the eight hours day, there seems little chance of its being universally adopted, and no Government will take the risk of setting the example. We must therefore look to other remedies. In an excellent little book on *Industrial Ownership*, Mr. Brookings, the American economist, points out that a large production *per capita* is absolutely necessary in order to compensate capital and management and leave for labour (which is all the people) a margin over subsistence needs. America has solved this problem by a wide distribution of wealth, and Americans will tell you that the theory so commonly held, especially by the British worker, that it is the over-production of a commodity which causes unemployment, is nonsense.

Our answer to this is that America has a market at her door which is inexhaustible in its demands for increased production, a market with a stabilised exchange, so that the production of commodities is so balanced as to equalise demand, and that, in spite of this, America has suffered from acute unemployment in the loss of her European market, and over-production in consequence of the war. It is this capacity for over-production that afflicts cities like Sheffield, the machinery set up during the war enabling orders to be carried out with more rapidity. Moreover, much of the armament plant is useless for industrial purposes, and this constitutes a heavy overhead charge.

But labour-saving machinery is all to the good, although it is difficult to persuade the worker who is temporarily deprived of his job that it will be ultimately to his advantage by reducing costs of production. The best factories in Sheffield have nothing to learn in this respect, and when demand improves once more it will be greatly to their advantage that they should be well equipped. But the best machinery is not sufficient to face modern competition if management and organisation are inefficient.

The iron and steel industry, as Sir Frederick Mills pointed out in his recent presidential address at the Iron and Steel Institute, is faced with the fact that the cost of

production since war days has increased fifty to sixty per cent., while selling prices have increased only thirty to forty per cent. The result is that the industry has become unprofitable. He therefore advised the manufacturers to amalgamate their interests and arrange for a segregation of orders, concentrating them in those areas and works most suitable for the object of their production. Specialisation was the order of the day, and those in the iron and steel industry must adopt it. They are warned by another expert, Mr. T. W. Hand, of Sheffield, that salvation lies in the wholesale scrapping of obsolete plant. When the leading industrialists give such advice there must obviously be something amiss at present in the organisation of British industry. Americans and Germans who come over here say so. It is the day of big industry, they point out, and you must go in for mass production and save overhead charges by combinations of firms and the linking-up of processes of manufacture. But if you ask in Sheffield why this cannot be done, and why there should be half a dozen firms making the same things and competing for orders one against another, the manufacturers will tell you that they have, of course, thought of all this, and that everything possible is being done. This does not answer the criticism that where great variety of shapes are rolled in the same works it would pay better to specialise the work by giving to the mills the orders most suitable for their machinery.

You will find many of the parts of a motor car being made in Vickers' factory, but if you want to see the finished car you must go to Birmingham, where the parts are assembled. It must add to the cost of the manufacture of the car that all these parts should be conveyed about the country. But if you put such questions to the manufacturers they will tell you that British industry has been a matter of slow growth, and that its mainspring was individual initiative, with factory and mill growing up here and there. You might as well try to bring the five rivers of Sheffield into one stream as to combine these separate industries now. It would, in fact, cost millions of pounds to do so. So runs the argument.

Yet if these criticisms are well founded and our chief

rivals are combining, like the great firms of Krupp with its former competitors, the Thyssen, Siemens and Stinnes companies, to form one group with the object of specialising their work and co-operating for the distribution of orders and the purchase of raw materials, it is obvious that if we lag behind in methods of organisation we shall do so at our peril. For when the tide turns it will not bring to this country the increased trade which it needs to buy its food and raw material.

It is said that our factories use their coal in a wasteful and inefficient way, and that economies could be made by the better construction of the furnaces, too much heat going up the chimneys or into the flues, and that our manufacturers are strangely indifferent to the use of the latest scientific appliances, such as gas engines using coke oven and blast furnace gases, and burners which, by using solid hydrocarbon in pulverised condition, make it possible to obtain smokeless combustion and raise higher temperature and great intensity. If such criticism is true, and we refuse to throw aside old methods and practices and adopt the new, nothing can save us. Mr. Baldwin, who is a business man himself, strongly emphasised the necessity for those who are directing British industry realising this, in the speech which he recently made at Welbeck Abbey.

"Businesses in the same trade will have to come together," he said; "they will have to concentrate on modern plant and scrap the old, and nothing but the using of the best brains among them and the best endeavours on the part of all concerned will enable us to pull through these times."

What saved us in the past, as Mr. Baldwin added, was our power for swift adjustments to changes as they came along, and he did not believe that we had lost the cunning of our brain or the skill of our hand. He therefore appealed to the manufacturers and employers of the country to see whether, by their work and by using their brains, they could not put ten per cent. on to the efficiency, each one, of his own industry. Mr. Baldwin is undoubtedly right in declaring that efficiency in management in Great Britain could be raised ten per cent. very easily, and that the effect

of that would be enormous in cheapening the cost of production.

Mr. Baldwin has appealed for a truce in industry, and in doing so he has performed a great service in persuading many of those engaged in industry, masters and men, to sit down together and consider the problems that face them. The spirit of the men in the steel industry is excellent. They are putting their backs into their work, and there is no question of a 'canny' or restriction on output. I am told that this is largely due to the fact that the men are on piecework, but that in the shipyards the same cannot be said. It is not so much that the men do not do a fair day's work in the yards, but that the minute division of labour often causes loss of time. However this may be, no one in Sheffield complains that the spirit of the workers is failing or that they are less skilful at their jobs. Sheffield has the best and the most skilful steel workers in the world.

But a great deal of the work in modern industry is monotonous, and under mass production the tendency to turn the human being into part of the machine will increase. The employers must learn to think of labour not as a commodity to be bargained for at the lowest price, but must remember the man in the machinist. The Prime Minister is on right lines in arguing that the men should be given a greater interest in the management.

I wish that something more could be done to occupy the time of the unemployed. It requires all the courage a man has, to live from the so-called dole, which in Sheffield, even when supplemented by outdoor relief, allows on a graduated scale no more than a maximum of £2 a week for a man and wife and six children, the unemployment benefit itself being 18s. for the man, 5s. for his wife, and 2s. for each child. The maximum sum obtainable from outdoor relief is £2 a week. It makes one angry when one hears men in comfortable clubs in London talking of the unemployed in contemptuous terms as idlers and shirkers who prefer to live on the "dole." I wish some of these armchair critics would go to a great industrial centre like Sheffield and spend a morning in the Employment Ex-

change there, watching the unemployed being paid their unemployment benefit, which in many instances has to be supplemented by the Guardians. They would see there many pinched faces marked with want and almost despair. There are shirkers and loafers in every great city. But the great majority of these men would gladly take a job of almost any kind. They are weary of wandering about the streets with nothing to do. Moreover, every possible precaution is taken against fraudulent application for unemployment benefit, each man as he registers being obliged to give a full account of himself, so that reference can be made to his last employer. The supervision of the unemployed is well organised in Sheffield.

The young men are kept at school as long as possible; they are encouraged to attend evening classes, and a few are trained in boot repairing. There are institutes also which the adults can attend. But the cost of training large numbers of the unemployed to a trade, or providing those already skilled with opportunities to maintain their efficiency would be prohibitive. It is not possible because the trade unions, with so many out of work, are opposed to more men being trained. The unemployed of Sheffield are, moreover, a constantly shifting crowd. A man will be in work one week and out of work the next, or on part time. Perhaps something more could be done to divert their thoughts. But far more valuable than lectures or concerts for their amusement is the sympathy that comes from personal contact with their troubles.

Of the reality of the tragedy no one who has seen the unemployed in the great industrial centres can have any doubt. Even on the best men a long period of unemployment has a demoralising effect. Sir Alfred Mond has suggested that the unemployment benefit should be given to the employers so that they might add the amount to their wage bill and thus take on a larger number of men. The Trade Unions are opposed to this in Sheffield, and the employers to whom I spoke on the subject appeared to think that it would give an unfair advantage to the less efficient firms. The Government, which believe that industry must work out its own salvation in the main, are not likely to adopt the Mond scheme.

It has been suggested that if the British iron and steel industries make a working arrangement with the heavy industries on the Continent for the fixing of prices, the allocation of orders, and the distribution of products, trade would improve. The British Iron and Steel Federation do not appear to be enamoured of this project. But the German and French industrialists have been trying to reach an agreement, for it is obvious that the present cut-throat methods of competition are benefiting no one. Many industries in Germany are working at a loss, and general conditions of production, owing to the high rate of interest for credit and heavy taxation, leave little chance for making profits. The German worker, too, is beginning to kick against his low wage.

There are signs that Germany is beginning to see that she is pushing her present methods, which have been forced on her by the necessity of exporting to the utmost to pay reparation, too far in her own interest. The channels of trade are being choked, without Germany being able to make the necessary profit even in those industries in which she snatches orders from us. The present competition of all against all, is, as Dr. Wendler, the German economist, pointed out in a recent lecture on European Economics, immensely wasteful, the real purpose of all economy being not the increase of manufacture at all costs, but the reasonable and practical balance of interests and requirements which can be achieved only by industrial co-operation.

Although we may be very far from the system of Free Trade for Europe which Dr. Wendler has apparently in mind, it is all to the good that German economists should be thinking out a plan which might enable us all to escape from the present depression and put Germany on a better road to carry her burdens. If Europe could learn to think of trade not in terms of parochial economy with industries jealously guarded behind Tariff walls, but in a spirit of co-operation which would sweep away all obstacles in the way of the international exchange of goods, the world would indeed be a better place to live in.

BERNARD SHAW'S "SAINT JOAN": AN HISTORICAL POINT OF VIEW

BY PROFESSOR J. VAN KAN

I

THE appearance of the long-awaited chronicle play is greeted as an event both in the English world of letters and in the literature of Joan of Arc.

Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* is the first serious attempt to give a dramatic rendering of the figure of France's sublime heroine based upon a truly historical foundation. For as such none of the early or later French dramatic—we might even add epic and lyric—renderings of this marvellous material can be reckoned. They are all, without exception, products of an imagination which has refused to be bridled by rigid facts; which always interweaves real events with the dreamings of the writer, and which frequently, for the sake of harmonising the combination, has even invented the events themselves. Moreover, with the exception of Charles Péguy's *Mistère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*, none of them is a work of art of any importance, which in itself is sufficient reason for not dwelling upon them.

Neither does the First Part of *Henry VI* come under consideration from this point of view. Shakespeare reproduces the English conception of the Maid of his own day; and that conception was no other than the obstinate echo of the representation that had been needed to lend its great political significance to the trial of Joan of Arc, and at the same time to render the abominable legalised murder acceptable to those in sympathy with England and Burgundy. This representation had been purely political, and in Shakespeare's day its reproduction was not based upon historical research. The only ground for what was offered as history was tradition; and this tradition itself was drawn from political sources and also—but in a much smaller degree—from hate and vengeance.

Schiller's creation can lay as little claim to being historical. Schiller approaches his heroine with love and reverence—for which we shall always bear him gratitude after the atrocious coarseness of Voltaire—but his representation ranges so freely through the realms of fantasy that the portrait he created of her whom he has christened for all time, and especially in Germany, the "Maid of Orleans" has often nothing more in common with historical actuality than the unhistorical title.

It is very striking that the first attempt to mould the imposing tragedy of the Sublime Maiden into dramatic form, with material that is borrowed from history itself, should come from across the Channel—from the land that was once the land of Warwick, and which aspired to the dual kingship, but which has now long been the land of Southey and Andrew Lang; the country that in its oldest and in its newest cathedral seeks out beautiful spots in which to honour the memory of her against whom its forefathers perpetrated the most cruel of injustices.

II

Shaw wished to create an historical work, and it is an historical work that he has accomplished. But this historical work is yet, above all, a work of art. It goes without saying that the fundamental lines, however essential, may not hamper the imagination of the artist, or dictate the setting or development. Historical facts, worked out dramatically, must necessarily be modified in many ways. A poem remains essentially historical as long as the representation is rooted in actual events, even if these actual events, for the sake of drama and its exigent demands, are moulded into a modified form. The spirit of the actual events is not outraged even if they are apparelled in a different way, provided that the arrangement and decoration are borrowed from the arsenal of history. It would therefore be narrow-minded pedantry, even a misunderstanding of the artistic conception, a confusion between art and history, if we were to demand of the artist that he should keep the events entirely intact.

The poet may mould facts in his manipulative fingers, but the material itself must not be the fruit of his imaginative creation. Should this be the case the poem forfeits its historical character, and with it the artistic advantage in view, which in the present case is very great: the story of Joan of Arc is so moving, so sublime, that the poet who paints her with the brush of actual fact has everything to gain by so doing.

III

It is just because Shaw's creation is an historical work that it deserves historical criticism.

This criticism wishes to be, first and principally, appreciative; to express how much it values the serious historical structure of the chronicle play, the deep and accurate study that the poet-scholar has made of the literature relating to this intricate problem. Every page of the tragedy bears the mark of this. But it would also call attention to certain historical inaccuracies which are the cause of small, but nevertheless unnecessary, blemishes in the character of the Heroic Maid, and which distort the surroundings over which she spread her angelic light.

After what I have said above it will be understood that the last thing I wish to do is to cavil at such alterations as the drama renders necessary, and which do not violate the spirit of the facts, such as the individual arrangement and the concentrated representation of things which in reality took place in a different and more spacious form than it is possible or desirable to reproduce on the stage. It is perfectly legitimate to combine incidents from the two journeys to Vaucouleurs, from Joan's two visits to the King's castle at Chinon, and from various sittings of the Court of Justice at Rouen. It is also defensible to bring into conscious expression tendencies towards Protestantism, Nationalism and the defence of a privileged position, which were then no doubt nascent in men's minds, although the conscientiousness is an anachronism. Pardonable also are small anachronisms which the poet draws from his own knowledge of the future course of events, such as the characterisation of the Crown Prince by his royal father

as "a horrid boy. He hates me. He hates everybody; selfish little beast" (Sc. II, p. 3). Charles VII could not have spoken like that in 1429 of his five-year-old son. But this liberty is allowable, as by its means the poet can tell us something characteristic which he could not do otherwise.

It is less pardonable to raise La Tremoille to the command of the army. The programme of the New Theatre even represents him as Constable of France. The Constable was Arthur de Richemont, and the commander of the army that was operating in the middle of France, in so far as the command was concentrated, was Charles de Bourbon. George de la Tremoille was neither, nor was he a Duke; nor, of course, was his wife a Duchess (Sc. II, pp. 35, 38). He was Sire de la Tremoille, Baron de Sully, and was not raised to be Count until the Day of Coronation. Neither was Sire de la Tremoille a diplomatist (Sc. II, p. 34), and it sounds strange to hear this description applied to him by the man who, with the King's mother-in-law, Yolande, held the whole diplomacy of the disorganised kingdom in his own hand.

But these are only external details. Of far more importance is the excessive exaggeration in the drawing, or rather in the caricaturing, of the King. Certainly Charles VII was weak-willed; but only in an unhistorical caricature could such words be put into his mouth as "I never asked to be a King" (Sc. II, p. 24). "If you want me to be crowned at Rheims you must talk to the Archbishop, not to me" (Sc. II, p. 26). "I am not such a fool as I look" (Sc. II, p. 30). "If we go to Rheims and have a coronation, Anne will want new dresses" (Sc. II, p. 31). Who is Anne? Shaw must know as well as anybody else that the Queen of France was called Marie (of Anjou); and in 1429 no one but the Queen had any right to clothes at the King's expense.

Charles VII was by no means a dignified King, but only a caricature could use such coarsely sacrilegious expressions as "I thought I should have dropped when they loaded that crown on to me. And the famous holy oil . . . was rancid. Phew!" (Sc. V, p. 50, *cf.* also p. 59, "Oh that oil!")

with the least hint of boastfulness was worlds removed from the Maid.

It is one of the marvels of this peasant girl that she, in the entirely strange surroundings of the Court, immediately found the correct and natural way to behave. "Elle possède, sans l'avoir apprise, la langue qu'il convient de parler aux grands."¹ This has not been sufficiently understood by Shaw. He gives her the naïf awkward speech of the peasant girl who comes straight from the land, first to the Commander of Vaucouleurs and then to the King's Court. She says to the King such things as "Thou needs new clothes" (Sc. II, p. 29). At the first acquaintance she addresses Baudricourt and Poulengy by their Christian names (Sc. I, p. 12 and 10 ss.), and the King she almost immediately calls Charlie (Sc. II, p. 29). This sounds very different to the real "gentil Dauphin."

There is another point of great importance. I mean the interpretation of "the voices." Everyone is free to interpret and explain in his own way the voices that from her childhood had guided Joan. Shaw is perfectly free to interpret "the voices" as the product of Joan's imagination, the echoes of her own common-sense, or even of her own wilfulness. But it is in contradiction to all the facts to impose this explanation upon Joan herself. For it is as certain as anything historical can be certain that Joan was absolutely convinced that through "the voices" the Saints, as animate beings outside herself, spoke to her. It never for a moment entered her mind that "the voices" could come from her own spiritual power. It is therefore in flagrant and serious conflict with history when Shaw makes her answer to the opinion expressed by Baudricourt: "They (the voices) come from your imagination," "Of course, that is how the messages of God come to us" (Sc. I, p. 11); or when he makes her say to Regnault de Chartres: "They (the voices) are only the echoes of my own common-sense" (Sc. V, p. 65); or to the King: "If you prayed from your heart and listened to the trilling of the bells in the air after they stop ringing, you would hear the voices as well as I do" (Sc. V, p. 60). In these passages

(1) A. Desjardins, *Vie de Jeanne Darc*, 2^e éd., Paris, 1862, p. 38.

it is not Joan but Shaw who speaks. Joan would sooner have let her tongue be torn out of her mouth than pronounce a naturalistic explanation of what she, in the certainty of her faith, held to be the actual voices of Saints dwelling in another world. This is the greatest and really capital lapse from history of which the play is guilty.

I should like to call attention to another inaccuracy. I may begin by saying that for a long time Joan has been regarded as one of the pioneers of the Protestant idea of liberty of private opinion. In Shaw's drama this so-called Protestantism in the Maid again plays an important part. I, for my part, do not believe in it in the least, and I repeat the words of Andrew Lang, a great student of Joan of Arc and a Scottish Protestant: "She was as sound a Catholic as man or woman could be in matters of faith."¹ But in this matter there may be a difference of opinion. It is historically established, however, that in the tragedy of the Maid the contrast between authority of the Church and private judgment was first formulated by the judges at Rouen after they had been primed by the University of Paris. It was the most dangerous snare that the prosecution spread, and it is unhistorical to make it appear as if, even before the catastrophe of Compiègne, anything whatever had been noticed in Joan that had the least suggestion of pro-Protestant tendencies. The words which Shaw's Archbishop addresses to the Maid on the day of Coronation in the cathedral: "The voice of God on earth is the voice of the Church Militant. If you perish through setting your private judgment above the instructions of your spiritual directors the Church disowns you" (Sc. V, p. 65) are expressions which Shaw has borrowed from the legal proceedings at Rouen, and which he anachronistically uses in anticipation. In July, 1429, no one thought or spoke thus in the camp of the Armagnacs—not even the bitterest ecclesiastical foes of the Maid, to whom Regnault de Chartres undoubtedly belonged.

(1) A. Lang, *The Maid of France*, London, 1913, p. 251.

V

This transplacing of things that occurred later to an earlier time is not the only instance of the kind that we find in the chronicle play. The whole of Scene V is unhistorical in this respect. Undoubtedly, even before the Coronation, the atmosphere of silent opposition was spreading, and in this the envy, jealousy, and small-minded self-seeking of the Government and army leaders who were thrown into the shade by Joan found their secret means of action. These secret forces were to grow even more sinister during the ten months of reaction between the day of glory at Rheims and the day of disaster at Compiègne. But at the Coronation no one would have dared publicly to set himself up or to express himself as antagonistic to Joan, neither the Archbishop-Chancellor nor the newly created Marshal Gilles de Rais, and least of all the King or Dunois—apart from the fact that the latter would certainly not even have thought of doing so.

In another important instance this method of anticipation gives the wrong value to a cardinal point. Shaw makes it appear as if in the summer of 1429 the Earl of Warwick had already formed the plan for getting Joan into his hands and then having her condemned by an ecclesiastical court. Even before the Coronation Warwick is in negotiation about it with Cauchon. "Some of Charles's people will sell her to the Burgundians; the Burgundians will sell her to us; and there will probably be three or four middlemen, who will expect their little commission" (Sc. IV, p. 41). Again, on the day of Coronation Dunois is made to say: "The lucky man that makes the capture will receive sixteen thousand pounds from the Earl of Ouareek" (Sc. V, p. 63), and then Cauchon will see to the rest, Cauchon who "is coming to business in the English camp" (Sc. IV, p. 42) and who "knows his business" (Sc. V, p. 64). Now there is no historical evidence whatever of such a plan having been formed to secure Joan through the treachery of the Armagnacs; and Cauchon's business, directed towards a process of law, does not begin till after her imprisonment

in Compiègne. It has even been ascertained upon good authority that the plan for transferring the prisoner from Jean de Luxembourg to the English for the price of ten thousand pounds originated in the Paris University, whose messenger Cauchon was on his visit to the Burgundian camp, which introduced the negotiations. Of course, Warwick eagerly entered into this plan. However this may be, even if the plan for selling Joan was originated by the English, this is certain, that the obvious instigation for the plan lay in the capture at Compiègne and not at an earlier date.

VI

In Scene VI Bernard Shaw rises to his full power. All the available material of the procedure is concentrated in masterly dramatic style into one sitting, which the poet places on the ultimate day of May 30th, 1431. The great dramatist in his supreme effort is here at the same time an accurate historian. Not that I should care to take the responsibility of all the representations given, and, in particular, not of those which interpret the clauses in the proceedings which brought the Saint to the stake, as anything more than an ecclesiastical dressing—*pour le besoin de la cause*—of a legalised political murder, or those which show the majority of the judges as anything more than conscious liars and deliberate murderers.¹ But eminent historians think otherwise on this point, and Shaw may allow himself to be convinced by them and their arguments. At all events it is a satisfaction to one's sense of historical justice that Shaw does not conclude his last act without having exposed the treachery of the Inquisitor and the Archbishop in all its cynical monstrosity (p. 94).

I should like to call attention to one more point, because on it there is a great deal of misunderstanding. I refer to the connection between the seventy (why does Shaw speak of sixty-four?) counts and the twelve articles. Shaw also represents it as if the seventy points of accusation, being too long and too learned for all the members of the Court, are reduced—cut down to twelve (p. 73). This is not

(1) *Ibidem*, p. 232.

correct. The twelve articles are not the abstract of the seventy articles. Each document fulfils a separate and different function.

The seventy points form the accusation required by the Ecclesiastical Public Prosecutor (the Promoter); the regular proceedings were opened by the exposition of these. The twelve points, on the other hand, form a document which, according to usage in trials for heresy, was sent at a later stage of the proceedings to theologians and lawyers, to gain their opinion. As regards the exact nature of these points, the accusation proffered would naturally partly determine them, but by no means exclusively or even in the most important particular. The twelve points of this document are especially based upon the replies made by Joan in the process of examination. The misunderstanding has arisen out of the original text of the report of the proceedings of April 2nd, which at the first reading is misleading.¹

And now a small error of Shaw's connected with the above-mentioned misunderstanding can easily be corrected. It was the business of the Promoter to compose the accusation; in accordance with this rule of procedure the seventy articles were the work of the Promoter d'Estivet, not of de Courcelles, as we read in Shaw (p. 73). It is true that de Courcelles—which probably misled the author—read out the articles in the sitting of March 27th. The twelve articles, on the other hand, are not the work of the (vice) Inquisitor Jean Lemaître (see Shaw, p. 73), but probably of the Assessor, Nicolas Midi.

(1) See the text in Champion, *o.c.*, t. I., p. 269; Quicherat, *o.c.*, t. I., p. 327.

MAURICE HEWLETT

By W. H. GRAHAM

MAURICE HEWLETT died in June, 1923, aged sixty-two.

Poet, Dramatist, Romancer, Novelist and Essayist, he was one of the outstanding writers of the Georgian period.

He excelled as Italian Novelist, Historical Romancer and Essayist, and it is probable that the court of public opinion will, when sitting in judgment as literary critics of the future, uphold this verdict and appraise him accordingly. Straightforward in intention and straightforward in execution, he was in plain terms what one would call an honest man of letters. You knew exactly where you stood with him in any particular line of work he took up. A writer with the quality of a sixteenth century style brought into line with twentieth century requirements, his work was characterised by vigour, frankness, and clarity. His versatility was of deliberate intention and covered a wide range.

Some critics have said that he was indebted to Meredith for his style. Whether or no this be true, at least there was one affinity between the two. This was their independence of mind towards the public. But this independence was dissimilar. Meredith would not abuse his art by writing down to the mass and thus obtain a gilt-edged security. Hewlett on his part refused to be dictated to in the choice of subject matter on which to write—it was as if he said to us: "Here you are. I have taken up this theme, made what I can of it, and it is for you to say whether you will have it or no. For my part I have done with it and pass on to something different." That was his attitude, and if unspoken, he made us feel it. Both Meredith and he seem to say in this connection, "What shall it profit a writer if he gain the whole world and lose his own individuality?"

Hewlett in that early and lovely book of his *The Forest Lovers* made such a reputation as a first-class romancer that the public continued to demand successors to it. I did myself. And when our man refused to listen to their

clamour and went off on his own, and in his own way, the disappointed gradually forsook him. In the preface to one of his more recent collections of essays he refers to this class of prejudiced reader as "a permanent irritation."

A question which will surely be asked at once is what practical value does his work, taken altogether, bear towards the social needs and conditions of to-day? Before I start out to answer this very important query to our satisfaction, I must make one remark. It surely is not expected that the average novelist should be a social reformer. If they were, how little would they be read. Novels are accepted as a form or means of recreation to those engaged in the business of life. Not as further lessons to be learned. There are instances, however, where a writer gives to the public an æsthetic enjoyment accompanied by something sterner and more enduring. Hewlett in certain aspects of his output was one of these. Almost from the first he championed the cause of women's enfranchisement and an improvement in the lot of the manual labourer.

To the old-fashioned, quiet-loving novel reader it must have come as an acute electric shock to find one of his favourite writers bursting out into polemics of a somewhat fiery nature and waving what is called in these days "the Red Flag." Yet such is what happened on the morning of January 4th, 1910, for on that day the readers of the *Daily Chronicle* found on the front page a letter from Maurice Hewlett addressed to "the working men of England." Its immediate cause was an approaching General Election, and in the letter he offered some very advanced advice to his readers in direct and trenchant language. Here are a few extracts from his letter. He starts off:

As one of yourselves, gaining my livelihood by the work of my head and hand, but having by training, and the grace of God, a certain knack (very necessary in my business) of seeing things as they really are, I venture to address you in this crisis of affairs. Being a workman myself, I am entirely in sympathy with my class, and in every word I have spoken or written upon social and political matters have urged the workman's case. I desire now to put plainly, without mincing phrases, where our interest is and in what danger it is.

The next extract is interesting in view of that fine English chronicle of his called *The Song of the Plow* (which in the preface he suggested might alternatively have been entitled "The Hodgiad"). He says:

You don't know: it almost passes belief, but you don't know yet—that you are the masters of England. Hodge, as they used to call you, is king. It is fully time that you did know it, for things are being done, and suffered to be done, to your property which you would stop to-morrow if you realised that you could. Well, as a student of history and men and women, I tell you deliberately that you can.

Further on he declares that:

I belong to no recognised political party, am neither Socialist, nor Liberal, nor Conservative; and let me repeat that I am a working man who reasonably desires to see his class get its rights.

My final extract is arresting inasmuch as it states his opinion of war:

Wars are engineered and provoked—deliberately provoked—by financiers, by little ones that they may become great, by great ones that they may become greater. Except for religion's supposed benefit, there is no instance in history of a war which had not for its motive gain of land, power or money by one people at the expense of another. . . .

. . . Workmen are concerned vitally in this matter, because in war it is *their* throats that are to be cut, *their* bodies that are to be shot through.

This may be advertisement if you will, but it is not the kind of advertisement to do a man much good who is gaining his daily bread by literature with no appeal to the masses. In face of such daring doctrine he could not expect to retain those of his admirers who belonged to the aristocratic circles. He was fully prepared for this, however, and had counted the cost of this likely loss to his popularity. You will find running through a good many of his books a strong vein of sympathy with the labouring man and little or no feeling for the rich or titled people. He has even made one of his most attractive men characters renounce the wealth and position which would naturally have fallen to his lot. Senhouse, if you remember, strikes out on his own and lives a gipsy life on a hand-to-mouth existence.

The Song of the Plow makes sorry reading to those who are gifted with insight and imagination. Unfortunately

it is true to history and tells us in brief of the lives of the many held at the caprice of the few.

A unique outcome of the *Song of the Plow* was his appointment by the Government to enquire into the conditions of agricultural labour in the North of England, about which he wrote to me :

Work that is deeply interesting to me, and more important than can easily be expressed. I hope I shall make a good thing of it for the sake of poetry ; for I believe it is the first time in history that the writing of a poem has led to a Government appointment. Yet that is literally the case here.

It may be so, as far as poetry is concerned, but there is an almost parallel case of a book's effect on the authorities in the reputed alteration made in the penal code by the then Home Secretary after he had witnessed John Galsworthy's play *Justice*.

In *The Forest Lovers* you will find the following quotation :

It is providence for the earth-born that their mother's lap soon takes furrows in which they may run, . . . that dull and endless patience of the earth-born, poor clods without hope or memory, who from dwelling so hidden in the lap of the earth seem to win a share of its eternal sufferance. Your peasant will bow his back as soon as he can stand upright, and every year draws him nearer to the earth. . . . The scarred hills, the burnt plains, the trees which the wind crows and lays down, the flowers and corn, meek or glad at the bidding of the hour—the earthborn in kin to these, more plant than man. . . .

His sympathy for the village people and the lives they lead was shared by another great writer who was loved by Hewlett, W. H. Hudson. In the latter's book *A Shepherd's Life*, which deals with the men and women of the Wiltshire Downs country, you have this sympathy poignantly presented. With Hewlett this attitude, I think, was acquired in his latter years when he had settled down to a rural life, but in Hudson's case it was inbred.

He would have us believe that his attitude throughout his novels was a purely impersonal one, and that he could not be held responsible for the utterances of his puppets. That he himself, however, occasionally appears in certain characters there can be no gainsaying. Senhouse, for

instance, was Hewlett disguised. In *Half-Way House* Mr. John says :

Oh, I don't know that I'm extraordinary at all ; on the contrary, everybody else seems extraordinary to me. It's so simple, I don't doubt that I could make you see what a great life I lead—that's my business as an artist. . . . The thing is to get your fun out of what you're obliged to do—or, if you prefer it, to make it your business to do what you like. The Socialists say so, and so do I. After that we differ. . . . They say that people can only be made happy by dynamite. Dynamite first, Act of Parliament afterwards. . . . Pride's purge, there's my nostrum for the world-sickness. Poverty, Poverty, Poverty. . . . I have nothing and possess all things ; I'm rich because I'm destitute ; I'm always filling myself because I'm always empty. . . .

This is Senhouse's philosophy of poverty, and what I am about to quote to you is his philosophy of riches, which I have taken from *Open Country* :

But old Roger Charnock, M.P., J.P., D.L.—out upon the hobbled wretch ! articles himself to a brewer, and when his father died and left him a thousand or two, what next but he must buy the brewer out ? It was a rotten concern, I believe, and he got it for a song. Well, that was the end of him ; he set to work "to build up his fortune." You might put it that he set to work to brick himself up in a great house. God help him now !—he was at it from dawn to midnight, slaving and driving slaves. . . . What did he get ? What was his price ? I'll tell you. He got a country house five times too big for any reasonable man, with as many rooms in it as there are days of the month. He could have slept in a new bed every night for three weeks if he had pleased. And that did please him vastly. And he got all the rest of his glories after that. J.P. came next—easily ; and they all followed—M.P., D.L., M.F.H.

This advanced thinker Senhouse also had his theories on the marriage system, and in *Half-Way House* he tells the heroine of that story :

You're just a counter in a game at this hour—put up between the dressmaker and the policeman. You are property, and that's the Bible's doing. Why—why, look at the Ten Commandments, "His wife, servant, maid, ox, ass, everything that is his." You come after his house, if you remember ; you come with the flocks and herds—there you are, even now—and there you must be until the system breaks down. Your jealous God, your jealous husband—don't you see that they're one and the same ? . . . That's only one point out of a thousand, but it's a good one. It concerns the welfare of more than half mankind and its relation with the other fraction. If men are to buy and hoard women, it's quite clear that women mayn't have souls of their own. . . . The whole social system depends upon their having none. You are property, my friend—marketed by the dressmaker, safeguarded by the policeman. It is really too degrading. It degrades the man more than the woman.

In one of his letters to "Sanchia" he says :

Marriage, then, is not the happy state. How then? It is not, and cannot be, as it is now ordered; for the notion of possession, of property once more, has entered in and vitiated it.

Both Hewlett and Meredith were firm believers in a larger freedom for women, more especially in their married state. In *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* Meredith says :

That Institution of Marriage was eyed, is it not a halting step to happiness? It is the step of a cripple, and one leg or the other poses for the feeble sex, small is the matter which. And is happiness our cry? Our cry is rather for circumstance and occasion to use our functions, and the conditions are denied to women by marriage. Denied to the luckless of women, who are many, very many. . . .

Again in his essay on *The Idea of Comedy* Meredith says :

Rather for cultivated women to recognise that the Comic Muse is one of their best friends . . . where women are on the road to an equal footing with men, in attainments and in liberty, in what they won for themselves and what has been granted them by a fair civilisation—there, and only waiting to be transplanted from life to the stage, or the novel, or the poem, pure Comedy flourishes and is, as it would help them to be, the sweetest of diversions, the wisest of delightful companions.

In this matter of the feminist movement Hewlett and Meredith were in advance of their time, and in all likelihood were misunderstood by a proportion of their feminine followers who lagged behind the leaders of the cause. To-day these same ladies would doubtless ask what do we owe to these two writers? If such a question should be asked, the enquirer must be told it is due to the avowed sympathy of such men as Meredith and Hewlett in their novels that release from the fetters which bound them and removal of the curtain covering them for centuries has come to pass and has helped to place women in the position they occupy to-day.

In a letter to me Hewlett says :

Not all things which the world calls good are good according to me; and many things which it calls bad, to me are reasonable and lawful.

Leaving the social side of our author's novels for awhile, I turn to another aspect of his work. Lord Verulam says that a garden

is the purest of Humane pleasures. It is the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man,

and I gather that Maurice Hewlett agreed with him. At any rate John Senhouse and he were certainly at one in their love of flowers, although Hewlett is not known openly to have acted as the anonymous universal gardener which was the happy duty the gipsy scholar performed. In *Half-Way House* of Senhouse it is reported

all herbs he loved and knew their virtues; a very good gardener in the west said that the gentleman-tinker could make a plant grow.

In the same book Senhouse refers to a favourite species of garden, namely, rock-gardens, which he cultivated in different parts of the country :

Flowers I grow 'em on those cliffs. I work those rocks. I plant things—they are natural rock-gardens, those boulders . . . I've got some good saxifrages to do there—androsaces of sorts—drabas, campanulas, columbines.

In the posthumous book of *Last Essays* will be found delightful articles on the crocus, the primrose, daffodils, windflowers and tulips, and in an early book of poems occurs his tribute in verse to "Crocuses," from which I take the following :—

Whether upon the grass kirtled in white
(Snow-drifted thither),
Or one by one, yet lingering and slight,
Your little fires broider a linked light,
And beacon in black weather
The way for men, or whether,
More violet than heart of amethyst,
You kneel at rest
In folded peace, as nuns that pray together

O glad your coming, and your service glad,
Sweet-breathed things!
You look not to the prison once you had
Take no thought wherewithal you shall be clad;
You have no sorrowings,
Nor rankle of coward-stings;
But spearing ever upwards in your flight
You strain to light,
Then listen clear-eyed till the chant begins.

Here is one more extract showing Senhouse as horticulturalist by Hewlett the lover of flowers. It is taken from the third and last of the Senhouse trilogy *Rest Harrow*, and depicts a gardener with insight and foresight.

He was an expert gardener, who in his day had been famous for his skill in naturalisation. His feats in this work have made a stir beyond our shores. Alpine plants grow wild upon English rock-faces at his whim, irises from the glaring crags of the Caucasus spread out their filmy wings when he bids them on Devonshire tors. . . .

Diversity in theme was his set choice, and the total result was as engaging as it was varied.

Take a walk through the portrait gallery he built and furnished with his own handiwork. Here shall you see pictures of women and men, romantic, historical, and classical.

The canvases show a wonderful insight into character with a perfect understanding of his complex crowd, and the colouring is appropriate and arresting.

In an essay on R. L. Stevenson he says of the latter's work as a novelist:

So far as the *manner* of the thing went, he was hardly off the mark; and if he could but have been more interested in the *matter* (which in novels means the people of the tale) he would have been a great novelist. But they were never real enough for him. They didn't live; so they don't. You can't get round them because he couldn't get inside them. He tells you about them, puts them in this light and that; but they themselves elude you.

Now if there is one thing that can be said about most of Hewlett's characters it is that for you they live and move and have their being. This they do by the dynamic of his creative power.

To take a list of some of his men and women at random—Prosper le Gai, King Richard (Yea and Nay), Brazenhead the Great, Bothwell, Duke of Devizes (Wellington), Bendish (Lord Byron), Senhouse, Mainwaring, amongst the men, and Isoult, Countess Hauterive, Jehane, Queen Mary, Hermia Mary, Sanchia, Mrs. Lancelot from his women; here you have an exhibition of living people moving in their own proper environment and sphere in Society.

If there be one outstanding fault in his delineation it is his fondness for over-accentuating the sensuous side of certain of his men and women, which has the effect of irritating his readers by its repetition. This blemish and a tendency in one or two of the earlier books towards an

over-affected or Wardour Street style of composition is all one can find to quarrel with seriously in Hewlett's work. But what debtors he makes of us all. Consider the rich alchemy going to make up that elixir of high romance *The Forest Lovers*, those historical sketches *Richard Yea and Nay*, and *The Queen's Quair*, and that English chronicle of his *The Song of the Plow*. What a vast amount of research and reading must have been put in before these could have been accomplished. Here is a workman who is akin to the great Sir Walter himself, of whom Hewlett writes in one of his essays:

But what does it all come to? Why, to this: that if a writer is of noble mind and can rise to the grand manner in his argument, you can stomach a deal of infinitely poor manner in the conduct of it. The fact is what life exacts and art has to give. . . .

Taking this random walk of ours through his gallery of men and women, then, the first portrait I notice is Prosper le Gai, that debonair hero of romance—

a tall and lean youth . . . fair-haired and sanguine, square-built and square-chinned. . . . He had a light and springing carriage of the head, enough to set his forelock nodding; his eye roved like a sea-bird's; his lips often parted company, for his breath was eager. He had a trick of laughing to himself softly as he went about his business, or else he sang. . . .

As a young man he started his responsibilities in life with an assurance given only to the few.

Adventure beacons from far off, and his heart leapt to greet the light.

Brazenhead the Great. A counterpart to Falstaff, in kind but not in value. He is never quite that good old man. Drunkard, liar, boaster as he is, there is lacking in him that *bonhomie* which radiates from Falstaff and makes us love the knight in despite of all his faults. Brazenhead suffers a little from his creator's over-elaboration.

"Battered, indifferent wicked, hardy, deep in craft and counsel, unwearied in adventure—what I have been is all one. What I may be is before you, lady. Fortune calls; I see the white road of honour winding like a ribbon among the stony rocks. I go, I go, Fortune; for so it is decreed of all the Brazenheads."

Richard Yea and Nay, that mysterious king who spent most of his time fighting in France or crusading in the Holy Land and very little of it in looking after this kingdom of his. Hewlett's sketch of the Lion Heart is of interest as an attempted revelation of his private character, showing us how he dealt with his immediate circle of friends, and, of no less importance, how he subdued his enemies:

He was a very tall young man, high-coloured and calm in the face, straight-nosed, blue-eyed, spare of flesh, lithe, swift in movement. He was at once bold and sleek, eager and cold as ice. . . . He was arrogant, but his smile veiled the fault; you saw it best in a sleepy look he had. . . .

Here also we are presented with his love story. This treats of Jehane St. Pol, that superb woman whom Hewlett makes quite comparable in physical attraction and force of character to Richard himself. Hewlett's portrait of her is as generous as it is bold. The King he makes a great hero, although we cannot but feel a dread of him, which at the end of the story, however, is overcome by pity. Poor little Queen Berengere. We are made to sympathise with her against our inclination.

Greatly daring Hewlett has attempted to draw Mary Queen of Scots. In that richly worked canvas, *The Queen's Quair*, glowing and radiating with Tudor warmth, he has presented us with a rarely just and faithful portrait of that ill-fated woman and her times.

It has been remarked already that Hewlett was a true son of the Elizabethans. There be some who say what has the Elizabethan age to do with the life we are now living? The historian says, in reply to this, everything. In this word is summed up all that has happened in the country's history from then until these days. We are the age's beneficiaries in so far as the country itself has benefited. Therefore, although the scoffer says "distance lends enchantment to the view," there yet remains this comfort to those of us who still believe in a retrospect, our enchantment is justified and made stronger by our review. Hewlett then proves in his written word and especially in *The Queen's Quair* all those qualities which go to make the Tudor age remarkable. You will find in this book frank expression, virility, ruggedness, and quick action.

The portraits of Mary, Darnley, Bothwell, and John Knox, to mention only some of the leading characters, are all drawn with a cunning and curious hand. Mary is the woman of passion. Ever seeking the man to whom she is the all-to-be-desired, he on his part must be the complete man. A modern dramatist has pictured the queen as the insatiable seeker after love, and Hewlett seems to have the same impression of her character.

He introduces her to us with this description:

A tall, slim girl, petted and pettish, pale (yet not unwholesome), chestnut-haired, she looked like a flower of the heat, lax and delicate. Her skin—but more, the very flesh of her—seemed transparent, with colour that warmed it from within, faintly, with a glow of fine rose. They said that when she drank you could see the red wine run like fire down her throat; and it may partly be believed. Others have reported that her heart could be discerned beating within her body, and raying out a ruddy light, now fierce, now languid, through every crystal member. . . . Her nose, he judged, was too long, her lips were too thin, her eyes too narrow. He detested her trick of the sidelong look. Her lower lids were nearly straight, her upper rather heavy; between them they gave her a sleepy appearance, sometimes a sly appearance, when, slowly lifting, they revealed the glimmering hazel of the eyes themselves. . . . fine she was all over, exquisitely cut and modelled; her sweet, smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else were pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose; her broad, high brows; her neck which two hands could hold; her small shoulders and bosom of a child. And then her hands, her waist no bigger than a stalk, her little feet. She had sometimes an intent, considering, wise look—the look of the Queen of Desire, who knew not where to set the bounds of her need, but revealed to no one what that was. And belying that look askance of hers—sly, or wise, or sleepy, as you choose—her voice was bold and very clear, her manners were those of a lively, graceful boy, her gestures quick, her spirit impatient and entirely without fear. . . .

The hero of the tale, if there is one, is Bothwell. This is how Hewlett presents him:

The Earl of Bothwell . . . was a galliard of the type esteemed in France by those, and they were many, who pronounced vice to be their virtue. A galliard, as they say, if ever there was one, flushed with rich blood, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, with a laugh so happy and so prompt that the world, rejoicing to hear it, thought all must be well wherever he might be. He wore brave clothes, sat a brave horse, kept brave company bravely. His high colour, while it betokened high feeding, got him the credit of good health. His little eyes twinkled so merrily that you did not see they were like a pig's, sly and greedy at once, and blood-shot. His tawny beard concealed a jaw underhung, a chin jutting and dangerous. His mouth had a cruel twist; but his laughing hid that too.

The bridge of his nose had been broken; few observed it or guessed at the brawl which must have given it him. Frankness was his great charm, careless ease in high places, an air of "take me or leave me; I go my own way," but some mockery latent in him, and the suspicion that whatever you said or did he would have you in derision—this was what first drew Queen Mary to consider him. . . .

Hewlett makes us feel the extraordinary fascination a man of Bothwell's type, powerful, yet openly cruel and base, has for a woman like Mary Stuart.

In *The Queen's Quair* Hewlett has assembled together men and women of all sorts, good and bad, whom he has made to fitly represent a great period in a great manner.

Touching upon historical studies he has also tried his hand at making us see notable people of a later age, the Victorian, and amongst these are the Duke of Wellington (masked as the Duke of Devizes) and Lord Byron (who is disguised as Bendish). Without placing too high an estimate on his work it can be said Hewlett has successfully breathed upon their dead bones and made these famous men live again for us as personages of the nineteenth century.

It must always remain a point of debate as to whether romantic portraits have any real value to the reader. If to the receptive mind they bear any resemblance to the accepted historical figures and appeal to the intelligence then surely the portraits are a source of interest and of advantage. They form an aid to our knowledge of history. But the pictures must be within reason or they are less than useless.

Hewlett has done brave work in his few historical romances, and his style is so convincing that most of, if not all, his portraits have the stamp of reality. As to his Great Duke there is a more intimate touch about the man than there is perhaps in any other of the author's figures. For here he is on safe ground. It would appear from a neatly introduced allusion that an ancestor of his used to meet the duke while they were both taking horse exercise. You will find the incident recorded in *Mrs. Lancelot*.

"The Duke, my boy? Ay, ay, I knew the Duke. I on my white cob riding to the office and he on his white barb between Wake House and

Downing Street—we passed each other every morning of our lives for nigh upon twenty years. He came to know me by sight, the greatest man in all England as he was. . . ."

Before this little reference is made Hewlett describes the duke's appearance in the following extracts:

. . . And immediately behind him a spare, very upright man came in at the doorway, more completely at ease than anyone she had ever seen before in her life, and gave two fingers to his hostess. Was this the hero who swayed a whole House of Peers? He looked like an elderly fox-hunter—with his shrewd, side-whiskered, humorous face, with his tended white hair, his colour of burnt brick and his china-blue eyes. His dress, too, had that neatness and effectiveness combined which such persons have.

And this one describing his eyes:

She felt the shaft of his keen eyes. They were, she found, of an intensely bright blue, the colour of turquoise, but with the transparency of the sapphire added.

Then comes a tribute to the man himself:

He paid her there the greatest compliment a man of many affairs can pay to a woman of none; he took her simply and seriously. Why he did so was principally because he was a man entirely without pretence—himself, for all his power and ability, quite simple and serious. Bores put him to flight, fops made him savage, witlings murderous. He was able to kill with a snub.

In this *Comedy of Assumptions* Hewlett has followed Thackeray's example in *Henry Esmond* by introducing into his story, and in *Bendish*, political and literary characters of the period. He has a delightful sketch of Tom Moore with his Irish breeziness.

In *Bendish* Hewlett has given us in the light of recent research an interesting and just picture of that complex character, Lord Byron. It is fair because the poet's failings and less desirable qualities are gently dealt with. It is not a biased estimate, and the reader is allowed to form his own judgment of the man. Here is the portrait:

George, Lord Bendish, at the hour of his majority was a young man who could do everything but see. He could feel intensely, think incisively and summarily, act in a flash, and bide his time with extreme tenacity; but discernment was denied him. He could not gauge values, he could not tell the real from the appearance. He had a fund of emotion, a fount of passion in him which might have set up another Shakespeare for Englishmen to worship when he was well dead—he turned them both to melo-

drama or gave them out in ten-gallon jars to any painted minx who would take one, or a dozen of them. He valued most of all his possessions his peerage; that was a mark upon him he never lost sight of. He might have been the most distinguished peer in England but for his conviction that it was distinction enough to be a peer at all. Other careers attracted him for a time, and he pursued them with a zest that soon tired: poetry, politics, love, philosophy, affairs. He found them and their rewards flimsy stuff beside the solid fact of being a lord among commoners. It is almost incredible that a young man so gifted could be so dull, that a man so sensitive to fine things could be so vulgar-minded, but it was so. When he became, as he did become, an acknowledged poet, he hugged the consciousness that he was first a lord; when he had men behind him who might have stormed and carried Westminster, he thrilled to remember that a peer led them. . . .

Hewlett published his last novel in 1920. It was called *Mainwaring*, and the hero of the story bears this name. His portrait is the last we are going to look at in our author's gallery of men.

Of Irish descent, he lived his brief, hectic and meteoric life of a social agitator in the 1880's. We learn his history from a friend who at the end of the novel marries the hero's widow. We are told that from an unknown schoolmaster Mainwaring ended his career by becoming a member of His Majesty's Government of that day. The theme is not a new one, and it cannot be said that Hewlett has developed anything above the ordinary in this class of novel. It is one of his least attractive studies. Mainwaring from start to finish is an impossible person. The book is saved by the heroine's own story, and Lizzie is one of Hewlett's best women.

Here is Mainwaring's portrait:

A tall, very black and white, gaunt, starved and distraught young man, outrageously thin, with cheek-bones like knives and elbows like hedge-stakes, in a thin broadcloth frock closely buttoned, withered black trousers, and a hat and pair of boots which, I give my word, were for tears. . . . He was not handsome, he stooped his head, he was of an unwholesome pallor, his jaw was slightly twisted—but there was an air of nobility about him and a wrung and rather terrible seriousness, all the more arresting because, as I believe, it was due to hunger. He wore a thin black beard, a French student's beard, which fluttered in the least breeze. Under that it was easy to see that his mouth was well shaped, though he had a trick of pressing the lips hard over the teeth which was ugly. His chin jutted forward like the cutwater of a destroyer. His eyes, as I found when I came to be intimate with him, were remarkable—of a deep and steady grey which had the power of dilation and the quality of fire to a very high degree.

We now arrive at the women of the gallery. About all Hewlett's heroines, or at least most of them, there is one great quality—they are all the Ideal Woman. Earthly saints, they are embodied goodness. Their spirituality shines out through their physical allurements. This latter quality is always attractive if not always of a showy description. Their virtue is unassailable. Two examples of this may be found in scenes between "Isoult and Prosper" and Georgiana and the Duke of Devizes.

Of all his ladies the most outstanding are Isoult, the mediæval type, and Sanchia, the modern type of heroine. But the gap between them is filled by a very choice selection of portraits.

The first lady we come to is, of course, Isoult la Desiree. She is a Cinderella. From being considered a witch's daughter she eventually becomes a countess in her own right and marries Lord Prosper. When we are first introduced to her

she was a young girl childishly formed—thin as a haggard hawk . . . white, resentful face, and a pair of startled eyes.

At the end of the story, however, a transformation has taken place, and

it was, after all, but a rosy child that Prosper kissed.

Here is a charming painting for you of the Georgian period in the best eighteenth century style. This is Miss Hermia Mary Chambre, known as "The Stooping Lady." A well-known Irish beauty, breaker of many hearts, she has her own broken by a young, upstanding English butcher, Vernour by name. What a delightful touch to the canvas do those regularly bestowed bunches of white violets make!

When Hermia Mary left Ireland it was said that she had emptied the country of its most beautiful woman. It may well be so. I have seen her portrait by Lawrence, which gives a face of high seriousness in rich hues of carmine, ivory and dark brown. Her figure is certainly exquisite, her hair like a sable cloud. Her rivals in Dublin, and afterwards in London, used to say that she had too much composure for a *débutante*. They all implied by that that she had her own ideas.

Framed in an Italian setting, we now come to one of

Hewlett's most famous Madonnas. Her name is Giovanna Scarpa of Verona—

one-and-twenty, fair-haired and flushed, delicately shaped, tall and pliant . . . Giovanna, flower in the face as she was, fit to be nosegay on any hearth, posy for any man's breast, sprang in a very lowly soil. . . . She should have been planted in a castle; instead, Giovanna, the stately calm with her billowing line, staid lips, and candid grey eyes, was to be seen on her knees by the green water most days of the week. . . . Giovanna was a beauty and a very good girl; but she was a washerwoman for all that, whose toil fed seven mouths.

This is a picture of Hewlett's "Madonna of the Peach Tree."

Our next is another Georgian portrait, Mrs. Lancelot, who also was able to break hearts. Before she married she was Miss Georgiana Strangeways, and Mr. Lancelot had

remarked her for a shy rather than a striking beauty, and considered that pensiveness sat well upon her. . . . No very high colour, perhaps, in her face, but that enhanced the splendour of her eyes, which were of that hyacinth-blue one associates for ever, who has seen it, with the Adriatic. Her face was rounded by a firm chin, her nose fine and straight, her upper lip short and proudly curved, the lower full. . . . Her form he considered was enchanting, the bust not full but tenderly shaped. Doubtless she might have been taller to carry so proud a gravity.

We cannot leave the gallery without looking lastly at the portrait of Sanchia Percival, who, although made famous by that still more famous man, John Senhouse, has a right to celebrity on her own account.

We have her now slim and thoughtful, rather pale, with something still of childish roundness of face. . . . Her eyes were very large and extremely lovely—blue-grey whites, black-ringed iris, large and palpitating pupils, a deep and serious gaze.

This is the picture of the lady who completely conquered Senhouse and made him say:

A woman—a girl—may be as lovely as a shell and as empty; it's when she informs a lovely mind that she becomes a miracle.

What is to be said of Hewlett's poetry? What of his Icelandic sagas? What of his essays?

He wrote poetry of all kinds, and indulged in experiments which may, and probably did, please him, but cannot have appealed to a large following.

The stories he wrote founded on Icelandic sagas were also ventures of his in another kind, but they were not so acceptable as his other romances. Perhaps the brutal character of the period, together with Hewlett's manner of conveying it, may have been too strong for the public taste.

He became Essayist in his later years after he had settled down to a country life for good and all. Taking up work as councilman and guardian, he only found time for writing occasional papers. You will find what he has to say on these in his preface to *Extemporary Essays*.

He [the Essayist] must hang his . . . concept, not with rhyme, but with wise or witty talk. . . .

"The style that is the man," and Hewlett's adventures in essay writing are best described as Himself in ink and paper. They are transparently the man talking to you, and if not the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" in these diversions of his, then he is the "Humanist over the nuts and port wine."

The root meaning of the word Classic as applied to books is that they deal with things which are at once human and elemental, and therefore permanent through all ages. Lasting as they do by these qualities, the books are assisted by the style in which they are presented and made easily understood by the simplicity and clarity of the language used.

As to whether Hewlett's work or some of it will be classic, only time will tell. Other times, other men. It is not possible for an author of one period to mortgage his reversionary interest as a classic to another period. Only where posterity realises something in his work which we know has endured from the past and they know will endure in the future can any claim be made for him. It may be the partiality of the over-fond, but that is the claim some of us put forward to-day for Maurice Hewlett.

THE BORDER STATES AND THEIR
POLICIES

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

FROM the Baltic to the Black Sea Soviet Russia is bounded or *bordered* by five States. In their order from north to south these Border States are Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Poland and Roumania. To them must be added Bulgaria, because of her water-front on the Black Sea, and, for the same reason, Turkey, with the additional argument of Constantinople, the coveted of all Russians. Lithuania is sometimes included in the category, but erroneously, for, as the Poles are in possession of Vilna and the Vilna district, a "corridor" divides her from Soviet Russia. Whatever loss Lithuania suffers on account of the Polish occupation of Vilna, she at least does gain something by being shut off by that corridor from the direct pressure of the Soviet. It is Soviet Russia that constitutes the danger and the menace to the Border States. The fear of her is their common denominator, and the reason for it is obvious. All of them hold territory or parts of territory known as Russian until a very few years ago. It was at the expense of the Russian Empire that Finland became an independent State, and that Estonia and Latvia sprang into existence likewise to become independent States. In this connection the fact should not be forgotten that these Baltic States owe their being, not to the Treaty of Versailles or other treaties in which the Allies were concerned, but to their individual action in getting or compelling Soviet Russia to make treaties of peace with them that affirmed and confirmed their new political status. With respect to Poland and Roumania, the two largest Border States, the resurrection of the one and the aggrandisement of the other were effected largely at the expense, too, of Soviet Russia. It has to be remembered, however, that Poland, like the other Baltic States just mentioned, made a peace treaty with Soviet Russia, after a successful struggle, and that it was this treaty which gave to her, two years after the Treaty of Versailles, the considerable portion of

her area that up till that time was Russian. Thus what may be termed the Russian frontiers of Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Poland are the frontiers of these States by treaty rights. Roumania is not in the same position.

Soviet Russia's claim to Bessarabia has not been surrendered by the Soviet; hence Roumania is on a footing altogether different from that of Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Poland. In the view of the Soviet Government Bessarabia represents an annexation by, not a reunion to, Roumania. The inclusion in Roumania of this former Russian government is not covered by a peace treaty with the Soviet, which, on the contrary, makes not the slightest secret of its opposition and determination to regain possession of it when opportunity serves. It may be recalled that Moscow reported that in the treaty recently negotiated between the Japanese and Soviet Governments Japan had distinctly dissociated herself from the other Allies on the Bessarabian question. The report was denied by Tokyo, but the attitude of Soviet Russia to Roumania was none the less clearly indicated once more. The Allied Supreme Council endorsed the claim of Roumania on ethnographical and historical grounds, which are undoubtedly very strong, but which the Soviet steadfastly refuses to accept as sufficient. Thus the situation of Roumania *vis-à-vis* Soviet Russia is not on all fours with that of Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Poland, whose eastern boundaries are recognised by treaties with the only other party affected, namely, the Soviet Government. Of course everybody knows that Soviet Russia is no great stickler for the sanctity of treaties, or, for that matter, of anything else, but it is perhaps well to bring out this point about Roumania and the Soviet, as the latter never fails to make the most of it for propaganda purposes. What is plain enough from what has taken place during the last seven or eight months is that in its policy the Soviet Government makes no real distinction between the Border States which have treaties with it and those which have not. All alike are under its ban.

Some of the Border States have alliances, *ententes*, or "regional understandings," to quote the phrase of the

Covenant, among themselves, as, for example, the alliance of Estonia and Latvia, or with other States, as, for instance, the *entente* of Poland and Czechoslovakia. These undertakings have necessarily a great influence in the making and shaping of their policies, besides being in themselves expressions of policies. Some of the States are deeply interested in finding a solution of the problem of the security of Central Europe, while others, again, are only remotely or scarcely at all concerned with this question. What the Border States have in common is the Soviet problem, all of them being subjected to the persistent political pressure of the Soviet Government and Bolshevik system, though not always in the same manner or to the same extent. How do these States react under this pressure? How do they meet or try to meet the threat of Soviet Russia? It is sometimes asserted, rather hardily considering the known facts, that no such threat exists. The Soviet Government has actually had the audacity to state that the continuance of the independence of such States as Estonia and Latvia has depended and depends on its observance of its treaty obligations to these States and on nothing else. This, to say nothing of Soviet Imperialism, is to ignore completely the basis of Bolshevism, which is the "World Revolution" and menaces every State outside the Soviet orbit. The Soviet Government is not telling the truth—which, however, is manifested by its acts and not by its words. The Bolshevising of Georgia is still sufficiently fresh in the general recollection, and certainly none of the Border States is likely to forget so striking an object lesson. But there are some more recent indications of the bent of the Soviet mind when in action, and before considering the policies of these States as regards Soviet Russia, it is well to devote a little attention to these symptomatic occurrences.

In the course of a trip last September up the Baltic as far as Riga, the writer landed at Libau, the second port of Latvia and formerly famous as Tsarist Russia's open-water naval base in Europe—it contained a "war-harbour" of very considerable extent which had been dug

out of the solid earth at an infinite cost of money and labour, and this harbour still exists, though it no longer shelters a fleet. Almost the first thing he heard on going ashore was that a week or so previously a Soviet warship had fired several rounds in the neighbourhood of the port. Excited rumour said that the shots had been aimed at Libau, but this was untrue. Later, the Soviet Government explained that the warship was engaged in manœuvres, and what had disturbed the inhabitants of Libau was merely "gunnery practice," the whole incident therefore being devoid, it alleged, of any political significance whatsoever. But Libau was too far south for manœuvres and the firing was much too close to it. The obvious intention had been to intimidate the Letts and spread panic throughout all Latvia. Naturally there was a certain feeling of apprehension as the result of the cannonading, but there was no panic. The affair, however, revealed Soviet policy, especially when taken in conjunction with the fact that Latvia had been the scene of several Bolshevik plots for the subversion of the State for two years before, and that Bolshevik intrigue and propaganda were rife. Several conspirators had been arrested, and were awaiting trial. This was in Riga. On the north Latvia has for neighbour Estonia, and in that State, too, a number of Bolshevik conspirators were in prison on the charge of plotting the overthrow of that republic. They had been arrested—there were 149 of them—in the preceding January, and had been interrogated, with the result that much information had been obtained of the scope of the conspiracy and whence had come its inspiration. The truth was that having failed to conquer Estonia and the other Baltic States by force of arms, and having been compelled to relinquish armed attempts and to conclude in 1920 the Treaty of Peace at Dorpat, Soviet Russia had decided to try other methods to attain its aims in the Baltic. One of these methods was illustrated in Georgia.

It was not till November that the trial of the 149 conspirators who had been rounded up in Estonia took place in Reval. Before the trial began and while it was pro-

ceeding the Soviet Press, besides misrepresenting the facts, was full of threats against the Estonian Government. In front of the Estonian Consulate in Petrograd there was a hostile demonstration, in which detachments of Soviet naval and military units, headed by officers, colours, and bands, took an active part. Other demonstrations were held in various parts of Soviet Russia against Estonia. But no one in authority at the seat of the Estonian Government seems to have anticipated what was to follow: nothing more or less than a well-prepared attempt to repeat, with the necessary differences, the Georgia affair. This was the meaning of the Red rising which occurred in Reval in the early morning of December 1st, took the Government by surprise, and led to some sharp fighting in the streets and Government offices. It was a serious attempt which had been carefully planned in Soviet Russia, and there is evidence to support the statement that Soviet troops were in readiness near the Estonian frontier, and Soviet warships were in the Gulf of Finland close to Reval itself, for the purpose of assisting to final triumph the Bolshevik effort if it had proved as successful as had been hoped in Moscow. Though caught napping, the Estonian Government was equal to the occasion and quickly suppressed the revolt in the capital, but this might not have been enough if the masses of the Estonian people had not shown, by keeping perfectly quiet, that they had no sympathy at all with the Reds. How could they have any? They had not forgotten the hideous outrages perpetrated by the Bolsheviks in Estonia before the country was free from the Red Terror.

Even more typical of the Soviet mind in action than the Red rising in Reval has been all that has lately happened in Bulgaria: the attempt to assassinate the King, the murder of General Georghieff, the bomb and its tale of death and destruction in the Cathedral in Sofia. Having made an attack near the northern end of the line of the Border States, the Soviet next turned its attention to the southern end; in the first case its hand was as little concealed as it well could be short of open war, but in the second it worked through a Bolshevik organisation called

the Pan-Balkan Communist Union. The outrages in Sofia caused a far greater commotion throughout the world than the Reval rising had done, because they were of a much more sensational character, and anyhow Bulgaria is much better known than is Estonia. There are few people who are not aware that the Balkans are the danger area of Europe and that Bulgaria is always a potential seat of serious trouble. Nevertheless, the Reval affair had got a good deal of publicity, and much light was thrown on Estonia and its inhabitants, who are peaceful, industrious, and desire only to be left to develop their country and its resources to the best of their ability without interference from outside. Their Government is almost ultra-democratic, and it gives to "minorities" extraordinarily favourable treatment. It was difficult for the Soviet to misrepresent for long the actual situation in Estonia, and the stories of a White Terror may be dismissed as utter nonsense. On the other hand, it was easy to exploit the situation in Bulgaria, with her perpetual internal strife and implacable political vendettas. Full advantage was taken by the Soviet of the opportunity to confuse the issues, and some observers were induced to think that the Sofia outrages were an outcome of the embittered local politics; but there is really no more doubt of their Soviet inspiration than of that of the Reval rising. Both attempts failed, but if one or the other or both had succeeded the Georgia model would have been reproduced. Can anybody seriously suppose anything else?

After the failure of the attempt at Reval there was a curious development. From Vienna, the headquarters of the Pan-Balkan Communist Union, a report was industriously spread that Great Britain and France were aiming at the formation of the Border States into an anti-Bolshevik block. It was even asserted that France, in order to obtain the adhesion of Great Britain to a security pact, had drawn her "Eastern satellites" into a military alliance against Soviet Russia. Such wide currency was given to this report that it was the subject of an interpellation in the French Chamber. In reply M. Herriot, then Prime Minister, denied that the policy of France was directed

towards the "encirclement" of Soviet Russia. Having referred to the fate of Georgia, he said that such grave events had taken place in the Baltic States that it was easy to understand why they should wish to protect themselves by taking measures necessary for their defence. It was in the nature of things, and lay outside French policy; it gave no ground for accusing France or her Allies of pursuing a policy of encirclement. The report, in fact, had no foundation. It must be supposed that any spokesman of the British Government dealing with the same subject would have made a similar reply. The singular thing about this report, which was given some substance and an air of probability by details published in a Vienna journal, was that it was concerned scarcely at all with the Baltic States, but a great deal with the States of South-Eastern Europe. It was maintained in this paper that the Soviet was supporting movements in the latter area which were not Communist movements, but were really associated with Minority or Agrarian questions; there was no connection with Bolshevism or Sovietism as such. All this is highly significant in the light of the outrages that occurred shortly afterwards in Bulgaria and of the efforts, not altogether unsuccessful, to represent them as being solely of local origin. But behind this subfusc screen of "suppressed minorities and small peasants combating the feudal system" the Soviet was at work. Zinovieff himself has never concealed the way in which the Soviet fishes in troubled waters and its objects in doing so.

In the reply referred to above, M. Herriot spoke of the Baltic States taking "measures necessary for their defence," and he mentioned Poland by name. A glance at the map will show that Poland occupies a central position among the Border States, and is a natural connecting link between north and south, of the utmost importance in any plan for their common defence. At the moment M. Herriot was not thinking of this; he had in mind the Reval rising—the Sofia outrages had not yet taken place. He knew that a conference was about to be held at Helsingfors, and that it would be attended by the Foreign Ministers of Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Poland, with a view to the

discussion of the interests they had in common, particularly of their attitude to Soviet Russia. That conference was held, and it was not the first of the kind. In 1922 a similar conference at Warsaw resulted in the drawing up of a treaty of alliance which was signed by the Foreign Ministers of the four States. It was agreed that if Soviet Russia attacked any one of these States the rest would meet at once and concert measures for coping with the emergency. This treaty, however, fell through, because Finland declined to ratify it. In an article entitled "The Baltic Situation," which was published in the July, 1924, number of this REVIEW, the writer stated and commented on Finland's reasons for this refusal. These reasons persist, and the chief of them is that Finland professes to have no fear of the Soviet. Yet in 1921 she was afraid that Soviet Russia would declare war upon her, because of the insurrection of the Finns in Eastern Karelia, then (and now) Soviet territory, and she made overtures to the other Baltic Border States for a defensive alliance. What then happened is illuminating as regards one phase of Soviet Russia's policy touching all these States. The Soviet forthwith changed its tactics, and began to pursue the *divide et impera* game with these States which it still plays—apparently with success so far at least as Finland herself is concerned. Last year a conference of the four States met in Warsaw, but nothing in the nature of a defensive Baltic League was formed, as Finland blocked the way. The Vilna question, in which Latvia took some interest, was another difficulty which had a certain influence. The Helsingfors Conference, held in the early days of the present year, did not provide, so far as is known, any "measures necessary" for the defence of these States, though the Reval rising was only a few weeks old.

What may be the nucleus of a Baltic League is found in the defensive alliance which was concluded between Estonia and Latvia in 1923. Nothing so sensational and so directly menacing has occurred in Riga, the capital of Latvia, as that which took place in Reval in December last, but the pressure of Soviet Russia on Latvia is hardly less

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN POST-WAR GERMANY¹

By SIR PHILIP DAWSON, M.P., M.INST.C.E., ETC.

PART II

WE have seen in pre-war Germany the beneficial results of the policy of amalgamation of industrial interests, and of co-operation between industry and finance.

The tendency in the Germany of to-day is not merely a continuation of this policy but a strengthening and expansion of it both in theory and practice.

There are excellent reasons on the face of it for this move towards combination between big and important concerns.

- (a) The better utilisation of existing capital resources.
- (b) The facilitating of the purchase on joint account of raw materials.
- (c) The better utilisation and disposal of by-products.
- (d) Possibility of joint freight arrangements.
- (e) The lessening of expenses with regard to production and marketing.
- (f) The opportunity offered for the investigation of foreign markets and the securing of foreign contracts on a scale which in effect must corner the market against lesser competitors.

There is also another purely domestic reason for what is already in working progress—the strong tendency, namely, of the vertical and horizontal industries to combine, and that is the effort to overcome those internal difficulties in the working of undertakings which are a definite result of the war. It is, in fact, a movement aiming to counteract the results of slackened discipline, the want of materials, and the disorganisation which was caused by the minor officials, employees and skilled workmen having in such numbers been diverted by the exigencies of war from their original callings and positions.

A more recent and particular reason for the develop-

(1) From the *Industrial Revival of Germany*, serialising in U.S.A. in *Industrial Management*, January-July, 1925.

ment of this policy of price rings and combined trade organisations, is that repeated payments of the Turnover Tax ($1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. each time that the article in process of manufacture from raw material to the finished product changes hands) are avoided.

Taxation generally in Germany has, since stabilisation, reached a level which would be beyond ours were it not that her internal State debt has been practically wiped out, and as taxes are collected in advance, and in the case of manufacturers on the basis of estimated turnover or on the Stock Exchange valuation of the share capital, they press with peculiar hardship on industry, especially in the export trade. The Government aims, however, at making the actual profits earned the basis of taxation in the future.

Meantime, the above being the goal of German industrialists to-day, the desired results are obtained by the creation of purchasing organisations which buy in on joint account; by the interchange of spheres between large concerns; and by the appointment of interlinking members on the boards of directors of management.

In some cases concerns manufacturing similar products have appointed a joint selling organisation, thereby reducing materially the cost of advertising and retailing. They have gone so far as—for instance in the motor industry—to arrange that each individual works, while preserving its own identity, only manufactures one type of car.

There is little doubt that these methods are favoured by the banks, and more especially by the Reichsbank under the new *régime* introduced by Dr. Schacht, whose policy would seem to be towards the encouraging of this grouping system, and the strengthening of the well-established and large concerns through combined operation, rather than to give assistance to new and struggling ones. His aim apparently is to utilise all available capital in the most efficient way, whilst another reason possibly may be the desire to combat the idea and progress of State Socialism. Even before the war the German State railways did not manufacture their own locomotives and rolling stock, the result being to give an enormous impetus to this latter

industry. This policy was very beneficial to German industry, putting it in an exceptionally strong position to compete with Great Britain, so that to-day the German locomotive works are particularly well equipped and have a capacity of over 5,000 locomotives per annum. The large number of locomotives, carriages and waggons surrendered to the Allies had to be replaced, and this need resulted in the works being kept fully employed, as well as in the re-equipping of the whole German railway system with the most up-to-date and efficient locomotives and rolling stock. Meantime building on reparation account not only gave the Germans work but also especial opportunities in the way of general trade. Had English railways pursued the same policy the position of our carriage and locomotive trade would have been in a much healthier condition to meet foreign competition, and to manufacture for the markets of the world. Arrangements of this nature also greatly benefit the German manufacturers, as it enables them to share jointly in any loss that may be necessary in order to secure openings in new markets, and at the same time acts as a deterrent to underquote in other foreign markets owing to internal competition, their mutual interests in the different concerns securing to them a proportion of any profit that may be made. At present the German foreign export trade is regulated by the German Government Commission for Export and Import. Each branch of industry has its own office under this organisation. These bodies have been constituted by mutual agreement. They control the invoice prices and aim at avoiding selling abroad under world market prices. The State, moreover, gets a revenue, as all exports are taxed, according to circumstances, one per cent. to ten per cent.

Germany has undoubtedly been underselling Great Britain in neutral and in home markets in a number of lines, especially in relatively light goods, which demand much labour but little raw material. German competition has been very hurtful, not because of its vast extent, but because of the fact that in many cases German prices were far below the British cost of production. Certain goods have been sold at half, one-third, one-fourth and less of

the British cost. The German import licence system protects her own home market from foreign competition; and the low wage rate and long working hours, against which the trade unions are too poor from the loss of their funds as result of inflation to make a stand, are determining factors. Fifty-eight hours per week are being worked in many of the industries; sixty in Düsseldorf; a spell of sixty-eight is not exceptional. Thirty-five shillings a week is an accepted rate of wage; two pounds considered high. A tax of 10 per cent. is deducted before payment from all wages; where these exceed a certain figure the rate is 15 per cent., the extra 5 per cent. being paid by the employer.

Figures for unemployment in the principal trade unions, other than the miners' unions, stood in January of this year at $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., with 5.5 per cent. of short-time workers. Some 436,000 only were in receipt of out-of-work relief at this date.

Nothing could be more indicative of the turn for the better in German internal trade since stabilisation. Overtime is being worked in the textiles.

Meantime the modernisation of plant, use of the newest technical improvements in machinery, and the application of the results of the latest scientific research to details in all mechanism, and in particular to those industries in which chemicals play an important part, together with the re-introduction of the piecework system, are making possible an increase in output, despite—or because of—which we find that in many of the heavy industries 25-30 per cent. less workmen are being employed.

No incentives, however, it may be observed, are offered to the individual workman to produce above the average, nor is there any prospect of the establishment of profit-sharing enterprises. This system has never aroused enthusiasm; German employers do not seem to think that it would better output in any way. When German output per worker becomes equal to the pre-war output, then, owing to the great improvement of her mechanical means of production, German goods will be sold all over the world, not only at incredibly low prices, but also in enor-

mous quantities. The competitive power of the German industries has been vastly strengthened by the virtual abolition of debenture capital, of mortgages, and of rent and taxes.

The difficulty of obtaining coal has resulted in Germany adopting improved methods of utilising it, so that to-day her steel works for an equal production of steel are using far less fuel than they did pre-war. Furthermore, the development of the brown coal industry has been phenomenal, as well as the increased adoption of electricity for manufacturing purposes. She is to-day in the position of being able to export rails to the United States of America and compete with American producers, notwithstanding tariff.

Germany's ability to ruin the industries of Great Britain depends on a number of factors which are not easily calculable. In the end, however, German competitive power will undoubtedly be greatly increased. In the absence of a large army and navy, her general expenditure will be small, and while it is true that it is proposed at this moment to allot what has been thereby gained to the Ministry of Labour for the augmentation of sick benefits, pensions, and so on, the exact amount thus allocated will not be apparent until next year's Budget is published. The estimated sum to be apportioned to the Reichsarbeitsministerium is somewhere about four millions. Germany in any case will only have to pay a tithe of British taxation unless she is forced to pay a large yearly sum in reparations. The payment of these might bring German, British, French and other taxes more to the same level. At present Englishmen pay every year per head of population in taxes infinitely more than the Germans.

Germany's power to compete with her manufactures in the markets of the world depends not only on the way in which the reparation problem is handled, but also on international peace, law, and order, and on the stability of Germany herself.

Germany might be faced with internal difficulties which would lead to the break-up of the State, in addition to which there remains the possible danger of troubles

between Germany and France and between Germany and Poland. Some of the monarchists and reactionaries dream of a revolt against the *Entente* similar to the rising of 1813 against Napoleon. Secret societies advocate resistance against the French, the re-conquest of the lost territories, the inclusion of Austria with Germany in some form or other, and even a possible co-operation with Russia. If the hopes of the militant industrialists could come true, if it were conceivable that Germany should be able to shake off not only the burdens of interest, rent and taxation, but also reparations, whilst meantime all the Allies are weighed down with war and reconstruction debts, Germany would become the workshop of the world and the industries of Germany's victors would be transferred to the vanquished.

In conclusion, it cannot be said that the war has fundamentally affected the German industrial methods or mentality. They still feel confident of their ability to achieve success, and hope that they may be able to resume the old pre-war commercial and industrial relations, and to secure that supremacy in the world's markets which they were so rapidly acquiring.

The attempts—many successful—which are being made to attract English and American capital to assist the development of German industry, by offering a debenture of well-established firms, backed by all the securities they can put up, clearly indicates this. It is hoped that, as in pre-war days, investors will be satisfied with a high yield, allowing the German firms to secure all the contingent profits which would accrue to them by the expansion of their business. No syndicate participations are offered, nor is it suggested that Englishmen should be placed on the German boards or have an acknowledged share in the management. On the other hand, if the Germans realise that their efforts in this direction will not be successful, they will fall back and offer real participations—which should be accepted.

The principal German bankers own considerable blocks of shares in all the most important German industries. They are therefore in great measure dependent for their

existence upon the success of the big industrial groups in which they are heavy shareholders, and since the end of the war they have made every effort to secure foreign credits so as to enable them to continue this policy. It is not to their interest that the large profits which they foresee German industry will earn, once peace is really restored in Europe, should be divided with English—or any other—shareholders, if only they can raise the funds they require by other means. German manufacturers, owing to the support given them by the banks, are in a position to modernise, increase, and improve their plant without having to resort to public issues for that purpose. In this country banks trade with the money of the depositors and cannot therefore act as do the German—dealing with their own capital. Our trust companies, moreover, whilst definitely helpful, are not so powerful as the German, nor are they interested to the same extent in the furtherance of purely home industries. In no country is it an easy matter to install new plant at a time when industry is not prospering, and here it is practically impossible. The English public will not subscribe additional capital simply just when and as it is required and could most usefully be employed. Prior to 1875 our local and private banks financed individual British enterprises to a considerable degree, and it was owing to the pursuance of this policy that our world market was created. To-day finance in this country has largely become an industry in itself and one having only a very slight *direct* interest in our manufacturing industry—despite the fact that upon the prosperous development of this last factor has been built up the wealth and position of the country.

The nett result of the German banks owning these large blocks of shares in German industries and having such direct interest in their prosperity was to make them become live and active prospectors for new industrial enterprises—such as railways, harbours, docks, and mines, together with factories and electrical undertakings of all kinds. In this way fresh markets were automatically found for German manufacturers, and these not only as regarded the original articles or equipment marketed, but also in connection

with the regular supply of requirements and renewals necessary in the normal course of operations.

The great German industrial combinations, working in the closest co-operation with their banks—frequently with the aid of British money—and supported by the active intervention of their Government, have been able to place British industry in the position of having to wage a most unequal contest. It has been no uncommon spectacle in pre-war days to see German banks, financed by British money, creating new enterprises with the main portion of the resultant orders going to German manufacturers, in the teeth of the British industrialists who were meantime unable to secure the necessary financial and State support for the self-same undertakings! Similar catastrophes are taking place to-day—as witness the two large contracts now going to America, which would have brought some £2,000,000 into this country. British Finance was not prepared to assist industry here: America was, and did.

English investors would do well, in the interests of British industry, upon which the very existence of the country depends, in any case to see to it that they do not merely lend money, no matter how high the rate of interest offered, or how attractive the conditions offered, or what the nature of the security may be, but that they insist on *really sharing* in the prosperity of German industry itself, and get a portion of the large benefits which the Germans are certain to obtain.

They should also make sure of a participation for our industries with the Germans in all orders received in the markets of the world.

The lever in the hands of Great Britain and the United States is the capital and the credit which they command, and this can be used to make Germany give them the participations to which they are entitled. Any loans made to German industry, or for any object to the German nation or nationals, should be conditional on a secured participation in the uncovenanted profits that accrue therefrom. The French, Belgians, and Italians are quite alive to this state of affairs, but it is doubtful whether British industrialists properly appreciate the real situation to-day. It

will not be always necessary to have a controlling interest in German industry or means of transport, but we ought to secure such a representation as will give a voice in the methods to be adopted, and keep our industries informed as to all that is going on. This will only be carrying out the policy adopted by German banks and industrialists before the war all over the world, where they founded local national banks, organised and subscribed to by nationals, and in which frequently nationals had the controlling interest, but in which the Germans were interested and which they helped to manage. A noteworthy example is to be seen in the electrical manufacturing concerns started by the A. E. G. and Siemens-Schuckert in Russia, Belgium, Austria, and Italy. Others include the electric tramways and electric power companies of Rouen, Barcelona, Buenos Aires, Rosario, Genoa, Petrograd, and Moscow, the Siemens-Schuckert electric manufacturing works at Stafford, and the many branches of the Mannesmann Company.

All these and many more were local companies constituted under local laws and with local directors; not German companies. That policy proved immensely successful and should guide our policy in the future. German manhood and German brains have been almost exclusively concentrated upon creating industry and wealth regardless of all other things, and their achievements have been remarkable—both before, during, and since the war.

It is the considered opinion of certain of the best judges of international trade that should the Dawes scheme effectively restore Germany's solvency, should her credit abroad become once more established, and should meantime her protectionist policy—as is politically foreshadowed—be extended, then this country, as being the one least protected, will automatically become the outlet for her cheap goods trade.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DEBUT

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

IN an article in the March number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* I endeavoured to describe what seemed to me "The Conservative Opportunity." Four months have now elapsed, and it becomes of interest to try to estimate how, so far, the Government have used that opportunity. I ventured to say that the Government should realise that they had not been supported on merely party lines; that they had received a large number of Liberal votes; and that it was for the Conservative leaders to recognise that fact, and show their recognition of it by their action. As regards the various political measures requiring attention, I pleaded that the reform of the House of Lords was urgent and overdue, and that it should be undertaken while the Administration was still fresh. But above all I urged that the all-important task was the restriction of national expenditure, and the reduction of taxation. How far has the Government gone to satisfy the expectations most of us formed when we helped to return them to office? How stands their credit in the country to-day?

The most striking demonstration of the attitude of the Government to the nation as a whole, as distinguished from its devotion to strictly party ends, has been furnished in the utterances of the Prime Minister himself. Mr. Baldwin's reputation as a statesman has been immeasurably heightened by the series of speeches which he has made both in the House of Commons and on the platform. It would be necessary to go back a long time to find a speech so universally welcomed as his memorable appeal for peace and co-operation rather than suspicion and strife in the conduct of our industries. It was a striking rhetorical achievement, and, when taken in conjunction with other speeches, shows that he has been much underestimated as an orator, for, without tricks or appeals to mere sentiment, he succeeded in what is the main end of eloquence, viz., to convince. But it did much more than

that: it confirmed his character as a sincere and high-minded statesman, with strong convictions of his own, no doubt, but with a capacity for appreciating the motives and the difficulties of those who differ from him. Still more, it could leave no doubt in the mind of any man that he sympathised with the great masses of the workers and was determined to use his power to help them in their hard struggle. He has made it quite plain that he recognises the national confidence that was extended to him at the last election, and that he will lead no merely partisan Administration. The Prime Minister therefore has firmly established himself in the esteem of the country. That is a happy augury for the long continuance of his Government.

The question of the reform of the House of Lords has advanced a step since the Government came into office. The debate initiated by the Duke of Sutherland showed clearly that in the minds of many of the leading peers the problem ought not to be trilled with, and the Earl of Birkenhead went further and adumbrated a scheme of considerable detail. Whether he will be able to induce the Prime Minister to bring forward a Government measure within a short time must remain doubtful. There are many motives which might hinder a Conservative Prime Minister from bringing the question into the sphere of actual reality, but it is evident that it is one that will eventually have to be dealt with, and that it should be undertaken while the Government is still young, and not deferred till the dying days of the present Parliament.

The main achievement of the Government, so far, has been the introduction of the Budget. The most extravagant expectations which were founded on the boldness and large vision of Mr. Churchill were bound to some extent to be disappointed. The state of industry and the enormous expenditure on the public services made it absolutely impossible to effect at one stroke that reduction of taxation which many people looked for. But a reduction of the income tax at the standard rate of sixpence in the pound, amounting in many cases, where the income is nearly all earned income, to almost a shilling, is a measure which will afford great relief to those who are

most in need of it; and, in spite of the violent attacks of the Labour leaders, will be highly appreciated by the country. It was necessary on the theory which has governed our fiscal system for many years to balance the reduction of indirect taxation, on which Mr. Snowden expended the surplus at his disposal last year, and it cannot fail to be beneficial, *pro tanto*, to the over-burdened industries of the nation. But it will hardly be denied that there is general disappointment that the national expenditure has not been largely reduced, but has, on the contrary, to some small extent increased. Mr. Churchill has, indeed, suggested that he hopes to effect reduction in the cost of public services of some millions each year. It is to be hoped that he will adhere firmly to this determination. Without it high taxation—and even four shillings is a monstrous tax—will hamper our trade for years to come.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech on the introduction of the Budget was, as might have been expected, an impressive achievement, and, as such, it won the admiration of all the parties. It contained a review of proposed expenditure and the taxation to meet it which gave the idea of balance and coherence to a high degree. But it put forward at least three proposals which have given rise to keen controversy.

The restoration of the McKenna Duties could have caused no real surprise, for that had practically been promised by the Prime Minister at the last election. It is unnecessary to re-argue a point which has already been exhausted. The measure will pass, and nobody but the fanatical Free Trader will object. The operation of the Duties has already proved—what has been so often denied—that it is possible to combine safeguarding of an industry from undue foreign competition with the securing of a substantial revenue to the State without injury to the consumer.

The imposition of a Customs duty on silk, and of a Customs and Excise duty on artificial silk, has already produced the usual crop of tendentious protests and contradictory statistics. Any duty would ruin the silk trade; artificial silk makers would at once shut down schemes for

the erection of million-pound factories; unemployment would spread like wildfire; the poor shop-girl would be unable to wear the artificial silk stockings which have added so much to the gaiety of our streets; and, worse than all, the other textile trades would receive a serious blow. These cries affected the nerves of even such a staunch Protectionist newspaper as the *Morning Post*. The speculators who ran Courtaulds up to 105s. on the very first mention of the duties were exasperated to see their shares crash to 95s., though if they had waited a few weeks they would have seen them rise again to the higher figure: and the Liberals thought that Mr. Churchill had delivered himself into their hands. The whole feminine vote was to be organised to attack this nefarious attempt on their privilege to adorn themselves. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, while sticking firmly to his principle, proceeded to take counsel with the trade, and one great silk association has declared itself satisfied with his modified scale of duties. It is perhaps unfortunate that Oldham will have no real opportunity to express its opinions at the bye-election, for there is to be no Government candidate; but Eastbourne has its chance—a constituency which probably has as many silk stockings to the square yard as any other in England. As in the case of motor cars, so in the case of the silk duties, the necessity of finding revenue without inflicting hardship has been lost sight of by the opponents; but revenue has to be found, and luxuries seem to be a suitable source from which to draw it.

The Pensions Bill is a measure of such large scope that it will demand and receive prolonged examination. With the objects of it all parties are agreed; but, as usual, the conflict will rage on the question of who is to pay. The Labour Party are, of course, ostensibly and officially of opinion that the whole cost should come out of the State, *i.e.*, the income-tax payer: though it seems admitted that when their own Chancellor of the Exchequer was faced with the task of preparing a similar measure, and with the responsibility of financing it, he rejected the non-contributory basis as impracticable. The Liberal Party is on this, as is usual, divided, and both those who support and those

who oppose the notion of a contributory scheme have expressed their views. As regards the Conservative Party it cannot be said that the Bill has been received with any high degree of enthusiasm. The progressive members—and the Conservatives seem nowadays to be the Progressive Party—do not deny the benefits offered by the Bill to the old and the weak and the unfortunate, and will support it. But it would be idle to deny that many Conservatives would have been glad to see the scheme postponed till industry was in a better position to bear the burden of increased contributions. Mr. Baldwin has announced that the Government, before they brought forward the Bill, were well aware of that objection, and that they are now considering earnestly the method of lessening the tax on the stagnant industries of the country. How that will be effected remains to be seen. Meanwhile, apart from the general desirability of the objects of it, partisans are acutely aware that very little gratitude is to be expected from those who will profit from the measure, and that such a vast extension of benefits will furnish a challenge to the next Labour Government to “go one better,” and to offer to the electors a scheme in which the contributory element will be dropped and the whole cost be put upon the State. Mr. Churchill’s suggestion that, as the cost of War pensions automatically diminished, the country would become more and more able to afford the cost of Peace pensions sounded well in his speech and captured the imagination of his hearers, but taxpayers are not desirous of going on bearing the burden of the war indefinitely, whatever shape that burden may assume. Still the Pensions Bill, modified in many ways, will become law, and is a tribute to the real sympathy which Mr. Baldwin and his Government feel for the necessities and anxieties of the working classes.

On the whole it can be said that the Budget is one which responds to the necessities of the country, and is a fulfilment, so far as fulfilment is possible at present, of the pledges on which Mr. Baldwin was returned to power at the last election.

The Liberal Party seems unable to settle down to

anything like unanimity of thought or action. Nobody is more acutely conscious of that unhappy state than Mr. Lloyd George:—

We are now happily reunited, and we must make that unity real if Liberalism is to pull its full weight and strike its strongest blow. We must be united, not merely in reality, but in appearance as well. When you are fighting a desperate battle there ought to be nothing to dishearten the troops. There is nothing which depresses more than the feeling or suspicion that there are differences of opinion among the commanders, or the sub-commanders, or the people who think they can command—(laughter)—or the many more people who think they ought to command. (Laughter.)

Everybody will agree with the cogency of this appeal, but the more cynical will perhaps conclude that, when there is such an appearance of difference, the unity cannot be quite as real as Mr. Lloyd George predicates. The jeer at the "sub-commanders," like Lord Birkenhead's famous *simile* of the "cabin-boy," is hardly calculated to induce these gentlemen—whoever they may be—to submit themselves gladly to the authority of the commander-in-chief. But it is quite plain that until the Liberal Party in the House of Commons practise discipline, their efforts, however brilliant in detail, will be futile in effect.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lloyd George is still casting about for a programme. It must be an up-to-date programme:—

You cannot attract the multitude or feed them with stale manna. . . . The manna in the wilderness had to be gathered fresh every day. . . . That is what we will have to do.

Excellent doctrine this, but so far the fresh manna has not materialised. No rare and refreshing fruits are yet dangled before the multitude. He has to go back to The Land:—

There has been a committee of very able experts in land sitting for two years, making the most elaborate investigations, which has consulted everyone available and prepared to give information and make suggestions; and I hope in the next two or three months the report of that great committee will be presented by the Liberal leaders to the country.

What will be this great suggestion we must be content to wait and see, but its general trend may be guessed from the concluding paragraph of Mr. Lloyd George's speech:—

This is a rich land; it is a resourceful land; it has Plenty in its larder. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat my bread," that is what the

land says; and when men and women go out to carry out the Divine mandate and seek that bread, the monopolist says, "Stop! You must first provide for my property, my delights, for my caprices." Liberalism says, "No! Let us first have the rights of the commons of England." That is our motto.

But I suppose it only means the Land taxes over again.

Meanwhile Lord Oxford and Asquith remains the leader of the Liberal Party. Everybody who respects character will be delighted to see that nobleman at last coming into the reward of his labours. An Earl and Knight of the Garter, he has achieved a position which has been won by talents alone. It is a great position, but it is hardly one which will harmonise with that of a combative party leader: and the heat and burden of the political fight will have to be borne by another. Who that other will be it is fairly safe to conjecture. It will be no easy task for Mr. Lloyd George and his commanders and sub-commanders to establish the Liberal Party in office and in power. But they can do much with energy and enthusiasm to affect the course of legislation of Governments other than their own. The Liberal leaders in the House of Commons have not added to their prestige by their attack on the Speaker. It is surprising that a politician of the experience and acumen of Mr. Lloyd George should lend himself to a resolution of censure which could only result in demonstrating the numerical weakness of the party. Perhaps it was a desperate attempt to secure the oft-asserted unity, but as an example of fatuity it has seldom been paralleled. *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*

The condition of the Labour Party does not at first sight seem any more encouraging than that of the Liberals. The halo of prestige which hung around it when the Liberals, in an evil moment for themselves, put it into office is becoming daily more and more dissipated. Rent by divisions, losing gradually but surely much of its financial support by the shrinking numbers of the Trade Unions, impotent as it showed itself when in power to fulfil the extravagant promises it made to settle unemployment offhand, shedding, it would appear, much of its belief in Socialism as the panacea, the Labour Party

seems at present far from the formidable combination it was before the last election. But it has elements of recovery not easy to discover in the Liberal Party: and it would be folly for the Conservatives to rest on their oars and think that their predominance is permanent. Probably the best course for Labour to adopt would be for the leaders to bury the hatchet with the Liberals, to drop their Socialistic theories, and in combination form a strong Opposition which could look forward in due time to forming an alternative Government. Of that policy there seems small prospect at the moment. The mutual hostility of the two parties is as bitter as ever. If that bitterness is maintained it will be long before we see another Labour Government.

In the sphere of foreign affairs the Government has, it would appear, made a notable contribution to the settlement of Europe. We are assured that:—

The reply communicated to M. Briand by Mr. Chamberlain on behalf of his Government marks a definite agreement between the Governments of France and Great Britain as regards the answer to be sent to the Pact proposal made by Germany. The last differences have now disappeared. . . . The agreement between the Governments of France, Great Britain, and Belgium stipulates the formal resolve of Great Britain to guarantee the frontier as it is left by the Treaty of Versailles. . . . In order to guarantee this frontier Great Britain undertakes to place at the disposal of France and Belgium her entire military, naval, and air forces. The guarantee given by Great Britain for the Rhine frontier does not extend to the frontiers of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, but these frontiers remain under the protection of the League of Nations, the entire scope of which in this connection is recognised and affirmed by Great Britain. . . . Should the Eastern Allies of France be the objects of manifest aggression, France shall be authorised to make use of the demilitarised Rhine zone as a field of operations in order to come to the aid of her attacked Allies. As regards the admission of Germany to the League of Nations, this can only take place on the day that a security pact entirely in conformity with the conditions enumerated has been signed by her.

It is also encouraging to find that both countries, after discussion, have been able to agree on the Note presented to Germany on the infractions by that country of the military provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. The reports of such an intelligent and fair-minded observer as Brigadier-General Morgan of the evasions of the Treaty by Germany are clear, explicit and authoritative. They are

ample justification of the manner in which the Allies draw attention to the maintenance of a Great General Staff under another name, and the expedients by which she is paving the way for the re-establishment of a formidable army. It is at the same time satisfactory that the Note admits that, so far as reparations are concerned, Germany is now carrying out her obligations in a normal manner. It is for that country, if she wishes to secure the evacuation of her territory, to reply to the Note by actions and not words. But, whatever her attitude, it is of the first importance that the Governments of France and England are now in agreement. The question of an Anglo-French-German compact remains behind. Mr. Chamberlain has accomplished much, and has impressed the French people with his sincere friendship. It is to be hoped that during his term of office he will be able to do more—to impress the German people with the assurance that their efforts to divide the Allied nations will be without effect, and that the only chance for the recovery of their due influence in European affairs lies in the abandonment of a policy of revenge, and their sincere devotion to the policy of peace.

Mr. Baldwin's Government has begun well. It has shown that the modern Conservative is far from being what it is the fashion to call reactionary: that the party is fully alive to the needs of the people, eager to maintain the ties which bind the Empire together, and firm in its foreign politics. It is difficult to see how or by what party or combination of parties it is to be replaced in the near future. But there remains the spectre of unemployment and the attendant evils of the dole. Will Mr. Baldwin again take his courage in both hands and declare for a measure of Protection which, it would appear, he still regards as essential, under modern conditions, to the recovery of our industrial prosperity? We shall see.

FLEETS AND SQUADRONS ON HOME AND FOREIGN SERVICE.
JANUARY, 1904.

THE AMERICAN FLEET'S CRUISE
IN THE PACIFIC

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THERE was a time, only about twenty years ago, when the British Fleet was supreme in the Pacific, as well as in the other seas, with every resource available for provisioning, fuelling, and repairing ships. Less talk was then heard of the Empire than to day, but the British people, irrespective of their political opinions, Liberals as well as Conservatives, realised their world-wide responsibilities, and realised also that their every interest, as well as their freedom, could be protected in the last resort only by adequate sea power. Thus it came about that a cable from the Admiralty resulted in an adequate concentration of force at any point where danger threatened, and that at all times the British flag was shown in dignity on the seas of the world, to the advantage of British trade, the strengthening of the voice of British diplomacy, and the promotion of the peace of mind of the British peoples. The situation has undergone a complete and dramatic change. The American Fleet, concentrated for the manœuvres around Hawaii which have just ended, is now master of the Pacific, sharing the honour with the Japanese Navy, and the British Fleet has sunk to a position of inferiority without exciting any feeling in this country that all is not well.

It would probably surprise a good many politicians, who have been suggesting that the transformation of Singapore into a modern fleet base is to be regarded as an aggressive act, if they turned to the Navy List of January, 1904, and studied the details of the distribution of the Fleet, as set forth on the opposite page.

They would be reminded that at that period this country was maintaining thirty-nine ships on the China Station, including five first-class battleships, specially designed to enable them to pass through the Suez Canal without

TOTAL		HOME FLEET.				
12	{ Anson. Benbow. Dido.	Edgar. Empress of India. Hawke.	Hood. Melbury. Revenge.	Royal Oak. Royal Sovereign.	Sans Pareil. Venus.	
		CHANNEL FLEET.				
12	{ Bedford. Doris. Hamburgh.	Hermes. Hague. Jupiter.	Magnificent. Majestic. Mars.		Pactolus. Prince George. Prometheus.	
		CRUISER SQUADRON.				
6	Berwick.	Dougal.	Duke.	Good Hope.	Kent.	Monmouth.
		MEDITERRANEAN AND RED SEA.				
57	{ Aboukir. Albatross. Albemarle. Anel. Argonaut. Bacchante. Banshee. Bat. Bulwark. Chamois. Cormorant. Craze.	Cygnus. Cynthia. Desperate. Diana. Dryad. Duncan. Eamouth. Fawn. Flying Fish. Formidable. Gladiator. Griffon.	Batter. Hermione. Hibernia. Hussar. Illustration. Imogene. Implacable. Intrepid. Irresistible. Kangaroo. Lochin.	London. Mallard. Mohawk. Montagu. Myrmidon. Naiad. Orion. Pander. Panther. Pegasus. Pioneer.	Pyramus. Renown. Russell. Seal. Speedy. Stag. Surprise. Thrasher. Tyne. Venerable. Vulcan.	
		NORTH AMERICA AND WEST INDIES.				
12	{ Alert. Arcton. Calypso.	Charybdis. Columbus. Fantom.	Hotspur. Indefatigable.	Pallas. Retribution.	Terror (late Malabar). Tribune.	
		SOUTH ATLANTIC.				
6	Beagle.	Blanche.	Cambrian.	Dwarf.	Tartar.	Thistle.
		PACIFIC.				
4	Amphion.	Flora.	Grafton.		Shearwater.	
		CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.				
9	{ Barron. Fort.	Gibraltar. Monarch.	Odin. Partridge.	Pear. Penelope.	Terpsichore.	
		EAST INDIES.				
8	{ Fox. Hyacinth.	Lapwing. Merlin.	Perseus. Pomone.	Porpoise.	Sphinx.	
		CHINA.				
39	{ Alacrity. Albion. Algerine. Amphitrite. Blenheim. Bramble. Britannia. Centurion.	Cressy. Eclipse. Espiegle. Pearl. Glory. Handy. Humber. Janus.	Kinsba. Leviathan. Moorhen. Ocean. Phoenix. Rinaldo. Robin. Rosario.	Sandpiper. Sirius. Sloop. Sparrowhawk. Taku. Talbot. Tamar. Teal.	Thetis. Tweed. Vengeance. Vestal. Virago. Woodcock. Woodlark.	
		AUSTRALIA.				
12	{ Katoomba. Lizard. Middura.	Mutine. Phoebe. Psyche.	Pylades. Ringarooma.	Royal Arthur. Sparrow.	Torch. Wallaroo.	
		PARTICULAR SERVICE.				
5		Diadem.	Seylla.	Wye.		
		ON PASSAGE HOME.				
5	Archer.	Argonaut.	Barracouta.	Karrakatta.	Nymphe.	
		SURVEYING SERVICE (at Home and Abroad).				
1	{ Dart. Egeria.	Goldfinch. Penguin.	Rambler. Research.	Triton.	Waterwitch.	
187	GRAND TOTAL.					

* Temporarily attached to East Indies Station.

difficulty, as well as nine cruisers and six sloops.¹ On the Australian Station one first-class cruiser and seven smaller cruisers, besides two sloops, were in commission; while one first-class and two second-class cruisers, in addition to a sloop, formed the Pacific Squadron. All those ships were ready to go anywhere and do anything in response to an order from the Admiralty, and the flag was also shown in the North and South Atlantic, off the Cape, and in the East Indies, the main fleets being based on home and Mediterranean ports.

The taxpayers of these islands, their vision embracing the world in which they were accustomed to cut no mean figure as peacemakers, were faithful to the traditions of British sea power which were established by the great Elizabethan sailors when they rode the seas in face of implacable enemies, and laid the foundations of the British Empire and of British world trade. For the conceptions of Empire and trade which took vague shape in the minds of Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh—the first colonist—and their fellow adventurers stimulated the movement which was at length to find expression in two amazing and unparalleled achievements. The first is the spread of British influence over the world's seas, resulting in the settlement of people of our own race and blood in Canada and Newfoundland, South and East Africa, Australia and New Zealand, as well as in numerous dependent colonies. The second is the perilous adventure upon which the inhabitants of this little island, the seed plot of this world commonwealth, entered when, discarding the economic independence of earlier centuries, they converted this agricultural country into "the workshop of the world," with a consequent decrease of food production, until at last the condition has been reached when thirty million people, imprisoned by the seas, live, in careless indifference to their peril, on the grain, meat, dairy produce, and other necessities which come to them day by day in

(1) The British naval forces in Chinese and adjacent waters enabled us to protect our neutrality during the Russo-Japanese war, with the result that the reactions on our ocean-borne trade were of a limited character.

ships exposed to the ill-temper of nature and the organised violence of man. History holds no record of any community existing so absolutely at the mercy of the seas and of potential enemies, for we have only sufficient food in store for our population of 45,000,000 for a period of six weeks. We are at the mercy of every storm of the elements as well as of international politics, as our experience during the Great War, with its rationing system and its food cards, should have taught us. But we are strangely unconscious of the hazardous character of our position. No stranger would imagine from a study of the debates in Parliament or the columns of most of the newspapers in this country that our food-line was 80,000 miles long, stretching across the seas and oceans of the world, and that any interruption in the stream of traffic must result in a shortage of raw materials to be worked up in our factories, and therefore enforced idleness for millions of workers, and in meal tables without food.

The change in the naval situation which has occurred during the last twenty years is traceable to a variety of causes. In the first place, it became necessary to concentrate practically the whole British Fleet in the North Sea as the menace of the growing German Fleet increased. Ships were called home from the outer seas in accordance with sound principles of strategy, to which the peoples of Australia and New Zealand, in particular, in their isolation, as well as the peoples of Canada, Newfoundland, and Africa, paid their allegiance in a manner which has been inadequately realised by the historians of the war. When the hour of destiny struck, the British Fleet was concentrated at the decisive point—the North Sea; the Empire was saved and the Allied cause triumphed. It happened that this concentration of British sea power under force of compelling circumstances coincided with the expansion of national consciousness in the great Dominions, which had hitherto been content to contribute annual sums towards the support of the one Fleet. At the moment when ships were being called home from the outer seas, the movement towards greater independence in matters of naval defence gathered strength. The Admiralty enunciated at the

Colonial Conference in London in 1909 the basic principle:

If the problem of Imperial naval defence were considered merely as a problem of naval strategy, it would be found that the greatest output of strength for a given expenditure is obtained by the maintenance of a single navy with the concomitant unity of training and unity of command. In furtherance, then, of the simple strategical ideal the maximum power would be gained if all parts of the Empire contributed according to their needs and resources to the maintenance of the British Navy.

If that principle had been accepted the British flag would probably be flown to-day in the Pacific Ocean, at any rate, with the same predominance as twenty years ago. For through some Imperially constituted naval authority, distinct from the Admiralty, each of the Dominions, making its contribution in money, ships, or men, or the three in combination, would have been able to exercise effective pressure on the distribution of the Fleet as well as the provision of naval bases. Such a body would have wielded a dominating influence on naval affairs, since it would have reinforced all the arguments of the Board of Admiralty in periodical statements of policy which it would have submitted to the Parliaments of the Dominions, as well as the Parliament at St. Stephen's.

But strategic principles were subordinated to political and other considerations, and the Admiralty abandoned, once and for all, its plea for one Fleet, supported by the whole Empire, though it was recognised that that conception offered vast possibilities of development of naval strength. It conceded that "other considerations than those of strategy alone must be taken into account." The various circumstances of the oversea Dominions had to be borne in mind. "Though all have in them the seeds of a great advance in population, wealth, and power, they have at the present time attained to different stages in their growth. Their geographical position has subjected them to internal and external strains, varying in kind and intensity. Their history and physical environment have given rise to individual national sentiment, for the expression of which room must be found." In due course Australia and Canada founded naval establishments of

their own; New Zealand, very unwillingly and after much hesitation, also broke away, in some measure, from the old conception of one Fleet for the united Empire; while South Africa, which in 1897 had first come forward to contribute to the maintenance of British sea power, at last, after many changes of policy, has assumed an attitude of comparative indifference to the main factors of the Imperial naval problem, though it has its own Navy Office.

As the outcome of years of discussion we have now reached an anomalous position in regard to the defence by sea of the freedom, territories and ocean-borne wealth of the British peoples, five times as numerous as the population of the United States and far more vitally dependent on sea power. In answer to a question in the House of Commons recently, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, speaking on behalf of the Colonial Office, remarked that "the contribution of the Dominions to naval defence takes the form of maintenance of their own naval forces and establishments by the Governments of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa." The amounts provided in the Estimates of the following parts of the Empire for the year 1924-25, he pointed out, were:—

UNITED KINGDOM.—£55,800,000. Expenditure per head, £1 4s. 10d. Amount spent on naval defence for every £1,000 of total import and export trade, £25 3s. 9d.

CANADA.—\$1,400,000. Expenditure per head, \$0.15. Amount spent for every \$1,000 of total import and export trade, \$0.74.

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.—£2,318,164. Expenditure per head, 8s. Amount spent for every £1,000 of total import and export trade, £8 14s. There are, in addition, special appropriations of £3,000,000 for naval construction and £1,500,000 for defence purposes generally, which are proposed to be expended over a number of years.

NEW ZEALAND.—£523,079. Expenditure per head, 8s. Amount spent for every £1,000 of total import and export trade, £5 5s. 8d.

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.—£142,035. Expenditure per head, 1s. 9d. Amount spent for every £1,000 of total import and export trade, £1 os. 1d.

With regard to the Colonies and Protectorates, the contributions to Imperial defence made by the Governments of Hong-Kong, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, and Mauritius are paid, not to the Admiralty but to the War Office.

If these figures be examined in relation to the naval forces which are maintained ready for service in the outer seas,

ample confirmation is supplied of the strategic arguments which the Admiralty laid down in 1909 and preceding years. Though the ideal of local navies has naturally appealed to the instinct of the inhabitants of the Dominions, it is apparent that the expedient, whether viewed from the economic or naval point of view, has its defects. Small navies are inevitably costly in administration, quite apart from the fact that the standard of wages afloat, as well as the cost of maintenance and repairs, even if all the ships are built in British shipyards, is much higher in all the Dominions than in the Mother Country. At the moment Canada, for instance, with one destroyer in commission on the Atlantic coast, and another in commission on the Pacific coast, is making, virtually, no contribution towards the naval defence of the Empire, though she is spending nearly £300,000 on her naval establishment. The position in South Africa is much the same. In both these Dominions political conditions have checked naval development. The Canadian people, apparently, pin their faith to the Monroe Doctrine, now supported by the imposing fleet of the United States. They live cheek by jowl with the American people, the three thousand miles of common frontier having no other defence than that provided by the peaceful agents of the respective Customs authorities. They are presumably satisfied that they are under no obligation to take the larger view of the Imperial Defence problem, holding that the protection of the sea routes over which their trade is carried calls for no preparations on their part. In South Africa the conditions are different, but the results are much the same. Long before the war clouds burst over Europe General Botha warned the people of the Union that they must be prepared to take an adequate share in the defence of South Africa's sea-borne trade, which was then valued at £100,000,000 annually, and a shipbuilding programme, which did not materialise, was formulated on the understanding that the vessels, when completed, would be manned by the Royal Navy, but would be stationed permanently in South African waters, unless the Admiralty required them in an emergency to go elsewhere. General Botha's conception

of the situation was that the Union would in due course emulate the example set by Canada and Australia. He definitely suggested that, though the financial resources of the Union were limited, a day was at hand when South Africa would support an adequate navy of her own closely associated with the Royal Navy.

It would be tedious to recall in detail the attempts which have been made from time to time to solve the problem of naval defence, for they all stood defeated on the outbreak of the Great War, with the result that Australia and New Zealand alone are now seriously co-operating, in the larger spheres of action, with the Mother Country. New Zealand, indeed, makes a bigger and more effective contribution in proportion to her population than any other section of the British Empire, and the New Zealanders, with two cruisers and two sloops, provided by the Admiralty and forming "the New Zealand Division of the Royal Navy," can congratulate themselves on obtaining the highest value for the money which they expend. On the other hand, the Royal Australian Navy is no longer a dream, but a reality. It embraces four cruisers of the Melbourne class, 5,800 tons (three in commission); one flotilla leader, in commission; eleven destroyers—namely, five "S" class and six Australian river class (three in commission); three sloops (two in commission); one depot and repair ship, and one surveying ship (both in commission). The Commonwealth Government maintains also a Royal Naval College at Jervis Bay, a naval depot at Flinders, where there are 1,200 men in training, a naval training ship, the *Tingira*, and a naval depot ship, the *Penguin*. In order that this naval force may be maintained in efficiency in future years, the Government, with fine courage and vision, has recently placed orders in British shipyards for two cruisers each of 10,000 tons displacement, and two submarines.

* * * * *

The British flag has never in modern times been flown in the outer seas, especially in the Pacific Ocean, in less power than at this moment, when no small part of the American Fleet is about to be exhibited in the principal

ports of Australia and New Zealand. The United States is thinking "Pacifically." The naval authorities at Washington realise that with the defeat of Germany their Atlantic problem was solved. Attention is, consequently, being turned to the Pacific Ocean, which, being three times as large as the Atlantic, presents quite other problems, which have been complicated by the non-fortification clauses of the Washington Treaty. Within the past few weeks a great concentration of naval power has been made in the Pacific and, in association with the Army, a manœuvre scheme has been carried out in Hawaiian waters. An indication of the importance the naval authorities attached to these operations was furnished by the decision that, in addition to the ordinary newspaper correspondents, the editors of forty of the principal newspapers of the United States should be invited to witness them, so that they might be in a position to "educate" their readers. It has since been reported that the manœuvres disclosed defects in the island defences, which are regarded as constituting the key to the Pacific Ocean, and in the Fleet itself, especially in regard to aircraft co-operation, and the umpires' report will no doubt have its reflection in proposals to Congress to spend large sums on the development of Oahu as a first class naval base, and on building aircraft for duty with the fleet.

These manœuvres having concluded, preparations have been going forward for a cruise to Australia and New Zealand, in which far and away the largest naval force ever seen in these waters will take part. It will consist not of a scratch assembly of ships, but of a collection of vessels organised as for war, including 11 battleships, 6 cruisers, 28 destroyers, and a number of fleet auxiliaries, including a fleet base force of 9 vessels, store, hospital, depôt and repair ships. This imposing armada will sail from Hawaii on July 1st. Owing to the interest which the cruise has excited in the Commonwealth, as well as in the adjoining Dominion, the itinerary has been extended and the force will be divided in order that as many ports as possible may be visited. The main programme is as follows, indicating that the visit to Australian and New

Zealand ports will extend from July 10th to August 25th:—

FLEET ITINERARY.

Arrive.	Ports.	Leave.
	Hawaii (entire force)	July 1
July 10	Pago Pago, Samoa (entire force)	July 11
July 23	Melbourne (Melbourne Detachment)	Aug. 6
July 23	Sydney (Sydney Detachment)	Aug. 6
Aug. 11	Wellington, N.Z. (Wellington Detachment)	Aug. 25
Aug. 11	Auckland, N.Z. (Auckland Detachment)	Aug. 25
Aug. 30	Samoa (entire force)	Sept. 1

Other ports to be visited by other sections of the Fleet include Hobart, Papette (Tahiti), San Diego, San Pedro, Kaio Hae (Nukuhiva), Galapagos and Balboa (Christobal).

The American officers and men are assured of a most cordial welcome in the Australian and New Zealand ports. They are the representatives of a nation which shares many of the traditions, and cherishes the same ideals, as the British peoples throughout the world. But care will be necessary lest the visits to these ports assume a political character, suggesting that British and American policies in the Pacific Ocean will always run on parallel lines. The speeches of Mr. Bruce, the Commonwealth Premier, have in particular created a fear that the Australian people may be tempted to stray into paths of danger. "Co-operation between the great navies of the United States and Great Britain," he recently declared, "is particularly to be sought in that ocean which more particularly affects us." Those words, in association with an even more outspoken declaration on the defence of the White Australia policy, are capable of receiving a construction which might land the people of the Commonwealth in disaster.

* * * * *

The movements of so imposing a naval force in Pacific waters, under a foreign, though a friendly, flag, cannot be without interest to the British peoples who are forced by circumstances, political as well as economic, to assist in policing this vast ocean, in which their interests are so deeply involved. The strength of the battle fleets of the five great maritime Powers, represented at the Washington

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Conference, have been stabilised under the ratio scheme, which makes provision for the replacement of capital ships as they become obsolete. But the Treaty does nothing to regulate the strength of the cruiser forces, which each nation may maintain; it merely stipulates that no cruiser may exceed 10,000 tons displacement or carry heavier weapons than the 8-inch gun. What is our position? We possess about half the effective merchant shipping of the world. Those merchant ships are the life-giving veins of the British Empire. We have territorial responsibilities in every sea and ocean. And yet month by month our strength in cruisers tends to decrease alarmingly. We apparently possess 52 cruisers, but 25 of these vessels, of the "C" class, were specifically built for short-range operations in the North Sea and are unsuited, as every sailor knows, for work in the great oceans. Deductions from this total must also be made of the 12 cruisers of the "Town" class, which are now nearing the end of their effective careers. The Navy League has done a public service by contrasting in two tables the apparent and the real position of the three principal navies in cruisers:—

TABLE I.—APPARENT STRENGTH.

British Empire.		U.S.A.		Japan.	
Built.	Building.	Built.	Building.	Built.	Building.
52	5	21	—	20	8
Projected.	—	Projected.	—	Projected.	—
7	—	8 (passed).	—	2	—

TABLE II.—REAL STRENGTH.

	British Empire.	U.S.A.	Japan.
Built (and building in brackets)	52* (5)	21 (0)	20 (3)
Over 10 years old	18	11	4
Completed since 1st January, 1920	9†	10	14
Launched since 1st January, 1920	2†	10	13
With speed of 33 knots or more (actual speeds in brackets)	2 (33 knots)	10 (35 knots)	10 (33 knots)

* This figure includes the *Effingham*, *Enterprise*, and *Emerald*, all of which are almost completed.

† The reason for the great difference between these two figures in the case of the British Empire is that construction has been very slow indeed. The *Frobisher* was laid down in 1916 and completed in 1924. The *Effingham* was laid down in 1917, the *Enterprise* and *Emerald* in 1918, and these three ships are only now nearing completion.

The result of this slow construction is that our latest ships afloat are not of post-war design and speed.

Admiral Sir Richard Webb, who had no small share in saving our merchant fleet during the war, has pointed out¹

(1) Royal United Service Institution, Oct. 22nd, 1924.

that "the type of cruiser for working on the trade routes must combine seaworthiness with high speed, a moderately heavy armament and very great radius of action." If it be borne in mind that the British Empire is incurably maritime, concerned in all that happens in every sea and ocean, it must be apparent that the security of the trade routes will be endangered unless steps are taken to replace cruisers which, by reason of their post-war design or increasing age, can no longer be relied upon for efficient service. Owing to the German menace ships had to be called home from distant seas and other ships had to be built to meet the peculiar and restricted conditions of the North Sea; since the close of the war the patrol of the ocean trade routes has not been adequately re-established, as the present conditions in the Pacific attest, and the only cruisers which have been laid down since the Armistice are the five of last year's programme.

In view of the economic conditions which prevail in this country, the Government is compelled by every consideration to examine with the utmost care all expenditure upon armaments. But at this moment 84,000 shipyard workers, in enforced idleness, are drawing week by week the demoralising dole, as well as a great army of engineers and others concerned in the equipment and fitting out of ships. The money which is being spent unproductively in doles to such skilled men could be better employed as a contribution towards the building of cruisers, with the result that the net cost of each of those vessels would be reduced, probably, by as much as £500,000.

The Australian Premier has suggested that the American cruise may be productive of good if it reminds the people of the British Empire of their own dependence on sea power, and, in particular, of their predominant interest in everything which occurs in the Pacific Ocean. We are not thinking of war. We are the protagonists of peace, but that rôle involves adequate strength if it is not to be contemptible.

THE RED PERIL IN THE NEAR EAST

BY KENNETH LEDWARD, F.R.G.S.

FOR the last century the scattered lands between the Danube and the Ægean Sea have too often proved the storm centres whence have arisen the war clouds of Europe. A murder ten years ago in an out-of-the-way Bosnian town was the origin of the devastating battle of the nations from which we have so recently and so painfully emerged; and, without any wish to figure in the rôle of that most unfortunate but unpopular classical princess, Cassandra, it would be idle to deny that a new peril is menacing the Balkan States, which indirectly is likely to affect our own wellbeing. Unlike former troubles, this is not caused by any particular unfriendliness between the various States, whose mutual mistrust has become almost chronic, but by the very dangerous propaganda, which the Russian Soviet is now carrying on in all the Balkan States in an unprecedented style.

The Dictators of the Kremlin have always preached the doctrine that for Bolshevism to succeed it must gain a foothold in other countries outside the boundaries of Russia. Hence the formation of the Central Asian and Caucasian Soviet Republics, and the indirect assaults on every country in Europe by means of labour agitation and sympathetic strikes. To effect the world revolution they have spent on foreign propaganda, especially in Bulgaria, sums far in excess of their means, and thus delayed the recovery of Russia to normal financial conditions. Only in Hungary, in the hideous, but happily short-lived, tyranny of Bela Kun, did they achieve fleeting success. Despite their official negotiations with *bourgeois* Governments, they have never for one moment lost sight of their main aim, the conversion of the world to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat; and if their methods appear milder to outside observers, it is only that they are profiting from their mistakes in the past.

Here the defenders of Moscow will allege that the

Bolsheviks are no longer Communists, seeing that they now permit private trading and private ownership in Russia itself. That is quite true; but in this case their change of policy was not due to a change of heart, but to the refusal of the Russian peasants to till the land and give up all their produce to the urban proletariat, and the only alternative was starvation or a desolating civil war. M. Benes, the eminent Czecho-Slovakian statesman, has recently expressed a doubt on the possibility of Bolshevik success in the Balkans on the grounds that, the population being in the vast majority agricultural, the ethics of Communism would not appeal to them. From a sociological point of view he was quite right, but he overlooked the political side. Bolshevism has long ceased to follow the laws of social evolution. Conscious of its own failures in Russia, it adapts its teachings to the particular structure of the country it seeks to ensnare, and is ready to make any compromise to gain its ends.

It cannot be denied, even by optimists in the future of those countries, that conditions in the Balkan peninsula leave a great deal to be desired. Even in the States which were on the winning side in the Great War there are many harassing problems to settle. Roumania, with an area and population nearly tripled, had to carry through a gigantic agrarian revolution, and seek to reconcile her new and old citizens. She is now faced with the open enmity of the Soviet Republic, which spreads lies in Labour newspapers about conditions in Bessarabia; of her other neighbours, her relations with Hungary are very dubious, and with Yugo-Slavia far from cordial, despite dynastic alliances.

Yugo-Slavia is in similar straits. Her first attempts to unite the scattered divisions of the Southern Slavs by a rigidly centralised administration under M. Pasitch have only resulted in intensifying the spirit of Croatian separatism, and in driving the Macedonians into smouldering disloyalty. She regards Hungary and Bulgaria as secret foes, whom only the reduction of their armies keeps peaceful. With Italy, Greece, and Albania, her international relations may be summed up as "pin-pricks and vigilance."

Greece has adopted a yet more dangerous experiment, that of a change of *régime*. From classical times the Athenians have always found vent for reverses in discovering and chastising some scapegoat; and it is not surprising that King Constantine, King George II, M. Venezelos, M. Gounaris, and others have now been added to the distinguished company which embraced such different personalities as Themistocles, Cimon, Socrates, Alcibiades and Phocion, to testify to the fickleness and ingratitude of the mob. It is hardly likely that the Republicans will maintain themselves for long, as the Morea, which was the most vital province for Greek independence, remains Royalist to the core. This change of *régime*, following on the disastrous Ionian campaign, has rendered Greece more susceptible to Bolshevist agitation, which is especially directed to causing strikes in the Piræus and disaffection in the Army and Navy.

If the State of the "victor" countries is indifferent, *a fortiori*, the condition of Bulgaria must be worse. Deprived of her *Ægean* littoral by the short-sighted Treaty of Neuilly, with an intolerable burden of indemnities suspended over her, and an army reduced to 33,000 men, to be enrolled only by voluntary methods, no surprise could have been felt if Bulgaria had gone "Red" to release herself from her tormentors. That she has not done so is due, partly, to the patience of the people, but still more to the *coup d'état* of June 9th, 1923, when the officers and *intelligentsia* of the capital overthrew the Agrarian Government of M. Stambuliski and formed a coalition Ministry, which later became the Entente Démocratique, and suppressed in September, 1923, a formidable Communist-Agrarian rebellion. Although M. Stambuliski performed a great service for his country in securing a moratorium for the second half of the indemnity, and in cultivating more friendly relations with Serbia, he was undoubtedly working for a Red dictatorship in Bulgaria, which only his overthrow averted; and his tyranny, violence, and unbridled licence disgusted all sane and unprejudiced observers, thus causing his ruin.

The Bulgarian Army is inadequate to keep order or

restrain Comitadjis on the frontiers or Communist rebels within the country. Only the loyalty of reservists saved the situation in 1923. The peasants, undermined by the dishonest machinations of the notorious Raiko Daskaloff, Stambuliski's right-hand man, since assassinated by a Macedonian at Prague, are offered the bait of a Peasants' and Workmen's Government, and the rich spoils of the *bourgeoisie* from Sofia or Plovdiv; while an even more dangerous propaganda was made among the autonomists of Macedonia, who believe themselves deserted by the Zankoff Government, although the murder of M. Alexandroff, the gifted Macedonian leader, by Bolshevik agents caused the Macedonians to transfer their votes from Communist candidates to the democrats, as opposed to the Radical Government of M. Pasitch.

The events of the last few months in Bulgaria, which culminated in a series of outrages more reminiscent of the Corsica of Dumas than of the twentieth century, give the gravest grounds for alarm. On April 13th an attack was made on the motor in which King Boris was travelling between Orhanie and Sofia by bandits, presumably in Communist pay, as a result of which two persons lost their lives, and the King, who acted with his customary *sang-froid* and took the place of his wounded chauffeur, only escaped death by a miracle. On the following day General Constantine Georgieff, a much-respected Deputy and a member of the Democratic Party, was assassinated in the streets of Sofia. The Bolsheviks had laid their plans, evidently, first to murder the King and then to use his funeral as the signal for an unprecedented holocaust, in which all the Ministry were to be "removed." Nothing daunted by King Boris's escape, they tranquilly continued their plans for the latter outrage. Two miscreants, Captains Minkoff and Yankoff, by means of bribes, penetrated into the Church of Santa Nedelia, where the funeral of General Georgieff was to take place, and placed an infernal machine with a time fuze above the spot where the Ministers were expected to stand. The bomb went off according to plan, and killed about 150 persons, including several generals and many distinguished and respected

persons, and wounded hundreds more; but the Communists were again unlucky, as Premier Zankoff and his colleagues were in a different part of the church and escaped with slight scratches.

That this cowardly crime was dictated and plotted from Moscow there can be no possible doubt. Already, to prevent the Roumanians acting to stop the establishment of a Soviet in Bulgaria on April 16th, a liveliness was projected in the Dobroudja and in Bessarabia, while plans for an insurrection of peasants in the Vratza-Viddin area, contiguous to the Serbian border, were also discovered. The Agrarian exiles in Belgrade were, without doubt, fully informed of the progress of events, and were ready to cross the frontier. Moscow disclaims complicity, like any other civilised Government, but if it is innocent it must also claim clairvoyance, as otherwise we cannot account for the Soviet report that "grave troubles have broken out in Bulgaria" at the same moment as the bomb outrage was taking place. At the best it was a very intelligent anticipation of what it hoped would occur.

Immediately after the murders the Government, with promptitude, arrested a considerable number of suspects for examination. Yankoff and Minkoff, unfortunately, could not be secured alive, as their testimony would have been highly useful, if inconvenient for the Bolsheviks. The Soviet news agencies printed reports of a "reign of terror in Sofia, hundreds of innocent persons shot, and thousands in prison awaiting death." This, of course, is a "frigid and calculated" lie, and it is a pity that Colonel Josiah Wedgwood and Mr. Malone, who were in Sofia about the same time, and were allowed to go about everywhere except to the prisons, without let or hindrance by the Government, should allow themselves to be reported in a neutral capital as having assented to these rumours, while the Bolshevik march in this city to the Bulgarian Legation was equally fantastic and ill-judged.

If M. Zankoff and his colleagues were really the fiendish monsters that Communists like to represent, it is very strange that they permitted the acquittal of the Agrarian ex-Ministers accused of peculation last year. Moreover, all those persons, who could prove their innocence, have

been immediately released, and Sofia is settling down, after its tragic Easter, to the normal business of life.

Conditions in Bulgaria are certainly serious, as one may see; but how is a repetition of these outrages to be avoided? It is clear to all but the most prejudiced that the military force at the disposal of the Bulgarian Government is inadequate to maintain order or to repress sedition. The Powers permitted a temporary addition to the slender Bulgarian army of 13,000 police to be recruited till the end of May; but this is obviously a palliative, not a remedy, and it would be madness to disband them while the peril still exists. However, the Powers, with a singular lack of prescience, have just refused M. Zankoff's request to retain these men. Until Bulgaria once more has a *conscript* army of at least 50,000 men she will never be purged of Communist attacks. The Agrarian leaders in Bulgaria, M. Omartchevsky—the "hero" of a fight with the Sofia University on the question of the retention of the "b" and "z" in the Bulgarian alphabet—and M. Thomoff, have disclaimed all connection with the late outrages, and there are no grounds for suspecting them. But there are other ex-Ministers and exiles in Prague or Belgrade who still plot against their native country and abuse the rights of asylum.

Vienna, too, is a focus of Bolshevik propaganda, and it is to be hoped that the Powers may play the part of a friendly policeman and request the Austrian Government to "move them on" to their proper place, Moscow. If Yugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia feel they cannot conscientiously surrender MM. Oboff, Thodoroff and Co. to the Zankoff Government, they might at least circumscribe their activities by submitting them to more careful police supervision.

An interesting article recently appeared in the *Vilag* of Budapest, which dealt with the Bolshevik peril and the undisguised remarks of Zinoviev. The latter discusses the chances openly in each Balkan State. In Greece the majority in favour of the Republic was made up of refugees, the voting among the older citizens being more or less even; these refugees, he says, are permeated with disaffection, though Greece can only be regarded as a *champ*

d'expérience. The new Roumanian property law, he claims, will also make many adherents to Communism in the Dobroudja; while the adhesion of Raditch cannot be too highly appreciated from the internationalist point of view. In Bulgaria the majority of the Agrarian Party have thrown in their lot with the Communists, and form a united front of nearly a hundred seats in the Sobranje; though M. Draguieff's section, small in numbers but important owing to its moral worth, refuses to support this retrograde movement. The attitude of the Macedonians, who powerfully contributed to the *coup d'état*, has now become dubious. Nearly all the Macedonians, in the parts assigned to Serbia, voted for Communist candidates as a protest against the Serbicising policy of the Radicals, but their attachment to Communist doctrines is only skin deep, and a serious attempt made by the Government of King Alexander to improve the deplorable conditions there would certainly terminate the mandates secured by Communist candidates.

M. Popovitch, an ex-Minister of Montenegro, seems to think that the kings are responsible for the mischief. Exile the crowned heads, substitute a federated Balkan Republic, and all difficulties will disappear. It was certainly truer of his own country. But can it be said that, with the possible exceptions of Milan of Serbia and Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the Balkan kings, by dynastic ambitions, have led their people into troubles? Was the war of 1897, for instance, not forced upon King George of Greece by the chauvinists and irredentists of his people? Was it Constantine who deliberately plunged his unwilling subjects into the mirage of the Anatolian campaign? Are those same subjects now experiencing the benefits of a golden age that they have rejected King George II in favour of an ephemeral President? The devotion to duty and constitutional integrity of King Boris III require no question marks, as they are incontrovertible. Nor can it be said that anyone but Alexander Karageorgevitch, the undismayed hero of a forlorn hope, could have united the scattered remnants of the Southern Slavs. He, not Pasitch, Raditch or Koroshets, is the symbol of union. The same remark might be made of King Ferdinand of Roumania

with equal force. Remove the kings, and the fissiparous nature of the trans-Danubian lands, differing in race, religion, language and traditions, will become still more evident. If M. Popovitch's Balkan Republic were ever brought to birth, there is too much reason to fear that its sponsors would be Bolshevism and Anarchy.

Leaving aside the Republican solution, can any other be suggested?

There is no doubt that the present unsettled conditions in the Balkans are due to the short-sighted treaties of peace, where national aspirations too often have been sacrificed to military requirements. Without wishing to condone Bulgaria's action in joining the Central Powers, it must be clear that she is too harshly treated by the Treaty of Neuilly, her one advantage by that, the free outlet to the Ægean Sea, being withheld from her. It is manifestly impossible that a State with a hopelessly inadequate army, overburdened by reparations and torn by civil dissensions, can support hundreds of thousands of refugees voluntarily or forcibly deported by Roumania, Yugo-Slavia and Greece. If the coastal province and the Southern Dobroudja had at least been left to Bulgaria, leaving Macedonia out of the question, much might have been done; but while the Bulgarian soil is overcrowded with refugees filled with hatred against their country of origin—witness the Tarlis incident, where an irresponsible Greek lieutenant murdered a considerable number of "Bulgarophones" whom he was supposed to be taking to the frontier—how can peace be restored? The Greek Government has its own refugee problems to solve. In Epirus, Ionia and the Islands it has seen its more reasonable demands curtailed by the ambitions of the Great Powers, and the acuteness of its housing problems may be judged from the fact that the Opera at Athens is now set aside for the use of the refugees, each family occupying a box. But Yugo-Slavia and Roumania, very tenderly treated by the Peace Treaties, except as regards Fiume, cannot plead this necessity, and as long as the Serbicising campaign of the Radicals continues in Southern Serbia, so long will there be a Macedonian problem.

Let M. Zankoff have a fair chance of putting Bulgaria

on its feet again, by allowing Bulgaria an army of 50,000 men, and by definitely reducing the indemnity payable by half, on condition that an amnesty be granted to the Agrarian exiles.

That Greece can, by a *beau geste* in ceding the corridor of the Dedeagatch line to Bulgaria on lease, do a great deal towards Balkan peace, is beyond question: and perhaps M. Mussolini may find he has a few islands wherewith to reward this altruism. Similarly, the minority clauses, approved of by the League of Nations, if properly carried out by Roumania and Yugo-Slavia, would induce many of the *émigrés* to return to their homes. Nor does Eastern Thrace at the moment seem over-populated.

Is it too late to hope that in the face of the common peril from Moscow the Balkan Powers will come to some mutual understanding, as they did in 1912? Then the Balkan League was for aggrandisement; now it would be for their very existence. They have sat together in the council halls at Geneva in a common task; and their statesmen in many cases have formed valuable friendships. Three of the countries are allied dynastically, and there is a possibility of a fourth alliance. They must by now be aware that in the past all the Great Powers, England and France perhaps excepted, have used them for their own selfish ends. What will be the reply when the dictators of Moscow throw down the gage in earnest, and the Red battalions cross the Dniester on their devastating crusade? Will a new Balkan League, forgetting mutual animosities, stand shoulder to shoulder against this new curse of God from the East, or will they allow themselves to be enslaved, as they were by the Ottoman Turks in the Middle Ages, and suffer the fate of the luckless Caucasian States? Those who admire the virile Balkan races, among whom the writer is proud to rank himself, believe that when that moment comes, Bucarest, Belgrade, Sofia and Athens will speak with a single voice, and, as the standard-bearers of civilisation, will bid defiance to the common foe.

THE FISCAL POLICY OF OUR OVERSEAS DOMINIONS

BY JULIUS L. F. VOGEL

THERE appears to be a good deal of misconception as to the reasons why our Overseas Dominions almost universally have adopted Protection as their fiscal policy. A note of resentment is discernible in many public utterances at our Colonies building up tariff walls against the products of the Mother Country, as though this was the sole object of their fiscal policies. Other types of orator gently rebuke the Colonies for their naughtiness in rejecting Free Trade, and prophesy dire misfortunes for them as a result of their refusal to adhere to cast-iron and unadulterated Free Trade.

It is not amiss, perhaps, to look at the question from the point of view of the Colonies, and to examine into their reasons for adopting Protection.

In the first place it is well to remember that Free Trade, as interpreted by those who out-Cobden Cobden himself, is a very modern movement. Empires have risen, flourished, and vanished into the mists of history without attempts to experiment in such a doctrine. Its inception was unquestionably due to a very peculiar combination of circumstances, under which, for a considerable period measured by the life of man, but for a moment in the history of a nation, everything combined to favour its adoption.

At the date of the repeal of the Corn Laws (1846), Great Britain was undergoing the most gigantic change in conditions that has ever been experienced in any country. For three or four centuries she had dominated the seas, not continuously, but at each critical moment in a succession of wars. Ever urged on by her merchant adventurers, she had acquired, by right of conquest or by settlement, vast overseas territories, but in every case these were regarded as legitimate preserves for the provision of commodities they could supply and for the consumption of British goods. It was Great Britain herself, and not her overseas

sons and daughters, who founded the most rigid system of protection *vis à vis* foreign nations.

Colonial exports in demand by foreign nations at highly remunerative prices were not allowed to be sold direct, but were compelled to pass through British ports and yield the bulk of the profits to British middlemen.

The conception of an Empire had not arisen. Each colony was a dependency of Great Britain, and must take its orders from home. It is not strange that fresh generations, born and bred in the Colonies and faced by local conditions which were not, and could not be, appreciated in Europe, lost touch with the Mother Country. They began to ask themselves why wealth won from the soil by their exertions, and often at the cost of life and limb, should be devoted to maintaining in luxury an overseas population. Their territories were ripe for development, but funds which resulted from the fertility and cultivation of their lands were diverted to other uses.

The conditions of transport then ruling favoured a growth of independence. Political or royal decisions based on Colonial news which had taken months to reach home were found to be ill-judged or impossible of application by the time they reached their destination. Semi-regal powers vested in Governors of Overseas Dominions led to autocratic acts which were suddenly reversed by equally autocratic changes of Governors sent out from the Mother Country. The revolt and Declaration of Independence by a large section of the North American Colonies was a logical result of this form of government. It affected, naturally, the older Colonies, whose population was largely born locally and out of touch with home, except to the extent of feeling the friction of ill-adjusted harness. The attempt to drive the Overseas Dominions on the curb was proved to be a failure, and a new nation was born of this failure.

By the date of the inception of Free Trade in Great Britain others of our Overseas Dominions had developed to a similar extent to that of the United States of America when they cut the ties that bound them to Great Britain, but conditions at home had become profoundly modified.

The development of the coalfields, the invention of the steam engine, and the first experimental attempts to concentrate manufacturing into towns or localities had led to the discovery that there was a worldwide market open for manufactured goods. Agriculture in England was always subject to disabilities for climatic reasons, although the skill and industry of the population had overcome these difficulties in the face of European competition. Strong protection in staple industries, such as the manufacture of woollen goods, had already provided a large home market and developed improved machinery and skilled workers. Wider markets were open throughout the world, and labour flocked from the fields in answer to the call of industries.

Home-produced raw materials were quite inadequate for the demand, and tropical products, such as cotton, were found to be capable of conversion into finished goods that could be sold again at a great profit if manufactured under factory conditions with cheap labour. The agricultural labourer was available and ready to work for comparatively trifling wages, although better than those previously received for farming.

There was no inconsistency, therefore, in the reversal of the previous Protection policy of Great Britain. Her rapidly growing urban population could no longer be fed from home-grown foodstuffs, and her factories called for more and more raw materials. The manufacturers demanded free entry of the raw materials. It was illogical to restrict their production by import duties on such commodities. They did not need any protection against the import of foreign manufactured goods, as either these were not obtainable or could not be produced at competitive prices. Urban labour, regardless of their brother workers still employed on the land, demanded their food and necessities of life at minimum cost, and the combination of interests of manufacturers and urban labour proved strong enough to remove duties from all the necessities of life, whether as raw materials or as manufactured goods. It is true that customs duties on wines, spirits and tobacco and excise on alcoholic products made in Great Britain were retained for revenue purposes. The conception of

direct taxation was not yet. It was still too close to the days when money had been wrung, on one pretext or another, from portions of the population by royal decree.

No one was bold enough or, perhaps it will be maintained, far-sighted enough to make a clean sweep of customs and indirect taxation, but these were confined to commodities which could not be produced at home.

The results of the development of factory production of goods were, therefore, twofold. In the first place they led to a gigantic sale of goods and profits and the production of much wealth, and in the second place they led to free import of goods or the so-called Free Trade policy.

It is not correct to say that Free Trade produced the wealth. This was derived from the improved and increased production of goods. Free Trade in reality operated to divert the bulk of the profits into the hands of manufacturers and merchants at the expense of agriculturists. Under conditions when the whole world was a market open to British manufacturers, the necessity for controlled trade with the Colonies vanished. They too must buy their manufactured goods in Great Britain, and to pay for them must till the soil and pour raw materials into her mills and factories. Leading economists and politicians, dazzled by the gold flowing into the national purse by the world-wide sales of manufactured goods, began to look askance at the Colonies. What good were they? By every mail demands were being received for subsidies or loans to develop these outlying dominions whose contributions to the wealth of the nation were negligible, since their populations were small and their wealth insufficient to make them large consumers of British-made goods. Local wars against native tribes cost money which gave no return. Why not cut the Colonies adrift to sink or swim as they might? Such a policy was not a scarcely audible murmur of unimportant industrialists intent only on making money. It was the burden of public utterances by leading politicians—*soi disant* statesmen.

Why this cold-shouldering of the Colonies did not result in secession it is difficult to realise, but the credit for the foundation of the Empire as we know it to-day rests not

with British Ministers but with the Overseas Dominions. Loyalty to the Crown, far-sighted statesmanship of Colonial politicians, and the rapid development of quick means of communication were the three great factors.

It is hardly conceivable, perhaps, to-day that in the original Constitution of the Australian Colonies a strict veto was placed on preferential trading *inter se*. It is true that permission to formulate their own fiscal policy was granted grudgingly to the different Colonies, but each was debarred from reducing a tariff preferentially with a neighbouring Colony to stimulate the natural trade across an artificial territorial boundary.

Sir George Grey, to whose administration South Africa and New Zealand especially, and the Empire as a whole, owe so much, was responsible for the omission of this restriction in the New Zealand Constitution, and thence eventually in other Colonies.

This review of conditions in Great Britain is essential in studying the fiscal policies adopted by the Colonies, and in understanding why these should differ diametrically from that of Great Britain.

The population of the Colonies had taken its origin from those who had lived and died in Great Britain under Protection. The development of manufacturing at home had no bearing on the conditions in the Colonies. They were still devoted to agricultural or pastoral pursuits, and their wealth was derived from the soil or from gold-mining, which is equally a form of direct production of wealth without manufacturing.

Each had to finance its Government and public services, and to do so must raise revenues. Now in new countries the bulk of the population are at work on the land, and from the land they can clothe and feed themselves with but little addition of manufactured goods. As success attends the efforts of the farmer he requires more and more manufactured goods to improve his standard of living, and these must be imported. Hence, as men make good their purchases of imports increase. By placing import duties on goods the payment of revenue was thus proportionate to the wealth of the individual.

Further, the collection of revenue by any Government costs money. To surcharge goods at a port of entry is easy and cheap to collect. On the other hand, assessing and collecting direct taxes from sparse and widely scattered communities is costly and liable to evasion. Every circumstance, therefore, favoured the continuation of import duties as the logical method of collecting revenue in our Overseas Dominions.

A study of each of our Colonies at the date of the repeal of the Corn Laws would involve a lengthy investigation, but economically conditions were not widely different. Canada was advancing towards conditions when agriculture and the production of raw materials no longer satisfied the aspirations of the population, and industrialism was in the air. By 1856 the Grand Trunk Railway had opened 850 miles of railroad from Toronto to Quebec.

Cape Colony, ceded to England in 1814, had pushed its boundaries northwards, and by 1850 had annexed territory north of the Great Orange River as the Orange River Territory.

Australia was subdivided into five Colonies, excluding Tasmania, and was on the eve of vast and far-reaching development through the discoveries of rich gold deposits in 1851.

New Zealand became an independent colony in 1841, and many settlements were started where now important towns have risen. Between 1860 and 1870 wars with the Maoris were continuous.

Thus it is evident that at the period which saw Great Britain become the workshop of the world these Colonies had barely established themselves as settled lands, and were very sparsely populated by Europeans.

The conditions of Free Trade in England under which agricultural produce could be imported in competition with home-grown foodstuffs very quickly stifled agriculture, and while many of the land workers migrated to towns and joined the industrial armies, others took advantage of the demand of the Colonies for emigrants, and year by year a steady flow of land workers set in from the Mother Country to the Overseas Dominions.

In the meanwhile the United States of America was developing rapidly, though torn asunder by the War of Secession in 1860. This was quickly followed by vast armies of immigrants from Europe, who spread and settled from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Railways, largely financed by British capital, were driven in all directions, and industries were developed rapidly. Protection to foster industries was the general policy, culminating in 1890 in the McKinley Tariff, which raised the duties to a high figure and gave local manufacturers command of the home markets in almost every manufactured commodity.

As will be realised, in the middle of the nineteenth century the great necessity of our young Colonies was capital wherewith to develop their resources, build railways and harbours, and, generally speaking, provide public services. The London market, while not unfair in its treatment of Colonial appeals for loans, nevertheless assessed the security on very conservative lines, and loans bore rates of interest running at 5 and 6 per cent. or more, while the British Government could secure advances at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or less.

In 1869 the British Government withdrew the troops which were protecting the New Zealand settlers against the Maoris, and the Colony, thrown on its own resources, after centralising the government in place of the existing provinces, decided that the best way to end the war was by rapidly opening up the country with railways, which would give employment to the natives and improve the value of the native land by bringing it into communication with the ports. Accordingly a loan of £5,000,000 sterling was decided upon, and Sir Julius Vogel proceeded to England to negotiate the first instalment. He succeeded in making arrangements with the British Government whereby Colonial stocks could be purchased by trustees, and thereby at one stroke opened the doors for a large influx of capital to all the Colonies at low rates of interest.

The development of the various Overseas Dominions proceeded apace, and a gigantic production of cereals, cattle and sheep followed. This naturally brought wealth

to the various countries, and villages quickly grew into towns and towns into cities.

Of course the history of the different Colonies varies in every way, but the broad outline of their progress is uniform. Increased population, both naturally and by immigration, and the concurrent increase of wealth led to an improved standard of living and an increased demand for manufactured goods.

Labour was available, a market existed, and raw materials and fuel had been developed. The conditions were similar to those ruling in the United States, and not unnaturally the vast increase of wealth in that country was an object-lesson to the British Colonies. Customs duties were the chief sources of revenue, and the step between duties for revenue and for fostering home industries was an easy one.

It is significant to note that of the six Australian Colonies one only—New South Wales—pinned its faith to Free Trade. When the Commonwealth of Australia was finally constituted in 1900, the united Colonies adopted a policy of Protection, with Free Trade only *inter se*.

Recognition of the ties which bind the Overseas Dominions to the Mother Country was shown in practical form by the different Colonies establishing preferential rates of import duties on British as compared with foreign goods. Substantial sacrifice of revenue and increased purchases from England can be traced to these measures.

The establishment of reciprocal preferential duties between Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions is a current burning political question, and it is in no way the object of this paper to enter into this controversy.

The fiscal policy of a nation is essentially an economic problem, profoundly complicated by factors which affect different sections of the community in different ways. It has been allowed to develop into a political question, and there is but little prospect of its emerging from the heated arena of politics into the cooler atmosphere of logic and pure economics.

At the same time, in so far as the problem affects relations between the Mother Country and her Overseas

Dominions, it is altogether desirable that the point of view of each party should be considered dispassionately. Misunderstandings are easily roused and difficult to rectify, and no political party can claim to regard the maintenance and development of the Empire as its prerogative to the exclusion of all others. But little harm is done by the free exchange of opinions, even if they end in both parties agreeing to differ, but by imputing motives or distorting facts incalculable damage may be done. To this end an outline of the reasons why different fiscal policies have been adopted at home and overseas may serve as a plank towards building a safe bridge across the dangerous chasm which threatens to divide the British Empire.

dream. And, incidentally, it is also a large part of the story of the progress of the Russian stage since 1900.

I will tell it as Stanislavski told it to me one afternoon at tea, in Moscow, in my room in the "palace" of Russia's former "sugar king" (now a Government guest house for foreigners), on the Moscow river. As the great actor spoke, mildly, gently, reminiscently, I looked past his fine grey head and saw the afternoon sun glistening on the gold of the cupolas of the Kremlin, an ancient stronghold of the Tsars and century-long religious capital of Russia, itself the scene of so much of Russia's stirring national drama-tragedy.

II

Stanislavski came early. Or better, he was not so late as the others, for punctuality is not one of the Russian virtues. The little Russian maid, in her pre-war costume of black and white, knocked at my bedroom door, and I went down to find Stanislavski and his business manager, Rumiantzeff, attired in formal morning dress. (It was the first I had seen in Moscow.) Top hat, spats, and all! (It made a sensation in the servants' hall, I learned an hour later, during a frantic trip to the kitchen to see what had become of the refreshments!)

We sat down by the window, and the great pioneer in realism began, in Russian, shifting to French where my vocabulary didn't reach—

"I was revolted by the shallowness and artificiality of the stage as I found it: declamations, graceful, soulless gestures, whose every curve bespoke its studious preparation, lines repeated carefully by rote. The mechanical dullness of it all stifled me.

"Only here and there was a gleam, a single individual, a 'genius,' who stood out from the drab multitude, spoke a message, and sent you home inspired, with a better and nobler knowledge of life. A Bernhardt, a Henry Irving, or an Edwin Booth. And then the artistic effect was decreased by the background against which they played. Not the stage fittings; I mean the human background, the supporting cast. When Bernhardt was on the stage it was all Bernhardt. Her brilliance stood out in dazzling relief against the mediocrity of the others, accentuating their lifelessness by contrast."

His words were sharp, but his voice was gentle and his face as kindly as a father enumerating the shortcomings of his loved ones. In his eyes was the light of patience, born of long experience with life—and art.

"I struggled with the problem.

"In what are great actors so different? What is this common

denominator of artistic excellence? Is it not possible to isolate it, and utilise it for the benefit of the stage as a whole?

"I found that common denominator. It was simpler than one would suspect. It was *Life*. The difference between great actors and small ones was a psychological one; it was not stage technique.

"Great actors invariably *lived* their rôles. They *never acted*. During those hours behind the footlights they *were* the characters they depicted, as completely as if they had no other existence.

"So I said, we will make a Theatre of Life.

"About this time (1897) my friend, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, a young music director, and I obtained the backing of a group of theatre-lovers, headed by Morozoff, the linen manufacturer. They promised to build us a theatre."

"But how did you translate this discovery into daily stage routine?" I asked. "How did your method differ from that of other theatrical teachers?"

"By means of applied psychology. First, I began at the extreme opposite end of things, at the idea end. The others commenced at the 'technical' end—gestures, voice culture, stage rules. I began by keeping my pupils so busy with the psychological or life phase of their work. So thoroughly imbued did they become with the purpose in what they were doing that more often than not, when the time came to discuss technique, it had already taken care of itself. The idea was so firmly in their minds and hearts that it had to come out, finding the most natural means of expression."

Smiling, he described the "rehearsals" around a table in his conference room—himself at the head, his pupils up and down the table, their chins in their fists, as he outlined the human problems a play contained, described the particular problems with which each character was faced, and then bade his pupils go home to their rooms for a few days, each alone to think out how he would have acted under those circumstances had he been confronted with those problems in his own life.

"Sometimes I had to send them back several times before their analyses satisfied me. Only after all had reasoned out each situation in this way, and had made its imaginary problems a dynamic part of his own life, did I hand out the manuscript to be committed. We never approached the stage until the bulk of the preparatory work—the more important part as I saw it—had been completed.

"In this way I avoided in advance that deadly temptation to recite, the curse of every stage. By the time he came to memorising his lines, each actor had become completely absorbed

in his part. When the final curtain went up he was able to live it behind the footlights almost as intensely as the original in real life.

"We had warm sessions sometimes at those round-tables," he reminisced. "The cast did not always agree with the authors' solutions of the situations. Then we had to thrash it out. But they generally agreed with him in the end. Because art is based upon life, and its development must tally with the laws of existence. Usually they found that the author, a greater artist, had got nearer ultimate principles than they."

"But how did you treat gesture and ordinary stage technique?" I asked. "All your pupils could hardly have been graceful naturally!"

"No; I did have to coach sometimes. But even then I always kept the idea foremost. For instance . . . And he took a glass of hot tea in his hand.

"Problem, to walk across the room giving the audience the impression you are carrying a glass of tea, just out of the samovar. First, I actually give my pupil a glass of steaming tea, and tell him to walk across the room with it, and then drink it. Then I empty the glass, hand it back to him, and tell him to repeat the process, this time imagining the glass is full of tea. Finally, I take the glass from him.

"Now walk across the room, as you did before, but imagine you have a glass of tea in your hand, and that it is full of hot tea, and make me, too, see that glass and what is in it."

He told of their early days of struggle, heretics 'midst a theatrical world of conventionality. "Our repertory grew slowly, because with those methods it was not possible to produce many plays during a season. And another part of our creed, for which we strove, was Russian plays for Russia. While our rivals were revelling in foreign classics we gave Chechhoff, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Turgeneff, and later Maxim Gorki.

"We won our point. The first sign of recognition was when the other theatres began trying to win away our best actors. I saw it would be necessary to develop a 'second line' staff to replace members of the original cast who were attracted elsewhere by larger salaries. I opened another studio, under the direction of one of my best men. They succeeded so well that most preferred to remain together as a unit instead of graduating into the Mother Theatre. I started a second studio, and finally during the Revolution itself a third. All have continued as distinct organisations, and each has preserved its individuality. Each represents a different epoch in the development of the Russian stage. And in each I can see the characteristics of its period."

III

'Midst the bleakness of life which Russia presents to-day, the theatre stands forth as an almost solitary oasis of art, having preserved through the years of chaos most of its original excellence and charm.

Different faces (how different!) range themselves nightly this side of the footlights. Khaki trench coats and working garments lend a duller aspect of reality to front rows, formerly bright with beautiful gowns and the black and white of evening dress. In the Bolshoi Theatre (grand opera) one turns during a performance of *Boris Godunoff* to absorb a whiff of leather, originating in the leather working costume of one's neighbour. The promenade between acts, however, reveals an occasional swallow-tail and low-necked gown, looking strangely incongruous in the room full of drab. Yet they attract no notice. One can wear anything to the opera these days, from riding breeches to tuxedo. It's a question of which you happen to have.

But once the curtain rises all evidence of movement of time and circumstances disappears. At the Art Theatre one sees Russian life re-enacted with all that wonderful humanness and realism that singled the Art Theatre out among European play-houses before the war. Or is there a difference? Is there a nobility in the actors' faces, a richness of character that was not there before, which has added to their understanding of the make-believe persons they are impersonating? For, despite the Government's patronage of theatres, theirs was not an easy rôle. Upon them rested the duty of keeping up the *moral* of the people, making thousands more trouble-laden than themselves forget their burdens for a few hours and gain fresh courage for the morrow.

Throughout the Revolution the Art Theatre never closed, even during the Red Terror. Pensively, one evening in his office-studio, Stanislavski told me of those days, when play shots on the stage inside sometimes merged into the rattle of real shots on the streets outside. "It was not always easy to keep one's composure," he said. "Especially when you had a boy somewhere in that region of uncertainty." (Stanislavski's son, in the twenties, is beginning to take minor parts now in his father's theatre.)

Many a performance was given in an atmosphere so cold that the actors' teeth chattered between lines. Realising the part the theatres could play in preserving the *moral* of the public, the Bolshevik Government accorded them every advantage. But heat calories and coal cannot always be decreed into existence,

no matter how good the intentions of the Commissar of Art. So the audiences (not the actors) bundled themselves up in shubas and fur caps and made the best of it.

The result was a deadly epidemic of tuberculosis among the stage folk. "Many of our finest actors are doomed consumptives," Stanislavski said. "That is one reason my cast and I are looking forward with such eagerness to our trip abroad. We shall devote part of our earnings to a fund for tubercular actors."

Thus the theatre survived the Revolution. It is one of the singular features of wars and revolutions, this persistence of the theatre despite all local disturbances. To wit, the tenacity of the theatre throughout the French Revolution, the crowded playhouses in the American Civil War, and more recently, in London, during the Great War, when theatres were packed every night, and all programmes bore directions "in case of air raids."

"I never enjoyed the theatres half so much before," a former merchant once said to me. "For on the stage I can see Russian life as it used to be. It is the only visual link we have with our past. Everywhere else all is changed."

"The characters we now see on the stage are more nearly like our real selves than we who sit in the *loges*," a former lawyer added.

In their theatres the Russians also have the nearest approach to freedom of speech that exists in Bolshevik Russia to-day. While the non-Communist Press—what little there is—is muzzled tightly by a censorship, the theatres enjoy a surprising liberty of expression. Wisely, the Kremlin permitted them to continue as the only quasi-safety valve for pent up feelings available to the public.

End men in the variety shows thrust wickedly at the foibles of the day whether inside or outside the Kremlin. And the audience, Communist along with them, laughs with a glee that is good to behold. Moscow still smiles in recollection of some of the witticisms of some of BaliEFF's cast in the *Chauve Souris* during those days of tension. "I wonder we had the courage," BaliEFF's brother, who is running the famous cellar playhouse during his brother's absence in New York, remarked to me one evening. He chuckled. "Sometimes we did overdo it. But we soon forgot the official reprimand and became as saucy as ever."

Certain plays and ballets of eminently royalistic hue, such as the Art Theatre's classic, *Tsar Theodore*, were barred until recently. But before I left Moscow most of these restric-

tions were lifted, and now the Art Theatre is giving *Tsar Theodore*, and the Bolshoi is trundling out its songful kings and queens as in the days before Lenin and Trotsky.

There is a poetic fitness in the fact that of all Moscow's theatres the Art Theatre has survived the Revolution with the least scars.

And there is a romantic justice in that it should be the first group of players after the Revolution to come direct from Moscow to Western Europe with its message of a national life that is one of the richest in the human element of any in the Old World, reinforcing the jolly word brought in advance by their exiled colleagues of the BaliEFF tribe, who charmed London a year ago.

empty idealism, a feeble compromise rather than run the risk of making an enemy. He had come to being able to write a book that people could give in perfect security to their relations in the provinces as a Christmas gift, while the leading reviews gave it consideration in London.

In spite of every precaution, enemies there were.

Had he deserved them?

Why had he always seen precisely the right people home?

And, on the doorstep it had been:

"Oh, Mr. Temple, do you think you could possibly come in to luncheon on Sunday? We are a sure find on Sunday."

"Delighted."

And there would be luncheon on Sunday, and somebody else advantageous to see home, and have one of those sympathetic talks that invariably proved fertile of further invitations.

Jacob's ladder, angels ascending and descending with outstretched, helpful, white hands.

He had kept his ideals about women to a certain extent; God knows it had not been easy, but essential, and this miraculous survival made him more popular than anything else, and he knew exactly how to slip out of every tiresome entanglement with some gesture that bore the semblance of chivalry.

Uncomfortably he remembered Violet Lochelle, her wide, useful drawing-room, so like moss and moonlight, her thin, white, triangular face, and clear, sunken eyes, with isolate black wires curling back over the lids.

He recalled her cruel finger tips, stained the colour of raspberries, thrust into the pockets of her grey jacket, her fuzzy yellow hair under the hard brim of her felt hat.

Her lawn shirt must have covered one of those smooth crystal hearts impervious to temperature.

He dropped in now and again to pass the time of day where once he used to live.

"Well, my dear, so you do sometimes look up the ladders you kick over?"

He hated her to say that; he could not bear many things true or anything unpleasant; habitually even-tempered, he blazed rage.

If he had taken in the past was he not now the giver, the coveted champagne at her frequent parties?

"You have nothing to complain of, you have cast your bread upon the waters, and it has been returned to you, not after many days, but almost at once," he longed to say, but he only took up his hat and she marked the sulky back of his neck as he went out between the pillars of her important door with other regrettable departures. Conscience disturbed him not a little. He need not have held the cool, raspberry finger tips quite so long or quite so often, but had he not dedicated *Walters Pool* to her, had he not compromised her as she had desired, knowing he was perfectly safe, as she had all the money and Lochelle existed on an allowance from her purse?

Had she not, like most of them, been older than he, and had he, even at that early date, been so unspotted by the world to consider that the strong position for her?

"At rock bottom she is sentimental, and like all sentimental people cruel." And he dismissed her.

But to-night the man over the dinner tray and the piles of corrected proofs gave himself up to his good mood, a visitation of grace that invariably returned to him. In that golden hour it was no longer possible to make mental mistakes or evasions, to disguise the wrong values, to deny the right ones.

Nor, in such moods, did he desire to do so—his salvation, though temporary, was complete.

He marvelled at himself; he marvelled that he had not wholly perished, that vision was still possible as into the magic circle of serenity floated all manner of semi-forgotten things that had gone, so wastefully it now seemed, to his making.

He told himself that had it not been for Morgan he would have perished and left his bones in the desert, and he almost wished she had never come to stamp him forever, in spite of extensive wanderings, with knowledge of the truth. "What she gave me," he said to himself, "could not cure me of my miserable infirmities, but her gifts have proved a continuing remedy that periodically deliver me from my abominable self."

She had pointed out his errors in style so that passages in his books nauseated him. But he knew his errors in style had been nothing to his errors in life.

Morgan, the first ladder, the legitimate ladder, the celestial ladder, Morgan, whom he had drawn out of a handful of introductions when he had arrived in London from Oxford and a useful year in Paris.

It had been August—one of those London Augusts of blind houses, stray cats, and dry leaves, with the usual scattering of persons left behind to get into mischief.

Morgan always spent August in London; she enjoyed it empty of everybody except those who remained because of her.

The lift shot up to a top flat in Knightsbridge, and out of the windows of the little study into which he was ushered Julian could see the heavy brown trees of Hyde Park.

However long, however often, however intimately one sees a friend, one sees them at some moment once and forever.

Like some photograph, the flash-light impression lives on to contradict others that follow it.

The first time that Julian saw Morgan, he saw her then and forever, and now, looking back a good decade, he saw her not at those closer quarters which had been theirs before they parted, but as he had seen her on that first stuffy day in August.

She was sitting on a shallow sofa surrounded by books and sheaves of typewriting, swimming, it seemed to him, in a sea of papers, and just as one learns to associate the idle moments of some women with a sofa, he was to learn to associate Morgan's work with the dark couch

near the fire. As she rose to greet him, waves of paper fell to the ground.

She was of medium height, and she stood with her hand on her hip throwing her weight on to her left side, her right leg bent like that of a Greek figure on a frieze, and rubbed the palm of her hand over her wide brow as if to scatter thoughts that crowded behind it, pushing back her rough hair.

He was to watch her return to that attitude over and over again and mark how her body was classic, while her face, though not irregular, was romantic and disturbing as the first strains of a violin.

Spreading his bony hands to the weak flame of the neglected fire, he could not to-day think without nostalgia of that face he had made so little effort not to lose.

It was such a miracle of smooth, pale loveliness, of generous and sincere contours, that you simply did not know what to do with it, whether you wanted to stroke it or kiss it or leave it divinely alone in its own kind glory.

It gave you that weak, helpless sensation of delight that can overtake and paralyse one at the sight of a young donkey or a Persian kitten. She was the sort of woman that made others of her sex, however safe in their love, fearful of leaving her with their men, and this magnetism in Morgan was all the stronger because effortless and involuntary; indeed, there were occasions when it may be said to have been her misfortune.

Her eyes, over bright, startled, did not seem ever to have become accustomed to admiration, and her eyebrows, russet and straight, were divorced from the eyelid in a way that gave her an expression of continual and amiable surprise. Whatever her age was it was the right age.

Looking down upon her, despite all this amiability, Julian had been vaguely aware that the lower lip of her thin, sweet mouth—still thinner in its smile—was shadowed by some knowledge not altogether flattering to mankind.

Her beauty had that rare quality that could have made it an occupation and an adventure in the world without further aim than its own destiny; Julian was soon to discover that she had many activities besides the emotions created by her disturbing person.

She was perpetually busy, not feverishly so, but deliberate and concentrate, writing, correcting proofs, answering letters, tossing papers into the titanic wastepaper basket at her side.

"You know I am slow," she told Julian, turning her shining eyes upon him, and abstractedly making room for him beside her on the wide sofa among the papers.

"All my life I have been slow; it takes me ages to read a book, ages to write a thousand words, ages to make up my mind, oh, ages and ages to make up my mind. It would be so much better if I could allow someone else to do it for me, but I can't do that. When I go to a theatre it is only a week later I fully realise what it was all about—I only enjoy a thing days afterwards.

"I am not stupid, not that; I get there in the end, and then no detail escapes me." And when she mentioned it he recognised that candid slowness in her eyes.

He had been too young at that early date to know how the peculiar qualities of her gifts were born of this slow labour; how she was like a mother carrying a child over time and bringing it forth with teeth.

Very soon Julian had been always there.

"You're a perfect pest," she would say, and all her friends echoed, "He's a perfect pest."

He was young enough for that.

He used to turn up after breakfast while Morgan was reading her letters in her bath, and he would lounge about turning over the last books she had been reviewing or tinkling tunes on the piano.

In the window was a bullfinch who could whistle the "Marseillaise," and the door of the cage was always open, and sometimes the bullfinch would be within, sometimes without, perched on the domed summit competing lustily with the piano.

At last Morgan would come in smelling faintly of verbena, gripping her heavy post, her narrow feet hastily thrust into scarlet leather bedroom slippers with noisy heels.

"Good heavens," she would say, "you—already here!"

"Must I go?"

"Well, if you stay you must keep quiet."

And she would start her scribbling, pausing with her chin in her hand to think, not of him, but of those many other things he found so tedious.

He grew to loathe her work and her papers, impatient when her eyes were full of what she was doing, and inattentive to him.

The hours would be punctuated by Rosalie, the French maid, coming in with messages from the telephone.

He would soon begin to feel bored, and he would start fiddling with everything on her mantelpiece.

He would take up the crystal globe from its ebony stand and try to see a vision in it; he would take up the amethyst dolphin by its fragile tail; he would remove the miniature ivory Madonna from her silver shrine.

Morgan would cry,

"Do please, please put her down: you will drop her."

"I never drop anything, it's not my way; but I expect I drive you to the verge of lunacy. I think I shall go out for a bit and get some flowers." And he would return in a quarter of an hour with an armful he could ill afford.

Then in a few minutes:—

"I'm so afraid they will die if I don't put them in water. As it is, I am not sure that they are very fresh. I believe the girl cheated me;" and Morgan would have to ring for Rosalie to bring vases, and further time would be wasted in admiration.

"But why, why do you put up with him, Morgan? Why in heaven's name do you put up with him?" her friends would ask her.

They would drive back from Victoria in a taxi under London lamps, and he would catch fleeting glimpses of other couples whom he secretly envied despite their vulgarity.

After months of making room for him beside her on the sofa, he was getting no nearer to her, making no headway whatsoever. While she poured forth tenderness on all manner of objects, from the bullfinch to the charwoman, there was about her regard for him a lack of sentiment that wounded and left him like a bear with a sore back.

Without any obvious barriers she was inaccessible.

He was constantly watching for some side channel through which he might slip into the wide sea of a more intimate knowledge of her, but just as he was watching she would turn wide, guileless eyes upon him with some casual question, and he would be disarmed and powerless.

Meanwhile, from her many introductions, he was forging an extremely strong and useful chain of advantageous acquaintances, and he was tossed on from delightful house to delightful house.

Not that he pushed; he was not pushing; it happened, and he allowed it to happen.

In those days he had never stayed long anywhere; he was restless, and his urge was towards the flat in Knightsbridge and the sofa near the fire, back "Like Bottom the Weaver, ever fresh garlanded from the hands of some new Titania," as Morgan put it.

One day towards the end of May, after luncheon, he had been as usual rocking from foot to foot on the hearth-rug looking down at Morgan.

Suddenly he threw away his cigarette, sat down beside her on the sofa, and put his thumb and his forefinger round her left wrist. He could feel the small bones and the vigorous pulse beating.

It had been August when she had first touched his imagination in five minutes, and it had taken him till May to take her hand.

The sense of contact with someone who had become so necessary to him, someone known so long yet hitherto untouched, was an extraordinary shock. It surprised him to feel how warm she was; somehow he had expected her to be cool as running water.

Slowly, over her bare throat and smooth cheeks a faint rose colour spread itself till it met her hair, and where it died away leaving her pale, he kissed her abortively two or three times.

It had, of course, been this way with him often before, despite his youth, too often, but never the least like this.

Thoughtfully Morgan had looked at him; with despair in her eyes and welcome on her mouth, full of weariness, of patient acceptance of the inevitable, of a knowledge beyond his comprehension.

"Why the devil," she had said, "why the devil couldn't you leave me alone?"

"I've already done that far too long," and, with all the humility of the right kind of conqueror, he had taken Morgan in his arms. But what a peril is victory, and how few persons know what to do with it.

So meditated the maturer Julian of to-day as he re-lived that hour now ten years ago.

Like most persons who are economical over their preludes, Morgan had been generous in her surrenders, and with the obstinacy of the

unstable he penetrated into the remotest possibilities of her admirable heart.

Sensitive as he was, he very soon learnt he could never compete with her unerring touch on life. She never made a mistake, her gestures, her charities, her silences, the breaking of those silences, were all instinctively and perfectly right.

Yet he had known

*Ah, fool, but there is one heart you
Shall never take her to . . .*

without which knowledge the affair would have had but little savour for him.

For a short space he was drunk with triumph, with extravagant adoration, and he was carried down stream on the current of a vitality swifter, younger, if less deep than her own.

Rapidly all the old routine of her former active life was broken up.

They went down to Kew Gardens to be alone, and found everyone else there for the same reason. They went to the one restaurant in London where you meet no one, and where they found all their enemies and some of their friends. They were always together.

They went to a big ball at the Albert Hall as the princess and the swineherd; and a very nice princess and a very nice swineherd.

She exposed them recklessly to the talk a rich woman can expect who is constantly in the company of an impecunious man younger than herself, talk to which he was as indifferent as she was.

They came home so late that she could no longer get up in the morning, and when he came round to take her out to luncheon he would find her only just ready.

Her friends dropped off one by one as she was nearly always out, and, to Julian's great joy, the detested papers became fewer.

She no longer went to Paris or to Italy, but lived between Piccadilly Circus and her flat.

She felt that all the reasonableness was passing out of life.

About this time he began to write seriously, to write well with long concentration, better than he had ever written before, better indeed than he was ever to write again. He started *Built upon the Sand*.

He became absorbed, soaked in his work for dazed, hectic hours, returning to fetch her long after the appointed time, and then only to read what he had written and to consult her as to further chapters.

Intolerant as he was to criticism, he knew the value of her judgment and would with fury correct on her advice.

He and she agreed how, as the book was to appear in the spring, it was advisable to keep up useful connections, so they went out a good deal amongst those necessary people to whom she had introduced him. At last, declaring that he could stand the distractions of London no longer, he went away with his book for a couple of weeks to finish it in Surrey. Morgan left him to his work and remained in London. She had grown strangely *désœuvrée*: she who had wanted an extra month to the year, an extra week to the month, an extra day to the week, now no longer knew how to fill the once packed life that had been hers.

She would waste hours feeding the bullfinch, smoking, lighting one match after the other, contemplating the flame aimlessly and throwing the charred stick into the grate.

The needlework alone progressed and the large birds spread themselves over the linen, the trees were prodigal of pomegranates and oranges.

Michelle still came. She would find Morgan waiting.

Ludicrously unconventional herself, she had a strong vein of convention where others were concerned. She cautioned Morgan against talk.

"It vulgarises things so," she said as a last resource, and added, at Morgan's movement of indifference, "Not that I am not perfectly well aware that it is not those who love greatly so much as those who can pay largely, who are forgiven in these days," for Michelle, who had known the struggle for existence, dealt out the brutal truth to those whom she loved with the same relentlessness she would have used had she been hostile.

She drew Morgan down on her knee and took her thin face between her tender, medical fingers.

"My girl, my girl," she said gently, "you are not going to allow yourself to lose your looks. When I look at you, Morgan," she continued, "I am almost tempted to believe in the soul, for, in your case, this complicated and often disgusting machinery we call the body is stamped from within by some force that seems to me little short of divine."

"So that is what the medical journals call Beauty, which I am rapidly losing with everything else that is slipping away," Morgan admitted helplessly.

"And I shall be left to pick up the pieces. However, that is my particular job in life," and Michelle buttoned up her old trench coat and went out into the night.

It had been on a Sunday, a Sunday in the country, that Julian had finished the book at Vine Cottage.

Well he remembered that Sunday, and he thought that if he had seen Morgan forever that first August day in the Knightsbridge flat, he had seen her forever once again in the ugly Surrey parlour where he had been lodging for two weeks.

He had telephoned to her from the little post office early that morning, and in the evening she had come down to fetch him.

She passed under the dripping vine of the porch and sat down at the rickety table before the dim cruet.

The landlady, destitute of originality, had done her heavy best: dark slabs of filleted plaice, cutlets supporting themselves against a tepid mound of lumpy mashed potato, apple tart, and very yellow custard.

Morgan had taken off her loose gloves and brown felt hat. It had been raining during the drive from the station, and the cold rain had come in through the left window and sprinkled her hair, leaving one cheek pinker than the other. Wrapped to the chin in a tweed coat made out of a travelling rug, she shone as such women do in rough clothes, disturbing him, touching his imagination as she had done the first time he had seen her in London.

Perhaps they had never been better friends than that evening in the train, with the finished book in the attache case between them.

How had he been able to bring himself to leave her?

The book burst upon an astonished world, and Morgan sent the quilt with the proud birds to be lined with crimson silk. All Morgan's friends said she had written the book, and some of them added that Julian had finished the quilt, and there may have been subterranean truth in both statements.

But Julian had written *Built upon the Sand* right enough; his head swam, invitations poured in, reviews poured in, and now he had to be consoled when they were over-critical, lifted out of rage and despair. At a word of criticism, the literary world became peppered with his enemies, bristling with conspirators plotting to ruin the career of a new rival.

He laughed now to think of how daily he had brought his post to Morgan's knee in alternating moods of rapture, dejection, and pugnacity. More, more, more about himself.

* * * * *

One night after a supper party at the Ritz he turned up at the flat in Knightsbridge very late indeed. He stood in the low doorway, a long, thin young man in a smoking jacket and a black tie, and he looked at Morgan sitting in the hollowed corner of the black sofa under the lamp. She had on a cherry coloured under-dress and a purple wrapper, and a purple leather slipper was dropping from one of her bare feet.

Her book was face downwards beside her, and he felt with discomfiture that she had been thinking, not reading.

Quietly he had gone to the fire and made it up with logs and the bellows.

One of those golden moods that were to save him forever from perdition had been upon him that night, and he dropped down at her feet, huddled; he threw one arm across her knees and took her bare foot in his warm hand.

"How cold you are, darling," he told her.

He had carried into the twenties the movements, the attitudes of childhood, a preservation devastating to women, since it evokes their mission in life. Sometimes Morgan had felt the debt to be easily on her side.

He was a very different young man to the one who had first taken her hand; he had learnt a great deal. The dreams she had given him. She must have given men dreams as some men give women children. She had lost flesh, and it was not an improvement, for it sharpened her, rendered her more obvious, robbed her of misty subtleties that had left her perfections vague.

The colour of her lips had faded, and they were dry and pale, and seemed to breathe continually a hot and wasting atmosphere, and the serenity of her face had given way to a troubled disquietude.

He fell to talking of what they had done for each other, and, at last, he had spoken only of what she had done for him.

"You see," he said, with honest despair, "I had meant to bring you so much, and somehow I seem to have taken everything."

She plunged her hand into his shaggy hair. "I know," she said, "I know, but it's all perfectly right, all absolutely my fault; I have always known from the first that you were like that."

Always kind, she was not less so that night than she had been on previous ones; kinder, yet intentionally or unintentionally she made him feel as never before her enormous and unpossessable value.

Through veils of sweetness untouched by any squalors, they both were penetrated by the desperate distress of the fugitive in life.

She spared him while she condemned; she ravished him with tenderness, terrified him with consolations.

When at length the day trembled in the room, he was shocked to see her face in the silver light; the wet eyes ravaged, but undegraded, and over her beauty a fleeting devastation that made it more desirable than it had ever been before.

Shaken to pieces by the knowledge of the cross roads under her resolute feet, he took her by the shoulders, suddenly years older than she was, wiser than her, saving permanent things for her out of the flames, telling her it must always hurt, reassuring her with memories of humiliations escaped.

Together they rose to temporal places of uninhabitable heights. Next evening he had got her last letter:—

DARLING,

When you get this I shall be on my way to Paris with Michelle. Think of me on the boat with my face towards home.

As for us, *nous n'avons plus rien, absolument rien à nous dire.*

Michelle was right; you were becoming my little bit of trouble. Some women like it, but I can't bear it.

MORGAN.

He had put this letter in his pocket and he had thought of Morgan walking under the second chestnut blossoms in Paris in her dark blue cape, probably, as it was autumn when she left him; and with her would be Michelle, the woman doctor, with the large feet and heavenly smile.

Morgan would say:

"I cannot go out with you in that impossible coat, Michelle."

Yet she would end in going out with her, walking down the Rue de la Paix, Michelle gently triumphant in the oily trench coat like that of a post-war tramp, and a felt hat that had served as an umbrella for years squashed down on her short, iron-grey hair.

He wondered what hat Morgan would be wearing on the Bacchanalian spiral locks that were the colour of the darker chestnuts that fell plump, plump, on the damp ground at Versailles—would it be the broad, black felt one, or the close one with the gold wings?

He knew there was nothing he could do, nothing he could say, nothing he could write that could prevent her from being happy again very soon; he was not glad at that knowledge, and he had the shame to be sorry that he was not glad.

Well, he had had to go out to dinner on that night of loss as on other nights.

During dinner, as the wine was good, the talk mostly about himself, he, more or less, forgot, though he stayed late fearful of the muffled pain that surely enough, like neuralgia in a tooth, attacked him when he was out in the empty street. He was extraordinarily hurt by what she had said about home. Never for one moment, then, could home have been with him.

He passed her dark flat. How fond he had been of her; that was quite different from being in love; he would be in love a hundred times again, but never so fond of anybody.

When he got home he sat down, and, with a trembling hand, answered her few lines with many careful pages. That night, indeed, not without sincerity, he had contributed extensively to literature.

Brooding over the dying fire in the expensive room, teasing the embers with the poker, the Julian of to-day wondered if she had kept that letter; being Morgan, probably not.

Ten educative years had never brought him anyone who could give so much and heal so rapidly. It was, he thought, her innate healthiness, her hatred of wounds and paralysis of any kind.

He saw her again beside the unmitigated realism of Michelle, walking in the Bois, the leaves falling, the wind blowing her long cape into a wing, her limp skirt clinging to her clean-cut knees, passing through life and decay dispensing dreams and inexhaustible life.

Very wearily, the Best Seller had a steaming bath, dressed to go out, walking up Knightsbridge after that sedentary day that is the writer's penance.

There was still time, plenty of time, to go round the world. He could do it so well, so very well, with every intelligence; with his brain, his tough body, and that strange, floating information that people called the spirit.

He would save so much, including his soul, alive.

He would not have to go to the Private View at the Royal Academy and see all the ageing faces of the persons in the social race, the frightened expression of those terrified of being left behind.

He would no longer slip into the stalls on first nights and hear people say: "There's Julian."

Yet how comfortable it made him feel when he heard them say that, how safe.

At the top of Knightsbridge he stood still. On his left was the dim park full of murmuring and concealed life; on his right was St. George's Hospital, full of suffering and chloroform, while down the road he could see the large lighted house to which he was invited for that night.

He could almost hear the clatter of supper plates, the loud competition of inane voices to which he was bidden to contribute, and which suddenly terrified him.

He stood on the kerb as he had stood on the threshold of Morgan's flat ten years ago: a pale, thin, sensuous young man in a concave white waistcoat, rocking from foot to foot.

There was still time, still heaps of time to go round the world.

But he did not go round the world; he went as he had always gone, up the red steps into the lighted house and the sound of plates and voices.

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ANCIENT EGYPT

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated by Alfred Sutro

I

EGYPT OF TO-DAY

IF you are anxious to preserve that idea of the world which you have derived from travellers' stories, from poets' legends, from the dreams of your childhood and youth, you will do well never to cross the threshold of your dwelling. But if you prefer reality, whatever it may be, to the mere visions of fancy, take a trip round the world. You will be disillusioned again and again, but at least you will have learned to see for yourself, you will have formed your own impressions and understood things; and you will note a difference henceforth in your manner of looking at the world, in your feelings, your desires, your troubles, and even your happiness. You will return home wiser and more tolerant; a cleansing wind will have passed through you that shall for a long time bring peace to your soul. Your surroundings will have become dearer to you: the country in which you were born and the men among whom you live. You will find the existence attractive that had hitherto seemed so unjustly cramped, so dull and monotonous. You will no longer envy those who sail to other shores; and as the great ships that carry them fade away in the distance there will no longer be envy in your heart, for you will have learned that there are indeed few of the world's wonders that come up to the conception that we have so fondly formed of them.

I was loath to believe it till my own eyes convinced me, but it is a fact that a few picture postcards, crude and glaring as a railway poster, will give you a very fair idea of Egypt. Obelisks and pyramids, sparse clumps of date-

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trees with their feathery polls nodding in every direction; innumerable dykes, long and straight and narrow and green, across which undersized donkeys, their outline cut sharp on the great blue sky, are for ever trotting to and fro; while women with heavy black veils, looking like mourning Madonnas, pass by with a petrol tin poised majestically on their head, and men hasten along, either half naked or muffled to the ears in white or red rags; and the tall camels swing past, languid, haughty, disdainful, balancing themselves as they step from foot to foot and seeming to count every one of their mighty strides. And all these, save only the camels whose solemn gait nothing can quicken, appear to be in an extraordinary hurry, on the move all day long, eager to reach some destination that we can never discover, nor indeed do we want to, for as far as the eye can reach there is such monotonous similarity that we have no desire to stir. The water at the foot of the dyke is stagnant, slimy and yellow. Here and there is a primitive mill known as "sakiye," with a couple of small, humpbacked donkeys slowly turning the great wheel, so dilapidated as almost to be falling in pieces as it goes on its creaking round; while every hundred yards or so a perspiring fellah will be watering his meadow, from sunrise to sunset, by means of the "chadouf," which is still, as it was in the days of the Pharaohs, a mere long flexible rod attached to an old pail or bucket or perforated basket, which draws up the filthy water and runs it into little mud trenches that are as artless and primitive as those that our children at home dig round their castles as they play by the seashore.

At regular intervals of a league or so in this vast green plain—where you will find barley, corn, cotton, lucerne, cloves, poppies, sugar-cane, and the clumps of feathery polls I have already mentioned—there will be a cluster of huts, blackish hovels contrived out of mud and chopped straw, with crazy roofs and tottering walls; sinister, incredibly dirty, covered with the dust that comes from the great furnaces, holding together only through force of habit and quite ready to collapse at the first shower, like a lump of sugar dissolved in ink. There will be a few

donkeys under the dappled shade of a tamarisk-tree; there will be women in perpetual mourning squatting by the side of the huts, and a group of children, chocolate-coloured and without a rag on them, lying full length in the reddish-brown dust, whilst above all glares the great, unpitying sky across which no cloud ever passes. There you have the peasants' villages; the home of the fellah as it has been these last thousand years; and so it is throughout the thousand odd miles from Alexandria to Assouan, the whole length of the valley of the Nile, which will at one place, as at the Delta, be several leagues across and at another as narrow as a footpath wedged in between savage rocks or eaten away by the red sands of the desert.

The small towns that are lined up along the railroad or the banks of the river are contrived out of the same black mud, with here and there a few houses of raw or baked brick, white-washed after a fashion, and here and there some sheds and broken-down tenements; while in the midst of these will arise the house, or sort of suburban villa, of the engineer or European official, close to the tall chimneys of a sugar factory, which give the whole riverside landscape the doleful air of a suburb of one of our own industrial towns.

Such is then, briefly, the aspect of the Egypt of to-day. Can it have been the same in the days of the Pharaohs? It is not easy to tell, for the wonderfully preserved paintings and bas-reliefs found in tomb and temple never portray landscape. Egyptian art ignores, or disdains, perspective as well as composition of groups; it concerns itself only with symbolic outline. A tree stands for a forest, a blue line for a river, a flower for a garden. Even the celebrated "Mastaba" of Ti, Intendant of the Vth Dynasty, containing as it does in their miraculous freshness so many minute and delightful details of Egyptian life—hunting, fishing, farming, the rearing of geese and cranes, corn being threshed, labourers, carpenters, harvesters, women toiling in the fields, tax collectors, sports and games, oxen crossing a ford, birds, fish, crocodiles, hippopotami, thickets of papyrus in the swamps of the Delta—all these give us but a vague idea of the landscape

or the parks of ancient Egypt. Of gardens we find traces only in the terraces of the vast temple of Deir-el-Bahri, built under the XVIIIth Dynasty; these have stone basins riddled with holes to let the water pass away, and the bas-reliefs in the granite show the massy foliage of the incense-trees, brought at great cost from the Pount country, which stretched along both shores of the Red Sea.

To-day, except in the environs of Cairo, there is not a single tree, other than date-trees and tamarisks, to be found all the way from the Delta to the First Cataract. The sycamore, which was the national, the sacred tree, has completely disappeared, like the papyrus and the lotus, respectively symbolic of the Egypt of the North and South and constantly recurring in ancient paintings. They are now to be found only in botanical and zoological gardens.

The big towns, Alexandria and Cairo especially, are a little disappointing at first, like all the more or less legendary cities we have seen in our dreams, with the glamour of the East upon them. In the European quarter the wealth displayed seems in bad taste, rather trivial and tawdry; the native quarters, for whose appreciation a long stay is no doubt necessary, strike one at first as curiously miserable and dilapidated; dirty, dusty, squalid, and infinitely less picturesque and full of colour than we had been led to believe by the descriptions of travellers, who are for the most part no more than well-trained parrots. But it is no business of mine to refute them or to tell again what has been told a thousand times; nor will I dwell here on the mosques or the Arabic art, which would demand a special study and are by no means confined to Egypt.

II

EGYPT AND EGYPTIAN ART AT THE TIME OF THE PHARAOHS

The truth is that the Egypt of to-day would not, but for the mildness of its climate, long detain either tourist or artist, who so quickly exhaust all that is to be seen in the towns, the river, and country, were it not that behind all these there hovers the prodigious, insoluble enigma of a civilisation that goes back more than seven thousand years

and has left on this earth of ours innumerable traces that are as clear, as fresh, as deeply graven, as though they dated from yesterday. There is nothing in this whole world that can compare with the temple at Luxor, the tombs of the Valley of the Kings and of Sakhara; with the pyramids, with the underground vaults of Apis. There is nothing, not even the famous temple of Angkor or the palaces in China, that is so strange, so unexpected, so bewildering, so curiously, disconcertingly human—and human in a fashion that does not seem to belong to this planet of ours. Nowhere in the world can we find an art that is so fantastic and yet so nicely balanced, so barbarous and yet so exquisitely cultured; an art that wanders with the same graceful ease from the colossal to the puerile, from the sublime to the grotesque; that produces, now a flimsy sketch, and then a perfect drawing, finished down to the minutest detail; an art leaping from the most appalling monstrosity to a truth and sincerity that are as delicately real and true, as moving, as any greatest masterpiece painted by man. No race, no people, not even the people of Greece or China, has set so lasting, so powerful, so ineffaceable a seal upon this earth, or flashed on the world a vision so compact and massive, so absolute, so stupendous, so logical in its apparent illogicality, so immeasurable within its self-imposed limits, so perfectly rhythmic in its own special rhythm. If Egypt had never been; or if, like Atlantis, all her monuments had disappeared in a planetary catastrophe, the history of this world would be the poorer for one of the most striking manifestations of the human mind, as it is also probable that Grecian art and architecture and those that derive from them would have been vastly different.

Was there beauty in all this? We cannot tell. Too many thousands of years, too many thousands of ideas, divide us from these grandiose monuments. They are too big for us; they are over our heads. We marvel at the waste of force and energy; they seem without any cause or reason to be sprawling their vastness in the void; as we note the Titanic execution of ideas that seem so childish we ask ourselves are we really on this earth or on a planet

inhabited by beings who bear no resemblance to man? Our first impression is that these colossal structures are malignant, hostile; we gaze at them resignedly, not attempting to understand. Then, little by little, as the blood leaves our brain and our eyes see more clearly, the crushing weight on us grows less, and we begin to discover something human in this overwhelming mass. We distinguish; we separate; and before long we note the rudiments of what were later to develop into the laws of the architecture we hold to be the most beautiful of all. There can be no doubt that the Greek temple—the Parthenon, Segestum, Girgenti—exists, in its entirety, in Karnak. No great effort of imagination is needed to produce it, complete, from its Egyptian matrix. It exists too, and in a less rudimentary state, in the temple of the Queen Hotshopsitou, of the XVIIIth Dynasty, at Deir-el-Bahri in the Valley of the Kings. There you find the unfinished porch with its entablature, its columns and its capitals; if we came across it at Mycenæ we should not be surprised, and the Atrides would have felt at home there, and have offered their sacrifices to Zeus. And yet it is one of the most ancient temples in Egypt, and dates back to 1500 B.C. The Greeks would have added a pediment and lengthened the columns a little; the building might then have been set up at Girgenti or Paestum without offence to the most delicate eye.

This temple of Deir-el-Bahri, however, is somewhat exceptional, giving as it does the idea of what were to be the definitive forms of Greek art. Karnak, although parts of it, and especially the famous painted hall, belong to a later date, still seems scarcely to have emerged from the murky, monstrous confusion of prehistoric times. To explain the enigma of these preposterous edifices, these huge flagstones planted on the top of the massive columns that are huddled together like trees in a pinewood, it was suggested that the Egyptians were unacquainted with the vaulted arch, and that all the eccentricities of their architecture flowed from this ignorance. This may have been true in primitive times, but from the XVIIIth Dynasty onwards, among the colossal structures which it spread

over Egypt, we find at Deir-el-Bahri long vaulted galleries; and behind the Ramasseum, the great funerary temple built by Rameses II and dedicated to Amon, there may still be seen what are known as "The Granaries of Joseph," vast storehouses with vaulted roofs, of which the bricks are stamped with the seal of the Pharaoh who built the pillared hall at Karnak, the hall which is the archetype of the Egyptian architecture that cared only for the straight line.

No, they knew about the vaulted arch; but, as was the case with the Greeks, they did not like it, rather despised it in fact, and only used it for unimportant constructions, such as outbuildings of palaces or temples. It will probably not have fitted in with their artistic ideal, which was above all a religious ideal. The vaulted arch was not heavy enough, not massive enough, not big enough. It did not sufficiently convey the impression of power: solid, massive, gloomy, tyrannical, terrible. Their gods required a habitation that should inspire terror, that should be prodigious, superhuman and inhuman; for it is the temple that makes and moulds the god, who had perforce to be terrifying because such was the desire of the priests who ruled over the kings.

No photograph, no picture, no description, can convey any real idea of these monuments. They must be seen on the spot, in the heart of the country where they were born, beneath the unchanging sky that bends over them now as it did four or five thousand years ago, on the banks of the unique river that is as it was then, with the centuries round them whose touch they scarcely seem to have felt. And thus it is also with their art. In the long galleries of the museums, in the most perfect collection of reproductions, it often seems dull and difficult to understand, feeble, childish, tiresome. But here, by the waters of the Nile or among the sands and rocks of the desert, on the very walls that it covered, not with its dreams, for Egyptian art never dreams, but with its documents that go back to the dawn of history—here you will find it reveal its true significance. And first of all we observe that the Egyptian artist will at times be charged with a kind of official mission to register for all eternity the victories, conquests and

religious acts of a great reign; and at others, more humbly, he will be merely the scribe or portrayer of a number of familiar incidents, realistically treated, which he records on the walls of the house of the dead. And he reproduces, in simplified lines but with all possible fidelity, the furniture, utensils, occupations of every-day life, so that these may come into being again and play their old part in the existence the other side of the tomb, immediately, without interruption, as though death made no difference. His mission is above all a practical one. No imaginative effort is required from him. What he has to do is to copy, in barest outline, for composition of groups is beyond him, the battles, the triumphs, the religious ceremonies he may have seen, and the harvesters, the cooks, the carpenters, the fishermen, the animals and the trees that he looked at every day. He may add a beauty and style of his own; but these have not been required or expected, and will certainly not be paid for.

This beauty and style are most undoubtedly there; but, as is the case with the monuments, they are not to be detected at once; a certain intimacy with them is needed, an initiation. So it is also with Japanese, and, above all, Chinese, art. Here in Egypt we soon grow accustomed to these thousands of faces seen only in profile, while there is a front or three-quarter view of the body, giving an impression of a race afflicted with incurable stiff neck. And even more quickly do we get to know, and to like, the flat, simple tones, the colours that at first seemed so startling and violent: brick reds, crude greens, staring yellows and silvery whites, that remind us rather of the pictures to be found in children's hymn-books. But before very long we learn to appreciate the reality, the truthfulness, the dignity, and, above all, the spirituality of these little figures, that on one and the same plane are going about their business or moving in religious procession, and seem, in some magical and incantatory fashion, to multiply the forms of life. There are certain bas-reliefs in the huge temples showing scenes of battle—troops marching to attack, kings drawing their bow or launching their chariot, manacled or trampling on their enemies—that may almost

be regarded as sheer masterpieces, and ranked among the most unfaltering and glorious achievements of the grand style of decorative art.

As for the gigantic statues of their gods and kings, while some of these seem mere hopeless monstrosities, and others are purely conventional and erected as it were by the dozen without any kind of conviction, there still are some that possess an authority, dignity, majesty, a supreme serenity, that the art of sculpture has hardly ever again attained.

But it is the tiny masterpieces of their realistic sculpture that attract us most to-day. In the museum at Cairo there are statues in wood, diorite, schist, granite, limestone, sandstone, alabaster and copper that belong to the ancient empire and date back to about three thousand years before Christ. They represent scribes, bakers, kings and queens, women grinding corn, cooks, brewers, hunters, naked children. One has only to look at them to realise that the art of reproducing the human body, human life and movement, the play of muscles, the face with a soul behind it, has rarely exceeded the level of what we find here; and that certain of these figures reveal a piety and tenderness, a power to breathe thought and feeling into matter and mould them into shape, that we shall rarely find equalled in the greatest artistic epoch of any country and of any time.

Side by side with these exquisite little masterpieces, mixed up among them, are quantities of objects that are disconcerting in the extreme; that are hideous, stupid, childish and bewildering. Let us suppose that you go to the first floor of the museum, to the long gallery reserved for the treasures recently disinterred from the tomb of Tutankhamen. Apparently this is the first time that the actual articles a dead man used during his lifetime have been found in an Egyptian tomb: the couch on which he lay, the throne he sat on, the garments, the jewels, the ornaments he wore, the things he had handled. As a rule only "doubles" were put in the tombs, in other words more or less faithful reproductions or facsimiles of these objects. But here, Tutankhamen being very young when

he died, and his death having probably occurred suddenly, there will have been no time to make the "doubles." Further, Tutankhamen was the special favourite of the priests of Amon, whose worship he had restored; Amenophis IV, his father, in his revolt against sacerdotal arrogance, having substituted the cult of Aton. The priests were unwilling that the "double" of their well-beloved king should have to wait, while facsimiles were being made, for all the household affairs that would be needed in his new life; they consequently huddled together, without any delay, whatever had been in his palace at the moment of his death, and, with amazing prodigality, piled it all up in the different chambers of his tomb. Up to the present only about a third of these treasures have been catalogued and placed on exhibition, so that it is possible that many a surprise may still be in store for us.

The actual exhibits in the show-cases of the museum give us a fair idea of the daily life, the surroundings, of a Pharaoh of the XVIIIth Dynasty, the dynasty that preceded the Christian era by fifteen to thirteen centuries. It was, following after the Pyramids, one of the great periods of Egyptian power and Egyptian art. Among other marvels, we find the torso of a young girl, which ranks with the most adorable pieces of Greek sculpture; we find wonderful bas-reliefs, and the bust of Amenophis IV, Tutankhamen's father, which is an exquisite example of an art that had reached its zenith. And then, side by side with these, there is the furniture of poor Tutankhamen, surely the most extraordinary medley of crazy bric-a-brac that ever figured in an auctioneer's nightmare: gold-encrusted couches with ivory and mother-of-pearl inlay posed on jackals or oxen that are flattened out like earthworms and totter on misshapen, spidery legs; chests that look like milliners' bandboxes; chariots of war that might serve as creaky perambulators; thrones on which no one would ever dare to sit; and, above and beyond all, alabaster vases that are so monstrously and absurdly overladen with ornament as to baffle all description, covered with sickly eruptions and knobs and bumps that shine

and shine again—the whole affair such a muddle and of such lunatic bad taste that the most ridiculous pieces of crockery offered as prizes at the humblest country fair would seem, by comparison, models of simplicity and classical restraint.

III

LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

What does it tell us, this life of Old Egypt, the most ancient that it is possible to reconstruct with any approach to certainty—what does it tell us, as we gaze at it here, in the very spot where it had its being five or six thousand years ago, under the same unchanging indigo sky with the sun shining on a land of abundance, generous and fertile beyond compare; and on the banks of a river that would seem, unlike any other river in the world, to be truly the friend of man? Externally, materially, in all that concerns the climate, the produce of the soil, and the scenery, things to-day are more or less the same. The ploughs, the boats, the animals, the methods of irrigation, the people at work in the fields, look for all the world like the figures that cover the walls of the tombs of the ancient empire. The only difference is that Egypt is comparatively treeless to-day, whereas then it will probably have been more wooded. As for the life on the river, which is the most important of all, for the Nile is the soul of Egypt, the same dahabeahs, with long swallow's wing sails, still crawl along the dull yellow waters, that in the winter months nothing disturbs save only Cook and Son's steamers.

At the first glance, therefore, one would think that all was the same, that the thousands of years have not interrupted the reign of the countless Pharaohs who succeeded one another on this earth. But the atmosphere is different. The shell has remained intact, but there is nothing inside. Compared with what it used to be, the country exists only on the surface. Its real life is gone, the life that was three parts of itself, the life that we find so difficult to understand, for it was the life of death. And indeed ancient Egypt was, above all else, a tomb. The idea of death absorbed, overwhelmed her; nor was it an idea that, as with

the Christians, offered hopes of eternal felicity to the true believer, but a death behind which lurked grim shapes, grim ordeals, a death that held out poor comfort, and was at its best a pale replica of life, prolonged as far as could be underneath the ground and then finally absorbed into nothingness. The only matters of serious interest were mummies, sarcophagi, and the passing away of one's friends. Funerary industries crowded the towns and the banks of the river. Everyone, down to the poorest fellah, had himself embalmed. The country was overrun with corpses. The essential thing was not to be happy in this world, but to have the assured possession of an inviolable tomb that should be very comfortably furnished. The cities of the living were as nothing compared with those of the dead. No trace of them remains. Even the palaces of the kings have disappeared; and as for the houses both of rich and poor, these were either constructions of lath and plaster or shanties hastily run up with wood and reeds, in which the people camped while they waited for the symbolic barque that was to waft them to the other shore. But, across the river, in the "Land of the Meeting of Men," arose "The Good Dwelling," the eternal city, stately and steadfast, built of granite into which thirty or forty centuries have bitten in vain. Whatever served life has returned to the ooze of the river, to the sand of the desert; all things connected with death have remained, and abide; for the whole soil of Egypt is riddled, like a sponge, with innumerable tombs, while the surface is covered with pyramids and temples that are, in fact, no more than the tombs of gods and kings.

Did this shadow of death weigh on the people as much as it would on us? That is scarcely probable. The peasant or fellah in the days of the Pharaoh, as in our own time, had no leisure to meditate on life beyond the grave; he toiled from the rise of the sun to its setting for a wage that barely sufficed to keep off starvation. And yet, in the folk-lore of the XIIIth Dynasty, there is a story, *The Fellah's Complaint*, translated by Maspero, which shows him no poorer or unhappier than he is to-day. He leaves his village to seek his fortune, with a convoy of asses laden

with salt and reeds, wolf-skins and jackal-hides, seeds of all kinds, grapes, pigeons, partridges, quail—in fact, quite a respectable cargo of produce from the Plain of Salt—and one that certainly conveys no suggestion of penury. On the road he is robbed, through some shabby trick contrived by the slave of a Palace Intendant. Nine times in succession does he return, bubbling over with bold and incoherent and incessant talk, to demand justice of the Intendant, who, poor man, means well, but cannot discriminate between the conflicting statements of defendant and plaintiff. But at the end, through the personal intervention of the Pharaoh, the peasant obtains restitution of all that has been taken from him. Now, to the enemy from without, the Pharaohs were pitiless. They put in chains, they mutilated, they exterminated, regarding this as their most obvious and undoubted duty; but in regard to their subjects there never was, perhaps, in all this world a long line of monarchs so just, so humane, so paternal. With the exception of an occasional bastinado inflicted on a recalcitrant debtor, you will never find, in the hosts of paintings and drawings, an Egyptian being ill-treated, tortured, or put to death. In the midst of a barbarous world, manners were so gentle on the banks of the Nile that when it came to inventing some terrible punishment for the damned, nothing more cruel could be found than suspending the criminal face downwards in the shades, casting him among swine, or having him devoured by hippopotami or crocodiles. It was only much later, at the beginning of our era, that the Asiatics taught them to invent a Gate of Hell, that pivoted on the right eye of the wicked rich, to his extreme discomfort.

But the inhabitants of the great cities—the functionaries, officials, scribes, merchants—all those, in short, whom we would include to-day in the aristocracy and middle class—what sort of a life was theirs? It cannot have been attractive to be confronted by corpses at every turn; to be surrounded by gods that were nearly all monstrous, nearly all malignant; to have, as the sole object of one's existence, a tomb underneath the ground, in which that existence, now become shadowy, pale, motionless, should be indefinitely

prolonged, though divested of all the charm, the liberty, the happiness of life on earth, and with the additional disadvantage that it might possibly be eternal. On the other hand we, who have not even the assurance of that faint survival, who have nothing we can build on, no prospect whatever—we do not allow this unduly to disturb us. It is quite possible, therefore, that, in spite of their lugubrious environment, the Egyptians of the olden days made the best of things, just as we do. In any event, the mural paintings show us that their life was not for ever troubled with thoughts of death. We have constant representations of what we still regard as the joys of man. People are hunting, fishing, playing games; gathering grapes for the vintage, drinking their cool wine on the banks of the river, among the reeds or beneath the shade of leafy arbours; they are busy in the kitchen, they give parties, they fatten their geese as though already familiar with *foie gras*, they dance to the strains of music. And the innumerable paintings that describe all this with such scrupulous fidelity, were carefully wrapped round the mummy so that the moment the "double" awakened, they all came into being and comforted him, like so many cinema pictures incessantly following each other on the screen of eternity.

Here we note a certain inconsistency, and of this we shall find many instances, notably in their theology. Egypt is, in this particular, a very curious country. At first we seem to be confronted by mighty certitudes, which, with the thousands of years behind them, lie stamped on the everlasting granite. But, as we look closer, we find that these certitudes are apt to contradict themselves, and that the granite reflects only shadows. Buried beneath the whole religious and moral edifice, beneath all that concerns the gods and the life to come, lies hidden an entirely opposite belief, the great agnostic pantheism of those who knew, or believed they knew, the truth. Side by side, and contemporary, with the texts that deal with the pallid existence in the Beyond, where men shall be as gods—texts which minutely relate the details of this existence, to which life

on earth must be sacrificed so that it may continue there—are other texts that display the most serious doubt as to the joys that await man beyond the tomb. In these records we find the "*Carpe Diem*" of every tottering faith. "Lull thy heart to peace in oblivion; so long as thou livest follow the call of thy heart and be happy," is written there. "Never weary of following thy heart's desire, and vex not thy heart while thou sojournest on earth. It is not given to man to carry his possessions with him; none that have gone have ever returned. Tears cannot refresh the heart of him who lies in the grave. Therefore do thou make holiday and have no care."

These words, translated by M. Maspero, date back to King Antef, about three thousand years before our era; and connect, through space and the centuries, with the secret pessimism of all great religions.

It is certain that no such qualms troubled the faith of the people. At any rate we find no suggestion of them in the tombs, where the records treat only of the popular religion which brought happiness or unhappiness to man; for the esoteric faith in "Osirification," or the return of the soul to the god-head and its absorption in the infinite divine, was far above the heads of the people and of all such as had not been specially initiated. With the exception of a few high dignitaries, a few elect among the priestly caste who realised, perhaps, that to become a god was to return to the divine nothingness, the whole people, from the richest to the poorest, from the masters to the slaves, from the most cultured to the most ignorant—nay, even the kings, who, for all that has been said to the contrary, have been shown in many ways not always to have been in the secret—all were obsessed by the idea of the frail, precarious, hesitating survival of their "double"; and if they had any desire to be happy on this earth it was, in the main, that they might provide a starting-point, a model, material, for their happiness under the earth, their happiness beyond the tomb.

Whatever height the speculations of the initiated priests may have attained, it is certain that they made no effort to

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communicate it to the crowd, to spread it among the people. In the matter of the "double," they gave solemn sanction, even in the royal tombs, to the grossest and most childish beliefs. The more distinguished the dead man, the more ridiculous would be the arrangements for his posthumous existence. Some measure of idealism obtained in the ordinary tombs. There it was held sufficient to represent by symbols and images the objects that the shade would need. But in the tombs of the kings the priests buried the exact facsimiles of these objects, sometimes the objects themselves; sometimes legs of mutton and chickens, vegetables and fruit; and sometimes mummified servants.

(To be concluded.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT GENEVA

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

THE announcement that Mr. Chamberlain and M. Briand were to meet at Geneva to put the finishing touches to the French reply to the German offer of a Security Pact, and thus remove the last shadow of difference between the British and French points of view on a problem of vital importance to Europe, set all the diplomatic dovescots aflutter. My instructions as diplomatic correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* were to follow Mr. Chamberlain and try to discover the inward meaning of the conversations between the two Foreign Secretaries, and this time the rôle of an observer proved as exciting as that of a detective following the trail in a Conan Doyle story.

It was a flaming day in June when I arrived at Geneva, and the city by the amethyst lake, on which the sun shone like a sea of glass, seemed more than ever in its green setting of mountains like that other Eden, demi-Paradise, which the youth of the world dreams of as the perpetual abode of peace. M. Briand had already motored from Paris, and we learnt that the British and French Foreign Secretaries were to lunch together at the Café Russe at Versoix, which is not far from Coppet, where Madame de Stael had her villa. There could not have been a better place for putting the final touches to the *entente* between France and England on the question of the German offer. Ever since February, when Germany sent her Note, the aim of British and French diplomacy had been to discover a firm ground of agreement before the French Government sent their answer to Berlin. It was important that there should be no danger whatever of any misunderstanding of the obligations which Great Britain was prepared to undertake in giving a guarantee for the Franco-German frontier.

Mr. Chamberlain and M. Briand renewed their conversations after lunch on that historic Sunday with such

good results that Mr. Chamberlain was able on the following day to hand M. Briand the memorandum which he had just received from London in reply to the last French Note, without alteration. But I am bound to say that some of us remained a little doubtful about the "complete agreement" which M. Briand announced to a meeting of the Press next day. We were told that so far had diplomacy smoothed the way that differences of opinion had been narrowed to the vanishing point before Mr. Chamberlain left London, and that all that was necessary were the *eclaircissements* which were exchanged in the garden of the café by the lake with the snow-clad peak of Mont Blanc in the distance casting its enchantment over the scene.

We felt that the official assurances that there never had been any serious difference of opinion went a little too far, and our suspicions were subsequently justified by the publication of the correspondence which passed between Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay on the German offer. In his first speech in the House of Commons on the subject Mr. Chamberlain had accepted the obligation for a guarantee of the Western frontiers of Germany. But he had emphatically declared that Great Britain could not take any further obligations for the Eastern boundaries of Germany, beyond our commitments under the Covenant of the League of Nations. The French, on the contrary, desired that the Pact of Security should be extended to the East as well as to the West. Nor did they share the British view that the demilitarised zone should be maintained as an effective barrier between France and Germany, never to be opened except for the purpose of a League war against aggression. They wanted to lock Germany securely in on both sides while claiming the right to enter the prohibited zone, if Poland should ever be threatened by Germany. France, so ran the argument of the Quai d'Orsay, could not consent to be paralysed in the military sense by any barrier. While there was no reason to fear that Mr. Chamberlain had changed his view that Great Britain could not be committed to a guarantee of the Eastern boundaries of

Germany under the Pact, we had always suspected that he was inclined to yield on the French demand for a right of way through the demilitarised zone in the event of war breaking out on the Polish frontiers, and that the French claim to decide who the aggressor was if the guns went off, as they might suddenly do, would be conceded. There was always the gap in the Covenant which left room for war if arbitration broke down and the Council of the League was not unanimous. But within that gap there was room for delay, a most important consideration, for until the report of the Council had been issued no member of the League was entitled to go to war. What we feared was that the gap might be widened by conceding to France the right to take separate action against Germany at her own discretion, France to be the judge, as in the case of the default which led to the occupation of the Ruhr, when Germany was to be punished.

But what would our position be as guardians of the Rhineland frontier if we were called on to stand aside in order to enable the French to invade the prohibited zone to attack the Germans, or to march to the support of the Poles across Germany against Russia? We should certainly be placed in a most embarrassing position with the two great countries fighting across the frontier which we had undertaken to guarantee, and the end of it all might be that we should be drawn into the war. We might even have voted on the Council of the League against a declaration of war against Germany as the aggressor, believing that Poland was at fault, and yet we might be called upon to give facilities to the French for an attack on Germany by allowing French troops over the frontier.

I found Mr. Hamilton, of the *Manchester Guardian*, who is one of the ablest critics of international politics, pondering questions of this kind. And I confess that, with the utmost goodwill for the Pact, I felt suspicious about the complete accord which M. Briand announced with such exuberant cheerfulness. No details of the agreement were given, but the French Pressmen who were present at the meeting when M. Briand spoke, and Mr. Chamberlain sat by his side, nodding assent to all

that he said, were quick to proclaim a triumph for their champion.

It was an extraordinary meeting, that impromptu assembly in the Palais des Nations on June 8th, when M. Briand announced that there was no longer any shadow of difference between Great Britain and France on the problem of the Security Pact. M. Briand was bubbling over with gaiety. He was so witty and amusing, so charming in his abandonment to the happy moment, that one felt oneself swept off one's feet in listening to him. But beneath all his suavity and his quips and his jokes, mark the eye of the man so keen, so piercing, beneath the massive brow and lion-like head. Mark, too, his thick-set, sturdy frame, his bull-like neck, those signs of physical endurance so necessary for the career of a politician who needs a strong nerve and to carry his task through and impress his volition on others. And by his side Mr. Chamberlain—the finely tempered steel and the broad sword! Could we be certain that the British Foreign Secretary was evenly matched in a contest of wits with one who recalled Carlyle's description of the old Marquis Mirabeau—he had an eye, he was a reality.

The French Foreign Secretary with his quips and smart repartees to questions seemed to be altogether too exuberant, not to suggest that he had won the rubber at the Café Russe and had gained what he wanted in the negotiations on the Security Pact. But why not rejoice that Great Britain and France had come to an agreement and leave it at that? Why not be content with the official assurances that both sides were content with the bargain that had been struck on that sunny afternoon by the lake of Geneva?

The answer was that it was idle to say that the exchange of Notes between February and June had nothing to do with any vital difference of opinion. Smooth phrases had often concealed grave misunderstandings in the past. We, at any rate, were in Geneva to take nothing on trust, but to use our wits to discover the possible dangers that lurked in the so-called agreement on the Pact for the future security of our country. I

think that no one will deny that our suspicions were justified in the light of the subsequent publication of the White Paper respecting the Pact of Security. What were the fears which were in our minds that afternoon of June 8th? They were directed in the main to two points, one of which I have already dealt with, the suspicion that the French had established the right to separate action in dealing with Germany under the Pact. The other was the danger that M. Briand might have entangled this country unawares in the guarantee which France insists in giving to the arbitration treaties which Germany proposes to make with her neighbours, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

The British view, constantly explained at Geneva, was that the complete agreement announced by M. Briand extended to first principles only, and was merely the first step in the negotiations which were to be concluded with the Germans. Until then we remained uncommitted. But the French view, as published by the Havas agency, went far beyond this. The Havas representative at Geneva, a journalist with an international reputation who was constantly to be seen in M. Briand's company, declared in a semi-official report that he was authorised to state that the reply communicated to M. Briand by Mr. Chamberlain on behalf of the British Government not only marked a definite agreement between the two Governments as to the answer which was to be sent to Germany, but embodied an undertaking by Great Britain that she would make the Rhine frontier her own and place at the disposal of France and Belgium her entire naval, military, and air forces in the event of a violation of the territorial and military clauses of the Treaty relating to the frontier.

Not a word in the Havas announcement as to the Pact being a bi-lateral Pact, engaging us to hold the frontier of 1869, not the Rhine frontier, against aggression either by France or Germany. This was a strange omission, but what was more alarming was the statement that Great Britain undertook to place at the disposal of France and Belgium her entire naval, military, and air forces. This

was going far beyond the Covenant of the League, military assistance for the League being left to the discretion of the respective members of the League. This country could never place its forces at the disposal of any other country. Mr. Chamberlain had not given any such pledge. The wires from Fleet Street to Geneva were kept very busy that day demanding what on earth this could mean. The Dominions at once took alarm. Although M. Briand threw over the Havas correspondent and the British correspondents at Geneva were authorised to deny his statement, there is little doubt that it accurately represented the French view at the time. As we ran to the wires to contradict it we felt that a blow had been dealt at the prospect of the Security Pact from which it would with difficulty recover.

The Havas representative was greatly surprised when his message created such a furore. On another very important point his statement was subsequently borne out by the White Paper. For Mr. Chamberlain, writing on June 8th to M. Briand, conceded the French demand for a free hand to use the demilitarised zone as a field of operations should the Eastern Allies of France be the object of manifest aggression, as the Havas statement announced.

"The French Government," wrote Mr. Chamberlain in this letter (to which the French Press attach the greatest importance), "are right in assuming that His Majesty's Government recognise that the proposed Rhineland Pact cannot operate as a barrier to prevent France from taking action in conformity with such guarantees as she may have given to arbitration treaties between Germany and Germany's neighbours, and they therefore concur in Section IV. of the proposed reply (to Germany) as at present drafted."

M. Briand made it very plain what this section meant in his letter to the French Ambassador in London, dated Paris, June 4th:—

"For their part the French Government," he wrote, "consider that their anxiety to maintain the general peace and liberty of all the nations of Europe as well as the exigencies of their own national defence preclude them from limiting their pre-occupations to solicitude for their own security alone. Their view is that any attempt to modify by force the state of affairs created by the treaties would constitute a menace to peace to which France could not remain indifferent. That is why in their draft reply to the German proposals they consider it essential to preserve their

liberty to go to the assistance of States, to which they deem it necessary to grant their guarantee without it being possible for the provisions of the proposed Rhineland Pact to block their way and thus be turned against them. . . . In our view this is an essential condition of the proposed Pact; and in view of the capital importance of this reservation for the maintenance of peace, it is indispensable that it should be clearly expressed in the reply to Germany; to keep silence on this point would be to risk giving rise to wrong interpretations of the Rhineland Pact and encouraging dangerous aspirations."

We cannot complain that M. Briand did not make his meaning clear in this letter. We knew nothing of either of these letters at Geneva, but the Havas statement was undoubtedly a correct interpretation of the concession which Mr. Chamberlain made in his letter of June 8th to the French demand.

What we felt in discussing these questions at Geneva was that we ought not to go into the Pact without endeavouring to close the gap by which France claimed the right to separate action against Germany, whether it existed under the Covenant of the League or under the Guarantee which France proposed to give to the German treaties of arbitration with Poland or Czecho-Slovakia.

We felt that the only safe course to adopt for this country was to declare that if sanctions were to be taken against Germany, they must be the sanctions of the League and not individual sanctions which would leave France the right to decide who the aggressor was and when the Rhineland frontier should be broken by an invasion of the demilitarised zone. Unless this zone were made an effective barrier, which was not to be entered except by the command of the League for the purpose of a League war against aggression, we feared that we might be drawn into war for those interests in Eastern Europe to which we had emphatically declared that we were in no way committed in guaranteeing the Franco-German frontier.

In the light of the subsequent publication of the White Paper on the German offer I venture to think that this view was the correct one, and that if France does not agree to surrender the right she claims, to invade the demilitarised zone as the sole judge of a German default under the Security Pact, we should be well advised to accept no further commitments beyond our obligations

under the Covenant of the League, which are in all truth sufficiently onerous. This is not to say that the British critics of the French view did not realise the great advantages which the Pact might offer in extending the arbitral system of the Covenant and in giving France the security which she demanded, thus preparing the way for general disarmament. We believed in the honesty and sincerity of the German offer; we realised that Germany, in pledging herself to forego any attempt to regain Alsace-Lorraine and to abstain from aggression to obtain any alteration in her Eastern boundaries, had made a most important contribution towards the permanent peace of Europe. We fully shared the view expressed by Mr. Chamberlain as to the possibly disastrous effect on French psychology if the Pact, after so many previous attempts to give France the security which she demanded, were turned down.

We also believed that the Pact, by producing a new atmosphere of peace and goodwill in which suspicion and fear would no longer poison the relations of France and Germany, would render all the problems to which I have alluded easier to settle. The advantage of having Germany in the League was in itself sufficient to make any British Liberal eager to accept the German offer. For the peace of Europe will ultimately depend on Germany working in loyal co-operation with her former enemies. If Castlereagh was right in 1818 in his view that there should be no further delay in admitting France to the concert of European Powers on terms of equality so that she might work with her former enemies as a willing partner in solving the problems of Europe, there is an even greater need to-day if European civilisation is to be saved that Germany should be given her full share in the work of reconstruction. She may otherwise be drawn into the Russian ambit, and Europe may again be divided into hostile camps.

Mr. Chamberlain may be justified in saying that he knows no other method for securing peace and removing the fears of France. It was not with the idea of raising criticism hostile to the Pact that we tried to probe the

danger points in the Anglo-French negotiations which culminated in the conversations between Mr. Chamberlain and M. Briand at Geneva. For if the much-advertised agreement between Great Britain and France proves after all to conceal fundamental differences in aim, the sooner they are revealed the better, rather than let the negotiations which are about to open with Germany proceed on a false basis.

It may be that France will never exercise the right she claims under Article 16 of the Covenant to send troops across Germany to the support of Poland in the event of a war between Poland and Russia. Once in the League Germany would be able to make her voice heard, and if her Government protested that it could not guarantee the safe conduct of French troops across German territory it is unlikely that any French General would take the risk of sending them. It is possible that in the criss-cross of affairs Poland may one day be glad to come to terms with Germany, while it may be hoped that Germany will not be so foolish and rash as to raise the question of her Eastern frontiers by an appeal to Article 19 of the Covenant of the League, for many years to come. Wisdom and prudence would certainly suggest that all such questions should be left to the healing process of time to settle. France, it may also be argued, would never put in force her right to take separate sanctions against Germany, for if Germany were clearly the aggressor it would be for the League to take action. In that event if war were inevitable the French troops would act as the instrument of the League in entering the demilitarised zone, or we may hope that more peaceful means, such as the economic blockade, would bring Germany to reason. For France to take separate action in defiance of the opinion of this country and possibly of America would certainly be an extreme step for her to take, and one that might endanger her relations with the Anglo-Saxon world. All this is true. Nevertheless, if, as Professor Gérothwohl in one of his illuminating articles declares, Section IV of the French Note purports in effect to establish a new and exclusive relationship between France and Germany

concerning the execution of the Treaty of Versailles itself, as a corollary of which France by herself would be entitled to resort to coercive action in the event of an alleged German default, such points must be cleared up before we go further. If Section IV is read in connection with the paragraph in Section II, which declares that the Allies cannot in any event give up the right to oppose any failure to observe the stipulations of the treaties even if the stipulations do not directly concern them, it would appear that the French claim to the right to take individual sanctions against Germany, when they think proper, is placed on record without any doubt.

Now the Germans declare that they will not consent to France guaranteeing any treaty of arbitration which they make with their neighbours, for that would, in effect, make France the arbiter in all outstanding questions between Germany and Poland or Czecho-Slovakia. Nor can Great Britain agree to the guarantee which France gives to treaties outside the Western Pact being linked to the Pact. And yet if, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to consider the idea of one convention for all the treaties, they are still to be made interdependent, as section IV of the French Reply would seem to suggest, we might find ourselves entangled in the Eastern commitments of the French. For in this event, as Professor Gérothwohl points out, Great Britain, by directly guaranteeing a Franco-German arbitration treaty which would specify or imply a French guarantee of a Polish-German arbitration treaty and the right for France to give an individual interpretation to her obligations in this case as in the Treaty of Versailles, would become, as it were, a guarantor once removed both of the Polish-German arbitration treaty and of the Franco-Polish Alliance. The British view, which has been concisely stated by Mr. Chamberlain, is that nothing short of a hostile act committed by one of the parties to the Western Pact, such an act as would leave no doubt as to who was the aggressor, according not only to the Pact but to the Covenant of the League, could involve our intervention as guarantors of the Rhineland frontier. But the French view would appear to be that our guarantee of the

Franco-German treaty of arbitration would entitle them to call on us at once to assist them in supporting Poland against Germany, if France deemed Poland to be the victim of a German aggression.

Again, if the French Government insist that in no event shall arbitral processes result in modifications of the Peace Treaties that contention would cut across the aim of British diplomacy, which is to give room for the play of organic forces within the limits of the Treaty of Versailles, provided the frontiers in the West hold fast. It may be true that an arbitral court would be obliged to uphold the international law as laid down by the Peace Treaties. But treaties can be altered by international consent, and it is to prepare the ground for such rectification that Germany has suggested the establishment of conciliation committees for the settlement of any dispute between her and Poland. Finally, all such questions as to the revision of the Danzig corridor or the desire of Austria to unite with Germany would come before the League by virtue of article 19, which permits the Assembly to reconsider treaties which have become inapplicable or international conditions which might endanger the peace of the world. There is, moreover, the clause in the Treaty which permits the Council of the League to reconsider the Austrian question. We cannot draw a ring fence round Germany and declare that no line shall be altered in the Peace Treaties. If under cover of the new treaty of security for their eastern frontiers the French are inviting our signature to an arrangement of this kind, it would intensify rather than remove the causes for war that exist in Europe to-day.

But France stands to gain so much from the German offer; her position, forced as she is to maintain large armies for her protection and to keep Poland and the Little Entente armed, is so perilous from the financial point of view, her future so uncertain if the feud between France and Germany cannot be appeased, that, hard as the bargain which she appears to drive in the opening negotiations for the Security Pact, she is hardly likely to prove so exacting, as she seems at present, when the real business of drawing up the Pact with Germany begins.

Germany will probably have sent her reply to the French Note before this article appears. It will, I think, emphasise some of the points which I have raised on which both the Germans and ourselves must have a clear understanding with France. A conference between all the parties concerned has been suggested as the best means of concluding the negotiations on the Pact. But it is desirable that Great Britain and France should clearly understand one another before Germany is called in.

In the meantime Mr. Chamberlain has given a hint that Great Britain will be prepared to go out of Cologne as soon as possible after the French have left the Ruhr in the middle of August, provided the German Government is carrying out the requirements of the Military Control Mission in the matter of disarmament. This will make it easier for the German Government to ask for admission to the League of Nations. In his recent explanations to the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain also laid stress on the necessity for general disarmament. Let us never forget that disarmament is still the key to security, and that it was in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of armaments that Germany undertook strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses of the Treaty of Versailles.

It is for this reason that the German offer of a Pact of Security is of such importance, for there is no other plan which has yet been thought of which so clearly prepares the way for general disarmament.

THE TRUE MEANING

By "AUGUR"

A DIPLOMATIC secret is a wonderful thing. Thanks to its existence the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs may remain silent on any subject. And journalists may write a great deal around the same subject. It is an open question whether the public profits by the Secretary of State's silence or by the loquacity of the journalists.

The diplomatic secret, in a sense at least, always does harm: it attracts public attention to itself independently of its real value. Things that matter are pushed into the shadow by its presence. It is said of the diplomatic body that it would cease to be worthy of the name if deprived of the mantle of secrecy. Yet we have become so democratic that the will of the people seems to have acquired some influence over international relations, and it is essential that the true meaning of what is going on should be known to the nation at large and not to the priests of the Temple of Diplomacy alone. The Pact of Security for the Rhine which is now being discussed between the British, French, and German Governments is an important event in European history to-day. The attention of the British Government is concentrated, and quite rightly, on the negotiation of this Pact. As customary, this negotiation is surrounded by secrecy which attracts public curiosity and distorts the comparative values of political events. It is not so much the Pact itself which is important for us as the circumstances which oblige the British Government to take an interest in its success. To satisfy convention I will give further on the substance of the Pact negotiations. But first let us speak of the national policy and the national need which govern the British attitude to the question.

I have explained (THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, July, "Motive and Policy") that Great Britain's need is to provide for the "civilised surplus"; that is, for that major part of her population which is dependent on the sale in foreign markets of the goods produced by British

industries. The need dictates the national programme: to develop external trade and to accumulate wealth abroad. Great Britain's civilised surplus, which is three-quarters of her population, cannot exist if industries do not maintain their production, selling the greater part of it abroad. Wealth in foreign lands must be accumulated because it is the regulator which permits us to buy food and raw stuffs cheaply and to tide over periods of unemployment. The programme prescribes the lines for the foreign policy: to work for peace in the world, to maintain the balance of power in Europe, and to keep open the trade routes of the world, which are the high seas. The knowledge of this formula will bring understanding of what the Pact, considered as an instrument for peace, means to Great Britain.

The need to promote peace in the world dictates the steps which must be taken. The first of them is the *Entente* with France. The *Entente* can be viewed from two angles: from the point of view of war or peace. It has been proved that by the development of modern technique Great Britain has become too small to stand alone, and that British security involves the continent to the Rhine. The military point of view implies the necessity of ensuring the security of France and Belgium, which are placed within these geographical limits. Yet there is a better way of approaching the question: from the point of view of peace. For peace, and not war, after all is sought by civilised nations, by those especially which have accepted the principle of the League of Nations. Is it possible to imagine Great Britain giving a lead to Europe for the institution of lasting peace if she has not agreed on such a peace with her nearest neighbour—France? The *Entente* is the first step to European unity. Austen Chamberlain, Ramsay MacDonald, and David Lloyd George, however different their political views and methods, have all said that the *Entente* with France is the corner stone of the building of the peace of Europe.

But the *Entente* with France would have been sufficient if the object of our policy had been to prepare for war. As we want peace the *Entente* with France must serve as the nucleus of the European Concert. A good word that, too

long forgotten. The Concert of Europe means the States of the continent living peacefully together and acting in unison to prevent any attempt to disturb the peace. This means that Germany must become a member of the fraternal organisation. This brings constructive foreign policy up against the antagonism between France and Germany. The antagonism between Great Britain and Germany is a thing no less real, but it has not taken the virulent form of active suspicion and dislike which prevails between the two neighbouring States on the Rhine. When working for peace the great obstacle is an antagonism which is an active volcanic state. The need of bringing Germany into the Concert of Europe was felt by all post-war British Governments. It was left to Mr. Chamberlain to understand the simple fact that the road towards this desirable end led by the way of an agreement between Germany and France; he understood, also, that this end could not be achieved by petty quarrelling with France. Mr. Chamberlain proclaimed loyalty and friendship towards France as the essential principle of British policy. He has been rewarded by French political concessions which would have been thought impossible a few months earlier.

It is true that Herriot has replaced Poincaré, and Briand has come after Herriot, and the French attitude to-day is not so uncompromising in many things as it was some time ago. That is a welcome, but not the principal, circumstance. Let us remember that French foreign policy, as well as British, or as any other national policy, is governed by mighty currents which have their source in tradition, in the mystery of race and in essential national needs. There has been light-headed talk about French security as if it were the fruit of M. Poincaré's caprice or of the ambition of a few Nationalists. It occurs to me that in the thirteenth century there was a king in France: Philip, called le Bel. One of his counsellors was a professor of that ancient French institution, the Sorbonne, a certain Pierre Dubois. It will surprise most people that Dubois in his famous work, *De Recuperatione*,¹ among other modern things speaks also of the United States of Europe, and gives preference to

(1) *De Recuperatione Terre Sancte*.

arbitration between nations for the settlement of conflicts. In another work, *De Abreviatione*,¹ Dubois speaks of the necessity for France to extend her territories to the Rhine, not for warlike reasons, but to insure lasting peace. For Dubois is all for peace: "Non apparet nec occurrit scriptori qualiter regni Alemannie subjectio alias quam propter convencionem posset adquiri. . . ." I have mentioned old Dubois to illustrate the fact that essential political factors are old as the hills and cannot be suppressed. Pierre Dubois and Marshal Foch speak the same language; yet six hundred years lie between them.

There are people who object to Great Britain taking an interest in the affairs of continental Europe. They are the so-called isolationists, and hark back sympathetically to the good time when British Governments kept aloof from commitments on the continent. Isolation is a policy like any other, and its exponents are for the most part honest enough. Unfortunately times have changed, and isolation, which in British history was only a passing phase, is worse than useless to-day. For to quote a famous document: "History shows that isolation to-day spells danger, vulnerability and impotence." And then there is the Treaty of Versailles with the Covenant of the League of Nations, which not only Great Britain herself but the whole British Empire have accepted and signed. That makes the isolationist attitude useless, not to say dishonourable. We may limit our obligations in Europe; we cannot deny them with honour.

The reasons which prompted the German Government last February to make its proposal of a mutual Security Pact for the Rhine frontier will not be known by the public for an indefinite time. One suspects that the desire to prevent the conclusion of an Anglo-French military agreement was responsible for the move. However that may be, it is to the credit of British diplomacy that it seized the occasion to promote better relations between France and Germany. Admitting even that the German Government had in view only a manœuvre to forestall an undesirable

(1) *Summaria Brevis et Compendiosa doctrina felicitis expeditionis et abbreviationis guerrarum ac litium regni francorum.*

form of Anglo-French *Entente*, the fact remains that by the adroit handling of the situation by the British Foreign Office the Germans have been placed in a position from which they cannot retire without moral damage. It is not important, from the point of view of peace in Europe, if finally the Pact is signed or not, because the really valuable thing is the improved relations between the parties concerned, which are the result of the negotiations for the Pact. These negotiations have already brought about a marked improvement in the relations between London and Paris. One may say that the *Entente* has been reborn in the process. The next result which is to be hoped for is a *rapprochement* between Germany and the League of Nations.

At the time of writing it is not clear yet if there will be a Conference with Germany on the question of the Pact of Security. One is inclined to think that some preliminary exchange of views must necessarily take place in the month of August before the Assembly of the League of Nations meets in the first days of September. Otherwise the members of the League will find it difficult to fill their agenda with questions which really matter. Afterwards, some time in October, there could then be another fuller Conference to work out the details of the scheme. The German Government wants a Conference because it believes that a round-table conversation is more effective than the exchange of diplomatic notes. The British Government cannot object to a meeting. But it would certainly object if the Germans try to use the pulpit of a Conference for the ventilation of their supposed wrongs, putting all pending questions in a heap together. The British policy is to advance step by step. For example, disarmament should not be taken before the Pact is well on its way towards fulfilment.

When France and Germany are brought together so that they can exist without conflicts breaking out at any moment a great step will have been achieved for peace in Europe. The principal object is to gain time. Given time the healing processes of oblivion and regeneration inevitably come into their own, and obstacles which

appear as rocks blocking the fairway gradually crumble and slide away into nothingness. The war has left Europe teeming with pretexts for strife between states and nations. The chief thing in such circumstances is not to get flustered, to go for the most important question first, and, after having settled it, to turn to the next one, taking the difficulties one after the other as they come. So much depends on the attitude chosen. Some difficulties would never have arisen if they had not been made the theme of diplomatic cackle. An eminent statesman, talking about security, told me: "The question would not have existed if it had not been so much discussed." This means that it is good policy to leave to the future to deal with part at least of the future.

The *Entente* with France, which is a means to an end, now exists. The Pact of Security for the Rhine, which is an instrument to promote peace in Europe, is being negotiated. The result which is hopefully anticipated is the drawing of Germany into the Concert of Europe through her joining the League of Nations. If Great Britain, France and Germany can agree on a line of policy for Europe the other States must needs follow. Once the conflict between France and Germany has been reduced to liveable proportions the move towards the constitution of the Concert of Europe can begin. This means that Europe would be included in a ring fence for the protection of the interests of her nations, and this unity would protect, not only against wars within, but also against conflicts all the world over. In time one may hope that questions of British or French security will be merged in the larger issue of the security of Europe. Naturally, it must be remembered that nowadays Europe hardly can include Russia because the rulers of that country have given such a direction to its national existence that if not entirely Asiatic it certainly is far from being European. Europe must seek her security without Russia and perhaps, even, against Russia. When Europe has been brought so far as to acknowledge the necessity of an united effort, it will be timely to consider what further steps can be usefully taken to extend that action further for peace in the world.

I have tried to explain the true meaning of political activities to-day. The Pact of Security for the Rhine is a sign that things are moving in the right direction and an instrument for obtaining an end. From the point of view of the British Empire, in spite of all the loose talk one hears, the Pact, as a move towards peace in Europe, is of great advantage. The Dominions may approve of the decisions of the Government of Great Britain or they may not, but it is clear that if a danger comes to menace the heart of Empire, which is Great Britain, the Dominions must come to her assistance. Any measure which tends to promote peace in Europe and to keep war away from the Channel should be welcomed by public opinion in the Empire. It is unfortunate that politicians who are out of a job, and journalists who make it their job to attack the Government have brought confusion to the public mind by harping on the danger of intervention in the affairs of the Continent. They do not say that if their group were in power again they would consider it their duty to intervene just as the present Government are doing. In fact they could not help themselves.

To the political observer, who is allowed peeps into the inner circle of knowledge, the Pact negotiation appears as a game of chess. The thrust and parry of the diplomatic game can be observed in detail. Let us leave for the moment considerations that matter and give our attention to the moves of professional diplomacy. The first move was undoubtedly to create anxiety in Berlin by taking up in earnest the question of a new Security Pact between Great Britain and France. Lord d'Abernon, the British Ambassador in Berlin, has been accused of being on too friendly terms with the Germans to the detriment of the States which are nearer to Great Britain. This time it can be said of him that he used his influence to the advantage of France and of peace in Europe by encouraging the German Government to make its offer of a mutual Pact. The merit of British diplomacy is that it proclaimed the importance of the new development in Franco-German relations and encouraged the French Government

to open negotiations. The German Government immediately qualified its offer by introducing the restriction about the future liberty for itself of action by lawful means for the revision of the Eastern frontiers. It also complicated the issue by proposing a scheme of new arbitration treaties. The French riposte was to seize upon these treaties to use them as the basis of a guarantee of the territorial inviolability of Poland and Czecho-slovakia. The last German Note carries the game a step further. We are now before a Conference, which will not be the last, where the diplomats will continue their duel. But under the pressure of the fine idea which inspires British foreign policy with the help of professional diplomacy, or in spite of it, the object to be attained is coming nearer. There is reason for optimism and for the hope that before a year is out there will be a change for the better in the constitution of the League of Nations. The Pact may be signed, or it may never become a binding document, but the negotiations for it will have served their object by helping to bring the great nations of Europe together in peaceful co-operation to create a lasting peace founded on equality and right.

If the Pact negotiations now break down through the fault of Germany, she will discover that her activities have only helped to cement the Anglo-French *Entente*.

GERMANY'S INCREASING COMPETITION: A LETTER FROM BERLIN

BY ROBERT CROZIER LONG

BERLIN, *July 7th.*

Two events marking stages of importance in Germany's recovery as a world-wide trading Power have taken place in the last few weeks. One is the submission of a new Customs Tariff Bill, the other the conclusion of the long-awaited iron and steel agreement with France. The movement towards restoration may be said to have begun only in January last, when the commercial restrictions imposed by Articles 264-267 of the Versailles Treaty lapsed. Good use has been made of the intervening time. Commercial treaties, definitive or provisional, have been concluded with all the countries that count, with the exception of France, which is still negotiating, and of Poland, which has unwisely precipitated a trade war, liable to cause her much more damage than it inflicts upon Germany. The Tariff Bill is an avowedly Protectionist measure. It will not go through the Reichstag without a severe struggle. But this struggle will mainly rage around the proposed restoration of the Food Duties in the Bülow Tariff of 1902, which were abolished as a war measure in August, 1914. Food Duties of any kind whatsoever are opposed only by the Socialists and Communists, together a minority in the Reichstag. The increase in the industrial duties will certainly be put through.

While commercial treaties and tariffs are being prepared, the condition of industry steadily improves. Unemployment has declined very much, and export trade has greatly increased. For the renewed agitation on the Continent and in England on the score of German competition there are good grounds. Stories of German selling to abroad at below home prices, and often below production cost, are mostly true. The particular transaction which attracted British public attention, the motorship contract for the Deutsche Werft of Hamburg, is,

however, no convincing instance. With the exception of the railway rolling stock branch, shipbuilding is the only seriously depressed branch of industry. In general the industrial outlook is good, much better than the British; and there are signs that it will get better, and that very sharp German competition is coming. This is no prediction that British trade will suffer. Whether it suffers or not will depend upon many factors unconnected with Germany. It is a prediction only that Germany will be able to export cheap goods in much greater volume than in the first post-war years.

During the past month, side by side with optimism based on the increasing intensity of production and increasing exports, there has been a wave of pessimism concerning the financing of industry. This pessimism was induced by the financial difficulties of the Stinnes concern, which were not overcome until after the Reichsbank, the Prussian State bank, and twenty-two commercial banks intervened with credit and with a reorganisation plan. Although overcome, the Stinnes crisis remains interesting because it was characteristic. Undoubtedly solvent—with assets exceeding liabilities by an estimated 400,000,000 marks—the concern was in peril of bankruptcy owing to its inability to meet a mere 90,000,000 marks of maturing short-term debts. That is the condition of practically all big concerns, by which is meant the leading coal and steel companies, with their ramifications into engineering, shipbuilding and other branches. The doubtful policy upon which the vast Stinnes Trust was built up, and by which it was ultimately almost destroyed, was the policy of half a dozen other first-class concerns. This policy was to put every mark of ready money, whether earned as profits or borrowed from banks, into increasing the mechanism of production, that is, directly, into buying land, erecting buildings, and installing plant; and, indirectly, into acquiring controlling interests in independent industrial companies. This necessarily meant being chronically short of cash; but in the days of the "Flight from the Mark" chronic shortage of depreciating cash meant abundance of undepreciating real values, and was

in itself wealth. For the next day's needs further credit was always obtainable, and it had the special charm that, owing to the continuing currency depreciation, it could be paid back for a song. This happy condition terminated when inflation terminated. Except in so far as their marks had been converted into hoards of foreign exchange, the industrial companies began the year 1924 with enormous locked-up capitals, but with no cash. When the Reichsbank's action of rationing discounts to the volume of April, 1924, precipitated a credit crisis, the big industrial companies saved themselves temporarily by realising their hoarded exchange. In 1924, according to official estimate, 2,500,000,000 marks worth of foreign notes and bills were sold for marks.

But the postponed trouble was bound to come. The Reichsbank's credit-restriction policy was continued. When the trouble did come, the Stinnes concern felt it more acutely than the rival trusts, for the reason that, after the currency stabilisation and after Hugo Stinnes' death, his inexperienced sons pursued, under deflation conditions, practices which were safe and profitable only in times of inflation. They continued expanding and buying up control, forgetting that the new debts contracted for these aims would not dwindle to nothing as the more considerate debts of 1919-1923 had dwindled. The new debts had to be repaid in good gold marks; and with credit tight and stocks depressed to around 65 per cent. of their highest quotations of early 1925, the money for repayment could not be found. It is not known yet how many of the other big Western "concerns" have short-term debts exceeding their liquid resources. But it is certain that they are all extremely short of cash; and that the trade boom predicted for 1925, of which there are already signs, may be seriously hampered by the difficulty of getting credit for wages and raw materials. Purely financial difficulties, however, will never permanently lame an industry which has the other conditions precedent of prosperity: and as far as the big industrial combinations are concerned a remedy has already been found. This remedy is retrenchment and concentration.

The Stinnes concern is being forced by the banks which saved it to realise those multitudinous outlying interests in no way necessary to the functioning of the concern proper which Hugo Stinnes and his sons laid their hands upon. These interests are partly industrial undertakings and partly majority stock holdings in industrial companies. Nearly all the other Mixed Trusts own or control enterprises which were useful in their day as a means of saving capital from depreciation, but which are to-day superfluous and a burden. Through sale of these interests, which, in view of the capital shortage, must be effected gradually, normal proportions between the at present swollen invested capitals and the microscopic working capitals will be restored.

Independently of this process, the replenishment of Germany's national capital is proceeding. In part it is by foreign loans. This is a very doubtful practice, because with a heavily passive foreign payment-balance it is hard to see how these loans, in particular the short term, will be repaid. In part it is by the surer path of re-accumulation of savings. The question whether Germany is really saving, or whether she is living on her capital, was long a matter of controversy. One good authority, the former Minister of Industry, Professor Julius Hirsch, showed with figures that an "active economy," with production exceeding consumption, has been the rule since 1921. Bank reports show a very rapid recovery of deposits. When the first gold-mark balance-sheets were compiled, on January 1st, 1924, the total deposits of the seven chief Berlin banks (which hold about 76 per cent. of deposits in all banks) were only 1,142,700,000 marks; on December 31st last they were 3,471,000,000 marks; and on April 30th, 1925 (six banks only), 3,942,000,000 marks. Savings bank deposits are also increasing. The 19,689,000,000 marks of savings bank deposits held at the end of 1913 almost entirely disappeared; and at the end of 1923 all such deposits totalled around 400,000,000 marks. In February last the Reichsbank director estimated them to have increased to 2,000,000,000 marks. In the first five months of 1925 the deposits in Prussian

savings banks increased 84 per cent., in Bavarian savings banks 102 per cent. The reports of insurance companies show similarly hopeful figures. The pending valorisation bills, which regulate depreciated-mark public and private debts, will considerably improve the condition of the former saving and investing class. Before the first valorisation law of February, 1924, old mark investments had entirely disappeared. The Cabinet estimates that when the new bills, which in general restore 25 per cent. of mark debts, become law, the German nation will have investments totalling 30,000,000,000 marks. This is between one-fourth and one-fifth of the value of investments before the war.

The capital question is of very great importance when seen from competition standpoint. Without purchasing power at home the volume of industrial production can never be large enough to ensure cheap production. In this respect, however, there is improvement. Immediately after the war the national income was put at as low as 18 milliard marks (Helfferich). Recent estimates show it much larger. The last estimate, compiled by the Berlin Chamber of Industry and Commerce, is 35 milliard marks. The estimates of the taxation burden have correspondingly fallen. Total taxation—federal, state and municipal—is about twice as great as in 1913. The last official estimate puts the present total at 10,700,000,000 marks, or £535,000,000. Federal taxation proper (after deduction of £125,000,000 paid by the Republic in subventions to states and municipalities) is only £245,000,000. How far the later standard annual payment of £125,000,000 for Reparations will be an effective burden is very doubtful. Of payment of any considerable Reparations sum in cash there is no prospect; and no, or hardly any, burden can be imposed by Reparations in kind if these bring employment for persons who would otherwise have been workless. A concrete instance is the coal industry. In 1924 Germany delivered 13,200,000 tons of Reparations coal. Her coal trade is very badly depressed. The Ruhr mines employ 30,000 fewer men than a year ago; and, in spite of reduced output and of increased sales to abroad

at below home prices, unsaleable coal accumulates at the pits' mouth. As the cessation of Reparations deliveries would throw many thousands of miners out of work, these deliveries are not wholly a burden. The one probable effect of Reparations will be to keep down wages. In no country will capital work without a profit; and the burden imposed on German industry by the Reparations industrial bonds and by the high railway rates necessitated by the railway bonds interest liability must reduce profits and depress wages. Wages are still very low. In March the average skilled industrial worker's wage was still below £2 a week, the unskilled workers under 30s., this although the cost of living is now around 38 per cent. higher than before the war. Labour is nevertheless quiet. The German working man thinks more about regular employment than about high wages. With the exception of brief intervals, employment has been good since 1919; and at present it is getting better month by month. In the middle of June only 214,092 persons were without work in the whole Republic. This figure is lower than in the same month of any post-war year except 1922. It is little more than a third of the figure of last February, and only one-fifteenth of the figure of December, 1923, when the Ruhr trouble and the brief deflation crisis combined to swell the unemployment roll to around 3,000,000.

For industrial production, with some exceptions, no figures are available. The employment figures are the best indication of the trend. The foreign trade figures are—if regarded from the viewpoint of competition and not of the payment-balance—highly satisfactory. In 1922 and 1923 exports stagnated. In 1924 began a process of recovery which has continued in the first months of 1925. Nearly all the staple export industries share in the recovery. Before this year the coal foreign trade balance was heavily passive. In 1922 there was an import surplus of 7,500,000 tons, 1923 24,000,000 tons, 1924 6,682,000 tons. In the first four months of 1925 exports of 4,050,000 tons slightly exceeded the imports of 3,260,000 tons. The potash export industry has greatly improved as a result of heavy buying by the United

States, Holland, Scandinavia, and the Baltic States. On basis of sales so far the total home and foreign potash sales of 1925 will considerably exceed the pre-war figure. The foreign trade in iron is also improving. In all 1924 exports of iron, steel, and wares thereout (machinery excluded) totalled 1,122,527 tons. In the first four months of this year they totalled 1,955,110 tons. Average monthly exports of machinery this year have been 28,000 tons, against 22,500 tons in 1924. Exports of agricultural machinery have of late been at double the rate of 1924, and they average considerably more than before the war. An avowed policy of dumping—which is justified with the plea of French and Belgian “exchange dumping”—has been practised for months past by the Raw Steel Syndicate. All products controlled by this organisation, with exception of the thinnest sorts of sheets, are sold to abroad at materially lower prices than are charged at home.

The iron and steel foreign trade balance is likely soon again to become passive, but this change will be produced by conditions which will favour the export of finished metal goods and machinery. The change will be produced by the agreement come to at Luxemburg last month with the French “heavy industry.” The agreement obliges Germany to admit at half the normal import duty 1,750,000 tons of French, Saar, and Luxemburg pig-iron, semi-finished material, and rolled goods; France in exchange to extend the benefits of her minimum tariff to German manufactured goods. Formally, this agreement to favour French iron is private; and it will come into force only if the pending Franco-German Commercial Treaty negotiations succeed, and if France makes the required concession in regard to German manufactures. But unless the agreement is modified by the wider international steel syndicate which has been talked of as possible for months, it will seriously injure British trade. Under it French iron will get into Germany on better conditions than British iron, while German manufactured goods will get into France on much better conditions than they have so far enjoyed. The effect of the agreement is to deprive Great Britain of the most-favoured-nation treatment in Germany which is

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guaranteed by Article 12 of the Anglo-German Commercial Treaty. The privilege for French iron has necessarily to be given in a way which does not technically violate the Treaty; and that is why the agreement has been drafted as a private instrument. The French and Luxemburg iron, the agreement provides, will pay the full German duty (Saar iron to be entirely duty free), but the German Raw Steel Syndicate will refund half the duty. The German "heavy industry" makes no concealment of the fact that the privilege for French iron was designed in this form in order to deprive British and other foreign iron of the most-favoured nation treatment which they would have enjoyed had the German Government itself contracted to admit French iron at half the normal duty.¹

Owing partly to the increase in exports of iron and coal, but mainly to the increase of exports of finished goods, German export trade is rapidly improving. Since the beginning of 1924 every quarter has shown an increase:—

		Millions of Marks.
1924, 1st quarter	...	1,353.8
.. 2nd ..	...	1,473.4
.. 3rd ..	...	1,720.9
.. 4th ..	...	1,995.2
1925, 1st ..	...	2,939.5
.. April ..	...	972.3
.. May ..	...	732.1

In 1923 exports totalled 6,079,000,000; in 1924 6,566,000,000. In 1925, if the volume of exports of the first five months is maintained, the year's exports will be 8,260,000,000. Exports will then be within sight of the pre-war level, although the rise in prices since then must be taken into account. These figures will probably surprise persons who, having heard German laments over the foreign trade condition, have not investigated the facts. The only reason for the laments has been the passivity of the trade balance, a result of largely increasing imports which more than counterbalanced the increase of exports. In fact, in 1924 while exports increased by approximately 500,000,000 marks over those of 1923, imports increased by

more than 3 milliard marks; and while exports in the first five months of 1925 reached the respectable figure of 3,444,000,000 marks, imports reached 5,765,000,000 marks. The main cause of the import increase was the foreign lending which began last year immediately after the Dawes settlement. For the future the Government relies upon the new tariff. Although this tariff increases the duties on most industrial products only enough to compensate for the price rise since 1914, the duties are increased prohibitively on all wares in which competition is feared or which it is desired in the interest of the foreign payment balance to exclude. The tariff will effectively diminish the German market for foreign goods, including certain British specialities such as fine cotton yarns and tin plates. In general the prospect is declining imports and growing exports. It is, of course, possible, and even likely, that British trade will ultimately benefit from this increase in Germany's commercial activity. But in the narrower domain of direct competition there is little prospect of any alleviation for British exporters.

(1) Cf. the statement of Dr. Bruno Bruhn, who helped to negotiate the agreement, in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, July 2nd, 1925.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AND FAIRYLAND

(Died August 4th, 1875)

By L. M. SHORTT

Now that fifty years have passed since Hans Christian Andersen fared forth to his "land far, far away, where there is no pain, no sorrow,"¹ memory recalls with a throb of renewed affection the kindly magician whose subtle imaginings appealed so strongly to our childish minds. The great Danish writer opened the door of a mystic realm of fairy princesses, goblins and witches, the home of winter snow and summer storks; but, more than that, he made the birds, flowers, and toys speak in a language we could understand; he converted the everyday things of life—kettles, brooms, street-lamps—into living, sentient beings. Andersen dreamed first and foremost of winning fame as a playwright, poet, and novelist, and in some degree he was successful in these aims. Yet a contradictory fate had decreed that his true fame should rest upon the wonder-tales for children, on which (so difficult is it to judge of one's personal efforts) their author prided himself least.

Moreover, Andersen's ascent to fame was very arduous work. The picture he has left us in his own life story justifies fully the youthful prophecy with which he embarked on his career: "People have at first an immense amount of adversity to go through, and then they will be famous."² And although in this autobiography he admits, incidentally, that many of the slights that hurt him existed solely in his own imagination, the fact that, unconsciously, his suffering was self-inflicted rendered it no less painful to his hyper-sensitive, poetic temperament.

It was in the mediæval city of Odense, in very humble circumstances, that Andersen first saw the light (April 2nd, 1805). There his parents occupied a single room—half bedroom, half kitchen and workshop where, however,

everything was spotlessly clean and bright. From one end of the room a ladder ascended to the roof where, in the gutter between the Andersens' home and the adjacent house, stood the identical box of soil which the author described in *The Snow Queen*—the apology for a kitchen-garden in which his mother's herbs thrived under the shadow of the little rose-bush that bloomed in the centre.

Unfortunately, at the time of Hans Andersen's birth his family, which belonged originally to the yeoman class, had fallen upon evil days. The cattle died, the farmhouse was burnt to the ground, the owner (the author's grandfather) lost his reason; finally the stricken man's wife was forced to remove to a tiny house in Odense, the solitary remnant of the family possessions. There this courageous dame—who, with her blue eyes, gentle dignity and sweet disposition, deservedly figures as the good grandmother in many of her grandson's tales—maintained her imbecile husband by tending the garden of a lunatic asylum, and, because she could not afford to educate her son according to his rightful station in life, she apprenticed him to a shoemaker. This lack of the classical education upon which his heart was set was a privation that Andersen senior never ceased to deplore.

From the time of his son's birth, however, the young shoemaker's entire affection centred in the child, who soon became his inseparable companion, both at home and in his country rambles. Probably it was the plays that his father read aloud to him that first directed the boy's thoughts towards the stage, and this bent was further encouraged by his friendship with the distributor of play-bills at the local theatre, who procured him free admission to all performances. But the most attractive picture of the little lad at this period is that of the quaint, spruce little figure Andersen himself describes, with well-washed head and carefully curled yellow hair and wooden clogs, neatly attired in his father's discarded clothes which an old woman had reduced to his childish measure. Three or four strips of silk were pinned across his chest by way of a vest, and a large kerchief round his neck, tied in a prodigious bow, completed the outfit.

(1) See *Hans Christian Andersen: A Biography*, by R. Nisbet Bain.

(2) *The Story of My Life*, Author's edition, p. 22.

During his father's lifetime the little fellow was happy and well cared for; but the shoemaker died when he was thirty-five, and, after his death, the boy, who was only eleven, seems to have been considerably neglected by his mother. She was a weak, thriftless woman, altogether unworthy of the loyal affection bestowed upon her by her gifted son. While she went out washing, the boy was left for hours to his own devices, and spent his time making clothes for the tiny dolls which represented the actors and actresses on the stage of his puppet theatre, for which, after he had represented most of Shakespeare's plays, he soon began to compose his own.

Andersen supplies an amusing account of one of his earliest dramatic efforts. The cast included a king and queen, but the young author was in serious doubt as to how royalty expresses itself. In his opinion Shakespeare had erred by allowing his royal characters to use much the same language as their subjects. But, although he appealed to his mother and the neighbours, no one could solve the problem. They knew only that the last king who visited Odense had spoken in a foreign tongue. Accordingly the boy procured a lexicon containing German, French and English words with Danish meanings, and selected a word from each language in turn. Yet at the time the result, Babel-like though it was, afforded him complete satisfaction. It must be remembered that this precocious playwright had received the scantiest and most intermittent teaching, ranging from a dame school to a charity school. According to his own estimate he had learnt only religion (which he practised very sincerely throughout his life), writing and arithmetic—"and the last badly enough"; moreover, he could scarcely spell a word correctly. Yet the blame for his deficiencies rested less with his teachers than with himself; for, with a mind absorbed in fantastic imaginings, he was extremely indifferent to his set tasks. Furthermore, he was a singularly lonely child. Even at school he held aloof from the rough lads of his own class, while the more well-to-do refused to associate with the cobbler's son.

The last scene in Andersen's childhood is his confirma-

tion at the age of fourteen, and there is something very pathetic in the account he wrote of it:

An old female tailor altered my deceased father's greatcoat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had also, for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and therefore I drew them up over my trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me, for thus the whole congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed. I was aware of it, and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my boots as with God. I prayed Him earnestly to forgive me, and then again I thought about my new boots.¹

Doubtless this incident inspired the story of the *Red Shoes*, which distracted little Karen's mind on a similar occasion, to her most bitter cost.

It was a strange and unconventional upbringing; yet one cannot help wondering whether a more orthodox education might not have produced something less than the Hans Andersen of our childhood's days.

At this period of his life Andersen regarded the stage as his obvious vocation in life; his mother, who in the meantime had married again, thought differently. The boy had arrived at years of discretion, and he must work at "something sensible." In her opinion the wonderful dexterity with which he fashioned his dolls' garments out of scraps of coloured cloth promised him a brilliant future as a tailor. Finally, however, she yielded to the lad's entreaties, and allowed him to undertake the journey to Copenhagen in search of fame and fortune. Only, with the superstition that her son in part inherited, first she consulted a "wise woman," who pronounced reassuringly: "Your son will become a great man, and in honour of him Odense will one day be illuminated." Her prediction was verified many years later, when, in 1862, Andersen received the freedom of his native city. Thus one morning, early in September, the stage coach from Odense bore away its youthful passenger. Notwithstanding the few dollars in his pocket and the eager hope in his heart, he felt very insignificant and forlorn when he started on his wild adventure.

(1) *The Story of My Life*, Author's edition, p. 22.

Fortunately for himself, Andersen was possessed of unbounded confidence in his own talent and an invaluable knack of gaining useful friends. Although his first attempts to procure a theatrical engagement met with humiliating rebuffs, very soon he won the interest of the Italian singer, Siboni, who undertook to train the lad's really beautiful voice and to provide him with food, while the composer Weyse raised a small subscription which supplied him with some sort of accommodation for the night.

Six months later, however, Andersen's voice broke, and once more he found himself adrift. For the next two years life was a desperate struggle. The money that generous friends allowed him was absorbed entirely by a rapacious landlady, who left him not a shilling wherewith to purchase clothing or other necessities. His efforts to gain a permanent footing at the theatre proved unavailing. He relates that one evening he obtained permission to appear upon the stage. This was in the market scene in the *Two Little Savoyards*, in which even the supers were invited to swell the crowd. Andersen was in his ordinary dress; he was painfully conscious that his confirmation coat barely hung together; he endeavoured by stooping to conceal the shortness of his waistcoat. Nevertheless he was supremely happy at stepping for the first time before the footlights, until a more prominent actor seized him by the hand, and, with a low bow, congratulated him on his *début*; then, dragging the unfortunate scarecrow to the front of the stage, he introduced his victim jeeringly to the Danish public. It was an act of thoughtless cruelty to a sensitive lad; and, with eyes full of tears, Andersen dashed from the stage.

Yet, even in the penniless condition in which Andersen now found himself, he was sustained by a firm trust in God's providence, and the belief that matters would soon right themselves. A curious little incident, however, reveals the strain of superstition that was interwoven very closely with his religion.

It was his firm conviction, he tells us, that as it fared with him on New Year's Day, so it would be throughout the ensuing year, and his highest ambition was to obtain a

part in a play. Accordingly on New Year's Day, 1821, he crept to the silent theatre, and, passing a half-blind porter, made his way to the deserted stage. He believed that, if he could declaim something on that spot, he was certain, in the course of the ensuing year, to gain his wish; and therefore, because he could recall nothing else to his memory, he knelt down and recited reverently the Lord's Prayer.

Fortune, however, was still far off, and, more than a year later, a fresh blow fell. Andersen was dismissed from the singing and dancing classes in which he had participated, since, in the opinion of the authorities, they were of no benefit to him. Furthermore, they pointed out that education was imperative if his talents were to prove of any service. Thus, rejected as an actor, Andersen determined to succeed as a dramatist. Anonymously he submitted a tragedy that he had composed previously; but, after six weeks, it was rejected. It was explained that managers did not usually retain works that betrayed so complete a lack of elementary knowledge.

With indomitable pluck Andersen made a further attempt. He submitted a second play which also was rejected—this time, however, with the comment that there were so many grains of corn scattered in it that the managers hoped that perhaps, by dint of earnest study at school, the author might produce something worthy of their consideration in the future. It was from this time forward that Jonas Collin, one of the theatre directors, began to interest himself in this extraordinary lad, and, after an interview with Frederick VI., he arranged that Andersen should be sent to the grammar-school at Slagelse at the public expense. Collin further undertook to act as guardian to the young student, and for the future gave him every kindness and encouragement. "No father could have been more to me than he was, and is," wrote Andersen later. "None could have rejoiced more heartily in my happiness; none could have shared my sorrows more kindly." Later, the younger Collin became his lifelong friend. Andersen's feet were on the bottom rung of the ladder to success, but he had still a weary distance to climb.

At Slagelse, according to his own description, Andersen was like a wild bird in a cage. His place was in the lowest class, amongst the little boys, and there he realised quickly his deficiencies.

"I had the greatest desire to learn," he wrote in his autobiography, "but for the moment I floundered about as if I had been thrown into the sea. One wave followed another: grammar, geography, mathematics: I felt overpowered by them, and feared that I should never be able to acquire all these."

Moreover, the Rector, Simon Meisling, a sound scholar and a conscientious teacher, unfortunately was often sarcastic in his criticism. And if even in ordinary cases sarcasm usually cuts deeper than is intended, to Andersen, with his extravagant sensitiveness, it was nothing short of torture. Unjustly, as one suspects, he denounced his teacher as a bully and a tyrant, who, from sheer ill-nature, delighted in making his unfortunate pupil's life an inferno. Yet, of necessity *any* discipline was severe to one who, hitherto, had never known restraint. That sometimes Andersen himself realised that his troubles in part were imaginary, I think is shown when he writes:

In the meantime I knew that the Rector judged me otherwise than he reported; now and then I discovered in him a gleam of kindness, and I was always among the scholars whom he invited to his house on Sundays.¹

Meisling's own estimate of his pupil, who had accompanied him from Slagelse to Helsingør, is supplied in the report which he sent to Collin three years later:

Three qualities which a preceptor wishes for, but rarely finds in the same pupil, namely, ability, diligence, and excellent conduct, are assuredly found in H. C. Andersen. . . . Not only the disposition of his mind, but also his faithful assiduity and undoubted talent, give sufficient warrant that whatever may be bestowed upon him for his welfare will never be lost.²

A few months later, however, realising that Meisling and Andersen once more were badly on each other's nerves, Collin arranged to remove the latter to Copenhagen, and to entrust the completion of his education to a private tutor. In his *Picture Book without Pictures* the author describes his tiny garret, high among the roof-tops, where,

(1) *The Story of My Life*, p. 49.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 55.

"instead of the forest and green hills, he had only the grey chimneys to look upon," and where the moon peeped down upon him "with the same face as when he peered through the willows on the moor." Thus, notwithstanding his difficulties with Latin, which drove him almost to despair, in due course Andersen passed his examination with flying colours, and at last embarked on his literary career.

Four years later, thanks to Collin's influence, Andersen obtained from Frederick VI. a travelling stipend, which was the occasion of a characteristic interview. The young author had been advised to present the King with one of his works, and afterwards to proffer his request; and, though Andersen heartily disliked using the presentation of a gift as a pretext for asking a favour, he adopted his friend's counsel. When, however, the King had accepted courteously the cycle of Danish poems that Andersen had brought, he dismissed his visitor; whereupon, overcome with confusion, the young man hastily related the story of his studies and his ambitions. "Very praiseworthy," observed the King; "make your application for a travelling stipend in the usual manner." "I have it with me, your Majesty," stammered Andersen; and, with eyes full of tears, he explained his reluctance to attach a request to his proffered gift. But the kind-hearted old King smiled his comprehension and accepted the petition, whilst Andersen, after a grateful bow, escaped from the palace with all possible speed.

From this time forward H. C. Andersen made rapid strides in his career. The further travelling stipends which he received enabled him to travel through the length and breadth of Europe to his heart's content; and, with the harmless vanity that characterised him, he appreciated thoroughly the enthusiastic admiration with which he was welcomed. By way of antidote it was a serious blow to his pride to find that Jacob Grimm, the more famous of the two brothers who were his great contemporaries in fairy-tale writing, had never even heard his name. Andersen's journeys, however, gained for him the acquaintance, and frequently won for him the friendship, of most of the European celebrities of his time.

Poems, novels, travel-studies and dramas now flowed from Andersen's prolific pen in rapid succession. The appearance of *The Improvisatore* in 1835 marked his first real success, and two years later he achieved considerable distinction with a second novel, *Only a Fiddler*. Of his travel-sketches the most successful were *In Sweden* and *In Spain*—the latter the account of one of his last journeys. The author's pecuniary troubles were at an end: yet there remained the poignant suffering caused by adverse criticism; often by comments which he interpreted more harshly than their writers intended. Naturally it was a grievance that for a long while his severest critics were amongst his fellow-countrymen. After all, Andersen's *Ugly Duckling* was typical of its author—or at any rate of the petty persecution and lack of appreciation of which, irrationally, in his irritable moments, he fancied himself the victim.

The first series of the *Wonder Stories* appeared in 1835. Oddly enough, it never had occurred to Andersen to turn to account the inimitable skill and charm that fascinated the children when he related his stories. It was only at a friend's suggestion that he began to publish them. And to the end he seems to have regarded them as his most inferior work—as anything but the masterpieces which have earned him universal fame. Very different is the verdict of the great Danish critic, G. Brandes:¹

After a long fumbling about, after many years of aimless wandering . . . Andersen found himself standing, one evening, outside a little, unpretentious, but mysterious door, the door of Fairy-Tale; he touched it, it flew open, and he saw sparkling inside there, in the darkness, the little tinder-box which was to be his Aladdin's lamp. He struck fire with it, and the spirits of the lamp—the dogs with eyes like teacups, like mill-wheels, and like the Round Tower—stood by him, and brought him the three huge chests full of all the fairy copper money, silver money, and gold money. The first fairy-tale was there, and it drew all the others after it.

It is true that for the first few months the earliest collection of *Wonder Tales* found an indifferent market: a year or two later they had won their way into every Danish nursery, and thence into almost every nursery of the civilised world; and the first instalment was followed at

(1) Quoted in *Hans Christian Andersen*, by R. Nisbet Bain, p. 134.

intervals by many welcome successors. H. C. Ørsted was justified in his prediction that *The Improvisatore* would render its author famous, but the *Wonder Tales* would make him immortal.

Andersen first visited England in the middle of June, 1847, making the journey, in the "oldest of the Dutch steamboats, a true steam-snail," from Holland to Gravesend, where, he wrote, "the Thames appeared as if we were entering a smoking marsh of fire, but it was only the steam of steamships and smoke of chimneys." The traffic of the Thames had aroused his wonder, but that of the London streets impressed him still more deeply. "London, the city of cities! . . . Paris but with a mightier power; the life of Naples but not its bustle." Subsequently the characteristics that most impressed the Danish visitor in this country were British politeness—exemplified by the good-natured courtesy of the London police—and the rigid sway of etiquette, whose adamant decrees even royalty dared not resist.

Andersen had brought with him some letters of introduction, but the Danish Ambassador, Count Reventlow, upon whom he called, rightly assured him that these were not required. The fame of *The Ugly Duckling* and *The Tin Soldier* had preceded him. The doors of the fashionable world were flung open to receive him, and the next three weeks were spent in an incessant whirl of gaiety. The Prince Consort, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Palmerston, and many others welcomed him cordially; Bulwer Lytton wrote to express his regret that election-cavassing detained him in the country. Andersen's chief delight, however, was his meeting, at the house of the Countess of Blessington, with Charles Dickens—"youthful and handsome, with a wise and kind expression, and long, beautiful hair, falling down on both sides." The conversation was in English, which Andersen never succeeded in speaking fluently; but the two famous writers made friends at once, and, a few days later, Dickens visited London expressly to see Andersen, and brought him a beautifully bound edition of his own works: "To Hans Christian Andersen, from his friend and admirer, Charles Dickens."

THE PRODUCTIONS OF GEORGES PITOËFF

BY JOHN PALMER

THE jump into Continental fame of Georges Pitoëff and his wife Ludmilla must seem extremely sudden to a public not accustomed to follow the art of the theatre except as illustrated in the more fashionable playhouses of Europe. It almost looks as if Paris had made up its mind in a single night to accept the producer of Pirandello's *Henry IV.* and of Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* as a genius suddenly and unaccountably sent from heaven. The event, however, is less abrupt than it seems. For the last two years in Paris, and for five years before in Geneva, the Pitoëffs have been quietly building up a reputation in France and Switzerland, and at least half a dozen men prominent in the contemporary theatre made up their minds long ago that they were perhaps the most remarkable theatrical apparitions among the younger generation. I was the first English critic to become aware of the fact, only because I happened to be living in Geneva, where, as a Russian exile, Pitoëff made his earlier adventurous essays. It was a fact that could scarcely be overlooked; and Paris, usually blind and deaf to foreign genius, has been obliged to admit it at once almost without dispute.

There are one or two facts in the early career of Georges Pitoëff that help us to understand the character of his productions and his ultimate success. First, he has never had a moment's doubt as to his vocation. As an undergraduate in Petrograd and in Paris, he gave up most of his time and all his interest to amateur acting and production. Some of those productions were given in Paris, at that very "Théâtre des Arts" in the Boulevards des Batignolles where he is now enjoying his first considerable success. The theatre was his passion, and in those days it was more the passion of an actor than a producer. At all costs he must act, and he was always perfectly certain—a certainty which he could not always persuade his

manager to share—that he was entirely competent to do so. He was at one time on tour with a Russian repertory company, and his manager was convinced that the belief of Pitoëff that he could act was a dangerous delusion of which he must as soon as possible be cured. So Pitoëff was given a series of parts in which there was nothing to say or to do. Typical of the rest was the part of a negro guard in a Russian version of the *Antigone*. Pitoëff, blacked all over, was obliged to stand immobile while the tragedy advanced to its sad conclusion. And this was the man who desired above all things to act! It was too much, and Pitoëff in desperation was finally driven to imagine that the particular negro guard impersonated by himself nourished a secret passion for the heroine. To see her led away to death now became for him a drama which gave full scope for the indulgence of his histrionic impulses. And thus it happened that one evening the manager was amazed to behold tears and every evidence of agony and despair upon the face and form of the least of his supernumeraries.

There followed an interview in which the manager expressed himself with considerable freedom and energy. Gradually, however, he ceased to do most of the talking. He had intended to dismiss Pitoëff, but to his very considerable astonishment he soon found himself listening to this very fluent and persuasive young man. "The moral of the incident that has just taken place," said Pitoëff, "is obvious. You have seen for yourself that I cannot refrain from acting. Then please allow me to act." The manager wanted to know whether Pitoëff had any concrete suggestions to offer. Probably this was meant to be sarcastic, but sarcasm in dealing with the young and enthusiastic is a dangerous weapon. Pitoëff had ready quite a number of suggestions. He wanted, for instance, to play Hamlet, Macbeth, and Marchbanks in *Candida*. The manager, still sarcastic, inquired of heaven why it should not be *Candida*, and, as heaven neglected to answer, Pitoëff promptly picked up the cue, the unfortunate manager being unable to get in another word until after *Candida* had been actually produced. He then had

the satisfaction of proving to Pitoëff that he, the manager, was right, the audience being quite actively unsympathetic. Pitoëff, however, was in no way disturbed. He had greatly enjoyed the part, and he had the firm conviction, which he still retains, that he acted it very well.

Pitoëff had need of all his conviction and all his courage during the years that followed. His career, in fact, was to be classic in its fidelity to the traditional progress of solitary genius in an indifferent world. There have been times when the rations of a Russian soldier, bread and a little sugar, were only with difficulty procured, and when the only remedy for the unkindness of a hard profession or the neglect of an apathetic public had to be sought in the indulgence of confiding tradesmen.

Nevertheless, Pitoëff has almost always had a theatre. Bread and boots might not always be of the quantity or quality desired, but these were the accidents of life. A theatre, on the other hand, was essential. The first of them was in Petrograd. It belonged to a syndicate of four men, and Pitoëff desired above all things to possess it. He called upon the director of the syndicate, to whom he spoke of the urgency and importance of his desire. The director happened to be the sort of director one meets only in a fairy tale, or possibly in Russia. He was apparently impressed by a young man whose most urgent wish in the world was to possess a theatre, when he seemed to be so much more in need of a square meal and a pair of new boots, who had begun, in fact, by declaring that he was ready to do anything to get a theatre except, of course, to pay for it. As the director pointed out, it was a difficult situation. The syndicate—three members of it at least—would certainly expect to be paid. "Perfectly simple," said Pitoëff, "*you* lend me the money and *I'll* pay the syndicate."

This was the beginning of "Our Theatre" in Petrograd, the name given to it by "Our Actors" in despair of ever agreeing upon another. "Our Actors" presented Chekov and Bernard Shaw and Henry Becque, as a result of which they were soon even poorer than before. A wild tour into Finland completed their progress towards complete

destitution, and Pitoëff seemed further off than ever from the attainment of his ambition.

The bearing of these incidents upon the art of Pitoëff is more direct than it seems. They define him as a man possessed with enthusiasm, able to convince the most unlikely persons of his special aptitudes, destitute of material resources, and prepared to suffer any amount of hardship if only he may fulfill his vocation. It was in such conditions that his style was formed—a style necessarily austere, of a staggering simplicity, and an almost infantine delight in seizing upon the most immediate device provided only it be suitable and can be bought for a penny. Pitoëff has produced more plays for less money than any manager who ever lived, and he has produced them without giving any impression of meanness or of conceptions thwarted by a lack of capital. On the contrary, he has come to take a positive glee in the economy that was enforced upon him in his earlier days. His productions suggest the freedom and readiness of the happy stoic, who has learned to reduce his material impediments to a minimum. Of necessity he was debarred from making any attempt to reproduce on the stage that elaborate counterfeit of life which allows so many of our producers to spend their money in a ratio direct to that in which they spare their brains. Pitoëff will suggest the magnificence of Herod with the help of a village carpenter and a few metres of cloth, the elaborate silliness of a mid-Victorian interior by means of a few *unnecessary* ornaments. One of his most audacious inspirations was to suggest a bell tent somewhere in Africa by looping up two thin pieces of silver ribbon against a dark background. An even more insolent piece of virtuosity was his production in Geneva of the arena scene in *Androcles and the Lion*. He had taken a great fancy to this play, and was determined to present it. He could spend with a good conscience about ten pounds or so on the enterprise. Anything in the nature of a practicable arena was out of the question. But did it really matter? The effect of a play by Bernard Shaw does not depend on realistic furnishings, and in this particular case there was an element of buffoonery in the

scene that justified an appropriate levity in the producer. So when Androcles departed into the arena the stage was immediately darkened and the pantomime inside was shown in a shadowgraph, as though the walls of the arena had suddenly become transparent.

These are examples picked from the series of plays which laid the foundation of his reputation in Geneva. The experiment with "Our Theatre" was made in Petrograd just before the war. The war itself found Pitoëff wandering about Europe, and ultimately brought him to Geneva to sojourn there with other exiles from Russia for the next five years. Geneva, apart from an opera house which is the abomination of desolation, contains one good theatre under the management of the genial and accessible M. Fournier, who spends a harassed life in trying to awaken a public that has not yet emerged from the eighteen-nineties to the interests of the present day. Pitoëff at once cast an envious eye upon this delectable house, and before many months had elapsed had successfully contrived to borrow it. The play was *Hedda Gabler*, and for quite a week the local critics talked of nothing else. But M. Fournier very naturally wanted his theatre for himself, and he probably felt that if the partnership continued for more than a fortnight he would cease to be sure to whom that excellently appointed building really belonged. It fortunately happened that round the corner there was another place of entertainment—the Communal Hall of Plainpalais. The Communal Hall contained a small theatre, with a tiny stage, seating accommodation for some six hundred people, four dressing rooms, four sets of scenery not more than thirty years old, and a retinue of scene-shifters and electricians who in the day-time were plumbers or paperhangers—total cost four pounds a day with reductions for a quantity. Pitoëff viewed the premises, and their fate for the next few years was sealed. They were to be the "Théâtre Pitoëff," found at last, and to house in rapid succession plays by Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, Strindberg, Wilde, Chekhov, Pirandello, Hamsun and other dramatists too numerous to mention.

There was now only one thing lacking to the enterprise—an actress who could play all the most difficult parts in the most exacting plays of an international and inter-secular repertory, be satisfied with almost no salary, and wear dresses that, like the looped ribbons of the famous bell tent, suggested the right effect without recourse to Paquin or Worth. It was then that Pitoëff had the greatest inspiration of his life. Between the failure of "Our Theatre" in Petrograd and the initiation of the "Théâtre Pitoëff" in Geneva he had met and married his wife Ludmilla. And now he was looking for an actress. Why not Ludmilla herself? Madame Pitoëff, always ready to help, was not averse from the experiment. When and how to begin was all she desired to know. At once, said Georges, and with something really interesting—Ophelia or Salome or Mademoiselle Julie. And in less than three weeks Georges Pitoëff had the satisfaction of ascertaining that he had married a genius.

The fame of the Pitoëffs during the next two years spread westward to Paris and eastward to Vienna. More particularly Paris began to be interested. Pitoëff played in French, and Geneva is occasionally favoured by French companies. Men like Copeau, Lugné Poë, Dullin and Gémier visited from time to time the theatre of M. Fournier, and could not fail to be told of the rapid "creations" of Georges Pitoëff and the remarkable series of rôles assumed by his wife. Nor were the young dramatists of Paris slow to learn that a producer had arisen in the city of Calvin ready if necessary to be well in advance of his generation. More particularly there was Le Normand dramatising the subconscious, and Crémieux translating Pirandello.

Nevertheless, the future seemed far from promising. The Genevese public, like other publics, is quite capable of applauding genius when it is recommended to them with authority, but wholly incapable of discovering genius for itself or of anticipating the verdict of its mentors. The "Théâtre Pitoëff" in Geneva seemed likely to go the way of "Our Theatre" in Petrograd. I remember seeing *Androcles and the Lion* played on one occasion to

an audience of twenty people, which meant that the gross takings did not cover the author's fee. Suddenly Pitoëff came to the auspicious conclusion that it would be more interesting to starve in Paris than in Geneva. Anyhow, there were more theatres in Paris.

And within two years Paris has capitulated. The swiftness and completeness of this capitulation is astonishing in view of the fact that of all theatres in the world the French theatre has hitherto been perhaps the most insular and the most faithful to traditions peculiarly national and academic. There are two contributory reasons, apart from the ingenuous, enthusiastic, and accessible quality of all that Pitoëff undertakes. First, a real change has recently come over Paris herself— a change in the direction of greater liberty and a more active spirit of adventure. Gémier, who five years ago scandalised the critics of Paris by producing the *Bourgeois Gentleman* as though it had been written only yesterday, has gone to the Odéon— hitherto the palladium of the conservatives. Copeau of the *Vieux Colombier*, from being a sensation, has become a national institution. Dullin of the *Atelier* has followed Lugné Poë of *L'Œuvre* in breaking clean away from the classical tradition and introducing into the French theatre a spirit of ascetic realism which has more affinity with Moscow than with the Boulevards des Italiens. Secondly, there is the fact that Pitoëff on his arrival in Paris acquired the exclusive right to present in French two of the most remarkable plays of the last ten years, Pirandello's *Henry IV*, and Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*. In both cases these productions were a natural culmination of his prescient interest in these two authors. *Candida*, in Russian, was one of his earliest adventures, while in Pirandello Pitoëff when in Geneva found a dramatist who most intimately of all modern authors appealed to him both as actor and producer.

Nothing could more clearly illustrate the catholicity of Pitoëff as a producer than the production of these two plays in a single season. They are plays which have nothing in common except that they are plays. Pirandello is an author for whom human personality is an enigma,

for whom human logic is a mechanism that obscures the spirit, for whom the public and social life of men and women masks rather than expresses the fundamental human realities. Bernard Shaw is an author whose plays are based on that very juxtaposition and conflict of logical conceptions rationally defined and revealed in conduct and society which for Pirandello is almost impertinent to his main preoccupation. Bernard Shaw studies the design upon a veil beyond which Pirandello is for ever trying to look. There is a full generation between the authors, one standing as definitely for the passionate intellectual assertion of the period before the war as the other reaches towards the passionate spiritual interrogation of the present day. Pirandello takes for his hero a madman who destroys human logic and confronts us with ultimate riddles; Bernard Shaw takes an historic figure and confronts us with a reasoned explanation of the movements and forces which determined her apparition and career. To these two plays, taking us into utterly different worlds, Pitoëff gives an equally appropriate setting and atmosphere.

Here we come into touch with the most remarkable aspect of his genius. Most producers with an individual style, even the greatest, have a desolate way of making all the plays they present seem more or less alike, just as a skilled pianist will play his Mozart or his Scriabin as though one was a sequel to the other. Pitoëff's productions have precisely the opposite effect. His productions of Shakespeare or Shaw or Pirandello are as different as the authors themselves. He will produce you *La Dame aux Camélias* as though Dumas were the only dramatist who had ever lived. He will present you *Salome* as though he had never heard of anything later than the Yellow Book, and submit you his latest experiment as though he had never seen any of his previous productions. To each work he assigns its own spirit and atmosphere, giving to it an independent standing and value, permitting any amount of variety consistent with its main idea, but presenting it as a whole, harmonious and indivisible. Each of his productions have so distinct a character that

it is difficult ever to see the play again in any other way. Now it will be the morning freshness of Ibsen's *Le Seuil du Royaume*—youth unfolding its ingenuous agonies, every movement and object of the scene suggesting innocence and aspiration; at another time the complicated sickness of *Le Mangeur des Rêves*, a dissection of immemorial instincts, showing the modern mind as a palimpsest where beneath the fair texts of civilisation we faintly discern the scrawlings of a vanished age. The pretty sentiment of *La Dame aux Camélias*; the morbid preciousness of *Salomé*; the cruel and accurate delineation of *Mademoiselle Julie*; the rigid sequences of Ibsen; the inevitable saunterings of Chekoff; the positivism of Shaw; the interrogativism of Pirandello—each receives an objective presentation, filling us with the immediate conviction that thus the play would come to life if we could for a moment imagine it slipping down from the library shelf and enacting itself without human agency. It is on this supreme fidelity to his author's purpose that Pitoëff bases his sole justification as a producer. When first he produced the *Henry IV.* of Pirandello he was unable to consult the author until the last detail had been settled. He was sure in his own mind that he had been entirely faithful—so sure that he could not in conscience have altered it in a single particular. "There is your play," he said in effect to Pirandello, who saw the final rehearsal. "If it is not your play I must recognise that I have failed; I cannot see it in any other way, and if you do not see it so yourself I will cancel the production, though for me this will be nothing less than infanticide." But there was no real occasion for alarm. It seemed that evening to Pirandello as though his thoughts were taking to themselves arms and legs. He recovered in the theatre that sense of immediate creation which so seldom survives the first inspiration. He recognised that even the additions of the producer, within the limits of his special art, were in no way extrinsic, but rather a prolongation of the author's own conceptions. There is, in particular, a moment in the *dénouement* of the play in which Henry breaks away for an instant from the fiction within which

he has remained throughout its progress, but realises almost at once that there is no escape, and that henceforth it must confine him for ever. Pitoëff in that moment shows us the whole scene in which the drama has been enacted toppling about his ears, and it is Henry himself who rushes desperately to the caving wall and pushes it back into place. There is no authority for this in the text, but Pirandello said at once that it ought to have been there.

It will be better, however, to illustrate the style and method of Pitoëff from a play which is familiar to the English public. The production of *St. Joan* is not only of value for itself, but interesting as showing exactly how a producer can complete his author. *St. Joan*, as a text, as a sequence of ideas, as a gallery of portraits, as a series of emotions, as an appeal to the intelligence, as a succession of points in an argument, as an interesting tale, as almost anything you please, was adequately conveyed to the English public in London. But as a production it did not even begin to exist. You got from it neither more nor less than from a reading of the book. One scene followed another, intelligently acted, perfectly clear and logical, but the total effect was that of a series of charades which put together gave us the title *St. Joan*. Miss Thorndike, for example, presented with emphasis, with an emphasis that was like a strong wind, the traits of the heroine as indicated by her author—a peasant, a soldier, a sensible girl, an indignant woman, an inspired saint. Her colleagues presented a feudal nobleman, a dauphin, a bishop, and so forth in a way with which no possible fault could be found. There were a number of attractive sets, any one of which probably cost more than the whole Pitoëff production. The author's ideas were in all essential respects carried out. But never for one moment did we have the feeling, which only the great producers give, that the play was a world unto itself, that it had its own peculiar atmosphere, a unity and character which belonged to that particular play, and made everything else for the moment irrelevant and unreal. We were aware the whole time of the discernment of the author and the talent of the actors. There was never one instant of that

complete illusion when the play itself has an existence and a quality that leave a permanent impression on the imagination. I can remember Mr. Lyall Swete's *Warwick* and Mr. Thesiger's *Dauphin*. I can remember Bernard Shaw's play as I read it on a summer evening in 1924. But I cannot remember the production of the play in London, because there was nothing to remember.

St. Joan at the "Théâtre des Arts," on the other hand, refuses to be forgotten. There may be other productions of the play equally valid and sufficient in themselves, but they will in no way affect the memory of the production of Pitoëff. Pitoëff had his vision of the play, complete in itself, harmonious and consistent in every detail, and inspired even in the elements which it added to the play by a spirit of passionate fidelity to the author and his subject. It imposes itself, as the French critic would say.

Bernard Shaw in *St. Joan* gives us a human and rational explanation of a saint. But the saint remains, a miracle, however you may choose to confine the miraculous within the resources of a modern vocabulary. Miracles are, in fact, performed on the stage, and unless we recognise and accept them as miracles, whether logical or theological is neither here nor there, the play must fail of its effect. It was precisely this element of saintship and of the miraculous in which the London exposition of *St. Joan* was so fatally deficient. Pitoëff prepares for it from the first. His whole conception of the play is based on the fact that Joan is a Saint, recognised to be divinely inspired by the church that repudiated her. The permanent framework of his stage is a tryptich, of which the centrepiece is plumb in the middle of the stage facing the audience, and the side pieces adjacent on either side at an angle of about a hundred and seventy five degrees. Curtains suggest an interior, lattices suggest the cathedral, the open sky an exterior. Thus the play is in every scene presented within a frame that conveys continuously but without undue insistence a religious background. However rational may be the progress of events, it is a rationalism imposed upon something that is fundamentally super-rational. The imagination is prepared for a

miracle. The incredulous intelligence may discuss and examine its nature, but that matters not at all. Give me the spirit of the play, says Pitoëff in effect, and anyone may have its brains.

The greatest of the miracles is the discovery of the dauphin by Joan on her arrival at the Court. I cannot even remember how this was done in London. I have a vague recollection of Miss Thorndike striding into the scene, full of vitality and *nous*, picking him out with a bustling and instinctive competence that refused to be baffled. There was no suggestion of a miracle—nothing to explain the conversion of the unbelievers or to justify the immediate leadership which it enabled the heavenly maid to assume. There was no more character or quality in that special moment of the play than in a game of hunt-the-thimble at a children's party. Now watch the scene as produced by Pitoëff. The big, noisy and mundane court is there, framed in the tryptich and lit with painted torches. There are but a few people on the stage, but you would swear it was a multitude. The maid enters, a tiny figure, shrinking a moment from the hall blazing with light and from the alien laughter. For a breathless instant she pauses like a child, sensitive to mockery, bewildered. Then suddenly uplifted by her inspiration and purpose she braves them all, and, led by the intuition with which she is suddenly illumined, goes straight to her goal. We do not see the dauphin ourselves. She suddenly dives into the midst of them and brings him forth. Then, for just an instant the whole stage is immobile, as though time stood still and we were beholding this event *sub specie aternitatis*, the scene making a picture that remains in the eye after it has broken up and the action resumed.

This conception of *St. Joan* as a saint, obeying an inspiration and accomplishing miracles for which no rational explanation seems entirely adequate, completely dominates the progress of the play. It reaches its highest expression in the scene of recantation. In the passages which immediately precede it, *St. Joan* does not argue with her judges. She seems only superficially aware of

them. She sits in the centre of the stage looking out into the audience, away from the court, as though living in a world of her own. Now and then she aims an answer directly at the Court, but all this is merely an intellectual byplay that cannot matter substantially one way or the other. Her body is there to be tortured, her brain to be distracted, but her spirit is away. Then comes the tragic moment when body and brain prevail over the spirit. The flesh of the child shrinks from the fire, the brain of the woman admits the flaw in the reasoning that has brought her to what the world would call destruction. She signs the paper that denies her spiritual mission. But even as she signs it, body and brain subdued and persuaded, her whole being shrinks from the act from which her spirit is entirely absent. The revulsion is immediate, and when at last she tears the paper, it is as though the spirit had returned and resumed possession of its instruments.

This brings us to Ludmilla Pitoëff. She also has a spirit of fidelity to the author and to the general conception of the play in which she is cast which precludes her from doing anything inharmonious or inconsistent. This is not to say that she is clay in the hands of the potter. Madame Pitoëff has a thorough knowledge of the dramatic literatures of more than half a dozen countries, and discusses them from a very personal and assured point of view. But the instinct to conform with an imaginative scheme of which she forms a part is fundamental, and while her performances are individual, they are always consonant.

For Ludmilla, as for Georges Pitoëff, the conception of St. Joan is based on the fact of her intuitive inspiration. Intellectually she may explain herself; socially she may be a peasant girl; professionally she may be a soldier; humanly she may be a woman with her life or freedom at stake. But these are merely accidents as compared with the fact that she is chosen by heaven to fulfil a sacred mission. Her "voices" are more real than the folk who surround her. In the pitiful moment when she denies them we perceive that her action is a mere reflex of flesh

and blood, a temporary puzzling of the intelligence, not an act which really expresses her. We are aware in every scene of the inner light by which she is guided. The more superficial traits and characteristics of the maid are all suggested in a way that emphasises rather than detracts from this conception. The rusticity of the peasant is suggested by an awkward gesture, a momentary pose, that troubles only for an instant the immutability of the saint. Her shrewdness and sense and capacity are qualities which only serve to remind us that the church triumphant is acting through mortal instruments.

Thus Madame Pitoëff plays directly into the hands of her producer, and this perfect collaboration reaches a climax in the court scene. She sits, as I have said, facing the audience, the court behind her. The disposition of the scene alone emphasises that her interrogation is an irrelevance. We see her judges, anxious to save or to convict her, moved by ideas and passions that definitely put them in another world. They are the church militant, they stand for political or ecclesiastical ideals, an intellectual or judicial process, or anything you please. And there, in a world of her own, averted from them, sits the saint of God, the light of the Church triumphant on her face, answering these others without understanding or regarding them. In the moment of recantation she is subdued for a moment to the worldly medium in which she works, but at the close, tearing up the recantation, she faces us, inspired with a complete conviction, while her judges, excommunicating and thrusting her away, stand askance, expressing in one of those moments of arrest which Pitoëff uses in his productions with such immense dramatic effect a complete dissociation of their human secularity from the divine immortality of the martyr.

All this is suggested without any obscuring of the purely human elements of the scene. The actress shows us the woman who shrinks from the fire and from dark imprisonment, who in the name of common sense and common humanity is impatient with her foolish judges and anxious to convince the wise ones. But these

elements are subordinated and kept within the frame of the tryptich that encloses the play and keeps it first to last a "mystery," mediæval in spirit though it be modern in its terms.

For the playing of such a part Madame Pitoëff is peculiarly fitted. More than any actress I have ever seen she has the power of suggesting an intense, secluded emotion without any of the customary gesture or grimace. Her style has a peculiar stillness. You will never catch her "making faces." Nevertheless, in every pause of the play, when she is not by word or gesture actively engaged, she makes us aware that she continues to live in and through the play. The best early example of this was in her playing of Salome, where she lives silently with her monstrous obsession, so that when she speaks, each phrase is merely another expression of the dominant idea, a breaking into speech of the mood of which she is a veritable incarnation. This remarkable power is used to tremendous purpose in *St. Joan*, for it is in the pauses of speech and action that the saint is free to listen to her voices, to retire for strength to her secret inspiration.

This secret inspiration is only fully revealed in the epilogue, when she stands framed in the centre of the tryptich at the head of the bed of the dreaming dauphin. This scene would never have been criticised as unnecessary if its critics had seen the Pitoëff production. The scene is grotesque, but grotesque in the spirit of the mediæval miracle play, and it draws to a natural close in the silent transfiguration of the maid.

Paris, at any rate, is convinced. Making all allowances for the delight of a French audience in a play that occasionally mocks perfidious Albion where she is most vulnerable to the Gallic mind, and for the compliment paid to France by the selection of a French theme by a discerning foreigner, the success of this production cannot be explained away or discounted. The public is held from start to finish by a fine play produced with consummate genius, and revealing in the fullness of her powers an actress who in a single season has successfully established a European reputation.

FRENCH FINANCES: WILL CAILLAUX SUCCEED?

By JOHN BELL

A STUDY of the situation in Europe at this moment makes one thing plain: nearly seven years after the end of the war the nations are engaged in a bitter struggle for existence, fighting desperately to overcome the difficulties created by four and a half years of military conflict. They are shackled in varying degrees. Economically, industrially, commercially, and financially they are striving to free themselves from their shackles, to return to pre-war conditions. And they would have found some measure of relief before now but for two factors: the desire to make war in Europe impossible in the future and the unrest among the labour populations, for which the hideous *régime* in Russia, with its negation of liberty, is responsible. The fear of another war and the spread of Bolshevism have undoubtedly interfered with the efforts of European statesmen directed to bringing about a speedy settling down.

For years the statesmen have talked about hastening the economic reconstruction of Europe. The dream was for the nations to co-operate in removing the ravages of war and to bring about something like an economic transformation from which all would benefit. It is a singular fact, however, that there are as yet no signs of co-operation, that, on the contrary, a new and selfish spirit is showing itself. It is a case of each nation looking after its own interests, of reducing its imports to a minimum by imposing high tariffs, of seeking economic independence. This spirit has been dictated by internal conditions. Probably it will disappear if and when the nations are really at peace and can settle down to the arts of peace. But before this era—so much desired—can be ushered in there must be something like a common understanding on political, economic, and even fiscal matters, and in particular the Russian problem, which lies like a nightmare on Europe and Asia, must be solved.

What are the relative positions of England, France, and Germany in the struggle to efface the legacies of the war? England is endeavouring, with, unfortunately, no success up to now, to get her unemployed back to work. The spirit of self-sufficiency among the European nations who were in a large measure dependent upon her before the war is to some extent responsible for the fact that while our financial situation is healthy enough from the point of view of balancing our Budget, we have over one million people for whom employment cannot be obtained. Germany had a financial crisis, caused largely by the stupid and criminal policy of passive resistance in the Ruhr. This financial crisis brought about her bankruptcy. It was the Allies who, notwithstanding their own economic and financial difficulties, came to her rescue in the hope that their help would enable her to pay reparations. That it was efficacious help is evidenced by the financial situation in Germany to-day. She has a stable currency—to all intents and purposes a gold currency—and she, the vanquished in the war, is in the happy position of imposing a lighter burden of taxation than that borne by English and French taxpayers. Moreover, since reparations will have to be paid very largely out of excess exports, the German manufacturers, especially of iron and steel goods, have come to an arrangement whereby “dumping” can be organised on a scientific scale.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the case of France is pathetic and yet full of hope. Her finances are in a terrible mess. At the time of writing the pound is still worth more than 100 francs. For nine months the Chamber and Senate had been engaged in the task of producing a balanced Budget. France has an internal debt of 150,000,000,000 francs in perpetual and long term rentes and 130,000,000,000 francs in short term securities. Her foreign debt is of a crushing character. She owes England £600,000,000 and America 4,137,224,350 dollars. Her Budget deficit was 4,000,000,000 francs.

This was, approximately, the position that faced M. Joseph Caillaux when he became Minister of Finance. He was called to the Ministry of Finance because

M. Painlevé, when he was asked to form his Ministry, came to the conclusion that M. Caillaux was the only man capable of unravelling the financial tangle. It was a distinct triumph for the man who had previously been regarded as an outlawed politician to be asked to come to the rescue of his country. He who was convicted by the Senate sitting as a high court on charges which represented him as a “defeatist” during the war now occupies a position with practically dictatorial powers so far as effecting economies are concerned. The Government is leaning upon him. A very large section of Frenchmen who held him up to opprobrium, who spoke of him as a traitor, now speak of him as the financial saviour of France.

Will he succeed in putting France's financial house in order? We can best judge him by his past record in the domain of finance and by the programme he has formulated for the future. M. Caillaux is undoubtedly one of the ablest financiers in France. He was an Inspector of Finances before he became a politician, and in this capacity he gave Ministers of Finance something to think about. His knowledge of financial matters was more extensive than theirs, and it was because of his success as a financial functionary that he decided to enter the Chamber. There he quickly established a reputation by his speeches in the financial debates, and in time became Minister of Finance. He it was who introduced the income-tax in France—a very difficult job, as he recently recalled, so difficult that when he thinks of his labours at that time his present Herculean task does not appal him.

A distinguishing characteristic of M. Caillaux is his confidence in himself. Like everybody else, he knew before he went to the Ministry of Finance that the situation was grave, but when he began to look into things he discovered that it was graver than he had thought. Everybody wanted to know his opinion. M. Caillaux's confidence came to his aid. He faced the situation bravely, for he is a man of courage, as his attitude in the painful moments of his political career showed, and he informed France that the situation, though desperate, was not hopeless.

His first care was to reorganise the staff at the Ministry of Finance. There was disorder there and also pessimism, as was inevitable with a falling franc and a situation which was getting worse every day. M. Caillaux, by his personal example, his great capacity for work, introduced a new spirit into the Ministry of Finance, a spirit born of hope. His next care was to get rid of a Budget for the making of which he was not responsible. This was no easy matter. The Budget framed by the Herriot Government bore the impress of "Etatisme," or State Socialism, as was to be expected when it is remembered that the 105 Socialist deputies in the Chamber, a big section of the Government's majority, had a hand in drawing it up. The Senate would not have this Budget, and made sweeping inroads upon it. The discovery was made that the Herriot Government, who had vowed that inflation would not be resorted to, had increased the circulation of bank-notes by 4,000,000,000 francs. The Herriot Cabinet fell on its financial policy.

The Budget for 1925 had been the subject of dramatic debates, and it remained for M. Caillaux to make good the deficit by new taxes, which, it is expected, will produce their full yield next year, when he counts on having a surplus. He found that if expenditure had to be measured by receipts rigid economies had to be effected. Less money had to be spent by Government Departments. Instead of decreasing their expenditure, however, M. Caillaux was confronted with demands for increased credits. Very politely he informed his colleagues in the Cabinet that not only could these demands not be entertained but that he himself would carry out the reductions which he judged to be necessary.

Here it is interesting to recall that when the Poincaré Government found itself under the necessity of using the economic axe there was an outcry against it. M. Poincaré, whether he liked it or not, had to effect economies. The American bankers who came to the aid of the franc, which fell to the value of 120 to the pound, insisted that expenditure should be seriously curtailed. The promise was given, and the measures of economy and increased

taxation were announced, and some of them were carried into effect. Almost immediately the value of the pound fell to 67 francs. This was just before the Parliamentary election in May last year. The economies and the increased taxation were made an election cry against M. Poincaré's majority by the Cartel des Gauches, composed of four political parties: the Radicals, Radical-Socialists, Socialists, and the Republican Left. The people who thought that they were going to lose their jobs rallied to the Cartel and put it into power.

M. Caillaux is not worried over election promises. He has just been elected a Senator for the Sarthe. He can act as he pleases. The Chamber has given him power, and he intends to exercise it by lopping off financial excrescences wherever they are to be found. The civil servants clamoured and even agitated in the streets for an increase in their salaries on account of the high cost of living. M. Poincaré held out against them, arguing that the financial state of the country did not permit of the increase being granted. They had, however, voted for the Cartel des Gauches in the hope that its leader, M. Herriot, would give them what they wanted. And they got it. But it may be that under the Caillaux *régime* a large number of civil servants will find it necessary to seek other employment, more especially since instead of their number being reduced it has been increased by 64,000. Already one hundred registration offices have been suppressed, and over a hundred more will be done away with. It is significant that no protests are raised against the action of the Minister of Finance. He has put the Government majority in possession of stern facts, making them understand that if France has to be saved unpleasant things will have to be done, and he is doing them as pleasantly as he can.

But he is meeting with determined opposition on the part of the Socialists. These politicians are of opinion that they have in their ranks better financiers than M. Caillaux. Consequently they decided not to accept his plans for the purification of the finances. The most urgent necessity he had to meet was the provision of money to repay the short-term bonds which fall due this year. The value of these

is something like 22,000,000,000 francs, of which it was estimated 4,000,000,000 francs would have had to be paid last month. Noting with some alarm the fall in the value of their securities and the depreciation of the franc, Frenchmen were loth to let their money lie, and notice was given for repayment. There was only one course for M. Caillaux to pursue, and that was to increase the circulation of banknotes, for the amount of the last inflation, four milliard francs, which brought the note circulation up to something like 45,000,000,000 francs, had been absorbed. So the Minister of Finance asked the Banque de France for another advance of 6,000,000,000 francs in order to enable the State to meet its liabilities.

M. Caillaux made another bold and ingenious stroke. He had to save money and at the same time to get in more money, and in order to achieve both these objects he had to devise a scheme which would inspire investors with confidence. The depreciation of the capital value of investments in Government securities had shaken the confidence of people with money to invest. Banknotes were therefore being hoarded, which practically meant that they were withdrawn from circulation. This systematic hoarding of banknotes, called "*thésaurisation*," created difficulties for the Treasury, for it was one of the causes of inflation. Then, too, on account of the Socialists' insistence on the adoption of their pet project of a Capital Levy, capital was scared. Thousands of millions of francs were sent abroad for safety. One of M. Caillaux's plans is to get this exported capital back to France. He has said encouraging words to the exporters, but he has also used threats. He threatened to impose a measure of confiscation if exported capital was not returned within a certain period. How he would be able to do this has not been made clear.

He has, however, already done something to restore confidence. A tremendously large sum—how many thousands of millions of francs cannot be accurately stated—has been invested in National Defence Bonds. It is a safe investment in that the money could be lent for three months, six months, or a year. If for a year the interest

of 5 per cent. was paid in advance, and at the end of twelve months that capital was returned in full. The Minister of Finance set before himself the task of consolidating the floating debt, starting with these National Defence Bonds. He therefore issued a 4 per cent. Gold Loan limited to the holders of National Defence Bonds, and in order to encourage investors in the new loan he stipulated that the interest should be paid in the parity of the pound. That is to say, if the franc fell the investors would always receive their interest on a gold basis. What more could they expect? It is true that they will receive 4 per cent. instead of 5 per cent., but they have the assurance that this investment, which is a perpetual rente, will always bear interest on the parity of the pound sterling.

This idea was most favourably received, and as a proof of its popularity people rushed to buy National Defence Bonds so that they could participate in the 4 per cent. Gold Loan. By this clever move M. Caillaux hopes to reduce the floating debt by many milliard francs. This is only a beginning in consolidation, for the gold standard will no doubt be applied to other Government securities; and in time the Minister of Finance, assuming that he remains in office and that his policy is pursued should the vicissitudes of government in France compel him to quit his post, will be able to say that he has settled the question of the floating debt.

It would have been strange had there been no criticism of his scheme. One objection to it is that he has set up a system of paying interest on a gold basis which may compete unfavourably with securities the interest of which is paid in paper francs. But this objection will not hold good if that other and important task of M. Caillaux's, that of stabilising the franc, of increasing its value in accordance with the prosperity and resources of the country, is achieved. And he is confident that he will cure the sick franc.

But in all his schemes for putting the finances of the country in order, and particularly in the matter of his plans for increasing taxation, he has the Parliamentary majority to take into account. The Socialists were his most

stalwart champions in the days of his adversity. They gave him their sympathy even when the members of his own political party were cold towards him. But from the first they have been dead against his financial schemes. They prefer their Capital Levy. So keen were they on the Capital Levy, this project of spoliation, that they actually drew up two schemes. M. Caillaux was dead against the Capital Levy idea from the first. His argument against it was that it would not improve the franc, that it would send more capital abroad, and that even if it were put into operation it would take two years before any tangible results of its application could be realised. Besides, the working of the scheme would necessitate the employment of an army of functionaries.

What the Socialists wanted to be at was to levy 10 per cent. on all properties, whether built upon or not, on shares of all companies and bonds of all kinds, on perpetual investments and issues since 1915, on antique furniture, jewels, art collections, motor cars, racing stables, and, indeed, on 100 franc banknotes. They were very keen about the banknotes. They had to be stamped in order to show that ten francs had been deducted, and all notes not stamped before the end of the present year had to be annulled. That is to say, the holders who kept them back would lose their money. It has to be said that support for this 10 per cent. spoliation scheme was not confined to the Socialists themselves. A number of Radical Socialists voted for it when it came before the Chamber. The Socialists claim that seventy Radical Socialists are with them in their opposition to M. Caillaux's financial projects.

The defection of the Socialists and a number of Radical Socialists calls attention to the present position of the Cartel des Gauches. The Socialists have held many meetings in order to decide whether they should leave the Government majority. Their final decision was not to break away from the Cartel, but to vote for the Government or to abstain from voting according to circumstances. In point of fact, the Cartel is now definitely broken. The Socialists and seventy seven Radical Socialists voted against the Government on the subject of the business

turnover tax, and the Budget was finally passed with the aid of the Bloc National. M. Painlevé need not be alarmed. What he loses on the roundabouts he will gain on the swings. The deputies in the Centre and on the Right have no love for M. Caillaux or for the Painlevé Government in general, but they have shown a disposition to put the interests of the country above the interests of party, and they are not likely to do anything to assist the Socialists to throw out the present Government so that a Herriot Blum combination shall take its place, for in this eventuality more would certainly be heard of the Capital Levy.

M. Caillaux is relying on national co-operation to enable him to carry out his schemes. And by national co-operation he means the exercise of a spirit of sacrifice, for Frenchmen, heavily taxed as they are—it is nonsense to suggest, as has been suggested, that they are not—will have to bear a heavier burden. All persons earning more than 20,000 francs a year will have their taxes increased, for it is not only a question of purifying the national finances, making ends meet, reducing the internal debt, and completing the reconstruction work in the devastated regions, but of repaying the debts owing to England and America. The Minister of Finance does not think that anything great can be achieved until the franc is stabilised, and he believes this will come when the preliminary operations for consolidating the internal debt are carried into effect. With the franc stabilised, a return to the gold standard can be envisaged, and this will mean the conversion of securities of all kinds on a gold basis.

It is a practical scheme that M. Caillaux has devised for restoring the finances of France. Certainly no better project has been put forward. The danger is that its execution may be interfered with by the introduction of other matters such as the question of Inter-Allied debts. At the first blush it seemed hard that France should have been worried about her foreign debts at a time when she was striving to find a way out of her financial difficulties. The British Government sent her a Note asking her not for payment, but to discuss the terms of the settlement of

her debt. But there was justification for this Note, which would probably not have been sent just yet had not the French Government made overtures to the Government of the United States as regards the fulfilment of her obligations. It was only just that the British Government, which had made an arrangement with America, should desire that France should make an arrangement with her at the same time as it was sought to arrange terms with the United States. There was, therefore, nothing strange about the British procedure.

There is this to be said for France: she was anxious that the world should know that it had never been her intention to repudiate her debts. So we now find her in the distressing situation of grappling with her internal financial problem and at the same time discussing the conditions of the repayment of her debts to Britain and America. It may be that the foreign debt problem will be a more serious affair than the regulation of the internal financial situation. There is the question of the means of payment. Germany was asked to furnish reparations in accordance with her capacity of payment. France can logically put forward the same plea, since her capacity of payment will be determined by the amount of reparations she receives from Germany—a fact which Mr. Churchill did not lose sight of when he sent his Note to France in February. The British proposals to France have never been seriously criticised by French financiers and economists. A country which relieves another of a third of its debt, the reduction conceivably amounting to a half in certain circumstances, can reasonably expect gratitude rather than criticism. But in discussing this question there are certain possible circumstances and contingencies which must not be ignored. France can only pay her debts if she obtains from Germany the reparations to which she is entitled. She has spent 100,000,000,000 francs on reconstruction work in her devastated departments. This money was largely borrowed from her own nationals, and the debt incurred—on Germany's account let it not be forgotten—is in a large measure the cause of her present financial plight. This hundred milliard francs almost represents her total

indebtedness to America alone. It has been computed that assuming that France pays a very low rate of interest on sinking fund of her debts to England and America the total payment would swallow up her share of reparations which she has been led to believe she will receive under the Dawes plan.

But can France, Britain, or any other Ally count with certainty on receiving the reparations to which they are entitled under the Dawes plan? We may hope that they will, but it would be rash to bank on Germany always continuing to carry out her obligations. Once she gets the French and Belgian troops out of the Ruhr—and it is expected the last soldier will have left before August has sped—once the British troops leave the Cologne zone, it would not be surprising if she used the negotiations for the Pact of Security to hasten the departure of the French forces from Coblenz, Mayence, the Bavarian Palatinate and the Saar. And, indeed, she could logically argue that if she is a partner in a Pact of Security in the West the necessity for the application of the occupation clauses in the Peace Treaty no longer exists. With Germany restored to her full liberty and independence she could, if she chose, put forward the plea emphasised to me by the German industrialists when I was in the Ruhr last year, that the Dawes plan could not be carried out. Even if it is carried out and France gets her full share of reparations, it can hardly be expected that she will hand over every gold mark she receives to her debtors.

Britain has made a gesture of generosity and sympathy by reducing the French debt, and France had counted on America showing a similar spirit. In addition to this reduction she had counted on an arrangement being made whereby she would be called upon to pay a low rate of interest, with annual payments spread over a long period of years and fixed at an amount in conformity with her capacity of payment. Then, too, she expected that she would be accorded a moratorium. At the time of writing there is information from America of a character to upset the French hopes. France is told that she must not connect the problem of her debt with the question of

CHINA'S INDUSTRIAL REVOLT:
ITS CAUSE

BY THOMAS BOWEN PARTINGTON, F.I.L.L., F.R.C.I.

ENGLISH people, with an awakened interest in China and things Chinese, have during recent years read, perhaps with some perplexity, the news from China. They have read of civil wars, of Presidents ousted and inaugurated, of Cabinets overturned in the space of a few weeks—indeed, in one instance in a few days—of the division of the country into a North and a South, of a republic without a permanent constitution, a constitution which has been in the drafting stage for over ten years and is still uncompleted, and of droughts, floods, and famines. Some have thought them to be due to the inability of the Chinese to develop a republican form of government; others, more thoughtful, and endowed with historical sense, have recalled the political troubles and social unsettlement in the West, and consider these things happening in China as the inevitable phenomena of a great political and economic revolution. The latter are undoubtedly right. At the same time, it would be interesting to trace these things to their immediate cause, and if possible to find a remedy. We know that children are likely to have the mumps, measles and such ailments, but we try to cure them as quickly as possible, and the cause which has been in the past responsible for China's various political troubles, enumerated and unenumerated, and also, in a large measure, for even the disasters of Nature, has been one and one only, namely, militarism.

It may be a surprise to many that the Chinese, a peace-loving people, should be troubled by militarism. The condition is due to a chain of circumstances, beyond the control of the people, and arising since the Republic.

For centuries the military power had been subordinated to the civil. But with the fall of the Manchu Dynasty the military commanders first became conscious of their power,

while the idea of obedience and discipline became dangerously weakened. Yuan Shih-kai's control over them was at best a precarious one; when he died no one pretended even to control them. So in China to-day it is the soldier who is the boss. In every province there is a commander-in-chief of the troops stationed there. He is called the Tuchun of the Province, "Tuchun" being the name coined a few years ago to denote such a provincial commanding officer. The Chinese military forces are divided into national forces and provincial forces. The Tuchun is generally, though not necessarily, chosen from among the commanders of divisions in the national army, and he generally, in order to have some troops under his immediate control, retains the command of his division. Once appointed, he acts as if he were king of the province, not even a constitutional king, but a king by the right of occupation. There is in every province a governor who is the head of the civil administration. To simplify matters the Tuchun sometimes grasps for himself that job as well, so that he has in his grasp, in name as well as in fact, both civil and military power. At other times he gets appointed his nominee, who he is sure will do his behests. If he finds someone already in office who is not easily malleable, he manages to drive him from office by fair means or foul. If the Central Government appoints a new governor who is not *persona grata* to him he makes it difficult for the unfortunate man even to arrive at his post. He appoints his relatives and favourites to the jobs, high and low, of the province. He retains for his own use revenues which should be remitted to the Central Government or devoted to educational or other purposes. If there is a mint he issues quantities of debased coins, limited only by the capacity of machinery. In short, he governs or misgoverns the territory for his own benefit. There is, it is true, the Provincial Assembly, elected by the people, and to the credit of the assemblies be it said that they sometimes take a courageous stand against the militarists. But their protests are mere empty phrases, whereas the word of the militarists is backed with real power.

reparation payments and that she must not ask for any reduction.

Americans visit France in large numbers, and they are very sincere in their protestations of affection for the country which suffered so much during the war. But sentiment will not be allowed to interfere with business. The French newspapers have now ceased to put forward the sacrifices and sufferings of France as pleas for generous treatment on the debt question. It is now realised that the payment of the debt to America is a purely business affair.

M. Caillaux, then, has a very difficult and delicate task in front of him in restoring the finances of France, in consolidating the internal debt, and in making arrangements for the payment of the country's debts to England and America. He is applying himself to his task with courage, knowing that on the success of his labours will depend the financial liberation of his country. Very fortunately, he is assisted and encouraged by the economic situation of France. At the present moment this leaves very little to be desired. It is true that living is dear, but how can it be otherwise with the pound worth more than one hundred francs? But even living should not be so dear as it is if a closer watch were but kept on the food profiteers. France has no trade crisis, no large numbers of unemployed workers to maintain. In fact, she is importing thousands of foreign workmen every week, for her own manual labour is not sufficient for her needs. In a certain measure she is prosperous because she is able to utilise this foreign labour, for M. Caillaux stated in the Chamber the other day that without it industrial concerns would have to shut down, with the result that French workers would be laid idle. Economically and industrially France is as prosperous as she could wish to be. Her resources are tremendous, and she is working with a will.

In spite of her financial difficulties France can win through, but only on the two conditions laid down by those who are governing her at the present moment. One is that there shall be national co-operation. But this will

be a difficult condition to fulfil. In France, as elsewhere, the wolves will not lie down with the lambs. The Socialists, who are a law unto themselves, who exist in order to promote a class war, will only co-operate with other political parties if they can dictate policy, as they did when M. Herriot was in power. The other condition is that the spirit of sacrifice shall be exercised all round, that the rich shall take their full share of the burden of taxation with the other classes.

Save Governmental upheavals, there does not appear to be any serious reason why France should not emerge triumphantly from her financial dilemma. M. Caillaux, the man at the helm, has to be judged not by his past but by what he is seeking to accomplish now. He has put a bold programme before the country. It has been criticised, but nothing better has been suggested. In general, Frenchmen are fertile in making plans, but they are very slow in carrying them out. Often, indeed, the plans are never brought to fruition. But M. Caillaux has shown that he is a man of realisations. If it is given to him to execute all his projects for putting France solidly on her financial legs once more, he who was at one time thought to be a traitor to his country will be hailed as one of its greatest benefactors.

But recent events in China have shown that there has come into being a new power which has plunged the country into a state of unrest and has assumed such proportions that it is feared by some that it marks a great anti-foreign feeling which will spread over the country and be accompanied by some of the awful happenings which characterised the Boxer Rising of some years ago. Personally, I do not fear this, even though there has seemed to be considerable hatred shown to the English and to the Japanese, the latter hatred being quite understandable to any student of Chinese history and politics; yet the antagonism to the English is not to them as individuals, but rather to them as a class, responsible, so the educated Chinese feel, to a very large extent for the very unsatisfactory industrial conditions existent in the more Westernised parts of China—Shanghai in particular. I do not even feel that the trouble is due to a wave of Bolshevism sweeping through the land; I admit that the present industrial conditions have been played on by the folks from Moscow in their efforts to influence the Chinese, but the influence is only superficial. And had there been a properly constituted authority in the land what lawlessness there has been would have been quickly put down: the military position in the country, indicated above, which is the very opposite to law and order, is such that it has not been possible, and therefore it has been necessary that the Western Powers bring their battleships, sailors, marines, and soldiers, not in any aggressive sense, but to give to their respective nationals that protection which the Chinese Government is unable to give.

What we are witnessing to-day in China is not so much an anti-foreign feeling, but rather the early stages of a national movement, engineered by the students who have been in the West and seen Western conditions of employment, which shall seek to bring about better economic conditions for the workers of China. It has been rightly said that "China stands to-day in the early stages of a great change." The writers of Europe have given it the name of the Industrial Revolution. This revolution began about a hundred and fifty years ago in England, and since then it has moved on from country to country and from

continent to continent until it has now reached Eastern Asia.

For though one sees, in going through the country, that the Chinese still carry on many of their ancient industries with the few simple and very primitive instruments in use for many, many moons, Western industries have, since the establishment of the Republic in 1911, been introduced with great rapidity, so that China to-day presents a most interesting example of a transition from hand to machine production. The growth of modern factories in the past few years is almost phenomenal. Ten years ago there were about 558 factories in China. There are now more than 1,400, not including thousands of semi-modern factories. Among these modern factories may be mentioned some 83 cotton spinning and weaving mills, 218 silk filatures, 95 flour mills, 82 electric light plants, 58 printing plants, 54 soap and candle factories, 51 telephone companies, and so on. But it is mainly in the cotton-spinning industries that the great industrial revolution makes itself felt—in a place like Shanghai, where, by the way, the present trouble seems to have had its origin. In 1903 there were only two mills in China with 65,000 spindles; in 1916 the number had increased to 42 mills with 1,154,000 spindles; and there are now 83 mills with nearly 2,000,000 spindles under operation and in course of construction, and an additional 1,000,000 ordered. Every year sees an increase in the number of factories being established, either to take the place of the old native types of production, or to manufacture some articles previously imported from abroad. The greater number of these mills, it must be remembered, are either British or Japanese. This point is not without its significance in considering the present unrest. And with these changes in the methods of production and with the introduction of Western machinery the new industry has brought together large numbers of wage-earning labourers in capitalist-owned establishments where more or less costly and elaborate machinery is operated by water and steam power. The result of all this is that the home labourer has become a wage-paid labourer and the life of the working people has undergone very sudden changes.

One can quite appreciate the average Englishman wondering why the average Chinese finds anything to protest against in such a state of affairs, knowing, as he does, that this Westernisation of industry in China will in the end make for the good of the country and for the good of the individual worker. I do not for a moment suggest that there is any protest on the part of the worker against the change as such, but rather it is a protest against the appalling conditions under which many of the people have to work in these Western mills, a protest engineered by the student element of China, who, by virtue of their Western education, have seen conditions in England and America and realise how their countrymen are being exploited. Here is to be found the cause of the trouble. Even Mr. R. McNeill (Under Secretary, Foreign Office), replying to the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald in the House of Commons on June 9th, as to whether or not the cause of the trouble in China had an industrial origin, replied: "It is one of many intermingled causes." My contention in this article is that the causes are two: (1) The power of the Tuchuns and the state of lawlessness they have produced in the land, and (2) the working conditions in the factories.

Conditions among the factory workers in China are really appalling. A twelve-hour shift, day and night, is the general rule. In some factories fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen hours of work are at times required. Very few factories have only eight hours of work. And according to a report made by the Chinese Government Bureau of Economic Information (May 9th, 1923) labourers in the cotton mills of Shanghai work from eleven to twenty hours a day. In many factories, such as the silk filatures, work begins generally at five o'clock in the morning and lasts until six or seven in the evening, often even later. Steel labourers are known to work from twelve to eighteen hours, while machinery workers generally work ten to fourteen hours, and apprentices work as do grown-ups. If you go to Chefoo, in the North of China, from where comes a great deal of the pongee silk beloved so by Western women, you will find that there are 26,000 boys and young men

employed in forty factories making pongee silk. They work thirteen hours a day and receive an average daily wage of twelve cents.

And in China there are few holidays, with the result that the working days are many. There are many factories which have practically no holidays, with the exception of two or three days during the Chinese New Year, and only a few of the modern mills suspend operations on a Sunday.

The wages paid to the skilled and unskilled worker differ very considerably. They also differ very considerably with the nature of employment and, considered as a whole, the scale of wages is exceedingly low in China. One quite realises that the cost of living in China is much lower than it is in Western countries, and that one therefore cannot think of Chinese wages in terms of wages in the Western countries. But even as there has been a considerable increase in the cost of living in the West, so there has been a corresponding increase in China, and wages in China have not gone up in like proportion. According to a recent estimate made by Mr. M. T. Tchou (*The Commercial, Industrial and Economic Development*), the average wage in the cotton industry is nine dollars a month for an unskilled adult male worker and 19 dollars for a skilled adult male worker; 7.50 dollars for an unskilled female worker and 12 dollars for a skilled female worker, and 4 dollars for a child. It is also estimated that the cost of supporting the family of a skilled labourer in Shanghai is about 35.86 dollars for a month, and that of an unskilled labourer is 21.34 dollars, making no provision for sickness and saving. In other words, the wages of a skilled and an unskilled labourer can pay about half the cost of a hand-to-mouth life. They can live only if their wives and children also work in the factories, and this has been actually the case.

And of all the evils which the factory system has brought is that of the employment of children. One sees children but ten, nine, eight, and even seven years old who are admitted to work in factories for stretches of eleven, twelve, and sometimes thirteen or fourteen hours

a day. They are employed, obviously, because they are cheap and can be easily managed. Is it to be wondered at that in soul and body these children are starved, dwarfed and deformed, and that the more enlightened of the Chinese are now, by thought, word and deed, raising their voice of protest against a system which saps the minds and bodies of their future citizens and weakens the vitality of the nation? There are thousands of women also who are forced into wage labour in factories—in the industries of lace-making, silk-reeling, spinning, cotton textile work, embroidery, knitting, the manufacture of toilet articles and curing of tea-leaves—they are to be found, working not only long hours and on night work, but also on coarse and heavy work that brutalises as well as exhausts them, and for very low and often wholly inadequate pay.

Generally speaking, the sanitary conditions in the factories are bad, as very little attention is given to the health of the labourers. In those factories where overcrowding is rife the air is laden with dust and germs, which fill the lungs and destroy the health of many of the workers. We are told—it can be seen—that

Even in well-constructed cotton mills no effort has been made to purify the air of the cotton fluff . . . nor has it been found possible to change the condition in silk filatures where the air, charged with unwholesome odour, is not allowed to go out of the building.

Extraordinary temperatures and excessive moisture and dryness in some factories have equally injurious, and in most cases fatal, effects upon the health of the workers. In the match industry many suffer from lung disease from the inhalation of the poisonous fumes of phosphorus and sulphur, and from the phosphorus jaw, where the bones of the face decay on account of the cheap grade of phosphorus used. All these evils could be avoided if somewhat more expensive appliances were used. But it would cut down the profits!

There is no reasonable man who will maintain that these conditions in the new industry of China are necessary, just and human. They are, in many respects, like the industrial conditions in England about one hundred years ago. They have been changed here, but they were only changed

here after a great deal of unrest, rioting, and even loss of life—by an aggressive policy of opposition against those who were responsible for them. And so it is with China and the Chinese. The opposition to the English, and to the Japanese, is not so much against them as individuals, but rather that they are the representatives to a very large extent of those who are responsible for the bad economic conditions in China. The movement to-day is not anti-foreign in the sense that the Boxer trouble was. And had there been an effective Government at Peking, and had China not been in the grip of a collection of selfish men, the T'uchuns, there would then have been no need for the various Western Powers to have stepped in with their warships, sailors and soldiers—an action which is not meant to be one of aggression, but rather of protection, and will in the end be for the good of the Chinese themselves, even though some extremists would try and make out a case that such an action is one of oppression of the weak. The China of to-day is not the China of yesterday. I can remember writing in the London Press a few years ago that China was a land where strikes were unknown:—

The industry and sobriety of the Chinese labourer are proverbial. He asks for no holidays, except the few festival days of the year, and demands no increase in wages, accepting meekly whatever his employer may be pleased to give him. In other words, he is efficient and reliable, a godsend to his employer, and to his competitor what a red rag is to a bull.

The above is what I wrote then. But conditions are changing rapidly and the Westernisation of the people is bringing the attendant results of such a policy. The people, the workers, now have begun to unite among themselves. Labour unions and strikes have become quite common in Shanghai, Canton, and other cities. There were more than 50 strikes in Canton and Hong Kong in 1922, and from March to September of 1923 60 labour unions were formed in Shanghai, and in the same period there were more than 50 strikes.

One solution of the present trouble would be effective factory legislation introduced by the Chinese Government. But unfortunately China politically is in a state of turmoil. Any measures toward factory legislation will be ineffective

so long as matters are as they are to-day. A strong and efficient Government is a pre-requisite to an effective legislation, a fact which has been shown in the history of the Western countries.

After all, there is something to be said for the average Chinese. All over the world they are subject to stringent exclusions and discriminations, which are admittedly the result of the influence of labour in the countries where they are in force. Yet these same countries did not hesitate to call on the Chinese labourer when exigencies of the Great War made it necessary to import foreign workers to fill up the depleted ranks and to supplement the reserves behind the firing lines. Then followed the recruiting of the Chinese Labour Corps for service in France, Mesopotamia, and other countries, and the men serving therein acquitted themselves with distinction, even though they were working under novel conditions and at times in the face of great danger, as, for instance, during airplane attacks.

Misunderstood, misrepresented—passing from an age-long civilisation to one so new, so strange in every detail—your Chinese worker still stands high in the scale of good workers. He is, indeed, the finest worker in the whole of the world, and a man who to-day may well hold up his head with pride among his fellow-workmen of other nationalities.

And in conclusion I would ask that the present conditions in China, regrettable though they may be, shall not be read as a revolt against the West; it is a revolt inspired not so much by a hatred of the white man's power as by an utter disbelief in the white man's philosophy of life. So far as there is any hostility to the white nations, it is against them, not as white people, but as conquerors guilty of political and economic abuses. It is a nationalist movement for independence, political, not racial; defensive, not aggressive; and I see no evil portents therein, unless, of course, we mean to continue playing the bully in the fields of industry and allowing no choice but fight to the death or enslavement.

NICÆA: SIXTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO, AND NOW

By J. W. POYNTER

AMIDST the many and very terrible problems with which we ourselves are faced at this present time, we have perhaps little opportunity to give thought to anniversaries of even the most notable events of the past. Yet there is one which, this summer, deserves that we should turn our minds to it, especially as it has bearing on questions which still agitate the world.

Sixteen hundred years ago—in either June or July (it is uncertain which) of the year 325—the first Council of Nicæa assembled.

The Christian Church had just emerged from the ordeal of the great persecutions it had suffered at the hands of the Roman Imperial power. Of those persecutions, the long passage of subsequent history enables us in this age to take an objective historical view. They arose from the clash of two incompatible principles. The Imperial ideal of the entire supremacy of the State—*divus Cæsar*—was in irreconcilable contradiction with the other ideal of a religion divinely revealed and organised under a hierarchy having religious jurisdiction independent of the civil power. One or other of these claims had to give way. The Christians were a new sect. The Empire dominated the world. Obviously, to the Imperial rulers the Christians could seem but as a seditious band of agitators, whom in self-defence it was necessary to crush. They must have seemed, to the divine Cæsar, what the first Protestants must have seemed to the kings and prelates of Spain. In each instance a dominating jurisdiction—in the case of sixteenth-century Spain an alliance of two dominating jurisdictions, for this one purpose at any rate—was challenged by a movement which denied its basic claim. In very self-defence, the dominating jurisdictions hit back with all their force to exterminate the assailants of their claims. The spirit of the old Roman Imperial

persecutions, then, and that of the Spanish Inquisition, were really (at any rate, in this respect) one and the same: an established supremacy fighting grimly to maintain itself. In each case, moreover, the result was similar: there was compromise. In the ancient case the Empire endeavoured to come to terms with the Church. In *De Civitate Dei* St. Augustine repudiated, with all the power of his great eloquence, the theory that the calamities of the Empire were due to Christianity. Of course, St. Augustine was right as to the immediate question. The particular disasters were not caused by the new faith. Nevertheless, the central idea of that faith was contradictory of the central idea of Caesarism, and, in spite of the temporary compromise, the fact could not be concealed. Caesar died of it. By the compromise many of Caesar's prerogatives were taken over by the Church, who exercised them for many generations and, when they were challenged, proceeded in her turn to crush the assailants as Caesar had tried to do in past ages. The toleration of the modern world is the compromise which then resulted. Both powers, however (the tolerant modern mind and the exclusive Church—exclusive in the sense of claiming to possess the entire religious authority of a divine revelation), live side by side, and grave problems are at issue between them.

As being one of the first landmarks in the development of the ecclesiastical power, the Council of Nicæa is amongst the outstanding events in European history. It was more notable than many "decisive battles." Certainly its importance will not be under-estimated by anyone who realises that, after sixteen hundred years, its spirit is actively working on all sides amongst us now, and that not in the sphere of abstract theory only, but also in the world of practical political power. Wherever you see the ecclesiastical power controlling or influencing political action, there you see the Church which grasped the hand of Cæsar at Nicæa.

The problem facing the Church of the fourth century was that of how properly to express its belief in the real divinity of its Founder. Theorisers such as Praxeas,

Sabellius, etc., seemed to dissolve the appearance of Christ into what might be described as a mere temporary method by which God was manifested to the world. The three Persons of the Trinity were thereby become scarcely more than mere aspects by which the Divine Mind is made known, and would not be real Persons in the strict sense. Such a solution, however, was contrary to the fundamental instincts of the Christian conscience. That conscience adhered tenaciously to the belief that the Founder of Christianity was (is) divine in the truest sense. The questions at issue, however, related to such mysterious depths of metaphysical speculation that, as soon as they were taken up in earnest, endless vistas of controversy opened up.

At the beginning of the fourth century a theological academy was founded at Antioch by Lucian. Although regarded with some disfavour by the bishops of the see, he was holy in his life and died a martyr's death under Diocletian. These facts caused his memory to be treasured with great reverence by his followers, amongst whom were Eusebius Bishop of Nicomedia, Theognis of Nicæa, and the priest Arius. In the year 318 Alexander Bishop of Alexandria had issued a pastoral letter to his people impressing upon them the unity of the Godhead. Arius, seizing upon expressions in which Alexander had stressed that unity, accused the Bishop of detracting from the unique majesty of God the Father. Arius also put forward his own theories of the proper solution of the mystery. He maintained (but, be it remembered, the controversy, as it grew, became complicated beyond belief) that the characteristic of the One and Only God is that He is solitary and eternal, unable to put forth anything from His own essence; that the Wisdom and Word of God are powers, not Persons; that, in order to create the universe, God brought into existence an independent substance (*ousia* or *hypostasis*) as the instrumentality of creation; that the Son is of another substance than that of God the Father, yet that that Son is a created Being who, however, having become God, is rightly adored as divine.

Many moderns have regarded this whole dispute as a waste of precious effort over (to quote Jeremy Taylor's phrase) "a vain piece of a question." Such an estimate, however, is thoroughly unhistorical— even apart from any other considerations. We must bear in mind the state of the philosophical and theological mind at the time. Christianity had risen to great power. Its inspiring tenet was faith in its Founder as true God. On the other hand, the pagan mythologies and philosophies were decaying, and the human mind was seeking new and stable ground. Had Christianity lost faith in the real divinity of its Founder, its motive power would have been found, in a measurable space of time, to have disappeared. To quote Dr. Foakes-Jackson (in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, i., 777), "The Arian system never really commended itself to the general conscience of Christians. . . . Its tendencies were essentially pagan. As Harnack points out, Arianism was a new doctrine in the Church, and was really Hellenism tempered by the constant use of Holy Scripture. . . . This is really the Arian conception of the Father: the unknown and unknowable Cause, of whom the Son is a Creature as incapable of knowing and revealing Him as any other creature. Arius deliberately severs any possible connection between the created and the uncreated, the human and the divine. Christ is no mediator, no saviour. . . . But if unsatisfactory in its conclusions, and leading to the ultimate subversion of Christianity, Arianism was most difficult to refute, owing to the confusion of thought prevalent at the time of its appearance."

The issue for the growing Christian Church was therefore a vital one. Had it not insisted upon the real divinity of Christ, the motive power of the Church would have been dissipated, and it is hard to suppose that Christianity would have been able to maintain itself against the storms which were to assail it in the centuries which were to come: to withstand, for example, the onslaught of Islam. Of course, the controversialists who fought out the battle of words in the fourth century were not much concerned with considerations of expediency. Each was fascinated

with his own theory. Quite rightly, they were concerned with establishing the truth of their beliefs. Truth, after all, is the chief thing, not expediency. Nevertheless, we are entitled to look back over the long lapse of ages and recognise the fact that the "vain piece" of an Arian question was really a life-battle for the Church. The tortuous struggles to find words to express the right meaning were therefore no mere waste of ingenuity. Had some firm formula not been found, the battle for stability would have been lost. According as we believe Christianity to be divine revelation or a human development, so we shall believe either that the truth was saved at Nicæa or simply that a process of religious evolution was firmly guided in a clear path. In either case, we shall recognise the importance of the epoch.

When Arius promulgated his views as against Bishop Alexander, many prelates took sides with him, but he was condemned in 321 by a synod of Egyptian and Libyan bishops. He took flight to Palestine, where he maintained his position in every possible controversial way by his pen, employing verse and prose, and even composing songs for sailors, labourers and travellers.

The Arian controversy rose to enormous heights, and, having vainly striven to settle it by friendly negotiation, the Emperor Constantine resolved to call a Council of the Church. He issued a letter summoning the bishops of his Empire to meet at Nice in Bithynia. This, by the way, was then the second city of the province of Bithynia, but the passage of the centuries has left little of it. It is a mere Turkish village of about 200 houses, and known as Iznik; but the ruins of the ancient double walls are still to be seen, with gates and towers, though covered with vegetation. The place was taken by the armies of the Crusaders in 1097.

Constantine granted the bishops the free use of the Imperial post-conveyances, as well as having their expenses defrayed from the revenue of the Empire. Nice was a very convenient place for such a Council, being easily accessible from all quarters. It is uncertain exactly how many bishops were present. Eusebius says

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more than 250; Athanasius, 318. Nearly all the assembled prelates were of the Eastern Churches. From the West came only Hosius of Cordova, Cecilian of Carthage, Marcus of Calabria, Nicasius of Dijon, and Donnus from Pannonia. Two priests (Victor and Vincentius) represented the Bishop of Rome (it is, of course, rather an anachronism to use the word "Pope" as the official title of the Roman Bishop in the time of Nicæa. It seems to have been first applied in that sense about A.D. 296, but was not formally adopted till Siricius so used it, A.D. 384-398).

Indeed, in regard to the part taken in it by the Roman Pontiff, Nicæa seems in marked contrast with more modern Councils, and particularly with that of the Vatican (1870). Nicæa was summoned by the Emperor. Father Henri Leclercq, O.S.B. (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, xi., 44) says: "It is not historically known whether the Emperor in convoking the Council acted solely in his own name or in concert with the Pope; however, it is probable that Constantine and Sylvester came to an agreement." On the other hand, Dom J. Chapman, O.S.B. (*The First Eight Councils and Papal Infallibility*, pp. 10-11), says: "Who was the president? Pope Sylvester could not come. Had he wished his legate to preside he must have sent a bishop. In fact, he was represented by two priests. Probably Hosius of Cordova, who alone signed before these two legates, presided. A Greek historian, Gelasius of Cyzicus, in a somewhat mythical history of the Nicene Council written 150 years later, of which part only has been printed, repeatedly makes Hosius president and representative of the Pope. This only shows what a Greek writer, a quarter of a century after the Council of Chalcedon, took to be a matter of course. In the seventh century and afterwards, Greeks and Latins were certain that the Papal legates had presided. It is much more likely that Constantine nominated Hosius as president, and that the bishops were glad to agree." Moreover, it is not clear that the Roman Bishop even formally confirmed the decisions of Nicæa; though, of course, it was notorious that he accepted them.

The contrast between this and the position at a modern Council, such as that of 1870, is, of course, striking and obvious. At Nicæa, the Roman Bishop seemed very inconspicuous; in course of ages, however, his power grew, stage by stage, till the climax of 1870. Let not these facts, however, be used too precipitately in controversy! The position of the Bishop of Rome, even in 325, is not to be estimated solely from his activity or otherwise at one Council: it is to be gathered from the whole body of facts of the history of the times.¹

The Council, then, assembled. When the Bishops were all seated, the Emperor, clad in gold and gems, entered and took his seat on a golden chair. He refused to entertain any purely personal quarrels between the prelates. His will, he said, was to cause religious peace to prevail.

Arius addressed the synod on several occasions; but it was clear that the firm view of the great majority was against him. In the end the famous First Nicene Creed was drawn up: its principal compilers being Hosius, of Cordova, and the famous Athanasius, then a simple deacon at Alexandria. The Creed established the orthodox faith

(1) With regard to the presidency of the Council, a note may here be added, the matter being one of controversy. In the present writer's opinion, the view (quoted above) is the correct one. Some Catholic writers, however, represent the state of the case to be that Victor and Vincentius "assisted Hosius, who was a Papal legate." Hefele (*Councils*; see Eng. trans., 1871, pp. 36-41) took that view. His sole clear ancient witness, however, is that Gelasius of whom Chapman speaks as in the above quotation, and who (as Hastings's *Ency. of Rel. and Ethics*, iv., 188) rightly says, "is universally regarded as usually untrustworthy." Hefele's general arguments are entirely inferential, and in some cases even anachronistic: for example, he says that the historian Socrates, in his list, "would never have placed the Spanish bishop, Hosius, before the great patriarchs of the East if he had not been the representative of the Pope." This argument judges Socrates by the standards of later ages. It is sufficient to reply that Hosius would certainly have been placed first if he was the Emperor's personal nominee. Even the specialist Dr. Adrian Fortescue (*The Early Papacy*, 1920, p. 31) could quote only Gelasius! That prelate's statement, however, was an anachronism which has been repeated quite needlessly—for, after all, if we recognise the fact that Rome did not take a leading part at Nice, no principle is affected which cannot be explained on a theory of ecclesiastical development. "There were not yet any fixed rules of precedence; later on Alexandria, in these meetings, took precedence of Antioch" (Duchesne, *Hist. Chr. Cch.*, Eng. trans., ii., 115, note).

as that Jesus Christ was (is) "of the substance of the Father, God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God, begotten not made, of the same substance with the Father." The characteristic tenets of Arianism were formally repudiated in annexed anathemas.

Of course, the battle was not over. The subsequent strife is a matter of historic notoriety. Nevertheless, the principle established at Nicæa is also clear. The essence of the Christian creed, regarded as a divine Revelation, is in the real Godhead of Christ. Had the belief therein been dissipated into a maze of mystic Arian speculations, the Church's life would have ebbed away. Other and more virile creeds would have taken its place. Probably the sword of Islam would not have been stayed, ages later, at any Vienna or any Lepanto. It is, however, hard to imagine precisely what actual chain of events would have followed had Nicæa been other than it was: as also it is hard to calculate what the history of the world may have become if Carthage had been worthy of its Hannibal in a still earlier age. As the late Dr. Gairdner said (*Lollardy and the Reformation*, iv., 110): "Do we understand history better by passing over what might have been? . . . The historical student seeks to batten upon barren facts, without attempting to resuscitate from the temple of oblivion the hopes and fears and uncertainties which preceded and followed things now known as certain." What we do know for certain is that, had Nicæa decided otherwise than it did in regard to Arianism, the future of Europe would have been very different from what it actually became. Neither would that future have been more peaceful. The Islamic movement would still have arisen; the wars of races would still have gone on; but the Church would have been weak, have dwindled, have failed to take its part in Europe's development.

Believers in the Catholic doctrine of Christianity, as an objective Revelation, will, of course, recognise at Nice simply a victory of truth; that truth which could not but prevail. Even those, however, who do not share that belief, can see at Nice a decisive movement in evolution.

What is the lesson of Nicæa for our own times? In

many ways, some of the features of life sixteen hundred years ago are with us now. Old beliefs seem to be crumbling. Races and imperial policies are in fermentation. Many philosophies dazzle the mind. There is a desire for certitude and yet a feeling of lack of it.

The power of the Nicene faith was that it was *really believed*. The Creed of Nicæa would not have been a particle of good to anyone if compiled merely as an exercise in metaphysical fancy. It would have had no driving force behind it, and soon would have been relegated to the museum of curiosities. People believed in it; therefore, it was powerful: or, at any rate, it was powerful for that reason together with other reasons.

Other creeds also, however, have wielded power over men because they were heartily believed in. Myriads have died for Islam. The words of the Buddha have been powerful among men. Logically considered, then, it must be admitted that the mere fact of being believed proves little as to actual truth. It is evidence of one thing, however: that the belief meets a felt need. As Herbert Spencer argued (*First Principles*, part 1, ch. 1, s. 6): "An unbiassed consideration of its general aspects forces us to conclude that Religion, everywhere present as a weft running through the warp of human history, expresses some eternal fact. . . . He who contemplates the universe from the scientific point of view must learn to see that this which we call Religion is similarly a constituent of the great whole."

Two main paths are before our modern world: the path of adherence to belief in Christianity as an objective Revelation, or the path of secular or modernist progress apart from such a belief. Certainly, it is no use *playing with* conceptions such as those of Nicæa, with all their supernatural implications. Those conceptions are valid so far as they are either true or believed to be true. If we do not believe them, let us not pretend we do!

Of course, it is often maintained that Christianity, being a stage in the development of human thought, may alter many of its characteristics and yet retain its essence. At first sight there seems something to be said for that theory.

"All things change." Nevertheless, it overlooks the fact that the supernatural claims of the Christian Church have always been part and parcel of its essence.

A Church which took its stand on a definitely supernatural ground—and that of the highest kind—in its first great Council over a millennium and a half ago, and which is still maintaining the same ground in all parts of the world: such a Church, if simply a product of evolution, has evidently not outrun its evolutionary purpose yet! Admitted that that fact, taken alone, does not prove the actual truth of the doctrines of a creed, but only that such creed meets certain human needs in the minds of groups of people. The problem would still remain, however, that supernatural Christianity connects its dogmas with certain objective facts in human history, and that those facts have had chronological succession to our own times.

Here is a theory of religions: The ultimate mystery of things is unknowable by us. The human mind, however, instinctively desires certitude. Hence, working on the material available to their thought, groups or races originate (either gradually or under the stimulus of some great teacher) forms of belief which fit their needs. Each creed has many elements of truth. None has nothing but truth. As progress goes on, factors are discarded and other factors are taken on, but the result is never final.

Here, on the contrary is another thesis: The ultimate mystery of things may not be attainable by our minds through their own efforts; but it or parts of it are communicable to us by God, and actually have been communicated by Revelation embodied in a Church whose mission it is to teach it through all ages. This is the Nicene position. It is clear that the issue, for our choosing and responsibility as to which we accept, lies between such conceptions as the two foregoing. Of course, "belief or disbelief cannot alter the reality of things." All the more reason for using our sincerest and most candid thought on so momentous a subject, however! *Quo vadimus?*

COAL AND THE FUTURE

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

MORE than is commonly realised, the critical condition of the British coal-mining industry is due to the fact that to a large extent thicker seams at moderate depths are becoming exhausted, and that, as a consequence, coal cannot be raised at a cost which enables it to compete with foreign coal in the export markets of the world, or which enables home industries mainly dependent upon it, as, for example, steel and iron, to compete with similar foreign industries whose power is derived from cheaper sources. Adjustments of wages and hours may tide over these difficulties for temporary periods, but one day there must come an end to these compromises against which the facts of Nature herself are arrayed. And that day may be nearer at hand than most of us suspect. Stanley Jevons in his famous survey of British coalfields, written in 1906, fixed the time of its coming in the period which is now here, and said that from that moment the decline of the British Empire would begin. It is true that since his calculation was made new and rich coalfields have been opened up, and it has been ascertained beyond doubt that immense reserves of coal remain to be exploited. But even if we count upon these new factors in the situation, it is certain that we cannot regain our old position in the coal markets of the world, nor yet support a manufacturing industry on the scale to which we have been accustomed. For this conclusion several reasons can be advanced.

The superior advantages of America may first be cited. America possesses incalculably rich seams of coal located near the surface. Her reserves have been estimated at nearly twenty times in excess of ours, and her production at the present day is three times greater than that of the British coalfields. What is more important still, the price at the pit's mouth is one-third that of British coal.

Whereas in the course of half a century we did no more

than double our output of coal, America increased her total as much as tenfold, and Germany hers nearly sixfold. In the same period the world's production has gone up tenfold. But of that total our share fell from two thirds to as low as one-fifth. These are cheerless comparisons to have to make, but what else was to be expected? The time was bound to come when other nations had developed their coal resources on a great scale and when the United States, whom Nature had endowed to a far richer extent than ourselves, was destined to take the lead in production.

It is truly said that Great Britain's commercial strength was founded upon her abundant and conveniently situated coal resources. Experts have differed as to how long these resources will serve us; the lowest estimate is two hundred, the highest five hundred, years. "In any event quite long enough for our time," say most people.

Economic value is decisive. When the day arrives that we cannot export coal in competition with other countries, or cannot dispose of it in the home market at a price such as will enable our own manufacturing industries to compete with corresponding foreign industries, then for all practicable purposes our coal resources are at an end.

Can anything be done to postpone this evil day which we have a feeling is approaching? We know that the amount of heat available from the existing methods of consuming coal is an infinitesimal fraction of the heat wasted. The Coal Conservation Committee estimated that by our present misuse of coal we are wasting 50,000,000 tons of coal per annum; and Sir Richard Redmayne has expressed the view that the existing power resources of the country could be met by utilising one-third of the fuel consumed at present. It has, moreover, been calculated that in terms of hard cash a colossal saving — the figure is put as high as £100,000,000 per annum — could be effected were large generating plants to be erected near the coalfields and electrical energy distributed far and wide.

Another plan for the more economical use of coal is low-temperature carbonisation on a national scale, which in all probability will be found to work in with that

for the development of electrical energy. One of the great advantages of low-temperature carbonisation is that it puts to highly profitable uses small coal, which amounts to twenty-five per cent. of all the coal mined in Great Britain, and which is usually left in the workings because it does not pay to raise it to the surface.

Enthusiastic advocates of these plans fall into the error of supposing that the economical use of coal is equivalent to a diminished consumption. In point of fact, the contrary is the case. Economy would lead to increased, not decreased, consumption of coal. It could not very well be otherwise, nor is it desirable that it should be. For the cheapening of power would result in the cheapening of all products. This in turn would stimulate demand from the consumer, as a result of which prosperity would spread, purchasing power increase, production expand, and profits grow, thus creating more capital for new enterprise, as a consequence of which our coal reserves would vanish at a still more rapid rate than they are doing at present. This assumption is abundantly justified by the experience of the past, for the present enormous consumption of coal is largely the result of successive mechanical inventions which have economised its use in the production of power.

However much we may succeed in further economising coal, we shall have no monopoly of the processes by which this may be achieved. Many nations are already well ahead of us in regard to electrical development. It is true that to a large extent these nations are making use of water power, of which we possess little. But by so doing they are able the more to conserve their coal; at the same time they are putting this coal to better uses than we are doing with our coal.

Thus it seems that nothing can be done to postpone the day when our coal reserves will be exhausted, and that day may come sooner than we think, for, as I have said, it will for all practical purposes be here when our coal cannot maintain itself in the markets of the world, or when it is too dear for home use. Economical inventions will increase and not diminish consumption; in a

word, they will bring the end nearer than it is at present. Naturally enough, the generation in which we live does not feel at all apprehensive. Taking the worst view of the situation, the end cannot come in our time, nor yet in our children's or our children's children's time; this is how they reason. And perhaps they are right. But the end need not be something which is reached abruptly; the way to it may be a steady and painful descent. A century (or more) may pass during which the process of attrition is at work undermining the foundations of British wealth and eating into the heart of British civilisation. With four fifths of our people engaged in industrial pursuits and dependent upon foreign markets for food and raw materials, cheap power is as essential for our existence as the very air which we breathe. And there can be no cheap power without cheap coal, or a cheap substitute for it. As coal becomes more difficult to mine and more costly to purchase, so the distress of the population will deepen and extend. Poverty and unemployment will increase; thousands upon thousands will perish; the Empire will dissolve; cities and towns will shrink; and after undergoing much tribulation this Island will become a pastoral land and a repository of great traditions.

It rests with the present generation to determine whether it will painfully and slowly traverse this downward path, the path so plainly indicated by the increasing dearness of British coal in comparison with the coal of other nations, and the consequent rise in the cost of production of all commodities needed for human existence, or whether it will drastically reorganise the coal industry, and so take to an ascending path that would lead to prosperity and a renewed lease of health for our enfeebled civilisation.

If we adopt this last course it will, as I have said, inevitably hasten the end, but at least it will ensure a comfortable existence beforehand, whereas the first course, while deferring the end, offers little joy, but only a life of unceasing hardship and misery. No better way out of the dilemma in which we are placed is discernible at present. It may be that some miraculous new source of power may

yet be discovered—a means of harnessing the tides or collecting the sunbeams. But on this little hope can be placed.

No effort, then, must be spared to make more economical and efficient use of our coal. It is a matter of life (a relatively short life it is true, but at least a merry one) or slow death for us.

We are told that by the elimination of waste we can save at least 50,000,000 tons of coal yearly. But we must not think that this vast amount would remain in the pits and so go to swell the total of our reserves. A ready market would be found for all this additional coal, and, indeed, for a much larger quantity than we consume at the present time. For, as I have said, the more economically industry can make use of coal the more there will be a demand for it, and the more production all round will be stimulated. But if we assume no more than that all waste would be done away with, it ought to be possible to treble existing production, or, in a word, to make the population three times more wealthy than it is at present. Thus we would be able to secure the happiness and prosperity of this and several succeeding generations.

But this new lease of life will not be attainable unless we exhibit exceptional vigour, vigour certainly not less than that which our ancestors displayed a century ago when steam power was first introduced. It must be remembered that other nations, too, will resort to low-temperature carbonisation, and that they will have a natural advantage over us, in that they possess coal located within easy reach of the surface. Already they, too, are experiencing a falling demand for their coal, due to the increased use of oil and the world-wide development of hydro-electric plants. In America, as in this country (though not to so great an extent), pits are being closed down.

Because our coal seams are no longer within easy reach of the surface we will have to make use of not less but of more determination and enterprise than these other nations or else go under. Are we vital enough to put forward so stupendous an effort, or is it true, as our critics say, that we have had our day and are passing into senility?

Also it must be remembered that we shall have to compete with nations that possess natural sources of oil supply. Some of these nations, as, for example, Russia, whose unexploited oil resources are very great, are at present in a backward industrial state, but the future undoubtedly belongs to them. On the other hand, America, who has not yet reached the zenith of her industrial development, possessed vast oil resources which she has been using up at a rapid rate, so rapid, indeed, that she fears that they will give out in twenty years from now. She need not be unduly alarmed, for she has rich coal and shale deposits from which to derive all the oil which she may need. But not only is America feverishly devouring her own oil resources, she has surpassed all Europe in her demands upon those of other countries. During the last quarter of a century Europe's participation in the world's oil production receded to a minute fraction compared with America's; and even as regards the production of coal Europe was overtaken by America. These facts are significant; they reveal in an instant the preciousness and power of oil and the remarkable industrial advancement of America, who of all the nations makes most use of it.

Every ten years the consumption of oil doubles—the demand for it is insatiable. During the last few years the world's production of oil has reached 120,000,000 tons, or one-tenth of the total amount of coal mined. New oil-fields may be discovered, but of this there is little prospect at present. Is it not therefore evident that supremacy will belong to the nation that takes the lead in intelligent conversion of coal into oil?

The position of Great Britain at the moment is precarious. We have no oil, and are dependent for all that we need upon overseas supplies, an infinitesimal portion of which is produced within the Empire. The late Lord Curzon said that the "Allies floated to victory on a wave of oil"; but had it not been for America coming to their rescue with supplies they would have been badly stranded, for at one time the situation, on account of shortage, was critical.

Were another war to occur the shortage of oil would

be even more acutely felt. Oil is indispensable to the Navy, whose main source of supply is derived from the wells of Southern Persia, owned by the Anglo-Persian Company, in which the British Government has a controlling interest. It needs only to be stated that the immediate neighbour of Persia is Bolshevik Russia to convey an idea of the formidable complications that would arise if ever need arose for the protection of these oilfields. Strategic reasons of first importance, therefore, render it imperative that we should not only have abundant supplies of oil but that these supplies should be home-produced. Together with these strategic reasons, economic interests of a no less vital order have to be taken into account. Oil, as the most economic of all fuels, is superseding coal on the sea, and the time is believed to be not far distant when all ships will be driven by it. The nation that commands the greatest supply of it is destined to be the most powerful and the most prosperous. It will be able to build the strongest navy, while sooner or later the world's carrying trade is bound to pass to its control. And history shows that such control carries with it leadership in industry and international credit.

On land, too, oil is becoming triumphant; already the petrol-driven motor menaces the existence of the railways. Is it any wonder that the imports of oil to this country increase at a tremendous rate? To-day their approximate value is £45,000,000, which represents an increase of three hundred per cent. since 1913. Every pound's worth of oil imported is a pound's worth of coal displaced.

Thus not only is British coal being driven from foreign markets, but it is being replaced by imported oil at home, a circumstance which accounts very largely for the difficulties that we are experiencing in balancing our trade.

Our plans for the more economical use of coal must therefore provide for the conversion of the greatest possible amount of it into oil. The weight of scientific opinion inclines to low temperature carbonisation as the most practicable means of attaining this end. Other processes are suggested, several of which promise a much larger

yield of oil. None of these has reached so advanced a stage as low-temperature carbonisation. And we cannot afford to wait to see whether or not they will do so. As to this there is common agreement. But when it comes to determining which is the best of the various methods devised, then difference of opinion is at once encountered. Equally there is disagreement as to whether any method has been sufficiently tried to justify exploitation on a great scale.

Briefly the position is as follows. The principle has been well proved in the laboratory. At H.M. Fuel Research Station experiments have been made on a large scale with several types of retorts; these experiments are at present continuing with four cast iron retorts, each capable of a daily throughput of five tons each. In addition, some half dozen private firms have erected plants in different parts of the country. Such plants are working on a scale which may be regarded as commercial. As a result of all the experience gained in these different quarters it may be affirmed that the scientific problems have been solved and technical difficulties overcome. There remains the all important question of economics to be considered. Here everything depends upon the angle from which the subject is approached. So miraculous is low-temperature carbonisation that, widely applied, it would yield us all the oil we need; and not only this but an abundant supply of smokeless fuel, more economical in consumption, if not in price, than the raw coal which we use at present, and, even were the original coal retorted to be of the lowest grade, equal in heating quality to the best Welsh steam coal. This smokeless fuel (particularly in powdered form) might be used in large power stations to generate electrical energy; or again might be gasified and employed for the same purpose. One of the residues ordinarily obtainable from low temperature carbonisation is gas of high calorific value, and this would be available for enriching the product of existing gas companies, who might in these circumstances be induced to embark upon the enterprise of supplying power.

Many individuals who have interested themselves in

low-temperature carbonisation declare that from all these sources a substantial profit would be derivable. I am inclined to think they are right. But, whether they are right or not, I would like to emphasise that the extensive application of low-temperature carbonisation would confer upon the nation an enormous gain which would outweigh a millionfold any losses that might at first be met with in a precisely drawn balance-sheet, and would surpass beyond the calculation of dreams any profits that might be made in the usual manner. Think for a moment of the nature of this gain: a home source of oil supply for the Navy, and not only for the Navy but also for the mercantile marine, for aviation and for motor transport—a sum of nearly £50,000,000 (and destined to be infinitely more in the future) wiped off the wrong side of our trade balance-sheet. Fog and smoke banished from our cities and towns. Again many millions saved. And not only millions of money but thousands of lives. Expenditure on low-temperature carbonisation would be an investment in sunshine and in light, with all the health-giving qualities that they endow, an investment in racial vitality, and the beginning of a new era in which industry would be clean, hygienic and even beautiful, and in which the air that we would breathe in the cities would be as fresh as that of the open country.

Then why, it will be asked, is not more energy displayed in erecting low-temperature plants? The answer is that the Government assumes a cautious attitude towards the subject. Their view is that some considerable time must pass, perhaps a year or so, before the various processes will have proved their commercial value and it will be possible to ascertain which of them is the most practicable for adaptation on a national scale. Unfortunately, none of the companies engaged in the new industry is in a position as yet to present a balance-sheet covering a period longer than a few months at the most. What has taken place during a few months is some indication of what may be expected to follow over a longer period, but it may not be sufficiently conclusive in itself to justify embarking upon a national scheme. But the

suggestion is that sufficient data have been accumulated by this time to justify more substantial assistance than the Government has yet thought fit to give. In one instance a low-temperature carbonisation company succeeded in getting £50,000 under the Credit Facilities Act, but that is a very small sum to stake when we consider the big national interests that are involved.

The crux of the whole financial question lies with the smokeless fuel. When carbonisation is completed and the oil and gas extracted, there is a residue of smokeless fuel amounting to seventy per cent. of the coal retorted. If this could be sold at a price that would pay for the *whole* of the coal used, then the oil and gas, besides meeting the cost of the process, would yield a certain profit; but if a weight-for-weight price only was obtainable, then economic results might be problematical. It is true that the waste coal, even the smallest slack, for which there is no use at present and which may now be bought "dirt cheap," could be retorted. But if great quantities of this inferior coal were to be converted into precious products, its original cost would rise, and it would then be as expensive to procure as the higher grade coals.

All this argues that the colliery owners themselves ought to undertake low-temperature carbonisation, and not leave it to others, thus ensuring that the raw material could be secured at first cost.

But what if they are reluctant to do so? Many of them plead that so depleted are their resources that they have not now sufficient funds wherewith to embark upon new enterprises. Others, following the Government's lead, adopt a cautious attitude towards the whole business. Yet it is as certain as anything in this world can be that if low-temperature carbonisation and coal mining were combined, the result would be highly profitable. And even with such knowledge as we have at present, it is not by any means proved that, even run separately from the collieries, low-temperature carbonisation would not be a very remunerative undertaking. Nevertheless, to proceed on these lines would be a mistake. Coal mining and low-temperature carbonisation must be a joint affair, and it would be a

betrayal of the national interests to permit development otherwise.

It is not a matter, as I have insisted, that can be solely regarded from the aspect of a company's balance-sheet; considerations of a strategical and economical character of deep concern to the State are involved.

Not a day is to be lost. Other nations are bound sooner or later to resort extensively to low-temperature carbonisation. The increasing demand for oil will force them to do so. Germany has already installed many plants. As it happens no nation is so far advanced in the scientific development of practical processes as we are. In this respect the wonderful good fortune that first gave us the invention of the steam engine has again bestowed a great gift upon us. This gift, too, comes at a critical period in our history; a period when our coal resources are becoming more difficult of access, and more costly to win, and when it has almost seemed that we had run our race and must perforce drop behind. Will we have the determination and the imagination to take advantage of it? It may be that to do so we shall be required to depart from the path of economic tradition and practice.

The foundations of this nation are rooted in coal, and the existence of every single individual in it is dependent upon coal. If this existence has become imperilled because coal is not used as it should be, then no regard for vested interests, economic theory, or political convenience must be allowed to obstruct drastic changes; if needs be the nation ought to assert some proprietorial concern as to the fate of the mines.

The Government cannot be unmindful of the fact that all great revolutions in history have come about as a consequence of technical developments, nor can they be unaware that one of these tremendous transformations is now taking place. The advance of science has suddenly confronted them with the need for great decisions in the making of which first principles arise. Rather than act piously they prefer to preach piety. Rather than display courage and resolution they take refuge in postponement. Meanwhile life goes on. It will not wait for politicians. And it will not wait for us.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

(FOUNDED 1123 A.D.; LAST HELD 1855 A.D.)

BY PERCY ALLEN

"Hic jacet Raherus. . . ." In the gloom that shrouds Saint Bartholomew's Norman church, those three words only are legible of the inscription written beneath the blue-robed ecclesiastic who, with piously folded hands, and his comedian's head ensconced upon a cushion, lies serenely recumbent. Between the massive, round arches, here grey and black with the grime of ages, there mottled white by a recent restorer's hand, beneath canopies, and crestings, and quatrefoils, this typical man of the Middle Ages sleeps well.

"Hic jacet Raherus"—no more; but that is enough for identification, since the remaining words can be read in print. They are "primus canonicus et primus prior hujus ecclesie," epitomising the later career of a being who, by a strange stroke of destiny, was translated from royal jester, juggler, and mountebank to prior and ecclesiastical miracle-monger, for the greater glory of his royal patron, Henry I. of England, and of his patron saint, Bartholomew the Great. Rahere, while adapting himself, doubtless, in some sort to the changed conditions of his new life, did nevertheless by no means put off the old Adam, since, in the pleasing phraseology of the Cotton MS., we are shown the motley beneath the ecclesiastic's robe when "with jolite and carnal suavite, then yn spectaelis, yn metys, in playes, and other courtely morkys, and trifyllis intruding, he lede forth the besynesse of all the daye."

It was eight hundred years ago, in March, 1123, that Rayer's (or Rahere's) temporal lord and master, King Henry I. of England, founded by grant the priory, and, as its offshoot, the Fair of St. Bartholomew, that for so many centuries after, almost without interruption until the year 1855, was to be an important feature, first of London's trade, and then of her entertainment, close by the gates of the hospital which still, to this day, carries on the healing work, so long attributed to the interventions of the saint.

Fairs were a natural and inevitable outcome of the social and industrial life of the Middle Ages. They developed in two principal ways—either by reason of geographical convenience, or around some hero or heroine of the Golden Legendary days. The great fairs of mediæval France, such as those at Provins

or Troyes in Champagne, or at Beaucaire in Languedoc, owed their prosperity to the fact that thereabouts converged main roads, generally ancient and Roman, by which could be assembled together for purchase, sale, and barter goods from far distant countries, such as the wines, silks, and spices of Provence and the Levant, and the arms, cloths, and other manufactured wares of England, Flanders, and the Ile de France.

Bartholomew Fair, however, was not of that kind. The gathering developed naturally, as so many other markets did—with the cognisance and protection of the king, and the grant of his "firm peace and fullest privileges"¹—around Rahere's newly founded priory of the thaumaturgic Saint; and the gathering is dated, therefore, by the anniversary festival of Bartholomew, which falls upon August 24th. During its opening years Saint Bartholomew's would be principally a cloth fair, the breed of English sheep being already famous, and the weaving industry becoming increasingly one of the most substantial in the land²; so that, as the fair expanded, its tolls, which also were sanctioned by the town, must have largely swelled the revenues of Prior Rahere. They were equally welcome, no doubt, to Rahere's successor, Thomas,³ an eccentric individual who, though unlike Rahere in that he was learned, resembled the first prior in being a man of "jocund company and fellowly jocundity."⁴ Prior Thomas, moreover, was of the same grotesque and original turn of mind, being addicted, it seems, when the spirit moved him, to preaching in impromptu doggerel rhyme.

So every year, beneath the towers of Saint Bartholomew, the clothiers and drapers of London town displayed their wares, and chaffered and haggled over prices and quantities, while within the cloister's shade the monks taught the scholars, with wrangling and disputation, with much chopping of logic, with many witticisms and fierce contentions in Latin verse and epigram, at the same time that, without the church precincts, year by year, the booths multiply, and an outer fair, of which pleasure is the main business, grows up about the priory, and draws to West Smithfield not England's cloth traders only, but also the citizens of London in their thousands.⁵

(1) Wording of the Charter of 1133.

(2) Especially after the settlement of the Flemish weavers upon our eastern coast.

(3) 1144 A.D., one year after Rahere's death.

(4) Cotton MSS. British Museum. *Liber Fundacionis de Eccle. sancti Bartholomei*, by two Friars of the Priory, twelfth century.

(5) The fair at first was for three days—assembly, business, dispersal. It gradually expanded to two weeks, but from about 1750 to its end was again limited to three days.

A strangely fascinating blend of fair and foul must this Smithfield, or Smoothfield, have been in the days of Thomas, the rhyming prior. The original site of the priory had been no better than a swamp. "Right unclean it was, and as a marsh duncy and fenny, with water almost every time abounding"; but on the higher land, known as The Elms, the masses of sombre foliage rose, and beneath them, shaded though not hidden by the green swaying beauty above, the stark and hideous gallows-tree dangled its dead and rotting fruit.

Nevertheless, to the spectator coming into Smithfield through the Aldersgate, or further west through the Cripplegate, where the maimed, the halt, and the blind whined after the passer-by for charity—just as they will to day in the porches of St. Etienne de Bourges, or of many another French or Italian church—the annual prospect during that last week of August must have been a fair one. In the foreground rose the grey towers and gables of the Priory of Saint Bartholomew, and south of it the great London wall, its long and even line broken by towered gateways and guardian turrets. Immediately beneath it were enclosed gardens, and here and there a house, from the upper floors of which extended an open view away across the great horse pool, "the vast tide that waters the walls of the city towards the north,"¹ and over the smoothfield, partly shadowed by its elms, to the rich landscape of "cornfields, pictures and delightful meadows intermixed with pleasant streams, on which stands many a mill whose creak is grateful to the ear"; and further still, closing the horizon, the great forest of Middlesex, "beautiful with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, bears, and wild bulls."

That such a fair as Saint Bartholomew's should be a legitimate and thriving child of the Romish church was, in the twelfth century, very natural. Within that institution alone were found the knowledge and the learning, the authority, both secular and religious, and, not least, the privilege and royal patronage, which in those times of profound popular ignorance and of the wildest popular superstitions gave her advantages that no other organisation could rival. Not merely was the Church the *fons et origo* and patron of the fair, presiding as judge over its industry and taking substantial toll of its profits, but in its amusements too she played from the beginning a leading part, first through the person of Rahere in his capacity of spiritual clown, and later as purveyors of a popular drama, which, throughout medieval Europe, was as fundamentally

(1) William Fitzstephen's *Chronicle of London*, 1174.

religious a performance as ever it had been, eighteen hundred years before, in Hellenic Greece.

Long before Rahere's time the drama, extinct in Europe since the early days of Christianity, had been gradually re-establishing itself in the dramatised Liturgy of the Church. Little by little the simpler Bible stories—of Easter time and Christmas, and later the legends of the saints—were being popularised in the churches, and by the end of the twelfth century, though still two hundred years behind their greatest vogue,¹ were already the delight and wonder of the people. At the annual gathering upon the Smithfield the first plays, in all probability, would be representations of the miracles of St. Bartholomew, the ghostly influence of the Christian martyr still presiding over the whole festival, from the chancel to the booth. Within the church itself a congregation of ardent worshippers supplicate the saint; and about its altar the sick and the suffering wait prayerfully upon his pity, lifted to a fervour of hope, upon occasion, by miraculous healings, some of which at least, one suspects, have been rehearsed in advance by monks over-zealous for the glory of their patron. Within the graveyard precincts, walking literally over the dust of the dead, a bevy of vociferous traders deal in wares, of which the priory shall take a part of the price, while outside,² around the scaffold that formed the stage, a motley crowd gape, open-mouthed, upon realistic enactments of the wonders of a legendary life. Year by year the play expanded, the Bible stories growing and growing, until by the mid-fourteenth century they include almost all the Book—and much that is not in the Book—from Adam and Eve in the Garden³ to the terrors of the Last Judgment. Through this world-drama⁴ may have been given to the fair its first wild-beast show, since one of the most telling effects, in portraying dramatically the story of the animal creation, was to let loose beasts among the booths, and to free a flight of pigeons to wheel, with whirr of wings, over the astonished and awe-struck crowds as they wandered through Bartholomew Fair.

A most picturesque and animated sight must have been the cavalcade when, for the opening ceremony, looking big as self-importance and civic robes can make him, through the Alders-

(1) End of fourteenth and beginning of fifteenth centuries.

(2) The earliest plays were performed within the church fabric; their expansion it was that drove them outside the church precincts.

(3) At Skimmers Wells, near Smithfield, towards the close of the fourteenth century, the Company of Parish Clerks played "Matter from the Creation of the World," before Richard II., his Queen, and Court. Walford's *Fairs, Past and Present*, p. 179.

(4) As Morley well surmises.

gate or by Giltspur Street, over cart-ruts and dust, or across mud and slime,

"London's Mayor on saddle new,
Rides to the fair of Bartlemow."¹

where, in seemingly inextricable confusion, among the stages and the stalls knights amble beside their ladies, friars and monks peep at the girls from under their hoods, pedlars loudly vaunt their wares, the Sheriff's man promulgates new laws by full-lunged proclamation, scholars publicly wrangle and dispute, men play at bowls and ninepins, and admiring crowds follow the stilt-walker as, with bosses upon her stilts—to keep them above the mud—she strides her way, with a baby in her arms and a jug balanced upon her head.² Other groups are gathered about the juggler, the story-teller, or the ballad-singer, some about the auctioneer, who is selling men and women in open market as he might cattle,³ while others prefer to witness the end of the captured pickpocket, now on his way to the gallows. Groups of boys roam noisily about, some of them munching fair rings, and all sniffing hungrily the succulent odour of roast pig that emanates from the booths of pleasant green boughs. But the densest crowd of all, perhaps, surges about the stage, whence comes the roar of some periwig-pated rascal mouthing out Herod's lines, followed—if you could but hear them for the din—by the gentler tones of the Virgin, as, issuing from her embattled heaven, she quells with raised sword or Cross the Devil, who, spewed up from the gaping mouth of Hell, lies grovelling abjectly at her feet.

Over all the fair throughout the day hover sounds of discordant music, babel of tongues, loud laughter and crying, lowing of oxen, bleating of sheep, bellowing of calves, and barking of dogs, until, shadow by shadow, the gathering dusk sends the people home to their beds—the officials and performers to the hospitality of "The Pie," by Pie Corner, and the cloth merchants to "The Hand and Shears," in the Close, or perhaps to some poorer and obscurer lodging just within the city walls, while the evening breeze, coming fresh over the meadows and the streams, croons a vesper to the elms, purges the fair for a few hours of its dust and smoke, of its acrid stench of roasted pig and of unwashed humanity, and breathes peace and fragrance far and wide over starlit London town.

(1) Day-nant, Ben Jonson's successor as Poet Laureate.

(2) Illuminated MSS. of thirteenth century Gregory Decretals. Brit. Mus. King's MSS. 10, E4. See Morley's *Bartholomew Fair*, pp. 56–58.

(3) Bartholomaeus de Glanvilla, end of fourteenth century.

Many a Londoner, no doubt, in those days of few organised amusements, would return—his fair-day done—the lighter in heart, if also the lighter in pocket, for his holiday; but to a large percentage of the thousands who thronged into Smithfield during those August days—the trader in wool and cloth, the dealer in livestock, the vendor of pewter or leather, the mountebank and entertainer, and the keeper of inn or lodging-house—the fair, right on to its last year, was a matter of business, to be honourably or dishonourably discharged, as character or occasion might determine. That frauds were common and that many and bitter disputes should arise was inevitable. William Longland, the fourteenth-century poet, who saw and wrote the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," has told us how great a part covetousness played in profiteering at English fairs. "To Wye and to Winchester I went to the Fair, with many manner merchandise, as my master me hight, and it had been unsold this seven year, so God me help, had there not gone the Grace of Guile among my chaffer."

It was for the suppression of this too alluring "grace of guile" among the chafferers—with sundry other disgraces and causes of dispute—that was held, at first within the priory, and then within "The Hand and Shears," the Court of Piepowder,¹ whose lord—and lord also of the fair—was originally the prior himself. He would be assisted by a jury of traders, forming a temporary court, and taking cognisance only of things happening during and within the fair. The court's powers were always limited strictly to its immediate function; and not even the king himself, should he sit in a Court of Piepowder, could extend them.

So, throughout the later Middle Ages, this Smithfield continues to focus upon itself, once a year at least, some share of English attention; and now and again, because of its openness and proximity to the wall of London, and because also of its traditional fame as a place of public execution, comes to be the scene of events that have passed into history. Here, in 1305, on the eve of Saint Bartholomew, William Wallace, captured after the fall of Stirling to Edward I., and condemned at Westminster, is dragged at the tails of horses to the gallows beneath the elms, and there hanged awhile, taken down, disembowelled and quartered before the eyes of a great concourse, who, eager for sensation, have hurried from the half-built booths to the gibbet. Almost upon the same spot, by the gate of Saint Bartholomew, in 1381, Wat, the tiler, is struck down in the

(1) From the French, *pie poudre*, dusty-foot, a happily descriptive title for a summer gathering.

presence of young King Richard II., and his still living body is borne into one of the priory buildings.

Little by little Bartlemy Fair changes, with the changing times. The passing of the Middle Ages, and, at last, of the priory¹ also, robs the fair of any remaining religious significance; and henceforth, for the brief days of its existence, the gathering takes upon itself its true place in the service of London life—trade and play, with an ever growing bias in favour of the latter. Meanwhile the outward face of it also is modified. Permanent houses, because they are more profitable, replace, one by one, the temporary booths, whose green boughs must now be drawn from further afield; pools diminish, and the very voice of the fair alters, when so typically mediæval an institution as the disputations of the scholars in the churchyard—"Placet mecum disputare? Placet?" disappear, as, in swift succession, the invention of printing, the Reformation, the re-discovery of classical learning, and the exploits of the navigators, modify profoundly our re-awakening European life. Elizabeth is upon the throne; and the anniversary of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew,² by way of challenge and counterblast to Rome, brings Bibles and Protestant literature into his fair.

In 1593 the plague of London—perhaps not for the first time—caused the gathering to be much curtailed, and Christopher Marlowe—whose theme of "Hero and Leander" Ben Jonson also is going to use in burlesque form for his puppet play—flees from death in the capital, only to find an even swifter one at Deptford.³ Five years later, the German, Paul Hentzner, gives us, in 1598, the first description of the fair that comes down from an eye-witness.

"It is worthy of observation that every year upon St. Bartholomew's day, when the fair is held, it is usual for the mayor, attended by the twelve principal aldermen,⁴ to walk in a neighbouring field, dressed in his scarlet gown, and about his neck a golden chain, to which is hung a golden Fleece, and, besides, that particular ornament which distinguishes the most noble order of the Garter. When the mayor goes out of the precincts of the city a sceptre and sword and cap are borne before him, and he is followed by the principal aldermen in scarlet gowns

(1) After the dissolution of the Monasteries in 1536, the Priory, with all the privileges of the fair, passed to Sir Richard Rich, Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations.

(2) A.D. 1572, on August 24th, St. Bartholomew's day.

(3) West Smithfield had an evil reputation for brawls and murders. The district "was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason, it was the usual place of Frayes and common fighting during the time that swords and bucklers were in use." (Stowe.) The "generall quarrell of fighting" abated "about 1577-78.

(4) "In their violet gowns lined, and their horses, without cloaks." Proclamation of 1600.

with gold chains, himself and they on horseback. Upon their arrival at a place appointed for that purpose, where a tent is pitched, the mob begin to wrestle before them, two at a time; the conquerors receive rewards from the magistrates. After this is over a parcel of live rabbits are turned loose among the crowd, which are pursued by a number of boys, who endeavour to catch them, with all the noise they can make. While we were at this show one of our company, Tobias Salander, Doctor of Physic, had his pocket picked of his purse with nine crowns, which, without doubt, was so cleverly taken from him by an Englishman, who always kept very close to him, that the Doctor did not perceive it."

By the year 1614—three years after the burning of the last "heretic" in Smithfield—the condition of the land upon which the fair was held had become a public scandal. During a wet August Smithfield was no better than a slough, and there was much public satisfaction when a letter came, from James I., commanding the Lord Mayor to put an end to the nuisance, which he did. Between fair-time and fair-time Smithfield was drained, paved, and railed, so that before the next August came round, the fair cleansed and renovated, physically at least, could be made famous in literature by the pen of one peculiarly fitted, both by habit and temperament, to dramatise it. For Ben Jonson was nothing if not a Londoner. Like his later namesake, his heart was in the capital, with its culture, its learning, its poets, its players, and all its many coloured assemblage of strange, eccentric, grotesque, and bizarre types, that appealed to his imagination, and that he was to perpetuate in such comedies as *Every Man in his Humour*, *The Alchemist*, and especially *Bartholomew Fair*.¹ This last may not be his best comedy, but it is assuredly one of his most amusing, and gives us a series of vivid pictures, unsurpassed for realism and truth, of London life and London characters, as they were when Shakespeare, and his fellow immortals, were doing the annual round of the booths, and when you might have seen the big-boned, big-bellied, unwieldy Scot himself, with his truculent glance, and flashing, vigilant eye, observing and noting, amid the dusty turmoil of the fair, the types likest enough—with a spice of added colour, perhaps—to suit his dramatic purpose. The people have ever loved to see themselves upon the stage; and Jonson, like Justice Overdo, unnoticed, listens and records.

LEATHERHEAD²: What do you lack? what is't you buy? what

(1) Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* was first played at the Hope Theatre on October 31st, 1614, and the following day before King James at Court.

(2) Jonson's line: "for thou art parcel, neat, and inginer," has led some critics to identify Leatherhead with Jonson's collaborator in the masque, Inigo Jones. The idea seems rather far-fetched.

do you lack? rattles, drums, halberts, horses, babies¹ o' the best, fiddles o' the finest?

(Enter Costard-monger followed by Nightingale.)

COST: Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine pears!

TRASH: Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread!²

NIGHT: Hey! (singing).

"Now the Fair's a-filling,
O for a tune to startle,
The birds o' the booths here billing,
Yearly with old Saint Bartle."

Buy any ballads, new ballads!

(Enter Ursula from her booth.)

URS: Fie upon't, who would wear out their youth and prime thus, in roasting of pigs, that had any cooler vocation.

Yes, fat Ursula, with a touch of the Falstaff in her composition, is vivid enough; yet the most arresting figure of all these grotesques is not the pig-woman, but the clamorous Puritan, Zeal-of-the-land Busy, sniffing the sizzling pigs that shed their eyes³ in "the shop of Satan"—"I will eat exceedingly, and prophecy"—and, with his feet fast in the stocks duly foretelling that which little more than two centuries shall bring to pass—the downfall of "the foul fair." Meanwhile, however, for the time being, and to the delight of the crowd, the argument of Dionysius confutes him, and Busy consents to become a beholder of that most popular of Elizabethan entertainments, the Puppet Show.

An anonymous tractarian of 1641 has left us a good description of the fair, as an outlet for British humours, in his day.

"It is remarkable and worth your observation to behold and hear the strange sights and confused noises in the fair. Here a knave in a Fool's coat, and with a trumpet sounding, or on a drum beating, invites you and would fain persuade you to see his puppets; there a Rogue like a Wild Woodman, or in an antick shape like an incubus, desires your company to view his motion; 'on the other side Hocus Pocus with three yards of tape or ribbon in's hand, showing the art of Legerdemain to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockleaches."

Yearly the fair was becoming more corrupt, and departing further from its original purpose, of trade; but the Puritans, though they suppressed its drama, did not suppress the gather-

(1) "Bartholomew Babies" or dolls—a corruption of "Dorothy"—one of the specialities of the fair.

(2) The "comfortable bread" of Elizabethan days.

(3) The eye should drop out when the animal is sufficiently roasted.

(4) Puppet play. Cf. "a motion of the Prodigal Son." Autolycus, *A Winter's Tale*.

ing, so the clown still jested, and the toyman still thrust his baubles into the face of the Roundhead, while the Cavalier's lady, "with a constellation of black stars about her nose, a moon of ink on her chin, and a very fashionable patch on her forehead, laughed at the short hair¹ beneath the broad-brimmed hats," while, across Smithfield pavement straddled the cavaliers, "in boots two inches too long, and with lace tops wide enough to contain each of them a goose."²

The great fair, during this seventeenth century, drew many a name familiar to all readers of English literature. Evelyn was there in 1648, and John Locke in 1664. The plague, during the two following years, prevented the meeting from being held; but, the Great Fire by then having burned itself out, Pepys, in his entry for August 28, 1667, is able to write, "went twice round Bartholomew Fair, which I was glad to see again after two years missing it by the plague." His ingenuous mind loved the simple, warmly coloured humanity of it all, so that again the next year (August 29, 1668), having been recently bored at the playhouse, "I out and met my wife in a coach, and stopped her going thither to meet me; and took her and Mercer and Deb. to Bartholomew Fair, and there did see a ridiculous obscene little stage-play called *Marry Audrey*, a foolish thing, but seen by everybody; and so to Jacob Hall's dancing of the ropes, a thing worth seeing and nightly followed." A few days later he went again, this time to see Jonson's play, "an excellent play;"³ the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that at last will be found the wisest." Bartlemy Fair, it will be observed, has brought Pepys, as well as Busy, among the prophets.

As the annual centre of England's oldest, and once greatest industry, the cloth trade—though no one can say exactly when the drapers passed from the fair—the Smithfield market was dwindling, and the famous sign of "The Hand and Shears," long the headquarters of the Court of Piepowder, was fast losing its significance.

By 1685, indeed, St. Bartholomew's festival had degenerated into "a sort of Bacchanalia," in which "totus mundus agit histrionem,"⁴ and a large proportion of its frequenters are earning by theft, imposture, and chicanery, "the same wages which they might get by honest labour." In 1698 the Frenchman,

(1) The Puritan style of hair-dressing.

(2) Morley's *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*.

(3) Leigh Hunt, in *Men, Women and Books*, describes *Bartholomew Fair* as being "full of the absolute and leathiest trash."

(4) Letter of Sir Robert Southwell to his son.

Sorbière, echoes the same cry. "Knavery is here in perfection, dexterous Cut-purses and Pickpockets. I went to see the dancing on the ropes, which was admirable. Coming out I met a man that would have took off my hat, but I secured it, and was going to draw my sword, crying out Beggar! Damn'd Rogue! Morbleu! etc., when on a sudden I heard a hundred people about me crying, Here, Monsieur, see 'Jephthah's Rash Vow.' Here, Monsieur, see 'The Tall Dutchwoman. . . . See 'The Horse and no Horse' whose tail stands where his head should be . . ." and so forth.

Monsters had long been popular in Smithfield, ever since first, in Elizabethan days, travellers coming home, full of marvellous tales, had set the age's insatiable curiosity agape and pondering over the world's strange shapes, just as Shakespeare had made Trinculo ponder over Caliban. "Were I in England now—as once I was—and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man."¹ As Exhibition Rooms for monsters, the inns, that sheltered and fed the homing Trinculos, were, by this time, outbidding the booths for patronage; and the showman with the keenest eye to business would establish himself "next door to the Black Raven," or "next door to the Golden Hart," where, for your copper coin, or the smallest in silver, you might see the giants, the joined girls, the child born "with a bear growing on his back," the hermaphrodite, or the creature long-tailed, "like a serpent, wherewith he feeds himself"—and his master.

In 1694 there was talk of reducing the fair, from its then extent of fourteen days, back to the original three;² and in 1701 the Grand Jury of London represented the gathering as a nuisance "next only to that of the playhouses." Bartholomew's is much degenerate, and it is as little more than a collection of temporary playhouses that the meeting, henceforth, until its collapse in the mid-nineteenth century, has any historical or æsthetic significance at all. From the year 1700 onwards the West-end actors, towards August, would begin always to look Smithfield way. In 1702 the famous Doggett himself has a booth at the fair, and Jonson's comedy, about this time, would be revived at Drury Lane, or the Haymarket, before or after the festival, the theatre closing during the continuance of the fair. 'Tis the players, in fact, who principally keep the function alive, and to that market they bring the best of their wares. Mr. Gay, with his *Beggar's Opera*, has a great success there;

(1) *Tempest*, Act II., Scene 2.

(2) The change was made, it seems, from 1750 onwards.

and around 1733 Henry Fielding's comedies are played, while his namesake, Timothy, the actor, works at a booth in the George Inn, and is the Fielding referred to in the lines—

"There's *Fielding* and *Oates*,
There's *Hippesley* and *Hall*,
There's *Bullock* and *Lee*,
And the Devil and all."¹

At one of these great theatrical booths the graceful Mrs. Pritchard played Rosalind, and here, in succession, came many other stage stars of the period; about the last, in 1769, being Shuter, after whom the fair, and the main currents of theatrical life, part company, though we get one glimpse—in a story that may be apocryphal—of little David Garrick offering cash at a box-office, and being told, with kindly condescension, "No, Sir, we never takes money of one another."

A few decades only, after the passing of Garrick, bring us to the last phase in this strange, eventful history of Prior Rahere's foundation which had already outlived its purpose. There is "Polito's Grand Collection," there is "Miles Menagerie," and, prominent among them all, the show of Monsieur Gyngell "arch-shuffler and emperor of cards," as Edward Stirling has described him. "Incomparable Gyngell! why, if you talk of attire, neither Worth nor Poole ever dreamt of so much elegance. Real ostrich feathers, three in a jewelled cap—three, like a Prince of Wales; silk and satin dress, spangles, lace, pink legs, milk-white face, with a touch of rose-colour, smile bewitching, voice enchanting. He never asked for money, it flowed willy-nilly into the ample pockets of his silken jerkin."²

Yes, Gyngell's was good of its kind, but Richardson's went one better, when such thrillers as *The Castle of Athlin and Dunbane*, or *the Spectre of the North*, *Donald and Rosaline*, or *the Spectre of the Rocks*, and *The Hall of Death*, or *Who's the Murderer*, alternating with knockabout, were first presenting the lure of the stage to many whose life's work was to be done upon its boards. The stairs leading to Richardson's platform, lined with green baize and draped with crimson curtains, were those by which the genius of young Edmund Kean first climbed towards maturity.³

"Muste Richardson's establishment," writes Stirling, "stood boldly out, defying competition—in proportion gigantic—superb in drapery, illumination, lamps, fat-pots and glitter; add

(1) *Musical Companion*: "A Trip to Bartholomew Fair," printed 1741.

(2) Edward Stirling's *Old Drury Lane*, vol. i. p. 22.

(3) There is a tradition that Bartholomew Fair determined the choice of a vocation for Toole, and, I think, Henry Irving too.

to these brass bands, gongs—and to these Chinese lanterns and grandly dressed performers.”

Inside was done the tragedy, with awful combats, real ghosts, and blue fire; outside the comedy, with rollicking fun, columbines, harlequins, and clowns; all its glitter multiplied tenfold, by night, when the torchlight played upon the tinsel.

And still to-day, dimly seen through the dust, and across the distant hurly-burly of Richardson's show, comes the lovable figure of the gentle, honourable, charitable begetter of it all, “Muster” Richardson himself, once a penniless waif, but then, through his own prudence and straight dealing, the proprietor of the largest travelling theatre in England, himself perambulating the country before it, in the prettiest imaginable little home on wheels, scrupulously clean and tidy, with doll's house windows, and snow-white curtains looped up with cherry-coloured ribbon, and walls adorned with pictures of “The Prodigal Son” and “Jacob at the Well.”

And with him, for a time, as we have seen, went Edmund Kean, playing sometimes outside with the comedy, clowns, and columbines, and sometimes inside, with the tragedy, the grimly ghosts, and the blue fire. Later, when young Kean had made good, the “Muster” went to Drury Lane, to see his ex-employé play *Richard III.* Afterwards, at the O.P. Tavern, in Russell Street, a bystander at the bar asked Richardson whether he liked Kean's acting.

“Like him!” why, he nearly lifted me off my seat in his tent scene. Ah! but that's nothing to his Harlequin. See him hold Columbine on his leg, pitch up a bat, and catch it; there was nature, if you like, and real acting. Good night!”

The old showman was gone; and upon Edmund Kean, as Harlequin, we, too, will leave these shadows of Bartholomew Fair.

“FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW” STORIES

BARBARA VON TISENHUSEN
A LIVLAND TALE

BY AINO KALLAS

THIS is my purpose, for which I invoke the help of Almighty God, that I may carry it to a worthy end for the profit and edification of others and withal as a warning of sorrow that may befall them. Amen.

To write down the strange and wonderful things I have seen with mine own eyes and heard with mine own ears, concerning the young damsel Barbara von Tisenhusen, born in the Castle of Rannu, in Livland, Anno Domini 1533, in the reign of Wolter von Plettenberg, Master of the Order, daughter of the highly honoured and greatly feared nobleman Reinhold von Tisenhusen and his most virtuous wife Anna von Sawhere, both long ago resting blessed in the Lord.

Likewise what I myself have seen and heard or learned from others of a certain travelling merchant and scrivener, Franz Bonnius by name, who was of Brunswick in the land of Germany, and employed as scrivener in the Castle of Rõngu, serving Anna von Tõdwen, *née* Tisenhusen, sister to the father of the said damsel Barbara.

Breathe then, O Lord, into my nostrils the breath of Truth and guide Thou the pen of Thy servant to do justice to each and all insofar as the weakness of sinful flesh shall allow.

I, Matthæus Jeremias Friesner, by the Grace of God Vicar of Rannu right up to the coming of the Muscovite into the land, held in my arms the said damsel Barbara, daughter of Reinhold, at the Holy Font, where she was baptised according to the pure and unalloyed Evangelium of Wittenberg, as were her brothers Jürgen, Reinhold, and Bartholomæus, and her seven sisters before her. Wherefore I bore great love toward the damsel as becometh a spiritual father, and she has been nearer to my soul than any other of my brothers and sisters in this vale of sorrow.

Now, albeit the said damsel Barbara was the youngest of eleven children, and her parents already old in years at her birth, it was as though their whole strength and sap had flowed undiluted into this one of all their offspring. For even strangers failed not to admire the beautiful appearance of this girl-child, and her speech, which sounded as from the mouth of a grown woman and not from that of a little child, likewise the flame of her spirit which, at an early age, already burned within her. And her blessed mother did confide in me that it was her intention to send Barbara and her brother Bartholomæus to the Court of the Prince of Courland, there to learn honourable ways and the discipline of courts from the Marshals and Maids-of-Honour, she being a wise woman and knowing that in Livland in her day no noble

pursuits were to be learned among the highly born, but only drinking and riotous living, and for a maiden the lusts of the eye and vanity.

Natheless, before her purpose could be fulfilled, both she and her pious husband were snatched from this fleeting life by an evil fever, and the Knight Jürgen took over the Castle of Rannu by right of inheritance as the eldest son. And Maid Barbara was at that time only ten years of age, whereas all her brothers and sisters were already in the bonds of marriage. Wherefore, the said damsel, being left a little child and an orphan, did come to the Castle of Rõngu, which lies about ten versts away from Rannu Castle, into the care of its high-born mistress, Anna von Tödwen, who had no direct descendants of her own.

But at the time when all this did happen, Livland was still ruled by the Order, power being wielded by the Grand Masters of the Order who, side by side with the bishops, ruled the land. And it was still a very wealthy and blessed land, the time having not yet come when it was to be the prey of all nations. Livland-Blivland it was called, because all who visited it then and there were of a mind to stay and made no effort to depart. And ever from the day that Wolter von Plettenberg won a great victory over the Muscovite and long peace for the country and its people, the wealth and prosperity of Livland waxed, but Satan also sowed his seed of weeds, such as are love of pomp and the thirst for lewd pleasures, among both its rulers and those who served them. For burghers and non-German farmers alike have done according to the example set by their masters, so that of all Christian peoples there is none which liveth in such licentiousness and so like unto the Sodomites and Epicureans, each seeking his pleasure, but in worldly and sinful merriment. And because of this, the lords of the Order, the judges and the nobles had neither daily toil nor any pastime other than to pursue the wolf, or bear, or fox, hunting in the forests, save that thereto added gaming with dice and a constant driving from one wedding or christening to another, or from one fair to another.

Now Johann von Tödwen, Master of Rõngu, was one of the richest knights not only in the bishopric of Tartu, but in all Livland, and to Rõngu Castle belonged two thousand two hundred farms. Wherefore Johann von Tödwen and his wife Anna, *née* Tisenhusen, lived in great luxury, for they loved to make use of their wealth, showing it in the sight of men, and not to hide it under a bushel. And albeit now and again they would perform deeds of charity and give alms to the church and to the poor, the desire of their hearts was still for the vanities of this world.

So Anna von Tödwen found great pleasure in her niece Barbara and treated her as her own child, being herself childless. And even had this child reached out for the moon, her desire would have been fulfilled, in such measure was she indulged by her gracious aunt. Wherefore I, thinking only of the benefit to the child's soul, would often say to the mistress of Rõngu, Anna von Tödwen: "Beware lest this child become too wilful, for what will ye do if in the days to come she abideth but by her own will? Where is the remedium for such ill to be found?"

Whereat the mistress of Rõngu, her aunt, did but smile, for she, like all others, was under the spell of this child.

But Barbara, when she began to develop into a woman, was fair to see, so that often I thought on the young Ruth, when following in Boaz' footsteps in the field, she gleaned the corn. For although she was exceeding slender of body and her gait swaying, yet the curves of her body were perfect and rounded. Her features likewise were exceeding beautiful, the Creator having blessed her with a skin white as the pith of the rush, while her hair was black and shiny as black steel. Her hair she combed, whether at home or in the country, into two plaits, twisting them into two coils at the ear, so that they hung like dark bunches of grapes at each side of her face. And even though in truth she could not have been accounted vain, yet she would bedeck her head in the summer with the flowers of the field, as is the habit of maidens, and when crossing a field or meadow, or walking in the herb-garden, she would break off a meadowsweet or a rose—for she loved strong-scented flowers—and place it in her hair, thus meetly adorning herself.

So came the time when Maid Barbara was to renew the Covenant of her Baptism and to receive instruction in all Christian knowledge. And Maid Barbara came thrice each week to me, now riding, now driving, but also at times on foot, for from infancy it was her wont to wander in the forests and across the fields. Thus often she sat before me and fixed the darkness of her eyes searching-wise upon me, and her young soul was open to God's grace. And at times I was filled with certainty that she accepted each word of mine and hid it in her soul, but at other times suspicion or doubt assailed me, for it seemed as if her soul gave forth a scent like that of a strange flower, and that she lived wholly her own life. Aye, and often after her departure I have prayed burning prayers to God that He would preserve the soul of this maiden pure and strong to the end of all things.

But when Maid Barbara was seventeen years old and had partaken of her first Holy Communion, her gracious aunt, who also was her guardian, deemed that the time had come when the damsel should be seen of men, and that she should find for her a fitting husband of like rank to hers among the young knights of Livland. For the Master of Rannu, the Knight Jürgen, brother of the damsel, who according to the law was her other guardian, had but scant leisure for such task.

So the gentle-born mistress Anna von Tödwen, whose heart was held in bondage by the splendour of this world, so that she bowed down before it as do the heathen before their idols, caused to be prepared for her niece Barbara a dress on which there wrought four sewing-maidens at the Castle of Rõngu for the space of three moons, for it was Anna von Tödwen's desire that none should wear a dress equal to that of her niece. And the dress became the talk of all Livland, aye, and of the States of Lithuania and Poland, for it was woven altogether of golden threads, so that it might have been sold for its weight of pure and unalloyed gold, and further it was embroidered all over with precious stones from the neck to the hem. And with this dress there was to be

worn a cloak of lynx within and without of purple cloth edged with marten, a gilded handbag, and heavy golden chains for the neck and waist, to a weight altogether of sixty ounces.

Such splendour had never been seen before even in Livland, not among the nobles nor among the burghers, although the women of both Tartu and Tallinn and likewise of Rakvere are of a truth not behind-hand in the clothing and adornment of their sinful flesh. There were also many who secretly and openly abhorred such vanity, holding it not to be meet for so young a damsel and fitter for a married woman. These uttered solemn warning that the end of it all would be tears and repentance.

But in truth Maid Barbara was not to blame for this magnificence, but her gracious aunt whose will it was.

So the mistress of Rõngu, Anna von Tödwen, took her niece Barbara with her to Tallinn Town, where the wedding of the highly born gentleman, Egbert von Uexkull, and the gentle-born damsel of good repute, Alleth von Risebiter, was to be celebrated. Invitations to this wedding had been sent throughout the land to each castle and manor a full quarter of a year earlier, and one special scrivener had been engaged solely for this task; moreover, as no manor house in the whole of Livland could by any means have held so large a company of guests, the great Guild Hall of Tallinn Town had been hired, for both bridegroom and bride were of famous and wealthy families.

But of these weddings and all such-like feasts as were held in this godless time to the joy of Satan and his hosts, I must with shame declare: "Woe unto ye, for your sake have ruin and destruction come into the land."

Yet this wedding was most noteworthy because of one thing: that it was here that the true character and inward nature of Maid Barbara were first seen, to the surprise of all and to the confusion of many.

So at this feast were gathered the knights and landowners from all quarters of Livland, together with their families and their armed men, their retainers and their grooms, so that altogether they numbered several hundred souls. Nor were the drummers of one town enough for them, but from the Prince-Governor of the country, and even from the army, drummers were collected for their pleasure, and musicians from distant towns.

Thus they held their merriment and rode many times in great processions beyond the walls of the town and back again and twice past the Guild Hall, with roll of drums and music, displaying their finery in the market-place for all the town's burghers and also for non-Germans to see. And they were filled with pride and fired off their guns, as though they had taken a great fortress. And their chargers were decked all over with heavy golden chains and plumes of feathers, so that the cost of one of them was the cost of nine loads of rye. Wherefore non-Germans from the suburbs and from beyond the town walls where their dwellings are, came running in great numbers to see them, and also many a respectable burgher and artificer did quit, one his potter's wheel, one his brewing vat, and the barber his shaving, to see such doings.

Also Maid Barbara and her gracious aunt rode each time among the others in the processions, both mounted on palfreys.

Now, when the wedding-guests had shown themselves sufficiently to the common people, they went into the Guild Hall where tables had been set for them. And no Grace was said and no hymn of thanksgiving sung, but instead there began at once a feasting and an over-eating and an over-drinking. Nor can the tongue of man tell how many were the fatted oxen and the swine, the geese and the capons, nor the number of deer and salmon eaten at this feast. And many knights vied in drinking ale from wooden tankards which were of size so great that a newborn babe could have been bathed in them, nor did they cease until they rolled, overcome, under the table. But albeit there was ale in such profusion that the floor of the Guild Hall was drenched with it, and had to be dried with hay for the dancing; yet in this were they humble that wine was not drunk nor silver spoons used for eating.

But around Maid Barbara the young knights buzzed like bees around a honeysuckle. And an aged man, a judge, said aloud in the hearing of all to his more youthful companion:

"There is a pretty hive for thee, take it to thy garden—when the bees swarm there will perhaps be something for me too."

This awakened loud laughter and a great din. But I saw that the heart of the mistress of Rõngu, Anna von Tödwen, was joyful on account of all the attention which was showered on her niece.

Then they rode again in procession through the town, and Maid Barbara was with them. As they reached the neighbourhood of the tower called Kiek-in-de-Kök, words spoken in the peasant tongue by a woman were borne to my ear:

"Look at the one in the dress of gold, doth she not shine like an angel at the altar?"

And I looked behind me and beheld Maid Barbara in her golden dress, which was so heavy that she was nigh to sinking under its weight, and her black hair was combed high from her temples and gathered in a golden net.

And she was so exceeding beautiful to see as she rode, young and lovely, in the cavalcade, that my old heart winced, for I feared for the future of her undying soul, which was dearer to me than her success on earth.

But a lame man by the roadside, who wore a tanner's belt, said, and this, too, I heard quite plainly:

"Is not that the harlot of Babylon herself from the book of Revelations? With the gold of that dress one could clothe a thousand poor."

When I heard these words spoken of Barbara I started, for she was as yet but a child in my sight. And straightaway I looked back once more and saw that she had heard the words of the tanner, for she was exceeding pale, and the blood had left her young face.

And when we again reached the Guild Hall, Maid Barbara withdrew herself aside at once from the others and fled straight to her place of lodging in a manner but little suited to a maiden of noble birth. Aye, and in great haste, without informing anyone, she set out in a carriage towards Rõngu, with but one groom, to the great embarrassment of the

gentle-born mistress Anna von Tödwen, who did not know what so suddenly wrought upon the mind of her niece.

In sooth great happenings were to follow a few loose words, for the damsel's mind was like to the waters of a well whose depth no man hath plumbed.

So after the journey to Tallinn, Maid Barbara hung up the dress of gold and said to her gracious aunt:

"Thou canst sell this dress for its weight in gold, gracious aunt, if thou so desirest, and give to the needy, but I will never wear it more."

And the mistress of Rõngu, her aunt, being angry at this, said:

"Thankless child, canst thou not set value on what has been wrought for thee?"

And Barbara made answer:

"Far be it from me that I should be thankless. But the golden dress is too heavy for me, gracious aunt."

And in other ways, too, great *mutatio*, or change of mind, had occurred in this young damsel, so that others also had marked it.

For Maid Barbara begun to visit the smoky huts of the non-Germans, where together with their cattle they dwell in misery, and did talk with their wives and their daughters, and likewise taught them various crafts, such as are sewing and fine spinning. She also began to spend her time in such vain, not to say sinful, ways, as to listen to the pagan incantations and songs of these same non-Germans, which they sing while at work and at all times in their homes. For, alas, in the secret chambers of their hearts they are still naked heathens, albeit they have given ear to the teachings of Christianity and received Holy Baptism. Further, she attempted to set down on paper and write down in letters these ribald jingles which have neither rhyme nor reason, and are, from beginning to end, the work of Satan.

And once in the hearing of the Master of Rõngu himself, Johann von Tödwen, dared she to say that these non-Germans, or, in other words, non-humans, should not be whipped nor otherwise chastised. Then, however, Master Johann made it clear enough to her that chastisement was just what was needed for the bodily as well as for the spiritual welfare of non-Germans, and that it was unfitting for a woman to meddle in matters which her Creator had placed above her understanding.

But despite all scoldings Maid Barbara would not leave off her communion with the non-Germans, and it seemed that so to behave herself was a greater joy and pastime to her than to sit in the company of honourable and virtuous maidens of her own class, or to engage in innocent and lawful merriment with the young knights.

What moved in the young damsel's mind at this time, and the direction of her thoughts, is known to God alone, who created her from the dust of the earth according to His own all-knowing and hidden purpose, and who alone had the power to read her inmost thought.

It was about this time that Maid Barbara reached her eighteenth year and thus had long been of marriageable age.

And it befell that after midsummer a new scrivener had been engaged at Rõngu Castle, by name Franz Bonnius, born of respectable parents in Brunswick, in Germany; and first came to Livland as a travelling merchant.

Thus it chanced that one summer evening, when Barbara returned from a walk with her two cousins and two other damsels of gentle birth, that at the castle gate they were met by Master Jürgen and two knights, and in their company Bonnius, who had just arrived.

I, too, was there standing behind them where I saw all that happened.

According to an old Livland custom, wherever people of gentle birth meet in towns, markets, manors, or in villages, they greet each other in friendliness with a kiss, such being their manner of greeting. Thus a knight may not pass maidens by without embracing each in turn and bestowing a kiss on each, even when they are not previously known to the maidens. And this custom prevailed down to the Muscovite War, but during the war fell into disuse.

Moreover, only good can be said of it, for it is an exceeding honourable and seemly habit, and the kiss is given in all chastity.

So first Master Jürgen took and greeted the damsels, kissing each in turn, and the damsels gave themselves to it without disfavour. After which the two strange knights did likewise kiss the five damsels in greeting, Barbara, her two cousins, and the two others.

And the maidens were all young like the grass of the field in its prime, before it withers and is cast into the furnace. And the evening, too, was mild and full of sweetness, and the clouds in the sky like flocks of lambs.

But Bonnius, the new scrivener, halted and waited until they had ended their salutations. And I looked on him and saw that he was of manly build, having a long frame, but bearing himself lightly and without effort. And his eyes were full of courage and of purpose, as are those of men in whom blood often rises swiftly to the head, and his whole being that of a hired soldier rather than of a wielder of a goose-quill. But I saw, also, that his ears were small and shapely, lying close to his head, which indeed is a mark of a shrewd mind; nor was there anywhere superfluous flesh on his face, which rather was thin and keen, so that he had the semblance of a hawk.

And Barbara, who before had not seen Bonnius and knew him not, said tauntingly:

"Honoured and worthy knight, hast thou no mind to use the privilege allowed thee by the custom of the land?"

And Bonnius answered respectfully, as becometh a member of a lower order:

"The gracious damsel mistaketh me, for I am in sooth no knight, but the new scrivener of Rõngu Castle."

Now I, Matthæus Jeremias Friesner, an aged man, who have never laid hand on a woman nor known the joys of fleshly love, do yet despite this know the depths of the human heart, as a seneschal may know the wine in his cellars. For many have passed through my hands,

and they are many who have opened their hearts to me, and many confessions have I received, although since the *Augsburg Confession* aricular has, by God His will, been abolished in Livland.

In this manner hath the nature of man come plainly to be understood by me.

I felt therefore that when these two young people exchanged their words, at that moment something happened between them that no man might undo, and that was hidden from the sight of all; something that joined them together with a strong and lasting bond which would endure even unto death. But of all this they themselves knew naught.

Yet I saw Maid Barbara become red as a berry in the field as she turned herself swiftly round and with her cousins laughed and chattered as though nothing had happened.

But when next I saw Maid Barbara, and likewise Franz Bonnius, it was already winter and Candlemas. This was at a bear-baiting at Rannu Castle, which then was, after the death of his father, ruled over by the brother of the said Barbara, the most high born gentleman and knight Jürgen von Tisenhusen, who had taken to wife Edde von Neylen, daughter of Gotthard.

The Knight Jürgen, as did all the hereditary landowners in Livland of his class, kept ever two or three young bears in chains, the which beasts had been taken as cubs in their lair. In like wise the said Jürgen kept ever in readiness ten hounds for these bear-baitings, all trained with care, each dog having his own groom from among the non-Germans.

Now when the bear-cubs had reached their third year a bear-baiting was held. A large open space in the courtyard had been chosen, and gentle-born knights and ladies had wrapped themselves in all manner of furs, such as marten and lynx, likewise in leopard skins, for a grey frost prevailed.

And I perceived Maid Barbara sitting by her aunt on the steps, under a portico. The scrivener, the same Franz Bonnius, had also accompanied the mistress of Rönngu, save that he stood in the background, as befitteth one of his class.

And the whole time the dogs kept up a fearsome noise, whining and howling, as though stricken with the dog-madness, for that they were not then and there let loose at the bears, for whose blood they thirsted, and their eyes were drawn upward in their heads, so that only the whites showed, so fierce was their desire to attack.

When now the said bear, which was a young and exceeding powerful male, had been brought in chains to the centre of the open space, it was let loose by its keeper, when it began to roll and tumble in the snow. But the Knight Jürgen, whip in hand, urged "Sultan," and at once, without giving tongue, the dog sped like a flash over the snow at the bear and flew straight at its ear. And now the bear, too, began growling and shaking itself and dealing out blows with its paws, so that one might have believed the dog's last hour had come. But then the Knight Jürgen urged "Muri," and Muri flew at the bear's other ear.

But this time the beast of the forest reared itself on its hind legs and began to brush its head with its fore-paws, as though washing its head. And the gentle-born knights and ladies were greatly amused at this spectacle which had been prepared for them, and they shouted loudly and urged on the dogs. And the Knight Jürgen let loose in all six dogs at the bear, so that they gripped fast at its throat and neck and swung on its furry coat like leeches that suck the blood. A quarter of an hour it took them before they had the bear down, which then panted and blew and growled terribly, but could no longer rise.

But as it was not the purpose of the Knight Jürgen to kill the bear at these games, but to spare it for games to follow, he commanded the grooms to the rescue. So the grooms, non-Germans, came and pulled at the dogs by the tail and rubbed their teeth and gums with snow and ice, that they should release the bear. And all this was pleasant and instructive and greatly edifying to the mind.

But just when all were roused to the height of enjoyment, Maid Barbara arose with a ruddy glow on her face in the frost and cried out in a clear voice:

"Are ye not ashamed so to be torturing animals for your delight? I will look upon it no longer."

And Maid Barbara, when she had spoken these words, turned and went in through the door and showed herself not again. And at this a whispering and babel of voices arose, and her aunt, the gentle-born mistress Anna von Tödwen, was greatly ashamed at the bad behaviour of her niece, having herself brought up the orphan child.

But Jürgen von Tisenhusen, Master of Rannu, her brother, said in the hearing of all:

"May all the plague of the world fall on me. This damsel will I yet crush."

And this he said without any brotherly affection or love.

Then I turned and looked straightway on the scrivener, on that Franz Bonnius, and I saw a sudden change in his eyes. For he seemed as though he desired that very instant to seize the Knight Jürgen by the throat, as the hounds had seized the bear.

But all who heard the Knight Jürgen utter these words, remembered them afterwards when all had happened that was to happen.

So came the spring after a long and snowy winter, came the season of bees and the cuckoo's song, and men, the dwellers of this earth, began their labours, their sowing and ploughing, and men wrote Anno 1553.

And to mine ears came divers reports of the new scrivener of Rönngu Castle, Franz Bonnius, how that he was willing and skilful at his duties and neither emptied the ale tankard nor loved making wagers and the casting of dice. In this manner he was put to many important tasks, all of which he carried out to the satisfaction of his masters. But he was deemed at once proud and fiery, a man whose blood boiled more quickly without being stirred by wine than that of other men with the help of *Chablis* or *Auxerre*.

Then, one evening in early spring, as I returned from Rõngu Castle and sought a straight cut through a bosky grove, where cattle roamed and little cowherds tapped the sap of the birches, I thanked the Lord my Creator for the delight of this beginning of summer, and prayed for the blessing of unbroken peace for Livland.

And I heard the non-Germans that played their bagpipes, as is their habit in the evenings, and the music was borne a full league in the stillness of the evening.

But when I had descended from the birch-grove to the meadow clearing, I saw the gentle-born damsel Barbara and the scrivener of Rõngu, Franz Bonnius of Brunswick, sitting on a grassy mound close to each other, like lovers. And they had a hedgehog before them upon which both were looking. And the hedgehog, as is the nature of that beast when it fears danger, rolled itself into a ball and spluttered wickedly like to a cauldron that boileth and made sudden jerks as though to frighten them. But when they had looked long enough upon the hedgehog, Maid Barbara took it with great care in her apron and placed it in the hazel-bushes.

Then the scrivener, this Franz Bonnius, took Maid Barbara and pressing both arms round her breast, kissed her. And I heard the damsel sigh heavily, as though she bore a great sorrow, but her countenance was full of bliss as that of one who loves, and glowed as though her blood were hot within her.

So I turned and silently went my way, unnoticed of either of them. And feeling sorrowful for their sake, I said to myself: "Lord, can this be sin?" But I heard no answer from the Lord, for behold, He was dumb to me at that moment.

But not long afterwards, when I sat alone again one Saturday evening and pondered over my sermon for the morrow, the door opened, and Maid Barbara entered in.

Her coming surprised me, for the hour was late, and I could see from her shoes that she had come on foot from Rõngu to Rannu, a good ten versts. And she had not visited me thus since she had received my teaching for her confirmation.

Wherefore I quickly thrust aside my papers and my postilla and likewise the Holy Bible, and waited for what she would say.

And after a word of greeting she asked me:

"Canst thou tell me, Father, how the Pact of Pärnu runs and what is its meaning?"

Now the matter stands thus, that the Pact of Pärnu was drawn up for that maidens of gentle birth might not enter into marriage with those of lower station, but preserve instead their blood pure.

So I guessed at once her purpose, and why she had come to me so late in the evening, and I answered:

"Truly, I have not the Pact of Pärnu here, my daughter, but if such be thy wish, I will read to thee the Epistle of Wolter von Plettenberg, the former Master of our Order, which he sent regarding this same matter to the Land Council at Wolmar."

And she bowed low her black-tressed head and uttered in a low voice, as though she had whispered:

"Read, Father."

And I sought the Epistle of Wolter von Plettenberg, written Anno 1507, and read to her as follows:

"Likewise, if a gentle-born maiden or widow-woman becomes changed in mind contrary to the teaching and wisdom of her friends, to wit her kindred, and wed unworthily, she is to be held in contempt by all honourable wives, and she and her accomplices in crime are to be judged, and all that is hers shall fall to her nearest kin, and they are both to die of hunger."

When I had read this paragraph to its close, Maid Barbara lifted her head again and said, and I could hear that there was scorn and stubbornness in her mind:

"Is that all?"

And I said:

"Of a truth that is all concerning this matter."

And she asked:

"Who is the man who is deemed unworthy, Father, canst thou explain this to me?"

And I answered her, thus interpreting the law:

"Unworthy, my daughter, is he who is not of the same blood or class as a gentle-born maid or widow-woman."

And Maid Barbara said:

"Dost thou thyself believe that this is so?"

And I marvelled greatly that she should question me thus keenly, and I answered her thus:

"It is an earthly law, my daughter, which is not the same as a spiritual law, or God's law."

And the damsel stood up and so doing was taller than I, an aged, bent man, so that she looked over my head. And she said, and I saw that her spirit was highly wrath at the moment:

"It is an unworthy law, made by unworthy men, and those who have decreed it have never in all their lives known aught of man or of woman or of love."

As she uttered this I saw into her soul, as though it had been of glass, and my old heart trembled for this damsel, for I had seen her since her infancy, and she was nearer to my heart as any daughter of the flesh.

And I looked in sorrow on the beauty of her body, which had been formed by the Creator to give birth to children according to His command and thus to bring new life from generation to generation.

And I divined her fate, seeing all that was to happen as in a mirror, and I said:

"Barbara, Barbara, thou hast neither mother nor father, but as an infant thou wert left an orphan. Open, therefore, thy heart to me, an aged man who hath baptised thee and confirmed thee in the Faith—dost thou burn in love for that scrivener, that Franz Bonnius, who hath come hither from Brunswick?"

At that her pride melted away like foam, and she cast herself at my feet and embraced my knees, and thus said, weeping:

"Thou hast said it, Father, I love Franz Bonnius."

To this I made reply :

"Woe is thee, Barbara, daughter of Reinhold, and woe to thy blessed parents, that this should come to pass. But there is yet time to cast out this man from thy soul, who has entered there like a masterless rogue and a robber."

And she answered :

"Father, dost thou too deem him unworthy?"

And I said :

"Truly I know nothing ill of him, but he is not thine equal in family or in station, nor will the Tisenhusens ever give their consent to this."

And, rising, she answered again, and she no longer wept :

"I will not be divided from Franz Bonnius, though I were to die the death of hunger for his sake."

And I saw then in her eyes that this was her true and firm resolve, and that she was ready to give up her life for this man and to die with him.

And I knew the nature of this damsel, and that it was strong and unyielding.

Aye, and ever before, her soul had been bright and clear as rock-crystal in my sight, but now it seemed to glow like the reddest of rubies. And all this had been wrought by love.

So I but said, softly :

"What dost thou intend doing, Barbara?"

And she answered, as softly :

"I know not, Father. It may be that I shall tell all to my well-loved brothers. But if thou shouldst hear anything of me, do not marvel nor judge me harshly, for these things cannot be weighed by men as with a balance."

Having thus spoken, she departed.

I then, being left alone, pondered on human love and on the power given to it over the soul and body of man, so that it driveth even the fear of death from the human heart.

And I pondered long until night had fallen. And still I sat and pondered, but could find no answer, and I forgot the sermon which it behoved me to write.

For my soul was heavy with grief that evening for that which was to come, and in the spirit I saw that all this would lead to no good end. And that night I wrestled with the Lord my God, for a voice within me would have me go tell all that I had heard from Barbara's lips to her legal guardians, the gentle-born Anna von Tödwén, or to the Master of Rannu, Jürgen von Tisenhusen. Nor could I resolve whether the voice was of God or of the Devil.

But when the morning dawned I did yet hide everything in my heart.

The summer then passed away, and nothing strange or new befell. Nevertheless, there were many rumours of war, for the Muscovite had gained a great victory over the chieftains of the Tartars, and the news

thereof filled with grief all Christian hearts, each believing the turn of Livland to have come. But Livland did not forswear its lewd pleasures, but continued to live riotously to the joy of the Muscovite and of Satan. And the nobles did weigh such matters at their Council as the bearing of a hired servant or other person of lowly station when dancing with one of knightly rank, but of the invasion of the country by the Muscovite no man spoke.

And though the heavens, sun, moon and stars were moved with unrest, yet none of this people so hard of hearing profited by these signs.

Thus in August the burghers of the town of Tartu saw a moon unlike in shape to that which from the moon's creation hath been ordained. This moon was not round in form, but did wax swiftly until it was broad as the bottom of a common brewing-cauldron. Then suddenly it drooped, as though it were about to fall, but of a sudden leaped up again and lit up the whole land with a terrible light. And in this light the people saw a dead man's head with long and curling hair and beard, and it was followed by a woman's head with eyes deep-set and covered as in sorrow with a veil. Well nigh two hundred people in Tartu Town saw and trembled, who stood in the great market-place before the Council Hall, among them being many burghers of known name and good repute.

Likewise in September a comet was seen which had a flaming tail like to a besom, as though it had been set to sweep the floor of Heaven.

And on account of these signs the people did greatly marvel and prophesy, and a certain judge gave his *judicium* concerning them.

In verity when the heavenly bodies, which since their creation were ordained to fulfil their courses, can so forget their laws and alter their shapes, what is to be said of the race of man which ever has been unstable in spirit?

One thing alone is clear : that God willed to chastise Livland as of old He chastised Sodomah, Constantinople, and other towns and nations.

So came the autumn and November, and at its close the lakes were frozen, likewise the great water called Lake Võrtsjärv, which is from Rannu, in the winter two and a half versts away and in the summer five versts, but from Rõngu ten versts away summer and winter.

And one Sunday after Divine Service, when the peasant congregation had already departed and I was just preparing to leave the sacristy, I heard a rustling in the church. This I deemed to be the usher or the sexton who had remained behind in the church, but when I looked out from the sacristy door I saw Maid Barbara prone on a stone tablet let into the altar floor.

Now her deceased parents, Reinhold von Tisenhusen and Anna von Sawhere, were buried beneath this stone floor, and their names were inscribed on the stone tablet.

And I saw Maid Barbara sob in great agony and embrace the cold stone as though it were warm and living, and crush her bosom against it.

So I stepped closer to her, and said :

"Barbara, what has befallen?"

And she was startled at my coming, and a moment passed before she could gather her senses together.

Then said she :

" I spake with my blessed mother."

And forthwith, without looking at me, she wrapped herself in her furs and went as far as the door.

But, being there, she suddenly returned and humbly said :

" Read a blessing over me, Father."

And without further question I read the Lord's blessing over her, while she listened with arms crossed in prayer and head on breast and seemed to grow calm.

So I said, quite softly, hardly more than breathing :

" Goest thou now, Barbara?"

And she answered :

" I go now."

And though she uttered ordinary words, it was as though she did impart to me a great secret.

And I saw her drive in her sleigh towards Rõngu.

But the following morning the gentle-born knight and Master of Rannu, Jürgen von Tisenhusen, rode into the manse-yard, and, leaving his horse with a groom, entered my chamber, where he sate himself, on that same seat whereon six months before Maid Barbara had rested.

Then for the first time I saw that of all the children, Master Jürgen was most like to his sister Barbara. But his veins were swollen in his anger, and a hollow showed itself in his cheek, as though he had fiercely gritted his teeth.

And before he had time to open his lips, I knew all that he had to say to me.

But quickly he spoke, and said :

" Now it has come to pass that my sister Barbara has fled in the sleigh of that scrivener, that accursed Bonnius."

And having made a sacred promise to write down the truth and nothing but the truth, in shame and sorrow I must confess that my heart leaped in my bosom for these two lovers.

But I was able to say :

" How sayest thou? How has this happened?"

And the Knight Jürgen said :

" Am I my sister's guardian? If the blood of the Tisenhusens cannot protect her, who can protect her? She has gone. She gave us to know that she wished to enter into marriage with that low-born devil, and, as I forbade it, she has now gone. They have taken a sleigh and horses from Rõngu before dawn and driven towards Riga."

And I yet made question :

" Does anyone pursue them?"

Whereat the Knight Jürgen said :

" And though they were to hide in Hell itself, I will overtake them. Albeit I have not been able to shield my sister, I am yet able to shield the honour of the Tisenhusens."

And he departed, greatly wroth.

Now the Tisenhusens are an exceeding powerful family in Livland and one of the oldest in the land, and many have borne their name being the seed of Engelbrecht von Tisenhusen who received the rights of his manor from the Archbishop Johann von Wallenrode. So are they also kindred by marriage of the most notable families in Livland. And the ties of kinship have ever been held in great reverence among them, so that what chance befalleth one is a matter for all, as though it happened to each of them.

Wherefore now, too, each deemed that he himself had suffered insult, and that shame had fallen on them all through a maiden, a Tisenhusen. So together they turned to the Order and to the Brotherhood, and the Brotherhood issued an Edict to the Council of Riga that no letter of free passage was to be given to the fugitives, neither to pass to Poland nor to Lithuania, the scrivener Franz Bonnius having, against the will of her friends and to their shame, enticed the damsel to go with him and thus brought dishonour on her and her family. And this same Edict was sent to all the vassals of the Order.

But for me began days and nights the like of which I never lived through before.

The nights were stormy at this time, and the wolves, as they prowled in their hunger, dared in great packs to approach as near as to the back of the barn at the manse, right to the forest's edge, where they howled most hideously and raged so that the hair of many stood upright on their heads.

And people averred that they howled because of the coming of great wars and plague and death.

But I knew that they howled because of Maid Barbara and her coming death. For not for one moment had I ceased to believe that she would be overtaken. And when I listened to the raging of the wolves, and was bereft of sleep, the shade of Maid Barbara was ever before me, and I could not but see her fair face, wherever I turned me. For exceeding great had my love ever been for the maiden, though verily but in spirit and in truth.

So did I watch through many nights, aye, until the crowing of the cock.

And if I had been called before God to answer what I did desire and for what I did hope, verily I could not have given account.

Meanwhile the twain that had fled were being pursued along every road that led towards Riga, and all the young knights of the Tisenhusens took part in the chase, as if it had been a wolf-hunt or a fox-hunt. Many non-Germans were likewise among the pursuers, such as knew the forests and marshes, for the lovers had awaited the coming of the winter that they might be able to cross the great marshes.

But one morning when I left my chamber, one Malle, a non-German maidservant, came to me and said in the peasant tongue :

"*Juba käes.*"

And I asked :

"Who has been caught?"

And Malle answered :

"*Eks ikka Rõngu armuline preili.*"

And I said after her :

"The gracious damsel of Rõngu. Jesus Christ, only Son of God, have mercy upon us."

And nothing more could I say.

That same day I was bidden by Jürgen von Tisenhusen to come with all speed to Rannu.

When I drew nigh to the castle the drawbridge had been raised and watchmen placed on the walls, as though they awaited the attack of an enemy, and the castle yard was full of horses and grooms and the henchmen of mighty nobles.

But already in the yard, Jürgen von Tisenhusen came to me and said :

"Now Barbara is in our hands, but the scrivener, the man Franz Bonnius, has escaped."

And from his voice I knew that no earthly pardon awaited Maid Barbara.

So I but asked :

"Why didst thou send for me? What have I to do here?"

And the Knight Jürgen answered :

"Thou art to sit in Council when we pass sentence on my sister Barbara."

So I entered in.

And at Rannu Castle were gathered in council the head and chief of the family, Reinhold von Tisenhusen, hereditary Lord of Konguta, likewise Johann von Tödwen whose wife Anna was by birth a Tisenhusen, likewise the brothers in the flesh of the said damsel, the Knights Bartholomæus, Reinhold and Jürgen, Master of Rannu, and further Johann von Buxhoevden, his brother-in-law, and Gotthard von Neylen, likewise a brother-in-law, and in addition eight other Tisenhusens.

But albeit I was greatly desirous of knowing how all had come to pass, I did question no one, for I was as among enemies, and the floor burned under my feet.

Thus there were gathered of us sixteen men at Rannu Castle to pass sentence on one maiden.

So when all sixteen had taken their seats in the large hall of the castle, the Master of Konguta, the head and chief of the family, in the centre, Maid Barbara was brought in.

And on the wall hung the hereditary coat-of-arms of the Tisenhusens, that is, a black bull on a field of gold.

And at first my eyes were dim, but when I could see clearly, I saw that the roundness had passed from Maid Barbara's form and that her eyes had sunk deep, yet she did not cast them down, but in turn and order fixed them keen and glowing on each of us. And it was as though she had lived through ten long years in the days that had passed.

And the Master of Konguta asked those present :

"Who accuseth?"

And Master Jürgen answered :

"I accuse."

And the Master of Konguta asked :

"Whom dost thou accuse?"

And Master Jürgen answered :

"Barbara von Tisenhusen, daughter of Reinhold."

And the Master of Konguta asked :

"Of what dost thou accuse Barbara von Tisenhusen, daughter of Reinhold?"

And Master Jürgen answered :

"I accuse her before my family and kinsmen, likewise before Almighty God, of forbidden intercourse with Franz Bonnius, a travelling merchant and scrivener, of Brunswick in Germany, holding office in the Castle of Rõngu, and declare Barbara, daughter of Reinhold, thus to have broken the Pact of Pärnu."

And the Master of Konguta turned towards those present, who up to now had only listened, and asked :

"Have ye heard this accusation?"

And they answered with one mouth :

"We have heard."

And the Master of Konguta turned towards Maid Barbara, and asked likewise of her :

"Maid Barbara, daughter of Reinhold, has thou heard of what thy brother accuseth thee?"

And Maid Barbara answered :

"I have."

And the Master asked of Master Jürgen :

"Wilt thou tell this assembly where thou didst find thy sister?"

And Master Jürgen answered :

"She was found in Good Man's Cave, which is at Segewold or, as it is called, Siguld, on the bank of the River Koivajõgi."

And the Master of Konguta turned again to Maid Barbara and spake thus :

"Tell us in answer now, Barbara, daughter of Reinhold, what thou hast to say anent this direful accusation, and remember that Almighty God hears thy words."

And Maid Barbara lifted up her voice and thus answered :

"I have nothing further to say than that, as the law decrees, I informed my well-loved brothers of my wish to be wedded to the said Franz Bonnius, whereat my well-loved brothers threatened to deprive me of my portion. Whereafter I informed my well-loved brothers that I desired no wedding portion, but was prepared to leave my father's home empty-handed as I had come into the world. As this, however, did not content my well-loved brothers, they holding firmly to their denial, I did flee with the said Franz Bonnius, to live with him in wedlock in a strange country, whereby before ye all I thus declare him to be my lawful husband."

And the Master of Konguta said :

"Canst thou tell us who hath joined you in wedlock, and where this took place?"

And Maid Barbara answered :

"That can I."

And the Master of Konguta said :

"If thou canst, then tell us."

Whereat Maid Barbara answered :

"We were wedded by God, Who is in Heaven."

And I lifted up my voice unto the assembly, and to this did answer :

"Verily God Himself doth not join men and women in marriage, but the Church which is His servant here on earth."

And Master Jürgen said in a loud voice :

"Thou art not the wife of Franz Bonnius, but his leman, and the wolves of the forest have been thy wedding company."

And the Master of Konguta asked Maid Barbara :

"Tell us now truthfully, where is Franz Bonnius, who has forsaken thee in thy distress?"

And with burning passion Maid Barbara answered :

"Never hath Franz Bonnius forsaken me in my distress. But did I know aught, I would make nought known to you, not even were I to be laid upon the wheel and my limbs broken one by one. And I believe and trust firmly that you will yet hear of him, but the morning and eve of that day you will never bless."

And the wrath of the Master of Konguta rose at this rebellious and stubborn answer, and he asked Maid Barbara :

"Dost thou know what awaiteth thee for this thy guilt?"

And Maid Barbara answered :

"I know."

And the Master of Konguta asked again :

"Dost thou know that by the law thou must die?"

And Maid Barbara answered :

"I know."

So the Master of Konguta said more gently :

"Is there anyone thou desirest to call in thy defence?"

And Maid Barbara's eyes wandered round the hall until they rested on me. And she answered :

"No—for who can defend a maiden when he who is her shelter has been torn from her side, and they who are her guardians by the ties of blood forsake her."

And Master Jürgen said :

"Of a truth they have not forsaken thee, but thou hast thyself run away from thy home as a bitch from her kennel."

And I stood up and said :

"I speak to ye not according to earthly law, for ye know the letter of the law better than I. But I beseech ye: have mercy on a maiden whose sin is that she loved with an exceeding love, and by this her love hath been made blind. Wherefore do ye then forgive her in the name of the divine love."

But none answered these words of mine, and I felt that they were spoken in vain.

So after this the Master of Konguta took up the Pact of Pärnu, and read it that all might hear, likewise also the Epistle of Wolter von Plettenberg, Master of the Order, which he had sent to the Land Council of Wolmar, the same I had read one evening to Maid Barbara in my chamber.

And having read these he turned to all the Tisenhusens and their kinsmen present, and thus said :

"I ask of all in this hall who bear the name Tisenhusen or who are thereto bound by blood, what the law doth enjoin on us regarding this maiden, who hath sinned against the Pact of Pärnu, as likewise against the laws of God and of Man?"

And Jürgen, Master of Rannu, took up the word, and answered :

"In the name of my two brothers and myself, I demand that my sister Barbara von Tisenhusen, daughter of Reinhold, be given into our hands to mete out chastisement according to our will, as we may deem right and fitting, for on us has fallen the dishonour of all this."

And the Master of Konguta asked :

"Are all present agreed as to this?"

And all the other Tisenhusens, likewise Maid Barbara's brothers-in-law Johann von Buxhoevden and Gotthard von Neylen, and all three of her brothers of the flesh, Bartholomæus, Reinhold and Jürgen, stood up, thus declaring their will; only Johann von Tödwen, the husband of Maid Barbara's aunt, remained seated in his place.

And a great silence reigned in the hall, nor did anyone speak for a while.

Then the Master of Konguta said :

"It is therefore decided, and thus I hand over Maid Barbara, daughter of Reinhold, into the hands of her brothers, that she may receive the chastisement due to her."

And Jürgen, Master of Rannu, said :

"So be it."

After this all dispersed, each in his own direction, and each drove to his manor or cattle, one nearer, another farther.

So also I betook me to my sleigh and returned to the manse of Rannu.

And again I could see Maid Barbara's face before me the whole way, now in the snow, now in the clouds.

And I bethought myself thus :

"Oh that thou hadst been born, Barbara, sickly and covered with sores at birth, that people would have turned their faces from thee in loathing, and so this day and this hour might never have been. For the beauty of thy form is the cause of all this, and also thy heart that was too keenly set on earthly love."

But such is my nature that throughout my whole life I have only meditated and pondered, but never have I risen to deeds.

So passed three days, and as they went by I touched no food, so great was the unrest of my heart.

Then came Saturday, and it began to grow dim already from noon. And Jürgen, Master of Rannu, drove to the foot of the steps before my door in a covered sleigh, and sent word for me, and said briefly :

"Now must thou come with me, for Barbara is about to depart on her last journey, and that to-day."

As he spoke these words his glance was exceeding fierce. But I took up my wolfskin coat and a bearskin rug as well for my feet, for the weather was frosty.

And it was as though I had driven with a corpse the whole way, for Master Jürgen spoke not a word.

But when we reached the Castle of Rannu, I looked and beheld two other sleighs waiting outside the gate, and we set off at once along a forest road.

So we drove in three sleighs, of which two were hooded, and in the first was Maid Barbara with her gentle-born brothers Reinhold and Bartholomæus, and in the second Master Jürgen and I. And in the third, which was an open sleigh for dung, such as the peasants use, were two non-Germans. But in our sleigh was no driver, Master Jürgen holding the reins himself.

The road led through a forest of spruce, and there was little light, for it was already late and the sixth hour had come, and the moon was in its first quarter.

But when we had driven thus for some distance, each wrapped in his own thoughts and exchanging not a word, I saw between the trees as though a plain had opened, and that it was Lake Vörtjärvi, for I knew the land well and have wandered through it in all directions.

And it was for me a *malum* omen, a bad sign.

And before the road turned to the frozen lake I lifted up my voice, saying to the Knight Jürgen :

"What is there in thy mind to do, Jürgen von Tisenhusen? Wilt thou drown thy sister Barbara?"

And he answered :

"Thou hast said it, for so it must be."

And I said :

"Hear me, Jürgen von Tisenhusen, in the name of thy parents sleeping in the bliss of the Lord. Lay not thy hand on thy sister Barbara, seed of the same father and borne in the womb of thy mother."

And Jürgen von Tisenhusen, Master of Rannu, answered :

"She is no longer my sister, having been cast out from our kin. She has had intercourse with one unworthy, and her blood is befouled."

And my old limbs were struck as with a palsy, and my knees and my shoulders trembled and my teeth rattled together, although I had the wolfskin coat about me.

And I hardened my spirit, and said thus :

"Leave judgment to God, but thou who art man, as is thy sister, have mercy on her."

And the Knight Jürgen said :

"Thou wast not brought here to preach, but to make ready my sister for death."

So I said no more, for the words were dried up in my throat.

And there was but little snow on the ice, so that the horses often slipped and stumbled.

When we had thus driven about two and a half versts out on the ice and the forest could no longer be seen in the darkness, I saw the first sleigh stand still, and Maid Barbara and her brothers step out on the ice.

And the Knight Jürgen said to the non-Germans :

"Take your crowbars and your axes, that ye may cut a hole in the ice."

And at that both the non-Germans took their bars and axes from the sleigh, those they had brought with them, and began to cut a hole in the ice.

But to me the Knight Jürgen said :

"Go now, do thy duty, for my sister Barbara must die before this hour shall have passed."

So I went to Barbara, who stood behind us on the ice, and her hands were bound with a cord.

And I said to her :

"Barbara, thou hast to die, dost thou know this?"

And she answered as though awakening from a dream :

"I know."

I said :

"How is it with thy soul, Barbara? Dost thou repent thee of thy sin?"

And she answered :

"I know not what thou meanest by sin, Father."

Then I said, in sorrow :

"Barbara, Barbara, thou art dear to me as a daughter of the flesh—why wilt thou answer me thus with scorn in this solemn hour?"

And the maiden said :

"Father, forgive me if I have wounded thy spirit. Yet if thou callest it a sin that I gave my soul and body in love to Franz Bonnius, know then that I do not repent me, but go rejoicing to death, for joy as of heaven have I known."

So I asked :

"Is this all that thou hast to say?"

And she pondered a moment, and then said :

"I depart this life, and my heart is full of hatred towards my brothers. Canst thou pray for me that I may have strength to forgive them?"

I said :

"What else can I do but pray for thy soul, Barbara?"

She said :

"Then so do."

At that I left her side, and saw that the opening was already made, for the ice was not yet very strong.

And although I am old and have lived in stern times, and later seen much war and plundering and murder, and all manner of violence with mine own eyes, aye, and many deaths that Nature has brought to pass, and even have I endured imprisonment among the Muscovites—yet the like of this I have never seen, neither before that day nor in the days that were to come.

And I fell on my knees on the ice and cried aloud to God to help me for the sake of Barbara and of us all, and for all our sins.

And I was still sunk deep in prayer when they laid hands on Maid Barbara and led her to the edge of the opening.

And I heard the maiden say—for who am I to judge of her maidenhood—the maiden said in a low voice:

“Brother, the water is cold.”

And this was the only time when her flesh showed itself weaker than her spirit.

Then both the non-Germans said:

“This we will not do, for she has been kind to our wives and our children.”

So the Master of Rannu, Jürgen von Tisenhusen, thrust the non-Germans aside, and with his own hands seized his sister Barbara, and drowned his sister in the opening with the aid of his brothers Reinhold and Bartholomæus.

And this is verily true and happened in Livland, in the parish of Rannu, on the ice of Lake Võrtsjärv, in the beginning of December, Anno 1553. *Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.*

And now thou my pen, that hast written all these things holding fast to the truth, whither canst thou yet turn that coming generations may behold the justice of God and His righteousness and bow down before Him?

For bitter times have since befallen Livland that the Word of God might be fulfilled, as it is written in the 3rd Book of Moses, in the 26th Chapter: “And if ye will not for all this hearken unto me, but walk contrary unto me; then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins.”

Thus hath God given power for a time to Gog and Magog, aye, and to the Chief Prince of Meshech, and the Muscovite has entered the land with his Tartars and Calmucks, and has plundered, burned and murdered, taking moreover a great number of the burghers of Tartu as hostages to Russia.

And Anna von Tödwen, Mistress of Rõngu Castle, has died in poverty and great misery in the town of Haapsalu, nor did she leave behind a single whole sheet wherewith to enwrap her body, and the Russians have torn with insult and mockery the covering from her coffin.

But into the travelling merchant, the scrivener of Rõngu Castle, whom men called Franz Bonnius, there entered a spirit of vengeance, and he

swore a solemn oath to be avenged on all who bore the name of Tisenhusen, for the sake of his well-loved Barbara, whom publicly, by written and spoken word, he named as his wedded wife.

And in all that to which he set his hand, it was seen that he was in no wise “unworthy,” but that there dwelt in him a strong and fiery spirit that could do great deeds.

And it seems as though his cause was just in the eyes of the Lord; for the Lord gave him Victory, and he was, as it were, a scourge that passed through the land. Thus, first in Courland, but later in Lithuania, he gathered around him many outlaws and wanderers like to himself, and with these he carried on a wanderer's warfare, and he lay in wait at the crossing of the main roads from Vilna right down to Prussia. And wherever any bearing the name Tisenhusen or in any way of kin thereto crossed his path, he knew no mercy.

But the said Franz Bonnius later entered the army of Poland with his men, and thus from a robber of the highway he came to be a chieftain. And the King of Poland himself gave him a safe-conduct whereby all rulers under him, lords warden, Masters of Orders, and likewise the Councillors of towns, were bidden to give shelter and help to Franz Bonnius, that he might have justice done to him on earth and might avenge the death of his blessed and beloved one, the gentle-born damsel Barbara von Tisenhusen, who was miserably drowned by her own brothers.

Strong then was his love within him, and spurred him to great deeds, albeit to deeds that were of a truth but works of vengeance.

But Jürgen von Tisenhusen, Master of Rannu, fell near Ubbagal at the hand of the Master of Kankais, Carl, son of Henrik, who came over from Finland, and he left behind him no male heir. Likewise also his brothers, Reinhold and Bartholomæus, died childless, and their line died with them.

Thus are all those of whom I have written dead, and they answer themselves for their works before the Everlasting God, who judgeth them and weigheth their works in the scales of righteousness, and giveth to each according to his deserts.

Let this suffice us, nor let us strive to probe that which is hidden, whether they have received the wages of sin and gone thither where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, or whether God in His mercy hath raised them among the hosts of His chosen. Nor let any one of us judge them too harshly, thus uplifting his own self, but let each remember the weakness of his own flesh.

But I, Matthæus Jeremias Friesner, do here write down that nothing more marvellous have I seen on earth than the love of this man and woman.

Lord, grant peace to their souls, and forgive them their sins, though they were scarlet as blood, and turn also the light of Thy countenance on this heavy-laden and bleeding Livland, for Thou art Love.

AMEN.

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ANCIENT EGYPT

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated by Alfred Sutro

IV

THE WISDOM OF THE PRIESTS

WE cannot yet tell with any certainty what were the secret thoughts of the Egyptian priests; we are not even sure that they had any beyond those which are found in the cryptic pages of the *Book of the Dead*. Much has been said in regard to their occult science that the most recent Egyptologists have by no means confirmed. It is of course true that the Great Pyramid of Cheops presents us with extraordinary enigmas, unlike those contained in any other monument in the world. For details I will refer the reader to the fine book of Abbé Th. Moreux, *La Science Mystérieuse des Pharaons*; let it suffice here if I mention that the meridian, the north-south line that passes over the apex of the Great Pyramid, is still, after the discovery of Australia and America, the actual meridian of to-day. Further, if we multiply by one million the height of the pyramid, we obtain the distance from the earth to the sun; the length of the polar ray is given, as well as that of the sidereal year, and the distance covered by the earth on its orbit in a twenty-four hours day; the number of years of the precession of the equinoxes, a phenomenon only discovered by Hipparchus in 130 B.C., the density of the earth, and many other marvels that it would take too long to tell.

These things can scarcely be coincidences, for all that the method of arriving at the measurements, multiplying now by one million and now by ten, may appear a little arbitrary. But it is not impossible that the Great Pyramid, which dates back to the beginning of the Fourth Dynasty, about 3000 B.C., and is one of the most ancient monuments

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

in Egypt, in fact almost prehistoric, may be the tomb of some former civilisation. In any event, the later monuments have, at least up to the present, revealed nothing remarkable. Indeed, we find that the mechanics and geometry of the ancient Egyptians were of the most elementary order, and that in mathematics they had not even contrived a figure for each of the nine units of the decimal. It has long been regarded as a marvellous achievement that they should have been able to transport their enormous obelisks from the quarries of Assouan to Thebes, 250 miles away, and to Memphis and Gizel, a distance of 500 miles; huge blocks which they would turn into statues or hoist on to the top of their pylons and pyramids. But their mural paintings, which record all the events of every-day life, show that this colossal transport was effected quite simply by means of boats; and that the hands of men set the great blocks in their places—man-power, as we say to-day, being practically inexhaustible, there could never have been any difficulty in providing the requisite number. When a stone of some fifty tons weight had to be lifted on to a pylon there would be erected by the side of this pylon, as we find to-day at Karnak, a mountain of earth and bricks, forming an inclined plane, along which thousands of slaves towed and dragged the gigantic monolith.

It has also been regarded as curious that the paintings in their tombs, sometimes most delicate miniatures, should appear as fresh, with every detail minutely recorded, as though they had been done by daylight, and without a trace on the wall of smoke from a torch or lamp; and this although the tomb, dug into some mountain-side, must almost always have been plunged in impenetrable darkness. It was imagined, therefore, that the Egyptians must have had some kind of cold light, the secret of which is lost to us, or perhaps even electricity; or that, by some play of mirrors, a ray of the sun was thrown from reflector to reflector on the wall that had to be painted. But there has been a recent discovery of a quantity of lamps which, it seems, undoubtedly burned alcohol; and it is presumed

that the spirit which gave a smokeless light was the alcohol obtained from dates.

Again, when they hewed the great blocks from the quarries and shaped them to their purposes, even the Assouan granite, which is so impenetrably hard that our steel chisels break on it, they are shown to have had recourse to a very simple device that is still in use to-day. They would dig holes in the stone and introduce wedges of sycamore on which they poured water; and the wood, dilating, split the granite as easily as the frost will burst a glass vessel or leaden pipe.

It would seem, therefore, as though there had been some tendency to magnify the mysterious science of the Egyptians. In mechanics, astronomy (excepting always the Great Pyramid), in industrial and mathematical equipment, they were probably behind our ancestors of a thousand years ago. But as they had at their disposal whole armies of slaves, slaves of war and slaves of their own, over whom they exercised an absolute despotism, they were able, like the ants, to carry out vast enterprises that we, with our wonderful machinery, would not venture to undertake. So, for instance, the Queen Hotshopitou boasts of having, within a space of seven months, torn from the quarries near Assouan and conveyed to Thebes, carved, polished and set up in their places, the two great rose-coloured obelisks of granite of which one is in Paris while the other still guards the entrance to the sanctuary at Karnak.

In all this we can find no trace of occult science. And yet Egypt has always been considered the cradle, the birthplace, the favourite abode of occultism. The whole world of antiquity regarded it as the country of the gods, the home of wisdom and mystery. The great sages of Greece—Solon, Pythagoras, Plato and many others—undertook the long and perilous voyage in the hope that the priests of the valley of the Nile would, of their knowledge, grant them the replies to supreme enigmas. But apparently, save for some hoary legend like that of Atlantis, there was no revelation, nor did they learn much of value.

It is, of course, true that silence was imposed on the initiates; and the uninitiated were told nothing.

So far as we can tell at present, therefore, the mystery of Egypt does not seem to have been very remarkable. And yet our first feeling, as we set foot on this enchanted land, our first desire, and one that remains with us always, is to fathom the secret of that prodigious, teeming life of old that still haunts these tombs and temples. We cannot credit that so ancient a faith, with the myriad inscriptions and images that date back five or six thousand years, should not hide something that is very great, something that we have never divined. The men who fashioned them belonged to the very origin of the race. For more than fifty centuries they lived and multiplied and prospered, in an almost unbroken peace, on this one spot of the globe; and this is a thing that has never happened to any people. Beyond all others, therefore, they must have had time to study the problems of life; they must have had an opportunity, a leisure, such as have probably never existed before and will never exist again. Yet the further we advance the less mystery remains. We discover, to our surprise, that these strange images, these perplexing, bewildering signs, which must, we felt certain, have their own profound hidden meaning, their own stirring suggestion, do in fact narrate only the simplest, the most elementary, the most commonplace things, that sometimes even are ridiculous and almost childish. Where religious doctrine is concerned these revelations are curiously incoherent and primitive. And behind all this existed a civilisation whose art was of the very highest, whose monuments are unequalled in grandeur; a civilisation that endured, amidst unexampled prosperity, for an almost fabulous period. The truth seems to be that we are inclined to exaggerate its moral and intellectual acquirements, as also its culture that this civilisation was, above all, an agricultural one—a civilisation of great landed proprietors and of rich, pious and superstitious peasants—unless it be that we have so far only grasped the superficial meaning of paintings and hieroglyphs; and this is by no means impossible.

As we glance through their books, notably the famous *Book of the Dead*, whose cryptic title leads us to hope for

a key to the Beyond, we are conscious of the same disillusion as when we visit their tombs and their temples. Yet to them it was the book of books, the one that surely contained whatever might be known of the future. Fragments of the sacred text cover the walls of all the tombs, the sides of all the sarcophagi, and even the cloths in which the mummies are swathed. The book was the talisman, the guardian, the protector, the supreme hope of the dead. But to us it is a disappointment. There is one chapter, devoted to the Judgment of the Dead, in which, probably for the first time in this world, the lofty idea of the drama of human consciousness and the survival of the soul is flung, like a ray of light, into the darkness of those almost prehistoric days; but, apart from this, the book is so full of commonplaces that we ask ourselves, even more anxiously than in the case of the mural hieroglyphs, whether it be possible that we have really grasped the entire meaning. "It is not that the grammar presents any difficulties," writes one of our most distinguished Egyptologists, "for it is, as a rule, very simple; the meaning of the words is known to us, and yet it frequently happens that a sentence, which we can translate without the slightest difficulty, conveys some odd, childish, and even silly idea. And yet we may be perfectly certain that it did not seem so to the ancient Egyptians. These curious expressions that make us smile may possibly conceal deep-lying truths, thoughts that are profound in their simplicity. These may have eluded us, for the reason that we are not yet sufficiently familiar with the Egyptian method of handling abstract ideas. The metaphor was evidently much favoured by them; and till we discover the key to those metaphors we are forced to accept the literal meaning only, whereby we may be led into error; for perhaps the true meaning escapes us because we are unable to understand the figurative sense of expressions borrowed from the world of real, concrete things. Thus it follows that the translation of the *Book of the Dead*, like that of the *Book of the Pyramids*, must not yet be regarded as in all ways final, though we may have gathered its general meaning."¹

A similar remark is made in reference to the Sanscrit

(1) A. Naville, *La Religion des Anciens Egyptiens*.

text by great translators such as Grasmann, Roth and Bergaigne. We are not yet entitled to pass final judgment on the sacred books of the two oldest religions of the world, for we are not yet certain that we fully understand them.

It was, of course, the celebrated Rosetta stone, discovered in 1799, with its triple text in Hieratic, Demotic and Greek, that gave Champollion and his successors the key to all hieroglyphic inscriptions. But we must bear in mind that this stone dates from the Ptolemies; from a time, therefore, when the Egypt of the Pharaohs, which was the real Egypt, had long ceased to be. Indeed, it is for this reason that I intend to say nothing here of the temples of Denderah and of Philæ, which, beautiful and wonderfully preserved as they are, still belong to a posthumous Egypt—an Egypt without a soul, an artificial and theatrical Egypt, that has nothing to tell us and merely repeats over and over again what she has ceased to understand. As far back as the XXVth dynasty, about five centuries before our era, the Persian conquest had dealt the power of the priesthood—and the priests were the custodians of the national consciousness—a blow from which they never recovered. Three hundred and fifty years later, during the second invasion, under the reign of Nektanebos, the temples were sacked; and the priests, who had ever since the XXIst dynasty really governed the country and become the depositories of all its traditions, were either banished or massacred. Now it was the priests alone who knew the secret meaning of the hieroglyphic script; and the usurping priests of the time of the Ptolemies, who may very possibly not have been initiated, will have dealt with the symbols without realising their inner or hidden significance, which they were unable to convey, being ignorant of it themselves. It may therefore very well be that this famous key of the Rosetta stone only unlocks a very small door which merely gives the clue to material matters; and that Champollion and his successors have translated thousands of texts without ever once divining the real thought of the ancient priests.

The *Book of the Dead*, at least as far as we can understand it, is, above all, a ritual of magic, a collection of magical formulas. It tells the dead what words must be used to keep the monsters at bay that wait on the other side; or to cause to fly open the gates that admit to the thrice-happy life in the gardens of Ialou. And, so that he shall not forget them, these sacred words are painted inside his coffin. All that we know of Egyptian religion is thus hedged round with magic. They were convinced that certain formulas, certain attitudes, certain acts, pacified or dominated the gods; bound, loosed or controlled the unknown forces of this world and the next. In its essence the Government was no more than a sacerdotal oligarchy, founded on magic; we find the Book of Exodus speaking of "the magicians with their enchantments," the rod transformed into a serpent, the waters of the Nile and of the whole of Egypt, even in the household vessels, turned into blood, the country covered with frogs, etc., etc. And in a tale of Ancient Egypt that Maspero has translated, entitled *The Veracious History of Salmi-Khamois*, we find an Ethiopian sorcerer wielding his spells, in accordance with the best traditions of the Black Art, and having an Egyptian sorcerer as his opponent. The Ethiopian causes a flame to spring forth in the Palace courtyard, under the eyes of the Pharaoh; whereupon the Egyptian summons a thunder-shower from the sky, and the flame is at once put out. Then the Ethiopian wraps the hall in a cloud so dense that none can distinguish the face of his friend or his neighbour. The Egyptian "speaks the word of power" to the sky, and the cloud disappears. Finally, the Ethiopian causes an enormous stone vault, two hundred cubits long and fifty wide, to form over the heads of the Pharaoh and his princes. The Pharaoh utters a cry of alarm, as do his people. But the Egyptian wizard bids them have no fear, and promptly hurls a papyrus boat so vast that it catches up the arch and sails off with it to the "immense waters of Egypt," in other words, Lake Maeris. Whereupon the Ethiopian admits defeat, and promises not to return to Egypt for fifteen hundred years.

There are not lacking proofs that the Egyptian priests and magicians employed the crudest methods to trade on popular credulity. At Karnak, for instance, in the obscure chapel that contains the statue of Sekhmet, the goddess with the face of a cat (or it may be the statue of Mout or Bastet, so interchangeable are these divinities), the lighting is from the roof only, and it is made to fall so cunningly on the figure that the face seems almost to be alive, to move; even we sceptical Europeans have difficulty in assuring ourselves that it is all illusion. Indeed, in most of their statues, which had movable arms and legs and were made to speak, the trickery was of the most childish kind. Thus, for instance, when it was considered necessary that the god Chous Nefertohep, the third divinity of the Theban triad, should show signs of animation he was carried to a place in the temple that was provided with a specially prepared silver ceiling. But, indeed, very little was needed to delude the good people. In the great ceremonies and processions it was enough for a priest to assume the mask of a god for all to be convinced that they beheld the god in person. And in all the temples underground passages have been found, known only to the initiates, who made use of them when it was necessary to remove the offerings that the gods were supposed to have consumed.

Where did the real science end and deception begin? Who were they that knew of the cheat and they that did not know? We should find this question difficult to answer in the case of our own religion. How reply to it, then, of a cult that has been dead three thousand years? Did the priests, realising how impossible it was to raise the masses to their own lofty monotheistic conception, allow popular credulity and superstition to follow their natural course and sink by degrees to the lowest depths of a muddled fetichism and polytheism that were childishly, senilely inane? A similar phenomenon is to be noted in other religions, especially those of India and Persia; and, indeed, nearly all of them in their endeavour to make themselves understood by the common herd become the more degenerate, degraded, and confused as they wander further from their source.

It is certain that the priests wielded considerable power, but it is no less certain that they did not, as has at times been supposed, possess any supernatural means of maintaining their influence. It would happen at times that they found themselves in conflict with the kings; like ordinary mortals, they had to yield to brute force. Thus, as I have already mentioned, Amenophis IV, the father of Tutankhamen, being anxious to rid himself of the priests of Thebes, whose power rivalled and menaced his own, confiscated their wealth and summarily suppressed their god Amon, setting up Aton, the sun-god of Heliopolis, in his place. Under Tutankhamen there was a new revolution, Aton was dethroned and Amon restored; and all these dramas in which gods contend with each other, dramas that we can only conceive as being played by supreme initiates on the mountain-tops of magic, actually go the way of the vulgar political intrigue in which he is the winner who has an armed force behind him.

V

THE SECRET RELIGION

In the midst of the incoherence and inconsistency that pervade Egyptian theology we come across traces at times of a secret religion, traces that the parasitic growths of the popular religion have not been able entirely to hide. We find, then, that these innumerable gods with the ever-changing names are in truth only one god, who was at the same time all the others; one god whose name and form varied with locality or temple, with his powers and functions, with dynasties and kings. The Pharaoh is a god during his lifetime; all men are gods after their death and whichever god they choose to be. God is all and all is god, consequently there is only one god and he cannot be explained because he is all. Thus we arrive at a pantheism so far-reaching that it becomes monotheistic, and then of necessity turns into absolute agnosticism because we cannot know the Great All.

This secret religion formed the basis of the mysteries,

which the Greeks copied, notably in the mysteries of Eleusis, the most famous of all. We learn from the thousands of paintings to be found in tomb and temple that it was the great drama of death and resurrection that these mysteries allegorically conveyed. Under the myth of the resurrected Osiris lay hidden the history of all mankind. Even as Osiris was recalled to life by magical incantations and formulas, so might the death of every man be made the beginning of a new existence, provided the same magical incantations and formulas were employed. To the profane, who interpreted this new birth literally, the life that was to start again was more or less the same as the one that had just ended; to the initiate it meant a life of the spirit, an eternal and universal life in the Great All. And it is possible that initiation was practically no more than the study during one's lifetime, the rehearsal, as it were, of the great after-life drama of death and the new birth.

The essential aim of the mysteries, therefore, was to give expression to the nebulous promise of agnostic pantheism; but they wrapped it in a multitude of metaphors, both anthropomorphic and zoomorphic, for the benefit of those who could not lift their eyes so high. The texts that expounded it and proclaimed that man was strictly and wholly god, and identical with all gods, were never, though precautions were taken, really kept secret. They were contained in the *Book of the Dead*, of which there were thousands of copies, handed down from father to son. But if these austere texts had been circulated among the people there would have been an end to religion; and they were put aside, therefore, carefully kept in the background. The priests, urged by the desire to add to their number, multiplied indefinitely the names of this secretly unique and unfathomable god, multiplied his attributes and his images. Magical incantations took the place of the doctrine it was so difficult to understand, so dangerous to dwell upon. The priests framed and sanctified formulas that were supposed to render those who made use of them, and knew not, as happy and vigorous in the other world as those who knew, that is, the initiates.

There may possibly have been two kinds of initiation; the one, and the higher, to pantheism and agnosticism; the other, more practical and frequent, to the magical formulas; and, indeed, we find again and again the religion which prayed to and worshipped the gods inextricably confused with the magic and witchcraft that brought those gods to their knees and compelled them to obey man's bidding. Here once more we note the inconsistency of the Egyptian mind, which at one moment attains the loftiest height of the greatest religions to fall back immediately after into an abyss of barbaric stupidity, of imaginings that were incredibly inane. Thus we have the curious spectacle of a king who has proclaimed himself the equal of the gods of Abydos and Heliopolis, monarch of earth and heaven, lord of yesterday and to-morrow and descendant of Ra, stooping to the pettiest, most contemptible subterfuges, passwords, and falsehoods, that he may ward off the crocodiles and hippopotami, tortoises, snakes, baboons, and red asses that bar the road which leads to the eternal fields of Ialou.

Is it possible that this grand agnostic pantheism, which is the loftiest peak that human thought has ever climbed, or that any religion has ever attained—is it possible that, as some have believed, it may be merely the lingering echo of an ancient tradition left behind by another race of men, a race that has disappeared but was more intelligent, more spiritual, than those that have survived? If the foundation of all great religions is more or less the same; if, having sacrificed a god that the world might be saved, they all end in absorption and annihilation in the divine, may we infer that the idea fell ready-made from heaven and that the different primitive religions did no more than accept it, mangling and corrupting it after their own individual fashion? The suggestion is attractive but evidently somewhat fantastic. M. Alexandre Moret, one of the leading French Egyptologists, very justly remarks that at the fetichism stage, which is the origin of all religions in Egypt as elsewhere, "the mass of primitive men believe that their soul will be saved because it is bound up with the 'Totem'; in other words, an animal or vegetable

species or a class of objects that cannot *all* perish. At the death of the individual the 'Totem,' the immortal, collective soul, gathers unto itself the atom which it had sent forth on this fleeting excursion."

Thus in the night of the centuries that have no history no sooner does man emerge from the animal stage than the thought of survival frets him, and he yearns to find a resting-place for his soul. May we not have here the humble origin of the belief in immortality, the origin of all the creeds that, starting with the wretched "Totem," grew and expanded, keeping pace with the intellect, till they attained the inscrutable, unfathomable gods of India, Persia, and Egypt, and even the supreme God of Israel, who is not the Jehovah of the Bible, but he of the secret traditions, the En-Sof of Zohar? There is not one of these gods whom we might not worship to-day without the least sense of degradation, for our own reasoned, scientific agnosticism has discovered nothing else, at least nothing better, and the final truth was always, is still, and probably always will be, that after death we disappear in the entire "Totem," that we have never known anything, that we know nothing now, and that we never shall know. Notwithstanding all we have learned and that science has taught us, we know nothing more of our origin and our end, we are no further advanced, than the prehistoric savage who worshipped, as the symbol of his god, of the immortality of his clan and his soul, a cat, a falcon, a crocodile, or merely a clump of reeds.

Of this higher religion, that was never as systematic, as widespread, as philosophical, as those of India and Persia, the Egyptians retained only one essential dogma, the Judgment of the Dead. This was the basis of their system of morality, and nearly all their religious literature derived from it. The loftiest expressions of this dogma, notably the deification of the soul or the return of the soul to God—which connects with the Vedic Nirvana just as much as with agnostic pantheism—fell by slow degrees into neglect, or at least receded further and further into the background; and the Judgment dwindled into a mere appearance before a tribunal whose procedure very much resembled that of

our courts of to-day. This matter has been dwelt on so often that I will merely mention a few leading features. Brought before Osiris and forty-two divinities, each one representing the sin he is called upon to punish, the dead man is amazed to see his heart in one of the scales which Horus holds in his hands, the other containing the image of Maat or Mait, representing absolute justice. He then pleads his own cause and makes his confession. This confession, like everything else that concerns Egyptian morality, is exclusively negative; he enumerates *all* the sins he has not committed. In Egypt it was of more importance to have done no harm than to have done good. Should the nicely balancing scales testify to the sincerity of his confession, the dead man becomes the equal of Osiris, he is Osiris himself, and, being Osiris, he is all the gods. He is free to go where he pleases, take the form that he pleases; he can choose his own destiny, either climbing into the vessel of the sun, when he becomes Ra, the supreme god, or betaking himself to the heavenly field of Ialou. In a word, he is of the divine family; "the gods surround him and are glad of him, for he is now one of them."

But, to judge by what we see on the walls of the tombs, it does not look as though the defunct took much interest in this deification, or that he had any special desire to board the vessel of Ra or to sojourn in the fields of Ialou. He is free to go where he pleases, on earth or in heaven, but rather than be let loose in an infinite that inspires him with no confidence he prefers to remain close to his mummy, in the comfortable, well-furnished, well-provisioned tomb where he can resume the occupations and enjoy all the pleasures of his terrestrial life. This, at least, would seem a legitimate inference, for the paintings treat all that concerns deification in the vaguest and sketchiest fashion, while the most elaborate care is lavished on the way the "double" installs himself and organises his existence—the "double" not being perhaps, properly speaking, the soul, that is, the divine soul, but from the practical point of view a much more interesting soul, the soul of everyday life, the human soul of an existence that is to be indefinitely prolonged.

These are obviously somewhat irreconcilable beliefs, or at the least ill-assorted, and here in Egypt, as everywhere else, the lowest prevails in the end and swallows up the others. Even the Judgment of the Dead, that noble, solemn drama of conscience passing judgment on itself, was not allowed long to remain on its pinnacle; very soon it became enough for the greatest criminal to recite certain formulas for him to be welcomed by Osiris and receive from him the divinity reserved for the innocent.

But if the dead man could not clear himself before the posthumous tribunal, if his heart, heavy with crime, inclined the scale downwards, and he was not provided with the magical formulas that control the gods, what happened then? Le Page Renouf, the most learned of English Egyptologists, declares that in not one of the inscriptions hitherto deciphered is there record of punishment inflicted on the condemned. Here I think he is wrong. In that vast, black, desolate furnace, the terrible Valley of the Kings, I myself have seen, notably in the tomb of Sethos I, unmistakable figures of the damned, hanging head downwards in the shades, or their souls being driven into the bodies of swine which are tormented by monkeys, the pig apparently being the only animal that will never look up at the sky. It is impossible to get the better of him, my dragoman used to tell me, so long as he has his nose on the ground, in the muck. He will do nothing you want him to, and beating or threats are no use; he struggles like the very devil, and yells loud enough to alarm the whole village. But jerk his snout up to the sky and he will suddenly stop, alarmed, disturbed, staring in amazement at the wonderful blue vault that he has never seen before; his piercing shrieks dry up in his throat, he becomes as gentle as a child, and you can do with him what you will.

VI

This is the spiritual atmosphere that pervades these innumerable underground tombs, that enfolds the whole country over which there reigned thirty dynasties of Pharaohs. It was the atmosphere breathed by those mighty kings who became gods in their lifetime, and so

actually and concretely gods that they worshipped themselves and offered sacrifices to their own statue. And yet these splendid monarchs at times betrayed a very small mind. For instance, he who was the greatest, the most truly Egyptian of them all, the famous Rameses II, called Sesostris by the Greeks, and believed to have been the Pharaoh of the Bible. His mummy is in a showcase at the Cairo Museum. He is now, as he lies there in his glass box with a saucer on either side of him containing disinfectants, only a black, shrivelled, horrible little old man half eaten away by ants; not very long ago the tropical heat of an Egyptian summer so worked upon him, or liquefied him perhaps, that he raised his right arm aloft, to the unspeakable terror of the attendants in the gallery. He reigned for sixty-seven years. It is to him that we owe the vast buildings at Luxor, at Karnak, the tombs of Rameses, the temples of Abou-Simbel and of Abydos, the colossal statues of Memphis—in fact, half the monuments and temples of Egypt from the Delta down to the Second Cataract. But so monstrous and morbid and childish a vanity possessed him that he appeared to resent the existence of any king before himself. He was jealous of all that had been done by other kings. His life was poisoned by the records of their glory. Wherever it was possible he caused their royal seal that was stamped on the granite to be erased and his own set in its place. He would have liked to wipe out the whole history of Egypt till it came to him. And this destruction of seals, with the accompanying violation of tombs, was frequent among the kings. The successors of the famous Queen Hotshopsitou, for instance, took incredible pains to blot out for ever the record of her reign. They obviously were not intelligent or far-seeing enough to realise that their bad example would inevitably be followed, and that, notwithstanding all their incantations, they would in their turn be treated in exactly the same way as they had treated their predecessors.

The moral and intellectual atmosphere, even of the throne, was not very remarkable. It falls far short of the level reached in India or Persia. It hovers over the ground, it cannot rise above commonplace, everyday things. It strikes one as a little heavy, a little musty, like

the climate, like the Egyptian way of living. For the Egyptian of old seems to have been more alert, more active, industrious—in fact a better kind of citizen than the Oriental of to-day. Baked by the sun, he still kept his full vigour; there was more of the European about him than of the African or the Asiatic. Incredibly extravagant in his palaces, his tombs and his temples, he was inclined to be economical in private life, conventional, a lover of order and method, a little humdrum. Moreover, he was much less austere than we are led to believe by the thousands of paintings that depict him as everlastingly surrounded by spirits and gods, or performing his solemn ritual in religious and funereal ceremonies. He takes no pains to conceal his pleasures, which he does not regard as vices. He loves women, wine, and particularly beer, the national beverage, which, like the bread, is prepared afresh every day. He is seen drinking it in pleasant kiosks or under the shade of the vine, as he plays his game of draughts or listens to music on the bank of the little pond that ornamented every garden, with pretty girls round him clad in tissues “light as woven air.” Regarding it as his duty to follow the example set by his gods, he marries one of his sisters; and as these incestuous marriages went on for thousands of years our prejudice against consanguineous unions may perhaps rest on no scientific basis.

It is at least certain that, in regard to sexual matters, his ideas differed from ours. To quote Maspero, “Manners were easy in Egypt. Maturity came quickly to the girl, who lived in a world where the laws and customs seemed calculated to inflame her natural ardour. As a child, she and her brothers played together in a state of absolute nudity. When she grew up it was considered modish to expose the bosom, and to wear garments so transparent that nothing was hidden from the eyes of men. The maids who waited on her guests and her husband in town wore nothing but a narrow girdle round the hips; and in the country the peasants threw off their one garment as they started work on her fields. In her religion and the religious ceremonies she attended there were obscene manifestations of the godhead, and the hieroglyphs she

used when she wrote paraded lewd pictures before her. The mention of love did not, as with the modern girl, conjure up visions of an ideal love, but merely a clear and precise image of its physical side. The woman to whom the notion of adultery came could not brook the smallest delay; but one asks oneself whether there were more women with this idea in Egypt than elsewhere?”

Without endeavouring to answer the distinguished Egyptologist's question, we may recall the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and a precisely similar adventure that befell a certain Anoupou, as related in the *Tale of Two Brothers*, which dates back to the XIXth dynasty.

Prostitution, also, was quite differently regarded by the Egyptians. The Pharaoh, in the *Story of Rhampsinitus*, prostitutes his daughter so that he may obtain the name of the king who has robbed him of his treasure. Cheops does the like to procure the money required for the completion of his pyramid; it needed but a few jewels to induce the divine wife of Baiti to betray her husband and become the king's favourite; and Thouboui, in the *Adventure of Satni-Khamois with the Mummies*, gives herself to Satni, as soon as the agreed sum has been paid. All these things are told without any suggestion of blame or surprise on the part of the narrator. It is true that these stories merely belong to the folk-lore; but they will probably convey the spirit of the time in which they were written more faithfully than strictly historical documents.

And yet, for all these vagaries, the Egyptian was brought up to love justice, and above all truth; and truth formed the foundation of his whole moral code. The true and the just were so closely interwoven in his mind that he had only one word to express them both, as he had only one for falsehood and evil. “Speak what is true, do what is true, let all thy actions conform with the truth, because truth is great, and mighty, and abiding, and to attain its limits is to attain beatitude”; this was instilled into him from his earliest childhood. And yet he could be the least bit deceitful at times, for after his death he lied most brazenly to the gods, bluffing them as readily as though it were all merely a game of poker. Matter of

fact as he is, wide awake as we would say to-day, there are still vast tracts of *naïveté* and ingenuousness in his heart and his mind. Although obsessed with the idea of the tomb, he remains all the time a kind of grown-up child, though a dreadfully serious child. He believes blindly whatever the priests tell him, and heaven knows they take advantage enough of his credulity! Not content with his little insignificant life here below, he yearns for an existence beyond that shall be vast, and complex, and fantastic, and pompous. He proceeds to create terrifying phantoms for himself, thousands of incredible monsters; he deifies all that is around him and eventually his own soul; and of his gods he frames conceptions that are wildly ridiculous, foolish and extravagant.

We have now taken a brief and cursory glance at a civilisation which, though its qualities were but mediocre, endured for more than four thousand years. It is, with that of China, the longest that history has ever known. For forty centuries, while the rest of the world was given over to barbarism, massacre, brigandage, rapine and monstrous disorder, it procured for the people who lived under it a happiness and tranquillity, security and peace, that might well be envied by the people of to-day who rank among the most fortunate.

What were the forces that kept this civilisation together? Obviously, and above all, the priestly oligarchy that held the reins, an oligarchy of wise and thoughtful men who jealously guarded their secret; while above them were kings not only by divine right but actually divine, the monarch not being merely the representative of the god on earth but the god himself, and so concretely and actually god that no one, himself to begin with, for one instant doubted his divinity, of which he was so sincerely, so deeply convinced that he worshipped his own image and did it obeisance.

But there were other peoples who were governed by prudent oligarchies and kings who held themselves to be gods, and that yet did not last long. In the Egyptian people as in the Chinese, side by side with the divine authority that strengthened the social edifice from its base

to its crown, there existed a certain force that never left them, an authority humbler than the other but more effective, inasmuch as it permeated, saturated the entire organism; and this was the obsession of death and the adoration of the corpse. Strangely enough, wherever the thought of death is uppermost, persistent and paramount, life takes a firmer grip, quickens, multiplies, flourishes. The two civilisations that endured the longest, that were the most stable and tranquil of all that are known to us, had the same ideal: a coffin. Can this be the ideal that best serves humankind? The ideal of material happiness, whatever bliss it may lead to, has never brought content to man; it destroys more rapidly than it builds, and ends only in disaster. The spiritual ideal of the great religions has its abode in altitudes that only few can attain. But the humble ideal of a posthumous life and dwelling that shall be more or less the same as those one has left here, and of uncertain duration—this is a dream within the reach of every man, one that every man can understand. It is, if we may attach any faith to the experiments and still very contestable affirmations of our psychists, the least extravagant, perhaps, of all the conceptions that man has formed of his future, and the only one which has some faint chance of realisation. And it must be remembered that this ancient religion of the Pharaohs, however fantastic and at times grotesque its setting may have been, still remained in its essence a very reasonable religion, and one that, stripped of the follies and extravagances added to please the crowd, connects with the greatest hypotheses. At the least, this accessible ideal lifts existence on to a plane where time, and the good and evil happenings of the day, may brush against it but cannot harm. It provides a channel for man's hopes and illusions, his dreams and bold ambitions. It gives imagination a foothold; it leads to a Beyond whence there is no desire to stray. It teaches resignation and patience. It does not dissolve life in the infinite, but offers a broader scope, a wider horizon, and a sure and attainable goal.

(Concluded.)

SEVEN MONTHS OF CONSERVATIVE
POLICY

By "CURIO"

SEVEN months ago I endeavoured to prophesy the trend of Conservative policy by diagnosing the disposition of the various members of the Cabinet toward economy and social reform, and also to give some well-intentioned advice to the Conservative Party in matters of home policy.

The prophecy has been nullified in one important particular and the advice rendered fruitless by the meteoric rise of Mr. Churchill to complete temporary control of the financial and industrial policy of the Government, and his abject surrender to the Bank of England and the Treasury officials in the matter of the return to the gold standard. Mr. Churchill was cast for the rôle of the stern economist, the Cobdenite "hard face" set against social reform expenditure, and opposed to the Baldwin policy of truckling to America in matters of finance. He has proved the exact opposite of everything predicted of him. His Budget, which at the end of April opened the present political epoch, envisaged no economy or real relief to the taxation. It only opened a prospect of new gigantic expenditure of the pensions scheme. It was crowned by the announcement of the return to the gold standard, which has ruined all immediate hope of a return to industrial prosperity, made a wreck of the fair prospects of Conservative social reform, and been the source of grave working-class unrest in our exporting industry. The strange vagary of personality, coupled with an unforeseen departure in our monetary policy, has altered the whole political terrain—very much for the worse. Advice in favour of pursuing social reform has become largely invalid owing to the consequent intense industrial depression, and the Ministry has been alienated from great masses of its own supporters to an extent which it was impossible to predict. For what is wise policy for a man with an increasing income is folly for a man with a falling one.

In writing on this matter a Conservative ought to be

scrupulously fair to a Conservative Government. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer was not the man who invented the policy of subordinating every interest in Britain, tax-paying or industrial, to the restoration of sterling to parity with the dollar.

That plan was in any case not conceived by politicians at all, but by the Bank of England and its allies among the permanent Treasury officials, and that years ago. Mr. Churchill merely inherited it from the weaker of his post-war predecessors. It so happened that he was the Chancellor destined to bring it to its fatal consummation. The policy of heaping taxation mountains high—of over-Budgeting for enormous sums which were never returned to the taxpayer, to whom they belonged, but diverted to debt repayment—of "pegging the exchanges" against New York by every device, quite regardless of the effect on British industry and commerce, had long been pursued by the Bank of England and submitted to by successive Chancellors. In the time of Bonar Law alone was this predetermined policy of reaching the gold standard by hook or by crook checked. The late Prime Minister had been for many years a working industrialist—that is to say, a man actually employed in production in the provinces—not one sitting on a few city boards as the result of social or political or hereditary connections. It was therefore quite impossible to humbug him with the idea that the interests of the banking fraternity or of the man who had lent money to the State necessarily coincided with that of the industrial master or man, or with the interest of the nation as a whole. Also during the trying days of the war before this question had arisen he had an ample opportunity of grasping men and conditions both at the Treasury and in the City, and could not be deceived out of inexperience. As long, therefore, as his influence prevailed in the counsels of two successive Governments, he pursued his own policy of stabilising existing conditions and waiting for the normal resumption of better times. The gold standard campaign was dropped in the face of this overwhelming opposition—and, indeed, people began to forget all about it.

The new move came with the capture of Mr. Baldwin,

the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Conservative Administration of 1922, by which he was hurried himself and hurried Bonar Law against his will into the American debt settlement. Without the funding of the American debt it was impossible to restore the gold standard—and a new burden of thirty to forty million a year for sixty years was thus heaped on the British taxpayer. Mr. Churchill, it may be observed, opposed the settlement at the Westminster by-election. After this there was a *détente* in the situation. Mr. Snowden introduced an orthodox Gladstonian Budget, cutting down expenditure, remitting taxation, but altering the general position very little. Sterling still remained as it should have done according to the facts of world commerce and international exchange below parity, say at 4.40 cents. It will be observed that when Mr. Churchill came into office he was the predestined victim of the kind of attack which had succeeded with Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Baldwin and failed with Bonar Law—except on the one occasion when his judgment as Premier was forced.

I do not suppose that the present Cabinet in the least foresaw the danger coming from the introduction of this quite new element in the political situation—monetary policy. The subject is usually considered amazingly difficult and impossibly dull. The ordinary man would as soon be asked to master the higher mathematics so as to solve astronomical problems. Yet as a matter of fact it is as easy to grasp the elements of the principles of international exchange and money values as the issues at stake in the tariff controversy. Politicians of over twenty years' standing may remember their blank ignorance of the question of Free Trade *versus* Protection when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain suddenly raised it in 1903. A few economists and statisticians hastily produced some very insufficient text-books or pamphlets, and these documents were consulted as eagerly as though a fifth gospel had been discovered. On the money controversy we have the considered writings of economists like Mr. J. M. Keynes, of war service at the Treasury and peace service at King's College, Cambridge, and on the

other side pronouncements of four out of five of the chairmen of the great joint stock banks who approve the policy of the Treasury. The money issue is likely to become as important politically as Tariff Reform was in the last generation. And if anyone answers that not more than a hundred people can really understand wherein the difference of opinion lies, the same statement would be equally true of the tariff controversy. That did not prevent Protection becoming a living issue hotly contested by hundreds of thousands of people. Mr. Lloyd George is not generally considered a bad judge of popular cries, and it is significant that he has been making the return to the gold standard a subject of attack in many of his recent speeches addressed to great public audiences.

This sudden forcing of the money issue in the Budget, which has robbed the Conservative Government of the prospect of a prosperity on which they could have based their social reform plans, has taken everybody by surprise. When Ministers entered on power they had three interests to consider. (1) In the first place there was that of industrial prosperity. This could be aimed at by less expenditure and lower taxation: by cheap money, which meant keeping the bank rate down, and by a refusal to force sterling up to dollar parity, which would cost another ten per cent. on the price of British export goods. (2) In the second place there was that of social reform—the improvement of the conditions of the masses—the proof that constitutionalism was no enemy of the worker, and that there was no need for the democracy to turn to the dangerous experiment of a dominant Socialist Government in despair of any hope that a Conservative Ministry could improve that condition.

(3) There was the City interest. This requires to be defined with some caution. In the main it represents people who deal in money internationally and lend money to the State, and to whose advantage it is that money should be dear and Government securities enhanced in value. Their interest, at any rate in a period of depression, is opposed to that of the industrialists, masters and men, because dear money means restricted enterprise, low

wages and unemployment. The great joint stock banks stand half way in this matter. Partly they represent the City interest, but they are also the financiers of industry, and their deposits will suffer (as they are doing now to the tune of forty millions loss in six months) when the City financier, as represented by the Bank of England, captures the Chancellor of the Exchequer and attacks industry successfully. But the chairman of the great joint stock bank is far more susceptible to the influence of the City magnate, whom he sees continually, than to that of the provincial manufacturer, whom he sees seldom.

Ministers faced with these three competing influences had a certain variety of choices before them. They could stand in with any two at the expense of the third, but one out of the three must be cast out into darkness. Thus by jettisoning social reform altogether and making drastic cuts in expenditure it might have been possible to increase the price of money and force sterling upwards without smashing our export trade, though this is improbable. In the second place it was perfectly possible to ignore the City interest altogether, to decline to force sterling up to parity with the dollar, and so to make British industry sufficiently prosperous to bear the increased cost of the pensions scheme and of other social reforms.

Two years of industrial prosperity of the type aimed at by the methods of Bonar Law would have made the pensions scheme no *additional* burden on industry, when *ex hypothesi* the figures of unemployment sank to 800,000, and would cost industry nothing at all if the figure fell to below 600,000.

As it is Ministers have chosen the third alternative. They have given way to the City interest completely, yet gone forward with social reform, and left economy and industry entirely out in the cold. The Prime Minister had long ago been nobbled by the Bank of England; the Chancellor of the Exchequer succumbed instantly to the same influence, and between the two of them the return to the gold standard went through automatically. The Tory Social Reformers in the Cabinet did not understand that they could not have the pensions scheme and the gold

standard without ruining industry. They were thinking in a world of two dimensions when they ought to have been dealing with a three-dimension political universe. And when I wrote my prophecy in January last I fell into precisely the same error. Only when it came to the point I would have refused the gold standard and stood by social reform. Such, however, is the confusion of thought on this matter in the Ministerial ranks that in July of this year the President of the Board of Trade, who is naturally interested in the export trade of this country, was discovered advancing arguments in favour of cheap credits for our export trade, *i.e.*, lending money abroad, in the same week that the Financial Secretary to the Treasury was glorying in the restriction by the Treasury of foreign loans on the London market.

The results of Mr. Churchill's financial policy may be summarised thus. Seven millions increase in estimates. Deposits of the joint stock banks down forty millions since January. Exports down ten millions since January. Balance of exports over imports going or gone. (This is particularly serious, because the Treasury Committee which advised the return to the gold standard specially said that this policy would only be safe so long as we had a balance on our export trade.) Half a million to Morgans for American credits. Loss of forty millions' worth (on 1924 figures) of foreign loans in the London market, money which would have been spent on British goods. All British exports cost ten per cent. more to foreign buyers since the Budget, the extra loss to the coal trade alone in two months being nearly half a million pounds.¹ An advance in the bank rate of one per cent., costing the private British borrower eight and a half millions, and the taxpayer six millions in Treasuries. Unemployment increased by 118,000 since the Budget.

The worst has been said of the present Government at the outset because it is so bad that it probably invalidates

(1) This was the direct cause of the attempt of the coal owners to force down wages, which ended in a humiliating surrender of Ministers to the threats of the Trade Union Congress and a grant of 10 or 24 millions from the Exchequer as a subsidy to wages and profits.

all the excellent intentions and policies of its individual members. In the actual administration of their separate offices many of the ordinary members of the Cabinet have fulfilled the highest expectations of their friends.

As Minister of Labour Sir A. D. Steel-Maitland has exhibited judgment and tact in dealing with the difficult question of the dole. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister has maintained his well-deserved reputation at the Board of Trade, though he might remember with advantage that he is the natural spokesman in the Cabinet of British industry as against the demands of the Treasury and City interest. Lord Eustace Percy, in face of a heavy Press attack, has scored a brilliant success at the Education Office. It is said that he is not quite so good in counsel as he is in administration or in the House of Commons. Lord Birkenhead has had a potent and excellent influence in the counsels of the Cabinet, and his administration of India has so far been a marked success. But someone made a grave error in trumpeting in advance his Indian speech in the House of Lords as though it were to enshrine some vital pronouncement on policy. No policy, it turned out, had yet been submitted to the authorities in India. Lord Birkenhead's statement remained, therefore, purely tentative in character. All the people who had been led to believe in an epoch-making utterance were annoyed, and the Indian Secretary got a very bad Press.

Mr. Amery's *régime* at the Colonial Office has been marked by the long-projected reform by which the administration of the Dominions and the Crown Colonies and Dependencies have been placed in two separate compartments. The Colonial Secretary has also set a good example in visiting Mr. T. M. Healy, Governor-General of the Irish Free State, in his official capacity. He has thus made the right move towards establishing between the Free State and Great Britain the kind of friendly relations which should subsist, and do normally subsist, between a Dominion and the Old Country. Mr. Amery would be splendid if he were not so much the Die-hard of the last generation, whereas in years he is quite young.

As to the administration of the Health Ministry by Mr.

Neville Chamberlain and Sir Kingsley Wood, it has been in the last seven months partly a success and partly a failure. In pushing through the Pensions Bill the two combined have shown marvellous Parliamentary dexterity and endurance, particularly as they had to try to carry the unpopular Rating Bill as well in Standing Committee. Mr. Chamberlain's own housing policy of 1922-23 continues to reap a wonderful success; but he has, in plain terms, funked the steel houses issue, so that no steel houses of any kind are being built by the municipalities. What I said of him in January has proved true. He will attack successfully on a narrow front, but he has not the imaginative courage to risk a general assault on the housing difficulty. The Hon. E. L. Wood has been a failure at the Ministry of Agriculture through no special fault of his own. His Government has no proposals to make to that Cinderella of the industries which agriculture cannot make to itself. The Home Secretary has so far avoided making any errors except those contained in his speeches. Fortunately he has not been called upon to manage the country during a general strike. Sir Samuel Hoare has been an admirable Secretary of State for Air, but he does not carry enough guns in the Cabinet and the constituencies to get the essential views of that department through to the country. If he is not careful the Bridgeman-Beatty victory of the Admiralty over the Cabinet on the matter of the cruisers will result in the curtailment of his own resources. The Die-hards are already threatening this, and if the Air Secretary is to survive he must make up his mind to fight. He has plenty of friends and brains, but he has got to show character.

Sir Laming Worthington-Evans has conducted the administration of the Army efficiently and inconspicuously, save for the "escorted film" episode. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has, as I predicted, confined himself to foreign affairs, which are excluded from the subject of this article. Mr. Bridgeman has forced a Cabinet to his will by threat of resignation—no small achievement for a man who is not a great national figure.

But no amount of individual merit can make good the

fundamental defects of the Baldwin-Churchill finance. The figures given for industry and employment are appalling. Even a Socialist Government, so long as it refused to bow down to the Bank of England, could not have produced such a disaster in the time.

In the face of increasing expenditure, a falling export trade and rising unemployment, it is hardly surprising that an opposition to the Ministerial conduct of affairs has developed. Ministers have frequently explained that Governments can do little to help industry—which under a Free Trade system is no doubt perfectly true—but they have never explained why they should have hampered British industry in every conceivable way. This point of criticism has not been, and could not be, effectively developed by the Oppositions at Westminster because no one imagines that a Liberal Party which definitely abandoned its Gladstonian and *laissez faire* traditions (except of Free Trade) in 1906, and became a profuse spender of public money, would prove more economical. It is ridiculous, of course, to associate the Socialist Party with the idea of sparing industry or the taxpayer, except in so far as expert Chancellors like Mr. Philip Snowden know that national bankruptcy and ruin must follow most of the measures advocated by his supporters. In fact the Radical Left and the Socialists only contributed one constructive criticism of the Pensions Bill—that it should be made non-contributory!

Obviously the taxpayer and the industrialist had to look elsewhere if they were to find any hope of relief from Mr. Churchill's financial policy.¹ Sir Robert Horne, speaking for Big Industry, has raised a flickering voice in the House of Commons against the Pensions Bill. But the tone of remonstrance employed was such as to convince an astute party manager that he ran no real risk in ignoring the criticisms of men who did not mean to fight at any cost.

(1) They might have turned naturally enough to the Federation of British Industries, a very powerful organisation with large political funds at its disposal, and well represented in the Conservative ranks at Westminster. This body has contented itself with a few feeble protests against Mr. Churchill's finance.

The great industrialist is a very poor politician, and when it comes to influencing national policy he will be beaten by the City and the Caucus every time.

The other oppositions being inoperative, the Conservative public, which had been led to expect less expenditure, lower taxes, and the encouragement of industry from a Tory Ministry, turned to the popular Press to express their grievance. This expression they certainly received in full measure, and indeed they had no other resource save in the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail*. *The Times*, representing the City interest, was so far placated by the return to the gold standard that it would not say a word against the burden imposed by the Pensions Bill. The attack from the popular Conservative Press took two distinct forms. Lord Rothermere objected to the action of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in increasing rather than diminishing the estimates. Lord Beaverbrook, on the other hand, attacked the whole monetary policy of the Government as realised in the return of the gold standard. When such an assault is made, Ministerial apologists, Coalition, Conservative, or Socialist, always attribute it to some kind of concerted action on the part of the fourth estate. A study of the files of the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express* since the Armistice does not bear out this suggestion. The Harmsworth Press has always been anti-waste, and the *Daily Express* has always been opposed to the return to the gold standard. Mr. Churchill therefore challenged, as he himself had the courage and intelligence to recognise in his very last utterance of the session, two separate Press antagonists in his Budget speech. The opposition which he encountered was distinct and not concerted—one section objecting mainly to the Chancellor's expenditure, and the other principally to his monetary policy. The deadliness of the assault lies in the fact that it is addressed chiefly to people who normally vote Conservative, certainly voted Conservative last time, and whose general interest and sympathy on these issues lies with the newspaper view and not with the politicians' policy. A slow but growing estrangement is thus being set up between the Ministry and great masses of its supporters in the country.

Can Mr. Baldwin ride out and weather the storm? Much depends on what view is taken of the Premier's ability and character—a question I have left to the last. Mr. Baldwin's career during these months has been watched with considerable curiosity. The country had not made up its mind about him during his first brief administration. It was not even clear whether he was a cautious man or a plunger. It was obvious that he was not intellectually made of Prime Ministerial timber, but neither were C.B. or Lord Liverpool, both very successful party chiefs in office. The Prime Minister early in the year seemed to be attempting to get some definite idea of his personality across the footlights to the public. He spoke a great deal in the country, but more at university clubs and gatherings than at party mass meetings. He obviously took great pains with his speeches, which often treated political subjects in rather a non-political way. His pronouncements had good passages in them, but they were rather inchoate in their grammar and slightly confused in their ultimate conclusions, and seemed to deal with the will rather than the way. The public were a trifle bewildered: perhaps the orator was himself. They wondered whether Mr. Baldwin was aiming to reach an oratory of the Roseberian type or aspiring to be thought a thinker like Lord Balfour. For the last two months this special tap of Prime Ministerial eloquence has been turned off, and Mr. Baldwin has gone back to the mass meeting.

Assiduous if inconspicuous in the House of Commons, and apparently completely under Mr. Churchill's domination, the Premier appeared to be settling down as something of a cypher in his own administration. Suddenly as at a trumpet call Mr. Baldwin leapt from slumber to crush the Political Levy Bill, a measure either dangerous or futile, but dear to the heart of many a Tory extremist and to some sensible men as well. In a few days he had handled a difficult internal situation with force and decision; delivered a Parliamentary speech entirely *sui generis*, and one which will live in political memory; delivered several orations in the provinces—half sermon, half politics—on industrial peace, which pointed in no

special direction; and then relapsed into passivity as rapidly as he had been aroused. Truly a puzzling character.

The cruiser problem of July showed a totally different being to the Premier of the Political Levy crisis. Mr. Baldwin was undoubtedly with Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead's Committee in refusing the Admiralty demands, and he had two-thirds of the Cabinet with him. He utterly failed to give any lead to the economists when the pinch came and surrendered at discretion to Mr. Bridgeman and Lord Beatty. Or in the alternative he suddenly changed his advisers and mentality, and, throwing Mr. Churchill overboard, fell back under the old dominant influence of 1923, Mr. Amery and Mr. J. C. C. Davidson. Mr. Churchill suffered a cruel blow, and the Die-hard *Morning Post* felt emboldened to call for his resignation on the ground that he had been engaged in some purely imaginary intrigue. But the Premier was as badly damaged as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Finally came the Prime Minister's last minute surrender to the trade union threats of a general strike—a subsidy to coal vehemently rejected on a Thursday and as swiftly conceded on a Friday—events which have shaken Toryism itself and Tory belief in its chief to their very foundations.

Taking Mr. Baldwin's general tendency throughout—while admitting the exceptions—he has been, as I predicted, a man with no clear dominant policy. He is rather a man of compromises and Commissions. These latter multiply so rapidly that it is impossible to keep track of them. A new one is born every few days. Even so, in the innumerable Cabinet Committees many of the decisions which should have been the Premier's have really been taken by Lord Birkenhead, who at least is not a timorous soul or an undecided mind. As a consequence of this lack of sustained leadership the Government is not working harmoniously towards any definite objective. In one month the Premier rushes at a vast pensions scheme, and it is as awkward for the Tory social reformer to get more than he asks than to get less; in another he falls back on the Die-hards and the

Admiralty. The Ministry thus lacks central direction. Mr. Baldwin's lack of intellectual clarity is at the root of the mischief. He is too much of the opinion that good intentions justify blunders. They do not. Meantime the score of expense against the taxpayer mounts, and the turmoil in industry grows. What is to be the end of it? According to the form book, the Conservative Government ought to maintain itself in power until the end of its term. Then if Conservative Downing Street has not made up its quarrel with Conservative Fleet Street, and if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has got the mastery of his extremists, a Socialist Government will be returned to power.

But of course in the interval anything may happen. The Ministry may see the errors of its financial ways and trade might improve. On the other hand, some complete disaster may overtake the Conservative handling of the industrial situation and volley Mr. Lloyd George back into power. Miracles, or at least surprising events, often happen in politics, and with so strange a personality as Mr. Baldwin in charge they are more likely to happen than ever.

SECURITY: THE NEXT STEP

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

THE reply of the German Government to the French Note of June 16th respecting the proposals for a Pact of Security deserves a conspicuous place in the annals of diplomacy. It was marked by none of the *gaucherie* which so often mars the communications of the Wilhelmstrasse. Courteous and dignified in tone, it heightened the impression of sincerity and honesty produced by the German Government's first offer of a Pact of Security on February 9th of this year. Moreover, it had the great merit of bringing public opinion in Europe face to face with the realities of the international situation.

For the first time since the Armistice Germany adopted the tone of one of the great Powers dealing on terms of equality with the other Powers. A little shocking this to the nerves of some people, but if the Pact is to go through it must be discussed on this basis. The former Allies must change their language in talking to Germany if they want her to work with them as one of the family of nations. In making their contribution to the security of Europe the Germans have let it be understood that they will no longer be treated as a conquered nation on whom terms are to be imposed, but demand that their sentiments and opinions shall be treated with respect. The key to the meaning of the German reply is to be found in the phrase about the essential requirements of equality and reciprocity which, according to the German Government, should form the basis of the negotiations.

The Press in this country found in the German Note further evidence of a desire for peace. The French Press was not so friendly. But even Pertinax was constrained to admire the skill of Herr Stresemann's moves on the diplomatic chessboard, and was prepared to consider the possibility of the German Foreign Secretary being invited to Geneva to talk with M. Briand and Mr. Chamberlain about the admission of Germany to the League of Nations.

The Temps maintained that, however difficult and delicate the negotiations might prove, the essential thing was that the German Note left the door open for discussion, since on both sides there was a sincere desire for a settlement.

M. Briand, with his customary energy, began at once to draft a reply to the German Note. Its most satisfactory feature from the Allied point of view was the importance which the German Government attached to the entry of Germany into the League of Nations. The Luther Cabinet are in effect prepared to make the League the pivot on which the Security Pact is to work. They are ready to link up the two problems of security and the entrance of Germany into the League, although objecting to any compulsion being brought to bear on Germany to enter the League as an essential condition of the Pact. At the same time the German reply makes it clear that Germany objects to coming into the League if she is compelled to subscribe to all the obligations of Article 16 of the Covenant. She holds that she cannot in her disarmed condition join in the sanctions against an aggressor nation without laying herself open to the danger of being drawn into a conflict between other nations in which Germany, unable to defend herself, might become the scene of a devastating war. The British view is that Germany need not be afraid of such a situation arising, because no general in the world would launch an army across Germany if the German Government could not guarantee the lines of communication. Thus if Russia were to attack Poland, the question of a French army marching across Germany to the assistance of the Poles and the Russians treating Germany as a hostile country in consequence would not arise. But this reasoning does not satisfy German public opinion, which is obsessed with the danger of the *durchmarsch*, or the right of transit across her territory which Germany, according to Article 16, would be obliged to grant. As the German Government will find it difficult to persuade the German people that they are right in asking for admission to the League unless this objection is met it is important to understand the German point of view.

It was explained in greater detail than in the German

Note in an article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, from which I take the following quotation:—

Article 16 is then of minor importance only? It has a special importance for France and England, for our acceptance of the Article, quite apart from all other consequences, would immediately be held by the Muscovites to be at least an unfriendly act which would completely sever us from Russia. A one-sided agreement with Russia would certainly be an act of amazing folly; all relations with Russia, as, indeed, the trade negotiations have proved, are extraordinarily difficult and fruitless. But just as little do we need, without seeing the advantages more clearly, to allow ourselves to be drawn into the anti-Russian front by England and Russia by means of a League paragraph, while M. Herbet offers Franco-Polish concessions at Moscow. Article 16 might some day be of extraordinary importance if the League troops were able to come in from the west and the Russians from the east, and Communists and Radical-Nationalists desired to prevent the march of the League forces across Germany and the reinforcement of Poland. What German Government that burdened itself with such responsibilities could survive such a fearful commotion?

The writer proceeds to point a warning from the treaty with Austria, which, enclosing Imperial Germany in a shirt of Nessus, brought it to ruin. "Therefore let Germany beware of any treaty that might force her into war." Moreover, Germany, according to the same argument, would place herself utterly in the wrong if she undertook the obligations of Article 16 without intending to carry them out.

Here we seem to arrive at a deadlock, for France refuses to allow Germany to enter the League unless she accepts all the obligations of the Covenant. But the very vagueness of the language which the German Government uses in its reply on the question of Germany's admission into the League implies that there is room for compromise. Herr Stresemann, while arguing that Germany can become a member of the League only on a footing of equality, if her disarmament is followed by general disarmament, as laid down in the Treaty of Versailles, is willing to consider the immediate entrance of Germany into the League if a solution can be found to tide over the time until general disarmament has been effected. The solution, he adds, must take account of the military and economic as well as the geographical position of Germany.

Now this means, I am told, that Germany's objection to

going to Geneva could be removed if she received an assurance from the League or the other Powers directly concerned in the Pact that due consideration would be given to the difficulties of her position. She wants this assurance before she enters the League, and in the event of other Powers disarming she would no longer require exceptional treatment. This would appear to be a reasonable solution of the problem if France did not insist that Germany should enter the League unconditionally while objecting to Germany linking up the question of her admission to the League with disarmament. French opinion, which is always suspicious of any suggestion that Germany makes, sees some dark design in this. Herr Stresemann, however, is perfectly entitled to point out that, according to Part V of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany undertook to disarm "in order to render possible the initiation of the general disarmament of all nations." By doing so, although nervous diplomatists would prefer that the question should not be raised, Germany reminds us all that disarmament is the key to peace and that the problem of security will not be solved by Pacts alone. Nevertheless, it is so important for Germany in her own interest to enter the League, that she would be well advised not to press too hard for special consideration. Once she has a seat on the Council of the League, she will be in a far better position to make her voice heard on all these questions. She should come in and trust to the good sense of the League to take her special difficulties in rendering military assistance to the League into account. If she insists on preliminary conditions in her favour she will run the danger that the Council of the League will refuse to make any exception in her case. While Great Britain is most anxious that Germany should enter the League, it will stand by France in opposing her demand for exceptional treatment.

If Germany refuses to enter the League the Pact will go by the board. But there is good reason to hope that Germany's fears can be removed with a little tact on the part of the Allies. It must not be forgotten that her relations with Russia will not be improved by Germany

entering the League, and that if she is willing to face this danger her path should be made as easy as possible. A more difficult matter to settle is the problem of Germany's relations to France in view of the guarantee which the French insist on giving to the German-Polish arbitration treaty. It is most unfortunate that Germany and Poland should be engaged in a quarrel at present on the question of the expulsion of German subjects from Poland. Poland had no doubt the right to expel the 8,000 Germans who refused to accept Polish nationality. But this was certain to be met with reprisals from Germany in the expulsion of a similar number of Polish subjects from German territory, whom the German Government has an equal right to deport. The German Government would, however, have been glad to have adopted a conciliatory attitude if its own subjects in the territory ceded to Poland had been allowed to stay in their homes. In this matter, therefore, Poland would appear to have adopted a provocative policy.

And now, unfortunately, a tariff war threatens still further to estrange the two countries. At the same time the French Press has not mended matters by placing all the blame on Germany and pointing the moral that the whip hand should be kept over Germany in her dealings with Poland. The best way of breaking this vicious circle of mistrust and suspicion in which the relations of Germany and Poland are involved lies in the conclusion of an arbitration treaty for the establishment of conciliation committees to deal with all such disputes. This was what Germany suggested in her Note of February, but so long as Poland is supported by France in her uncompromising attitude to Germany any attempt at conciliation on the part of Germany is rendered most difficult.

What has recently occurred has stiffened the Germans in their belief that it would be futile and dangerous to enter into arbitration treaties either with Poland or Czechoslovakia if France insisted on giving a guarantee to these treaties. There would be no sense from the German point of view in Germany endeavouring to compose her differences with Poland, for instance, if France were always at

hand to take the Polish side against Germany as the final arbiter in any dispute. Moreover, the French view of the kind of arbitration treaties that are permissible between Germany and her neighbours Poland and Czecho-Slovakia differs fundamentally from the German idea of what these treaties should be. The Germans are thinking of arbitration and conciliation treaties (*Vergleichsverträge*) on the lines of the treaties they have concluded, according to the recommendation of the League for such treaties, with Finland and Switzerland. They provide for no binding procedure. But such treaties would, according to the German conception, practically exclude the danger of a conflict, since a period of six months is provided as the stipulated time for the arbitral procedure. Such a period would, moreover, leave time for the machinery of the League to be brought into operation, if the arbitral court failed to bring the parties to an agreement.

The best way to obviate the danger of separate action by France would be to arrive at an understanding that no third party should have the right, as the guarantor of an arbitration treaty or existing frontiers, to take action save under a direct mandate from the League. The Belgian Government support the British view as to circumstances in which a *casus foederis* or a *casus belli* should come into operation, desiring to make the Pact pivot as far as possible on the decision of the League as to when sanctions should be taken. The Belgians, whose territory might become the scene of a war between France and Germany, naturally desire to limit the right of France to march across the demilitarised zone to attack the Germans in virtue of the French claim to decide when a flagrant act of aggression had taken place by Germany, either in Eastern or Western Europe. Mr. Chamberlain, who appeared in his letter on June 8th to M. Briand to go beyond what public opinion in this country would permit in conceding to the French the right to take automatic action against the Germans in virtue of the French commitments to Poland, learned in the interval before M. Briand paid his visit to London in August something about the opinion of the Dominions on this matter. It was fortunate that the negotiations at

Geneva did not commit the British Government to any decision, and that Mr. Chamberlain was able to start the conversations in London with a clean slate. Stiffened by Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues in the Cabinet who remained in town, he was able to make it absolutely plain to M. Briand that this country could not be involved in any commitments outside the guarantee for the Western frontiers, and that this guarantee must be interpreted as giving Great Britain a free hand to decide when a case for war had arisen. If there is the remotest danger of our being drawn automatically to war against our will and better judgment we had far better keep out of the Pact. For in that case public opinion in this country and the Dominions would certainly be against our intervention.

The chief difficulty which arose in the course of the conversations with the French Foreign Secretary in London was to persuade him to limit the right of France to take automatic action in the event of alleged flagrant aggression by Germany—flagrant in this sense being given a far wider meaning than the British Government was prepared to admit.

The French have now agreed to a conference in which the Germans shall take part, and all these questions shall be discussed. But the difficulty of adjusting the French view of the Pact to that of the British still remains. I might say not only the British view but the Belgian and the German view, which are also opposed to the French claim that France should have the right to determine the gravity of an alleged infringement of the Pact or the treaties of arbitration without reference to the League.

But an agreement was arrived at between Mr. Chamberlain and M. Briand as to the answer which should be sent to the German reply to the French Note of last June. The answer is to inform Germany that she must enter the League unconditionally, and that there can be no revision of the Treaty of Versailles or modification of the military occupation of the Rhineland under the Treaty. But this does not mean that Germany may not appeal in the future under Article XIX of the Covenant of the League for a reconsideration of the Upper Silesian question or the

Danzic corridor as a menace to the peace of Europe. She will certainly require an assurance that the Pact shall not operate to deprive her of this advantage.

It is impossible to decide any of these issues until Germany is called into consultation, as M. Briand himself admitted in the *communiqué* which was published before he left London. This was a notable admission on his part of the right of Germany to have a final voice in the deliberations. But, when all is said and done, the fate of Europe must ultimately depend on the spirit of good will in which any scheme for security against war is worked. Germany must loyally co-operate with her former enemies and lay aside all thoughts of revenge. If the Pact is to work, France must surrender her right to hold the sword over Germany and learn to rely on the League to decide between her and Germany. If after Germany has signed the Pact, the Rhineland could be freed from the occupation of the Allied troops, moderate German opinion would be immensely strengthened, and the demilitarised zone could be made a much more effective barrier between France and Germany. Cologne should at least be evacuated without delay, and the garrisons reduced in the rest of the occupied zone. Our part is to bring the French and Germans together to work with us for the maintenance of peace and the revival of prosperity in Europe. And in working for this end we must never lose sight of the necessity for a general reduction of armaments, without which Europe will never be safe from war.

ECONOMIC PROGRESS IN IRELAND

BY "MACDARA"

FROM 1916 to the Civil War the Irish of all classes were ready to give their lives for a national ideal, so fanatical was their faith that they greeted death proudly and were almost jealous of his chosen company. Thrice tragic contrast then to the Irish of to-day, who apparently will not even lend their hoarded wealth to physic Ireland's dying trade! Foreign capital is feeding her, and her people are apparently troubling very little about the possibility of an economic conquest which, from their point of view, might well prove more fatal to nationality than the severest political dictatorship.

The extraordinary fact is that the Irish, both through their banks and personally, are sending their millions of capital to England and America for investment, while the English, Americans, Belgians and Germans are sending theirs to Ireland. The Germans have already been given the control for many years to come of the Free State electricity supply, and the Belgians have the monopoly of the beet sugar industry, at which they may possibly make a very large fortune. Representatives of American syndicates have recently been here contemplating the buying over of two Irish banks and of the financing of several other industries. Foreigners are, in a word, taking much more trouble to keep the Irish from emigration and to stabilise their industrial outlook than the Irish are taking for themselves.

Capitalists are not philanthropists, so they have obviously reasonable ground for supposing that their Irish enterprises will pay them good dividends; the puzzle is why the Irish banks and investors are not securing Irish profits for themselves. Possibly they think that the Irish of all shades of opinion deal more pleasantly with foreigners than they do with their own, and are even more likely in possible warfare to spare the foreigner when they are never likely to spare their own.

The immediate result of the coming of foreign capital and managers of capital is essentially healthy for Ireland. Her people are talking commerce instead of politics, and daily intercourse with foreign diplomacy and methods is teaching them to control their own passionate tempers. They are finding there are other ways to conquer than with guns.

When there is a chance of opening up a new factory leaders of all sides have to modify their language because, if they interfere with the prospects of an industry, they will have to face the guns of their own hungry followers. Men, too, who formerly faced each other over their rifle-butts are perforce learning serenely to discuss business in the counting house and on the factory bench.

And busy men forget their hatreds. Successful men don't want to use their guns. Morally and for the moment Ireland is gaining much from foreigners.

This forced interchange of views, in an atmosphere which every side for its own sake is bound to keep peaceful, will have far-reaching results. In this grey old world there is no more powerful argument, no such irresistible leveller of old political landmarks, as business interests. And business interests, entirely apart from politics, are at work in Ireland now, both in the North and in the South.

English, German, and Belgian trading interests are each and all careful not to side with either one or the other political party, for they realise that any one of the political divisions here may equally upset the neighbourhood and ruin the prospects of their latest factory. They therefore not only remain neutral themselves but have a very strong desire to make the rival parties at peace with one another.

Business representatives, for the sake of the interests concerned, will go further, and will unscrupulously take steps that no politician dare even contemplate. That is what is happening in Ireland. Foreign business interests, for the sake of their own existence, are determined to find a way to dismantle the guns.

It is, if one may say so, not only the Irish who are being educated, but English and foreign interests who, meeting the Irish for the first time in circumstances where they

have mutual instead of opposing interests, are beginning to understand the totally different point of view of the latter. To realise that the Irishman's mind is so different from the Englishman's, that he is constitutionally unable to accept the same arguments, is the biggest English achievement in which Ireland has been concerned for a century. The Irish, on the other hand, in their urgent need for food and work, and deserted by the majority of their own capitalists, are in a more reasonable frame of mind than they have been for some time.

In other words, capitalists with an eye on the unexplored wealth of the Free State, Irish political leaders watching the emigrant ships, and the people themselves wanting food and work—all are willing to make a non-political deal which will overpower politics.

The deal, of course, must essentially consist, if business interests are to be secured, of action whereby the possibility of civil strife in the near future may be prohibited. For this the Irish themselves must be made more nationally content, and the Republicans must participate in the Free State Dail. To do this the oath, which counts to no Irishman and irritates all, will have to be altered. It can of course be done under the Constitution within eight years, and as Ireland can be made a paying proposition for no one until all the people are represented in their Parliament, such an alteration will meet with surprisingly little opposition here or, if report speaks truly, in England. Apart from the need of keeping the country quiet and avoiding the possibility of any more warfare, business interests here want an effective opposition in the Dail. It is not generally known that some of the wealthiest business men here have already acted as intermediaries between the Free State Ministry and the Republicans, and though unsuccessful have never wholly given up their efforts.

The Free State Ministry is extremely autocratic, and as it has no check and no possibility of defeat during its steam-roller career, business men accuse it of being quite indifferent to every public claim that is in conflict with its secret party decisions. The Irish business world wants a constitutional opposition in the Dail, and will go almost

any lengths to obtain it. If in obtaining an opposition they can achieve the dual object of exercising a check on the Free State Ministry and can persuade the Republicans to take part in the existing Government, the commercial interests in Ireland will be very happy indeed. They hate the Republicans, but business deals necessitate strange bedfellows.

A considerable number of the Republicans are willing to negotiate, if rumour speaks true. The Free State Ministry, who would be threatened on every division with defeat, probably do not like the prospect at all, but the demands of the incoming capitalists and the necessity for raising loans from the business interests here will probably carry the day.

If present indications hold, commercial interests in the Free State will conquer politicians and establish political peace.

The result, for some years at least, will be a well-fed people, a Mecca for capitalists, a peaceful land, a pleasant neighbour.

But in the future? One cannot say. It possibly depends on how far foreign capitalists take or try to take control, if they are content to make money or if they will try to make politics in Ireland. And it depends to a considerable extent on which foreign race is going to be the premier financial interest, whether it is going to absorb or be absorbed by the Irish, in other words just what part the financial interests will take in the inevitable Gaelic revival.

Whatever the far off results may be, however, Ireland cannot fail to gain now by learning a good deal of cosmopolitanism and a good deal of business methods. Even if in years to come the Gaelic League succeed in their campaign of turning her into a Gaelic State, and the ideal at least is a beautiful one, her knowledge of business methods will surely benefit her.

Now as to the nation whose money and influence is most likely to control here. I say advisedly control, for although the Irish customs are the ostensible reasons for foreign firms opening here, it naturally follows that as

any country establishes its business connections and presumably has its political advisers, they will insist with increasing force that Ireland's customs do not operate against their own country.

Germany and Belgium are so far the only two countries which have established large interests with Irish Government support, but American financiers are active in their enquiries, and the Irish incline to them.

British interests are increasing, but have not assumed any very large proportions, though within the last few weeks they are pressing forward. Lever's control or partly control four Irish firms, Mackintosh's are financially interested in one of the most famous Irish firms of confectioners. An English jam firm is opening in Cork, Sir Thomas Lipton has his own factories in Dublin, an English firm for ready-made clothing is just opening in Dublin, and two English firms for the making of furniture have started factories here. Another great firm of British engineers is looking for a site, and a chain of Anglo-American hotels is contemplated. Many others are negotiating, but they are said to be rather nervous that the Free State Ministry may change its mind at any time, and by bringing in a different fiscal system destroy the output of the new factories. There, again, is the need for a checking opposition.

The same irresistible commercial influences will probably conquer the North as well. The Ulster ship-building industry is declining, their linen mills are in a parlous state. If they are to prosper they will need either new ways or new trades. For both the goodwill of either British or foreign business men must be invoked, and then the North, like the South, will have to descend from cherished political sobriquets to brutal commercial facts.

Of course, the fact that the first tentative union between the North and the South will be brought about by business men for business reasons has always been tacitly admitted here, but it was hardly recognised that the pressure of purely commercial interests outside Ireland will hasten the day. As a matter of fact neither the Ulsterman nor the Southerner will ever allow politics to interfere with

his business deals, and this fact was responsible for the strangest *sub rosa* arrangements between North and South in the most strenuous days of the Belfast boycott.

It is not likely that England or English interests will gain complete commercial control; the North would like it, the South would not; but the best terms, apart from sentimental interests, will probably decide in favour of Continental acceptances. The levelling effect of money-making schemes can best be instanced by the fact that Germans and Belgians side by side have, as already mentioned, obtained two of the biggest contracts here. French firms, it is understood, have been tendering estimates for the cleaning of the Dublin streets because they have cheaper methods. Scotland is quietly pushing in, and obtained a big engineering contract here the other day, while nuns and other Catholic houses are showing a decided inclination to give building and engineering contracts to their ancient enemies across the Channel. Their argument is that they get the work done cheaper, and the fact that they don't mind Irish money going out of Ireland, even while there are Irish unemployed, plainly indicates the new international train of thought in Southern Ireland.

Perhaps the saddest thing about it is that even the foreign capital is not coming quickly enough to keep the emigrant ships outside the harbours. If Ireland's youth continue to leave at the rate of 40,000 a year, it is obvious that in the next century there will be no Irish question, for there will be no Ireland. The problem, which is not due to normal unemployment, would under any circumstances have meant that Ireland would either have to specialise and develop industrially or specialise in emigration. Her agricultural population has outgrown her land resources. It is a grim race now between industrial revival under foreign capital and the growing hunger of the unemployed.

Nearly 200,000 people at present have either uneconomic holdings or have no land at all. Yet these people are farmers or farmers' children, and have no other training.

The Irish Government by the introduction of a very drastic Land Purchase Bill hope to acquire some 1,200,000 acres of land for distribution among the congests and landless men. But admittedly, and at a generous estimate, this cannot possibly relieve even one-half of the uneconomic holders and the landless.

The third, fourth, and fifth sons of farmers remain unprovided for, and the children at school and the newly-born babes, if they do not happen to be the first or second born of their parents, can have no possible future on Irish land. So if there had been no Treaty and if there were no tariffs in Ireland she would still have to face a new industrial problem, and hundreds of thousands of Irish would have to pass from the land to the factory or leave Ireland. But the uneconomic holding which has been the curse of Ireland for generations will at least be abolished, and those who stay on the land in future can at last earn a comfortable living. Meantime as quickly as the factories can be built they will be manned, and well manned, for the temper of the people at present is not one that will permit of any obstacle being put in the way of their getting work even by trade union leaders.

Apart from all question of Irish interests, it would be well in Britain if the Irish can get work at home, since when they go abroad it is with hatred in their hearts and a definite blame of Britain and the Treaty for all their misfortunes.

If business men can succeed in establishing a grip on the somewhat erratic steering of the Free State Government and thereby give an impetus to trade and employment, the political situation here would trouble no one for a considerable time to come. I verily believe that for the first time for centuries a real natural peace will be possible between Ireland and England.

The Gaelic League meantime has pinned its colours to the mast and is appealing to the people not to allow Ireland to be Anglicised. The Gaelic League will come home some day even if there are only half a dozen Irish left, but whether, as she did in centuries past, Ireland will absorb foreigners and make them Gaels in return for their

making her prosperous, or whether she will just drift into a prosperous cosmopolitan colony until some Padraic Pearse arises and tears down her prosperity in order to make her Gaelic, one does not know. The picture of Ireland changes so much from day to day.

Some of the commercial people here know and fear the unorganised inrush of foreign capital. Only the other day an organisation of Irish travellers and agents appealed to the Free State Ministry to put a heavy head tax on all foreign agents who were gradually taking the business from Irishmen and using English representatives on Irishmen's own ground. This kind of English trade, however, is apart from opening factories here and rather seeks for orders in Ireland for foreign made goods. They are enterprises which do not justify themselves by giving work to the Irish unemployed or there would be no such opposition. Foreign capital is rarely objected to here, foreign workmen almost invariably are.

Every incident of the present day points to the need of a responsible opposition in the Dail from a business point of view. The coming of foreign firms and interests to Ireland is bound—and is already beginning—to have a marked effect on Irish business methods, which, indeed, are in urgent need of improvement. Every day one sees small Irish business houses closing down: even the fashionable streets are studded with derelict, darkened shop fronts. But these failures are due at least as much to bad business methods as they are to lack of customers. For the Irish at home are mostly not trained in modern business methods, and until they are willing to learn cannot possibly make a commercial success of any of their undertakings. The mixture, however, of Irish ideas and foreign control promises to have brilliant results.

As I write this evening I hear of another projected Anglo-Irish amalgamation, namely, of a great English engineering firm who are looking for a site for works in Dublin and are going to amalgamate with some of the most prominent Irish engineers. They seem to have no doubt of their success.

The Irish Government is doing its best to speed up its

people by offering to guarantee them trade loans for the development or start of industries. For this purpose they have appointed an advisory committee and have financed some half-dozen enterprises, including three co-operative societies. The largest Irish paper mills, however, are now in process of negotiation for sale to an American syndicate, and rumours are prevalent that German ready-made clothing manufacturers are looking out for Irish sites. There is a curious fact in regard to the heavy tariff on women's ready-made clothing, namely, that the Free State itself cannot supply the demand; they have neither factories nor workers, and neither, of course, have they the fashion designers. It is a trade in which the Irish will never be able to supply their own needs because even the girl in the remotest country village will not accept home-made fashions.

The demand for women's ready-made clothing will always be one of the biggest trades in Ireland, and is waiting for foreigners. So far the demand has been supplied by the great amount of dumped goods which have been brought into the Free State in anticipation of the tariff and partly by a fair amount of frocks smuggled across the Channel. Irish people are far from being in such a patriotic mood that they will pay more for goods which they can get for less.

And however severe in days to come may be the reaction against foreign capital because of its training, Ireland will never again be either so poor or so helpless a nation. The same influences are obviously at work in Ulster. Ulster politicians this year spoke in milder and more friendly terms of the Free State than they have ever done since the Treaty. Hungry people, angry people, a growing tide of emigration, these are the forces in Ulster that are going to drive the politicians out and bring in the business men, home and foreign, to feed the people.

One of the strangest features of the economic situation in Ireland is the fact that she is steadily losing her agricultural markets to her foreign rivals. Canada is actively competing with her in the live beast market, and Russia, Denmark, and the Balkan States are successful rivals in

general agricultural produce. This year Ireland's live-stock exports have fallen from 479,816 for 1924 to 384,396, sheep from 253,835 to 174,525, pigs from 129,423 to 22,609, and horses from 14,172 to 8,475. This is partly due to the disease of fluke and partly perhaps to the general loss in cattle owing to the weather. But the signs seem unmistakable that Ireland will have to look either to a new kind of agriculture or to commerce pure and simple. A comparatively small amount of the land is under cultivation for crops, and according to Ministerial statements there is no enthusiasm for increased cultivation. Yet Ireland actually imports lamb from New Zealand, hams from Canada (which can be sold here cheaper than Irish hams), and butter from Denmark and New Zealand, which all seems to prove that some hints in housekeeping from foreign business men are urgently needed.

A foreign syndicate is negotiating for the sale of a factory within which to start the dead meat trade in Ireland, while other foreigners have been flirting for some time with the idea of taking over the Irish fisheries and turning them into a paying concern. At present, although they should be one of Ireland's greatest and most natural sources of wealth, they are a failure, and Ireland actually goes to the absurd length of importing fish from England while her own fishermen are idle.

It is a strange fact that a nation so intellectual in other ways, whose people always seem able to make money in foreign lands, are not able or willing under their own Government to pick up the wealth which lies ready to their hands. Of course, the dividing up of big grazing ranches may make a great difference and fill the small farmer's heart with enthusiasm for land cultivation. The business atmosphere growing up around him may affect him, too.

Female competition in business, now for the first time beginning to make itself felt, will also have its influence. Except in politics, when they were obliged to give equality because they wanted women to carry the guns for them, Ireland has never been inclined to favour the comradeship on equal status of women. But now women, rising from their obscurity and ignoring the frowns of indignant

politicians, have challenged the constitution of the Free State and secured admission for the first time to the profession of stockbroker, auctioneer, and civil service executive and administrative posts.

Women so far only fight isolated fights, they do not stand much together, but according as they make business progress they are developing a decided distaste for warfare and revolution, and this, too, will have its big effect in the future, for women here have always been the non-compromisers. Emancipated women specialised in revolution because they had nothing else to interest them. Now they have.

There is an interesting report just published concerning the commercial position in Ulster. The British Committee on Flax Seed and Flax Growing state in their report of last June: "In our opinion whatever the future demand for textiles, there is no prospect of a return to the pre-war activity of the linen industry until a larger and more stable supply of raw material is in sight. We are of opinion that, in the interests of the important flax-using industries of Northern Ireland and Central Scotland, an extension of the home production of flax fibre is highly desirable." The Committee then make some important recommendations, including the taking over by the Government of two factories at a cost of some forty thousand pounds to be expended in the next two years. The linen industry in the North is, in fact, said to have reached a critical stage, and evidently Ulster men as well as their Southern brothers will be not unwilling to have a little outside help in the matter of their commercial progress.

The educational question in the South, which closely, of course, affects commerce, is now receiving critical attention. A Bill is drafted providing for the compulsory attendance at school of children up to the age of fourteen years, and trade union collaboration and Government supervision are suggested to train them subsequently into skilled workpeople.

So is Ireland doing her best to become businesslike. Perhaps after all she will not be an altogether sleeping partner in the hands of her new international partners.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

BY G. S. STREET

IN the eleven years--it is getting on for twelve--that I have been Reader of Plays, six of them as colleague to the late Mr. Bendall and five operating alone, I have had it in mind from time to time to write some account of the censorship as I have seen it from the inside, and of my own experiences and conclusions: a natural inclination, I suppose, in one whose business had been writing for more than twenty years previously. The tradition of official silence stood in my way, and the idea merely suggested itself to be dismissed. But it seems at present that the censorship is so widely and deeply misunderstood and misjudged that I may do more good than harm by making my knowledge of it public, if it is given to me to do so with discretion and necessary restraint. My account must be less interesting and less amusing, to be sure, than that which I could write in my memoirs to be published fifty years after my death, but the enlightenment I am able to produce I hope will be welcome. It is to be understood, of course, that the views and opinions I may express have no higher authority than my own.

I do not propose to trace the history of the censorship from its earliest period. Books have been written about that--with the object, I am sorry to say, of attacking the institution. Nor do I propose to discuss its efficiency in more recent times, before I was connected with it, or to argue about the mistakes it may or may not have made. I confine myself to my own knowledge of it since the beginning of 1914.

When I received my appointment, though I thought it probable that the censorship of plays was desirable, my mind was more or less open. Censorship of some kind must exist, of course, in all civilised communities: the police, at least, must interfere if public decency is outraged; but that did not necessarily imply previous consideration and licensing. I soon was convinced that this was indispensable. It is advisable in the interests of

decency and propriety, for though offences against these might be corrected by public taste it is well to avoid a turmoil and fuss. But it is more than desirable, it is indispensable, in the interests of the theatre. There are various attitudes to the theatre and what is permissible in it, from that of those who would allow absolutely everything to that of those who would forbid anything not fitted to be produced before an audience of schoolgirls. Between these extremes is the mass of more or less intelligent people, but this again is sharply divided. There are those with whom the first consideration is the art of the dramatist, who would give him a very great freedom in probing the questions of contemporary life and exhibiting its phases, even though he might unpleasantly startle or shock his hearers; and there are those with whom the art of the dramatist counts far less than their immunity from being startled or shocked, and in any given case it may be fair matter for argument if this immunity has been excessively or unreasonably sacrificed. All this, of course, I knew before, but what my experience has taught me, from my knowledge of communications received by the Lord Chamberlain, is that the latter division of opinion, even tending to its extreme, is very powerful and insistent and capable of extremely articulate pressure. It is also far larger than the other. Now, if there were no licensing of plays, in any case of which it disapproved this division would bring much political pressure to bear upon the Government to put the police in motion--it would have been done in the case of several plays in the last few years--and the atmosphere of the theatre would have been intolerable. Every extension of the subject-matter allowed the dramatist, or of his freedom in representing character or speech, would have been attended with such violent protest that (to put a practical consideration) few managers would have cared to face it. I am not without sympathy for those who resent the intrusion of distressing or offensive phases of life into what they designed to be a pleasant evening's amusement, though I think they might often make more inquiry before they go to the theatre and choose a play suited to their tastes. Also the censorship, like all

human institutions, is fallible. But I think it impossible and undesirable to exclude from the theatre that greater freedom in facing problems and viewing situations, that greater frankness in reproducing speech and manners which began some forty years ago, after the extreme reticence of the greater part of the nineteenth century, and has persisted since, and this view has been taken by the censorship in recent years. The opposite view is taken by a powerful part of the community, and in the theatre, as elsewhere, a strong reaction against this greater freedom is to be expected. The greater pressure now is not from intellectuals who demand a broader freedom, but from those who demand a far stricter censorship. Yet I find still lingering in the minds of some intellectual friends of mine the old idea that the censorship is a musty and unintelligent instrument for the suppression of genius. Why, every extension of freedom and every removal of an old prohibition have been made with the certainty of disapproval from a far larger number and more influential folk than are to be found on the other side. The easier way would have been the way of rejection. Happily, Lord Chamberlains, being men of the world, are not, I suppose, shocked by ingratitude.

In these circumstances of division in the public mind the right course for the censorship, as I understand it, is to hold a really enlightened balance, extending freedom where, to the best of its intelligence, it judges freedom to be right, but guarding this freedom, by its own careful discrimination, from being drowned in a deluge of protest. My ideal of its functions is to extend freedom, up to the limit where protest would be reasonable, to all genuinely artistic or even didactic efforts, and to curb sharply the efforts to attract by pruriency or mere salacity or intolerable vulgarity. And such, I think, has been the intention of the censorship since I knew it: always to succeed is not in human labours.

The reader, it is probable, may contrast this view of a high function with the idea he would form of the censorship from paragraphs about it in the papers, which allege from time to time what appears to be a petty or absurd interference. Well, the censorship has lowly as well as

high duties. It has not only to consider works of genius pressing for greater freedom, but to direct that an undesirable line or "suggestive" piece of business or what not should be cut out from a humble farce or revue. Now when that happens an author or a manager may be annoyed, very naturally, and wish to get even, or he may see an opportunity of drawing attention to the play. In either case he inspires a paragraph, and it is made as effective as possible—and the easiest effect is ridicule. This is the sort of thing. An act of a farce was sent in with the dialogue only, with no stage directions, and in the dialogue occurred a passage from which it appeared that a lady was undressing. Naturally the censorship had to be assured that this process was not *coram populo* and was duly informed that it was behind a screen. In the paragraph the Lord Chamberlain was represented as examining the thickness of the screen or something of that sort. I am sorry for these paragraphs, because they belittle an institution I think necessary. They are too often taken at their face value. Thus the censor was solemnly lectured in a leading article lately on his lack of humour because, as it was alleged, he had issued a decree that no mention of a particular lawsuit must be made on any stage: all he had done was to ban a particular sketch which seemed to him offensive. I regret these things, but they are trifles, and in the day's work, I suppose. But it is curious how unfairly this institution is attacked: the other day an article appeared in which, among the alleged crimes of the present Lord Chamberlain, as anyone would suppose, were mentioned decisions of more than a decade ago. And with what acerbity and superiority! I sometimes wonder what miracle of mental equipment, what prodigies of achievement, enable such or such a writer so to look down upon those who after all are his fellow creatures. But I think nobody is hurt.

Here I would leave any question of the value of the censorship with a final remark. A great deal of its work is necessarily unknown to its critics. They know what it allows; they do not know what it prohibits, save in the case of plays with some reputation, and of these there have been few instances in late years. But it has prohibited plays

the production of which would have been a real scandal, and it has removed from innumerable plays, not prohibited, that which would have needlessly outraged any audience. There, too, there may have been mistakes. But I trust the reader will believe that in many instances of plays, and in innumerable instances of passages in plays, there was no mistake, and that in these instances a great deal of very unpleasant work has not been wasted.

The question may be put, of course, if, granted the value of preliminary censorship, it is best exercised where it is. About this I cannot very well argue. I would suggest, however, that the historical interest of the long connection with the King's Household has its value, and is, I think, appreciated in the world of the theatre. A Lord Chamberlain is likely to be as well qualified to preside over the censorship as a Home Secretary, and has more time to give to the work. Censorship by county and other councils in different places would introduce a lack of uniformity which would be intolerable. If the prophets are happily wrong and our civilisation is not to disappear, we may have a Ministry of Arts some day, but the day is probably distant. I do not know of other alternatives than those worth consideration.

Now I come to my own part in the affair, and it may be well to make my position clear, since I find it sometimes still misunderstood. Up to the Royal Commission of 1909 the Reader, or Examiner of Plays, was practically the Censor. (But the word Censor, I should point out, is merely popular, not an official title or description.) He could be over ridden, no doubt, but in practice he made the decisions. He wrote no report; he simply gave his yes or no or his demand for excisions or alterations. After the Commission all this was altered. The Reader had to submit a report including some synopsis when recommending or not recommending a play for licence. This report was to be considered by the Lord Chamberlain, who was to be assisted in cases of doubt by an advisory board of one four or five distinguished and experienced people. The appointment of the Commission had been due to dissatisfaction caused by some of the decisions of Mr.

Redford, the then Reader of Plays, and the investigation seemed to point to a check on his authority. The change was designed in the interest of authors and managers, so that they should not find their plays prohibited by the possibly capricious decisions of one man. Certainly it abolished anything like an autocracy of the Reader: the Censor was now actually the Lord Chamberlain, who no doubt would give consideration to what the Reader said, but by no means necessarily agreed with his conclusions. Of the majority of plays sent in, but a majority decreasing every year, the Reader can say with certainty that they are harmless from the point of view of the censorship and his word is accepted, but when there is any difficulty at all from this point of view the Lord Chamberlain always, and in certain cases the board also, study the play, and the result is occasionally a decision against the Reader's advice. I found, however, when I was appointed in 1914 that many of the notices of that event in the papers and nearly all the congratulations of my friends assumed that I had become a sort of autocrat of the theatre. I sought to put the matter right in a letter to *The Times*, but the human mind admits fresh facts with reluctance. My letter was regarded by some people as a disingenuous evasion of responsibility, and to this day, eleven years later, I find myself still explaining the matter in private over and over again. Even some distinguished enemies of the censorship and therefore, one would suppose, interested in the facts about it, still misconceive them. The change was a good one, I think. As a matter of personal feeling, one might like to make decisions—especially if one were to be held responsible for them in any case—and the job of doing so would certainly be less laborious than writing reports and arguments to urge one's opinions. But decisions involving so much, both materially in the possible fortunes of a theatre and spiritually in the effect of plays on the public mind, ought not to be those of one unaided person. The present arrangement seems to be a wise combination of expert knowledge and authority and a good provision against extremity in any direction.

I may add here a note about another matter of fact. My late colleague and friend, Ernest Bendall, was appointed

to divide the work with Charles Brookfield, because the latter's health was unequal to the whole of it, and when he died Bendall was well on in years. When Bendall retired at the beginning of 1920 a return was made to the old plan of having one Reader only. The work is easily within the power of one man with average health. It has the disadvantage of continuity all the year round, but only now and then does it become heavy, judged by the number of hours a day it occupies. It is well, too, that the same man should have in his purview the whole field. But I was glad indeed of a colleague to confer with when I was first appointed, and the companionship sustained us both, I think, in the difficult days of the war. When Bendall died last year, both *The Times* and *The Observer* said that he had to work without assistance in the war. That was not so; the slight war work I was able to do did not take me away from my work on plays, and we divided them equally, with a tendency, due to his modesty and my twenty years of juniority, to assign the more "modern" plays to myself. One could not wish for a better colleague. Sunny, genial, kindly always; moody, touchy, morose never. No illness, no sorrow ever dimmed this radiant quality in him. I never went into his room but he looked up from his work with a smile. It was a beautiful temperament.

I am asked so often what sort of a job mine is, tedious or interesting, easy or difficult, comfortable or maddening, that some answer in print may not be out of place. It deserves all those adjectives. It would be affectation to pretend that a person largely brought up on what is good in literature, however great his concern for the theatre, can find the bulk of the plays produced agreeable or interesting reading. The reader must remember that, as well as the plays he sees or hears about in London, a very large number are produced for the first time in the provinces and confined to them, melodramas and farces of a quality below anything, except at very rare intervals, ever seen in London. (It is this fact, by the way, which makes the witnessing of all new plays impossible: the Lord Chamberlain would need a staff as great as that of

the Ministry of Pensions.) Some of these plays must be seen or read to be believed. Yet from the provinces have come other plays which are a comfort in my task. I refer to the productions of the repertory theatres. These, even when not very good plays, have been most often at least sincere, containing some direct observation or some idea, wanting to express something, not merely invented to produce "situations." They have been a great comfort. Good plays are, of course, interesting to read and it is a privilege to read them. Then the difficult plays, whether good or bad, have the interest of exercising one's powers of judgment, such as they are. Enlightened public opinion has been changing, as we believe, in regard to the freedom of the stage, but it changes gradually, in one direction and not in another. This does make the task of giving good advice at times an exceedingly difficult one. I express, of course, my own opinion, and if that conflicts in any way with precedent or tradition, I give arguments in its favour. But that is not enough; I have to gauge as well as I may, if I am to do my best as adviser, the reaction to the play of different strata of opinion. When the play is a good one which demands some extension of freedom, and when I think that extension reasonable and right, then to be sure the work is not only interesting but stimulating. Especially stimulating has it been to argue in favour of certain celebrated plays which a previous censorship forbade and which have now been licensed. So far my job has its trials and compensations, like most others. In one small respect it has a disadvantage more or less peculiar to itself. It follows one rather tiresomely sometimes into private life. A member of the Ministry of Health is unlikely to be attacked at dinner about the drains of Stoke Poges, but everybody is more or less interested in the theatre, and "Is it true you have banned this?" and "How could you pass that?" are questions I very often have to answer (always explaining that I neither ban nor bless) when I am weary of the subject and would rather talk about something else. It is good for me, however—Heaven help me! —to know what is being said.

One other question, of no public interest but put to me

by my friends, I may perhaps answer here without quite preposterous egotism. They are kind enough to regret that I write no more books, and ask me why. Well, there are something like 400 full plays to read in the year, and perhaps half that number of short ones—the proportion and numbers, of course, vary a good deal—and many long and difficult reports to write, and one's capacity for work is limited. (But I notice that those who do no work at all themselves do not know this.) Still, there are many days with little to do in them: an energetic man would find time to write more than I. But reading plays, especially those which are not masterpieces, is a bad preparation for writing one's own trilles; one is "put off" dreadfully; the effort is nearly always beyond one; the mind craves for refreshment in some other art or study, not for more hard work. This for my too kind friends. But really to be dead as a writer before one's other death has its compensations. A young critic, a little while since, said he had found a book of mine in a ruined library, or something of the sort, and treated me, most appreciatively, as a neglected contemporary, so to speak, of Sheridan. That was pleasant, and it is better to die than to peter out, which has happened to better men than me.

It is perhaps rather a pity that I should violate the etiquette of my position if I were to write any considerable criticism, fortified by names of plays and authors, of the contemporary English stage, for that position has meant the reading of all the plays publicly produced in this country for the last five years and half of those in the preceding six. I have an exceptional opportunity, at least, for comparison, in addition to the more ordinary experiences of forty years' playgoing and of having been a dramatic critic (though I confess I gave it up after a few months) in the brave days of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the late Henry Cust. But it would not do, and the fag end of an article would not be the place for it. A few very general remarks, however, I think I may make without offence. The bulk of the plays produced remains, I think, of much the same quality as it has been for the last thirty years or so. The wit of the revue is not better than that of the old

Gaiety burlesque. We still defy the possibility of illusion by making people who are thoroughly English in appearance and manner perform the actions of French people and in the English language speak the sentiments and jokes of France. In this regard the custom in the days of my youth was better: the plot was taken with the scantiest acknowledgment—*Box and Cox*, that fine old English farce, came slap out of Labiche—and given an English dress. Provincial melodramas and farces remain the same, except for one distinct improvement in the former, for which the censorship may claim some credit; appeals, conscious or unconscious, to a horrible sadistic pleasure in cruelty—such as the flogging of the heroine by the villains—have been blue-pencilled away. But the plays which emerge from the bulk by reason of their quality are, I am convinced, more numerous than they were. I do not mean that these are necessarily good examples of the dramatist's art in form, in construction and so on. But there are more plays than there were with ideas and with direct and fairly searching observation of life. There is a larger public for them, helped, surely, by the repertory theatres. The critics are kinder to them. Here, indeed, there may be a danger of too ready an acceptance, of being taken in by the affectation of philosophy, especially in regard to plays from foreign countries—though not those of France, with which we are too familiar for the proverb about the unknown and magnificent to apply. And I hope the critics will be very cautious before they greet the expressionist drama with enthusiasm. But this, as things are in England, is a fault on the right side. Yes, certainly, there are more ideas and there is more reality in the world of the theatre than there was a few years ago, and if this fact makes my own work more difficult I do not grudge it. On this note of serenity I am glad to finish my article.

[I should add that it was written before the criticism, lately advanced in certain quarters, of the freedom accorded by the censorship to certain plays, and is not intended as an answer to that criticism. Its purpose has been informative, not controversial.—G. S. S.]

REVUE AS AN ART-FORM

BY CHARLES B. COCHRAN

THE theatre to-day is in a state of flux. During the first quarter of the twentieth century the most surprising changes have taken place in regard to the general configuration of the province of theatredom. From all sides new qualities, new methods, and new forms have been introduced. Spectacle *à la* Reinhardt, neo-classicism in productional technique, remarkable changes in stage manipulation, research into the possibilities of lighting (resulting in a veritable revolution of scenic potentialities), a growing interest in the decorative aspects of the theatre among painters of the first rank, variations of technical import in regard to the writing of plays, revolt against the circumscribing limitations of the "picture-frame" stage among authors, these and countless other innovations have made the modern stage a richer and more universal vehicle of entertainment. Exchanges between the art of the film and vaudeville directors and theatrical *régisseurs* have enlivened the playhouse. And just as the widest range of the art of antiquity and ultra-modernity is being canvassed nowadays to bring new qualities to architecture, household decoration, personal adornment, and so on, in the same manner the best of both worlds is sought by the modern showman to adorn and give a more potent appeal to his "gaff."

So far as this country is concerned one of the most definite and far-reaching developments of the art of the theatre during the present century—during the last decade even—has been the triumphant progress of revue. (The term "revue" has a wide significance, and its embodiments in practical terms have been extremely varied, both as regards form and quality, and judging by popular estimation as expressed in box-office returns, it may confidently be said that revue has come to stay, at least for the immediate future. It has established itself in a high position in the appreciation of the audiences of London, the big

cities (where the "Number One" companies play), and the smaller provincial centres. As an "intermediate" form, between variety pure and simple and "legitimate" drama, it has attracted a steadily growing public, the public which likes to combine a common-sense interest in theatre and music with easier and more assimilable relaxation, a public which is not prejudiced against the alternation of thrill and laughter, which can in imagination foot it with Massine or Phyllis Bedells, sock it with Leslie Henson, or busk it with Sybil Thorndike in Grand-Guignolesque mood, or with Delysia in a tragic genre song-number, or be caught up in the harmonies woven by a de Groot, a Eugene Goossens, or an Imre Magyari. Revue at its best can provide the meeting-place of all the multifarious arts of the theatre, combining them in such subtle variations as might stir the envy of the cocktail expert. Revue at its worst—well, well! The playhouses of many a provincial town can tell their own unhappy tale of the reckless exploitation of this most difficult form of theatrical entertainment during the period of war and early post-war boom.

But between these two extremes, revue in its still experimental constitution has dealt a sharp blow at the variety theatre, has certainly challenged, if not broken, the empery of musical comedy over its quondam public, and has divided the honours with the dramatic and comedy fare of the "legitimate" playhouse.

This subtly blended and comprehensive art-form is, then, one of which it behoves us to take serious stock, whose particular laws and development deserve more than passing attention.

Although revue, as its name implies, derives from France, the development of this form of entertainment north of the Channel has from the outset been along the lines of our indigenous taste. True, the London productions of revue during recent years have contained many elements of French revue art, singers, dancers, decorators, impresarios even. But this elastic form can absorb all manner of international elements, techniques, personalities, while still maintaining a definitely national characteristic.

The hotch-potch of topical, political, and social allusions, dance, songs, and *dits* of the boulevards which made up the Parisian revue of twenty years ago has little but foster-relationship with present-day London revue.

There is abundant evidence that dramatists of other days have glimpsed the possibilities of the revue form. *The Frogs* of Aristophanes, for example, can claim a certain kinship with revue as we know it. It would appear, too, that the mediæval interlude arose as a variant of the bill which also included the ecclesiastical drama of those days, and in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* we have a dramatic form approximating in some ways to certain developments of latter-day revue. A parallel may also be drawn between the contemporary skits on theatrical production often introduced into London and provincial revues, and Buckingham's *The Rehearsal*, which is generally admitted to be the parent of Sheridan's light-hearted raillery at the fads and fancies of the theatre, its players, critics, and public, *The Critic*. These are evidence of the recognition by authors and impresarios of the utility and æsthetic value of a freer and more elastic theatrical form, and it is probable that the gradual upgrowth of the variety theatre, deriving from the simple and unsophisticated smoking-concert and *al fresco* entertainment of the middle of the nineteenth century, impeded developments of revue as an art-form by distracting public attention to an even more casual and episodic entertainment.

When in the early days of the war *Odds and Ends* was presented at the Ambassadors Theatre, this type of entertainment may fairly be said to have come into actual being as a vehicle of theatrical amusement in this country. Its reception from the Press was, to say the least of it, with the exception of one or two critics, temperate to the point of indifference. The public, however, was much more kind, and when, after a few weeks' run and the introduction of new material, a second "Press view" was arranged, the verdict of the critics was much nearer that of the general public. Such was the success of *Odds and Ends* and the other *revues intimes* which followed that my private

prognostications were completely fulfilled, and I proceeded to develop the form along lines which I had primarily hoped and intended to elaborate. The results are written in the history of the wartime and post-war theatre of London and the provinces.

During the war, indeed, revue became the standard currency of our stage. Unfortunately, and particularly in the provinces, as this popularity grew, many managements sprang up whose shows brought nothing but contempt and discredit upon a nascent theatrical form. And as a result of this irresponsible and incompetent showmanship considerable prejudice exists even to-day among certain people who bought before they tested and tried the best wares.

For it must be remembered that revue, by its very nature, provides one of the supreme tests of showcraft. First and foremost, the revue impresario must needs be a sure judge of the talent of individual performers. Then the various techniques and qualities of these performers must be chosen so as to blend, or, as it were, to orchestrate into an effective and harmonised whole. Librettists, sketch-writers, and the composers of songs must in the same way be brought into a like effective relation, for "unity in variety" is the keynote of the successful revue book. This aspect of the revue producer's craft, which consciously or unconsciously finds its expression in the best examples to be seen in London, is echoed by the dramatic critic of *The New Age* in a recent notice of my production of *On With the Dance*. The writer says:

Revue is the most plastic of theatrical forms. It can combine the topical realism of an evening paper with the aloof symbolism of abstract ballet. It can co-ordinate the most torrid of red noses with the coolest and highest of brows. It can lame you with reasons or convulse you with irrational mirth. It can vary from intimacy, simplicity of scene, to grandiose spectacle, or from the broad clowning of the circus ring to the scintillant foil-play of the intellectualist *escrime*. Mistinguett, Robey, Yvonne Printemps, Karsavina, Paul Whiteman, Robert Hale, nigger trap-drummer, or cynical *conférencier*, all these diversified personalities and talents can make revue their vehicle. Yet the good revue differs from its allied art, vaudeville, and resembles its other ally, the drama, in this, that it must be unified in its variety, homogeneous in its diversity. It must not be discontinuous, but *durchgekomponiert*. Above all, it must have some basic idea or focus.

My own practice has always been to have one such main objective in all the revues which I have staged. Thus, in *London, Paris, and New York* I sought to give expression to that sense of post-war comradeship, and to translate, sometimes in terms of phantasy, sometimes in terms of popular artistic expression, the diversities of the three nations, so many of whom made up the theatre-public of that time. The focal point of *The Fun of the Fayre* was quite different from that of *London, Paris, and New York*, and may be summed up in the phrase, "*le spectacle avant tout*," the visual impression being the main thing in that picturesque revue. *Mayfair and Montmartre*, despite its diversified character, may be recalled as a comprehensive vehicle for the exploitation of the personality and manifold talents of Mlle. Delysia, and its comparatively brief run was, of course, owing to the unfortunate illness of the star. In this revue I made the first serious attempts at presenting ballets which, employing in the main English artists, should compare with the output of the great ballet organisations of the Continent, and this long-cherished ambition has found its more complete expression in my latest Pavilion production, *On With the Dance*.

One great æsthetic advantage offered by this art-form, and frequently overlooked by the "highbrow" critic or theatrical purist (which is after all only another way of saying the artistic conservative), is the ease with which works of a highly original and debateable nature and the more subtle products of modern artistic currency can be introduced directly to a public which, did they form the subject of a whole evening's entertainment, might cause the public to turn down its thumbs. Sandwiched into the heterogeneous mixture which constitutes the revue bill, the work of iconoclastic decorators, the more abstruse and essentially prophetic choreography of such men as, say, Massine, can be directly introduced and fostered into a popularity which otherwise might take many years to achieve. Thus the theatre as a whole is, I am convinced, under no inconsiderable debt to the various impresarios of this art-form whose presentations have been seen in London during the past few years.

THE RISE OF THE OFFICIAL CLASS

An Analysis of the Growth of Bureaucratic Officialism in the Trade Unions and the Labour Party

BY W. F. WATSON

FOURTEEN or fifteen years ago Mr. Hilaire Belloc created quite a stir in Socialist circles when he published his book *The Servile State*. In that analytical treatise on the tendencies of modern legislation he sought to show, and in the opinion of the writer conclusively proved, that in the opinion of the writer conclusively proved, that collectivist propaganda and the embodiment of that propaganda in enactments was leading the country towards a system of society consisting of two distinct classes, namely a bureaucratic official class and a class composed of State employees. Although we had already had some experience of the growth of officialism as a result of the establishment of Labour Exchanges, the Socialists were as angry with the theses contained in *The Servile State* as were the prominent Labour leaders of to-day with the historic utterance of Mr. Winston Churchill that Labour was not fit to govern. They were frightfully indignant. How could the propaganda of Socialism, *i.e.*, Collectivism, presumably the embodiment of freedom, tend towards a bureaucratic servile State? It was ridiculous to suggest such a thing, said the disciples of Collectivism, and Mr. Belloc was dismissed as a cranky individualist whose mind was obsessed with Catholicism.

But Mr. Belloc was no crank when he wrote that masterly analysis. He was a far-seeing genius who was able to foretell that legislation transferring responsibility from the individual to the centralised State must of necessity result in the gradual elimination of initiative and self-reliance, not only of the people but of the officials. The people would develop the servile psychology whilst the great army of bureaucrats would, "clothed in a little authority," acquire "the never-ending audacity of elected persons." Since then other reforms advocated by the Collectivists, notably Old Age Pensions, State Insurance, the Ministry

of Health, and the Ministry of Labour, have been embodied in Acts of Parliament. The administration of each of these Acts and Ministries entails huge armies of officials enmeshing the people in a fine net of bureaucratic officialism from which there appears to be no escape.

According to a recent statement there are not less than eight million officials in the various State departments, which, if the figures are correct, means an official for each seven persons. The whole of our communal and national life appears to be under the surveillance of inquisitorial persons with authority who take an almost fiendish delight in displaying this "never-ending audacity." The people are ticketed and docketed to an insufferable extent. Whichever way we turn, and whatever the purpose, a card is required upon which are all sorts of hieroglyphics the meaning of which are known only to the official mind. Speaking recently at a conference of the Independent Labour Party at Glasgow, Mr. E. Shinwell, ex-Minister of Mines, said that the "Labour Government had intended to include mines nationalisation in the King's Speech had the General Election not been thrust upon them," to be followed, presumably, by other schemes of nationalisation. Had such schemes fructified we should have been within measurable distance of that servile State portrayed by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

The growth of State bureaucracy and officialism must necessarily be reflected in all organisations within that State. If the administration of the central authority develops the servile mind, it follows that the people's organisations will become bureaucratic, because the mind will have been trained to look to some official to do that which they ought to do themselves. Since the growth of State bureaucracy is the outcome of Collectivist propaganda, it logically follows that those organisations propagating Collectivism will be found to be far more bureaucratic in their administration than any other organisation. Such is indeed the case. The trade unions, the Labour Party, and the co-operative societies are veritable cesspools of bureaucratic officialism. The most noticeable feature of the advent of bureaucracy is the rise of a new

class—the official class—as distinct from any other class in society, and the object of this article is to trace the origin, development, and tendencies of this new class.

The origin of full-time officialism will be found in the centralisation of industry followed by the centralisation of trade unions. In those halcyon days before the beginning of the great industrial era, trade unions as we know them to-day were practically unknown. Certainly there were guilds, and, in the case of carpenters and masons, organisations similar to modern trade unions existed, but the functions of the former were mainly limited to maintaining the standard of work, whilst the latter were ephemeral in character. Industry was domesticated. Spinning and weaving were carried on in the homes of the people, the produce being taken to the market-place and sold direct to the consumer or dealer. Other craftsmen also worked at home, and in very few instances were they either employers of labour, other than of apprentices, who were invariably regarded and treated as members of the family, or employees of a master other than the actual consumer. Masons, carpenters, and other building workers travelled from town to town—hence the origin of the term "journeyman"—hiring themselves direct to the man who required a house repaired or built. Such organisations as did exist were ephemeral in character because journeymen were often able to become small *entrepreneurs*. In his admirable *History of Trade Unionism* Mr. Sidney Webb tells us that the apprentice of that period had but two ambitions in life. When he had thoroughly mastered the intricacies of the craft to which he had been apprenticed he would go to a neighbouring village, maybe in the same village, and start in business for himself, taking apprentices just as his master did, or, if his master had an eligible daughter, the apprentice might marry her and thus marry the business. One often feels inclined to sigh for the return of those easy-going days when the craftsman was an artist, and both craftsman and *entrepreneur* combined to maintain a high standard of work.

Such was the general mode of production until a previously unknown Preston barber directed his inventive

genius to the manufacture of cotton. Readers of history will remember the difficulties experienced by Richard Arkwright whilst developing his spinning jenny. First his wife, annoyed at what she considered a waste of time, smashed one of his first models. Later the mob, angry at the invention of a machine which appeared to menace the livelihood of the hand-worker, rushed the building where Arkwright was demonstrating his improved machine and destroyed it. But the mere smashing of machines does not destroy ideas. Richard Arkwright eventually perfected his machine, put it to profitable commercial use after overcoming innumerable financial difficulties, created a revolution in the manufacture of cotton, and completely changed the status of the people engaged in that industry. Once the value of Arkwright's invention was proved beyond doubt, there ensued a demand for power looms and buildings in which to house them. This had the dual effect of stimulating the engineering and building industries and of centralising production in both. The sturdy, independent craftsman who owned his tools gave place to the factory worker, the small *entrepreneur* to the factory owner.

The conditions obtaining in some of the newly built mills were deplorable, and in order to improve those conditions the operatives began to organise into trade unions. Workers in other industries followed suit, and within the space of a few years unions were formed in all industrial centres. Restricted as these early unions were to a given locality or craft, the membership was relatively small, the officers were ordinary workmen, and full-time officialism was unknown. Several attempts were made to form one big union embracing all workers, notably in 1832, when Robert Owen formed the Grand National Consolidated Trade Union, but without success. The economic development of the people was not sufficiently advanced for the success of such ambitious ventures. What was required was something that would again change the character of industry from local to national, and that something was provided by George Stephenson.

Great as was the revolution in industry created by the

Arkwright spinning jenny, it was incomparable to the change wrought by the application of steam to locomotion. The transportation of the raw material and the finished commodity was immeasurably facilitated. A demand was created for iron, steel, and other engineering products, thus causing a boom in the industry. Railways sprung up everywhere, and industry was definitely placed on a national basis: it marked the inauguration of the iron and steel age. Above all, the application of steam to locomotion made labour itself more mobile, inasmuch as the workmen were more easily able to travel about the country. Centralisation in manufacture became more and more essential, the small workshops gave place to the big factories, and the possibilities of the ordinary mechanic starting in business for himself became so remote as to be beyond realisation.

This great change in the method of production rendered local organisation obsolete. The workman found that when he left his native town he lost touch with his local craft union, so, quickly following upon the application of steam to locomotion, there commenced an agitation to link up the small local unions, which had by this time become numerous, into a national union. This agitation amongst engineering workers culminated in the formation of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in 1851. A general office was established in London, a sub-office in Manchester, and vacant book¹ offices in the bigger industrial centres. During the early days of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers the districts retained a large measure of local autonomy, and there was no little friction between the executive and the districts because of the frequent use of this autonomy. The business of the society was conducted by the General Secretary and a movable General Council, drawn from all parts of the country and meeting periodically to review the society's progress and to alter rules. From the General Council an Executive Committee of members residing in the Metropolitan area was elected, which met one or two evenings a week, according to the amount of work, to conduct current business. With the

(1) The vacant book is a register of unemployed members.

exception of the General Secretary and his office staff, all the officials followed their trade as mechanics. As the industry developed and the membership increased, a marked tendency towards centralisation of administration manifested itself. In order to obviate friction between the district committees and the Executive, rules were framed transferring the power of the organisation from the rank and file to the central body. This naturally meant increased work for the Executive Committee, who soon found themselves unable to cope with it. Instead of meeting one or two nights a week it became necessary to meet as often as five nights, and sometimes through the week-end, in order to keep abreast of the volume of work. As a result there commenced throughout the country in the early 'eighties an agitation for a full-time executive council and paid district organisers, and side by side with this agitation was the propaganda of prominent trade unionists—John Burns, Ben Tillett, Tom Mann and others—urging the trade unions to send representatives to Parliament.

Another contributory factor was the rapid advance of machinery. The labour-saving, operation-simplifying machine rode roughshod through the industry, changing methods of production, menacing the position of the craftsman, and producing an entirely different type of worker. Instead of the old type of sturdy, independent, self-reliant mechanic who, having served the customary seven years' apprenticeship in surroundings enabling him to acquire skill and knowledge of every branch of the trade, also acquired an almost arrogant confidence in his own ability, there gradually arose a type of man who specialised in one branch only. He was a machinist, an assembler, a part maker on repetition work, and as the machine became perfected and the parts more accurately standardised, he became more and more dependent upon the machine, because of the lessening of the degree of skill required. Insecurity of employment caused the workers to weaken individual effort in the shop, the mechanical nature of the work killed initiative, and the new worker had a different psychology altogether to the old mechanic. He had a curious slavish

tendency to put his thinking out just as he did his washing, and was thus easily susceptible to the new doctrine of officialism and labour representation.

The agitation for paid officials and Parliamentary representation was enthusiastically taken up by pedagogic aspirants for office, and it spread like a prairie fire from Land's End to John o' Groat's, with the result that in 1892 the delegate meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers decided to elect a full-time Executive Council of seven, and six paid organisers. Provision was also made for Parliamentary candidates. Similar activities were pursued in the cotton, mining, and railway industries. The era of officialism had commenced, and it quickly became an established institution. Ambitious young men with fluent tongues, seeing a new career opening to them, and, incidentally, an easy way out of the workshop, became staunch adherents to the new doctrine. The Labour Representation Committee, the forerunner of the Labour Party, was formed, and the chief planks in their programme were Labour Exchanges, Old Age Pensions, State Insurance, Nationalisation of Industry, and the establishment of a Ministry of Labour and of Health.

It is truly remarkable how, just at the very time it is needed, an institution will spring into existence. Being inexperienced, the first batch of officials were mediocrities, and for the first few years they met with innumerable difficulties. The thing most necessary to place officialism on a firm and permanent basis was an institution for training likely young men to become trade union officials and Labour politicians. That institution was forthcoming in 1899, for in that year Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vrooman, during a visit to this country from America to study labour conditions, founded Ruskin College at Oxford, placing it under the management of a committee composed mainly of trade union officials. Promising young men are selected annually from the various unions to take up a year's residence at the College. They are taught—quite impartially we are informed—economics and sociology. "We stand for education in its broadest sense." During his stay at Ruskin College the student gains a smattering of Adam

Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, John Stuart Mill, Jevons, Marshall, and Marx. He gains an insight into the Theory and Practice of the Constitution and Local Government, and he invariably leaves the College with an exaggerated belief in his own importance, an overpowering desire to impress his fellows with his acquired knowledge, and, alas! an intense hatred of the workshop, born of the belief that he is now fitted to be a leader. Of all the egregious and pedantic officials extant the Ruskin College graduate is by far the worst.

Immediately following the South African War a great wave of Labourism swept the country, and the 1906 election saw the return to Parliament of some thirty-two Labour members and the formation of the Labour Party. Since these men were, in the main, merely branch secretaries, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they were mediocrities of a not very high calibre, and, by the same token, the same may be said of the present Labour members, which probably prompted Mr. Winston Churchill's famous avowal that Labour was not fit to govern. But, mediocrities as they were, their presence in the House caused many Labour reforms to be placed upon the Statute Book.

During the past twenty years the new official class has grown enormously. Each big union carries a huge staff of officials, both on the trade union side and in the State Insurance branch. The fact that over five hundred went to the poll at the last General Election shows that there is no dearth of aspiring Labour M.P.'s. Officialism has a distinct psychology. The official's struggle for existence has been transferred from the workshop to the general office of his union. Instead of being subject to the whim of a private employer, his weekly salary is assured by the funds of the union. As elections usually only occur every three years, he has greater security, the work is more congenial, and the remuneration higher. With the aptitude characteristic of the average man, the rank and file love a leader, and the official is smothered with adulation. Small wonder that they invariably develop into arrogant bureaucrats. It is often more difficult to secure an interview with the head

officials of a union than it is to secure an interview with the Prince of Wales!

It is a popular fallacy amongst people ignorant of the inner workings of trade unionism that the officials are democratically elected, and that the best man wins. In some organisations electioneering is reduced to a fine art. Committees are set up, all branches circularised, and speakers are sent all over the country extolling the virtues of the candidates, the expenses being met by collections from admirers of the candidates. The result is that the candidate who is backed by the strongest committee with the largest purse stands the better chance. That is why most officials cannot be accused of outstanding ability. The writer recalls an election which took place some years ago to fill a vacancy on the executive of a big union. The two candidates who reached second ballot were well backed by strong committees and finance, enabling them to travel the country. One was able to get to Scotland, but his opponent only had sufficient funds at his disposal to take him to Manchester. The man who went to the Land o' Cakes was successful, but the loser was presented with a consolation prize by his admirers in the shape of a testimonial and a substantial cheque. Once elected to office, they very rarely leave it. When election time comes round the whole machinery of the organisation is exploited on behalf of the official candidate, and the new aspirants stand a very poor chance unless an official happens to die or retire.

Officialism and Parliament have provided new careers for the children of officials. Instead of apprenticing their sons to a trade, or sending their daughters to service, the official uses his influence to secure sinecures for his offspring, either in a trade union office, a co-operative society, the Labour Party, or in a municipal or Government department. When the Labour Exchanges were opened in 1908 many officials and relatives found snug and not unremunerative resting places within those institutions. State Insurance, Old Age Pensions, Ministries of Health and Labour provided soft positions for many others. The capture of many municipalities by Labour at the 1919

elections enabled the bureaucrats to find official jobs for relatives and friends—at the public expense, of course. Moreover, the growth of the Labour Party demanded numerous election agents and organisers, who have an association of their own which has established a standard scale of remuneration. As with the trade unions and the Labour Party so with the co-operative societies.

Officialism may be likened to a pyramid of tyranny at the apex of which is the “junta” of super-bureaucrats. Each of this little group draws a salary approximating £1,000 per annum, some even more. This “junta” controls the machinery of the Trades Union Congress, the Labour Party, and, indirectly, the co-operative movement. Immediately beneath the “junta” is a larger group made up of general secretaries, executive councilmen, and M.P.’s with salaries ranging from £400 to £800, who, living in the hope of eventually reaching the apex should one of the super-bureaucrats die or get a Government position, are enthusiastic supporters of the “junta.” Next comes an even larger crowd composed of local organisers, Labour agents, district secretaries, and others whose salaries approximate £250 to £400; but they manage to augment their incomes by emoluments and articles to the Press. This class realises that a position on the apex is not for them, but they are ever aspiring to get a little further up the pyramid, and they keep an ever-watchful eye for a vacant Government job. The next stratum of the pyramid is made up of countless hordes of part-time officials looking longingly towards a future full-time job. Being regular attendants at various conferences and other trade union functions, they not only augment their wages but they come into contact with the bigger officials, whose friendship and support they assiduously cultivate. The delegate ingratiates himself with the official against the time he will be a candidate for a full-time position, and the official keeps “well in” pending the coming election, and creates the atmosphere in readiness for when he slides into a Government position. Thus is the official mind fostered. Supporting this great

the rank and file, whose contributions, “regularly paid through life,” provide the officials with their huge salaries. The application of machinery and the growth of bureaucracy has developed in him something akin to a slave psychology. He often joins the union not because he wants to, but because he is forced to or lose his job. With absolutely no interest in the business of the union, he is at the mercy of scheming officialism. How long he will remain so is a matter for conjecture, but there are not wanting signs of growing resentment against official bureaucracy.

Whatever may be said for or against collective effort, there is no doubt that collectivist propaganda is leading us towards the servile State, and that the pestilential cancer of bureaucracy has given rise to the new official class.

A MATTER OF MONEY, MARKETS AND MEN

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE future of this densely crowded little island, politically, commercially, and socially, depends more than on anything else on the settlement and development of the Empire and its organisation as an economic unit without subtracting from the autonomous powers of any of its constituent nations. No other practical means exists which offers us such a certain hope of solving our pressing domestic problems and, at the same time, the problems of those who are yoked with us in promoting the cause of liberal civilisation.

We are in a position of grave embarrassment, since our old markets have largely failed us in our post-war emergency. Two-thirds of our population—no less than 30,000,000 men, women, and children—live on food grown in other countries and make a livelihood by working-up in factory and workshop raw materials which also come from overseas; and these supplies do not fall, like manna, from heaven, but must be paid for in goods or services. So far as can be judged from official statistics we are not now balancing the national trading account.

Though the war of organised violence is over, the economic war, which was being waged in the early years of this century, has been resumed, and with increased intensity. Owing to a variety of causes we have become involved in the fiercest struggle for existence we have known. In the first place, a narrow national spirit in foreign countries, which were once our best customers, has asserted itself. Tariffs on every hand have been raised in order to foster local industries, thus shutting out British as well as other importations; and where this expedient has not been adopted recourse has been had to subsidies and other devices which constitute almost insuperable barriers to the resumption of overseas trade. On the other hand, depressed exchanges have, for the time being at least, rendered our struggle for business in foreign markets, in

face of these fiscal and other obstacles, increasingly difficult, particularly as the countries with depressed currencies are those in which wages are low, the hours of labour long, and production cheap. In combination these factors constitute the severest brake on British production which has existed since the wheels of industry began to revolve a century or more ago and this island became "the workshop of the world." We as Free Traders can count on fair play in no single foreign market, with the result that the consumption of British manufactures in these depressed countries has been steadily declining, with an inevitable increase in the number of skilled men and women unemployed in our midst. There is no immediate prospect that these adverse conditions will change. The tendency is, indeed, all in the direction of a further increase in the artificial barriers to trade from which we are now suffering so grievously. Europe, on which we were wont so largely to rely in the past, has failed us, and we are at a disadvantage in practically every other foreign country, and especially in the United States with its sky-scraper tariff.

We were all impressed by the submarine blockade of the Great War, but we are curiously unconscious of the consequences flowing from the economic blockade which foreign countries have imposed upon us since the Armistice was signed. We mastered the submarine, but it will prove a matter of greater difficulty to master all the influences beyond our control which are working against us to-day. For in our home market, as well as in most foreign markets, the goods which we produce have to compete with goods which must be regarded as "sweated goods," since they are made in conditions which public opinion in this country would condemn. On our part we are carrying on production under a rigid trade union dictatorship, which has imposed upon employers in the great staple industries and transport services standards of wages, hours, and conditions of work which exceed anything dreamt of in the philosophy of Labour in pre-war days. We are confronted with an entirely new theory of production, as the report of the Macmillan Committee on the coal industry revealed. It is now held that the worker must receive, not

the wage which the industry can yield, but the wage on which he can live in accordance with a standard of living which has no relation to economic laws, but is arbitrarily fixed by the consensus of trade union opinion as the minimum of comfort to which the worker is entitled. Nor is this all. Trade unionism, choosing the line of least resistance and realising the abhorrence of the average man and woman of the discomfort arising from strikes, has assigned to the unskilled and semi-skilled workers in sheltered industries—those which are entirely or mainly domestic—higher wages than can be secured by the highly skilled craftsmen in the industries unsheltered from foreign rivalry. The result of this movement is that production of everything in this country is more costly than anywhere else, and orders which in other days would have been placed with us are going abroad. Even our own market, as the Board of Trade returns indicate, is increasingly invaded by "sweated goods" which enter our ports without restriction to the detriment of the home worker, pathetically engaged in a grim struggle to support life at a level of comfort to which German, Belgian, French, Italian, and other workers, not excluding those of Russia, have never aspired in their most exalted moments.

Confronted with the inevitable consequences of this unequal contest in international trade in the shape of a larger number of unemployed persons than has ever before been known in any country, the community has undertaken responsibilities in the matter of unemployment insurance, health insurance, old-age pensions, widows' and orphans' pensions, free education, and other social services, all of them admirable in character and purpose; they are costing about £250,000,000 annually. They are unknown in any foreign country, and in combination represent a heavy burden on production, further raising the price of everything which we have for sale. While practically every industry is depressed, the central and local authorities continue to impose as a charge on the output of every man, woman and child levies which amount in the aggregate to £950,000,000 each year—levies so colossal that it passes human understanding that it

should be possible for the periodical demands of the tax gatherer and rate collector to be met in these depressed times. In an impoverished world we are, in a sentence, living as though we were rich beyond the dreams of avarice; we are spending lavishly with little thought to the necessary payment of the bills, amounting to about £500,000,000 annually, which must be met if we are to obtain from overseas foods on which to live and raw materials with which to work, and we refuse to realise that other nations, in some cases living almost as beggars and working as slaves, are ousting us with "sweated goods" from markets in which we were once supreme.

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It is in these circumstances that the overseas peoples of the Empire, our own kith and kin, call us to tasks of co-operation in the whole range of the economic sphere. The Dominions, in particular, and some of the Colonies require more men and women workers in order that they may make the most of their fabulously rich resources, and they want markets in which their increased populations can sell the produce of their labour, which happens to consist in large measure exactly of those descriptions of food and raw materials which we most urgently require. We, on the other hand, have more mouths than we can feed, and too few customers for the things which we make and the overseas parts of the Empire require. How are these several needs to be adjusted? That is the puzzle with which we are faced, and it would be a simple matter to solve it if we lived in a world ruled by reason and free from the passions of party and the perversities of nationalism.

In his monograph on *Trade and Commerce of the Empire*, Sir C. Macleod has remarked:—

A cursory examination of the economic conditions of the British Empire justifies the dictum that, so far as the material life of its inhabitants is concerned, it could stand self-sufficient and alone. It is estimated that the total quantity of cereals, meat, and other foodstuffs produced by Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India would amply suffice to feed the whole population of the Empire. The crux of the problem is the regular and organised distribution of these supplies to those parts of the Empire, such as the United Kingdom, which do not produce sufficient food for their own population.

Those are the conditions which confront us as we face the future. What are we going to do? We cannot stand still. The choice is between going forward or slipping back, and the choice must be made now. The stage has been set for the most ambitious scheme of Imperial co-operation in the common tasks of civilisation which has ever been conceived, and it remains for us to accept it or reject it. The scheme embraces development and settlement overseas and trade preferences, varying in character and extent, in all parts of the Empire. In his address at the General Elections the Prime Minister declared:—

The best hope of industrial revival lies, in my opinion, in the development of the resources and trade of the British Empire. The policy of encouraging mutual trade in the Empire by measures of Imperial Preference, and of using our finance to promote Empire development and Empire settlement, is one to which we adhere, and which we shall steadily keep to the front.

The Government is fulfilling its Imperial pledges faithfully and promptly, and is thus making the Empire partnership a reality. In the first place, the Overseas Settlement Act, with a sum of £3,000,000 a year available for the promotion of its purposes, has already given birth to a number of proposals, and others will follow, which will in due course relieve, to some extent, this country's congestion of population and help to supply the lack of population overseas. So far the movement has been too slow. "The flow of migration to the Dominions," as Mr. L. S. Amery recently pointed out, "has fallen from 224,000 in 1913 to 88,000 in 1924," and of the latter number 40,000 would not have gone if they had not been assisted. How is migration to be speeded up except by providing a ready market for the products of the settlers overseas, and thus ensuring the prosperity of them and their fellows in the lands of their adoption? Secondly, under this year's Budget the principle of preference in the British market, a market without its equal anywhere, for certain products of the Dominions and Colonies is recognised, on a restricted scale, and in compensation for the failure to carry out to the fullest extent the resolutions of the Imperial Economic Conference of 1923 the British Government is

setting aside £1,000,000 annually to be used for the promotion of inter-Imperial trade.¹ Thirdly, the Imperial Economic Committee, representing every part of the Empire, has now suggested the first steps to be taken to round off and complete the scheme of economic co-operation between the Mother Country, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Dominions and Colonies. This body, presided over by Sir Halford Mackinder, was required "to consider the possibility of improving the methods of preparing for market and marketing within the United Kingdom the food products of the overseas parts of the Empire with a view to increasing the consumption of such products in the United Kingdom in preference to imports from foreign countries, and to promote the interests both of producers and consumers."

The Committee, though it was constituted specifically for the purpose of placing the home market increasingly at the disposal of the producers in the overseas parts of the Empire, and represents essentially the overseas point of view, has unanimously agreed that precedence in the British market for foodstuffs should be given in the following order:—(1) Home produce; (2) Dominion and Colonial produce; and (3) foreign produce. The implication is that the Committee is anxious that nothing done to stimulate the demand for overseas produce of the Empire shall be to the detriment of the depressed agricultural industry of the British Isles, which, in spite of manufactures, still supports more workers than any other industry. It is from that viewpoint that the Committee approached the problems of inter-Imperial trade. Believing that "the time is ripe for a national effort to stimulate the consumption of Empire produce in the United Kingdom," it urges that means should be taken to identify Empire produce, whether sold wholesale or retail, and recommends that the

(1) The Government proposes that the full money equivalent of the advantages which would have been conferred on the Empire in respect of all of the duties which were contemplated in the remaining Preference Resolutions of the last Imperial Economic Conference should be devoted to the scheme for developing the trade of the Empire, and in the first case developing schemes of marketing.—Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons, December 17th, 1924.

funds provided by the British Government should be utilised for a dual campaign of publicity and research.

Sentiment has played an important part in promoting the sale of British manufactures in overseas parts of the Empire. The Committee suggest that sentiment may play an important part in stimulating the demand in this country for foodstuffs and other articles produced in the Dominions and Colonies. They propose that a Commission shall be established in the United Kingdom which shall devote about half the British grant to an educational campaign in favour of the use of Empire products. The scheme embraces the marking of goods—as (a) “British produce,” (b) “Empire produce”—with the particular country of origin, and (c) “foreign produce.” This system of marking is evidently intended merely to enable sentiment to have its influence on the purchaser and, in particular, on the ordinary housewife, now herself a voter, with responsibilities for the future of the Empire when buying supplies for her family.

Our intention is that, over and above ordinary advertising on a commercial basis, there should be continuous publicity on a national scale with a view to spreading and fostering three ideas. Firstly, that Empire purchasing creates an increased demand for the manufactured products of the United Kingdom, and, therefore, stimulates employment at home. Secondly, that there are certain lines in which Empire produce excels in quality and is available in adequate quantity. Thirdly, that the consumer has at his command for purposes of discrimination certain indications of origin legally prescribed.

In association with this scheme of publicity it is intended to inaugurate a research movement and, first of all, inquiry will be directed to the problem of cold storage. The aim of the Committee in this respect has been more fully explained by Sir Halford Mackinder. “If one compares Australia and New Zealand with Argentina,” he has remarked, “in the matter of the production of beef, one observes that Australia and New Zealand are twice as far away. In the present state of scientific development, *chilled beef* can be brought from Argentina, but shippers are bound to bring *frozen beef* from Australia, and frozen beef is inferior to chilled beef. The result is that Argentina has a great advantage. The same thing happens in regard to bacon as between Canada and Denmark. Den-

mark, being nearer, can supply mild cured bacon in this market, and a harsher product is required from Canada in order to stand the length of the journey, especially from the west of Canada.” It is obvious that there is room for research on a commercial scale in order to conquer these and other handicaps, which impede the development of inter-Imperial trade.

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In these various ways, if the Governments of the Empire accept, as they will unquestionably accept, the recommendations of this committee, a great movement will be inaugurated of economic co-operation to the advantage of every section of the Empire. It will be for the Dominions and Colonies to adjust themselves to these new conditions, recognising that, for the first time in history, the Mother Country is making a definite effort to base her economic policy on the Imperial ideal, although she feels constrained not to depart from her traditional fiscal policy. They are, one and all, admonished by the committee not to fail to take advantage of the opportunity which now offers of strengthening their position in the home market. They will have to organise and work to the common end of winning through by merit. While the committee are convinced that the oversea parts of the Empire can produce goods as excellent in quality, as efficiently prepared, and as attractively presented as the goods produced in any other parts of the world, it is added that inquiries into the marketing of meat and fruit have already shown that there is still room for improvement.

They strongly recommend that the Oversea Governments of the Empire should continue to encourage the better grading, packing, and presentation of goods. There must also be regularity and continuity of supply. Publicity undertaken in respect of foodstuffs which are irregular in supply and insufficient in quantity will merely cause disappointment and dissatisfaction. It appears to the Committee that there is scope for useful correlation of supplies from different parts of the Empire so as to prolong the number of months during which Empire produce of any given kind may be on offer in the shops.

These are the peculiar responsibilities which are laid on producers in the oversea parts of the Empire. So considerable a measure of success has already been

achieved by them in the past in all these respects that there can be little doubt that they will accept this challenge to efficiency in production, packing and salesmanship in a sporting spirit and justify the confidence which is reposed in their business enterprise and economic vision.

On our part we shall do well to recognise that these developments, however well they may subserve the needs of the overseas parts of the Empire, meet also our own immediate necessities as an over-populated and under-producing community. Mr. F. L. McDougall, in his exhaustive and lucid study of the value of Empire trade entitled *Sheltered Markets*, has established, with a wealth of statistical proof, three facts which ought to be stressed at a moment when the British people are being urged not merely to "think Imperially," in the words of Joseph Chamberlain, but to "act Imperially," in accordance with the policy laid down by the British Government, and elaborated in the report of the Imperial Economic Committee:—

1. In foreign markets Britain has lost the ascendancy over her industrial rivals which she enjoyed fifty years ago. But she has, generally speaking, managed to retain a very dominating superiority over every rival in the Empire markets.

2. From the point of view of national wealth, and also of British labour, skill, and capital, the export of goods fully manufactured is of more value than the export of raw materials and of semi-manufactured articles. Whereas to Europe and the United States there has been a serious falling-off in the proportion of manufactures to total exports, in the case of the Empire and the Colonies the proportion has been well maintained. "It is very significant of the value of the Empire as a market that in the £67,000,000 of partly-manufactured goods the Empire's share was only eighteen per cent., whereas of the £511,000,000 of more finished exports the Empire absorbed £248,000,000, or 48.4 per cent." Mr. McDougall supplies statistics which show a very heavy fall in the proportion of manufactured goods in the British exports to most European countries, a slighter but decided decline in

the case of the United States and the Argentine, while in the trade with China, whose economic purchasing power is now menaced by internal disorders, and with the Empire generally, the percentages of manufactured goods have been well maintained. No less than 95.5 per cent. of our exports to India in 1923 consisted of manufactured goods, the percentages in the case of Australia being 93.9, of New Zealand 87.5, and of Canada 84.

3. Imperial trade is *complementary* rather than *competitive*. Trade between Great Britain and the overseas Empire, we are reminded, is particularly desirable, because the Empire supplies foodstuffs and raw materials to maintain the enormous population of the British Isles and its industrial prosperity, accepting fully manufactured goods in exchange, while the trade of many foreign countries is mainly competitive, and of such a nature as to involve the more industrially valuable part of the trade being taken by foreigners, leaving to Great Britain the task of supplying an increasing proportion of raw materials and of semi-manufactured goods. Moreover these Imperial markets overseas are sheltered markets. It is there that British manufactures are given a preference. It falls under two categories: (1) buying preference, either consciously directed or due to the natural choice of a people of predominantly British stock, and (2) tariff preference.

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Richard Cobden, confronted with the consequences which the Union blockade of the Confederate ports brought on the cotton operatives of Lancashire, remarked "I doubt the wisdom, I certainly doubt the prudence, of a great body of industrious people to allow themselves to continually live in dependence on foreign Powers for the supply of food and raw material, knowing that at present a system of warfare exists by which at any moment, without notice, without any help on their part or means of prevention, they are liable to have the raw material or the food withdrawn from them—cut off from them suddenly—without power to resist or hinder it." Cobden and Bright and their supporters had the fullest faith that the advantages of Free Trade would be so obvious and so overwhelmingly

recognised that in no long time the whole world would follow the British example; that all tariffs, subsidies, and other artificial barriers would be swept away, with the result that British manufacturers and their workers would receive fair play in every foreign market; and that our dependence on foreign Powers for food and raw materials would be robbed of all menace. Those anticipations have not been fulfilled. There was never a period in the world's history when international trade was so greatly hampered by artificial restrictions as it is to-day, while the 45,000,000 people of this country live at the mercy of the foreign producers for most of their food and raw materials.

Protection, and not Free Trade, is all but universal, and even the British Dominions, "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," have become Protectionist, with a bias, based on sentiment and tariff, in favour of British goods, and specifically those goods in the manufacture of which most labour and skill are involved. Fifty years ago this country supplied one-third of the imports into the United States; now the proportion is about one-tenth. In the period before the war—for she has since been in no position to trade to any extent with other nations—an almost corresponding decline occurred in the case of Russia. "In 1913, the best year for British exports to Russia," we are reminded, "£18,000,000 worth of British goods were absorbed by Russia, of which only £10,000,000 were manufactures," though Russia's population was then about 176,000,000. Upwards of one-quarter of Italy's imports were British; now the percentage is about 11 per cent. Spain, the Netherlands, Denmark, Argentina, Japan, and other countries have all failed us in varying degree, and it is only in the Empire that we have managed to hold our own. The greatest consumers of our manufactures, in proportion to their populations, are the overseas parts of the Empire, to which we look for the settlement of our surplus population. They already absorb 41.8 per cent. of the total exports of British produce and manufactures, paying us £332,000,000 for them in 1924.

What is our position? We can exercise little or no influence on the conditions under which we must compete in foreign markets, but in the Dominions and Colonies we

are favoured by sentiment and enjoy preferences, which will undoubtedly become more marked as we show our willingness to co-operate in developing inter-Imperial trade relations. When General Smuts was attending the Imperial Economic Conference two years ago he remarked: "You cannot fairly claim that the Dominions should, in very large numbers, take emigrants from these islands and at the same time refuse to help the Dominions in taking the produce of their hands. The two policies go hand in hand, and I am sure that, without any inroad on your existing fiscal policy, you can so shape your course and give such preferences in future as will very much facilitate this work of migration and of Empire development." Those words, endorsed throughout the overseas Empire, amounted in effect to an invitation to closer co-operation in all the co-ordinated Imperial tasks of the future. Under Mr. Baldwin's inspiration the Government is endeavouring to prove to the Dominions that, commanding as we do in this island, men, money and a unique market, we are anxious to join wholeheartedly in solving the complementary problems with which we and they are confronted. The policy which the Government is pursuing was well stated by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, when he recently declared:—

It is only by the development of the British Possessions overseas, the self-governing Dominions, by a further increase of their population, their man-power, their capacity to develop their resources arising from migration on the one hand, and equally the progress and development of the tropical areas, which are only just making their real economic expansion—it is only by those two developments that we can re-create in the twentieth century the conditions which enabled Great Britain to continue to develop her prosperity in the nineteenth.

It was the expansion of the New World, South America and North America, in the nineteenth century that enabled us, after the Napoleonic wars and later on in the century, steadily to expand British export trade and British import trade, and the investment of British capital abroad. And so in the coming century, faced as we are with the highly Protectionist development of industries of all foreign countries, it is only by the expansion of our own Colonial and Dominion possessions, and doing everything that we can do to that end, that we shall really solve the problem of unemployment in this country.

We are now urged by every consideration "to take off our coats" and enter upon the greatest adventure in Empire settlement and Empire development to which man

has ever put his hand. In fostering the various interlocking schemes which have been elaborated we shall do well to bear in mind that the population of the world is roughly divided into two groups. The English-speaking group, which embraces the United States, has attained a far higher average standard of living than the group consisting of foreign nations. In the United States, as well as in the Dominions, the social condition of the workers is defended by tariffs, but in this country, with its open ports, the workers, striving to better their lot, are exposed to the full blast of the competition of "sweated goods," and in every foreign market British manufacturers have to compete with such foreign goods, offered at low prices because produced under less favourable conditions for the worker. The Socialist Party has at last realised the grave handicap under which this country is suffering in its efforts to re-establish its industrial prosperity, and to maintain in efficiency its existing social legislation. A committee, presided over by Mr. Philip Snowden, has declared that "greater efficiency alone will not enable British production to compete on fair terms with enterprises drawing upon an inexhaustible supply of cheap—and, it may be, semi-slave—labour. The use of such labour, lowly paid and employed under conditions long since abolished in Western countries,⁽¹⁾ is open to grave objection on both economic and moral grounds." It is urged that "the progress of industrialism necessitates the establishment of international standards of labour conditions," and suggested that "an attempt through the International Labour Organisation to establish and enforce fair conditions of labour in the world would give the workers everywhere a new conception of the possibilities and uses of the League of Nations and the International Labour Organisation."

That is one policy, somewhat nebulous and uncertain of results. There is another, which in no way conflicts with it. Throughout the British Dominions, where our social ideals are fully shared, there is a willingness, if not an

(1) This is a statement not supported by knowledge of the conditions in which production is being carried out in some European countries.

anxiety, to assist us in maintaining the high standard of living to which the workers have become accustomed. Mr Bruce, the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, recently referred to the effort which every English-speaking country must make to prevent its standard of life being debased by the action of less progressive countries, and expressed surprise that Britain should be "doing nothing to prevent her industries from being undermined by countries which permit a low standard for their workers."¹

The more carefully the figures relating to the trade of this country and other countries within the Empire are examined, the more apparent it must become that in the struggle for social betterment the British peoples throughout the world must stand together, doing all in their power to develop the most intimate trade relations. The basic facts (a) that this country is a great consumer of food and raw materials which it can never produce, but which the overseas parts of the Empire can supply in increasing measure; (b) that the Dominions and Colonies offer us sheltered markets for our manufactures; and (c) that we are united to them not only in political but social aims and purposes—suggest wide possibilities of co-operative effort in the promotion of complementary trading. Free Trade within the Empire may be unattainable, but it should not be beyond the capacity of the Governments of the Empire to reach agreements based upon the candid recognition that this country, if it is to exist with anything like its present population, must continue to be mainly industrial, and that the overseas parts of the Empire, if they are to develop their vast natural resources, must remain, to the limit of vision, mainly agricultural. The conclusion which flows from these considerations is obvious. The Empire stands in need of an economic concordat resting on the recognition of its essential unity, determined by the unity of the seas which wash its shores. The steamer and the motor ship offer cheaper transport than, for instance, the railways of the United States, and

(1) In an interview with the Melbourne correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, August 12th.

the distances of Empire are being steadily contracted, while scientific research is facilitating the movement of perishable goods, such as meat and fruit, though the operation may occupy weeks instead of days. If the will for co-operation continues active among the British peoples throughout the world the future is bright with promise. We may even evolve, in time, without any interference with the political and economic freedom of the units of the Empire, which is the distinguishing feature of the British Commonwealth, a league of nations as united in the economic and social spheres as the war proved it to be united in the larger tasks of civilisation.

THE KNELL OF THE GREAT HOUSES

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

It would almost seem as if the great private palaces of London, which were once so numerous that when I wrote a book on the subject I could not compress it into less than four hundred and odd quarto pages, are destined entirely to disappear or to be turned to alien uses. A few remain, it is true, but they are gradually disappearing, and those that have either been demolished or have been alone preserved by being converted into public or quasi-public buildings, far outnumber such survivals.

In a great and ever-changing city such vicissitudes are, during the progress of the centuries, inevitable, and had we merely to bemoan the loss of splendid houses in the past there would be plenty of reasons forthcoming for their disappearance. For instance, it is not strange to find that those princely abodes which once occupied sites in what are now wholly commercial centres in the East should have gone down before the sweeping progress of fashion towards the West, and it is obvious that such places as Devonshire House (where Devonshire Square is now) and Northampton House and Bridgewater House, whose sites are to-day covered by the squares bearing their names, Albemarle House in Clerkenwell, Thanet House in Aldersgate Street, Warwick House in Holborn, Winchester House in Austin Friars, and Salisbury House in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, or that long line of such aristocratic abodes as once lined the Strand, should have disappeared in the course of time.

Special reasons, too, might be adduced for the conversion of Burlington House and Montague House, Bloomsbury, into rebuilt official headquarters, and for the metamorphosis which turned to other uses or entirely obliterated the many palaces that congregated, at an earlier day, in Whitehall. Such changes, and many similar ones elsewhere in London, occurred at a period before living memory; and, however much we may regret the loss of

what old prints and printed descriptions have shown to have been in many cases imposing and often beautiful structures, we can bear it with the equanimity begotten of a lack of personal knowledge.

It is when something of the kind which we actually remember has been destroyed, or has become vulgarised by alien association, that we realise what enemies time and the housebreaker are to our appreciation of the dignified and the picturesque. One need not cast one's mind back so very far to fill up the gaps which have been made in our city by the demolition of a variety of great houses. I can recall at least six such landmarks that have disappeared within the last half-century, and another half a dozen whose former historic and fashionable associations have become merged in what may be called an official *aura*; while there are one or two which are perilously, as it seems, hanging on to existence, and which have rather obviously outstayed their welcome.

Among those that have gone, the most important, both historically and architecturally, was the Northumberland House, which for over two and a half centuries had been the outstanding landmark at Charing Cross, and through whose site Northumberland Avenue now sweeps down to the hideous iron bridge of Charing Cross railway station. That splendid building is known to most people merely from old prints which exhibited its Jacobean frontage flanked by the small shops of the Strand. Some, however, can still remember it, as it stood proudly defying time and a changed environment, with its surmounting lion gazing towards the west and lashing its tail disdainfully at the city.

Did we not know that sentiment or historic interest or picturesque beauty are as nothing when some scheme is afoot for what is often facetiously called improvement, we might well wonder how it was that such a supremely interesting relic of the past was allowed to be pulled to pieces by the pickaxes of utilitarianism, especially as it is quite plain that the needed roadway to the Embankment could have been formed without touching the fabric at all. But it would seem that the authorities, at that time at any

rate, rather delighted in the opportunity of destroying something old and picturesque, under the excuse of creating something new; and where had once stood the house begun by a Howard, continued by a Percy and completed by a Seymour, as the Duke of Northumberland described it in 1866, a street of ugly hotels and a huge red-brick club were in due course to appear.

In far remote days the hospital of St. Mary Rouncivall stood on this site, but in course of time the first Earl of Northampton, having acquired the property, employed Bernard Jansen and Gerrard Christmas to erect the mansion for him here in 1604. The Earl bequeathed the place to the first Earl of Suffolk, who renamed it Suffolk House, and added a river frontage to it from designs by Inigo Jones. In course of time it passed into the possession of Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who had married a sister of the third Earl of Suffolk, to whom the latter presented the place on her marriage. If this marriage was responsible for a change of family ownership, an earlier one had been responsible for the house becoming linked on to our poetic literature, for it was on the occasion of the wedding here of Lord Broghill and Lady Margaret Howard, that Suckling wrote his famous *Ballad*, and introduced a description of what was then Suffolk House into one of its stanzas.

Later the place passed to Lady Elizabeth Percy, who had married Tom Thynne, of "Longleat," murdered hard by, at the corner of Pall Mall, in 1682. She became afterwards the wife of the "proud" Duke of Somerset, and we are told of the "great state and magnificence" they were accustomed to keep up in their splendid mansion, with its 162 feet of frontage, its splendidly decorated rooms, and its ample grounds reaching to the river's edge.

The Percies remained here, in spite of changing conditions around their palace, till 1866, when the Metropolitan Board of Works, anxious to construct a direct way to the Thames Embankment, approached the Duke with proposals of purchase. His Grace would, however, have none of it, and received no little support in his determination to preserve what was the last of the great palaces of

the Strand. In 1872, however, his successor proved more amenable, and some two years later the place was sold for half a million, and its contents dispersed—the great staircase going to 49, Prince's Gate, the pictures and furniture to Syon and the Duke's new house in Grosvenor Place, and the famous lion being set up to wag its tail over Isleworth.

A writer in the *Standard* at the time remarked that "the progress of wealth and luxury has long since dimmed the splendour of what was once the proudest of the London houses of the English nobility. The march of fashion westward had left it isolated amongst an uncongenial neighbourhood of small shops," and, he adds, "it was a standing anachronism." Be this as it may, it was an anachronism only in the sense that any architectural survival amid changing conditions may be said to be one; and if its day as a suitable private residence was over, it should still have been preserved as the sole remaining example of a decorative period of which we have in London, largely owing to the Great Fire, too few specimens, and none comparable with this.

Quite close to where Northumberland House once stood is Craig's Court, Whitehall, a little by-way seldom noticed, even less often penetrated, by the seemingly always hurried pedestrian in London. Those who *have* been into this little backwater know that in it stands a house of state, now derelict, after having served as an annexe to Messrs. Cox's bank during the war. This is Harrington House, which had been the London mansion of the Earls of Harrington till a few years before hostilities broke out; and now rather obviously awaits destruction. I imagine it must have been designed by that Captain Wynne or Winde who was responsible for Buckingham House, and Newcastle House, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and was probably erected towards the close of the seventeenth century. It is a characteristic example of the more important red-bricked, stone-faced structures of that period. But it seems to be forgotten in its withdrawn seclusion, and this very fact may be responsible for its still lingering on in a kind of moribund state.

So many great private dwellings which once stood in Whitehall have disappeared—Richmond House (where Richmond Terrace is), Pembroke House, Portland House (on the site of Whitehall Gardens), Fife House (which stood close to the river), Stanhope House, Rochester House, and the rest—that one more or less might be supposed to make little difference. But whereas those mentioned were pulled down at an earlier period of the last century, the one to which I wish particularly to refer, Carrington House, remained till 1886, when it was demolished to make way for the new War Office. It had been erected, from the designs of Sir William Chambers, some time between 1764 and 1779, by the second Lord Gower, and is said to have cost some £60,000. So well constructed was the house and so elaborate the internal decorations, that when the lease expired in 1885 a proposal was made to move the main body of the structure to another site. The matter was seriously considered, and Major Seddon, R.E., who went carefully into the scheme, estimated that it could have been carried out at a cost of £4,000. Mr. Gladstone, who greatly admired the old building, was in favour of such an experiment being tried; but various considerations, notably the question as to whether the roadway would bear the weight of the removal, caused the idea to be abandoned. It is interesting, however, to know that it was actually seriously considered, as it indicated a desire on the part of the authorities to preserve an interesting and architecturally important landmark, and as such alone deserves to be recorded.

Apart from the great houses in Whitehall that have actually disappeared, there are quite a number which still remain, although the official uses to which they have been turned have made various reconstructions necessary, often resulting in considerable alterations in their appearance. A case in point is Wallingford House, the once splendid home of the Villiers, which was pulled down in 1720, and the present old Admiralty building erected five years later by Ripley; Dover House, once York House then Melbourne House, since 1882 used as the Scottish Office, is another; while Gwydyr House has been a

Government building since 1871 (the Local Government Board was here for a short time, and then the Charity Commissioners, to be followed by the Board of Trade), and essentially retains its original architectural form, although it has only been outwardly altered by the addition of the attic storey which was built during the nineties of the last century.

But there is one mansion in Whitehall which during quite recent years has passed from private to state ownership: I mean Montagu House. The original residence which stood there had been erected about 1731, the present mansion being begun in 1858 from the designs of William Burn. It is interesting to know that when the former house was demolished the materials were ground down and formed into a concrete foundation for the new erection. In pre-war days Montagu House was internally one of the most gorgeous and imposing of the private palaces of London. Externally it looks to-day much as it did then. But great changes have occurred in it, and no longer does it house that wondrous assemblage of pictures and other works of art for which it was famous, but the desks of officialdom, as it first did during the war when it was taken over for such purposes.

Wherever we go about the West End we shall probably find some such change where an old palace remains at all; but as frequently some huge block of flats will indicate the now forgotten presence of one of these houses of state whose days seem to be numbered. The great eyesore of Piccadilly with its blatant striped front stands where stood Gloucester House, once the home of the late Duke of Cambridge; all the south side of Hay Hill's declivity is occupied by another vast block which reigns where Ashburnham House once was with its lodge and gateway in Dover Street, designed by Robert Adam in 1773, and where the Russian Embassy once had its headquarters and Pozzo di Borgo ruled where Prince Lieven had before lived and Princess Lieven had ruled. If we penetrate further north into Cavendish Square we shall find another great mass of flats dominating the west side of the square, and it seems but yesterday that on that spot stood the

rather mysterious house with its tall screening wall, where the eccentric Duke of Portland hid himself, and where I always think Lord Steyne once dwelt and Becky Sharp visited and triumphed. This was Harcourt House, a building with a history. When Cavendish Square was laid out in 1717, this was the first house in it to be completed, and was the largest and most important. It was built for Robert Benson, Lord Bingley, whose name first appears in the rate books for 1730. He was not here long, however, for two years later the second Lord Harcourt is found inhabiting it, having come from living with his father in a smaller house on the opposite side of the square. He greatly improved and enlarged the mansion, which afterwards passed into the hands of the Duke of Portland, and the Cavendish-Bentincks held it till the death here, on December 6th, 1879, of the eccentric fifth Duke.

It was he who surrounded himself by walls and screens at Harcourt House, and lived there in an almost monastic seclusion, much to the wonderment of the curious, who were never tired of propagating tales, mostly apocryphal, about the strange life of the noble hermit. The fact is, the curious character of the peer was to some extent illustrated by the rather mysterious appearance of his house, which even in Lord Bingley's day had been described by Ralph, the critic, as "one of the most singular pieces of architecture about town," and rather "a convent than the residence of a man of quality." I cannot but think that if it was not actually the Steyne House of *Vanity Fair*, Harcourt House afforded Thackeray more characteristics towards what may no doubt have been a composite description than any other then existing London mansion.

At a later time Harcourt House had a resuscitation of life given it when it was occupied by the Marquis of Breadalbane; but it had been empty for some time before 1906 when it was demolished and the present large block of flats arose on its site. I remember going over it before it was pulled down, and nothing then could have exceeded the dreariness of its empty interior, except perhaps the gloom of its outward appearance. The very size of its

rooms and the tarnished remains of their former magnificence, with their elaborately carved and moulded cornices, and their ceilings painted *en grisaille*, their fine chimney-pieces, and their empty grates, added to the sense of desolation that seemed irrevocably to have settled on the whole building; there was something pathetic in seeing the last sad state of what had once enjoyed a full and splendid life.

Just as it is flats and business premises that are about to appear on the site of another not dissimilar building—the Devonshire House whose dust has now for so many weeks been rising to the heavens and getting in the eyes of the curious spectators in Piccadilly, so it was flats that took the place of a now almost forgotten palace in Hanover Square.

This was Harewood House, which occupied the north-east corner of the square, and had been originally erected by the Duke of Roxburghe from the designs of the Adams, about the year 1776, the exterior being treated with the celebrated Liardet cement, with which the *Adelphi* overlaid the frontages of so many of their buildings. Here the Duke collected that famous library with which his name is identified, and the bookshelves, some of which are now at 13, St. James's Square (the Windham Club, a house to which the Duke removed subsequently), were designed by the Adams in character with the other internal decorations. In 1795 the Duke sold the house to the Earl of Harewood, whose name it continued to bear till 1894, when it was purchased by the Royal Agricultural Society, which remained here for some ten years or more. When the Society emigrated elsewhere the structure and site were disposed of, and, as I have said, the inevitable block of flats arose in its place.

If we turn elsewhere we shall find that a variety of these great houses, although actually remaining, have passed to other uses. Some of these are so familiar to everyone that it seems superfluous to mention them. For instance, Grosvenor House, which till the other day was the quite famous residence of the family that dominates all the surrounding area, has passed into other hands, and will, one

supposes, in spite of the tragically sudden death of Lord Leverhulme who purchased it, become the museum he intended. It is a curiously composite pile—a late Georgian mansion with a classic mausoleum tacked on to its west side. The earlier structure was erected for William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of George III., and was in consequence known as Gloucester House. On his death in 1805 it was taken over by the second Earl Grosvenor, the ground-landlord, and has been the London residence of the family till recent days. The beautiful screen and gates in Upper Grosvenor Street were designed in 1842, by Cundy, who had some fifteen years earlier erected the picture gallery specially to house the four great works of Rubens which Lord Grosvenor had bought for £10,000.

Stafford House, now called Lancaster House, is even better known, for the London Museum now occupies those splendid rooms that once represented the quintessence of aristocratic splendour and hospitality. Like Grosvenor House, Stafford House had originally a Royal connection, for it was begun by the Duke of York, in 1825, and was designed by Wyatt. Before its completion the Duke died, and the building as it stood was purchased by the Government for £82,000. It was offered to the Royal Society as its headquarters, but the matter fell through at the last moment, and in 1827 the Marquis of Stafford, who had lent money to the Duke of York to build the place, took it over at £72,000, and completed it approximately as it is to-day.

Clubs have secured some of these derelict private palaces, and we find the Naval and Military at what was once Cambridge House; and Coventry House in possession of the St. James's; while Uxbridge House, which stands where Queensbury House once housed the eccentric "Kitty," of Prior's verse, and was designed by the younger Vardy and Bonomi in 1790-2, is now the western branch of the Bank of England.

Many other such metamorphoses could be instanced, where great houses have in recent times passed from a youth of splendour to an old age of utilitarianism. Some

of these private palaces still remain as such. But, unless the present trend of events ceases we may expect to see great flats rising where Lansdowne House—that full flower of the Adams' convention—looks askance at the dust of its great neighbour rising around the cranes of activity, or Bridgewater House or Dorchester House, or Apsley House (even it!) passing as so many structures, which once seemed destined to be as lasting as the brass of the poet, have passed.

In view of these changes one cannot but anticipate further similar transformations. For whereas in past times when a great house fell it was not infrequently succeeded by another on more modern lines, now no such impressive mansions rise anywhere. The knell of them has sounded, one fears, and the varied conditions of life have made their presence as great an anachronism as Northumberland House was said to be.

True there remain a number of these private palaces, but their *raison d'être* is, it would seem, with the past; and the day may not be far distant when the fate which Macaulay anticipated for beautiful Holland House may at long last overtake it as well as those other existing evidences of an *ancien régime*. With the unimaginable touch of Time will then have disappeared those monuments that are among the most notable and decorative adjuncts of London.

CRISIS IN THE COAL TRADE

By "LEXOPHILUS"

So much has been said and written about the coal trade that most people have become heartily sick of the whole subject. Politicians and economists have the knack of surrounding any question they handle with mist and cloud and confusion. Theologians and philosophers, economists and politicians, are all sworn foes of simplicity and luminosity. Yet ordinary people want to have everything crystal clear, plain, and palpable.

Let us see if we can in a few words reduce the mass of facts, figures, speculations, and proposals into something like order. Everybody knows that the coal trade is the most vital and essential of all our industries, a basic industry upon which others depend, a key industry if ever there was one; that this industry has been, by some cause or causes, practically ruined and reduced to bankruptcy; that, notwithstanding all this, the price of coal is higher than it has ever been in peace time, while the quality is worse; and that coal owners and coal miners, politicians and the Government, are racking their brains to find out the causes of this state of affairs and to provide a remedy.

Well, there is really no mystery about it: the matter is quite simple. The causes of the present plight of the coal industry are frequent and extensive strikes, and the timidity of employers and the time-serving tactics of vote-mongering politicians in dealing with them; abnormal increases of wages and reduced hours of work, leading to smaller output; and the befuzzlement and exploitation of the miners by Socialist trade union agitators.

In 1893 one of our greatest coal strikes occurred, which lasted about three months, over a question of wages. The employers proposed to withdraw part of an advance in wages which they had conceded in 1888-89, as conditions of bad trade had set in, and they were working their collieries at a loss. The miners objected to surrender any

of the advance which had been given to them in prosperous days, and demanded prosperity wages in adversity times; in other words, that every ton of coal should cost more to produce than it could be sold for, involving a loss to the coal owners on every ton. In that strike the miners were fighting for the new Socialist principle described in the cant phrase "a living wage."

If the coal owners had refused to listen to all suggestions of compromise, and had fought the matter out to the bitter end, the coal trade would have been in a prosperous condition to-day. But they listened to the voice of the political charmer and went to their ruin. Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, asked Lord Rosebery, his Foreign Secretary, to intervene, and to call a conference of the parties to the dispute. This was done, and what was called "a settlement" was arrived at, almost entirely in the interests of the miners, as usual, and of course this unsettled everything. They have been unsettled ever since. Mr. A. M. Chambers, the coal owners' chairman, described the action of his board as "a step which many of his friends of long standing thought a foolish one, and which had caused some of them to use strong expressions towards him." Mr. A. Currer Briggs, a Yorkshire coal owner, said the policy of the owners was "a great experiment on their part," which "some of their friends thought a very hazardous one," and that "the owners, in taking the risk of the markets as they had done, had taken an almost unprecedented risk."¹

Now here we have the genesis of all the ills which have afflicted the coal trade during the last thirty years, and which are afflicting it now. Ever since the coal owners weakly agreed to Lord Rosebery's so-called "settlement," which was nothing more nor less than a party dodge to put pressure, political and therefore illegitimate, upon the employers, they have been in difficulties. A fight to the finish then would have been the salvation of the industry. What is left of it can only be saved by a fight to the finish now. There never was a more striking illustration of the blighting effects of compromise, and of the

(1) As I write this it is announced that Mr. Briggs's firm—Henry Briggs and Son—are closing some of their mines.

evil results which must inevitably flow from the interference of political expediency with economic law.

During all these thirty years things have been going from bad to worse. To-day the position is that much of our export trade has been lost; scores of mines have been closed; owners are working at a loss; and about 150,000 miners are out of work. Yet neither masters nor men ever seem to learn from experience. The men, with declining trade, the result of short hours and high wages, clamour for still shorter hours and still higher wages. They have elected as their secretary an avowed Communist and Leninist, who talks airily of a six-hour day at higher wages than ever, and whose real aim, of course, like that of all Communists, is to steal the employers' property. The masters whine, wring their hands and plead for patience, hoping that something will turn up, *but they do nothing*. Only a fierce stand-up fight can clear the air, and the sooner it comes, and the fiercer it is, the better. Those amiable people who imagine that there are going to be no more wars and no more strikes are living in a dream world, and they will have a rude awakening. Things have got so bad that our only hope of deliverance is through fighting. But the employers of to-day, and of to-morrow, they are spineless and marrowless; at every critical moment they allow politicians to palsy their hands; and well the workmen know it, and presume on it.

We have the best coal in the world, and other nations want it, and they are willing to pay anything in reason to obtain it, but they cannot—or will not—pay fancy prices for it, what may be termed political instead of economic prices. In 1913 the wages cost per ton of coal was 6s. 11d.; in 1924 it was 13s. 8d. The total cost at the pithead in 1913 was 8s. 10d.; in 1924 it was 19s. 1½d. In 1913 the output per man was 20.3 cwt.; in 1924 it was 17½ cwt. The pithead selling price of coal in 1913 was 10s. 1d.; in 1924 it was 23s. 4d.

The present cost of production in South Wales is 21s. 6½d. per ton; for the whole country it is 19s. But Germany, our chief competitor, can sell coal at 14s. 6d. per ton. German labour takes about 7s. a ton; British labour

takes 13s. 8d. Yet there has been a falling off in output with us of 2 cwt. per man *per day*, while the German output per man has been steadily increasing.

It is a common error to suppose that miners are not well paid. In spite of everything, they are better paid now than they were before the war, for the average earnings per shift are 70 per cent. above the earnings of 1914. If it be replied that the cost of living has gone up 80 per cent. the rejoinder must be that this difference of 10 per cent. is more than offset in the case of the miner by the fact that he has got his coal for less than five shillings a ton.

Now, as always, it is the capitalist and employer who suffers. In pre-war years the coal owners took £17 for every £100 paid in wages, little enough in all conscience. In 1921 an agreement was come to that capital should continue to receive that proportion—£17. The Wages Agreement (which the miners wished to end and which the owners have ended) was based on that compact. *But the owners got the £17 for only one year—1923; in 1922 they got only £8 per £100; and in 1924 only £7!* In South Wales the mines have been worked at a loss since May, 1924, though during this very period wages were increased by 1s. per shift above what was provided for in the Agreement of 1921.

All this came out very clearly in a statement which was issued by Mr. Finlay Gibson on February 5th, 1925, on behalf of the South Wales coal owners, in which it was stated that for seven successive months the South Wales coal mines had been worked at a loss, the owners having lost in that period £897,000; that there was a decrease in output in the last four months of 1924, as compared with the first four months, of 1,700,000 tons, and an increase in the wages cost per ton of 1s. 6d.; and that in the first six months of 1924 the man-shifts worked were 29,850,790, as against 28,297,832 in the second six months, a decrease of 1,552,958 man-shifts. In other words, the miners might have earned £850,000 more than they did earn if they had not slacked to the extent of over a million and a half man-shifts.

Some striking facts on slacking and absenteeism in the coal mines have recently been published by Mr. G. Mure Ritchie, a director of several collieries and ironworks, although, singularly enough, he does not seem to realise the culpability of the employers in relation to this matter. He says:—

At colliery No. 2, where the average earnings for week ending April 29th were 15s. 4d. per shift, *the absenteeism* was over 16 per cent., which, however, is better than the week previous, when the absenteeism was over 20 per cent. The colliery which last week paid to the coal getters an average of 14s. 7d. per shift had over 8 per cent. absent, which, however, is better than the previous week, when the men lost over 12 per cent. At No. 3 pit the average monthly earnings have recently been 16s. 1d. per shift.

In some South Wales pits there are only five hours of actual coal-hewing out of the twenty-four; in a few even less than this. One of the maddest things ever done was the action of the Lloyd George Government in granting the miners a seven hours' day. A return to the eight hours' day would add 20 per cent. to the productive capacity of these pits, and thus turn loss into a profit. Sir A. Steel-Maitland, Minister of Labour, says that if we could get a reduction of 2s. 6d. a ton on the price of coal we could regain our lost markets. Then why in the name of common sense is not the eight hours' day reverted to, and all this loss averted? Why?

A vital factor in the case is, of course, the fact that the world is consuming less coal. In 1924 the world consumed 100,000,000 tons less than in 1913: Europe alone consumed 40,000,000 tons less. At the same time production on the Continent has been going up, while here it is going down. We exported over 94,000,000 tons in 1913, but in 1924 only 79,000,000, and this year it will probably be 20,000,000 less. Our home consumption has also steadily decreased, being 11,000,000 tons less in 1924 than in 1913.

To trifle with an industry which is vital, essential, basic and fundamental, is criminal folly, stark wickedness. Yet employers have trifled with it; workmen have trifled with it; politicians have trifled with it. The Sankey Commission followed suit. It was a farcical treatment of a tragical subject. That Commission did incalculable harm. What

did Mr. Justice Sankey know about the coal trade? Nothing. He was a mere theorist. Yet his judgments, and the findings of his egregious Commission, are treated as if they had weight, whereas reasonable people can only regard them as unworthy of serious attention. If the men who are engaged in an industry, and whose livelihood depends upon it, cannot deal with its difficulties, certainly theorists and outsiders cannot.

The late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, though he professed to be deeply concerned about our trade and commerce, treated questions affecting the coal industry in a very jaunty fashion. On the question of an eight hours' day he said: "It is not at all certain that the change would increase the cost of production," since the miners by working harder while they were at it *might* make up for shorter hours; but if they did not, and the price of coal were to rise in consequence, why, then, the increased cost would fall upon the consumer, and not upon the workman or his employer. Poor consumer! Who cares one jot about him? How silly all this looks now! Especially as the *foreign consumer* was overlooked. Our politicians can bleed and exploit and humbug our own people, but they cannot do it with foreigners. And the foreigner, by just ceasing to buy our coal, has brought all the fantastic schemes of our trade unionists and vote-mongers tumbling about their ears. Our coal trade lies in ruins because politicians, coal owners, and miners, by their combined efforts, have forced our coal up to such a price that nobody will buy it unless they are forced to do so.

Now we will set forth a few salient facts and figures in order to illustrate the spirit which animates our miners and politicians.

The Neston Colliery, Cheshire, which employed 450 men, paid weekly wages of £700, and practically supported a village, has become derelict and the village has gone on the dole, because the miners, instigated by their Federation, refused to make any sacrifice to help to keep it going. Mr. W. R. Davies, the owner, offered £200 a month to the end of the year (nine months—£1,800), and local residents promised contributions, but the miners

refused to co-operate. The younger men, whose votes decided the matter, preferred the dole.

In April, Ashington miners, Northumberland, having been warned by the directors that they must make some move if they wished the mines to continue working, replied that they were prepared to make sacrifices if corresponding sacrifices were made on the employers' side. And they modestly demanded a reduction in royalties, in directors' fees, and in management expenses, and also a reduction of the official staff. In other words: "The colliery is ours, not yours, and you must obey our orders."

The Birchenwood Colliery, Kidsgrove, Stoke-on-Trent, employing 3,000 men, was closed in May because the miners were forbidden by their trade union to co-operate with the owners and staff in raising a trust fund to meet losses, each contributing 15 per cent. of their earnings.

The Vauxhall Colliery, Wrexham, was kept open and worked on a co-operative basis for some time, in spite of all the efforts of the Miners' Federation to prevent and wreck the experiment. A guarantee fund was raised, partly from the public and partly from the workmen, to indemnify the company against any loss which might be incurred during three months. Apparently the experiment was successful, and everybody was satisfied except the Miners' Federation. Mr. Arthur E. Evans, Vrindeg Hall, Wrexham, the public's trustee of the fund, said: "I can say without hesitation that the experiment has proved a success. The men, the management, the proprietors, and the consumers are all satisfied. We have been successful in saving the out-of-work donations to the tune of upwards of £7,000." Mr. Smithurst, the manager, said the mine was working full time, six days a week, and that the men were earning an average of 13s. to 14s. a shift, and a few as much as 18s. More coal was being produced than ever, and the previous loss of £35 to £70 a week had been wiped out. Everybody concerned had gained by the experiment. But the fact cannot be disguised that this very success was a condemnation of the workmen's previous tactics. If they could make it pay under this new system, why did they not make it pay before? The mine was the same,

the management the same, the miners the same. A new spirit in the men explains all. That is the spirit we want all over the country.¹

The real trouble in the coal mines is due to under-production. For a great many years British coal production per man has declined, notwithstanding the enormous improvement in machinery, which has led to vastly enhanced production elsewhere. If we compare coal production per year per person employed in the United Kingdom and the United States, we are faced with the following incredible figures :—

	U.K. Tons.	U.S. Tons.
1886-90	312	400
1891-95	271	444
1896-1900	298	494
1901-05	281	543
1906-10	275	596
1911	260	613
1912 (strike year)	244	660
1913	259	681

During the pre-war period British coal production per worker per year steadily declined, while American production per worker rapidly increased. Since 1913 that tendency has become accentuated. In 1913 output per worker per shift came to 20.3 cwts., while during the September quarter of 1924 it came to only 17.33 cwt. The latest figures for the United States in my possession relate to 1920. In that year production of non-anthracite coal came to exactly 4 tons per man per day, and of anthracite coal to 2.28 tons per man per day. In other words, an American miner produces per day about as much ordinary coal as an English miner produces in a whole week of five shifts. To put it differently, one American miner produces as much coal as five English miners. That is a terrible, and an impossible, handicap. *Doubled Wage Costs.*—Wages costs per ton of coal have risen from 6s. 10½d. in 1913 to 13s. 8d. in 1924. Diminished output has been accompanied by doubled wage costs. There is a tremendous waste of man-power in the British coal mines. Ca' canny is largely to blame for this. Industries can pay wages only out of profits. Deluded by cunning Socialists, the miners have tried to make the coal industry unprofitable, and they have succeeded only too well, to the fearful injury of the community as a whole and to the comparatively slight injury of themselves. After all, employment and wages in the coal industry are vastly better than in many of the coal-consuming industries, such as engineering and ship-building.—("An Economist," *Daily Mail*, March 9th, 1925.)

The same authority says :

The present age is the age of labour-saving machinery. The machine is the best friend of the worker. Its effect is twofold. It eliminates toil and creates easily a superabundance for the benefit of all. Coal mining has benefited fully by the advent of the machine. The mineral is no longer carried up from the pits in baskets on the backs of perspiring men and women. Coal-cutting machinery, mechanical loaders and conveyors, and

(1) The Vauxhall mine has since been closed, and the men have been allowed to go "on the dole."

so on, have tremendously increased the productive efficiency of each worker, and the result has been that in progressive countries the output of each worker has increased enormously.

There was a time when an English miner produced more coal than an American miner, but now an American miner produces as much coal as five English miners. Nevertheless, Mr. Herbert Hoover, the Secretary of Commerce, who is a practical mining engineer, has declared that American coal-mining is the "worst functioning American industry." By the introduction of certain mechanical improvements, such as underground loading machines, the average production of each American worker might be increased from 4 tons a worker a day to 6 tons a worker a day. In this country production of each worker a day is considerably less than a single ton, for it amounts only to 17.33 cwt. Before long a single American miner may produce as much coal as six, seven, or eight English miners.

Since 1880 British coal production a day of each worker has ominously decreased as follows :—

1880	1.33 tons	1905	1.08 tons
1855	1.28 "	1910	1.00 "
1890	1.08 "	1915	0.98 "
1895	1.18 "	1924	0.87 "
1900	1.10 "		

Notwithstanding the tremendous improvement in organisation and in machinery, individual output, instead of increasing as in America, has been shrinking continuously. The mechanical improvements made have been completely nullified by the agitators, who have urged the miners to produce less and less. Since 1913 the horse-power used in mining has doubled, but the costly improvements made have been wasted because they have not led to an increase in the output of each worker, but to a great diminution. The eight-hours day has been followed by the seven-hours day, and now the professional mischief-makers demand a six-hours day, as if they desired to make the ruin of the British coal-mining industry complete.

Output is not only kept low by the hand-working men, but labour-saving machinery is not allowed to yield satisfactory results. Between 1903 and 1916 the output of each coal-cutting machine has developed as follows in England and the United States :—

	In England. Tons.	In the United States. Tons.
1903	8,158	10,457
1910	8,039	11,722
1916	7,601	15,638

Between 1903 and 1916 machine output in the United States has been increased by more than 5,000 tons a year. During the same period it has diminished in this country.

Dr. Salter, Socialist M.P., said at I.L.P. Conference, April 13th, 1925 :—

There are many thousands of superfluous men in the mines. If you included the whole of the royalty owners and the mine owners, and you proceeded to pay the miners a minimum of £4 a week, you would have an annual deficit of from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 a year, and that after subtracting all the profits of the industry.

On April 15th a Bill was introduced by Colonel Lane-Fox to extend the period during which payments are to be made to the Miners' Welfare Fund, constituted under Section 20 of the Mining Industry Act, 1920. It was announced that during 1924 £1,250,000 accrued to this fund, and that £1,000,000 was allocated for local purposes in twenty-five districts. Apparently, therefore, while coal mines are closing, owners working without profit, and 160,000 miners are unemployed, huge sums of money are being paid into this Welfare Fund. The best "welfare" would be to make the mines fare well.

The alleged low wages earned by some classes of underground labour are often referred to, but is it realised that these men only work five shifts of seven hours, or 35 hours a week, for which they are paid six shifts? If walking time, meal time, and unavoidable delays are deducted from this, they do not actually perform more than 24 hours of productive work per week. How can we under such conditions hope to produce coal at a reasonable and economic price? I am convinced that we shall never see prosperity, not only in the coal trade, but in the general trade of this country, until the present state of affairs is remedied.—(Sir D. R. Llewellyn, Bart., at North's Navigation Collieries meeting, April 22nd, 1925.)

British industry and commerce are absolutely dependent upon cheap coal. Dear coal means not only a rise in the cost of living to all; it means dear freight, dear iron and steel, dear textile goods, dear bricks and mortar. A ton of steel requires from three to five tons of coal for smelting and reheating. We cannot wonder that our shipbuilding and engineering industries are rapidly drifting towards bankruptcy and ruin.

While British industries are experiencing the worst times ever known, the corresponding American industries are exceedingly prosperous. How is it that the United States, with wages three times as high as ours, can undersell this country?

The miners' leaders demand higher wages for the men, but *they say nothing about higher production*. During 1924 about £150,000,000 was paid away in miners' wages, while the profits of capital came only to £13,000,000. In other words, the miners are getting already more than nine-tenths of the proceeds of the industry. Higher

wages, unless accompanied by higher production, would lead to a further rise of coal prices, and the consequent increase in the cost of freights, iron, steel, and so on would complete the ruin of the engineering industry and many other industries.

For decades short-sighted agitators in the mining fields have preached the doctrine of *ca' canny*. Their ideal was to make coal scarce and dear, and they have succeeded only too well. The use of modern labour-saving machinery was discountenanced or prohibited by the unions, and the new machines employed were run at a low speed. Besides, the miners succeeded in having legislation introduced which favoured the restriction of output.

A leading American mining engineer states that:—

One of the principal reasons for the smaller production per man by the British miner is his tendency to restrict the amount of work that he feels called upon to do, as well as the handicap placed upon the industry by the Sankey Commission. This seems usually to be the case when politicians mix up with industry.

Another high American authority says:—

America has always been short of labour, and hence has been forced to use labour-saving machines. I have never been in a mine in England without being shocked at the small amount of time actually worked at the face. The coal mines cannot possibly give work to 1,200,000 workers. America, with half the number of workers, produces nearly three times as much coal as England. The redundant number of the miners must be drastically reduced and output for each man must be increased. Then we shall get the cheap coal we need, and miners' wages can be improved. Probably 600,000 miners will be able to give us 300,000,000 tons of coal a year. In this way only coal mining and the trade and industry of the country can be saved.

Mr. A. J. Cook, the miners' secretary, said on May 7th:—

They would not agree to longer hours or a national reduction in wages. . . . There must be some other way of dealing with the industry than longer hours or reduced wages. . . . The Miners' Executive would not give five minutes' consideration to longer hours. . . . Baldwin, take note. You may have a majority, but politicians cannot cut coal, neither can baronets. . . . We are going to have to fight for our lives this year to get a national agreement. *We are going to fight for nationalisation*. Never mind the Tory Government. Economic power is stronger than political power. The economic steam roller will either roll Baldwin out or roll him somewhere else. If the unions will stand together, Baldwin can pray till doomsday.

Sir Samuel Instone says:—

Given fair trading conditions, we can hold our own against the world; but what do we see? Our country, on the Government's lead, is lending money to Germany, and this is being used to subsidise the coal industry by 2s. 6d. per ton exported. And we have permitted the German railways to make a reduction of 30 per cent. on freights on coal for export. Leaving aside the longer working hours and lower wages in Germany, how can the British coal industry fight against such odds? We may be willing runners, but we cannot run so heavily weighted. The present miners' agreement, which provides for a seven-hours day, terminates on June 30th. The colliery companies, in which millions of the people's money is invested, have proved that with seven hours' work at the coal face bankruptcy is only a question of time. The men say they will fight an eight-hours day to the death. Nobody desires to reduce the miners' earnings; on the contrary, everybody wants to see a healthy and happy standard of living established. The miner has the ways and means to secure this and more. But, like the rest of us, he must work longer. Something must be done, and done quickly, to set our collieries, blast furnaces, and ships again running full time, with all that it means for employment.

Mr. Harold Cox says:—

For some time past coal owners have been introducing coal-cutting machines. The miners in many pits are deliberately blocking the use of these machines. All sorts of dodges are employed to make the machines work badly. Sometimes matters are so managed that the machine has too much strain put upon it, with the result that something breaks down or the electric cables fuse. Sometimes the mischief is so serious that the cutting bar gets firmly locked in the coal, and recourse must be had to blasting operations to release it, and several shifts of men may have to be employed to undo the mischief deliberately done. Having themselves performed these tricks, the trade union-controlled miners turn round and complain to the management that the machine works so badly that it had better be scrapped. But there is abundant evidence that when these machines are worked honestly they do excellent work. Indeed, comparatively unskilled men can with the aid of these machines immensely increase the output of coal per hour and per man. In cases where the miners have been able to some extent to defy the unions they are welcoming the new machinery as a means of preventing the shutting down of the mines. They are even offering to have a shilling knocked off their minimum wage because they calculate that the machines will enable them to earn a much bigger wage. How long they will be left in peace is doubtful. The union leaders would rather the whole industry were ruined than that some men should be allowed to benefit themselves and the nation by increasing their output of coal.

Sir Robert Horne, speaking on the Pensions Bill in the House of Commons on May 19th, 1925, made the following reference to the coal trade:—

The new levy was hardly a method of encouraging employment. How ical enough to say to industrialists that they could put

that new burden on the price of the article they produce? Could anyone have the effrontery to tell the coal owner, the steelmaker, and the ship-builder, all of whom were losing their markets and having their contracts filched away by competitors on the Continent, that they could put that burden on their prices?

Nothing was more important to this country than coal. It was vital that we should be able to export coal. Everyone knew the paralysed condition in which the coal trade stood. Between 70 and 80 per cent. of the collieries of this country were to-day working at a loss. He would have thought that the large numbers of pits closing down would be sufficient to discourage any Government from putting fresh burdens on that poor, distressed, and harassed industry.

Since then we have had the coal crisis, occasioned, though not caused, by the action of the coal owners in ending the agreement with the miners. And we have had another farcical coal inquiry, which the miners refused to countenance or attend, and which the owners did attend, and presented their case, very unwisely, as they themselves realised afterwards, for they complained bitterly that the Court had distorted their evidence and gone outside its terms of reference to criticise the efficiency of their management, while they passed no censure at all upon the miners. Concession after concession was made by the coal owners, while the miners, as Mr. Baldwin reminded them, refused to move a step from their hard and unyielding attitude.

Employers of all classes may just as well realise first as last that they have nothing to hope for from any Court or any Government, for under practically universal suffrage all these will always be against them and in favour of whittling away a bit more of their capital and their rights under some scheme of compromise. They will have to fight for their rights, and fight with the gloves off too. The thought that the defence and the salvation of England now depends upon them may nerve them for the conflict. For it is the literal truth that England's only hope now lies in a stern and ruthless spirit on the part of capitalists in industrial warfare.

ISLAM AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MUSULMAN

BY PONT. MIN.

It is no mean achievement to have brought within the compass of some two hundred and fifty octavo pages a succinct account of the Arabs, their country, their history, their religion, their science, art, literature and legislative efforts. And if there be some trace of *parti pris*, of hostility and pessimism in M. André Servier's latest book,¹ it is but fair to attribute these sentiments to the exhaustive study he has made of his subject, and to the effect of five and twenty years' close personal intercourse with the so-called Arabs of Mediterranean Africa.

There has been no lack of books upon Islam, and upon Arabia and the Arabs, by missionaries, scholars and travellers; but, so far as we are aware, this translation of M. Servier's work is the first attempt to place before English readers a clear *aperçu* of Mahomedanism from the point of view of the statesman and man of the world. The subject is of arresting importance to us at the present moment, when the world of Islam seems to be seeking a new orientation, at any rate so far as the hitherto spiritually predominant Power, Turkey, is concerned. Fate has made us the greatest Musulman Power in the world; and, in spite of German propaganda and French intrigue, the followers of Islam still look upon us as the chief European defenders of their faith. While other religions are languishing and decadent, Islam is still putting forth new and vigorous shoots, especially in Central Africa, where an Islamic barrier is being rapidly built up between Europe and the Christian communities of the South. The heroic efforts of the White Fathers, their self-sacrificing devotion, are seriously handicapped by the extreme complaisance of the Musulman missionaries, who are ready to countenance polygamy, concubinage, and slavery, and to tolerate the observance of pagan rites and customs in consideration of

(1) *Islam and the Psychology of the Musulman*. By André Servier. (Chapman and Hall, 15s. net.)

a nominal and very loose adherence to the simple profession of faith in God and the Prophet.

M. Servier starts from the sound proposition that to be able to understand Islam, a secretion of the Arab brain, we must know the Arab; and to know the Arab we must have a clear idea of his country, the desert, and of his life therein. In a few rapid impressionist strokes he brings before us a very seizable vision of that ill-favoured land. The desert life of perpetual danger, hardship and privation is seen to be one long course of severe physical training. If the picture he draws be a gloomy one, turn to Doughty and see how true it is in every detail. The reaction, when these lean and hungry tribesmen settled down to enjoy the sweets of life in the refined hedonism of Damascus, is powerfully portrayed.

M. Servier traces the perpetual schism that still divides Islam to ethnic differences:—

In the attempt to extract some general idea from the rubbish-heap of the Arab chronicles we may succeed in arranging these scattered families in two principal groups: the Yemenites and the Moaddites. The former . . . came from Irak and India two thousand years before the Christian era; they reigned in Babylon in 2218 B.C., and in Egypt at the same period, under the name of the Shepherd Kings. They established themselves in the Yemen, but were driven out later and dispersed over the whole of Arabia. The latter . . . came from Syria and Chaldea. A section of these immigrants, to which the ancestors of Mahomet belonged, claimed to be descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham. A lively antipathy separated these two groups. The Yemenites had as their centre Yathreb, which subsequently became Medina; the Moaddites had Mecca. The Yemenites, established in fertile regions, became a settled people devoted to agriculture; the Moaddites were nomads, shepherds, and camel-drivers.

They became rich through the profits of the caravan trade, which they practically monopolised, and doubled them by combining the traffic in slaves with their business as carriers. Their interests suffered from the depredations of the Bedouin and the state of anarchy among the tribes throughout Arabia. To fight this evil

several important personages of the tribe of the Koreish founded a sort of league, in A.D. 595, called *Hilfel Fodhoul*, or the Fodhoul federation. . . . They first attempted to suppress, or at least to reduce, the conflicts between the tribes by instituting *truces*, or suspensions of hostilities, under the most diverse pretexts: such as the Holy Month, a pilgrimage, important markets, etc. They succeeded in federating them to resist an

attempted invasion by the Negus of Abyssinia. But the common danger once past, the tribes separated at once into their hostile units. The Fodhoul also contemplated a unification of the language. Arabia was a perfect Babel of different dialects; the thread running through them all was certainly Arabic, but debased in each tribe by mispronunciation, or by the use of local expressions, to such an extent that a Bedouin of Nejed could not understand a man from the Hedjaz, and the latter could not make himself understood by his fellow-countryman of the Yemen. The Fodhoul made very clever use of the poets, a sort of bards or troubadours, who sang the exploits of warriors and of lovers in every tribe. These bards were commissioned to create a more general language. Their verses, which were recited everywhere, were to fix once for all the words intended to represent ideas: when several families made use of two different words to express the same idea, the word the bard had chosen was the one to be adopted, and thus the Arab language was gradually formed. Finally, the Fodhoul tried to create unity of religion—a difficult task—as each idolatrous tribe had its own protecting divinity; but there were Jewish tribes at Yathreb and at Kaibar, Christian tribes in the Hedjaz and the Yemen, while the Sabeian creed and Manicheism counted their adherents on the shores of the Persian Gulf. . . . The Fodhoul could not dream of fighting against idolatry, since the temple of the Kaaba brought many visitors to Mecca. As astute men, superior to vulgar superstition, they conceived the ingenious idea of melting all the different creeds together so as to make one, and thus satisfy everybody. They drew the outlines of a sort of Arab religion which, whilst respecting the ancient customs of the Bedouin, would find room for certain Sabeian, Jewish, and Christian beliefs. That is how they came to adopt the Sabeian principle of one God over all; and the Messianic idea of the Jews as to the coming appearance of a prophet charged to establish the reign of justice. As certain tribes claimed to be descended from Abraham, they made a great deal of this patriarch to please the Jews and Christians. It is evident that the Meccans, whose minds had been widened by foreign travel, were very clever men. In working, from commercial interests, for the *rapprochement* of the tribes and for a fusion of beliefs, they were, without suspecting it, clearing the ground for Islam. The Fodhoul were the precursors of Mahomet, who, moreover, being a member of the league, without doubt drew from this association many ideas the source of which could not be accounted for in any other way.

The personality of Mahomet is not made attractive; but every event of his life is fully documented, and the portrait presented to us is at least more human and more convincing than the vague rantings of Carlyle. It is only after his unhappy childhood and his obscure and poverty-stricken youth had been left behind, after he had become the third husband of Khadija, that we see him as anything distantly resembling a hero:

For ten years he led the rough and spacious life of a caravan-leader. At thirty-five he was a rich man. He was at that time a fine, strong

fellow, hardened by misfortune, softened by experience, educated by travel and association with his fellow-men, believing in his star, sure of his own ability and parts. His cousin Ali, son of Abu-Taleb, has drawn a living portrait of him:—"He was of medium height, with a powerful head, a thick beard, his hands and feet rough; his bony frame denoted vigour; his countenance was ruddy. He had black hair, smooth cheeks, and a neck like that of a silver urn."

It would convey a false idea of Mahomet if he were to be represented as a sort of divine personage, surrounded by an atmosphere of fervour and respectful adoration. To his contemporaries Mahomet was the leader of a party rather than a religious personage. He imposed himself by force rather than by persuasion. . . . it is quite evident that his immediate entourage did not take his Messianic *rôle* seriously.

The transformation of the Caliphate from the patriarchal rule of the first successors of the Prophet, when Islam was a theocratic democracy, to an hereditary despotism resting upon military force, is very remarkable, more especially as the time taken to effect so radical a change was but the space of one generation. It is accounted for by the fact that the first conquests of the Arabs landed them in a country accustomed for centuries to Imperial rule. Having no system of government of their own, having, in fact, nothing that could be called a State, they were perforce obliged to carry on the system they found already in existence, and to do so by the help of the conquered people, since they had no trained *personnel* fit to take over the functions of a highly organised administration.

One of the most interesting chapters in M. Servier's book is that in which he torpedoes the legend of Arab civilisation; when, *textes en mains*, he deals successively with Arab science, astronomy, mathematics, chemistry and medicine, philosophy, literature and the fine arts, sculpture, painting and music. The passages are too long for quotation and should, moreover, be read in their developed sequence; but M. Servier's general views may be gathered from a few paragraphs:

What is called "Arab civilisation," in so far as any manifestation of Arab genius is concerned, has never had any real existence. . . . To give the name "Arab civilisation" to the artistic, literary, and scientific movement that by a false documentation is made to coincide with the accession of the Abasside Caliphs, is to fall into error. In the first place, because the Arab element only participated in it to an extent hardly perceptible; and, further, because this movement was the result of the intellectual activity of foreign nations only converted to Islam by force; and finally,

because the movement was already in existence in the countries conquered by the Arabs long before their arrival. . . . In reality, the movement was nothing more than the continuation and, as it were, the ultimate flowering of Græco-Latin civilisation.

When Caliph Al Manzor (A.D. 745-755), fascinated by the brilliancy of Byzantine culture, and advised by Syrian, Greek, and Persian officials, who filled the various offices of the Empire, wished to spread the knowledge of science, he caused translations to be made into Arabic of the principal Greek authors. . . . There were Syrian versions of these works already in existence, and the task of translating them into Arabic was therefore entrusted to Syrian scribes. It was through these translations that the Arabs made acquaintance with the Greek works. . . . But the Syrian scribes, too recently converted to Islam to be fully imbued with Musulman dogma, were content to translate the Greek authors faithfully. The Arab fanatics consequently found these versions not sufficiently orthodox; certain passages wounded their religious feelings; so, when they were sufficiently instructed to do without their Syrian intermediaries, they hastened to bring out new translations in accordance with Arab susceptibilities and in harmony with Musulman conceptions. They suppressed everything in the Greek works that seemed to them contrary to the teachings of Islam; they added the religious formulas with which they were familiar; and they even carried their zeal to the extent of causing the names of the original authors to disappear. . . . These shapeless or distorted works passed current during the Middle Ages as the original productions of Arab genius. Their true character was not detected until much later, when, at the time of the Renaissance, the Greek manuscripts were exhumed from ancient libraries and there were scholars able to read them.

He then proceeds to show that nearly all the well-known "Arab" writers were either Persians, Syrians or Jews. Ibn-Khaldoun, whose *Annals* place him in a category by himself, was born at Tunis and was of Spanish origin.

The whirlwind course of Arab conquest in Syria, Persia, Egypt, the Moghreb and Spain was made possible by the hatred of the inhabitants of those countries for their foreign rulers, whether Byzantines, Sassanians or Visigoths. This hatred and exasperation caused them to welcome the Arabs as liberators; the Berbers of the Moghreb actually mistook them for the members of a Christian sect, and received them with open arms. But in Gaul, where there was no such welcome, they found it difficult to obtain a footing and impossible to retain it. At Poitiers the tide of Musulman success turned at last, and Western Europe was saved.

A chapter is devoted to the so-called Nationalist move-

ment in Egypt, and it is refreshing to find a book written by a patriotic Frenchman showing high appreciation of our single-minded efforts to raise the Egyptian people by education and sympathetic administration. M. Servier never indulges in those ill-natured pin-pricks that disfigure most of the current French books dealing with the East. He proves clearly, from its extension to Tunisia and Algeria and the certainty of its advance to Morocco, as soon as the French schools set up there shall have been long enough in operation to produce an educated class, that the movement is one of Musulman nationality rather than Egyptian. It is, in fact, a phase of Panislamism. He has no belief in the possibility of any relaxation of the rigid tenets of the Koranic doctrine, of any modification towards a more liberal spirit. The Musulman may accept the railway, the steamship, the telephone, and even wireless; but the civilisation which has produced these things, together with its legislative principles, is for all the Faithful an abomination that they will only tolerate under compulsion.

Long residence in a country honeycombed by the religious societies (Zawias) controlled and directed by the Senussi, who are the heirs spiritual of the Wahabees, has convinced M. Servier that Islam is the enemy of the West. Its wonderful solidarity, by which all Believers subordinate their nationality to the Faith, is Mahomet's greatest achievement. Islam is not only a religious doctrine that includes neither sceptics nor renegades, it is a country, the great Moslem Fatherland, of which the capital is Mecca, and whose ruler is the Commander of the Faithful. And if the religious nationalism, with which all Musulman brains are impregnated, has not as yet succeeded in threatening humanity with serious danger, it is because the various peoples, made one by virtue of this bond, have fallen into such a state of decrepitude and decadence that it is impossible for them to struggle against the material forces placed by science at the disposal of Western civilisation.

This spirit of solidarity is kept up by the custom of the pilgrimage to Mecca. The peremptory duty imposed

upon the Believer to visit the Holy City at least once in his life has contributed in the greatest measure to maintain the unity of belief throughout Islam, as well as the sentiment of religious brotherhood. Every year, around the temple of the Kaaba, representatives of every portion of the Moslem world, from India to Morocco, meet, mix together, live in intimate association, performing side by side the same rites, and communicating in the same ideal. All divergence of opinion, all nascent heresy, are immediately swept away by the great breath of unity that passes over these people prostrate in adoration of the same idea. No other religion offers anything comparable to this pilgrimage to the city which is, according to the Arab expression, "the Navel of the Islamic faith."

There is another aspect of the pilgrimage of great political importance. It is what we should call an annual Panislamic Congress, where matters of policy are debated and decided.

The second original conception of the Prophet is his prohibition of martyrdom. The Musulman should not suffer for his beliefs. If he be the stronger, he ought to impose them; but if he find himself too weak to resist with any prospect of success, he must submit for the time being to every law that is forced upon him. According to a fundamental precept of Islamic law, known as *the dogma of constraint*, his powerlessness takes from his conduct all blameworthy character. As soon as the power that renders the constraint effective ceases, he must immediately throw off the law imposed upon him, under penalty of incurring eternal punishment.

The question is often asked: "How has Islam, contrary to the spirit of the Koran, become intolerant?" The answer is that the Koran, written in a dead language that few can read, no longer influences individuals; it is no longer the Koran that directs and regulates the conduct of the Faithful. The Koran is not, as generally believed, the civil and religious code of the Musulman. It contains potentially the whole of Islamic legislation; it constitutes a sort of quintessence of the laws, but it cannot replace them. The successors of Mahomet, in accordance with the

Doctors of the Faith, forbade all exposition of the Koran outside of the four orthodox commentaries, which, from the second century of the Hegira, when they were compiled, down to the present day, have formed the *Corpus Juris* of Musulman nations. It is this inseparable union of religious and civil law, this yoking together of the naturally hostile spiritual and temporal, that has made of Islam a society, under theocratic government, like the vanished societies of Egypt and the Orient, obstinately opposed to all evolution.

It is not possible within the limits of a short article to do more than mention the many interesting questions raised in this illuminating book. The portions dealing with the sources of Mahomedan Law, Education, the position of Women, etc., are models of concise treatment, and conceal rather than parade a formidable amount of patient research.

THE SALMON

BY W. J. M. MENZIES

THE salmon is a fish which has two habitations as it were, the one in the river and the other in the sea. Fresh water is its breeding ground and nursery and salt water its main feeding ground and fattening area. Its life history is therefore complicated, but at times it comes under conditions of control suitable for exact investigation to a larger extent than most fish. Notably is this the case when it is on its journey from river to sea and again on its return to fresh water.

The fascination of the double habitation of the fish has for long induced anglers to speculate as to the true facts of its life. Its mysterious wanderings and the strenuous efforts it puts forth to overcome obstructions which bar its progress have lent unusual interest to serious enquiry. At least as long ago as the time of Izaak Walton in the beginning of the seventeenth century experiments of a semi-serious kind were made, though the alleged results recorded by that worthy writer hardly accord with the facts as now known. During the twentieth century many interesting experiments were made and much important information was gained, but it is only in recent years that a great deal of the life history has been ascertained. In Scotland, and it is of Scottish salmon mainly that I write, the facts have been elicited principally by marking the fish and by reading the story told by their scales when viewed under the microscope.

Salmon are "marked" either by a small piece of silver wire, or a small silver plate bearing a number, attached to the base of the dorsal fin. After particulars of weight, length, and sex have been recorded the fish is released. A comparison with similar particulars taken from such marked fish as are recaptured shows the rate of growth and, under certain circumstances, an indication of the line of travel is also obtained.

A most important point brought out by this means is the very precise homing instinct. With comparatively few and

insignificant exceptions marked salmon recaptured in fresh water have invariably returned to their native river.

A study of the scales under the microscope not only reveals the exact age of each fish, but the length of the fish at any period of its life can also be calculated with some certainty. A combination of these two methods of scale reading and marking tells us much of the sea life story, and direct observation in addition reveals much of the fresh-water history.

During the months of November and December, and in certain localities October and January as well, salmon which have ascended the rivers throughout the year deposit their spawn. At this time their usual iridescent beauty has entirely departed, and it is difficult to recognise in them the typical salmon of the spring and summer. Gone is their silvery coat and the deep blue colour of their backs, and in its place has appeared a drab livery indeed.

The predominant tint of the coat of the male fish is indicated by the local names of red fish, kippers, or soldiers. The ground work of a coppery red is liberally covered with spots, patches, and blotches of black: at the same time the skin has thickened and assumed a texture as of leather in which the scales are scarcely visible and, indeed, are difficult to find or extract even with the aid of a knife. A curious development of the head also takes place, and both jaws are prolonged into an evil-looking snout. A most pronounced hook, or beak, on the lower jaw is accommodated in a corresponding cavity at the end of the upper jaw. The particular use or significance of this snout has never been explained, but it certainly is not used during the spawning operations, as a kind of entrenching tool!, as has been suggested by many writers; its utility as a weapon of offence or defence seems doubtful.

The female fish adopts a much more sober hue, and, although the colours used are the same, they are put on with a much less lavish brush. The common appellation of black fish aptly describes its general appearance. When spawning the fish are much exposed to their enemies, and, whatever may be the cause of this colour change, the result without doubt is partly protective, as the mixture of red

and black makes them extraordinarily difficult to detect on the fords or in the shallow pools of even such clear waters as those of the upper Spey and Truim, where I was fortunate enough to see many salmon spawning during last autumn.

As a nursery for their eggs they prefer a situation where the water runs fairly hard and the bottom is composed of gravel the size of a walnut or a little larger. Sand they do not like, while mud chokes the eggs. The female is essentially the worker in the spawning operations, and she gradually excavates with her tail and by the aid of the current a considerable hole. The gravel thus moved accumulates in a mound downstream, and the amount a twenty-pound fish will heap up is surprising. In favourable situations there may be almost as much as would make a fair load for a horse and cart. At intervals a certain number of eggs are shed, and gradually the heap on the downstream side of the excavation becomes a nest of salmon eggs intermingled among the stones. The male fish meanwhile takes no part in the formation of the "redd," as the heap of stones is termed, but occupies his time in chasing away other males and the trout which wait for ova not completely buried. From time to time he sheds milt over the deposited eggs to fertilise them.

The time required for the eggs to hatch depends entirely upon water temperature, and may vary from seventy-five days in an exceptionally mild year or in a more than usually warm river to as much as twice that time in a tributary fed by cold spring water.

The "alevins," as the little fish are called immediately after hatching, are scarcely recognisable as fish, far less as salmon. Little creatures less than an inch long, only capable of slight movement, and weighed down by a store of nourishment carried in the yolk sac, an oblong transparent vessel attached to their underside.

After remaining in this helpless condition in the gravel of the redd for about a month much of the yolk sac has been absorbed, and, being able to move about more freely, they emerge from the stones and begin to search for food. At the end of six weeks from the time of hatching their

store of nourishment is exhausted, and they are entirely dependent on their own exertions.

They have also assumed the appearance of fish in miniature by this time, and set about their real business in life of feeding and growing. Their form and markings resemble very much those of a small trout with, however, seven to eleven distinctive dark marks—the so-called parr marks—along each side.

With increasing age and size the alevins are re-christened successively "fry" and, before the end of their first year, "parr."

In the early spring a strange restlessness overtakes many of these, and their appearance changes. They begin to migrate downstream. At the same time a silvery coat first obscures and then gradually obliterates their trout-like appearance and the pronounced darkness of the parr marks. Finally they gather in great shoals of perfectly silvery little fish in the river just at the top of the tideway. Above the Old Bridge at Stirling is the meeting-place of the Forth smolts—the little creatures have changed their name yet again with their coat, and the parr have now become smolts. Great numbers of them may also be found round the bridge over the Dee above the harbour at Aberdeen, and in the pools of Findhorn below the town of Forres. I remember once crossing the Ugie from Peterhead to the golf course through literally shoals of smolts jumping out of the water together.

The gathering takes place in May and June, but the exact age at which the parr may assume the smolt dress and assert their migratory instinct varies with the average water temperature, and therefore probably the amount of food available, in the river. In the extreme South of England one year's residence in fresh water may suffice, but throughout the greater part of that country, and of Scotland at least as far north as the Tay, practically all the parr are ready to go to the sea when two years old. In the north of Scotland many remain a third year in the river, while a few may stay even four years, but that is a period much more common in the cold glacier-fed rivers of Norway.

By mid-June the shoals have descended the tidal area of the river and disappear rapidly into the open sea, where we lose sight of them entirely. We do not know even the part of the ocean to which they resort, although presumably it is far to the north or west, since, except when cruising along the coast on their way back to the rivers, salmon are seldom captured in the much-fished waters of the North Sea and other areas where trawlers and drifters work.

The first we know of them is the return of some as grilse in the spring of the year following their descent as smolts. They may appear on the coast of Aberdeen or Kincardine as early as April or even in March, but this is exceptional. The main run does not start until May, while June and July are the months in Scotland when grilse are most plentiful. The earliest are usually two pounds or a little less in weight, and in May of 1924 one of only a pound was taken, but the size soon increases, and four to six pounds may be taken as a general average. A smolt of a couple of ounces or so when it leaves the river attains this weight in twelve to fourteen months, but if it stays in the sea another month or two and does not return until the end of August or September a still more surprising increase may occur, as grilse up to ten pounds in weight are then frequently found, and a specimen of fourteen pounds has been recorded.

Not all smolts, however, return from the sea as grilse, for many of them remain away from the river for a further period of, it may be, only a few months or as much as three or four years.

Those which stay in the sea for approximately two years or rather more are known as small spring or small summer fish, according to the time of year at which they return to the river. They may be anything from six to twenty-five pounds in weight—the longer the residence in the sea naturally the greater the weight. Others absent another year from the river are called large spring and large summer fish, and the extra feeding has increased the range of weights up to as much as thirty-five pounds. A few may stay four years continuously in salt water, and these are the forty-pounders one hears of but so seldom

catches. A river is lucky to have any of this class of salmon, and it is not necessary to speak of the luck of the angler who lands one, for many men fish all their lives and never even see one. In recent years ladies have been exceedingly fortunate in catching fifty-pounders which, in almost every case, have remained for five years feeding and growing in the sea, and, being on their first return to fresh water, as are all the other fish I have already mentioned, have never spawned. In fact almost all the salmon of the larger rivers of this country belong to this category, and only a small remnant of some five per cent. or so are on their second return to fresh water. Scarcely one in a thousand has spawned twice, and those which survive after spawning three times and again return to the river are so exceptional as to cause considerable comment when captured.

The mortality is greatest among the males, and the majority of these die almost immediately after spawning—large numbers of females survive and return to the sea, but the mortality there must be great, since very few ever come back again to fresh water.

From one aspect it is surprising indeed that any survive, and that all do not die after spawning, as is the case with the Pacific salmon. After leaving the sea the salmon takes no food, but exists on the fat stored up in its body. Their stay in fresh water is by no means a short one, and the exertions they have to put forth to reach the chosen place of spawning are strenuous. The energy consumed in the development of the milt and ova, for it is at least partially, and in the case of spring fish entirely, formed during their fresh water residence, is also considerable. Spring fish may remain in the river a year or even eighteen months, fasting all the time, and the great majority of summer fish are absent from salt water, and therefore their feeding grounds, for at least six months. Small wonder that kelts, which is the technical name for the spent fish after spawning, are thin and emaciated and, as one authority has written, "little better than living skeletons," or, as a fisherman has put it to me more than once, "dirty brutes, thin as a rake."

"FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" STORIES

THE TROLL OF TÖREBY

By SELMA LAGERLÖF

(Translated from the Swedish by Gerda Sinclair)

ONCE, as a child, I can remember driving past an old manor house, which was said to be frequented by a troll. The house was isolated and unattractive where it stood close to the lake. No garden surrounded the tall, white building; only a couple of overgrown trees were to be seen. It was the dreariest place I have ever come across, but nevertheless the farm looked prosperous. The outhouses were well constructed on a large scale, and the crop in the fields was so fine that I can remember it even to this day.

It was remarkable to find everything in such excellent order. I recollect that we drove slowly past the farm and noticed how well the ditches were made, how straight the roads ran, and how solidly the bridges were built. We took stock of the neat, painted boats rocking on the shore, and of the exceptionally long washing-raft which extended right out into the lake. "It may be the troll who wishes them to have their washing done out there, in preference to the shallow water close to the shore," we said.

There was no one who doubted that the flourishing condition of the farm was all due to the troll, or that the people who lived there actually believed in him. Not a stalk of corn, nor a stick of any kind was allowed to be left behind in the courtyard for fear of him. The farm-yard was as trim as a drawing-room, and the fields resembled garden plots.

This particular troll had always been domiciled at the farm, and as far back as one could remember stories had circulated about him. I shall now tell you one, which happened about two hundred years ago.

It was a dark night in the autumn. The rain spouted down the rough timber walls, for in those days the manor house was neither panelled nor painted, and the wind lashed the branches of the tall crab-apple tree against the roof.

When the storm was at its worst, an owl came flying. She had her nest up amongst the rafters of one of the big garrets, and was accustomed to hop in and out through a little hole just below the eaves. But before she could find the gap the wind caught her, ruffled her thick array of feathers, giving her the appearance of a round ball, and hurled her once or twice against the wall. Then the bird made no further efforts to get in. Instead she settled down in the crab-apple tree, and kept on screeching the whole night through.

Inside the house everything was quiet and still; from the light that filtered through the cracks of the shutters it was clear that the servants

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had not yet retired to bed. Now and then an outcry and some loud laughter was heard, but soon again all was peaceful as before.

About eleven o'clock at night the old housekeeper came out into the hall. She was fully dressed and carried her keys, from which she could never be separated, day or night, at the side of her belt. The heavy door was fastened by four different locks, and it was some time before she could get it unfastened. No sooner had she pushed the door ajar, than the wind seized the opportunity of flinging it wide open, beating the rain on her face and twirling the mats in the hall round and round, so that they resembled wriggling snakes.

The old woman shut the door after her and wandered out into the dark. She walked very quickly as if pursued by a violent fear, and mumbled incessantly: "God help us! God help us!"

She could easily find her way by the aid of her horn-lantern, but she was so worried that she made no use of the light; consequently she stepped into pools of water, which might quite well have been avoided. Time after time, in her confusion, she turned off the path and got on to some pasture-land; she became entangled in a brier-bush which tore a piece out of her dress. Of all this she seemed to take no notice. She continued her walk, untiringly; the whole time repeating: "God help us! God help us!"

At last she arrived at the stable. She climbed the narrow steps that led from the outside of the building up to the hay-loft, and stopped at the opening.

There was a glimmer of light from behind the shutter, and, as the housekeeper bent forward, she looked into a small room, the walls of which were covered with harness, reins, saddles, and straps. Strictly speaking, it was not a room, but only a partition of the hay-loft. Through the gaps in the boarded walls the hay bulged out, and in the middle of the floor was a large trap-door through which one could climb down to the stable. Seated on a bed in a corner of the room was the old coachman belonging to the farm. By the light of a torch he sat and read his Bible. He appeared as if he was too restless to go to bed whilst the storm was raging, and almost every minute he raised his head from the book and listened to the wind, the rain, and the hooting of the owl.

The housekeeper knocked at the door, and the coachman came and opened for her. He began at once to excuse himself sitting there on the loft with the light unguarded. He had an idea that she had come out after dark for the sole purpose of asking him to be careful about fire. "Of course, I know it is dangerous," said he, "but I thought it was necessary for someone to read God's word on a night like this."

The old woman had nothing to answer. She sat down on a box, which contained scraps of leather and odd bits of iron. She was still terribly shaken and not a bit herself; her hands fumbled awkwardly at her apron, and her lips kept on mumbling incoherent words.

The coachman sat and looked at her for a long time, until the terror which oppressed her gripped him, so that his feeble hands and toothless gums began to tremble.

"Have you seen Little Father?" he asked in a whisper.

"Little Father" was the troll. He never went under any other name on the farm. "No," replied the housekeeper, "and there is no reason why I should be afraid of him. He does not wish us anything but good."

"Don't you be too sure about that," he said. "He is without doubt a strict master, and lately so many things have happened here which have displeased him."

"If he were as strict as you say, he would surely not allow the captain to carry on as he does."

The coachman tried to calm her: "You must bear in mind that you are speaking of the master."

"That does not prevent me from seeing that he is bringing both himself and the farm to rack and ruin," she complained.

"It is the captain who is the master of this farm. We are only his poor servants," repeated the coachman with great importance. But suddenly his voice broke down, and he asked in a tone of despair: "What madness is he up to now?"

"I have been standing at the dining-room door the whole evening and watched him gambling away all his money," wailed the housekeeper, rocking her body backwards and forwards. "When the money was finished, he squandered away the horses and cows, and when there were no more animals left, he fell back upon the farm. He stakes croft after croft, forest after forest, meadow after meadow, field after field, and loses them all."

The coachman half rose from his seat when he heard this, as if he must hurry away, in order to prevent this disaster. But he sat down again with a feeling of powerlessness. "It is the captain who is the master," he said. "He can do as he likes with his own property, but what I cannot understand is why Little Father does not interfere in the matter."

"He always keeps to the stable; he won't know what is happening where we are," said the housekeeper.

For a long time not a word was uttered. At length the coachman asked: "Who is it that is playing with him to-night?"

"It is Captain Duwe, he who wins as soon as he touches the dice."

"That man is as poorly equipped with worldly goods as he is with kindness of heart," said the coachman, thoughtfully. "From him the captain can expect no mercy."

"He will very soon be the owner of the whole of Töreby," replied the housekeeper.

The coachman picked up the Bible, turned sideways to get a good light, and began to read.

"I thought I was going to lose my reason whilst I stood there listening to them; it was so horrible. They were quite jolly to begin with and the master laughed at everything, even when he was losing. But now they are silent except when our captain has lost a fresh field. Then he swears and the other one laughs."

The old man kept on mumbling and reading, but he did not quote

the sacred Scriptures. With quivering lips he could only repeat: "Croft after croft, forest after forest, meadow after meadow, field after field."

"What is the good of your reading?" said the other. "If you were a real man, you would assert yourself and try to persuade him to stop gambling before he has lost the whole estate."

"I have served here so long that I know quite well how easy it is to make a Silverbrand give up anything he has set his heart on. I might just as well try to rouse the dead."

"Yes, surely this is enough to make his parents turn in their grave," said the woman.

The coachman closed his book. "The worst of it is that he does not understand it will never do to carry on like this on this farm. I recollect the many times I said to his respected father: 'Don't leave Töreby to Herr Henrik; he can never be a master to Little Father's liking. Give it to his brother, who is steady-going and of a serious disposition, and let Herr Henrik have a farm which does not carry so much responsibility with it.'"

"Well, it seems as if Töreby is neither going to belong to Herr Henrik nor to Herr August. This wretched Captain Duwe will have it, until he in his turn gambles it away to somebody else."

The coachman rose with determination. He buttoned up his coat and removed the torch from the cleft. It was evident that he intended to go and see his master and try to talk him over.

As he picked up his torch, he held it so that the light happened to fall on the square opening in the floor, through which he was accustomed to climb down to the stable. And now the old couple saw the troll standing on the ladder, which projected through the hole. He stood on the highest rung; he was little and wizened, and wore knee-breeches and a grey jacket with silver buttons. The troll listened with an air of dismay and amazement, and appeared as if he had become paralysed.

The pair immediately looked the other way. Neither of them showed by any sign that they had seen the troll.

"Now I think the best thing for us old people to do is to go to bed," said the man, in a tone of voice which was meant to be unconcerned. "You know that on this farm there is no need to stay awake at night, not even if some disaster was threatening. There is someone here who keeps guard."

"Yes, you are right, there is one here who is watchful," said his companion, submissively. Without saying anything further, she lifted up her lantern from the floor, crept out through the opening, and disappeared down the stairs.

When the old woman had got back to the house, she had quite made up her mind to go to bed at once, especially as she knew that late hours was one of the things which the troll least of all could forgive. She fully believed that he would put everything right—now when he had heard what was the matter. But she had hardly started to undress, except for taking off her heavy bunch of keys, when she was overcome

by so strong a desire to find out how the gamblers were getting on, that she again crept along to the dining-room door.

Bending down, she put her eye to the keyhole and could see that the two men were still seated at the table. Captain Silverbrand looked dreadfully tired and unstrung. The housekeeper thought that he had quite changed, even in the short time she had been away. He had lost his youthfulness, and looked neither handsome nor aristocratic as before; instead of that he had become pale, with puffiness under the eyes; his forehead was wrinkled, and his hands shook. Duwe was flushed in the face and his blood-shot eyes bulged out of his head; but he concealed his tension by making jokes and laughing incessantly.

The woman had only listened at the door for a couple of minutes when Silverbrand pushed his chair back and exclaimed: "It is all finished now, Duwe! I have nothing more left of the whole estate than the pine-holm out there in the lake. You must let me keep that, so that I may have something in this world which I can call my own."

Duwe laughed, but he did not look pleased. "It is a pity to break off the game," he said. "When you have already risked so much, you might as well let us have a raffle on that stone-heap."

Silverbrand walked up and down the room. It was easy to see that he was still swayed by the gambling spirit. It was not so much that he regretted his losses as his sorrow at not being able to continue the game.

"What do you stake against the holm?" he asked.

Duwe hesitated for a moment. The housekeeper gathered that he was thinking hard of some wager, which without doubt would induce Silverbrand to play again.

"I put up your riding horse," said Duwe.

Silverbrand loved his riding horse more than anything else in the world. He began to swear most dreadfully, and asked Duwe if he was the devil himself to tempt him in this way.

The housekeeper noticed that each time her captain, whilst pacing up and down the room, came to a dark corner, where Duwe could not see him, he clenched his hands in anger.

"The worst of it all is that I know I shall kill you when I see you riding my horse and giving orders on my estate," he said to Duwe.

"Are you going to grudge a poor man a bit of comfort in his old age?" Duwe retorted, and laughed. "Why, you are young and strong; it won't be long before you get both a horse and a farm somewhere else."

During the whole time the listener had been standing there she had wondered what was wrong with the door that led from the dining-room into the hall. Time after time it opened about an inch wide and was immediately shut again. Each time Silverbrand passed that door it appeared as if a tiny hand was thrust through the opening, beckoning to him.

Silverbrand went past the door several times without noticing anything, but suddenly he stopped in front of it and stared.

"Well, are you coming now?" asked Duwe.

"I shall be back in a minute," Silverbrand answered, and went out into the hall.

The housekeeper slipped quietly away from her hiding-place. A moment later she was in the pantry with her face pressed against the little window that looked out on the hall.

There stood Silverbrand bending over the troll. Little Father carried a small lantern in his hand, which gave a dim light to the passage.

"What will you give me if I enable you to win back your property?" asked the troll.

"I will give you whatever you want," said Silverbrand.

The troll put his hand in his pocket and brought out a couple of dice. "If I lend you these dice and you play with them to-night, I feel sure that you will get back the estate again," he whispered.

Silverbrand put out his hand. "Give them to me! Give them to me!" he exclaimed.

"You can only have them on condition that you will play with me to-morrow for a stake which I shall fix myself," returned the troll.

At this very moment the poor owl gave a terrifying cry. Silverbrand looked up and listened.

The housekeeper noticed that the troll's eyes began to sparkle with hatred and spite. She wished to smash the window, in order to call out to her master and warn him not to make any bargain with the troll. But just then Little Father saw her and gave her a furious look. She remained quiet, without daring to move a finger.

Silverbrand also appeared to have seen something sinister about the troll. He pulled his hand back, and was on the point of returning to the dining-room.

But he stopped suddenly. "I don't know why I should distrust you, Little Father, particularly as you have always taken great care of this farm," he said. "Surely you do not wish me anything but good. Give me then the dice! I don't care what happens to-morrow as long as I can succeed to-night in making Duwe just as poor as he was the day before yesterday, when he entered this hall."

Directly afterwards Silverbrand was back in the dining-room.

"I am not going to sit here any longer, listening to the hooting of an owl and to the storm outside, without being allowed to play," burst out Duwe. "I am going to bed now."

"Are you not first going to win from me that pine-holm?" Silverbrand ventured, as he sat down at the table.

He lifted the little box with the dice inside and shook them well. After having done this, he and Duwe played for several hours and Silverbrand won every game. In the meantime, the weather was improving, the owl found her way back to the nest, the old housekeeper was tired out and went to bed; but Silverbrand did not rest before he had won back field after field, meadow after meadow, forest after forest, croft after croft, until the whole of Töreby once more belonged to him.

It was a glorious morning after the stormy night, with a blue sky and a nice breeze in the air, and the lake was as clear as a mirror.

The housekeeper had been called in to see her master, whilst he was still in bed.

As she opened his bedroom door she thought she saw something small and grey brushing past her. She only caught a glimpse of it, which made her jump. Then it was gone.

Captain Silverbrand looked very pale in bed. "Did you see him?" he asked her.

"No," said the housekeeper, out of habit, for it was supposed not to be agreeable to the troll to say that one had seen him.

"It was Little Father," said the captain. "He went just as you came. He has been in here playing at dice with me."

She simply stood there and stared at her master.

"Little Father is not altogether pleased with me; he would be better satisfied if my brother had the property—and perhaps you wish the same."

The captain looked very strange, and the woman did not know what to say.

"Oh, well! I have managed at any rate to drive old Duwe away from the place," continued Silverbrand. "I had intended, as a return for Little Father's help, to let everything be managed on the farm as he would wish it to be, but he has no real faith in me. He puts up such peculiar stakes to play for, this troll. He is worse than Duwe."

The old servant began to tremble and mumble as she did before during the night: "God help us!"

"Well, don't stand there, woman, and look miserable," said Silverbrand, "but hurry up and brush my uniform! Brighten up the bandoleer, polish the buttons, and remove all the spots! See to it that my riding horse is fitted out with the best saddle and bridle. The mane shall be well brushed, the stirrups shall glitter, and the leather straps shall shine."

The other looked at him in astonishment. She left the room and returned quickly with the uniform. At such a farm as Töreby one was accustomed to see everything neat and trim and in good order.

Captain Silverbrand got out of bed. He dressed in his blue uniform, put on his three-cornered hat, buckled his sword to his side, and pulled on his long, stiff gloves. He went into the porch, and, seeing his horse ready waiting for him, he sprang hurriedly into the saddle.

He rode twice round the farm, and afterwards turned off towards the lake, where the long washing-raft, which existed even in those days, shot right out from the shore. He looked so handsome and resplendent on his horse that all the servants came out to gaze at him. And both the coachman and the housekeeper noticed that the troll was leaning out of the stable window, watching the owner of the farm.

When the captain came down to the shore he rode straight on to the raft. Tall and proud, he sat in the saddle like a hero, and the horse pranced along in short bounds. When they had reached the other end of the raft there was a short tussle between the rider and the horse. The animal wanted to turn back, but Captain Silverbrand urged

him on with his spurs and riding-whip, and forced him to go forward. With a tremendous leap the horse threw himself into the water.

All the people at the farm came running down towards the lake. But when they arrived at the spot both rider and horse had disappeared. They had sunk at once, without rising to the surface.

The young men jumped into boats and rowed along the lake. Everybody was talking at the same time, eager to give help and advice, but the old housekeeper kept quite still. "It is no use," she said. "It is the troll. He has gambled away his life to the troll in payment for the help he received last night."

As the people in great consternation turned back to the farm they could all see the troll of Töreby standing at the stable window and triumphantly waving his red cap.

Because now he felt certain that good management, order, and sobriety would be restored to Töreby.

MAINLY VICTORIAN¹

By ST. JOHN ADCOCK

It will often happen that an author is so much more interesting than anything he has written that long after the life has gone out of his books and they are laid aside among the things that are done with we are pleased to go on reading about the man himself, give him a corner in literary histories, and remember his name and his story, but not the works that were to have made him memorable. "With the passing of the Victorian era," says Mr. S. M. Ellis, "many of the lesser stars which once shone brightly in that great literary epoch have become dim and almost forgotten. It is doubtful if the rising generation reads, to any extent, G. P. R. James, Charles Lever, Fenimore Cooper, James Grant, Mayne Reid and Frank Smedley." Nevertheless, three of the most entertaining essays in this volume are on three of these six, whose books were once in everybody's hands and now are, comparatively, in nobody's.

I am not sure Mr. Ellis is right in thinking that Sheridan Le Fanu has "suffered no eclipse." His *Uncle Silas* has never gone quite under, though it is more neglected than it should be, and lately there has been some revival of interest in him, but, on the whole, like Grant and Smedley, he has retained no more than a small lodging in the outer suburbs of the general reader's regard. And who now reads Ann Radcliffe? Her novels are not easily obtainable. Yet I can recall the fearful joy with which, in the days of my youth, I read *The Romance of the Forest*, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, *A Sicilian Romance*, and Mr. Ellis justifies his assertion that "no feminine writer has exercised such a powerful and lasting influence upon literature." She was not a pioneer of the romance of the supernatural; Horace Walpole had preceded her; but her influence "can be traced in practically all later romance and supernatural tales." Monk Lewis, and Maturin, with his *Melmoth the Wanderer*, were of her school. "Maturin," as Mr. Ellis reminds us, "was the great-grand-uncle of Oscar Wilde, who had a great admiration of his relative's literary work. When Wilde was released from prison he assumed the name 'Sebastian Melmoth.' It may be that the idea of the supernatural picture in *Dorian Gray* generated from the painted effigy hidden by the black veil in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*." Scott was susceptible to the influence of Mrs. Radcliffe, so were Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, William Godwin, Lytton, and "other English writers too numerous to mention," to say nothing of Balzac, Hugo, Dumas, Sue. Andrew Lang pointed out "that Charlotte Brontë borrowed the idea of the hidden mad wife in *Jane Eyre* from a similar incident in *A Sicilian Romance*, and that a situation in

R. L. Stevenson's *Kidnapped* emanated from the same work." So if Mrs. Radcliffe's novels lie mouldering in the grave their soul goes marching on.

I will confess that Surtees is a novelist I have never been able to read, but Mr. Ellis's very able survey of the man and his stories makes me feel that the fault may be more in myself than in *Jorrocks's Jaunts*, *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, and *Handley Cross*, and he proves his claim that *Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities* was "the inspiring origin of *The Pickwick Papers*." Whyte-Melville, again, makes an attractive and gallant figure in Mr. Ellis's gallery, and I read his *Holmby House* and *The Gladiators* with enjoyment, but even the charm of "Phiz's" illustrations could not carry me through the dullness of *Tilbury Nogo*. Nothing I suppose can ever bring back to Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends* the enormous vogue that was once theirs; down to forty years ago these witty narratives in dexterous and ingenious metre and rhyme were familiar in our mouths as household words, but though a good deal of their glory is departed, none of their numerous imitators has produced an imitation that vied with the brilliance of the originals, and they hold, as Mr. Ellis rightly says, "a peculiar and unique position in English literature"; they are not going the dusty way that Peter Pindar has gone, their immortality is secure, and the study here in the life and doings of their author is one of Mr. Ellis's amplest and most delightful essays.

The fact that Mr. Ellis has gone back through Victorian into pre-Victorian times and chosen for his themes certain people of importance in their day, but not in ours, gives his book a distinctive freshness and value. He has turned from the highways into the by-ways and instead of writing about men and women of letters who are so famous that there is nothing new to be told of them, he has written of lesser men who are not less and are sometimes more interesting than their greater contemporaries. But he has not limited himself to minor authors, nor wholly to literary personages. There are excellent chapters on Dickens and Forster, Thackeray and Lady Ritchie, "Phiz," Lytton, some new Charles Lamb letters, William De Morgan, a variety of authors, living and dead, and a vivid little sketch of the Tichborne Claimant's turbulent, enthusiastic champion, Dr. Kenealy. Some of the essays are reprinted reviews and rather fragmentary, but these form a small part in a miscellany of uncommonly good reading. Mr. Ellis is strongly attracted to the human aspect of his subjects; he is an admirable gossipier, deftly mingling criticism and anecdote with his biographical chronicle. Moreover, not contented to rely on orthodox research and the printed document, he has gone about to find surviving relatives of divers of his authors and gathered from them hitherto unpublished information, which adds much to the value of a book that is one of the best and most interesting of its kind.

(1) *Mainly Victorian*. By S. M. Ellis. With 18 illustrations. 21s. (Hutchinson.)

CURRENT LITERATURE

By S. M. ELLIS

YEARS ago Disraeli said of Richmond, there is "no place like it." It remains unique among the suburbs of London, for Richmond still preserves its individuality, and is a town in Surrey rather than an urban borough in the Metropolitan Police District. The flood of "progress" and suburban building schemes duly rolled up to the historic place: but, foiled by the special defences Richmond enjoys with its parks and preserved open lands, only succeeded in overwhelming certain unimportant sites, and passed on to devastate once delightful Twickenham and Teddington. Despite the partial spoliation of these latter places, it is remarkable how lovely the view from Richmond Hill still remains, thanks, of course, to the curves of the steely Thames winding between green, well-wooded banks in the foreground: the more distant prospects are as unsurpassed in beauty now as they were in the brave days of old when Sheen was the favoured resort of the great. The name of Sheen comes from a Saxon word signifying shining or beautiful. It was King Henry the Seventh, when he rebuilt the ancient Palace about 1500, who bestowed upon the place the designation of Richmond after his own subsidiary title of Earl of Richmond, in Yorkshire.

After the death of Queen Elizabeth in the Palace, Royal associations with Richmond became of a migratory nature, for the buildings fell into ruin during the Cromwellian usurpation—that is to say, large portions were pulled down and the materials sold. Still, Charles the First and his brother Henry, Queen Henrietta Maria, and the unfortunate James Francis, Prince of Wales (son of James the Second), all had brief occupation of the old Palace. By the dawn of the eighteenth century the vast Palace had vanished, with the exception of the gateway and the wing now known as Wardrobe Court (the present residence of Lord Cave).

Some twenty years later Royalty returned to Richmond in the persons of the Hanoverians. The Prince of Wales (subsequently George the Second) and his wife constantly occupied The Lodge, a house situated near the river in what is now called the Old Deer Park. As the years went on their son, Frederick Prince of Wales, and, in turn, his son, George the Third, and other members of the family, established themselves in houses further east along the river bank, at Kew. This continuous association of the Court with the district brought in its train many distinguished persons—in Art and Literature, as well as in Society—whose names are linked, in consequence, with Richmond and the surrounding district. A very charming collection of views and portraits illustrating this subject has recently been published.¹ The accompanying descriptive text by Mr. Cundall reflects pleasant anti-

(1) *Bygone Richmond*, by H. M. Cundall, I.S.O., F.S.A. With forty-six illustrations. (The Bodley Head, 10s. 6d. net.)

quarian zeal, and it is a pity it should be marred, here and there, by a few trivial errors—such as those which style the Duchess of Greenwich "Lady Greenwich," and George the Third's seventh son the "seventh" Duke of Cambridge: the latter was, of course, the first Duke of his creation. However, as it is always my aim to offer not destructive but constructive (meaning helpful) criticism, I will only add, instead of corrections, a few supplementary details to Mr. Cundall's interesting notes.

The author does not refer to Macready's account of the funeral of Edmund Kean, the famous actor who died in the dwelling attached to the old theatre on Richmond Green. Macready notes, on May 25th, 1833:—

Ushered into the room where Kean's remains lay—poor creature! . . . After some delay furnishing mourners, etc., we were summoned, Braham [the famous singer] and self first as supporters; we crossed the Green and paced the crowding streets amid the loud remarks and repetition of names by the multitude. Kean's coffin, placed before our pew, led me into very sad ruminations—contrasting his moments of burning energy with the mass of cold corruption fronting me. The church was crowded by curious and gay visitors, and was distressingly hot. His son and Mr. Lee were much affected; the anthem was beautiful but long. The procession returned to the house in its original order. I could make little observation on anything, being under such a surveillance. Braham invited me to dine with him at the Star and Garter, but I was obliged to decline. I shook hands very warmly with young Kean, who thanked me; and, with Harley, went in search of the carriage, which met us on the Green and very rapidly took us to town.

I may be wrong, but I think the old theatre on Richmond Green was pulled down in 1885, and not in 1886, as stated in this book. One of my own earliest recollections is seeing the building in its last sad stage of dilapidation, plastered over with bills of sale and legal notices and a few old playbills of performances which had ceased some time before. I remember my father pointing out the place and saying what great actors had played in that small theatre: but Garrick, Kean, and Siddons were only curious names to a very little boy.

I did not know before that "Perdita," Mrs. Mary Robinson, the actress, resided on Kew Green at the time she was the infatuation of the youthful Prince of Wales (George the Fourth), then but seventeen years of age. In a letter, quoted in her *Memoirs*, Mrs. Robinson related of her first assignation with the Prince in 1780:—

Lord Maldon and myself dined at the inn on the island between Kew and Brentford. We waited the signal for crossing the river in a boat which had been engaged for the purpose . . . The handkerchief was waved on the opposite shore . . . and in a few minutes we landed before the iron gates of old Kew Palace. The interview was but of a moment. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were walking down the avenue. They hastened to meet us. A few words, and those scarcely articulate, were uttered by the Prince, when a noise of people approaching from the Palace startled us. The moon was now rising . . . After a few more words of the most affectionate nature uttered by the Prince we parted, and Lord Maldon and myself returned to the island . . . Many and frequent were the interviews which afterwards took place at this romantic spot; our walks sometimes continued till past midnight . . .

Judging by the commencement of this letter, there must have been at that date an inn on the eyot, or island, between Kew and Brentford. To the account of the Castle inn at Richmond it will be of interest to add that it can claim a link of quaint memory with Charles Lamb. In the year 1826, Elia, one evening of summer, was the guest here at dinner of Harrison Ainsworth—then a vivacious young man of twenty-one and an ardent admirer of the writings of Lamb, even though he dubbed the gentle author himself “a *bona fide* Cockney.” After dinner, host and guest adjourned to the bowling green for a game. Unluckily, Lamb, in attempting to “catch the jack,” put his middle finger out of joint. “Never,” said Ainsworth, when describing the scene in after years, “never shall I forget his look of surprise and horror as he gazed at the injured finger.” No doubt the ministrations of Ainsworth’s mother, who was also present, helped to restore the Elian digit to its correct position.

A quarter of a century later, the Castle inn was a favoured dining-place of the Alpine Club, when the guests included Anthony Trollope and George Meredith.

When dealing with the literary associations of Richmond, Mr. Cundall omits George Meredith altogether. Yet he was often there. The Star and Garter is the scene of Chapter XXXVI of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, and Richmond Hill is also alluded to in Chapter I of *The Amazing Marriage*. Writing to Frederic Chapman as late as 1901 Meredith said:—

“Baffle the threat, bright scene . . .” We need a Wordsworth to protest against such a wrong as the violation of the view from Richmond Hill, which is in truth one among our national treasures. Happily the cry in defence of it has only to be raised in time, for it is a matter touching all of British blood who have some vein of poetic sentiment . . .

Meredith’s first wife, Mary Ellen, daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, and herself an author of some merit, lived at 2, Sussex Villas, Cambrian Road, Richmond Hill, in 1860.

I can add a few other names to Mr. Cundall’s long list of notable inhabitants. Lydia White lived on Richmond Green in 1798. Roden Noel occupied Royal Cottage on Kew Green, 1867-1870, and his poems, *Early Spring*, *On Richmond Hill*, and *Palingenesis* picture the scene from Kew to Petersham. F. C. Burnand lived at 15, Marlborough Villas, about 1862; and Miss Tuttielt (“Maxwell Gray”), the author of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, was at 2, Mount Ararat Road until within a few years of her death.

And, of course, W. E. Henley loved Richmond:—

By the river old and gray
The enchanted Long Ago
Murmur’d and smil’d anew
On the way to Kew,
March had the laugh of May,
The bare boughs looked aglow,
And old immortal words
Sang in my breast like birds,
Coming up from Richmond
As I used to do.

Even the sad poet of *The City of Dreadful Night*, James Thomson, brightened up to sing his delightful Idyll of Cockaigne, *Sunday up the River*, when

A little straw hat with the streaming blue ribbons comes dancing over the bridge.

Could we float thus ever,
Floating down a river,
Down a tranquil river, and you alone with me:
Past broad shining meadows,
Past the great wood shadows,
Past fair farms and hamlets, for ever to the sea.
* * * * *
And may mortal sinners
Care for carnal dinners
If your Heaven of Heavens, New Era millions three?
Oh, if their boat gets standing
Upon some Richmond landing,
They’re thirsty as the desert and hungry as the sea!

Yes, Richmond’s countless visitors still slake their thirst and quench their hunger upon Hill Rise, and the town, despite its lovely surroundings, has known some “mortal sinners” of the blackest dye and been the scene of terrible crimes. The most notorious was the murder of Mrs. Thomas, an elderly lady, by her general servant, Kate Webster, on March 20th, 1879, at No. 2, Mayfield (or Vine) Cottages, Park Road. This murder has ever since held a special place in the annals of crime because of the inadequate motive and the ferocity with which it was carried out—even to the mutilation and cutting up of the body while the victim still lived. The material gain to the murderess was only a few pounds, and the primary cause for the crime seems to have been revenge upon a rather tiresome mistress, who had merely been apt to follow her maid about and insist on household work being thoroughly performed. Finally, there was the amazing effrontery of the murderess endeavouring to inculcate innocent people in the crime she alone had committed. A full report of the Trial of Kate Webster has now been included in the series of *Notable British Trials*,¹ and this volume is particularly fortunate in possessing the very able introduction contributed by Mr. Elliot O’Donnell, who has contrived to make a very sordid story almost a romantic one. He has studied the psychology of his subject, and marshals the facts of the crime into an arresting narrative of human passions and revenge.

It is vain and superfluous to deny that humanity has ever been keenly interested in a story of murder since the first on record—that of Abel by Cain. The crowds who struggle to witness the trials of murderers are living evidence to the sinister attraction the subject commands as a magnet. In the case of Kate Webster, I have always been struck by the element of inevitable Greek-like fate in the story—in the sheep-to-the-slaughter manner Mrs. Thomas went back to the house, well knowing the danger she had to face from her violent “servant,” of whom, some weeks before the end, she went in fear of all her hours, for she had come to realise the ruthless character of the only other occupant of

(1) *Trial of Kate Webster*. Edited by Elliot O’Donnell. (William Hodge and Company, 10s. 6d. net.)

her house. Yet on that last night of her life, Mrs. Thomas, after a quarrel with Kate Webster, went to service at her chapel, but left before its close—as if drawn by superior will power, as a moth to the flame—and went back to the foreboding house alone. If she had taken a friend with her, perhaps she would never have been murdered. But she returned alone, and in a few minutes' time from receiving the sacrament in chapel she met her appalling fate. Struck down and half-strangled, her body was cut up and dissected on the kitchen table. Some of the remains were boiled in the adjoining copper; and the rest, apart from the head, were thrown over, in a box, from Richmond Bridge, and duly came ashore a little way down the river at Barnes. A sinister river scene more fitting for the Adelphi Arches or old London Bridge: yet it was from the last recess on the left-hand side of Richmond Bridge that the grim box splashed into the Thames that intensely dark night—Richmond Bridge, the animated stage of so many happy, sunny scenes, and which Turner painted in the foreground of his picture of Richmond Hill amid a blaze of colour.

* * 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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JOSEPH CAILLAUX: THE MAN AND HIS POLICY

BY SIR THOMAS BARCLAY

JOSEPH CAILLAUX¹ at the conclusion of the war was still being hounded by reactionaries as a traitor. He was treated with suspicion even by some of those who had been his colleagues in office, and by a majority of his fellow-countrymen, who could not realise that a man branded by so "honourable" a crowd would be entirely innocent of the allegations circulated about him. He had been arrested, and he was kept for a long period before and after the termination of the war awaiting trial by the Senate. "Traitor, you owe your life to Clemenceau," shouted a Nationalist Senator who passed him in the lobby during his trial, and in fact a court-martial might have condemned him on assumptions similar to those of the general public.

* * * * *

"How can you, an Englishman, be a friend of an enemy of your country?" I was asked by a noble lady who called herself a "Liberal," and tried to be one. That he was anti-English was a vague impression even among the less ill-disposed. I had myself shared it to some extent in 1911, when Caillaux was Prime Minister. In that year, at a dinner given by the Italian Ambassador, M. Tittoni, of which the Prime Minister was the guest of honour, I mentioned the matter to M. d'Estournelles de Constant. I asked him if he thought the friendly relations which Caillaux seemed to cultivate with Germany would disturb the Anglo-French *entente*. "Fear nothing," said

(1) Caillaux was born at Le Mans in 1863, the son of a high official of the Ministry of Finance, in which ministry he also held a post till he entered Public Life at the age of 35. He was also for a time Professor of Public Finance at the School of Political Science in Paris.

M. Caillaux, who had overheard our conversation. "The *entente* with England is the pivot of French foreign policy, and I shall be the last to disturb or weaken it. But it must not be allowed to degenerate into an *entente* against Germany. Mutual suspicion can only lead to dangerous rivalry in armaments and promote discord throughout Europe. But be sure of this, there can never be any question of choosing between the *entente* with England and a better understanding with any other country." Caillaux's Anglophobia was nevertheless constantly harped upon by his political opponents, and many persons who were not otherwise hostile to him could not understand a *rapprochement* with Germany in any other light than as detachment from the *entente* with England.

* * * * *

M. Caillaux was a notorious unbeliever in the Protectionist *régime*. He held it to be destructive of the spirit of competition and enterprise which is the foundation of all economic progress. It interfered with the natural development of a people's industrial genius. He did not, however, regard the subject as one which could be reopened in the face of the vast majority of electors, peasants as well as small and great manufacturers, whose interests would suffer by reduction of protective duties covering practically every commodity.

The French spirit of letting well alone, the sufficiency of the French home market to keep existing industries afloat, and a certain indifference to great wealth, which is characteristic of the *gros bon sens* of the French people, made any prospect of alteration in the economic *régime* remote. M. Caillaux knew this, and found the best he could do for the cause of Free Trade in France was to avoid giving Protectionists further opportunities for triumph. He was nevertheless *suspect* from a capitalist point of view.

* * * * *

He became more than *suspect* when he championed and carried through Parliament his Bill for the imposition of a progressive income tax. The support of the Socialists did not make the tax more palatable to those who had to

open up their accounts to the inspectors to be appointed under the Act, to check the returns of those who were subject to the tax.

There was general resentment against the man who imposed a new direct tax, relatively small as it might be, on earned incomes, but in a country like France, where the habit of investing in bearer securities is practically universal, of an inquisitorial character. The fact that Parliament had passed the measure was not an attenuating circumstance—the obnoxious tax was writ large against the name of Caillaux. The tax has now begun to take its place alongside the other direct taxes; as in England, the power to inspect is now replacing actual inspection, and the rough edges of the initial collection of the tax are now being filed down.

If the Socialists supported this measure, they distrusted the author of it as much as the capitalists.

* * * * *

With the Socialists' opposition to capitalism he has no sympathy. Just as he is theoretically a Free Trader, he is also opposed to any artificial disturbance of the interplay of the forces which co-operate in industry—capital, management and labour; these three elements can best look after themselves, assisted by their respective organisations for the defence of their interests. Thus he regards a capital levy as a dangerous experiment, which might interfere with industrial credit, tend to a shortage of raw materials, and expose industry to perpetuation of antiquated machinery. Industry needs more and more capital and can dispense with none. There, again, he is *suspect* to the Socialist Party.

* * * * *

M. Caillaux was and is often spoken of as a realist in politics, just as Gambetta was spoken of as an opportunist. If by these terms is meant a distrust of measures inconsistent with existing circumstances, national tradition and character, then he is both. But as either term can be regarded as the antithesis of idealism, they are misplaced, for M. Caillaux, like Gambetta, has the imagination which

enables him from the trend of events to forecast their potential consequences.

Before the war broke out M. Caillaux, like many others, had foreseen that it would come sooner or later. He strove to avert it as long as possible, in the hope that circumstances and the increasing wisdom and competency of statesmen would create further methods of solving international difficulties, even like that of Alsace-Lorraine, without bloodshed. After it broke out he did not disguise his desire for its speedy termination on terms which would secure a durable peace.

Those, and they were numerous, who shared his wish were soon labelled as Germanophiles (pro-Germans), and, in contradiction to the *jusqu'au boutistes*, were called *défaitistes*, traitors to the cause of victory. M. Caillaux was now denounced as a traitor and his every movement tracked.

It would be difficult to find a statesman who has passed through so many trials and tribulations as M. Caillaux.

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The flood gates of calumny were now opened, and insinuations of the basest character were put in circulation. Among them was one that found easy credence among a public accustomed to hear politicians accused of making profits out of their access to, or early knowledge of events and facts affecting stock exchange quotations, and other financial facilities. Caillaux was now alleged to have made a fortune out of his position as Minister of Finance and to have concealed his securities in Italy. The safe in which they were supposed to be lodged was located at Florence and ransacked without revealing anything of the kind.

M. Caillaux had many political opponents, as we have seen—capitalist, socialist, bourgeois, nationalist—only very few dared avow themselves his friends, and they, too, became *suspect*. The clamour of his enemies reached a point at which M. Clemenceau, who had been his friend and one of his political patrons, thought he had no option but to have him arrested. Clemenceau may have thought himself least committed by having him kept in detention till he could be impeached on grounds of public policy

and as a deputy charged with a breach of his public duty. Perhaps Clemenceau thought also that his incarceration placed his quondam friend out of danger of mob "justice."

He may even have remembered that he, too, had been hounded from public life at the time of the Panama Canal scandal, and that a public trial might have cleared him of charges which embittered his life for a number of years, till he came back as Prime Minister. Perhaps he remembered that it is safer for an accused not to be tried while public feeling is at fever heat, as in the case of the Dreyfus affair, in which he had fought successfully for the cause of justice.

It is difficult, however, to account by any of these considerations for the inhuman treatment inflicted during a year of his detention, for he was lodged in one of the cells appointed for dangerous criminals, alongside persons accused of the vilest common law crimes, shut off from intercourse with even his most intimate friends.

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M. Caillaux entered political life twenty-seven years ago at the General Election of 1898, and made his mark at once, as one who was familiar with all the questions affecting the public finance of the country. He had not been a year in the Chamber before Waldeck-Rousseau picked out this still untried man, to place him at the head of one of the four great Departments of State. He proved himself not only a master of details of financial administration, but a bold reformer, and his revised taxation of alcohol and sugar, his re-distribution of death duties, and his sound financial administration and well-balanced Budget, contributed not a little to the duration of the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, which still holds the record of Cabinet life in France. Caillaux's reputation as a master of public finance was made, but he did not take office again till he joined the Cabinet of Clemenceau in 1906.

His second Cabinet in duration holds the second place in the record. In the course of his tenure of office under Clemenceau he carried out his great measure for the introduction of the income tax, which, however, only came into operation much later. In June, 1911, he became Prime

Minister himself, but his Cabinet, which lasted only seven months, had too short a life to carry through any very important measures.

I have known him since his first appearance in political life. A man of substance by inheritance, he has always lived on the same level of well-to-do comfort, with no external signs of increasing wealth, and there has been no outward justification for the infamous allegation that he had grown rich on the spoils of office.

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We come now to the turning point, M. Caillaux's impeachment and trial by the Senate.

Trial by the Senate is a very different thing from trial by the House of Lords. The whole Senate sits in judgment as at an ordinary sitting. Alongside the President sits the Procurator-General and subordinate judicial officers. At an ordinary sitting at least half the senators are absent, but on such an occasion it is a matter of honour that every man shall be in his seat.

I attended the sittings in *toque* and gown among the counsel for the defence during the long hearing of the arguments against and for the accused. Every day he was brought in by police officers, and after the sitting taken back to the house of detention as an ordinary first-class *accusé*. The sight of this obviously innocent man being so humiliated is one of the most painful recollections of the trial. He liked to talk to me in English, and every day we exchanged a few words.

At the close of the arguments the President asked the *accusé* if he had anything to say in his defence.

Caillaux then made a speech which for some reason or another was never sincerely reported. "Look at me," he said, "do I look like a traitor? Do I stand before you like one who has taken the thirty pieces of silver to betray his country? Have you heard in any of the evidence a word which justifies even the suspicion of such a crime? Every act and gesture of my life, both before and during the war, has been laid bare, my most private papers have been rifled; has anything been found that could justify the allegations that I have ever acted otherwise than as one

who loved his country and strove to serve it? Has it been shown that I ever sought a personal advantage from my public life? What, I ask you, has this long humiliating trial proved against me; nothing, gentlemen, nothing, and I hold my head up and tell you that I look forward to the future sure that my fellow-countrymen will repudiate the shocking injustice which has been inflicted on an innocent man. I do not regret this trial. It has proved me to be an honest man. I await your verdict with absolute confidence that you will acquit me of all the foul charges brought against me on grounds devoid of foundation. I face you again, gentlemen, and ask you, could I stand before you as I do now and speak as I do, with the confidence of an innocent man, if I felt that a shred of evidence stood between me and my conscience?"

If these were not the exact words, they were the sense of his speech, and no one who heard it could forget its tenor and the impression it made at a moment of such intense anxiety for his fate.

The sincerity of the man was so evident and the sight of this great citizen having to defend himself against charges based on mere hearsay proudly turning on his narrow-minded and envious tormentors caused a sensation of deep emotion. Women in the crowded galleries waved their handkerchiefs, men clapped their hands and shouted, "Bravo! Vive Caillaux!" The cheering lasted for several minutes, in spite of every effort to stop it. The President put on his hat, it was in vain!

When Caillaux came out all hands were extended to him. He was pale with emotion.

M. de Moro Giafferi, the brilliant advocate who had conducted the case, had tears in his eyes.

The Senate acquitted Caillaux on every count, but with a meanness which will brand its majority for all time, they ostracised him as a danger to the State and forbade him to come to Paris or any other large town, with one or two exceptions, including Orleans.

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During his exile M. Caillaux spoke several times in public, but with such discretion and freedom from *rancune*

that his worst enemies could not find a single word on which to hang a reproach. He was practising the wise tactics of letting people forget their own cruel mistakes. His Paris friends could meet him at Orleans, and Mme. Caillaux took a flat in Paris.

After the acquittal I used to meet Mme. Caillaux from time to time at a common friend's house. When I expressed the opinion that the British settlement of the United States debt, whatever other ulterior motive, if any, may have been behind it, was an excellent investment for British credit, she told me that that was also her husband's opinion. He thought the French Government would damage French credit by delaying negotiations, as if it hoped its creditors would spontaneously wipe out the debt, a childish idea based on sentimental considerations, to which no Government would be entitled to pledge its taxpayers.

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The return to his old position in the political world was now expected, as soon as the General Election altered the proportion between the Right and the Left Wings of the Chamber of Deputies. The result exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine and placed MM. Painlevé and Herriot at the head of affairs, subject, however, to the support of the Socialist contingent.

President Millerand, contrary to the practice which had grown up under the Third Republic, had taken up a partisan attitude in favour of M. Poincaré's policy. This was deeply resented by Radicals and Socialists. The President was unable to get any member of the majority to form a Cabinet and found himself "boycotted." He was too sincere a Republican to follow the example of President Field-Marshal MacMahon. He followed that of President Grévy, when, after his second presidency, a coalition of his opponents used a private scandal as a public motive to turn him out, and he resigned.

Public opinion expected M. Painlevé to be elected in his place, but the Senate had come to regard their President as the presumptive-elect to the Presidency of the

Republic, and with the co-operation of the Right wing of the Chamber M. Doumergue, a cool-headed, sagacious, and unaggressive statesman, was elected by a majority over M. Painlevé, whom a majority of the Chamber immediately chose to preside over their own house.

M. Herriot, the new Prime Minister, had many hard tasks to grapple with, the hardest of all being the financial situation. M. Caillaux was still subject to the civil disabilities imposed by the Senate. Moreover, M. Herriot would have scarcely dared to face a public opinion not yet familiarised with the idea—rather novel to all, it must be avowed—that an accused man can be acquitted on all the charges brought against him, and yet be condemned to punishment.

He appointed a good sound business man, M. Clémentil, to administer the Treasury on the lines of least resistance and least compromising for the future. The public could see that a policy of letting bad alone would have very different consequences from letting well alone. However, the Herriot Cabinet fell on more general grounds, beyond the scope of this article. M. Painlevé, who had been criticised for his want of skill in handling a vote of confidence debate, with that parry and thrust ability in which MM. Poincaré and Briand are such masters, was nevertheless the only man who could form the new Cabinet.

When Minister of War he had had the courage to select Generals Foch and Petain as the best men to place at the head of the Army at a critical moment, and had won a reputation for sagacity in the choice of his collaborators, if not for debate.

He at once offered the post of Minister of Finance to M. Caillaux, who under the Herriot administration had been restored to all his civil rights. The public had been prepared for this event by M. Painlevé himself presiding at a banquet given in honour of M. Caillaux's return to public life.

M. Painlevé's prestige for sincerity, integrity, and sagacity is such that no one could doubt that M. Caillaux deserved the respect of all men. His appointment to the Treasury even caused a sense of relief throughout the land,

and not a responsible opponent of the Government protested against an appointment to which the country had come to look forward.

The confidence of the public in M. Caillaux being the only man capable of bringing order and stability into the public finance and balancing the Budget was practically universal.

The result of his visit to London is a first step in the direction of stability.

He may have the same success in the United States if he gives a good businesslike explanation of the difficulties of France with his usual good humour, which never failed him throughout his trials, and in English. In this way he may carry his points more effectively than with the sentimental arguments of some too talkative members of the Chamber.

It remains to be seen if M. Painlevé will be able to weather the storm which will break out on the reassembling of Parliament, through the defection of the Socialist wing of his majority. It is not impossible that we may see both M. Painlevé and M. Caillaux supported by the Right, in opposition to the Socialistic *bloc*, on both the Morocco and the financial questions—one of those paradoxes with which French parliamentary history abounds.

NOTES FROM GENEVA

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

GENEVA, September.

LAST year it was the Assembly with the debate on the Protocol for arbitration, security and disarmament (the French put security first) and the passionate orations of Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot which held public attention at Geneva. This year it is the Council with its discussion of the Mosul question, and the duel between the British and Turkish representatives, Mr. Amery and Tewfik Rushdi Bey, which is in the limelight, while the Assembly will apparently have nothing better to do beyond its routine work, than to bury the Protocol. But it is always rash to predict what may happen at Geneva, and before this article is finished I may have to revise my opinion, for M. Briand may take it into his head to play the part of Mark Antony over the corpse. But somehow I don't think that he will do so, because Antony on this occasion wants to remain on good terms with Brutus.

Not since the Council met to arbitrate on the dispute between Italy and Greece, which led to the seizure of Corfu, has such an important issue as the quarrel between England and Turkey over the Iraq frontier been brought to the International Court at Geneva. As in September, 1923, the air is once more full of alarms and excursions. The Turks, so run the comments of an agitated Press in London, will fight rather than surrender their claim to the Mosul Vilayet. Why, it is asked, should England be dragged into war for a distant strip of Asiatic territory which does not concern her? Why should she be asked to waste more money or risk the bones of a single British Grenadier on a desert country peopled by Arabs and Kurds? Before a word had been spoken at the Council table of the League, which had been called upon by Great Britain and Turkey to adjudicate the disputed frontier between Turkey and Iraq, newspapers in London of every shade of political opinion outvied one another in advising

Great Britain to throw up the sponge and get out of Iraq. Advice is a mild word to describe the flood of passionate invective which has been directed against the British Government for daring to question the right of the Turk to the Mosul Vilayet. It might well have overwhelmed the British delegation at Geneva. Fortunately for the prestige of our country and the authority of the League, whose right to arbitrate in the dispute was so loudly called in question, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Amery stood firm against this intimidation. But the Turks have naturally, and quite legitimately from their point of view, turned all this flamboyant talk in London about the mad policy of the British Government and the danger of war over Mosul to good account. Informed by the British Press, or at any rate what counts in foreign eyes for a very influential section of it, that they had never made any secret of their intention to fight if need be for Mosul, they naturally adopted an aggressive attitude. The Turkish representatives at Geneva are delighted to read in British newspapers that "there would be politically short shrift for any British statesmen who sought to go war-mongering again in the Middle East," and that "war with Turkey would mean the horrors of Gallipoli once more and would range all Islam against us." Now the Turkish Government have pledged themselves, just as the British Government have done, to accept the decision of the Council of the League on the findings of the Boundary Commission appointed by the League. If Angora had believed that it could frighten the British into surrendering Mosul, it would certainly have tried its best to do so, for the Turks are past-masters in the game of bluff. If the Turks had believed that they could have used force with any chance of success, they would not have hesitated to have invaded the disputed area. Indeed, after they had accepted arbitration and agreed to respect the provisional frontier, marauding Turkish bands on more than one occasion invaded the Mosul Vilayet to test the strength of the Iraq defences. When these bands were driven out by British aeroplanes the Turk tried to excuse himself by declaring that we had violated the frontier. We had done

nothing of the kind, but as the Turk continued to dispute the exact line of the provisional frontier, as agreed to in the Treaty of Lausanne, a special meeting of the Council of the League was called in October, 1924, at the request of both parties, to define the existing frontier, which has since been known as the Brussels line. It is important to recall all this, because the Turkish Minister at Geneva, stiffened by the panic outcry from Fleet Street that Turkey would certainly fight if she did not get what she wanted, has made no reference to the pledge of the Turkish Government to abide by the decision of the Council, and protests that Turkey will never consent to an extension of the British mandate over Iraq. Whether Great Britain accepted an extension of the mandate or not, had nothing to do with the frontier line, which was the only question at issue in the arbitral proceedings before the League. The mandate was a matter for arrangement between the British Government and Iraq. But it had, of course, an intimate connection with the frontier question, for the Commission had made the two questions interdependent, by pointing out that if the British withdrew from Iraq, the inhabitants of the Mosul area would prefer to belong to Turkey. No doubt they would do so, for it would not be very long before they would be forcibly annexed by Turkey if they did not voluntarily join her.

The Turk here is too cunning to put himself completely in the wrong by declaring that he will refuse to accept the decision of the League if it goes against him. He contents himself by proclaiming that Turkey will fight on another issue, the extension of the British mandate, which is duly proclaimed by the section of the British Press which predicts war with Turkey as a justification for all their jeremiads.

Now the truth is that if Turkey had been in a position to fight, she would never have gone to arbitration, and that when Rushdi Bey came to Geneva to plead the Turkish case before the Council of the League, it only began to dawn on him that he was suited to the part of Bombastes Furioso when he heard of the outcry in London over the aggressive character of the Turk. Eagerly has he served

out extracts from the newspapers which are attacking the British Government for not clearing out of Iraq, to all and sundry, and while retaining the bland manners of the Oriental, lets it be understood that Great Britain is indeed to be commiserated for not possessing statesmen with the wisdom and the foresight of Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook.

In the Council Chamber itself, in the grand hall of the Palais des Nations, with its great windows overlooking the quiet garden by the lake, the atmosphere was as calm as it was heated in London. The Council of the League, which consists of the representatives of ten nations (France, Great Britain, Italy and Japan having permanent seats, and the members of the other six States, Belgium, Spain, Sweden, Czecho-Slovakia and the two South American States, Brazil and Uruguay, being elected), invited Mr. Amery and Tewfik Rushdi Bey to the table to make their statement on the Mosul problem. Rushdi bey began by alleging that Great Britain was trying to intimidate Turkey by assembling her fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean, and raked up the old charge about British violations of the provisional frontier between Iraq and Turkey. Mr. Amery disposed of these charges so effectively that the effort of the Turk to prejudice the Council against Great Britain reacted on his own head. The Colonial Secretary was then called upon to state the British case, and those present who knew him as a rather pugnacious debater in the House of Commons, were surprised by the extreme moderation of his tone and manner. He spoke in a slow, deliberate way, his face wreathed in smiles as he looked up to meet the gaze of Rushdi Bey and his coadjutor, who were evidently puzzled by the courtesy and amiability of their British opponent. Behind Mr. Amery sat Mr. Chamberlain, not at the Council table, staring impassively through his eyeglass. It was not for him to show emotion, but his colleague's speech made a marked impression on the audience of men and women in the crowded room. It was felt that there was more in the balance than the fate of the sparsely inhabited district of the Mosul Vilayet, with its nomad tribes and mountains

and deserts. They were no more than the pawns in the eternal conflict between West and East. Kurds, Arabs and Assyrians flitted across the page of the manuscript from which Mr. Amery quoted passages from the report of the Commission to prove his contention that they would prefer to live in Iraq so long as the British mandate was maintained. The Assyrians, the last remnant of an ancient Christian stock, many of whom have taken refuge in Iraq from the Turk, and sworn to fight to the death rather than submit to his rule, were the subject of an eloquent appeal by Mr. Amery to the Council, as he pleaded for the inclusion of the area in which they live within the boundaries of Iraq. And who could believe that the Kurds, who form five-eighths of the population of the disputed area, desired to be handed over to the Turk, when the Kurds in Turkey recently revolted to be put down with merciless severity? Mr. Amery made a good point on this score, and one of his most decisive arguments concerning the wishes of the inhabitants of the Mosul district was to be found in a resolution passed by the Government and the Assembly of Iraq praying for the continuance of the British mandate. The Colonial Secretary, basing his case on the report of the Commission, proved conclusively that it was desirable from every point of view, historical, ethnical, geographical, economic and military, that Iraq should retain the Mosul Vilayet. But since the Commission recommended that if the Brussels line were adopted the British mandate should be extended for twenty-four years, Mr. Amery declared the willingness of the British Government to accept this responsibility to whatever extent might be necessary to fulfil the conditions laid down. He hoped that the period of our stay in Iraq might prove shorter than the time suggested by the Commission. "Tentative" was the word he used to qualify the extension of the British mandate. If the Council decides to partition the Mosul Vilayet, which would leave Iraq with a strategic frontier which it would be impossible to defend without our assuming far greater responsibilities for the country than any British Government would care to contemplate, it is clear that we shall be obliged to reconsider our position. Mr. Amery's vehement

opposition to partition was a hint to this effect. But it is not the British way to deal with difficulties before they arise, and at the Council table Mr. Amery contented himself with reminding the Council of the advantages of good government, peace and prosperity which followed from the protection which the League had extended to Iraq, and which could not be maintained, in his view, unless the existing frontier was ratified.

He dealt effectively with the legal argument with which the Turk had made so much play. The Turkish contention was that no country had ever been deprived of territory to which it was legally entitled except by its consent or by right of conquest. This was an entire misunderstanding of what the Commission said on the point of legality. The Commission did not decide that the Mosul area belonged legally to Turkey. All that it pointed out was that, since the frontier had not yet been ratified by treaty, Mosul, according to international law, was still part of Turkey. When the Council of the League have given their decision, the new frontier will become the legal frontier, according to the Turkish pledge to accept the findings of the court.

Tewfik Rushdi Bey made an excitable and voluble speech in reply, or rather read it. He was put at a disadvantage from the point of view of making an impression on the audience in the body of the hall, because he had his back to the public. But this was of no consequence to the Council to whom his speech was addressed. He, too, read long passages from the report of the Commission, and asserted that according to the findings of the Commission Turkey's claim to the Mosul area was justified on every ground. He maintained that the district was necessary to the security of Turkey. As to the economic interests of Iraq, Rushdi Bey argued that friendship with Turkey would be of the greatest value. Turkey, he declared, would never agree to the extension of the British mandate over Iraq. The Turkish Minister spoke with evident sincerity as he peered at the Council through his horn-rimmed spectacles. His colleague who sat by his side reminded one of the profile on an ancient Assyrian monument.

As the debate proceeded in answer and counter reply, the Turks became convinced that they had only to bluff sufficiently to get the British Government to climb down. When the British Government were informed by British newspapers that the only safe course to pursue in Mesopotamia was to get out of the country as soon as possible, the Turks were not to be blamed for thinking that an extra push on their part would accomplish the work. But I met hardly anyone in Geneva who did not think that Mr. Amery completely demolished the Turkish case in the debate before the Council. I am writing before the League has given its decision. But if at Geneva we had consented to abandon Mosul to the Turk in order to avoid a conflict, a most damaging blow would have been dealt, not only at the prestige of Great Britain in the East, but also at the authority of the League, and the whole principle of arbitration on which the peace of the world depends. Protocols and pacts after that would have had little meaning, and yet this was precisely the result which the campaign of a certain section of the Press was calculated to produce, with its repeated argument that if this country accepted an extension of the mandate for Iraq after 1928 it would certainly mean war. The hostility which was shown to the League of Nations in this reckless Press campaign suggested that the newspapers in question were inspired by a hatred of the League as much as by a desire to embarrass His Majesty's Government. What the Turks will do I have no idea. It is certain that if left to themselves they would never have thought of defying the decision of the League on the Mosul question if it went against them. If it goes against them, and they now do so they may find that the League counts for something more in the world than they had any idea of.

I will now turn to the discussion in the Assembly, which was not without its dramatic moments. Once more the main interest lay in the clash of British and French ideas on the problem of security. But M. Painlevé, who opened the proceedings, was careful to confine himself to a guarded reference to the Protocol, and spoke in general terms of the work and ideals of the League. After expressing the respect which the French Government felt for the

League and their confidence in its work, he described what had been done in the course of the year to deal with the thorny problems of Europe, and then passed to the principles which should guide the League in its task of appeasement and reconstruction. Very tactfully he described the differences in the British and French mentality which had led to the resistance to the Protocol which he hinted might still be amended. But he did not rule out other slower and less ambitious methods, which might by the growth of a pacific spirit and arbitral agreements solve the question of security. France, he said, was not attached to a formula; her desire was peace. She was prepared to study all methods and all conventions which could secure for the nations the right to live and work in peace and honour. He welcomed the international spirit, emphasised the importance of Germany's entrance into the League, and insisted on the necessity of a new moral outlook to dispel the hatred and suspicion left by the war. Finally he declared that whatever scheme of co-operation was adopted for the maintenance of peace, it must have its roots in the League of Nations, which, of course, greatly pleased the Assembly.

Mr. Chamberlain went perhaps a little too far in his criticism of the Protocol as a means of organising war to prevent war, and in his insistence on the superiority of the empirical methods of Great Britain. His disquisition on the danger of logical formulas and his contrast of the British mentality with the Latin psychology lacked the tact and finesse of M. Painlevé's comparison. The Assembly were a little aggrieved to find that their work of the previous year could thus be so lightly swept away, and the Protocol consigned to the limbo of lost formulas. Mr. Chamberlain's plea for moral disarmament would have evoked more enthusiasm, if it had not been accompanied by another blow at the Protocol in his appeal to the Assembly to aim more at the prevention of war than the punishment of the aggressor, and to rely on moral rather than on physical sanctions. All this had a strange sound to the Latin ear (and the Assembly is largely composed of the Latin races), which was so nicely attuned last year

by M. Herriot's eloquent words to the need of clear definitions and the logic of universal compulsory arbitration.

But from the plain, blunt Anglo-Saxon point of view there was good and honest material in the speech. Only Mr. Chamberlain might have let himself go a little more in his insistence on the need of allowing room for sentiment in the arrangement of the affairs of Europe. A few purple patches such as the Assembly delights in and he would have been forgiven his "boosting," to use a slang word, of the Anglo-Saxon method of solving the difficulties of life.

The honesty and sincerity of the speech were undoubted. It meant in effect that the less time the Assembly spent in regretting the Protocol the better, for there was another and better plan to be considered in the Pact of Security which was being discussed behind the scenes. The jurists, Sir Cecil Hurst, M. Fromageot, and M. Rollin, had arrived at Geneva from London, where they had been engaged in discussing the principles of the Pact with the German expert, Dr. Gaus, and they were able to report good progress. But there were still difficulties to be faced in adjusting the French and British points of view of how the guarantees for the treaties should work. There was still the troublesome business of persuading the French that Paris could not be allowed to dictate to London when Great Britain should go to war, by virtue of the French claim to decide who the aggressor might be. Poland was agitated, Czecho-Slovakia was excited. Very difficult and very delicate were the negotiations which took place between Mr. Chamberlain, M. Briand, and M. Vandervelde (who represented Belgium at Geneva) in the intervals of time that could be snatched from Council or Assembly. They were not rendered easier by the discussions in the Assembly on the problems which had to be solved, for if Mr. Chamberlain's public oration ruffled French susceptibilities, M. Paul Boncour's reply on September 11th, with its fervent defence of the Protocol and the principle of compulsory arbitration, irritated the British. It was unfortunate that differences behind the

scenes should thus have found a reflection in public. I am sure that all this commotion on the surface serves no good purpose, for the adjustment of differences needs a calm atmosphere. Paul Boncour's speech was particularly unfortunate in the stoking up of underlying differences on the Protocol, which it was hoped would be quietly interred. But now that the French have saved their faces and had their fling the storm may pass. For it is the Pact and not the Protocol which is the serious business at the moment, and I cannot believe that M. Briand intends to run the risk of losing the real substance of security for the shadow of the Protocol. He must know that the British Empire cannot be rushed into commitments which her statesmen consider dangerous. Presently this will be realised, and when calm has been restored the invitation will be sent to Germany to attend the conference on the Pact. Then if all goes well the Pact will be signed, the Assembly will meet again to admit Germany into the League, and a new and better page in Europe's history will be stamped with the seal of the League of Nations. This, at any rate, is what I hope will happen as I write at Geneva on the eve of Mr. Chamberlain's departure.

DEMOCRACY AND SYNDICALISM

BY SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

OF the many pontifical utterances evoked by the Great War there can be few, if any, which the pontiffs would not now be glad to forget. Among these stands out conspicuously the famous aphorism of President Wilson that the war was fought to "make the world safe for Democracy." If Democracy were synonymous with Liberty the truth of the aphorism would be undeniable, even though the measure of success achieved might still remain in doubt. But whatever Democracy is, or is not, it has long ago become evident that it does not necessarily bring Liberty in its train, even if it be consistent with the enjoyment of that priceless blessing.

The merits and defects of Democracy have lately been canvassed afresh¹ by two accomplished dialecticians—an eminent ecclesiastic and one of the ablest members of the Socialist Party in Parliament. That the debate was inconclusive is not perhaps surprising, since, apart from the indefiniteness of the prescribed subject, neither disputant was on ground distinctively his own; for the Dean of St. Paul's is pre-eminently an ethical philosopher, while Mr. Graham is primarily an economist. Democracy is not, however, an economic system, still less is it a system of ethics, though there are those who would argue that it is one or other, or both. It is a form of government, the adoption or rejection of which is not a matter of principle but of expediency, and must indeed be largely determined by circumstances.

Before proceeding to examine the argument it may conduce both to brevity and lucidity to clear up a preliminary ambiguity. What did President Wilson mean by "Democracy"? In no science, as the late Lord Salisbury pleaded, is precise definition more essential to clear

(1) Cf. a series of articles, "Has Democracy Failed?" in *The Morning Post* (June 22nd-27th, 1925).

thinking than it is in politics. His plea has been more recently endorsed, perhaps rather petulantly, by no less an authority than Mr. H. G. Wells. After the naive confession that "in the last few years" he has had to study "a certain amount of history and a number of historians," he expressed his amazement - trained, as he had been, "in the clear, subtle, beautiful disciplines of comparative anatomy" - "at the carelessness of the average historian's habitual terminology, his slovenly parallelisms and reckless assumptions." Take his use of the word Empire. Shan Empire and Sung Empire, Mongol and Hittite Empires, British Empire and Brazilian Empire; "it's all the same to him. 'Cats is dogs,' as the porter said, 'rabbits is poultry, but a parrot is a passenger.'"¹ Let me say in passing that I have not infrequently had to complain, when I wanted to write an article or compose a speech in a railway carriage, that the obverse was true and that passengers were parrots; but I cannot deny that with much exaggeration there is a spice of truth in Mr. Wells's indictment. Historical and political science has yet, as he truly observes, to find its Linnaeus, and until that happens politics and history are likely to remain in a "slough of terminological confusion." Precise definition and scientific classification are essential to sound thinking, and perhaps also the best solvents of acrimony and misunderstanding.

We may assume that negatively President Wilson had in mind everything for which in politics Germany did *not* stand. Positively, however, considerable ambiguity lurked in his statement. With the "Democracy" which Mr. Wilson represented were associated in the war other "Democracies," which differed almost as widely from American Democracy as the Government of America differed from that of Imperial Germany: in some respects more widely. Even if we accept Mazzini's definition of Democracy as "the Government of the people, by the people, for the people," it still remains essential to inquire which of the several and conflicting types of "Democracy" Mr. Wilson had in mind. The term "Democracy"

covers a multitude of forms, but of these three only, as represented by three of the greatest States of the modern world, need for our present purpose be distinguished. They are: the Presidential Democracy of the United States; the Parliamentary Democracy of Great Britain, operated under the ægis of a monarchy, hereditary and constitutional; and the Parliamentary Democracy of the French Republic.

The type of Democracy represented by the United States of America is *sui generis*. A federal constitution involves the imposition of conditions, limitations, and safeguards which in themselves differentiate the Democracy of any federal State from that of any unitary State. To the Frenchman or the Englishman of to-day familiar with the more flexible and more unfettered type of Democracy which prevails in their respective countries the tone adopted by Alexis de Tocqueville in the preface to his *Democracy in America* sounds curiously apologetic:

To those for whom the word "Democracy" is synonymous with disturbance, anarchy, spoliation and murder, I have attempted to show that the government of Democracy may be reconciled with respect for property, with deference for rights, with safety to freedom, with reverence for religion; that if democratic government is less favourable than another to some of the finer parts of human nature, it has also great and noble elements.¹

Sir Henry Maine, writing just half a century later, struck a very different note. Of Democracy in general he exhibited a much deeper mistrust than the French philosopher. He pointed out that while Democracy possessed some obvious advantages over other forms of government, "it has the signal disadvantage of being the most difficult of all governments and that the principal influences by which this difficulty has hitherto been mitigated are injurious either to the morality or to the intellect of the governing multitude." But of the various types of Democracy in the modern world he showed a decided preference for that which has been evolved in the United States of America, largely by reason of the fact that it provides a number of safeguards against revolu-

(1) The First Part of Tocqueville's famous treatise was published in 1835, the second in 1839.

tionary innovation and political disorder. Of such safeguards the British Constitution seemed to him to be deprived by its excessive flexibility and by the increasing debility of those checks and balances which formerly tempered to the shorn citizen the chill blasts of Democracy.

"We are drifting," he wrote—[and this was twenty-five years before the passing of the Parliament Act]—"towards a type of government associated with terrible events—a single assembly armed with full powers over the Constitution which it may exercise at pleasure. It will be a theoretically all-powerful Convention, governed by a practically all-powerful secret Committee of Public Safety, but kept from complete submission to its authority by Obstruction, for which its rulers are always seeking to find a remedy in some form of moral guillotine."

His own remedies lay in the direction indicated by the fathers of the American Constitution; in particular he would have made a clear distinction between "ordinary" and "constitutional" legislation, and would have required for the latter a special legislative procedure "intended to secure caution and deliberation, and as near an approach to impartiality as a system of party Government will admit of."¹

Some twenty years after the appearance of Maine's treatise the most brilliant of the younger Conservative statesmen wrote (privately, as became an active politician): "Democracy is a disease for which there is no cure, or, at best, a normal form of senile decay in States." Dean Inge would seem to be very much of Mr. George Wyndham's opinion. Premising that representative Democracy is in itself a "partial abdication," he proceeds to indicate what he regards as the inherent weaknesses of this "experiment in Government." It is generally inefficient and always wasteful; predatory, but, "where there is no prospect of loot," ignorantly hostile to reform; it inclines to "vexatious and inquisitive interference; it does not bring the best men to the front"—the art of the demagogue is the art of the parrot; above all it tends to a weak executive, and, as a consequence, is invariably discarded in critical times. That there is a measure of truth in the indictment is undeniable, but the real answer is to demand of the critics of Democracy the production of a preferable alternative. All that Dean Inge seems able to suggest is a form

(1) *Popular Government*, p. 126 and *passim*. (1885.)

of Prussianism—"some kind of bureaucracy in which officials derive their authority from above and not from below." Greatly as I admire the zeal and ability of our own permanent officials, I confess that the prospect of government by a bureaucracy, even if imposed from above, does not attract me, though no one who knew pre-war Germany could deny the excellence of its administration.

It is interesting to turn from this acute English critic of Democracy to the not less serious indictment preferred against Democracy in general, and in particular the American form of Democracy, by one of the most accomplished of living Americans. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, like Dean Inge, denounces the intrusiveness and vanity of democratic Governments:—

All governments like to interfere with the daily conduct and habits of the citizen, most of all democratic governments. It flatters them and in some degree strengthens them to pretend that they can cure the ills of mankind, and as these ills appeared to multiply the scope of government widened in proportion (*The Faith of a Liberal*, p. 84).

He notes, moreover, a political symptom almost universal that at first, little by little, but of late years more rapidly, "faith and confidence in the democratic system have been lessened, and men in almost every land have been casting about for some form of substitute with which to displace it." For those who still cling to faith in Democracy Dr. Butler finds a lesson, on the one hand in the failure of class government in Russia, and on the other in the success of Fascismo in Italy. Leninism and Fascism should alike be avoided, but they can be avoided only by making democratic government really effective.

Democracy, in Dr. Butler's judgment, can no longer claim to be effective in the United States. Of all the typical democracies of the modern world "the Government of the United States is probably the least responsive to the public will and the least representative of the dominating public interest." These deficiencies he attributes very largely to the elaboration of political machinery and the multiplication of elections.

The simple fact is that we Americans have created so much electoral and governmental machinery that we cannot get any effective governmental

product. We spend so much time in the process of nomination and election of public officers, and in the preparation for such nominations and elections, that our Government is increasingly ineffective as an instrument for the prompt expression of the people's will. We have confused elections with government and office-seeking with politics. By the time that a newly elected Congress normally meets, the people have forgotten what the last election was all about and are already thinking and talking about its successor (*op. cit.*, pp. 94-5).

Few people in England, accustomed to their own expeditious and elastic methods, realise the time which in the United States, under the cast-iron system of a rigid Constitution, must elapse between the elections to Congress and its meeting. The new Congress elected in November, 1922, did not meet for the first time until December, 1923. During that thirteen months' interval the old Congress, which might be of a wholly different political complexion, would continue to function. The sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth Congresses afford an illustration in point. The sixty-fifth Congress was elected with a Democratic majority in November, 1916, met for its second session on December 2nd, 1918, and continued in session until March 4th, 1919. Meanwhile the country had in November, 1918, elected a new Congress with a Republican majority, which in its turn remained impotent for good or evil until it met in December, 1919, and by that time the electors were beginning to prepare for the next election in November, 1920. Similarly in the case of the President, though his tenure is twice as long as that of Congress, some nine months must elapse between his selection as candidate at the Party Convention and his installation in office; four months between his actual election and his accession to power. Such dilatory, or shall we say deliberate, methods of procedure contrast sharply with the rapidity with which in England we effect a change alike in the Legislature and (it may be simultaneously) in the Executive. Four weeks may well suffice for the whole business.

Yet if American rigidity has its inconveniences, English elasticity is not without its dangers. If Dr. Butler is quick to discern and denounce the former, Maine did not hesitate to expose the latter.

The dangers apprehended by Maine were, however, insignificant in comparison with those which now confront Democracy, and, in particular perhaps, the Parliamentary type of Democracy of which England has long been the exemplar.

It needed not the events of the first week of August, 1925, to bring home to those who can discern the signs of the times the gravity of the challenge flung down by a section of the manual workers, highly organised and skillfully led, to the community in its supreme organisation known as the "State." The whole principle of representative Democracy is palpably at stake. It may well be that representative government, as evolved and understood in England, is not the last word in political organisation: a highly industrialised community may well feel that the local basis of representation is inadequate to the expression of their specialised economic needs; party organisations may become increasingly impatient of Cabinet autocracy. During the brief tenure of power by the Socialist Government in 1924 the "Front Bench" was again and again brought to heel by the rank and file of the party in the House of Commons. Extra-Parliamentary organisations exercised an influence upon the policy, and perhaps even upon the tactics, of the Ministerial representatives of Socialism more powerful and more direct than had ever happened in the case of previous Conservative or even Radical Administrations. But with all this it still remains true that the collective wisdom of mankind has not yet devised a system of government more apt to translate into action the organised will of the large communities aggregated into the great nation-States of the modern world than Parliamentary democracy. By that term is understood a Legislature elected on the widest possible franchise with an Executive responsible to the Legislature, and thus immediately and instinctively responsive to the will of the electorate. Apart from the possibility of a temporary dictatorship, personal (as in Italy) or oligarchical (as in Russia and Spain), there would seem to be no alternative but Presidential democracy, such as is best exemplified by the Constitution of the United

States. Cabinet government may yet prove to be incompatible with Federalism; a Presidential executive may have its advantages; but that it also has grave defects we are reminded by Dr. Butler and other close observers of the working of political institutions in America. The reminder is, indeed, hardly necessary after the unhappy experience of President Wilson in connection with the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations. But whether we have regard to the English or to the American type of Democracy, Aristotle's shrewd comment is equally applicable and equally true that it is much easier to *establish* a Democracy than to *maintain* it. Three specially dangerous tendencies he detected in Greek democracy. The first was its predatory inclination. "The demagogues of our own day," he says, "often get property confiscated in the law courts in order to please the people; but those who have the welfare of the people at heart should counteract them." The second was the increasing tendency to insist on payment for the performance of public duties; the wherewithal to pay being obtained by a property tax and confiscation of the wealth of the "notables." The third is the growth of a class dependent on doles, "for such help is like water poured into a leaky cask." I do not stay to enquire whether similar dangers threaten the stability of the Democracies of the modern world, because those Democracies are to-day menaced—more particularly is the Parliamentary Democracy of England menaced—by a development the precise character of which Aristotle could not possibly have foreseen, which even twenty years ago could hardly have been foreseen in England.

The new and disquieting phenomenon is the growth of Syndicalism, economic and political. In its economic aspect Syndicalism means the expropriation of the employer, whether an individual or a joint stock company, and the taking over of each industry by the "workers" engaged in that industry. "No master high or low" as William Morris had it. Though Syndicalism is both historically and philosophically a revolutionary movement based on violence, there is in such a development nothing necessarily violent or even revolutionary. Industrial

Syndicalism might conceivably be reached by a peaceful adaptation and development of the principles of productive co-operation. But in fact the goal of the Syndicalist is revolution, and his method is that of industrial war. You must start, however, with each particular industry.

"An ideal organisation," writes Mr. Tom Mann, "would be to get all the workers employed in any one industry to join into one union of that particular industry, be they carpenters or blacksmiths, boilermakers or upholsterers, engineers or labourers, skilled or unskilled, cigar makers or shop assistants, railway porters or booking-clerks."

These separate syndicates must prepare the way for the coming of the Syndicalist State, which must be achieved by paralysing and ruining the existing social order. As a means to the desired end there must be ceaseless and relentless economic war.

Syndicalists are "to fight against the employers in order to extract from them, and to their hurt, ever greater ameliorations of the workers' lot, on the way to the complete suppression of exploitation."¹

"Unionism that aims only" (again I quote Mr. Mann) "at securing peace between employers and men is not only of no value in the fight for freedom, but is actually a serious hindrance and a menace to the workers."²

The Syndicalist millennium is, then, to be attained by "direct action," and by "direct action" the Syndicalist means ultimately the "general strike." But as Mr. A. D. Lewis adds:—

There are other forms of "direct action"—*sabotage* or the destruction of property, intimidation of masters, sitting in factories with folded arms so that no blacklegs can take your place, leaving work at an hour earlier than the masters want, wasting materials, telling the truth to customers—all these are means by which masters can be made to yield.³

Let me not be understood to charge any considerable body of English workmen with recourse to such contemptible methods, but for a dozen years past such methods have been persistently recommended to them as a legitimate means of bringing the masters to their knees, of destroying the existing industrial order, and of inaugurating the Syndicalist State. The history of the coal-mining industry since 1912 affords a most striking and

(1) Victor Griffuelhes, *L'Action Syndicaliste*, p. 12.

(2) Quoted by Mr. and Mrs. Webb: *What Syndicalism Means*, p. 8.

(3) *Syndicalism and the General Strike*, p. 11.

sinister exemplification of the programme laid down in *The Miners' Next Step, being a Suggested Scheme for the Reorganisation of the Federation*, a little pamphlet of some thirty pages issued by the "Unofficial Reform Committee" in South Wales in 1912. The pamphlet was, if I rightly remember, somewhat hurriedly withdrawn; but *littera scripta manet*, and, in view of subsequent events, is extraordinarily illuminating. I summarised its argument in an article contributed in this REVIEW in March, 1919,¹ but it seems important at the present juncture to recall it.

The conciliation policy pursued by the Miners' Federation since 1900 is a proved failure as "a wage-getting policy," and "that is the best and only real test of any policy"; the trade union leaders, too careful of their own interests and too dilatory in their methods, are largely to blame; the representative principle is outworn; the rank and file must, therefore, take supreme control of their own organisation. The ultimate objective of this organisation is "the taking over of all industries by the workmen themselves"; meanwhile there must be a shortening of hours and a minimum wage; agents and organisers must become the servants of the men, and must not be permitted to sit in Parliament; a member of Parliament "as such under the auspices of the organisation shall receive 'instructions' from it," and "shall at once vacate his seat if a ballot vote of the membership so decides" (p. 22). "The old policy of identity of interest between employers and ourselves be abolished and a policy of open hostility be installed" (p. 25); the old method of "coming out" on strike for minor grievances should be discarded in favour of "the more scientific weapon of the irritation strike," which operates "*by simply remaining at work, reducing their output, and so contrive by their general conduct to make colliery unremunerative*" (the italics are mine). An agitation for an increase of wages and a shortening of hours is to be carried on "until we have extracted the whole of the employers' profits," when the "workers" will "take over the mining industry and carry it on in their own interest." Nationalisation must be strenuously opposed, since it would merely substitute a powerful Government

(1) *Political Syndicalism*.

for impotent shareholders; it would perpetuate the age-long "slavery and oppression" of labour, and would retard the realisation of the ultimate objective of the new organisation, the attainment of a genuine "Industrial Democracy."

Several points of importance emerge from this rapid summary: the profound mistrust of the old-fashioned trade unionism, its leaders, and its methods; the deep-seated suspicion of Parliamentary action, and the emphatic repudiation of the representative principle alike in politics and industry; the naked and avowed reliance upon "scientific weapons," notably *ca' canny* and the restriction of output; above all, the pronounced antagonism to State Socialism and the nationalisation of the industry.

We still hear "nationalisation" prescribed in Parliament and elsewhere as the only effective remedy for the disease from which the coal-mining industry is suffering; but those who prescribe it are either intent upon deceiving others or are themselves deceived. The bureaucratic Socialism beloved at one time of the Fabians and the *intelligentsia* generally is now regarded by the manual workers as a back number. Mr. Straker, the secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Association, made this quite clear in his evidence before the Sankey Commission, and Mr. Lloyd George effectively exposed the pretence in his speech on the Nationalisation of Coal Mines Bill of 1924. Mr. Straker pointed out that since the introduction of a Nationalisation of Mines and Minerals Bill in 1912

"thought had been growing and maturing on the subject, so that now the miners are asking not only for nationalisation but for joint control of the mines. . . . Only then would industrial unrest . . . disappear. The mere granting of the thirty per cent. and the shorter hours demanded would not prevent unrest, *neither would nationalisation with bureaucratic control.*" (The italics are mine.)

It is, then, towards Syndicalism that the miners and other workers have for the past twelve years been consciously or unconsciously moving; and Syndicalism is, in its essence, the antithesis of Socialism; the negation of the centralised activity of the State.

Similarly, on its political side Syndicalism is the antithesis of representative Democracy.

"It is necessary," writes M. Emile Pouget, "to prevent the workers from passing from a society in which they are under the economic oppression of their masters into one in which they are under the oppression of an economic State. Syndicalism and Democracy are the two opposite poles which exclude and neutralise each other." (*Le Syndicat*.)

Precisely. Democracy is to-day in real peril as a result of the triumph achieved—if only partially and temporarily—by the apostles of direct action. "The vote," writes Mr. A. D. Lewis, "is practically no cure for economic evils." And again: "Politics is losing its attraction and more direct action gaining favour." "Democratic control means that a talker must be the ostensible head of a department" (*op. cit.* pp. 271, 275). "Democracy" was derided by Lenin as "a *bourgeois* conception, which the revolutionary proletariat must overthrow." Trotsky denounced it as "a worthless and wretched masquerade." Democracy means the rule of the ballot box, the predominance of the majority. Syndicalism means the use of the industrial weapon to impose upon the majority the will of a highly organised minority. The minority is in this country, I am convinced, a small one. But minorities, much less well organised than the Syndicalist minority in this country to-day, have made revolutions. Revolutions are indeed almost invariably the work of minorities. Under a democratic *régime* a majority has no need of revolution. It is well, however, to remember that menacing as minorities may be, they do not generally prevail: they can never prevail if the Government is vigilant and the spirit of the people is sound. But the attempt may be almost as ruinous as the achievement.

Rather than risk the possibility of an attempt, the Government of Great Britain has in these last days paid a price, undeniably heavy when counted only in coin, a price which may prove to be still heavier when translated into terms of political prestige. The House of Commons has ratified the terms conceded by the Cabinet to the coal-mining industry. It had, under the circumstances, no option. Into the wisdom of the decision so suddenly reached by the Cabinet I do not enter; still less into the merits of the dispute between the coal-owners and the

miners. One thing may, however, be said. If the community should unhappily be involved in a struggle with organised trade unionism it is pre-eminently important that the issue should be so indisputably clear that the community could fight with an absolutely clear conscience. In this case it was not. Whatever defects there may be in management, however short-sighted the policy of the miners and their leaders, the fact remains that economic conditions have reduced a once flourishing industry to a desperate plight. Admittedly many mines are working at a loss; admittedly the wages of some miners are low as compared with those paid in less arduous and more sheltered occupations. Apart from ultimate aspirations as to the reorganisation of the industry, the stand made by the miners against a reduction of wages or an increase of hours undoubtedly evoked sympathy not only among workers in other industries but among onlookers.

The threat of the railwaymen's and other unions imported a new and sinister element into a problem already sufficiently complex. Before that threat the Executive of the State recoiled. If the recoil was due to the fact that Ministers were not sure of their ground it may have argued not pusillanimity but courage. Yet in any case the consequences must be unspeakably grave. At a tremendous price the Government has purchased a respite; the community has got a breathing space which they may utilise for investigation and for preparation. But the Syndicalists have also got a breathing space, and we are left in no doubt as to the use they will make of it. "For the next nine months the workers must prepare on a new scale and on new lines for the greatest struggle in their history."

The words are Mr. Wheatley's. They contain a warning and a challenge. If Democracy is to hold its own against the disruptive forces of Syndicalism the community must heed the warning, and, should the necessity unhappily arise, must, in quietness and confidence, accept the challenge.

RUSSIA'S SOVIET GOVERNMENT

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

THE Soviet Government of Russia is looked upon askance by the Governments of all other countries. Never before in modern history have the international relations of a great country become involved for any length of time in such a maze of distrust, reluctant recognition, and restricted association with other members of the family of nations. The Soviet organisation is alleged to be the bad child of the family, unfit for trustful companionship, feared for the tricks it may play, and a reproach because of its wilful waste of acknowledged talents and opportunities.

The more lenient and perhaps more understanding members of the family have offered the hand of recognition with the avowed reservation that a continuance of this friendly interest depended upon future good behaviour. England, France, Italy, Belgium, Japan and others have established such relations. The United States, with stern demeanour and a self-conscious rectitude, demands complete reform upon a conventional plan and an acknowledgment as to the entire correctness of the American position before conversation can be indulged in. The rights and wrongs in this whole matter have become confused in the public mind by the noise of the shouting and the lash of the whips of those who have to gain politically or otherwise through the ascendancy of reactionary or extremely radical methods in government or in business.

A majority on both sides of this world-wide controversy are honest and sincere in their contentions. No monopoly of intelligence or intellectual culture is held by either side. On both sides there are prominent leaders whose personality and activities do the cause they advocate more harm than good. The so-called capitalistic system has the advantage of appealing to the established order, from which a majority of mankind are loth to depart, either

through fear or through satisfaction with accrued advantages. The Communist system has the advantage of appealing to the many who have been unfortunate, to those who have nothing to lose and a possibility of gain through radical changes in the present system of life, and to those who through a profound and sympathetic interest in the welfare of humanity *en masse* are saddened by the woes of the world and the helplessness of the majorities.

The Russian Government stands for an experiment in the conduct of a nation's affairs under the guidance of Communist principles. All the other great Governments of the world are exponents of the so-called capitalistic system, as opposed to Communism, and are therefore fundamentally and even bitterly antagonistic to the possible success of the Soviet Government, along the lines upon which it was originally conceived. That pure Communism will fail in being able to conduct successfully the affairs of a great nation is inevitable, as it is founded upon the illusion that human nature is perfect as judged by the standard set forth in the Sermon on the Mount. That the capitalistic system will prevail is equally inevitable, as it is based upon the predatory and acquisitive instincts of man, which have been the governing forces in human affairs from the Stone Age to the present time. The Communist system in Russia is struggling to live through compromise with the opposing forces of capitalism. The capitalist system maintains its ascendancy and cloaks its foundational tenets by the exercise of the kindlier instincts of human nature—within certain limitations.

The Russian Government is fighting a losing game so far as its original conceptions as to its duty are concerned. It is gradually retreating before the material and psychological, determined, well-organised and well-equipped forces of capitalism, operating from within as well as without the country. To imagine, however, that it will shortly become a Government conducted upon the conventional lines of other great nations is an illusion. Through the compromises it has made and is making and through the expediency of its policy it will live for long, and Communism will remain the political creed of a very large

number of the people of Russia for an indefinite number of years to come.

This is the situation so far as actual government practice is concerned and so far as anyone can venture to predict the probable events of the immediate future. That this is the belief of the Foreign Offices of all the Governments of the more important countries in the world, with the exception of that of the United States, is shown in the fact that they have decided to recognise the Soviet Government as the *de jure* ruler of Russia, and in giving this recognition have made certain reservations as against the more Communistic features of that Government. In other words, they have indicated in a practical way their willingness to associate themselves with the tendency of the Soviets to compromise with capitalism and reserved the right to dissociate themselves from any possible purely Communistic procedure.

The exception of the United States Government from this more or less concerted action by the other Powers is notable and needs elucidation. It is founded ostensibly upon a strict adherence to certain principles, righteous enough from the conventional point of view, but utterly out of bounds when the mere question of recognition is involved. Every point made in the American requirements from Russia before recognition can be given are proper matters for negotiation after recognition and not before. In affording recognition the American Government need abate nothing of its demands, violate no principle, nor sacrifice any interest of its nationals. By giving recognition a channel of communication between the two Governments and the two peoples is opened up, through which might easier flow later on an element of international goodwill and mutual compromise than if all negotiations had to be conducted under the strict quarantine now enforced by each Government and nation against the other.

From a practical and material point of view, there is much to be gained through the resumption of diplomatic relations between all the Governments of the larger countries and Russia. Slowly but surely foreign interests

are again becoming involved in the reconstruction of Russian industry. This process has been taking place regardless of diplomacy, as is shown by the fact that millions of American dollars have been pledged during the past few months for the development of Russian resources. With all the friction there has been between the Governments of Great Britain and Russia, British trade with that country in the first six months of 1925 amounted to nearly ten million sterling, or nearly as much as the total trade of the twelve months of 1924.

Diplomacy is or should be the watchdog over the interests of the nationals with which it may be concerned, and if not placed on guard such nationals are deprived of what may be a valuable element of safety. The first impulse of a man who gets into trouble in a foreign country or finds his legitimate interests threatened, perhaps through no fault of his own, is to look for the flag of his country which shall mark the residence of the representative of his Government. If he can find no such flag he considers that he has a grievance, and he probably has. The Russian Government has a great deal yet to do before it can inspire any great degree of confidence in its integrity, but the mere fact that foreign money controlled by shrewd business men is now going into Russian industry, and that foreign trade with that country is increasing, shows that something is going on in that great Empire of which the outside world is not fully cognisant.

Careful and non-partisan observation leads inevitably to certain conclusions. For scores of years the people of Russia lived under what was universally and rightly believed to be a bad system of government. A long-predicted upheaval took place, which ran to extreme violence. The forces let loose could not be controlled and the country was wrecked. Brute force, with predatory purpose, termed either Red or White, as the case might be, terrorised the people and committed all the crimes in the calendar. As is always the case after a cyclone which has destroyed a settlement, wreckers came upon the scene and began to clear away the *débris*. A semblance of order appeared out of the existing chaos. The situation revealed

was pitiable, one of the world's greatest tragedies. A wonderful nation of nearly 150 million people despoiled, starving, and dumb with bewilderment. A small group of theorists, with excellent motives, took hold and began the work of reconstruction. In time they were partially supplanted by those who saw the necessity of compromise and a more expedient policy if the work was to make any progress. From that time on the tide turned, and by a slow and more or less painful process the economic life of the Russian people began to assume the more or less conventional form best known to the people of the Western world.

It is necessary to eliminate from the mind the events of the eight years from 1914 to 1921, inclusive, to get a proper perspective upon the Russia of to-day. In these years millions of lives and billions of property were sacrificed upon the altars of war and revolution. It is the bloodiest and the most terrible period in the history of the country, in fact, in the history of all the modern world. It is difficult for the human mind to grasp the events of those years or the causes which led up to them. The responsibility reaches far back into history and can be placed upon no single man or group of men who lived and ruled in any particular period. In 1922 Russia was at the lowest ebb of economic life reached since the entry of Russia into the Great War in 1914. The *débris* caused by the violence of preceding years had been largely cleared away, however, and the real work of reconstruction was about to begin.

That in the past three years remarkable progress has been made is admitted by everyone whose opportunities for observation make their opinion worth while. The Russia of to-day holds a great nation of very poor people, doing a comparatively limited business, but living a more or less normal life and with hope for the future. The Government of Russia is a huge going concern, conducting its business upon strict lines with certain definite objects in view, the principal of which is to bring education and well-being to the Russian people. The annual Budget is over three hundred million sterling, or fifty per

cent. more than the Budget of Great Britain before the war. This money is collected and disbursed with a minimum amount of friction, is taken from those who can best afford it, and a larger proportion spent upon schemes for the enlightenment and welfare of the people than from the Budget of any other large country. It may be said also that the Budget was balanced in the fiscal year 1924-25.

Life in the cities and country is normal, railways are operating successfully, the money of the country is the most stable in Europe, the peasants have not only acquired land, but are permitted to conduct their business upon much the same lines as the farmers of other countries. Many minor things which most people are in the habit of using are either missing or hard to get, but the essentials of life are to be had. A really great educational effort is being made by the Government among the people. Wireless is used for broadcasting information to the villages, and in 1927 the Government hopes to inaugurate a system of compulsory school attendance which will apply to all the Soviets within the Union. The average annual income of the people is increasing, the national income has doubled in three years. Industrial production, while far below that of 1913, is slowly mounting from the low level it had reached, and the normal crops of 1925 ensure a considerable surplus for export.

The men who are the nominal rulers of the country are mostly Communist politicians. The men who are actually conducting the affairs of the nation possess unusual ability and an enthusiasm for their work which would set a good example for the Government officials of other countries.

These are, thus briefly outlined, the most favourable points in the present situation in Russia. To offset these there are many things which do not meet with the approval of the peoples of the more Western countries. It is true, however, that the Government organisation is slowly but appreciably separating itself from the Communist Party organisation. In the beginning the present Russian Government was an absolute creature of the extreme Com-

munists. Through creating a bureaucracy and of necessity employing the ablest men available to do the work, the Communists gradually built up a machine which the party leaders are now unable to use entirely to their own will and purpose. The Government administration has found that the same questions come up to it for solution as come to every Government of a great nation. They have also found that the only expedient solution for most of these problems is to follow a similar course to that adopted in the so-called capitalistic nations, which, in many instances, is a compromise or even a negation of Communism.

This is the force from within the country which is driving a wedge between the Government and the party organisations. The force from without is the necessity of compromise in dealing with other Governments and with other nations in the conduct of international agreements and private business. The farmer is the greatest stickler in the world for the rights of private property, and in Russia the farming element dominates the entire situation. It is the Russian farmer who has forced the compromise between Communism and Capitalism in the conduct of his own Government. Stalin, the head of the Communist Party organisation, freely admits the present situation. In a speech he made in July of this year he said that three great dangers threatened the party. One of these was loss of belief and interest in the party among the rank and file. Another was the decreasing interest in international affairs and a loss of faith in the possibility of a world revolution, and the third was the drawing away of the Government organisation from that of the Communist Party.

This process has not been continuous. There have been waves of reaction to Communism brought about by the leaders of the party to restore confidence among their more radical followers, especially the younger generation. These waves have quickly subsided, however, and each time conventional methods have made some gain in the final result. The Soviet Government will go no further in its retreat from Communism than is absolutely necessary to improve the economic condition and to keep the mass of the people satisfied. It is often said that the

Communist Party is such a small percentage of the population that it cannot remain in power for long. It is true that the actual adult membership is less than 800,000, but there are other important elements in the situation which must be taken into account in any estimate of this kind. In addition to this number of adult members there are over a million "young Communists" between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. There are many hundred thousand "pioneers," or professed Communists, under the age of sixteen. In addition the entire educational system among adults as well as children is conducted upon Communistic lines.

As with other similar political movements throughout the world, it is conducted along the lines of a religious revival rather than a political creed. Communism has, in fact, become the religion of a large number of people in Russia. While disavowing the source of the inspiration, the tenets of life as set forth in the New Testament, so far as they relate to the attitude of men towards each other, are the avowed principles of Communist life in Russia. Religious freedom has been restored to the individual. The Greek Church conducts its services in full regalia as usual. The Baptist and Quaker missionaries again occupy their former property, and are allowed to issue proselytising religious leaflets. The "young Communists" have been enjoined by the party leaders to refrain from rowdiness towards those who are conventionally religious. The position of the Soviet Government officially announced is that there is absolute religious liberty in Russia, but that if, under the cloak of religion, there is any suspicion of treason towards the Government action will be swift and the punishment severe. This as it may be, but so far as actual observation may go this policy is evidently now in force.

The "young Communists," the "pioneers," and, it may be said, the younger women, are the most enthusiastic and fanatical of all the Communist following. It may be argued that reason and knowledge can play little part in their advocacy. This, however, does not detract from their strength and influence; in fact, probably increases the

potency of their efforts, as they are inspired by emotion. On the one hand there is to be found this active, determined, well-organised and enthusiastic Communist minority, and on the other a majority of the people, unorganised, indifferent or fatalistic in their attitude, and somewhat antagonistic to any foreign interference with Russian affairs. The entire Russian nation is bitter over the support given by the other countries of Europe to the White Army and over the blockade of Russia which was enforced during the revolution. The White Army was held in greater abhorrence than the Red, and from all accounts what was done in its name put it beyond the pale of organised military effort. The blockade is held by the Russian people to have been responsible for the death of thousands of innocent men, women, and children, many of the adult victims having been opposed to Communism. They do not understand the motive behind the blockade, and it will remain a grievance for many years to come.

There are certain well-defined policies pursued by the Soviet Government which will, judging from present conditions and procedure, remain in force for some time to come, and which are of importance to other nations. One is the theoretical public ownership of the material wealth and resources of the country, and the other is the Government monopoly and control of foreign trade. Indirectly the practice of the first named is abated through practically perpetual occupancy of land and the granting of concessions through which private interests become partners of the State in industrial enterprise. The present monopoly of foreign trade is enforced much more to the letter. Practically all the foreign buying and selling on Russian account is done through the Government agencies.

This is the reason why, notwithstanding the quite considerable Russian foreign trade, there are few foreign representatives in Russia carrying on any considerable business. British-Russian trade, for instance, is done in London, the German-Russian trade in Berlin, and so on. There is no opportunity in Russia to-day for a foreigner to do any business unless he is in some way connected with a Russian Government organisation. The only way in

which entry can be made into the commercial or industrial life of Russia is through the investment of foreign capital in Russian enterprise under a partnership agreement with the Russian Government. Russia is to-day a vast reservation controlled and maintained entirely for the Russian people, and alien interests desiring to secure a foothold can only do so by paying tribute to them as represented by their Government.

It must also be borne in mind that the Russian Government organisation is not a close corporation. With Government ownership in force, a vast number of the people are Government employees. The city of Moscow now has a population of about two million, as compared with a million and a half before the war. Practically all of the adults who are at work and many minors are Government employees. Even the cabs which ply the streets, the hotels, the larger shops, and all such enterprises which in other countries are conducted as private enterprises are Government institutions, and those who work in them are responsible to a political head. It is true, therefore, that when the Russian Government does make an agreement with foreign capital to work some enterprise in partnership it is acting on behalf of a very large element in the population.

The Red Army is serving as one of the most effective schools in Russia. It numbers perhaps about six hundred thousand men. The service is compulsory, extends over a period of three years, and is drawn from every section of the Union. If a conscript cannot read or write he is immediately sent to school, and every man on completing his military term adds another unit to the increasing number of Russians who are literate. Before the war the percentage of illiteracy in Russia was over seventy, and among the peasants it was about ninety. There is good ground for the claim made by the Soviet Government that it has made tremendous progress during the past three or four years in reducing these percentages. This is really the best work that has been done in the country, and the results actually shown are undeniable. If it continues, the percentage of literacy in Russia a few years

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from now will compare favourably with that of any of the Western countries. What effect this will have upon the political trend is an interesting subject for speculation. Lenin believed it would result in the strengthening of the Communist following. He may have been mistaken, for the system of education employed does not go far enough to produce "intelligentsia," and those who can merely read and write will probably employ those talents to the livelier exercise of the natural human instincts. There are still many things in the administration of Russian affairs to which the people of the Western countries justly take serious exception. The activities of the political police are not so much in evidence as they were, and the courts are now more often than formerly called upon to adjudicate, but that deportations to Siberia are frequent, and that summary executions take place occasionally, is not denied. The Government justifies these actions upon the ground that these matters are part of their civil war, the embers of which are still aglow. It is difficult, however, to convince the Western peoples that any such severities are necessary, or even a part of an effective political administration, and they have a most harmful influence upon Russian foreign relations.

The really sore point in Russian foreign relations is the continuance of Communist propaganda instigated and assisted by the Russian organisation. The claim is made that this is not done by the Russian Government but by the Communist Party organisation. This claim is now undoubtedly well founded. To refer to Communist propaganda in foreign countries as "Soviet propaganda" is an error, for Stalin himself at a recent conference said that all propaganda should be carried on by the party and not by the Government organisation. So long, however, as the leaders of the party also hold important positions in the Government, and so long as the Government is conducted upon Communist lines, it will be difficult for the outside world to dissociate the two. Foreign Communist propaganda is justified, in the opinion of some of the ablest and most conservative officials of the Government, on the ground that it is merely contra-capitalist, and that the

latter element has lost no opportunity in Russia or elsewhere in opposing and discrediting Communism. They assert that their programme is defensive in a world where they are in a minority.

This as it may be, but there is no doubt as to the difficulties which arise in the administration of Russian affairs and in Russia's international relations through activities of this kind, be they sponsored by the Government or the party, but under present circumstances there is apparently no hope that these activities can be done away with through any pressure which may be brought to bear upon the Russian Government. This is one direction in which they are powerless as against the political organisation from whose womb they sprang. That the dangers and the extent of Communist propaganda as emanating from Russia are vastly over-estimated in England and the United States is the considered opinion of every Englishman and American who has studied the matter at its source from any point of vantage which would yield a non-partisan view. The German Government, for instance, whose people are in closer contact with Russia and Russian influence than any other people, have no real fear of Communism as it may originate or be encouraged from Russia, and take no special precautions against it.

Notwithstanding the present strained relations between the Governments of Russia and the United States, Americans have a better standing with the Government and the people of Russia than that of any other nationality. The work done by Americans during the last great famine, and the great amount of money which was sent from the United States (nearly 80 million dollars) to carry on the work of relief, has made a deep impression upon the mind of the Russian people. This makes it all the more inconceivable to them that the American Government should refuse recognition to their Government. They are not so angry or hostile as they are hurt.

Owing to the relations between the two Governments, it is difficult for Americans to get into Russia for any other purpose than of negotiation along industrial lines, and for this and other reasons very little reliable information

reaches the American Press as to Russian affairs. In fact nearly all alleged Russian "news" reaches the outside world from Riga, now known as the "City of Rumours."

The political missions of other countries now represented in Moscow would welcome the arrival of an American mission. They are unanimously of the opinion that the United States Government is mistaken in its present policy, and that an American mission in Moscow would have greater influence and power than any already on the ground. It is believed that the presence of a representative of the United States would have a steadying influence upon the Russian Government, would give courage to those within it who are trying to put Russia upon a better footing in international affairs, and, above all, would serve the interests and welfare of the Russian people for their permanent benefit to even a greater degree than the service rendered during the famine.

This whole matter of the foreign relations of Russia is vast and intricate. Many opposing currents flow here and there. The matter can be debated from almost any point of view with apparent success. The fact remains, however, that here is a great nation of people of kindly and simple tastes, inhabiting a vast empire rich in natural resources, governed by a firmly established though much criticised organisation, and it is time that all other nations entered into some form of diplomatic relations with this nation, however limited these relations might be as compared with the full conventional treaty of "trade and friendship." Such a nation cannot rightly be ostracised because of differences in political or religious belief.

THE FRENCH IN SYRIA

BY H. CHARLES WOODS

THE French mandated zone in Asia, usually but incorrectly called Syria, is made up of the Greater Lebanon, the Syrian, the Alaouite, and the Jebel Druse States, linked together in the person of the High Commissioner and by the High Commissariat of which he is the chief. The whole territory extends from the Turkish boundary on the north to the confines of Palestine, Transjordan, and perhaps Mesopotamia on the south and south-east, and from the Mediterranean on the west to Mesopotamia on the east. No really accurate statistics exist, but the total area is just under seventy thousand square miles, which makes it roughly eight times the size of Palestine. The really habitable and principally inhabited section is more or less confined to a western zone roughly one hundred miles broad by three hundred miles long, and the population numbers between two and a half million and three million souls, or approximately three times that of Palestine. Of these some one and a half million are Moslems, half a million are Christians, and the remainder are Druses and representatives of the various sects which frequent this part of the world.

In order to understand the present position it is necessary to refer to various political and administrative developments which had taken place prior to my visit to the mandated areas last May. After the conquest by the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, the coastal strip and Cilicia were placed under French administration, and the hinterland was left to the Arabs, who were represented by the Emir Feisal. About a year subsequent to the Armistice, the British troops in Cilicia and on the coast were relieved by the French. General Gouraud, the first High Commissioner, arrived at Beyrout in November, 1919, and in the following April the mandate was assigned to France by the Supreme Council during the San Remo Conference. Meanwhile and afterwards the position of

the French became complicated by the attitude of the Arabs and by the growth of Turkish Nationalism. In March, 1920, soon after his return from Europe, the Emir Feisal had himself proclaimed, or permitted himself to be proclaimed, King of Syria, and this event, coupled with the policy of the extremists, led General Gouraud to send an ultimatum to the Emir in July. His Majesty seems to have been prepared to agree to terms, but the Syrian Nationalists opposed the French advance upon Damascus, with the result that the city had to be occupied by force and that the King was obliged to leave the country. In the north the Turks were doing everything in their power to create opposition, and, even when the situation at Damascus had been got into hand, the French were still unable to overcome the Kemalist forces operating at Aintab and in the surrounding country. In October, 1921, after more than a year of intermittent fighting and of severe Turkish opposition, the French signed the Franklin-Bouillon Treaty, which handed back Cilicia to the Angora Government.

From the administrative standpoint the country passed through various phases before reaching its present position. In September, 1920, and soon after the departure of the Emir Feisal and the consequent establishment of a new *régime* at Damascus, the Greater Lebanon was proclaimed a State, and the territories of the Alaouites and of Aleppo were set up. With the Lebanon still independent, a Syrian Confederation, composed of the other three units, was formed in June, 1922. This arrangement, under which there was a President of the Federation and a Federal Council, and during which each State had its own Governor, lasted until January 1st, 1925, and therefore throughout the High Commissionership of General Weygand, who succeeded General Gouraud in April, 1923. The dissolution of the Confederation, the union of the States of Damascus and Aleppo, and the independence of the Alaouites, which took place a few hours before the arrival of General Sarrail on January 2nd, were effected largely because the situation in the Alaouite State was, and is, a special one, and because the union of Aleppo

and Damascus was more economical than the maintenance of their separate existence.

Beyrout, with its population of two hundred thousand souls, is the capital of the Greater Lebanon and the headquarters of the High Commissioner and his administration, but is not a federal centre. The High Commissioner—General Sarrail—holds the executive and legislative powers in his hands, and he possesses a veto in the entire administration. Unless the recent appointment of General Gamelin to the command of the troops has brought about a change, the Staff has its civil and military sections, and there are a large number of technical advisers and counsellors responsible for the different departments. These officials, together with the expense of the French Army of Occupation, which before the Jebel Druse rising numbered about fourteen thousand men, and part of the cost of the Syrian Legion, composed of about six thousand of all ranks, are paid by the French Government, which, so far as I could ascertain, spends at least two hundred million francs per year upon the Syrian mandate. The Customs duties, collected by the High Commission, are common to the whole country, and after the deduction of certain charges they are divided between the several units. Each of the three principal States has its own stamps, and the posts are partly centralised and partly decentralised. But there is no council or other organisation which may be styled federal, and the High Commissioner acts in the names of the Greater Lebanon, Syrian, Alaouite and Jebel Druse States in matters which concern those States or the peoples who inhabit them.

The French authority and the French administration are kept up and maintained by means of the Army of Occupation, of the Syrian Legion, which is largely officered by Frenchmen, and by the appointment and existence of French officials, who fall into two main categories. In each State, and in the districts of Aleppo and Alexandretta, there is a French delegate. These functionaries, who are paid by the French High Commissariat, form the links between headquarters and the State or district; they act as advisers of the Governors and local officials, and they

command and have the call upon the French troops quartered in the district. Moreover, these delegates and their staffs really prepare measures for discussion in the local Assemblies, and they either draw up, or at least have a predominating voice in the drawing up of, the local budgets. Over and above these delegates, and paid by the local administrations, every important Syrian functionary has a French counsellor, without whose advice and consent no step of any significance can be taken.

These general principles work somewhat differently in the various areas. The Greater Lebanon, which is the second largest and the second most populous of the States, occupies a special position because of the great mixture of religions, because the Christians predominate, and because the people are better educated and richer than elsewhere. Until the arrival of General Sarrail, this State had a French Governor and an elected Assembly, but in January the new High Commissioner ordered the election of a native Governor, and because this election seemed destined to go against his anti-clerical policy he appointed a temporary French Governor and brought about the dissolution of the Chamber. New elections were held in July, but up to the time of writing (September 16th) I have read nothing about the election of a Governor, which is a difficult matter in an area where religious considerations take first place and in circumstances where the High Commissioner seems determined not to accept a man who would be under clerical influence. In the Alaouite State, lying to the north of the Greater Lebanon, and where the conditions and the people are primitive and the country mountainous, there was direct French rule at Latakia, the capital, even during the period of the Syrian Confederation. That rule, which is apparently successful and popular, is now carried on by a Representative Council and a French Governor, who is also the delegate of the High Commissioner. Syria, which is by far the largest and most populous of the states, and of which Damascus is the capital, is administered by a native President elected by a representative Council, in its turn chosen by the people. Within the State of Syria, but with separate delegates of

the High Commissioner and with certain degrees of freedom, are the province of Aleppo and the district of Alexandretta. Whilst Aleppo possesses a certain financial autonomy, Alexandretta and the surrounding territory has a special *régime* under the Franco-Turkish agreement made in 1921. Lastly, prior to the outbreak of the revolution, the Jebel Druse State, which for a time had formed part of Syria, was ruled by a French Governor, assisted by an elected Council, the delegate of the High Commissioner at Damascus acting in the same capacity at the local capital, Sueida.

It is very difficult to provide a picture of the larger aspects of the Administration and of the attitude of the people towards it. The French have adopted a somewhat different policy to that followed by the British in Palestine, where there is open and direct British rule, in that they (the French), although nominally handing over the government to the Syrians, have really retained control in their own hands. This course has the immediate advantage of making the Oriental think that he is actually doing something, but, unless it is pursued with great tact and wisdom, the people discover its real meaning. Whilst there is great difficulty in provision of suitable functionaries, because most of the French civil servants have gained experience amongst people less advanced than are the leading Arabs, the officials appear to me to be efficient, hard-working and non-Chauvinistic. But whereas the French are not so particular about what may be called "colour" or racial distinctions than are the British, their (French) representatives make less attempt to learn the languages and to consider the customs of the people whom they control. Since the appointment of General Sarrail, the question of the greatest moment, especially in the Lebanon, has been the struggle between the clericalism supported by General Gouraud and General Weygand and the anti-clericalism advocated by the present High Commissioner, whose appointment was obviously political from the French standpoint. A well-known soldier, perhaps somewhat of the past rather than a diplomat of the present, General Sarrail declared to me openly that the affairs of

the State and of the Church must be divorced and that the Christians, supporters of the French as they have been, could no longer enjoy their former privileged position. Such a policy is sound in a country where Moslem goodwill is so desirable, but it constitutes a reversal of the attitude always taken up by France in the Near East, and it is greatly resented by the Maronites, who represent the second strongest religious element in the mandated area. Ignoring altogether the outcry raised against him in France, nominally on account of his methods in connection with the Jebel Druse revolution, it remains to be proved, therefore, whether General Sarrail will be left at his post sufficiently long to establish anti-clericalism on a permanent basis, or whether the present or some future occasion will be utilised by the French Government to appoint a successor who may or may not revert to an attitude likely to secure the definite support of the Christians, who form the best educated and the most advanced section of the community.

Usually speaking, the Christians, and I believe the other minorities, favour the protection provided by the mandate against the Moslem majority, and everybody, except the extremist leaders, recognises the necessity for outside governmental assistance at least for some years to come. Consequently, the present feelings of the people should be examined in their regard towards matters over which the French have no control, and in their reference to developments which have been and are most difficult to shape. The general post war attitude of the Moslem world and the way in which this part of the former Turkish Empire has been partitioned fall under the first category. Here no doubt can rest in the mind of the serious inquirer that whilst sections of the Moslem population may pretend to favour the British against the French administration, or *vice versa*, the facts are that nationalism is rampant, and that although Mohammedanism, as a religion, is losing its hold, especially among the leaders, the temporal force of Islam is becoming stronger every day. This means that the people are more fanatical than in the past, and that this fanaticism is being employed not for religious but for

political objects. In its extreme form this fanaticism is directed not merely or so much against the French, as with the objects of terminating all mandates in this area and of forming an Arab State or federation of States extending from the Mediterranean on the west to Persia on the east, and from Turkey on the north to the Indian Ocean on the south.

Before the war French Syria and her now neighbours enjoyed the advantages of trade and exchange which they possessed as parts of the Turkish Empire. The same people often had properties in more than one of the present zones, like customs and systems of government prevailed, and some of the inhabitants, particularly the Bedouin, had their winter and summer quarters in what are now politically separated territories. The geographical conditions and the lines of commerce have not changed, but there are new frontiers, not drawn in accordance with common sense, but in order to satisfy the aspirations of and to fulfil agreements between the Powers. These frontiers have greatly affected the trade and prosperity of the country. For instance, whilst Damascus was the centre of distribution and collection to and from a large surrounding area, and whilst something has been done by trade arrangements with Palestine and Transjordan, the post-war boundaries still cut the city off from its natural markets and materially interfere with its trade of the past. The position of Aleppo is even worse because a great deal of its economic hinterland now belongs to Turkey, with which country any real agreement is most difficult of conclusion. In short, these frontiers are partly responsible for the development of the present time Arab nationalism and for the opposition to an international state of things which happens to be represented by France so far as her mandate is concerned.

In reviewing the questions in which the French are more specifically and directly concerned, it is certain, whatever be the shortcomings of administration, that the country is being better governed than in Turkish times, that, up to the outbreak of the Jebel Druse revolt, public security was pretty general, and that a good deal has been done

to encourage the wider cultivation of such crops as cotton. The Arabs have grievances which they are not slow to proclaim and to exaggerate, and they argue that they are given no power, that they are not being prepared to take over the future government, and that taxation is heavier than in the past. The first of these complaints is true, but control is necessary, and so long as the people continue to pursue their present policy that control will have to be extended rather than decreased. Taxation is naturally heavier than before the war, and new sources of revenue had to be found, but here, as in Palestine, the fundamental question is that whereas in Turkish days the people, particularly the richer people, were able to buy at least partial immunity from the financial and other consequences of the law, all classes are now compelled to conform to what may be a strict and semi-military *régime* and to pay the sums actually due from them towards the upkeep of the State.

Nevertheless if some of the complaints urged by the local inhabitants have no serious foundation, there are two matters concerning which their dissatisfaction seems to me natural. I refer to the manner in which the mandated area has been divided and to the question of the currency. There may be arguments in favour of the provision of a special administration in the Greater Lebanon, part of which was autonomous in Turkish times, and it is probably going too far to say that the subdivision of the country into four, at one time five, separate States has for its object the weakening of the population and the creation of a politically and strategically favourable position for the French, especially upon the coast. At the same time many of those who are favourable to the existing mandate and who recognise the necessity for its continued existence have been, and are being, antagonised by the extra expense of these separate administrations and by the fact that they aggravate the difficulties arising from the larger subdivisions to which I have already referred.

With regard to the currency, the French were in a difficult position, for, finding the Egyptian money in use when they took over the country, they were compelled either to accept and to meet the high prices dependent upon

the value of that money or to make a fundamental change likely to bring down the cost of living to a level payable by those provided with French funds or dependent upon French salaries. The latter alternative was adopted, and the Government substituted the franc, to follow the value of the French franc, for the piastre, the Bank of Syria issued Syrian notes, and for a considerable period all the money deposited in the local banks was compulsorily converted into francs. Although, seeing the necessary expenditure by the French Government in Syria, this policy may have been unavoidable, and although the automatic exchange of all money into Syrian paper has now been done away with, the results of this policy have been most unfortunate. The people, and especially the country people of the interior, have never accepted the Syrian paper, with the exception of Beyrout; most business is done on a gold basis, and if payment has to be accepted in Syrian paper, that paper is immediately changed by its recipients into money possessed of a more stable value. And then perhaps even more important from the political and financial standpoints, as the franc had roughly twice its present gold value at the time of its introduction into Syria, a great deal of money has been lost by the owners of property who, as the mouthpieces of the less fortunate members of the population, are not slow to utilise their natural and legitimate grievances to the detriment of the French Administration.

Space forbids more than brief references to the three questions which remain for discussion, namely, the Jebel Druse revolution, the Armenian problem, and the relations between Syria and her neighbours. The Jebel Druse State is the youngest, the smallest, and to-day the most troublesome unit in the French mandate. Situated to the south-east of Damascus and upon the borders of Transjordan, it is fertile, but the crops depend largely upon the rainfall, and the country is mountainous, very cut off from the outer world and almost without roads. Opinions differ, but according to French figures the population is just over 50,000 souls, of whom four-fifths are Druses. These Druses belong to a community which perhaps numbers

about 150,000 in the whole mandated area, and a considerable proportion of those now domiciled in the Hauran are the descendants of men who migrated from the Lebanon at the time of and after the establishment of the pre-war autonomy in that district. These people, of whom only a small section have therefore so far been involved in the revolution, are a vigorous, independent, and warlike race, who profess a secret, mysterious religion, and they have always caused a good deal of trouble to their rulers, thereby securing a considerable degree of freedom, especially in the Hauran district.

The all-important questions are whether the revolution in the Jebel Druse State is the result of local ill feeling and whether it will be confined to that area, or whether it (the revolution) is the first open sign of a general unrest among the whole of the Druses and perhaps in the entire French zone. When I was in Damascus it was an open secret that, whereas the French Governor was doing a good deal for his district in the way of providing roads, water and other amenities, his position was challenged by the people, who had been promised the right to choose their own chief, and he was distinctly unpopular because his administration was said to be bad and because he had not attempted to get into touch with the inhabitants by learning their language. On the other hand, the Nationalist leaders at Damascus claimed that the Druses had been provided with their independence in order to prevent a backward but warlike people from becoming tainted with the tenets of Nationalism, and they suggested that at least a section of the population of the State would prefer union with Syria to their semi-isolated existence.

With such conflicting evidence and with an almost entire lack of any reliable information, one can only take a general and broad view of the situation. In my opinion the source of the present trouble probably lay in the local conditions and particularly in the unpopularity of the French Governor, in a fear that reforms would do away with the feudal customs which exist and in rivalries between the several native leaders. But however local may have been the original causes, the facts that the French have

met with several setbacks and that during many weeks they have been unable to re-establish order greatly enhance the existing difficulties and add to the danger of a spread of infection to districts not so far contaminated. The Druses of the Lebanon and of the Anti-Lebanon have not yet shown any sign of coming to the assistance of their Jebel brothers, and the race as a whole are not popular with the rest of the population. Nevertheless, the country in revolt lies close to Damascus, the hotbed of Arab Nationalism, and therefore, even if the report of the proclamation of a "National Syrian Government" in the Jebel Druse is premature or untrue, the Nationalist leaders may yet endeavour to utilise the present situation to the advantage of their cause. Such a policy would lead to further suffering and bloodshed, but it could hardly materially modify the status of an area in which the French, naturally and rightly, intend to maintain their authority.

From the economic and political standpoints the presence of approximately 105,000 Armenian refugees is a material item in the situation. Largely composed of families driven out of or afraid to remain in Turkey, these people are now grouped in various parts of the country, their principal places of concentration being Beyrout, Damascus and Aleppo. Here they live in camps, in special buildings acquired for their use, or in ordinary rented quarters, and here they are eking out their existence by working at the numerous trades for which they are qualified. But the Armenians are a thorough, virile, and thrifty people, and, whilst the poorer members of the community are doing better work for less money than the natives, a considerable number of the immigrants are beginning to be comparatively prosperous. These conditions, coupled with the dislike of the Moslem for the Armenian, are creating a political and economic opposition which threatens to rival the Arab objection to the presence of the Jews in Palestine. Nevertheless, and by treaty, the Armenians become Syrian in nationality, and here the French are doing their utmost to meet their obligations. Land was either furnished free to, or at any rate secured for, the camps and the work of inscribing the newcomers

on the registers is in progress. The solution of the problem, therefore, lies in finding temporary employment, which will enable the less fortunate strangers to tide over their present difficult situation, and in getting those accustomed to the land back to the land. These tasks can only be accomplished by the wise use of charitable funds and by the provision of guarantees for the Armenians, who are naturally still afraid, singly or in small numbers, to leave the centres in which, for the most part, they are still grouped.

In conclusion, and with regard to the foreign relations of the French mandated area, the most important outstanding question is bound up with the northern frontier of the country. In addition to the economic situation of Aleppo, there is the problem of the Baghdad Railway, which runs in and out of French and Turkish territory, and the better divided ownership of which would be in the interests of both parties. The relations with Palestine are excellent and certain arrangements have been made with Transjordan, but the presence of the Emir Abdullah and of his Prime Minister, Ali Riza Pasha el Rikabi, in that country and the rule of King Feisal in Mesopotamia are naturally viewed with disfavour by the French. Nevertheless, here as elsewhere the essential thing is the obliteration of British and French grievances and misunderstandings. Unwise and unjustifiable territorial subdivisions exist, but these cannot now be modified. The interests of the two countries in this part of the world are identical. Intrigues must result in disaster, but Franco British harmony will promote stability.

IS THERE PROTECTION AGAINST BOLSHEVISM?

BY JOHN BELL

SINCE the Versailles Treaty was signed there has not been any feeling of real security against war, and it was because of this tormenting uncertainty in the Western countries of Europe that Germany, aware that she was held under suspicion, proposed the Pact of Security now in process of negotiation. While the Governments are discussing this Pact to put an end to the uncertainty in Europe, to hasten economic reconstruction, and to solve post-war problems, another enemy has arisen and will have to be fought; and if it comes to a fight it is quite conceivable that Germany, the erstwhile foe, will, if she wishes to save herself, become the ally of those nations who struggled against her and vanquished her in the late war.

All international arrangements are subject to modification of application in keeping with the necessities of the moment. A Rhineland Pact which is intended to keep frontiers inviolate may, by the force of events, be put to another use. The spirit of co-operation for the maintenance of peace which the signatories of such a Pact will pledge themselves to promote may have to be applied in fighting the enemy, Bolshevism, which, it is now quite clear, is common to all; for no one can deny that the Communist propaganda, which is increasing in an alarming degree, is now more to be feared than was the German menace. The fact is that the perplexities and anxieties of the nations on this question of the future peace of Europe have been successfully exploited by the Russian dictators, who, having ruined their own country by the application of so-called Communism, are now seeking by every means to create the same chaos in other lands.

The most remarkable happening since the war has been the spread in Western countries of this Russian gospel of negation. It is a gospel which appeals to the ignorant

and discontented, to those maddened by class hatred, to those who imagine that a social revolution will improve their lot, forgetting that the same operation in Russia, if it has destroyed wealth, has produced misery and despair. Yet this Russian tragedy has had the effect of a mirage on ill balanced minds. The greater the failure of the Bolshevik *régime* the greater are the efforts made by the Moscow dictators to drag other countries into the morass. Three years ago Communist agitation in Germany, France and Britain was ridiculed. It would never make headway was the confident prophecy indulged in. Now it is admitted that this prophecy has been falsified. The Communists are increasing in numbers. The "cells of enterprise" in industries ordered by the Third International have been formed. The Bolshevik canker is eating its way into the trade union organisations. Zinovieff's system of "nucleuses" intended to take possession of trade union authority is working to the satisfaction of Moscow. The sickle and the hammer, emblems of the Russian revolution which was supposed to have created a paradise for workmen but in reality brought about national paralysis, are openly flaunted in the streets of Berlin, Paris, and London.

The Communists are still dubbed a noisy minority incapable of causing mischief by people who fail to grasp the real significance and growth of the revolutionary propaganda. It is true that up to now it is a question of a noisy minority. But it is a minority that is growing, that is becoming bolder in its agitation every week. And let it not be forgotten that it was a minority that precipitated the revolution in Russia. The argument is put forward that the Communists in the Western countries of Europe could not possibly imitate the example of the Russian Bolsheviks, who were able to profit from the chaos caused by the war. But the Communists in Germany, France, and Britain are seeking to create a war, a class war, by means of the strike weapon. In England we have had, as many people believe, a painful experience of the strike menace. The success attributed to Mr. A. J. Cook, the Secretary of the Miners' Federation, gave immense satis-

faction to the Moscow dictators, who were quick to see that the best means of promoting civil revolution was to foment a strike of such a magnitude as to hold up the community.

Under the guise of bringing about the nationalisation of the mines, but in reality to get rid of the capitalist system, the A. J. Cooks, the Tom Manns, and Bolshevik hotheads who are out for spoliation, will attempt to take action if an opportunity presents itself. It will be a simple matter to ignore the findings of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the state of the mining industry; it will be equally easy to demand a big increase in the coal subsidy, well knowing that it cannot be granted; for it is unthinkable that the British taxpayers can be called upon to furnish wages for miners in addition to doles for the unemployed. What then? The Communists hope to be able to hold up the community by calling out the men in the mines, transport services, and other industries—in short, to create economic and industrial paralysis and, perchance, revolution.

A revolutionary strike of national magnitude is no new idea. It was tried in France five years ago, and in the light of the Communists' efforts to control the trade unions in England it is useful to recall the French struggle, which I witnessed at first hand, and what came of it. In 1920 the Bolshevik element in the General Confederation of Labour decided to launch a strike, one of the objects of which was to compel the State to nationalise the railways. M. Léon Jouhaux, the chief official of the General Confederation of Labour, is not a Communist, and there is reason to believe that when he lent himself to this strike he was ignorant of the real designs of his abettors. However that may be, France was the first country in which direct action on a national scale was attempted. The railwaymen were called out, then the dock workers, then the men employed in other industries. The intention of the strikers was to paralyse the trade of the country, to hold up the community, to foment what they called a social revolution.

The strike was a dismal failure. Started against the

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community, it was the community that broke it. The Government arrested the Bolshevik leaders. M. Millerand, who was Premier at the time, acted with great courage. Himself a promoter of laws safeguarding the interests of trade unionists, he showed no pity for the French Bolsheviks who attempted to use the organised workers for bringing about a revolution. They were kept in prison until the real leaders of the General Confederation of Labour, all anti-Bolsheviks, saw the error of their ways. He did more. He took steps to dissolve the General Confederation of Labour on the ground that it had promoted a movement against the interests and security of the State. In this he did not succeed; but though the General Confederation of Labour was not dissolved, it suffered in its prestige and power and notably in its numerical strength. Thousands of French workmen who had belonged to trade unions affiliated with the Confederation had had enough. They had been dragged into a strike not for an increase of wages, but in order to further revolutionary aims, and they resolved to have nothing more to do with trade unionism.

This lamentable strike failure had two very important results which it is interesting to consider at this juncture, for in respect to one of them, at any rate, it looks as though the disastrous experience of the French Labour movement may be tried in England. In regard to the other result, this, too, might well be studied. The effect of the strike was that the Labour forces in France became divided. The General Confederation of Labour practically expelled the Communists, who formed an organisation of their own. The Bolsheviks made great efforts to capture the orthodox Labour organisation just as they succeeded in capturing the machinery, including the daily paper, *Humanité*, from the Socialist Party. But their efforts were in vain. Only recently they made overtures, at the behest of Moscow, to bury the hatchet and to work with M. Jouhaux's organisation. But again they met with a rebuff. Thus, as far as France is concerned, a Socialist Confederation of Labour is pitted against a "red" organisation, and therefore the portents are that a Labour upheaval on lines laid down by the Third International will be impossible.

Still, the anti-Bolshevik Confederation of Labour, with its Socialist tendencies, is suspect. It also has revolutionary aims, though it refuses to adopt Moscow methods in pursuing them. After the strike fiasco in 1920 the French public saw that it must not take any risks, that it must adopt measures of protection. These measures were the second result of the revolutionary strike failure, and in view of the question repeatedly asked in England as to what will or should be done to protect the community from Bolshevism it is useful to set them forth.

One of the agencies that assisted to break the supposed national strike in France in 1920 was the Civic League. Its members take service in the interests of the community when their aid is required. They are voluntary workers. The strike leaders boasted that they would stop traffic of all kinds—on the railways, at the ports, and in the streets. They put the country to considerable inconvenience, but their object was not achieved. Trains were run, omnibuses were driven in the Paris streets, and ships were unloaded at the docks. The food supply was maintained. The strike served to show the organisers of the Civic League what could be done for the community, and when the country got back to work the League extended its ramifications. It is now a national institution with branches all over France; and if and when the French "Reds" make another attempt to hold up the country they will have to reckon with a powerful organisation which will see to it that the work of the nation is carried on, that its food supply is assured.

Besides the Civic League, which may be called the economic and industrial weapon to be used for thwarting revolutionary strikers, there is another strong organisation, which was called into existence expressly to fight the Communists and the Socialistic policy of M. Herriot's Government. It is the National Republican League and it is a political organisation. At the head of it are M. Millerand and General de Castelnau. There is no doubt about the immense strength of this organisation throughout France. The Communists are clearly afraid of it. They call it the Fascisti. So great is their fear of the National Republican League, which is the sworn champion and

protector of Republican institutions and liberties, that they decided to arm themselves against it. The activities of the League were a source of some disquietude to the Herriot Government, to whom it was opposed. Evidently the Government had information of secret arming for an eventual clash, for it issued a stringent decree bearing on the sale of arms. At the present moment the Communists and the National Republican Leaguers are on the defensive. The French Bolsheviks are under no illusion; they know full well that any action on their part will be responded to, whatever may be the attitude of the authorities of law and order.

The National Republican League formulated its own programme of defence and protection because it had no faith in the efficacy of measures adopted by a Government whose majority in Parliament depended on the votes of 105 Socialists. Since the advent of the Painlevé Government the situation has become somewhat easier, due to the fact that the Cabinet realises the seriousness of the Communist menace. It has had a painful experience in Morocco of Bolshevik propaganda, for there is no doubt whatever that Abdel Krim's chief abettors are the French Communists. A recognition of this fact has to a large extent served to justify the existence of the National Republican League. It has done more; it has led the Government, which can no longer depend on the support of the Socialists, to act in full independence. Therefore it does not hesitate to prosecute Communists for inciting soldiers and sailors to acts of insubordination.

And here it should be pointed out that there is a great difference between the French and British Governments in regard to the attitude assumed towards seditious Communists. The French Bolsheviks who seek to subvert soldiers and sailors are clapped in gaol. A short time ago the number of Communists arrested for this offence against the security of the State was over 200. In England, where freedom of speech has developed into licence and become a dangerous religion, Communist speakers are given a free hand. Had certain speeches at recent meetings organised by the National Minority Movement been delivered in

France, the Government would have been compelled to take action upon them. For they were treasonable speeches, treasonable to country and Empire.

What the Communists are doing in England to-day may well suggest the inquiry whether there is any protection against Bolshevism, whether the British Government is sufficiently alive to the growth and danger of the propaganda directed from Moscow. British opinion in the mass is certainly alive to it. The people are relying on the Government for their security. It is not quite the same thing in France, where the initiative has been taken by the people themselves. If the French Communists, presuming to act in the interests of the workmen and peasants, are sufficiently foolhardy to attempt a *coup de force*, they will be fought by the Civic League and the National Republican League, who will either supplement the efforts of the Government or, if the necessity arises, act independently. And another organisation more militant than those already mentioned will enter the fray. "L'Action Française," the Royalist organisation, has already had several tilts against the Communists, and blood has been spilled. The Royalists have to square certain accounts with the "Reds," and they are well prepared to fight them.

Moscow is well aware of the measures of protection taken in France, and this knowledge has apparently led to modifications in the programme of propaganda. Not so long ago the hopes of the Third International were chiefly centred on France. Moscow really believed that the revolution in Western Europe would begin in that country. But this belief has been dissipated because of the counter-activities of the French Leagues and because also of certain happenings in other countries. The number of Communists in Germany is estimated at about a million. They are well organised, and they have more newspapers than have the "comrades" in any other country. But though Germany is supposed to be a disarmed nation, a consideration which would favour a Communist rising, the Moscow dictators attach more importance to an economic struggle in that country for gaining their ends than to an armed rising of the proletariat. Therein the egregious Mr. A. J.

Cook differs from them. He is a partisan of international strikes for overthrowing capitalism. It is an idiotic dream, for German workmen would be the last to associate themselves with international strikes and the first to benefit from them. The German Communists, like the French, have tried their hands at direct action and have had their fingers burnt. They seized their opportunity in 1923 during the occupation of the Ruhr; they took possession of towns, mines, and factories, but their success was short-lived. Moreover, they, like the French Communists, are aware of the existence of organisations, open and secret, whom they would have to face in any attempt they made to seize power.

The hopes of the Third International, concentrated on France and on Germany in turn, are now fixed on England after the Government's submission to the Bolshevik secretary of the Miners' Federation in the interests of industrial peace. Mr. Baldwin's action was interpreted in Moscow not only as a sign of weakness but as an indication of the strength of the Communist movement in Britain. Consequently Zinovieff and the officials of the Third International are greatly encouraged, and it may be expected that they will show their satisfaction by increasing the sinews of war in England. Bolshevik money has spoken in all the countries to which it has been sent, and it is the avowed aim to make it speak and act in the country where the workers are the most strongly organised and where, it is presumed, the Government is supine. Between now and May, when the coal subsidy is supposed to come to an end, the Communists will be very active. Having beaten the Government once they will be encouraged to resume the fight on a larger scale. The issue is simple: either the coal subsidy will have to be renewed and possibly increased, or the Communists will have to be fought.

The question is how are they to be fought? Are any preparations being made to fight them? Is any legislation being projected in the interests of the community which would be at the mercy of any trade union combination that promoted a national strike? Is it not the duty of any Govern-

ment to take steps to prevent a conflict which would not only endanger the safety of the State but hold up the people's food supply? A grave responsibility rests upon the Baldwin Government. There will be an opportunity for strong men to arise and assert themselves. As Clemenceau came on the scene when the fortunes of the French army were at their lowest, and by his firmness and courage, and in face of numerous obstacles, won the war for France; as Mussolini arose in Italy at the psychological moment, and, in spite of what detractors say of him now, saved his country from Bolshevism; so it may be that England will have need of strong men to rescue her from her present peril.

Communism in Europe has been encouraged by the mistaken policy of Governments. It would not be difficult to argue that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is in some way responsible for its growth in England and France. As events have shown, it was an evil day when, as Premier, he decided to recognise the Government of the Soviets. Realising the result of this step, he has made a weak attempt to justify it by asserting that if his policy had been consistently and steadily pursued nine-tenths of the troubles that were threatening the British Empire would have been stopped. What happened after recognition? Nothing that he had hoped, but a great deal that he had not expected. Not to be behind Mr. MacDonald, the idealistic M. Herriot, then French Premier, followed his example. It was a great victory for the Government of the Soviets, a great triumph for the Third International, when the British and French Governments recognised Bolshevik Russia.

The way was made clear for Bolshevik propaganda on a big scale. Agents from Russia poured into England and France, presumably to work for the resumption of trade relations. There has been no trade to speak of, but it is a singular fact that a big impetus has been given to Bolshevik propaganda. Also it has to be recalled that the agents demanded credits from countries whose capitalist system the Third International is seeking to destroy. The Government of the Soviets has had the effrontery to deny

that it is responsible for the acts of the Third International. As if the world did not know that the Government of the Soviets and the Third International are practically one and the same. Persons with claims to intelligence, even the majority of the trade union leaders, are not deceived; they see the glaring contradiction between a non-capitalist system and a Government that has adopted it begging money from the capitalists whom it wishes to suppress. The deluded ones are ignorant workers attracted by a myth, impressed by claptrap, deceived by statements depicting a social elysium, whereas the *régime* in Russia, instead of promoting happiness and prosperity, has bred poverty and misery.

And so this mischievous propaganda will continue and increase in violence, so will the security of States be sapped, as long as Governments do nothing to resist Bolshevik teaching. France has done something. The French Government made the discovery that so-called Russian trade agents were potential Bolshevik propagandists. Even a diplomat at the Sovietic Embassy in Paris unblushingly assisted at a Communist meeting in the French capital. He was promptly sent back to Russia; and no fewer than six hundred of the supposed trade agents were told that their presence in France was no longer necessary. Unfortunately they had accomplished their mission; they had succeeded in giving a fillip to Communist propaganda (Moscow has 56,000 agents abroad).

Has not the same thing happened in England? Russia has not only repudiated her debts contracted before and during the war, but her Sovietic Government desires to contract others; and in the meantime it can find money for the prosecution of its schemes of Bolshevisation. The Governments have protested again and again. But something more than protests is necessary. It is a case for action before it is too late, for measures of protection against Bolshevism, and it may be for an international understanding as to how it has to be fought.

OUR CLASSICS TO-DAY

By J. P. POSTGATE

SOME twenty-three years ago THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW¹ published an article on the state of classics in this country entitled "Are the Classics to Go?" The history of the Classical Association, which was founded in December, 1903, held its first meeting in the following May, and so attained its majority in the present year, has provided an answer to this question. An Association whose members have grown from 450 at the outset to close upon 2,300 to-day, with some dozen branches in the great cities and areas of population, from the capital downwards, both in England and the Principality, to say nothing of associated organisations in Australia and New Zealand, to whose work and advancement the leading scholars of the land have given their best energies and their devotion, whose roll of presidents, to mention a few, includes names of such varied distinction as Collins, Halsbury, Cromer, Curzon, Geikie, Osler, Asquith, Bryce, Milner, and more recently Lord Crewe, and now the present Prime Minister, which has set an example followed in America and elsewhere, is in itself a sufficient assurance that here at any rate "the classics are *not* to go." Under the dark obsessions of the war, in the fierce grip of physical necessities it had seemed, indeed, to not a few that the fanatics of modern materialism must carry the day, and that studies which could neither sustain life nor destroy it were themselves dead or on the eve of dying. But the appointment in 1919 and the report in 1921 of Mr. Lloyd George's Committee gave welcome proof to the contrary. Let it be enough to quote some sentences from their conclusion. *The Classics in Education*, p. 267 :—

Ancient thought is inwoven in the fabric of our modern life. In our political theory and principle, in the habits of mind and imagination which make the man of science, in the laws of thought which animate Philosophy and Theology, in the impulse, sympathies, and apprehensions

(1) November, 1902, page 866.

of the poet, in the wisdom and forethought of the administrator, the work, the aim, and the spirit of Greece and Rome are vital to the highest development of our civilization. That it would be a national disaster if classical studies were to disappear from our education or to be confined to a small class of the community, is conceded by men of every school. It is not a matter which concerns our leaders alone. That which contributes to the development of the finest minds should not be denied to any of our people.

Much of the old influence and prestige of these studies has been regained. In the revised schemes of the Board of Education their claims are assured of equitable treatment. The news from our universities and schools is encouraging. The number of those who offer classical languages for the higher certificate examination has sensibly increased. In Latin the ratio to the whole number of candidates has grown from 35 per cent. to 44 per cent., the standard of attainment, which had fallen low during the war, has now risen unmistakably, and the number of those awarded State scholarships is double what it was in 1919. We may add that a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science did not fail to consider the claims of Latin to be chosen as a universal language.

That this recovery, further proofs of which might be adduced if time and space allowed, is in large measure a direct consequence of the organised and well-directed efforts of the supporters of the classics during the last twenty years we can hardly doubt, and it is the best recognition of their enlightened activities briefly to consider where they have taken us and what, and in what directions, progress is still desirable. Their aims are best expressed in the formula of the Classical Association "to promote the development and to maintain the well-being of classical studies," to which is subjoined, among other specifications, "to improve the practice of classical teaching" and "to encourage investigation and call attention to new discoveries." The public to which the classics make appeal is a wide one, and its interests and requirements, though not discordant, are diverse. Four varieties may be distinguished according as an inquirer desires to ascertain, to instruct, to learn, and to be informed. These distinctions

are not rigid demarcations. Researchers are for the most part instructors, whether in schools or universities; they should also be learners. The last, a miscellaneous class, includes all whose object for the time being (this is a most important qualification) is not to study the classics themselves, whether in language or literature, but to know *about* them. It comprises those who wish to know why the classics should be studied, "the Case for the Classics," "our Hellenic Heritage," and so on, or more generally in the phrase which has been chosen for the title of a German book, *Was muss der Gebildete vom Griechischen wissen?* "What must an educated man know of Greek?" But it comprises more. It comprises all those who want to be told what any classic has done and how he has done it—those who, whether they can or cannot read the work in the original, desire help towards its better understanding—the readers of histories of literature, for example, and of literary and æsthetic appreciations. The activity of the two last decades has here been remarkable. Not volumes only, but whole series have been devoted to these objects. If the world is still ignorant of the merits of Greek and Latin, if it does not know what to admire in Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Horace, and so forth, it is not for lack of telling. It has had within the period no less than four histories of classical Latin literature in whole or in part and numerous special studies of ancient authors, many of them notable for freshness and independence and artistic presentation. Here Great Britain and America have been working side by side, and much also may be expected in the future from the efforts of co-workers with a common language and a mutual understanding. To catalogue all that has been done in this province is impossible, but the work of Dr. Mackail, Prof. Conway, Principal Livingstone, and Dr. Sheppard may be cited as typical. In America the classics owe much to the championship of Dean West, of Princeton University, and to the editors and contributors in the series of "Our Debt to Greece and Rome." In the face of all this achievement it may seem ungrateful even to suggest reserves. But there is perhaps some risk of this avidity for instruction detaching

the study of the classics from its base should a due sense of proportion fail to be maintained. On the one hand excessive attention to environments, and on the other unthinking acceptance of literary formulas and phrases, may stupefy the feeling for the literature itself and doom to disappointment such ingenuous hopes as the American undergraduate's that he would "get right here just what Greece stands for."

The forces active in this outcome are the belief that classical studies are intrinsically worthy of pursuit and that, like other studies which have no immediate relation with the present, they can truly live only by contact with life. They operate as well with what is internal in the classics as with what is external thereto. Internally the classics do not themselves change; but through new discoveries and rearrangements our knowledge and our appreciation of them are continually being modified. Such internal adjustments must be carefully distinguished from external adaptations. The need for these arises from the fact that without effort we can think of the classics only in terms of ourselves. We thus endow them with life, but in some degree with an alien life. This distinction must not, however, be pushed too far. The likenesses in human life are profound and eternal; the differences superficial and transitory—superficial because they are not concerned with primal feelings and mainsprings of action, but with the mere apparatus and trappings of life, transitory since successive generations discard or refashion the judgments and representations of their predecessors. Since internal adjustments and external adaptations are both of them indispensable for the continued well-being of our studies, it is unlucky that they appeal to different persons and temperaments, and thus give birth to dissensions which may be salutary but are certainly discomforting. To the one side, eager for life and impatient of details, the minuteness of research is a superfluity and its professors little better than pedants. The reproach is in part unjust. For every new fact is something gained; the picture loses if the strokes are blurred, and it is no pedantry to wish to know. The specialist, however, cannot always be acquitted

of attaching exaggerated importance to what has little bearing on the study of classics as a whole. It is interesting and to the etymologist of Greek instructive to know that *ποδ* is a relative of the Latin *ped* and the English *foot*, but for the comprehension of passages in a Greek author or for correct expression in a Greek sentence it matters not one jot. Their adversaries are exposed to a more subtle danger. Zealous advocates and "sympathetic" interpreters of the classics are liable to mistake their enthusiasms for inspirations, to confuse advertisement with instruction, and in their solicitude to hold the market for the classical wares to deliver "synthetic" Homer and Sophocles "substitute." These differences, in so far as they do not arise from diversity of tastes or from the obvious convenience of isolating the material which one is engaged at the moment in studying, seem due to an insufficient perception of the essential unity of classical studies, and they dwindle as we approach the great originals themselves. In classical, like other literature, form and content are ultimately inseparable. The experiences recorded, the thoughts intended, the speech employed cannot without injury be taken apart; they form a triple whole, one and indivisible, and only through the last can the two first be reached. In order, then, that the definition of the object of classical studies as "the languages *and* literatures of ancient Greece and Rome" (or "literatures *and* languages"), may be adequate for its purpose, we must lay due stress upon this conjunction and give heed both in Greek and Latin to the sage counsel of Horace, A.P. 268:—

uos exemplaria Graeca
nocturna uersate manu, uersate diurna.

An illustration here may show how much we may gain from careful observation of a grammatical nicety. Near the end of the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles (1329-1331), Neoptolemus, speaking as the mouthpiece of Fate, announces to Philoctetes that he will never be healed of his grievous wound till he comes to the land of Troy. This "never" (*μήποτε*) is amplified and emphasised by a reference to the changeless order of Nature as shown in

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the unvarying course of the sun, which in our texts is expressed as follows:—"Never *while* (ἔως) the Sun himself (αὐτός) rises here" (that is in the *East*) "and again sets there" (that is in the *West*). More than one critic has been dissatisfied with this flat and nerveless expression. And hence some have adopted οὗτος for αὐτός, "yonder Sun"; but what if the day of performance were cloudy? And others αὐτός (ὁ αὐτός), "the same" Sun, as if there could be another one. Let us try a different meaning for ἔως. What the master dramatist wrote for his actor to declaim in the great Athenian theatre of Dionysus, which fronted south, was it not this? "Know, Philoctetes, that thou shalt never have release from this fell disease *till* (that is *unless*) "the Sun himself shall rise *there* (in the *West*) and again set *here* (in the *East*)."

To turn now from the propagation of knowledge to its advancement, research in the higher and in the more esoteric departments of classical learning which that valuable annual, *The Year's Work in Classical Studies*, now in its seventeenth year of issue, chronicles, as it is made, under some score of headings, has been active during our period and in general productive. Philology and the advanced study of syntax appear to be exceptions. The reproach to our country that it has no etymological dictionary, either of Greek or Latin, has not been removed, and the only up-to-date manual of comparative philology in English has long been unprocurable. Another work which a Latin philologist should produce is a practical handbook of the changes of that language in its passage into Romance. For such a book, providing the students of these derivative languages with a valuable instrument of instruction, would strengthen the position and increase the consideration of the parent language enormously.

Deprived of facilities for registering their activities and publishing their results, no studies can long endure. In classics these have been much restricted by the war and its consequences. The *Journal of Philology* perished in 1920,¹ and *Hermathena*, its brilliant sister of Trinity

(1) The index to its 35 volumes, published at the instance of Sir William Ridgeway by the Cambridge Classical Society, appeared in 1923.

College, Dublin, has been silent since 1922. That our loss is not greater we owe to our societies. We have still the journals of the Societies for the promotion of Hellenic and Roman Studies, and the *Classical Quarterly* and *Classical Review*, the organs of the Classical Association, for all of which, but especially for the two last mentioned, fresh subscribers are urgently required to compensate for the lack of Government support and to counterbalance the inflated costs of production. Here, too, may be mentioned the publications of the British Schools at Athens and Rome, and *Philologica*, the organ of the Philological Society, edited by its secretaries, Mr. L. C. Wharton and Professor E. Baudiš, of Prague, which admits articles on classical subjects into its pages, and those of the Græco-Roman branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund. Though the contributions to the classical journals have been reduced in amount, their standard has not been lowered. In particular their notices of classical books seem largely to have escaped the blight which has settled on reviewing in this country.

The production and purgation of classical texts, whether long known or recently discovered, has proceeded, though unfortunately without sufficient agreement on principles. Incidentally the descent of manuscripts and the history of glossaries have received a due share of attention. Exhaustive commentaries upon entire authors have been few. Jebb's *Bacchylides* and Wyse's *Isaens* are only just within the period. Housman's *Mamilius*, 1903—like the Latin Thesaurus, "*magnitudine laborat sua*." But we have the Headlam-Knox *Herodas*, and Jebb's *Sophocles* has been completed by Pearson's masterly edition of the Fragments. Of editions of separate works or parts of authors there have been a goodly number. Philosophers seem to have come off best, Aristotle with Bywater's *Poetics*, Hicks's *de Anima*, Joachim's *de Corruptione*, and Ross's *Metaphysics*, Plato with Burnet's *Phædo*, and England's *Laws*. In Latin we have recently had Colson's *Quintilian I* and Owen's Ovid's *Tristia II*; and from America Pease's *Cicero de Divinatione*. There have been some noticeable duplications, four substantial commentaries on the

Acharnians in five years, two on the *Phoenissae* in three, and, less explicably, three editions of the *Peruigilium Veneris*.

Among the appliances of learning we welcome especially the first instalment of the new Liddell and Scott. The enterprise shown here contrasts painfully with the apathy which leaves the corresponding Latin dictionaries, and in particular that of Lewis and Short, upon the market just as they are. It is some relief to know that, thanks in the main to the bounty of America, the great Latin Thesaurus is for the present reprieved. Starting in 1900, it has accomplished in 1925 about one-third of its course, which it may complete in the year 1970. Can Latin lexicographers wait till then?—Our school dictionaries call here for a word. These swarm with mistranslations of words, the worst and most numerous class being derivatives from Latin which have changed their meaning in English. Again, their user's time is wasted and his sense of the relationship of words is disturbed by the retention of antiquated arrangements. Verbs, for example, are ranged under the first person of the present indicative, instead of the infinitive, and so *appellāre*, which begins with *appellā-* in every one of its forms, is separated from *appellātis* and *appellātor*, and has to be hunted up under the ambiguous *appellō*. The surest way of making the name of any material object a reality to the mind is to show it with a picture; but the help that Webster gives for English and Larousse for French is nowhere given for Latin, which needs it much more. That Anthony Rich's *Illustrated Companion to the Latin Dictionary and Greek Lexicon* has neither been utilised for this purpose nor itself brought up to date is a standing reproach both to lexicographers and archæologists.

Among the activities of recent times translation bulks largely. Two series stand out. The Oxford translations in English prose, with Aristotle as its leading feature, and the 158 volumes of the Loeb Classical Library, whose public-spirited founder and patron has lately received the distinction of an honorary degree from Cambridge. The Loeb Library and the similar collection of the French

"Association Guillaume Budé," which was modelled upon it, have adopted the convenient plan of the Didot series of Greek authors (in which the language of translation was Latin), placing original and vernacular translation side by side. The standard of workmanship in these, and still more in other translations, varies greatly. In some affected by prevailing fashions, particularly those in verse, there is such laxity and licence that, as I have hinted in my *Translation and Translations*, they are not entitled to that name at all. A notable instance is the versified rendering of the *Peruigilium Veneris*, published under a well-known initial by an author and critic of distinction. In his preface he does not, indeed, claim that his version is literal, but suggests that he loves and emulates classical terseness. How far he does this may be seen from the lines quoted below, in which both commensurateness and metrical correspondence to the original are entirely disregarded.

The two Latin trochaic lines (43, 44):

Congreges inter cateruas ire per saltus tuos,
Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casas,

may be closely rendered into English trochaics as follows:

O'er thy woodlands passing 'mid each gathered throng,
Wreaths of flowers about us, myrtle bowers among.

But our "translator," in his anapestic measure gives

Arm-in-arm through thy sanctuaries whirling till faint and dispersed in
the grove,
We lie with thy lilies for chaplets, thy myrtles for arbours of love.

The study of the classics is still confronted with an educational problem of the first magnitude—the composing of the dispute between the rival methods of teaching known as the "traditional" and the "direct." The question was dealt with in the Committee's report on *The Classics in Education* (pp. 142 *seq.*, 276), with conclusions in the main sound and acceptable, and it has been discussed, for the first time, I believe, by the Headmasters' Conference in January of this year. A settlement is vital to the welfare of the classics. What finally decided the long struggle over the pronunciation of Latin was the con-

viction that the permanent co-existence of two warring systems of pronouncing it was intolerable. A permanent conflict of systems of teaching it is still less to be endured. This must be frankly recognised by the teachers of both sides at present too prone to stand aloof from each other, and conference and compromise must be invoked to obtain a practical solution.

The cardinal point, as Dr. Rouse and his school contend, is that the ancient language must be taught and learned from its own base. Speaking, reading, and writing, the learner, then, must think in Latin, but for this he must have the Latin to think in. In the earlier stages this may to some extent be provided directly, but in the main it must be provided indirectly through the medium of English. Here teachers are set a most difficult task. They have to deal simultaneously with a pair of languages with profound differences and partial or superficial, and so misleading, resemblances. In general structure, in the use of order, in the form and position of the modifiers of words that are necessary for syntax English and Latin are far asunder. Overawed by this, some teachers would adopt a makeshift policy. To help the beginner they would make the most of the resemblances of Latin and English, and even manufacture fictitious ones by putting the Latin words in the English order and stressing the similarities of Latin and English words even where imperfect. They lose their pains. You might as well try to teach an infant to walk by providing it with crutches. The true method is the opposite of this. It will recognise that in Latin English is an intruder and, though it cannot be excluded, will reduce its interferences to a minimum. In speaking and in reading aloud we may hope, in part at least, to be rid of these, and in writing the recollection of the spoken words is to some extent a protection. Here the precepts and practice of the Direct Method are undeniably helpful; not so during the periods of silent reading, of which there are more and more as time proceeds. There the eye is too strong for the ear, and every moment over the printed Latin the associations of printed English surge in through the sight. They can be counter-

acted only by the intelligent analysis of the Latin word and of the Latin sentence. Only thus can Latin be mastered. The old device of impressing the function of the inflexions on the learner's mind by stressing the terminations as *amó amás amát* is open to objection. A better and more expeditious way is for these to be learned apart, *-ō, -ās, -at*, and for the complete words to be treated as rational and significant compounds of base and terminations. Not less vital is it that the sentence should be rationally apprehended, that we should realise that the order of the words, grammatically so important in English, is of almost no grammatical but of much rhetorical importance in Latin. To get this done and to test its doing there is, I conceive, no other way than the old, old plan of "taking the words," and whatever system we adopt this must form part of it.

Dr. Rouse has observed that of idiom and accuracy the direct method puts "idiom" first and the traditional "accuracy." In these days it is best to avoid any phrase that may suggest a sacrifice of accuracy. In classical studies truth percolates, we may see, but slowly. The basis of classical verse is the syllable, and the rules for the distribution of Greek and Latin words into syllables, which differ widely from those for English, are becoming known to our printers. But in quite recent times there has appeared a considerable work on Greek tragedy where discourses on Greek metres are illustrated by examples in which the syllables are systematically misdivided; and a similar error vitiates the conclusion of a monograph on alliteration in Latin verse upon which its author had expended an incredible amount of toil and research. Over fifty years ago a Latinist still living was publicly called to task because he had not spelled "Gaius" with a C. The blunder of the critic was at once exposed in a crushing answer from Munro. But there are still scholars of standing from whose published writings we may see that they do not know, or do not care, what was the first name either of Cæsar or Pompey. But why pursue the matter further? "Idiom" is only one form of accuracy; and why not have them all?

It is claimed for the direct method that it discourages the writing of nonsense. Of absolute nonsense probably, but not necessarily of relative nonsense. If a pupil produces translations of Latin passages that have no sense at all the Latin teaching has failed; but it has failed no less if the sense is such as the Latin words cannot convey nor any Roman have intended.

An objection often brought against the new method that in practice its results are unsatisfactory is inconclusive. Unless it be contended that it is impossible to teach Latin on these lines at all, which would be flying in the face of facts, it seems a sufficient answer to say, "Do not refuse the method, but reform the teaching." The method doubtless demands teachers somewhat differently and more highly trained. But, seriously, is this unattainable? Are we sunk so low?

In this connection I will touch on two blots on our classical teaching to which I have referred elsewhere. The first concerns the accentuation of Greek. Things are no better now than in 1902, when, in the article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* already cited, I first drew attention to the matter. A conference of teachers and others interested in Greek, such as I have suggested in my *Short Guide to the Accentuation of Ancient Greek* (1924), to deal with the present anarchy which is the greatest obstacle to the progress of Greek, is most urgently needed. Of another defect in classical teaching I was made painfully aware when, as Professor at Liverpool University, I had to lecture on Latin poetical literature. Then as now, there as elsewhere (for I have no reason to believe that my experience was singular), a lecturer is frequently confronted with a class, all or most of whom have no sense of the difference between prose and verse. To such the form of classical poetry, half its charm, is nothing but tedium and bewilderment, and to descant on its beauty is a farce. Efforts are, no doubt, made in our schools to teach the elements of classical metres; but they are rendered abortive through disregard of the facts of the languages. So far as any general notions of classical metre are formed or imparted, they are muddled apprehensions drawn from the entirely

different conditions in English. The perception of this and the conviction that current phrases and formulas were worse than useless drove me into an attempt to provide a summary of the information required for an intelligent appreciation of Latin verse. Such was the origin of my *Prosodia Latina* (1923), and this its chief aim. Not that I underestimate the utility of composition in verse, some practice in which is recommended in *The Classics in Education*, pp. 150, *seq.*, and approved by Dr. Rouse for reasons that need not be repeated here. One I will add, as I have never yet seen it urged. For those to whom it is suited verse composition has a signal advantage over prose. In writing prose a student naturally takes the first expression that occurs to him with the meaning he requires. In writing verse he is often forced by the metre to cast about for alternative words and phrases and thus substantially to improve his knowledge and command of the language.

In conclusion I must refer to a matter which is seriously affecting the welfare of our studies—the cost of books needed for classical education. Of all those herewith concerned two only are of account, their makers and their users. The rest, book printers and the like, book-binders, book-vendors, are simply instruments and intermediaries in the conveyance of knowledge. But these are posted on the high road of learning and exact toll as they choose from all that passes their way. Their organised rapacities the publishers do nothing to check. Looking to safety first, they pass on the exactions, not caring if buyers are overcharged or authors underpaid. Nor are the teachers free from blame, no few of whom from parsimony or apathy fail to acquire or recommend even the works that are issued at a moderate price, forgetting both how much their own position has been improved and that books are "articles" of necessity "employed" in their profession, as even the taxgatherer will allow.

HOW ENGLISH WRITERS HAVE INFLUENCED FRENCH LITERATURE

BY ANDRÉ FONTAINAS

(Translated by Ray Gallienne Robin)

No national literature which endeavours to be self-supporting can long survive its birth, for, however active its own sources may be, they cannot be perpetually replenished without the help of foreign contribution. And these contributions are always reciprocal.

The mysterious problem of the interpenetration of the languages and knowledge of the nations of antiquity has long been studied by many learned men. During the Middle Ages this problem was no less obscure, and as time goes on it only becomes more and more complicated, except between England and France, when it is more obvious and more easily solved.

What the English language owes to the intrusion of Norman-French dialects has long been an established fact, and as it matured and satiated itself with its own riches, henceforth specialised and autonomous, it neither effaced nor attenuated an iota. Its independence, equivalent to that of the French language, places it on the same plane. Up to the present day the evolution of no other language in the world has attained this stage.

They are the only two that can pride themselves upon having produced a literature uninterrupted from its origin, and which is still remarkable and alive.

It is not forgotten how a well-known philologist of keen foresight arrived at the conclusion that, if the importance of different languages spoken over the surface of the globe were reduced to their strictly local rôles, even when they are widely distributed, such as Russian, Spanish, Italian, there would still be a possibility of travelling in every country of the world with the help of three languages only, namely, English, French and German.

But by reason of its ponderous structure, its complicated and redundant development, the chances of the German

language have been promptly eliminated, and the result of the war has certainly not tended to revive them.

The contention, therefore, is between English and French, and although Mr. Wells allows it to be inferred that he favours one of the rivals, he is obliged to recognise that their possibilities and their qualities are about equal.

It is no less certain that English authors have again and again voluntarily rendered homage to the genius of France, and to the leaven of culture which they have gathered from her example and counsel. Have they not extolled its charm, acknowledged its seduction?

Ronsard was no less famous in England during his lifetime than he was at the Court of the Valois, or on the banks of the Seine and the Loire. In Scotland, too, he was re-read and eulogised by Mary Stuart and her followers in friendly remembrance of bygone days.

The ascendancy of Boileau was as despotic over London as it was over Paris. It is well known to what extent Swinburne revered Victor Hugo; how widely Balzac and Zola were studied and followed; how manifestly Flaubert was commended and proclaimed by such writers as Robert Louis Stevenson and Oscar Wilde, for example, to name only one or two of the best.

How many have not made a longer or shorter stay in France to enjoy its climate, to follow its customs, to fall in with its free and easy life? It suffices to recall, almost at haphazard, such names as those of the great Milton, Hobbes, Locke, Sterne, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, Walter Pater, George Moore and Arnold Bennett.

The French, on the contrary, besides knowing less of the language, the literature and the life of England, realise in a lesser degree the considerable influence, primordial or attenuated according to the period, which they have ever welcomed, consciously or unconsciously, and whose beneficial effects they have assimilated. It would be as unjust to accuse them of ingratitude in this respect as it would be foolish to refrain from endeavouring to enlighten them.

The geographical situation of Great Britain is chiefly accountable for the very special attention which she concentrates on France, for those who seek a wider horizon

naturally turn their gaze first towards the land that is nearest.

The French, on the other hand, confined between the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, look towards the nations with whom they are in direct contact, the German, the Italian, the Spanish; while England, separated from them only by an arm of the sea, appears, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, to be more remote, more strange.

Assuredly this impression, very strong in the past, became less marked as time went on; nevertheless it is curious to note how little, up to the seventeenth century, French thinkers and writers, at least when their tranquillity was undisturbed by invasions and wars, thought about England, and, above all, how utterly indifferent they were to all that concerned her.

At last, however, in the eighteenth century, she was attributed a predominant position by Voltaire and the Encyclopædists. They became enamoured of her spirit of justice, of integrity, of loyalty. They introduced into France the fame of her scientific, philosophic, judicial and political works, her sense of tolerance, her respect for humanity, her dramatic productions, and her conception and realisation of the novel.

From a very remote period a constant intercourse had been carried on between the two countries. It is evident that *The Vision of Piers Plowman* and *The Canterbury Tales* are closely allied, both in design and expression, to the French manner. But of the two romances *Tristan et Iseult* and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* it is difficult to decide which approaches more nearly the common Celtic origin.

Beyond doubt across France has long blown the light, gentle, withal invigorating breeze which comes from Italy and through her from Byzantium, Alexandria and Athens. But it is only the tough, unyielding soil which profits by it; only hard ground, not scattered into dust by every light wind that blows, which it can fertilise. These soils become transformed and adapted till they glow with an unexpected and individual radiance; they resemble and at the same time they differ essentially from one another.

From the South-East proceeds the element of variety of light and shade, which is confronted in the North-West by an element of permanence, of vigorous strength, and both recognise that they are indispensable the one to the other.

To what degree, for instance, did the presence in London of the long-captive Prince Charles of Orleans augment these latent necessities? Very little, we must admit, and yet his rondels, full of the sadness of exile and longing for home, are impregnated with a doleful atmosphere, a delicate and tuneful melancholy which hitherto had not been found in the songs of the Troubadours, nor yet in the lyrical and rhythmical works, so restrained, clear and simple, of his great contemporary François Villon.

There is nothing definite, nothing which can be precisely analysed, only a vague tendency or inclination to moodiness, something which envelops it, as it were a shimmering veil spread over all. What more can we ask? Is it not this which lives, which endures, which, not being able to grasp materially, we can neither discard nor contest?

Till near the end of the seventeenth century it would be difficult to discover how much importance, immediate or indirect, French writers and thinkers attached to things English. It is not clearly stated, for example, and at any rate is hardly admissible, whether the visit of Milton and the establishment of the Court of James II at St. Germain-en-Laye excited any interest or even any curiosity. In fact Bossuet's magnificent funeral oration, pronounced over Henrietta Maria of England in 1669, makes quite clear that the revolution of 1648 had produced a profound, even appalling, impression, and how stupefying had been the effect of the trial and death of Charles I and the triumph of Cromwell.

At that time the policy of England was little understood; rivalry in armaments and diplomatic humiliations hardly tend to mutual understanding. On both sides they mistrusted each other rather than desired a real and friendly reconciliation.

At the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, as indeed during the whole of the eighteenth century, numbers of

French refugees fled to London, where they remained for longer or shorter periods of time. Then, at last, as the opportunity had been given them, they took the trouble to study, while there, the institutions, the customs, the opinions and the works of the English.

Those whose exile was for ever adopted the usages of their new country; others, on their return to France, became the most enthusiastic propagandists of the liberty, the common-sense, the love of justice and even of morality which they recognised as so beneficial to the race.

It was during this period that translations from English authors became more and more popular in France. In 1614 Robert Greene's *Tragic History of Pandestes* was translated and published through the learned Regnault. Almost simultaneously Baudoin brought out Sidney's *Arcadia* and Bacon's *Essays*. In 1631 a translation of *Sylva Sylvarum Sive Historia Naturalis* appeared under the title of *Histoire Naturelle*. In this difficult and laborious work the translator, Pierre Amboise de la Magdeleine, "having the greater part of the author's MSS. at hand, judged it necessary to add or to delete many things which Monsieur Bacon's chaplain (or secretary) had either omitted or augmented."

Fearful of the consequences of incurring the displeasure of the Catholic clergy, Hobbes left Paris, where, in 1651, he had written his *Leviathan*. The Latin edition of this work appeared in 1658, and the French edition followed it very closely. The *De Cive* was translated in 1642.

Paradise Lost was first done into French by Dupré de St. Maur, and almost immediately afterwards by Louis Racine.

It is a question whether Marivaux would ever have produced his *Spectateur Français* if it had not been preceded by the *Tatler*, and especially by Addison and Richard Steele's *Spectator*, from which even his title was borrowed.

But it was the novelists who exercised the greatest fascination. L'Abbé Prévost translated them and became inspired by them.

On both sides of the Channel Richardson, Smollett, and Fielding were the fashion and Swift was criticised and

imitated. Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* was known long before Jean Jacques Rousseau declared his admiration for it, and before Laurence Sterne, whom Diderot in his *Jacques le Fataliste* tried to emulate.

It was principally *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*, however, furthered by Rousseau's inclination towards sentimentality, no less than by Diderot's, which directed the flow of a new current through the hearts and minds of the French. This tendency continued throughout the nineteenth century and is felt even to the present day.

At that time everything that was English excited the keenest interest. Abbé Alary, private tutor to the Children of France, introduced club life, till then unknown. At the *Club de l'Entresol*, which he founded in 1724, upheld and encouraged by Fleury, English newspapers ("papiers anglais") were read and commented upon, and it was frequented by many Englishmen, amongst others the Ambassador Horace Walpole, Ramsay, and Bolingbroke.

But Alary fell into disgrace with his former patrons, the club was disbanded, and in 1731 he crossed over to London. There, at the Rainbow, a coffee tavern, his friends and co-religionists gathered around him, and, by means of a journal, *The Gentleman*, a constant intercourse was carried on between them and the refugees in Holland. Bayle propagated and discussed their opinions in his *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*, and by this means they were transmitted to the Encyclopædists; at the same time the introduction of Freemasonry into France also stimulated liberal thought.

Chesterfield initiated Montesquieu into the intricacies of the English government, and it was he who introduced him to Swift, Pope, and Horace Walpole; while Buffon, when in England, only frequented men of learning, especially Hales, whose *Vegetable Statics* he translated. The Baron d'Holbach studied and adapted the views of the atheist philosophers, Toland and his *Pantheisticon*, Anthony Collins, whom Voltaire considered a good metaphysician and a learned man, and Thomas Gordon. Helvetius, who, according to Walpole, was

"quite crazy about England," took his daughters there, hoping to marry them to Englishmen; which hope, by the way, was never fulfilled.

English fashions and sports were quite the mode. English science determined the general lines of research and of universal speculation. Newton's works were translated, discussed, lauded and popularised. Through the discoveries of Priestley the sphere of chemistry was stabilised and extended; and, thanks to Thomas Sydenham, doctors now began to use quinquina and laudanum in their daily practice.

Even the thinkers, philosophers and other learned men went so far as to become ardent partisans for or against the paradoxical experiments of John Tuberville Needham on the composition and decomposition of organised bodies. Diderot, when writing his celebrated *Lettre sur les Aveugles à l'Usage de Ceux qui voient*, studied the optics of Robert Smith. It was on the model of Chambers's *Encyclopædia* that he, in collaboration with d'Alembert, conceived the idea of compiling and publishing *L'Encyclopédie ou Dictionnaire raisonné des Sciences, des Arts et des Métiers*, that monumental work of historic erudition, of analytical discrimination, of social forecast, and in which a clear perception of the future is strengthened and confirmed. In this work respect for authority, religious and military, is tacitly undermined by the simple and accurate presentment of the profitable activity of human labour, and the gradual triumph of wisdom and reason throughout the centuries.

Although the English theatre was no less in favour than science and the novel, and although the lachrymose Sedaine and Diderot were still inspired by the philosophic and moral plays which the genius of the actor Garrick kept on the stage, the public was not disposed to welcome indiscriminately all that appeared to be forced upon it. The adaptations entitled *Le Fils Naturel*, *Le Joueur*, *Le Philosophe sans le savoir* achieved some success, but sometimes not without trouble. Otway's *Venice Preserved* received an ovation and counterbalanced the vogue which had set in for Ducis's insignificant and attenuated transla-

tion, and considerable alteration, of Shakespeare's tragedies. Though he made no secret of his ignorance of the English language, his *Hamlet*, borrowed from the *Théâtre Anglois de Laplace*, was staged in 1769. The eight volumes of this collection, published between 1745 and 1748, comprise Shakespeare's plays, those of his contemporaries, and some by more modern authors.

The first complete translation of Shakespeare was done by Le Tourneur at about the same time, and Ducis borrowed from it the themes of his plays and on broad lines the development of *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *King Lear*. These he presented successively under less barbarian names and a more tame aspect, with the idea of approximating them to the pseudo-classic ideal of the period.

Voltaire prided himself on having been the first to draw the attention of his fellow-countrymen to the talent of the "Corneille of London, a madman all the same"; and of having in his *Julius Cæsar*, a tragedy in three acts, rendered Shakespeare's prose into prose, and his blank verse into blank verse, "which only cost the effort of dictating them and was not more difficult than writing a letter."

Voltaire could not tolerate anyone following in his footsteps, nor that the fame and supremacy of Racine should be jeopardised for the benefit of a theatre that he considered coarse, in spite of its accidental beauties.

He no doubt considered, too, the fame of his votaries and disciples, which naturally he had at heart.

Under some sufficient pretext he laid the blame on poor Ducis, covered him with ridicule, and, to aggravate the quarrel, did violence to his own feelings in hitting at the idol of Shakespeare, feeling himself guilty of having introduced him into France, and that for this reason even the opinion of the Academy had been influenced against him.

These vehement diatribes would doubtless have produced no other effect than to attract more closely than ever the attention of literary men to the wonderful poet. For Voltaire's words and writings, whether laudatory or bitter, cutting or sarcastic, had thoroughly aroused the general curiosity. But events of a very different nature

resulted in a momentary suppression of all literary enthusiasm and excitement.

The Revolution had no ear for any but patriotic productions exalting the traditions of liberty and democracy, such as had been revived by the Romans in the days of Brutus and Cato. Its tendencies and tastes were classic, its painter was Louis David, its poet Marie Joseph Chénier.

Nevertheless English influence continued to spread and to be propagated; England was looked upon as a free country, wise and exemplary, her counsel was asked, her instruction solicited. Mirabeau examined minutely the machinery of her Constitution.

France copied the English gardens, played billiards, entered with zest into the introduction of horse racing, and tea drinking became a habit both in drawing-rooms and in *cafés*.

Secretly and uninterruptedly, letting the storm and turmoil pass away, the eighteenth century was preparing the way for the nineteenth.

Vicomte de Chateaubriand was living in London, an exile in poverty and distress. Richardson was still widely read. The English travelled over France, followed her customs, spoke her language. Beckford wrote his valuable Oriental story, *Vathek*, in French, following in the footsteps of Hamilton, who, long before that, had written his *Memoires du Comte de Gramont*, *Les Quatre Facardins*, and *Fleur d'Épine* also in French. Is there one Frenchman who can be counted amongst the writers of Great Britain?

It may be that whatever has, at the cost of much labour, been transposed and reconstructed into a semblance of its own image is the more effectively assimilated.

At all events in the obscure and gradual preparation for this literary attitude which France took up under the name of Romanticism Great Britain played an important part.

Macpherson, or, as was then supposed, Ossian, captured and enthralled everyone. Byron conquered, dominated, and led Alfred de Musset and Lamartine.

The former sang often of a *Manfred* barely disguised

under new names; the latter dedicated to him his *Dernier Chant du Pèlerinage d'Harold* and his *méditation L'Homme*. No other poet had so much prestige. Thomas Moore alone, in *Lalla Rookh* and his *Irish Melodies*, shared his popularity.

Shelley, Keats and Burns died before their names were known to the French public. Coleridge, in spite of his *Ode to France*, was little better known.

Amongst the Lake poets it was Wordsworth especially whom Sainte-Beuve and Théophile Gautier appreciated.

Walter Scott had a large share in forming the taste for archæology amongst prose writers, as well as the appreciation of nature and of long descriptions of its beauty, and the knowledge of man studied according to individuality, rather than selected as a type. If he were up to a certain point indebted to Jean Jacques Rousseau, he gave back to France more than he took from her.

What would Victor Hugo have made of *Notre Dame de Paris*, Alfred de Vigny of *Cinq Mars*, and Alexandre Dumas of the greater part of his novels, if they had never known *Waverley*, *The Antiquary*, and *Ivanhoe*?

This seemed to be the psychological moment for the definitive acclimatization of Shakespeare, and in 1827 Kemble and Macready were received with acclamation. In 1829 de Vigny's *Othello* forced its way into the *Comédie Française*. Hugo wrote his two dramas, *Cromwell* and *Marie Tudor*, and Alfred de Vigny portrayed Chatterton in his drama of that name and in his *Stello*.

English had again become the fashion.

What was the hidden link between Balzac and Dickens, between Thackeray and the realists? They often met, but they never recognised each other. Yet the French tendency was always towards disinterested impersonal verification, the conclusion remaining in the balance; whilst that of the English towards a moral, even moralising propensity became more and more pronounced.

The philosophers, the sociologists, and the moralists readily entered their school; the Scots, Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, were read and taught, and their authority

was considerable. It was to them Taine was attracted when he crossed the Straits of Dover, and in our day the tradition is carried on by M. André Chevrillon.

Moreover, the French moralists have at all times been attentive to the habit of mind and mode of thought across the Channel, not only Vauvenargues in the eighteenth century, but doubtless La Rochefoucauld as well, whose turn of mind, far more religious and even evangelical than is generally admitted, Mr. Edmund Gosse has plainly revealed under its thin veil of bitterness.

Again, amongst our contemporary novelists those whose romances are the most restrained in their characterisation, the most conventional, moral or even religiously disposed, are precisely they who have listened more intently than the others to the voice of the English conscience. Amongst these are some who might be read by English persons of ordinary education without in any way shocking them, namely, Alphonse Daudet, who has often been likened to Dickens, and at the present day M. Paul Bourget, and perhaps M. Boylesve.

There are others, however, who might have a more startling effect. The cutting observations of Vallès, the haughty disdain of Barbey d'Aurevilly in his sketch of Brummell, for example, the patient, tranquil yet ardent enthusiasm which Monsieur J. H. Rosny, sen., throws into his study of Nell Horn, do not in the least depend, in spite of the localisation of the subjects, upon any precedents which might be specified.

On the other hand, may it not be said, without giving any particular examples, that Carlyle and George Meredith are more or less, in certain respects, akin to some intellectual nook of French territory? However that may be, Meredith had a sincere love for France; we realise it when we remember that charming *Renée* in *Beauchamp's Career*, or his poems in praise of France, and the message he gave to Robert d'Humières when he said "good-bye" to him on Box Hill—"Give my love to all in France."

But at the present day, during and since the Victorian era, we see no such resemblances and alliances except as in a glass darkly. The enlightenment which is broadcast

by assiduous and profitable reading is no longer concentrated, as light is concentrated in a prism, but rather is it diffused into a web whose varied threads are with difficulty disentangled. No longer is there conformity of plan, nor fixed standard.

M. Pierre Benoist, who stands alone, roughly collects his copy from what chance may throw in his way, and does not take the trouble to imbue it with his own individuality. No doubt he has some mysterious motive for this, but he seems, more often than not, to write from the studied dictation of others.

Even though the modalities of reciprocal understanding, the points of resemblance, and the standard and distribution of the forces of penetration may be ceaselessly transformed, between England and France they are never interrupted.

Formerly culture was less widespread than it is at present; in France there were few who cared to know anything about the foreigner or who took any pleasure in his productions. Nevertheless Italy, Spain, Germany, the Far East, Russia, Scandinavia, and, most frequently, England each in turn held a fascinating sway over France, thanks to translations, to the chances of life which turned the steps of a youthful author to a foreign country, to the attractions of Paris, to the concentrated study some gave to neighbouring or distant countries, and to the fashion of imitating the customs of other lands.

The two countries began to discover each other; in the process they suffered many delusions, but what of that? Something was always left by the mirage which contained a modicum of truth, and it was absorbed with the rest.

France has always been an admirable melting-pot into which the innate delicacy of her discrimination and taste welcomes the most diverse elements, and mingles them into a whole that becomes ever more polished and harmonious. Foreigners are not the last to recognise this choice synthesis to which their contributions, voluntary or solicited, have contributed more or less, according to the choice and distribution which have been made of them.

It may astonish those who read most of the books now

published in France, and who visit her exhibitions of painting and sculpture, to see how very little enthusiastic or imaginative research they display. How long this state of things may continue no one can predict.

Happily work goes on as usual, though less brilliantly, and with less eagerness to attract the crowd by blatant advertisement; but it propagates the noblest traditions and slackens no effort, in spite of the universal atmosphere of either falsified or well-organised repute in which it lives and moves.

The teaching, or rather the example, of the most impartial poets and writers whom the history of literature can acclaim, such men as Flaubert, Villiers-de-L'Isle Adam, Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle, Verlaine and Stéphane Mallarmé, has inspired and upheld the entire generation, not yet quite extinct, of proud and valiant symbolists, who, happily, have transmitted it to more than one of the newcomers and young writers.

They have drunk, sometimes even to excess, of the Celtic and Britannic springs.

Keats and Rossetti have had, in some respects, a refining influence upon us, possibly Robert Browning and Burns have been less appreciated. William Morris only interested us through his Socialism, his art studies, his furniture and typography. Alfred Tennyson distinctly influenced the thought and work of Mallarmé and Verlaine, and later on, even more profoundly, that of Jean Lorrain, M. Henri de Régnier, and M. Louis Le Cardonnell.

The same may be said of Swinburne. How many French poets has he not inspired with enthusiastic admiration for his work? M. Gabriel Mourey has translated *Poems and Ballads* and *Songs before Sunrise*; and several others have selected poems for translation from other collections or dramas, especially from *Atalanta in Calydon*. *Laus Veneris*, done into French by M. Francis Vielé-Griffin, is, in its expression and studied harmony, a work of art which may be considered equal to the original.

Rabindranath Tagore excites the fervent admiration of M. André Gide, who has rendered him into his own terse and unmistakable language from the English text

evidently, for I do not suppose he is acquainted with the Indian dialects.

But of all the English poets not one has been placed so high nor been so religiously revered as Percy Bysshe Shelley. Without being too presumptuous or bold, I think I may venture to express the opinion that a rendering into French of his poems, odes and selected fragments recently published by Garnier Frères is infinitely superior to the translation of his complete poetical works published in three solid volumes at least twenty years ago.

Men of letters are continually studying Shelley. M. André Maurois, who during the war worked in close connection with the British General Headquarters, and whose *Silences du Colonel Bramble* reveals the curious and remarkable experiences through which he then passed, has achieved a well-merited success with his *Ariel, or the Life of Shelley*, an excellent and entertaining biographical romance.

If we drew up a list of the authors of the present day we should note very few who have not come under the influence, and felt the charm, of English letters. It is perfectly certain, at least, that in the domain of science, in succession to Herbert Spencer, and more especially Charles Darwin, without naming others, Sir James Frazer is regarded as an indisputable authority.

Thomas De Quincey had captivated Alfred de Musset, who made an attempt to translate him, some time before he attracted and held Baudelaire, Marcel Schwob, and how many others?

Carlyle, not only because he was the author of his vehement and strongly biased *History of the French Revolution*, but because he also wrote *Sartor Resartus* and *Hero Worship*, has made a deeper impression upon men of letters and historians than has Macaulay, though he at one time was rather highly praised.

Of the novelists what may be said? It would be useless to enumerate them, but how many of the most celebrated French novelists can be said to be unknown in London? And how many of the English novelists are not translated in Paris?

But far the greater part of Marcel Proust's strength and charm was due to his cult, his affection, his almost exclusive enthusiasm for the work of Ruskin. He took immense pains scrupulously to translate many passages into French before making headway with his own work.

Giraudoux, Morand, and Soupault submitted quite as blindly to the attractions of Ruskin, and M. Roger Martin du Gard, M. de Lacretelle, and M. Lucien Fabre, laureate of the Prix Goncourt, have followed in their wake.

The constant exchange of literary productions carried on between the two countries has caused some confusion of judgment on this side of the Straits, for when all are equally welcome it is difficult to discriminate as to values. After Oscar Wilde came Wells, Thomas Hardy, Edmund Gosse or George Moore; new writers, some already famous in their own country, others of lesser repute; and finally Joyce and Rodker. On the other hand, Walter Pater, whose *Marius the Epicurean* has only just tempted a translator, and Charles Whibley are almost unknown.

But the futurists and the humorists, so numerous during the last thirty years, have in the most surprising way converted to their own use, according to temperament, all they have absorbed from their predecessors, from Swift onwards to the American Mark Twain, and Jerome K. Jerome.

MM. Francis Carco, Billotey, and Jean Cocteau are following in their footsteps.

During the last few years stories of adventure, the exploits of buccaneers, of pirates, of hunters and explorers in unknown countries or in imaginary spheres have greatly multiplied. Formerly, of course, not only Jules Verne, but Fenimore Cooper and Captain Mayne Reid were widely read, and children loved to wander with Alice in Wonderland. Robert Louis Stevenson, running away from the surf of the Scottish seas dashing over their formidable reefs of rocks, travelled over the Indian and Pacific Oceans. Rudyard Kipling revealed to the world the laws of the jungle and told delightful stories of adventure.

The years Joseph Conrad spent at sea have left him dazzled by its thrilling memories and experiences.

The advent of the Entente Cordiale, which the English awaited in a spirit of the most friendly impatience, touched all hearts and united all opinions. No one would then have given to France, as Sir Philip Sidney once did, the title of "sweet enemy."

The sacrifices of the war proved to men that their aspirations and their intentions were the same, that their hopes and their suffering in no wise differed, and Tommy Atkins fell on the battlefields of France for the common ideal.

It is not surprising, therefore, that, in their literary ambitions, in their style and sentiment, some young French authors conform somewhat to their British *confrères*.

We can only express one wish at the present time, namely, that this bond, though from time to time relaxed or strained, may finally unite our two nations in a lasting friendship, and inspire in both a full and reciprocal confidence which would lead to freer and more frequent intercourse.

As English writers incline far less to sensationalism than do the French, who owe nearly everything to it, they would tend to a moral and religious line of thought rather than to a plastic and æsthetic development—thus, to quote from an eminent critic, M. John Charpentier, "without entering into competition, we should stimulate and ennoble each other by force of contrast."

PAUL-LOUIS COURIER (1772—1825)

BY PROFESSOR E. WEEKLEY

By the side of the road which, between Tours and Loches, skirts the forest of Larçay, stood, until fairly recent times, a sinister hovel called the Auberge du Chêne Pendu. It was there, according to local tradition, that the assassins of Paul-Louis Courier gathered one day in April, 1825, to arrange the details of their long-projected crime. The chief of them was Pierre Dubois, formerly Courier's wagoner, a handsome lout, who had had an intrigue with his master's attractive and neglected young wife; Pierre's brother Symphorien, also employed at Courier's dreary homestead and successor to Pierre in the good graces of Madame Courier; and Louis Frémont, a foxy-looking drunkard who acted as keeper of Courier's forest of Larçay. The rest were supers, united in their hatred for the master of La Chavonnière, and quite ready to keep watch on the forest paths while the principals murdered an unarmed man.

To this gang of brutish peasants the victim was simply a harsh and greedy landowner, who forbade the poor to pick up dead wood or to cut heather in his forest, and who was frequently engaged in litigation with neighbours he had tried to best. To the cultivated public he was, and is, one of the most delicately graceful of prose-writers and the vitriolic satirist of the Restoration Government. To the learned he was known as an accomplished classical scholar, suspected of having intentionally damaged a unique Greek manuscript. He himself would have claimed to be a hard-working farmer and vine-grower, one of the five or six men in Europe who knew Greek, and one of the smaller number who knew French.

It was, in a way, this curiously divided existence which led to his tragic and untimely death. Estranged from his wife, at odds with his surroundings, busily occupied with classical studies, political pamphlets and invective letters

contributed to the Liberal Press, Courier spent so much of his time in Paris that his estate, La Chavonnière, in Indre-et-Loire (the old province of Touraine), was going to rack and ruin. Alarmed at a financial position, which, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his cheeseparing avarice, was steadily getting worse, he made spasmodic efforts at improving the management of the farm, and was supposed to be ready to sell it, if a purchaser could be found, and leave Touraine for Paris. This would have been a blow to the rascals who profited by the careless administration of Madame Courier during her husband's long absences in the capital. One of the projected reforms was the replacing of the drunken and dishonest Frémont by a competent woodman who would protect his master's interests. On April 10th, 1825, appeared in the *Journal d'Indre-et-Loire* an advertisement for such a man, and by sunset on the same day Courier was lying dead on one of the tracks in his own forest.

For some time the brothers Dubois, cowards of the agrarian murderer type, had been urging Frémont to shoot his master. The keeper, equally cowardly, had shrunk from the risk; but, when he was shown the advertisement, he saw red, and Courier's doom was sealed. The victim himself had appointed a meeting with Frémont in the wood, and Symphorien Dubois was "accidentally" present. A violent altercation began, and Courier suddenly realised that the ruffians' threats were serious. With the words "Je suis un homme perdu" he turned to flee, just as Dubois tripped him up. Before he could rise, Frémont fired a charge of buckshot point-blank into his back. At the sound of the shot Pierre Dubois and three other accomplices converged upon the spot from the points at which they had been keeping a look-out, and, after Frémont had gone through the dead man's pockets, the murderers scattered. Less than twenty feet away, hidden in the heather, were a lover and his lass, who had missed no detail of the tragedy.

Such was the end of the most formidable political pamphleteer known to French literature. He ought, dramatically speaking, to have been assassinated by secret

emissaries of the Government or of the Jesuits, and the trial of his murderers should have been a *cause célèbre* involving all the reactionary interests in Europe. Instead of which, he got the contents of a blunderbuss for dismissing a drunken employee, who was egged on by a couple of dissolute clodhoppers, and the witnesses at his murderers' trial were an unfaithful wife and a procession of cunning, lying peasants, many of whom probably carried to their graves a much more detailed knowledge of the crime than ever transpired in court. It is worthy of note that the only witness whose evidence tended to incriminate Frémont and Symphorien Dubois died under suspicious circumstances soon after the first trial. It is unhealthy to help the prosecution in agrarian murders. This was also the opinion of the two unseen witnesses of the crime, who swore to each other to preserve the strictest secrecy. Frémont was arrested and violently accused by Madame Courier, but a provincial jury acquitted him. Nor was the suspicion absent that the brothers Dubois had merely carried out the wishes of their mistress, using Frémont as an ignorant tool.

In 1829 Sylvine Grivault, who had seen Courier killed, let fall some incautious words in the presence of her master, a small farmer. The latter questioned her and got some sort of confession. This he disclosed to some of his men, who strongly advised him to hold his tongue. He followed their advice for a few months, but finally communicated with the authorities. In the meantime Symphorien Dubois was dead, while Frémont was protected by his past acquittal. Pierre Dubois was arrested, and a second trial took place. Madame Courier, though not actually charged, endured two months of "preventive detention," and was severely examined. A chief witness for the prosecution was Frémont, who made a series of confessions, gradually approaching identity with the girl Grivault's statement, repeated by her in court. It should be said that her companion obstinately persisted in denying all knowledge of the matter. Finally Dubois was acquitted *à égalité de voix*, Madame Courier returned to the prosecution of her latest amour, and Frémont, who had become a com-

plete physical and mental wreck, died miserably a few days after the end of the trial. Pierre Dubois lived till 1877, so that many people now living must have heard him tell of the good old times when he was Madame Courier's *bon ami*. If he had lived a year longer, he might have witnessed the unveiling of the memorial at Vézetz on which Courier is described as "champion du bon sens et de la liberté."

Paul-Louis Courier was the only child of a wealthy Parisian burgess, descended from an enriched peasant family. The father was a lover of the classics, a hater of the nobility, and a fiercely avaricious man, all qualities which recurred intensified in his famous son. The latter was born in 1772, and spent his childhood and youth in Touraine, whither his father had migrated some years before with a view to exploiting estates that he had purchased in that province. While the son was at the artillery school of Châlons, the Revolution broke out. Monsieur Courier *père*, who had destined his son for the Royal army, perhaps thought that it might make his person and property safer if he could point to a son in the Republican army as tangible evidence of his *civisme*; so Paul-Louis' career was not interrupted. His early service was uneventful, and his letters of that period show the contempt and distaste for military life which experience only strengthened in this extraordinary soldier. Wherever he went he carried his books, pocket editions of the classics and a small selection from the great French writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to whom all his life he played the sedulous ape. His military life, during which he deserted twice, the second time for good, was mostly spent in Italy, then overrun by French armies. He frequented libraries, studied manuscripts and stole books. He regularly outstayed his leave, on one occasion by six months, and neglected his duties. When threatened with punishment, he circulated in the army an open letter to his general, in which he threatened to "rendre la lâcheté de votre conduite aussi publique dans cette affaire qu'elle l'a déjà été ailleurs." His active service was almost wholly confined to Calabria, where the peasantry, with some English

backing, had risen against the French intruders. It was a war of ambushes and massacres. The French hanged or shot their prisoners, while the "brigands" burnt theirs "le plus doucement possible." It was from Italy that were written most of the series of a hundred letters included in the first collected edition of his works (1828), and there is internal evidence that he was engaged in giving them what he called "quelques touches imperceptibles" when death interrupted him.

Artificial as is their present form, these letters are, apart from a few reminiscences of brother officers, the only clue that we have to Courier's real character before he strayed into farming and politics. All his enthusiasm is for books, works of art and scenes of natural beauty. Towards his fellow creatures he is always grudging and cantankerous. For him "Plutarque a menti," and great generals are men whose names happen to be associated with the accidental results of battles. Historians are recorders of picturesque fiction. "Plutarque à présent me fait crever de rire. Je ne crois plus aux grands hommes." Bonaparte is admittedly the most successful captain of the age, but his assumption of the Imperial title is ludicrous, his intelligence is not on a level with his luck, and "il a la faiblesse de tous les parvenus; il s'expose à des refus." It really required some detachment to write thus of Napoleon in 1810. Mingled with such caustic but shallow reflections are those gems of description of which Sainte-Beuve says, "Ce sont de petites scènes parlantes, achevées, faites pour être ciselées sur une coupe antique," and grim or comic incidents of war and travel related with an artistic economy which defies imitation.

Many of the letters which were written after he had finally left the army are concerned with the most notorious episode in the author's life, the famous blot with which he obliterated in the Florence manuscript of *Daphnis and Chloe* the passage which he had discovered to be missing from Amyot's translation. The bitter *Lettre à Monsieur Renouard*, in which he deals cleverly and dishonestly with the whole affair, may be regarded as his first attempt at a pamphlet. Its success with the public was only equalled by the disapproval with which it was received by

scholars. This scandal drew upon him the attention of the Minister of War, who began to inquire whether the Courier of the *pâté* was identical with an artillery officer of that name who had disappeared in 1809. So we find Courier writing to a friend, "J'ai deux ministres à mes trousses, dont l'un veut me faire fusiller comme déserteur, l'autre veut que je sois pendu pour avoir volé du grec."

The form of the letters requires some explanation. Few of them give the impression of having been written on a drumhead by a camp fire. Some, no doubt, he recovered from his friends and revised in accordance with Boileau's precept. Others are addressed to imaginary correspondents. Many were quite possibly composed at leisure with a view to publication or elaborated from rough drafts which he had kept. The earliest of all in date, purporting to have been written at the age of fifteen, describes a visit to the Château de Sceaux—"J'ai vu de beaux jets d'eau, de belles statues, et de beaux arbres bien taillés. Je crois que tout cela est parfaitement inutile à celui qui le possède; et s'il y avait du froment ou des pommiers, ce ne serait pas si beau, mais cela vaudrait mieux." In this *pastiche* of a boyish effusion it is easy to recognise the skilled hand of Paul-Louis, *vigneron*, Paul-Louis, *cultivateur*, the self-styled "peasant," who extolled the work of the *bande noire*, as those speculators were called who bought up historic estates with a view to their piecemeal sale for agricultural development.

One of the most interesting of the Italian letters describes the battle of Maida, a mere skirmish in comparison with the stupendous butcheries of recent years, but the first occasion on which the hitherto invincible French had encountered our "astonishing infantry" on European soil. We have this letter in two states, viz., the published version and the original actually received by the antiquary Sainte-Croix. The latter was discovered some years ago and printed in the *Revue Bleue*. In it we are told that "Les Anglais nous ont bien frottés et à bon marché. . . . Le combat dura dix minutes," "Les Anglais se battent bien, même à terre," "Leur conduite après la bataille fut extrêmement généreuse," "Ils ont exactement payé tout ce que le pays leur a fourni. Nous, nous prenons aux

habitants leurs denrées et leur argent," and so on. None of this is to be found in the revised version. It would not have pleased the French Liberals, to whom England, the restorer of the Bourbons, was the villain of European politics. Quite amazing is the indifference with which Courier speaks of this serious reverse to the French arms. To him the defeat seems almost a joke, the cream of it being that his, hitherto successful commanding officer, Reynier, has been scored off. On the other hand, always ready to make comparisons disparaging to his own countrymen, he speaks most highly of the humanity and courtesy of "Sir Stuard." So also, in 1813, on the eve of Leipzig, he thanks God that the reports and rumours from the theatre of war are a matter of perfect indifference to him. This is the same man who, later on in his pamphlets, made adroit polemical use of the Napoleonic legend, described himself proudly as "ancien canonnier à cheval," and invoked the memory of Austerlitz with a fervour worthy of Chauvin himself.

Among the many *savants* with whom Courier corresponded while in Italy was Etienne Clavier, professor at the Collège de France, whose family he had known from his youth, and with whom, by exception, he had remained on friendly terms. When he finally left Italy in 1812, he resided for some time in Paris, before settling more or less definitely in Touraine. His parents were dead. He had few friends. Indeed, his bilious and suspicious temperament made friendship difficult. Of his only relatives in Paris he wrote, "S'ils pensaient que j'eusse de l'argent dans les os, ils me les casseraient pour l'avoir." He was at a loose end and at the age when a libertine may fall seriously in love. In 1814 he married Herminie Clavier, who was eighteen, *piquante* and passionate, while he himself was a rather sickly debauchee of forty-two, confirmed in celibate and vagabond habits, quite phenomenally ugly, pitted with smallpox, and, according to the police, "mal mis et sale dans son costume." But he could be brilliant and amusing in conversation and was enough of a celebrity for his attentions to be flattering to an ambitious girl.

Three months after marriage, on his wife's nineteenth birthday, Courier left his home as uncereemoniously as he had left the Army, travelled for some time in Touraine and Normandy, and was about to embark at Havre for Portugal, when a pitiful letter from Madame Courier induced him to return. After oscillating for some years between Touraine and Paris, he purchased the farm of La Chavonnière, in the commune of Véretz, and made it his regular residence. So poor Herminie Courier had the prospect of spending the rest of her life on a lonely farm, with an elderly, mean and cantankerous husband, who refused all social intercourse with the landowners of the neighbourhood and was feared and detested by every peasant in the district.

From his marriage dates his literary decadence; for brilliant, even unsurpassable, as are his political pamphlets, they are, morally, almost undiluted humbug, and, even as literature, not to be compared with the peerless *Lettres écrites de France et d'Italie*. No sooner was he settled in Touraine than he began to quarrel with the reactionary local authorities and with his neighbours. His failures in litigation still further embittered his character. In Touraine, as in other rural districts, there was much resentment at the arbitrary dealings of the *gendarmerie* with those villagers who did not show proper respect for the revived ideals of Church and Crown. Courier had lived under the old Monarchy, the Republic and the Empire, and loathed all three. His hostility to the restored Monarchy was that of a man soured by personal grievances and hating all put in authority over him, while exercising the most inconsiderate despotism towards his dependents and inferiors.

Never was a man less democratic in temperament, though more than a century ago he gave the formula of democratic control, that system of government by which "la nation ferait marcher le gouvernement comme un cocher qu'on paie."

In the first half of his life he had shown himself to be endowed with most of the less pleasing human qualities. To these he now added hypocrisy. Or did he really

persuade himself that he had always loved "le peuple," and that he looked back with a patriotic thrill to "cette grande époque, où, soldat volontaire de la Révolution, j'abandonnai des lieux si chers à mon enfance"?

Courier's political pamphlets are four in number. The *Pétition aux deux Chambres* was provoked by the arrest of a village ruffian who had disturbed a funeral procession and insulted the officiating priest. It had an instant success, though local opinion must have been amused at the assumption of the rôle of village Hampden by the little tyrant of the commune. The *Simple discours de Paul-Louis Vigneron* dealt with a projected subscription for presenting the historic estate of Chambord to the young Duke of Bordeaux. Beginning as the protest of an "alarmed ratepayer," it becomes a plea for saving the artless peasantry of Touraine from corrupting contact with a semi-royal Court. It contains Courier's best invective writing, though the latter part must have been written with his tongue in his cheek. Not many years later a greater Tourangeau was to give, in *Les Paysans*, a rather different picture of these simple countryfolk.

This was, as Sainte-Beuve says, the golden age of political incarceration, and Courier was lucky enough to get two months in the very pleasant prison of Sainte-Pélagie, an advertisement which, in Béranger's opinion, would have been cheap at a hundred thousand francs. The *Pétition pour les Villageois qu'on empêche de danser* was violently anti-clerical. His last work was the famous *Pamphlet des Pamphlets*. The *Lettre à Messieurs de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, in which he avenged himself savagely for their stupid rejection of his candidature, is a parallel to the *Lettre à Monsieur Renouard* and was equally disapproved by the learned world.

It is traditional to regard the *Pamphlet des Pamphlets* as Courier's most consummate achievement. This opinion dates from a time when his political writings were full of actuality, and it perhaps owes something to Armand Carrel's impassioned eulogy, prefixed to the second edition of the collected works, in which the author of the

Pamphlet des Pamphlets is classed with Socrates, Pascal, Cicero, Franklin, Demosthenes, St. Paul and St. Basil. My own feeling is that Courier, in the rôle of prophet of democracy, was caricaturing himself, and I have always felt a sneaking gratitude to that little syndicate of Arcadians who, by putting a sudden stop to his activities, saved him from definitely degenerating into a political bore and *poseur*.

In spite of the topical success of his pamphlets, Courier has never been a popular writer. As his latest biographer, Dr. Gaschet, well says, "A défaut d'une popularité compromettante, le culte des lettrés doit suffire à Courier." His prose belongs to the great French tradition which, despite such phases as Rousseauism, the Romantic digression, and contemporary eccentricities, is continuous from Pascal to Anatole France. It has what the latter, in his essay on Maupassant, lays down as the three great qualities of the French writer, "D'abord la clarté, puis encore la clarté et enfin la clarté." Speaking (September 8th, 1918) at the inauguration of a commemorative plaque at La Chavonnière, this greatest of modern French prose-writers described Courier's style as "Le régal des délicats, qui reconnaissent en Courier le meilleur écrivain de son temps, le plus pur, le plus sobre, le plus exact à la fois et le plus charmant, et, pour tout dire d'un mot, le moins romantique."

Like all great French ironists, Courier is more effective with the type than with the individual. When he is personal, he occasionally substitutes the bludgeon for the rapier. In the *Lettre à Monsieur Renouard* he describes the honest Italian librarian Del Furia as "un cuistre, ancien cordonnier comme son père; garde d'une bibliothèque qu'il devrait encore balayer; qui fait aujourd'hui de mauvais livres, n'ayant pu faire de bons souliers, etc." It is a relief to turn from this commonplace abuse to the *Simple Discours* and read again that terrific portrait of the courtier that only Courier could have composed:

Mendier n'est pas honte à la cour: c'est la vie du courtisan. Dès l'enfance, appris à cela, voué à cet état par honneur, il s'en acquitte bien autrement que ceux qui mendient par paresse ou nécessité. Il y apporte

un soin, un art, une patience, une persévérance et aussi des avances, une mise de fonds; c'est tout, en tout genre d'industrie. Gueux à la besace, que peut-on faire? Le courtisan mendie en carrosse à six chevaux et attrape plus tôt un million que l'autre un morceau de pain noir. Actif, infatigable, il ne s'endort jamais; il veille la nuit et le jour, guette le temps de demander, comme vous celui de semer, et mieux. Aucun refus, aucun mauvais succès ne lui fait perdre courage. Si nous mettions dans nos travaux la moitié de cette constance, nos greniers chaque année rompraient. Il n'est affront, dédain, outrage ni mépris qui le puissent rebuter. Éconduit, il insiste; repoussé, il tient bon; qu'on le chasse, il revient; qu'on le batte, il se couche à terre. *Frappe, mais écoute*, et donne. Du reste, prêt à tout. On est encore à inventer un service assez vil, une action assez lâche, pour que l'homme de cour, je ne dis pas s'y refuse, chose inouïe, impossible, mais n'en fasse point gloire et preuve de dévouement.

Courier's own scattered pronouncements leave us in no doubt as to his own views on style. Writing, in 1812, to Boissonade, he says, conveniently forgetting Voltaire, "Gardez-vous bien de croire que quelqu'un ait écrit en français depuis le règne de Louis XIV; la moindre femmelette de ce temps-là vaut mieux pour le langage que les Jean-Jacques, Diderot, d'Alembert, contemporains et postérieurs; ceux-ci sont tous ânes bâtés, *sous le rapport* de la langue, pour user d'une de leurs phrases; vous ne devez pas seulement savoir qu'ils aient existé." The works of the early Romantics excited his merriment, but he would have appreciated Mérimée, Renan and Maupassant, and he must have welcomed the arrival in the Elysian fields of the delightful Gaulois whose death has occurred just a century after his own. In Anatole France we find the same ironic lightness of touch and the same delicate instinct for perfect expression, qualities which disappear from French prose whenever the humanistic tradition is obscured. Both occasionally assume the democratic, philanthropic pose, and all their works have that subtle flavour of *gauloiserie*, which, even in their most idyllic pictures, suggests the satyr hovering in the background.

SIR HERBERT BARKER

By W. L. WILLIAMS

THE decision to retire from practice in London which the famous manipulative surgeon announced some time ago has already taken effect. The Park Lane house, where thousands—literally thousands—of patients saw Sir Herbert, has been vacated, and his country house has been sold. For some months he has been on the Continent, and more recently in Jersey, recuperating after his unfortunate bathing accident. He proposes residing in Italy, and later to make a professional tour of the world. Meantime he will continue to see patients wherever he may be.

The decision was not unexpected by his friends. For the last two or three years it was only too evident that he was paying the price exacted by the years in which he had been so completely absorbed in his work that rest and recreation were absent from his mind. The decision to modify his labours was forced upon him. His trips to Jamaica and other "sunny spots" were undertaken with a view to break the habit of ceaseless toil. Unfortunately he came back to resume the strenuous work in answering the calls upon him, never greater than during the last two years. He was compelled to recognise that only some lessening of his work, and absence from London, would guarantee that physical freedom and rest he felt he needed. He leaves London at the zenith of his fame. Never was his practice larger and more cosmopolitan. His engagements from day to day were formidable—an impossible list which began to haunt him. The alternative was to curtail his perpetual exertions or face the possible undermining of his health. As years go he is still a young man. A period of rest may permit him, so his friends hope, to resume at least some work in London.

None the less his absence from the Metropolis and from the ranks of London's "healers" will be sorely felt. It is not too much to say it will be a national loss. For nearly

a quarter of a century his consulting rooms have been the most thronged of any surgeon, orthodox or unorthodox. His patients were peculiar in one respect. Usually they were there because the orthodox practitioner, G.P. or expert alike, had failed to help them. Not seldom Sir Herbert was a *dernier ressort*. It is notorious that in the vast majority of cases they went away healed or helped beyond their utmost expectations. Let the truth be spoken in this matter. Sir Herbert's services were national services, not only during the war but before and after. He restored men and women to life and use, if not to fame, after they had ceased to look for effective help. No one denies this now. Every competent authority admits the extraordinary value of the work he has done and the scientific worth of the methods he employs. Now we see in his withdrawal—as far as England is concerned—the end of a great career—the termination of a period of beneficent activity the value of which we can only estimate adequately when it is no longer exercised in our midst.

We say all this advisedly. For the truth is no one knows his methods. It is admitted they are distinctive and personal. In some quarters there is a tendency to confuse the manipulative methods of Park Lane with the osteopathic methods which have such a vogue in the United States. Sir Herbert Barker recognises the value of osteopathy, and its place in the healing art. But he is under no illusions. Osteopaths, in spite of the assiduous study given to their art, have not been able to lay hold upon Sir Herbert's methods and apply them to appropriate cases. Leading Osteopaths in the States are not over modest in the claims they make for the new methods they use. But they know that their stock of methods does not include the methods of manipulation employed by Sir Herbert Barker. The offer of a degree by a leading osteopathic college is a recognition of the transcendent merits he has displayed in his career.

As for the orthodox British Faculty, despite the praiseworthy efforts made by prominent surgeons to explore what the late W. T. Stead termed "a hinterland of surgery

hitherto neglected by the regular practitioner," their combined exertions have not enabled them to discover any methods of equal value. It is certain they have not discovered the methods practised for the last thirty-four years by Sir Herbert, and, in practice, demonstrated to be the most effective methods of treatment in certain injuries and conditions.

My aim in this article is to bring before as wide a circle of my countrymen as possible these two facts: (1) There are no alternative methods to those employed by Sir Herbert; (2) that Barker's methods are still unknown to the Faculty. I want to emphasise these facts before it is too late for any steps to be taken to remedy the grievous lack which would exist if their discoverer disappeared finally. I submit it would be a tragedy if manipulative surgery, as developed and practised by Sir Herbert Barker, were lost. The Faculty have done nothing to secure for sufferers the assistance those methods afford. Is suffering humanity to be deprived of that help for all time? That is the pressing question. It is not a question of any further honour or recognition for Sir Herbert. The title given him and all that it implies is good so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough in Sir Herbert's view. I can say that in his view the title is a small thing. If he were not the man he is—first and foremost interested in the employment of the methods for the relief of sufferers—the title would have satisfied his personal feelings and ambitions. He could then have left the coming age to judge between him and this generation of practitioners. The verdict he could anticipate with absolute confidence. He knows that the methods have approved themselves, the surgical Faculty being the jury. The very fact that four of London's leading surgeons signed the petition to the Prime Minister was a triumph for Sir Herbert Barker. But it was more than that. It was an open acknowledgment of the value, scientific and practical, of the methods he used. And those methods which command the verdict of a jury not biased in his favour are in danger of being lost!

Can anything be done?

1. It was and is open to the Faculty to do something,

viz., give Sir Herbert a place in the schools, and manipulative surgery, as practised by him, a place in the ordinary curriculum. That would confer upon him *the right* to teach students, under just and honourable conditions such as any other expert enjoys, what he has learned by a lifetime's study and practice. Obviously this would be the shortest and most direct way of putting this knowledge into the possession of the generality of practising surgeons, for not only would his classes be attended as a matter of routine by young students, but fully qualified surgeons would be free to attend as post-graduate students.

This obvious course they have persistently refused to follow. What may be their defence I do not know. I submit it must be illogical and inconsistent. If Herbert Barker deserved a knighthood for his services in a department of which the Faculty knows little, it surely followed that, having been honoured in this public way, he might have been invited, frankly and with no reserve, to communicate his knowledge to the Faculty as a whole for the benefit of sufferers. Can anyone say why this invitation has been withheld?

(2) May I make a suggestion?

Is it not possible for a National Hospital to be founded in which patients could be treated under the most favourable conditions, and in which under the personal supervision of Sir Herbert, in the first place, the methods could be taught? This suggestion is not original. It is based upon the fact that special hospitals exist now for treating specific diseases, where students can study, under better conditions than in the general hospital, these subjects. It may be asked why Sir Herbert does not open such an institution and conduct it himself. Well, there are considerations which a moment's reflection will show to be fatal to any such action on his part. What chance would such an institution established by Sir Herbert, and conducted under his control, for the sole benefit of sufferers and for the education of students, have of official recognition by the General Medical Council? If they will not recognise Sir Herbert nor give him a right to teach would they regard with a more favourable eye any steps he took

independently of them? There can be only one answer to such an inquiry. It would be regarded as an attempt to force the hand of the General Medical Council, to impose upon them a decision they have refused to make of their own free will. Without their sanction and support it may be taken for granted few, very few, students would think it worth while to study methods which would have no part in examinations and carry no recognition in the schools. Such an institution might drag on in an unsatisfactory and unprofitable fashion whilst Sir Herbert was able personally to conduct it, but, beyond all question, it would cease to function when he passed finally outside its walls. The suggestion has been considered by Sir Herbert Barker already. But he has been forced to conclude that if such an institution or hospital be founded it must not be as the outcome of his personal initiative.

But why should not steps be taken by members of the Faculty? No profession contains more men wholeheartedly devoted to the well-being of their calling, more willing to sacrifice for its advantage. Not a few have for years recognised Barker's methods as exceedingly valuable, and had no scruple in sending to him patients of their own for his special treatment. An ever-increasing number of practitioners were or have been patients of Sir Herbert's, and have no doubt about the value of the methods employed for their physical advantage. Surely from amongst these there could be found a sufficiently large and influential number of practitioners to lay the foundations of such an institution. There is every reason to believe that the eminent surgeons who signed the petition to the Prime Minister, which secured for the manipulative surgeon a knighthood, would find it difficult to refuse co-operation in such an enterprise. I disclaim any authority to speak on their behalf. But having taken upon themselves the responsibility of urging the Prime Minister to advise His Majesty to confer a knighthood, they could not refuse, without stultifying their previous action, to give some well-devised scheme enthusiastic approval nor withhold their personal support and active assistance.

I appeal to the Faculty.

I beg that steps be taken with no further loss of time to initiate such a movement within their own ranks. Support would be forthcoming from the rank and file of general practitioners. Very many have been patients or have had personal acquaintance with Sir Herbert's skill and knowledge of his craft. The extent of the confidence of the rank and file of surgical practitioners in the methods developed and used by him was shown in that most remarkable correspondence in a medical journal a few years ago. It has widened and deepened since that correspondence took place. No body of men showed more gratification with the honour bestowed upon Sir Herbert than did the surgeons. It may then be assumed that a large body of surgeons would willingly co-operate in promoting such an institution. It is equally certain that a great amount of support would be forthcoming from the general public, led by those patients who owe to Sir Herbert's skill relief from pain and disablement. They have in him a confidence and for him an admiration which borders on affection. They would gladly and generously support any movement or action which promised to preserve for sufferers the knowledge and skill from which they derived such permanent advantage. From some of those already have come suggestions of independent action which would secure this most desirable end.

Let me indicate two or three purposes served if this suggestion be adopted--be given effect to *without delay*.

First, it would tend to attract all who were suffering from specific disabilities to a centre where were special facilities for study and treatment. There is no such centre at the present time. General practitioners conscious of their inability to aid patients have been in the habit of sending them either to the nearest general hospital, where they were treated by practitioners equally incapable, by want of specific knowledge, of affording assistance, or if the patient could afford it to a specialist who proved equally impotent! If a hospital existed for the treatment of cases when manipulative methods were called for it would be the most natural thing for the G.P. to send his patient to it, just as he sends an appropriate case to an orthopædic

hospital. Sir Herbert has expressed his firm belief that there are always a vast number of people incommoded, at least, in very many cases more or less disabled, and not a few crippled by conditions which refuse to yield to the treatment of G.P.'s and specialists alike, and yet curable by these methods if only they could be brought into contact with them. Any practitioner who had difficulty in diagnosing a case which he had reason to believe was a case suitable for manipulative methods could send his patient for examination. There can, indeed, be no doubt as to its practical value nor any discussion as to its urgent need. What I desire to emphasise now is the necessity for creating such a centre whilst Sir Herbert Barker is still able to assist in all the earlier stages of the work. His friends confidently hope that he has yet before him years of life in which a measure of activity will be possible. They know nothing would gratify him more than the opportunity of centralising that activity in some such institution as is advocated here. Obviously it would allow him to work on a scale unprecedented, and yet to economise his strength to the utmost.

In the second place such a hospital would form the nucleus of a school of manipulative surgery. Organised on a modest basis under Sir Herbert Barker's direction, it would attract students who desired to study the methods under the most favourable auspices. It would in its earliest stages be the day of small things. But on the supposition that the hospital was regarded by the General Medical Council as a recognised institution for the study of the methods, there can be no doubt but in process of time there would be a natural expansion not merely in the number of patients, but in the number who resorted to the hospital for instruction in what would be then part of the curriculum of a medical school.

Every layman must sympathise with Sir Herbert Barker's determination not to impart his methods save under conditions which are entirely honourable to him as a professional man. There is no need to hark back to old controversies. But it is on record that Sir Herbert is willing and anxious to impart his knowledge to the Faculty

as a whole, but is not prepared to give it to any individual or clique. Such an institution as we have sketched would fulfil in every particular, so far as we can see, Sir Herbert's stipulations. He would be a recognised teacher in an institution recognised by the Faculty to which students would resort as to any hospital where special instruction in particular diseases was given. Sir Herbert Barker would be able to gather around him a body of assistants chosen from among those who displayed special aptitude for this work, and they would become the repositories of the knowledge of and that practical skill in the methods which for all time would be associated with the name of Barker.

Further, it must not be forgotten that Sir Herbert regards the methods as capable of indefinite development in many directions. Even in the limited area in which he has so successfully exploited them he does not claim to have reached finality. Any suggestion of that nature would make him smile. He has always declared that manipulative, or bloodless, surgery is only in its infancy. Given favourable conditions, and a fair field, there is every reason to believe that its value as a curative agent would be enormously enhanced. But that would only be, and could only be, as the result of patient study and bold experiment by carefully trained men expert in the use of the methods so far as they are established. The hospital would be an invaluable adjunct—indeed, an indispensable adjunct—to the school. To see such an organisation operating, carrying forward the studies to which he has given his life, and widening the field in which the larger knowledge and more perfect skill could be applied, would fill Sir Herbert's cup with happiness.

It is permissible to urge that such an institution would not only have utilitarian advantages, but would also serve a purpose which will commend itself to the many friends and admirers of Sir Herbert. It would be a national tribute to one who, with unfaltering courage, has pursued a course which he foresaw would prove beneficial to humanity, lead to a permanent enlargement of the healing power of the surgeon, and open the way to a new domain for investigation, the end of which he cannot foresee

What adds to the value of all this is that at a very early stage of his activity he became aware of the forces fighting against him, realised their strength, and the cost of the struggle into which he entered. For nearly thirty years he maintained that steady pursuit of his goal—wearied in the pursuit but never of it, always confident that the end, though deferred, was certain, and would justify both his exertions and personal suffering. Like Pasteur he was an independent investigator in a domain where he was regarded as an intruder. He fought for the right of investigation possessed by any and every man with capacity for the task and with some knowledge to pursue it. I do not know but what *this* is not the most admirable work Sir Herbert has done—justified the right of every man capable of serving science to do so even though he was not of the household of some particular art. Such a life consecrated to a great purpose and steadfastly pursued through long years deserves to be remembered, and, we are sure, will be remembered by his grateful countrymen. But it deserves also to be commemorated. I am certain such commemoration could take no more acceptable form in the eyes of Sir Herbert Barker than the form we venture to advocate in this article. It would satisfy the one unfulfilled ambition of his life—to see his work made safe for future ages, to know that what he has won shall not be lost when he has passed for ever from our midst.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

BY ARTHUR KITSON

THE death of William Jennings Bryan, for many years the leader of the Democratic Party and the most conspicuous figure in American politics, affords the opportunity for doing justice to the memory of one who was probably more maligned than any public man of his time. In his own country his death was the signal for an immediate cessation of all hostile criticism, and with few exceptions it has been strictly observed by his many opponents. But in England, where he was practically unknown, his sudden end has been made the occasion by certain writers for the revival of criticism which is hardly just.

The following from *The Outlook*, which we quote by permission, is an example of this exaggerated criticism:

Mr. William Jennings Bryan died within a few days after he had helped to convict an obscure school-master in an obscure village of Tennessee of the heinous crime of teaching evolution. He was so typically the product of mid-western America that his personality has always rather puzzled Europeans. How could a man with the outlook and mental equipment shown during the Evolution trial exercise such great political power in America? Simply because he himself was a synthesis of large masses of the American population of which we in Europe never hear. He was part crank, part humbug, yet with a large element of sincerity in his make-up. Fundamentally he was more a lay-preacher than a politician. It was his pride to be able to sway audiences. That they were people of no particular importance did not matter to him. Summer after summer he went on tour to lecture on Chatauqua platforms, sandwiched in between College Glee Club singers and acrobats. It is difficult to conceive even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in such a rôle.

Essentially, Mr. Bryan's career was a failure. Three times he stood for the Presidency and on each occasion he was overwhelmingly defeated. Every one of the causes he battled for—from his first love, Bimetallism, to his last, Fundamentalism—has gone or is going into the dust-bin. He must have had a sort of eloquence, otherwise he could not have held his audiences of millions, but in reading his speeches one finds little but grandiloquence and turgid metaphor. Mr. Bryan's weakness lay in the fact that he was incapable of grasping any but the most obvious ideas.

He could think nothing through. He had no political philosophy, knew nothing of history or science, but he had a sure instinct for appealing to the powers of organised ignorance, prejudice, and superstition, plus a rather keen business instinct. The one time when he was put to the

larger test was when President Wilson made him Secretary of State as a reward for standing by him in the Democratic Convention in 1912. To the bewilderment of the rest of the world and to the chagrin of many Americans, he ran that high office as though it were a small shop on Main Street with himself as shop-keeper trying to sell doves of peace and other political nostrums over the counter.

That he was limited in knowledge and in political vision, and, like Mr. Gladstone, strangely ignorant of modern science, is unfortunately true. But, like our own statesman, he was imbued with strong religious convictions, which guided all his actions through life. He had been educated in the narrow creed of Presbyterianism, and to all public questions he applied the test of his religious views. But he was neither a hypocrite nor a humbug. His errors were due chiefly to his religious training. He was both sincere and honest. No straighter candidate was ever nominated for the Presidency by either party. Indeed, to his honesty may be ascribed most of his political failures. Had he been willing to employ the forces of political corruption which strove for his patronage to combat those enlisted against him, he would have been triumphantly successful. Again and again he was offered the position of chief attorney to various railway companies—a position much sought after by the leading American lawyers and which affords unequalled opportunities for acquiring wealth. But he declined all these offers as he wished to be free from all such influences as might hamper him in pursuing an independent political career.

Mr. Bryan was of Scotch-Irish extraction and was born in Salem, Illinois, on March 19th, 1860. Like many other Presidential candidates, he rose to eminence by the sheer force of his character and ability, unaided by either friends or fortune. He was under no political patronage such as his rival, President McKinley enjoyed, and until the great bimetallic controversy which divided the nation—including both political parties themselves—into two hostile camps, his name was, comparatively speaking, unknown outside of his adopted town of Lincoln, Nebraska, where he practised law.

No fair estimate of Bryan's character or career can be made without a survey of the political and economic con-

ditions existing in the United States during that eventful period in which he first appeared as a new and brilliant comet in the political firmament. It was my privilege to meet him and discuss with him the political situation soon after his nomination for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention in 1896. He was then a comparatively young man, 36 years of age, somewhat above the medium height, with the physique of an athlete and full of vigour and enthusiasm for the cause he represented. I asked him if he really thought that bimetallism was a remedy for America's industrial and social ills. I added: "Whilst bimetallism seems to me a somewhat saner monetary system than mono-metallism, I regard both as relics of barbarism." "You are right!" he replied. "This is not a contest for the supremacy of one of two metals. It is not a miners' campaign. It is a fight for the control of the national credit. If the gold standard advocates win, this country will be dominated by the financial harpies of Wall Street. I am trying to save the American people from that disaster—which will mean the enslavement of the farmers, merchants, manufacturers and labouring classes to the most merciless and unscrupulous gang of speculators on earth—the money power." "My ambition," he added, "is to make money the *servant* of industry, to dethrone it from the false position it has usurped as *master*, and this can only be done by destroying the money monopoly."

As the result of our conversation, I enlisted myself as one of his supporters, and during the ensuing few weeks prior to the election I addressed over sixty public meetings, chiefly in Pennsylvania, where I was then residing. It is difficult for anyone at this distance of time and place to realise the almost revolutionary feeling which pervaded all classes during that eventful period. The high-handed action of the leading bankers in deliberately creating an industrial crisis by calling in loans and refusing ordinary banking accommodation; the perfidy of the Cleveland Cabinet in sacrificing the interests of the industrial classes for the benefit of the bankers, which resulted in wholesale bankruptcies, unemployment, and untold social misery,

roused the people to fever heat. In short, the American people were experiencing at that time similar evils to those which we have been and are still suffering during the past years, and from a similar cause, viz., a forcible contraction and restriction of the currency, which, although enriching the money dealers, has proved ruinous to our trade and industries.

The events which led up to this crisis are not generally known in this country, and the official histories which profess to give an accurate account of them (as published in America) have been written for the purpose of shielding the moneyed interests, which were wholly to blame. As I was an eye-witness of what took place and in personal touch with the political leaders of both parties, I write with first-hand knowledge.

In 1892 Grover Cleveland was elected President of the United States on practically a free trade or low tariff platform. At that time the currency of the United States consisted—as it does to-day—almost entirely of paper and silver; but a Bill had been passed under the former Republican administration authorising the Government to purchase six million dollars' worth of silver per month, and coin it, or issue paper notes against it. The result was a regular addition to the currency of the nation—an addition which the continual growth of trade evidently required. The measure was put into operation and no difficulty arose until after the inauguration of President Cleveland.

The '92 election had been fought mainly on the tariff issue. The McKinley Bill had been passed under the Republican Administration and was fiercely attacked by the representatives of most of the Western and all of the Southern States. The currency question was not an issue of that campaign and was scarcely mentioned. The Democrats were elected as a protest against what was called "McKinleyism," and it was generally expected that the new President would summon a special meeting of Congress to repeal the obnoxious McKinley Bill. Congress was indeed summoned, but the President's message was directed to a totally different question from that which

was expected. To the amazement and consternation of the Democratic members, the President asked for the repeal of the Silver Purchasing Act. Considering that the President owed his election to what were known as the "Silver States," the representatives of those States could hardly carry out the President's request without violating their promises to their constituents. Congress refused and was thereupon dismissed. Meetings were then held in New York and in Washington of the representatives of the banking interests, at which the President's representative, Senator Carlisle (who had been placed at the head of the Treasury at the request of the moneyed interests) presided, and it was decided to give the American people what the bankers termed "*an object lesson*"! A crisis was to ensue and the Press was instructed to inform the public that the cause was the Sherman Silver Purchasing Bill!

The following is a copy of the confidential circular sent to all the national bankers:—

Dear Sir,—The interests of National Bankers require immediate financial legislation by Congress. Silver, silver certificates, and Treasury notes must be retired and the National Bank notes upon a gold basis made the only money. This requires the authorisation of from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000 of new bonds as a basis of circulation. You will at once retire one-third your circulation and call in one-half your loans. Be careful to make a money stringency felt among your patrons, especially among influential business men. Advocate an extra session of Congress for the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman law; and act with the other banks of your city in securing a large petition to Congress for its unconditional repeal, as per accompanying form. Use personal influence with Congressmen; and particularly let your wishes be known to your Senators. The future life of National Banks as fixed as safe investments depends upon immediate action, as there is an increasing sentiment in favour of governmental legal tender notes and silver coinage!

The conspiracy—one of the cruellest and most scandalous in the history of the Republic—was successful. Credit, upon which industry is built, was shaken, and the public, ignorant of these questions, particularly such an abstruse one as the currency, accepted the reasons offered by the Press and demanded their Congressmen to vote for the repeal of the Bill. In the autumn of 1893 the Silver Purchasing Bill was repealed! The cost of that crisis to

the nation can never be accurately known, but it was believed to have approached the entire cost of the Civil War! During eight months of that year no less than three hundred and fifty-nine banks, together with eighteen trust and investment companies, with a combined capital of over £30,000,000, failed!

Senator Hill, in a speech in the United States Senate, August 25th, 1893, said:—

They (the bankers) inaugurated the policy of refusing loans to the people even upon the best of security; and attempted in every way to spread disaster broadcast throughout the land. These disturbers—the promoters of the public peril—represent largely the creditor class, the men who desire to appreciate the gold dollar in order to subserve their own selfish interests, men who revel in hard times, men who drive harsh bargains with their fellow men regardless of financial distress, and men wholly unfamiliar with the principles of monetary science!

During the years 1893 to 1896 unemployment assumed gigantic proportions. For the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant soup-kitchens were opened in the city of Philadelphia. It was during this period that the famous Coxey, of Ohio, organised an army of the unemployed with a view of marching upon Washington to compel the Government to issue Treasury notes for the purpose of finding employment for the idle workmen in the construction of new roads. Whilst Coxey's scheme would undoubtedly have relieved the situation to a large extent, his proposals were met with ridicule by the Press, and his threats ended in a fiasco. Conditions were becoming dangerous, and there were threats of personal violence against the members of the Cleveland Cabinet. As usual, the Anarchists and extremists profited by the occasion to endeavour to incite the working classes to resort to insurrection, and in consequence scores of agitators were arrested and thrown into prison.

It was in the midst of all this turmoil and strife that preparations for the Presidential election had to be made in 1896. William McKinley, of Ohio, the author of the McKinley Bill, which had aroused such opposition in 1892 that it led to the defeat of the Republican Party, was to be the standard-bearer of his own party. Hitherto he had been a great advocate of the Sherman Silver Bill which had

"money power" triumphed! Never before in the history of American politics had there been such wholesale corruption and bribery as during the '96 Presidential election! The Republican leaders claimed to have at their disposal sums aggregating £10,000,000! In the district in which I was then residing the population was estimated at 30,000, and yet 48,000 votes were cast! Negroes were imported from the Southern States to vote for the Republican candidate, and were paid five dollars per head by agents standing outside the polling booths with bags filled with five-dollar bills! Names were taken from the tombstones in the churchyards and recorded as voting on behalf of William McKinley! In the meantime discussions and debates on the currency question were taking place all over the country. Although at that time I was a very young man, I was challenged to debate the question with Charles Emory Smith, the Postmaster-General under President Harrison and the editor of the *Philadelphia Press*. The debate took place at the New Century Club, and occupied the whole day, whilst special editions of the local papers were being issued every two hours recording the progress of the debate.

The excitement when the election returns resulting in the Republican victory were announced was probably greater than when the dispute regarding the contest between Hayes and Tilden in '76 was finally left to the decision of the Supreme Court. Wharton Barker, a well-known banker and bimetallist of Philadelphia, claimed that Bryan had been elected, and that the votes had been deliberately miscounted, and he urged Bryan to go to Washington and claim the Presidency. Bryan told me afterwards that he had had similar advice from a large number of his followers, but had he acted upon this it would have meant civil war. He said he would far rather give up all claim to the Presidency than run the risk of such a disaster.

For many years he maintained the admiration and affection of millions of his fellow countrymen. His later failures as Presidential candidate were due to circumstances. The cause of bimetallism was killed by an inven-

tion—namely, the cyanide process, which led to a vast increase in the gold supplies and also to the opening up of the South African goldfields. Indeed, the end of the nineties corresponded in a curious way to the end of the forties. It was the discovery of gold in California and Australia in 1849 that saved this country from industrial ruin, which had been brought about by Sir Robert Peel's deflationary policy after the Napoleonic wars. And it was the increase of the gold supplies at the end of the nineties that saved America from the ruin which had been brought about by the demonetisation of silver.

There is little in the rest of Bryan's career which is of more than local interest. He took part in the American-Spanish War as an officer without gaining any particular distinction. He joined President Wilson, but proved himself a man of mediocre ability as an administrator. He ran one or two newspapers which were widely read, notably the *Commoner*. His appearance at Dayton, Tennessee, where he died, was prompted solely by his religious convictions. He was a firm believer in the literal interpretation of the Bible. He once said he would far rather teach a boy about "The Rock of Ages" than "the age of rocks." As he did not understand modern philosophy, prejudice took the place of knowledge, and he regarded it as a dangerous enemy of religion.

His defects were due mainly to his narrow training, and were of the head rather than the heart. In his insistence that every phase of human life should be governed by a man's religious convictions he would have had the unbounded support of our former great Liberal leader, Mr. Gladstone. He was, however, very human, big-hearted, generous, and ready always to take the side of the weak and oppressed. Whilst he will not be considered as in any sense a great man intellectually, he will certainly go down to posterity as the greatest orator of his time and as a good, honest, and well-meaning man.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION

BY GERALD MAXWELL.

EACH great exhibition, like a great war, is thought to be the last. It is too big, costs too much, and produces—one need not labour the point. The *Exposition Internationale des Arts décoratifs et Industriels Modernes* of this year is not, however, on so large a scale as its name might suggest. For it only covers about 60 acres, whereas the British Empire Exhibition extends to over 200 acres, the urban part alone of the Paris Exhibition of 1900 covered nearly 300 acres, and the entire area of the 1904 Exhibition at St. Louis, U.S.A., was 1,240 acres. But the Decorative Arts Exhibition is in the heart of Paris and not on the Ile de Puteaux, as at first proposed. And, to judge by its popularity—about six million people visited it up to the end of July—it is probably the first of a fresh series of international exhibitions. Indeed, the United States have already sent the Commissioner-General of an exhibition, to be held in Philadelphia next year, to Paris, so that he may learn all that is to be learned about these costly and arduous enterprises.

The Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush in 1908 opened our eyes to the extent to which French manufacturers had developed the principle of collective display; and we saw then how well they were prepared for these international contests. But the organisers of the Decorative Arts Exhibition have broken away from stereotyped methods. They felt that the Universal Exhibition of 1900 had failed on account of its vastness, though it was on a small scale compared with the prodigious World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904, or the Chicago Exhibition of 1893. The French invented the Universal Exhibition, and they thought it was now high time to improve upon their own idea. We are apt to think here that it was our discovery, but Prince Albert only expanded a French invention when he threw the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851 open to the works of all nations.

Up to 1844 Count François de Neufchâteau, man of letters and Minister of State, was believed to have first thought of a public exhibition. In that year, however, the aged Marquis d'Avèze published an account of how, in 1797, he was made overseer of the manufactures of Gobelins, Sèvres, and the Savonnerie, which had fallen into decay under the Republic.¹

Finding that no effort had been made to sell the productions of these national manufactures, or to pay the workers, he suggested an exhibition to the Minister of the Interior, M. de Neufchâteau, who immediately placed all the resources of a supine, if arbitrary, Government at his disposal. Thereupon, Avèze commandeered the empty palace of St.

(1) See: "A Report of the Eleventh French Exposition of the Products of Industry. Prepared by the direction of, and submitted to the President and Council of, the Society of Arts, by Matthew Digby Wyatt, architect." (London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. 1849.)

Cloud. Soon the walls were hung with Gobelins tapestry, the floors covered with carpets of the Savonnerie, and the rooms adorned with the vases of Sèvres. Moreover, in the Salon de Mars, the finest apartment in the château, a wheel of fortune was set up for the drawing of lotteries, by means of which it has been possible to hold such exhibitions in France without making any call on the Government. It is not surprising, perhaps, in those troublous times, that the exhibition was ordered to be closed on what should have been its opening day, and that its organiser was included among the nobles forthwith expelled from France, on pain of death. But the gallant Marquis remained at St. Cloud to protect the treasures he had collected there, with the aid of soldiers lent him by the Commandant of Paris, Marshal Augereau. When an official inventory had been made, however, he duly obeyed the decree of proscription. Returning from exile in 1798, he reinstated his exhibition of articles of luxury—an aristocratic display—at the Maison d'Orsay. Thus, he inspired Napoleon, after the victorious Italian campaign, to erect a Temple of Industry in the Champ de Mars, that year, to celebrate the triumphs of peace, on more democratic lines. For there all that Paris and the vicinity could produce of use or beauty was exhibited. This first official exhibition only remained open during the last three complementary days of the sixth year of the Republic, 1798. It was so successful, however, that three years later the First Consul gathered together all the artistic work of France for a second official exhibition, held in the quadrangle of the Louvre. A third followed in 1802 and a fourth in 1806 under the Empire, in a building erected on the esplanade of the Invalides, now occupied by the present Exhibition. After the fall of Napoleon, exhibitions were held at more or less regular intervals of five years from 1819 to 1849. And Mr. Wyatt reported of this eleventh exhibition that France maintained her position as "Mistress of the reigning mode," and, in spite of the growing attraction of agricultural and industrial machinery, made artistic work understood of the people.

Careful enquiry into the past history of exhibitions enabled the promoters of our Great Exhibition to make their preparations with the utmost confidence. Yet that did not hinder them from accepting Paxton's design at the eleventh hour: nor did it exclude the jealousy that all such unselfish efforts tend to provoke. If ever we have another large scale exhibition here, as we probably shall some day, in spite of the appalling cost, it cannot be proclaimed too early that its organisers are unpaid. As it is, these patient beasts of burden get many kicks and no ha'pence. This is one of the things they manage better in France, where a permanent committee of exhibitors and experts has been established under Government control, and where the Commissioner-General of each exhibition is appointed by a special Act of Parliament.

The first International Exhibition of 1851 was, it will be remembered, a complete financial as well as artistic success. Napoleon III, therefore, felt justified in building the spacious Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées for the first French International Exhibition, which he opened

in May, 1855. He then declared that "in inviting all nations hither, it has been my desire to open a Temple of Concord." But war was still raging when he closed it in November. Under this enterprising Prince, Paris became the art centre of the world; and there was held the next Great Exhibition in 1867. But over it, King Ethelred the Unready, Honorary Grand Patron of all exhibitions, seems to have presided. For Zola, so careful of his facts, it loose in his generalisations, makes a character in *Nana* say that the Exposition Universelle will not be ready. True, he is told severely by a Court Chamberlain that: "It will be ready: the Emperor wishes it!" But a contributor to the *Figaro* who is present boldly asserts that, when he went to the Exhibition in search of a subject, he had to confine his attentions to the still unfinished aquarium. We may take it, however, that Napoleon III had his wish when he received his brother Sovereigns there in July.

The next exhibition was duly inaugurated eleven years later by the Republic. For 1878 the Palace of the Trocadero had been built, with its curved colonnades and square towers that still hold a western height, though no longer in the centre of the picture. In *Paris Herself Again* George Augustus Sala gives a spirited account of the wonders of this Exhibition, where England was artistically represented in the street of nations by a Queen Anne house, designed by Norman Shaw. But the work of art that caused most talk was Focardi's remorselessly comic marble group known here as "The Dirty Boy." So, as with Gibson's tinted Venus, the sculptor's name, for once in a way, was cited.

When the Republic celebrated its intermittent centenary in 1889, monarchical representatives kept away for fear of being put out of countenance by the official spokesmen. But the gas they dreaded was allowed to escape elsewhere, and the soaring aspirations of the new régime were silently symbolised by the Eiffel Tower, for which the great war found a use, and thus gave it a claim to beauty. Right up to its closing day, when 400,000 persons are said to have been present, this Exhibition proved immensely popular.

The eleven-year cycle ended in a blaze of triumph with the Exposition Universelle Internationale of 1900. One does not, however, carry more away from great exhibitions than from great acting: once the lights are out, the impression created begins to fade. But vaguely one remembers a dazzling display made with acetylene gas, as a new illuminant, on the riverside *estacades*; a radiant image of Parisian gaiety above the entrance in the Place de la Concorde; the splendid pictures in the Grand-Palais; the Rue des Nations with restaurants of all countries ranging from chop-sticks to mutton-chops; the crowded Creusot works; the merry Swiss village and the moving railway that took one nowhere but afforded boundless delight to boys. In the vast machinery hall colossal German pumps appeared for this occasion only—business bluff, if not camouflage, for shops that would turn out the engines of war.

England, which had made an imposing show in 1878, cut no great figure in 1900, apart from an old manor house that took the fancy of the French. And this is scarcely wonderful, as the credit voted for

the participation of Great Britain only amounted to one-third of that voted by the United States. After the supreme effort of 1900 a period of fatigue set in. Even the French admitted that their late Exhibition, in spite or because of its 83,000 exhibitors, had fallen short of its aim by attempting to embrace too much.

In the normal course, another Paris Exhibition was due in 1911. Before then, however, it was seen that all useful limits had been exceeded. This was notably the case at the Louisiana Centenary Exhibition, where France again swept the board without any cost to her Government. Some fresh departure, therefore, must be made to put life into an institution that had outgrown its strength. A wearisome repetition of familiar forms was held to be the enemy. So it occurred to the leaders of the Art world in France: directors of the Beaux Arts, the National Conservatory of Arts and Crafts, the Municipal Art School of Paris, and even the Ministries of Commerce and of Finance, that it was up to them to force the modern note. Applied art had only of late been admitted by right, instead of by invitation, to exhibitions which remained, as in 1855, industrial and commercial. But the time had now come, it was felt, for a French Exhibition devoted to the Arts. The area available in the centre of Paris must needs be small; but large enough, perhaps, if only objects that were both original and beautiful were selected. No matter how eminent the exhibiting firm or artist might be, only the quality of the work submitted would be considered. Space was to be allotted gratuitously; and, if necessary, financial assistance given to small craftsmen and young artists, while their exhibits were to be placed in an appropriate setting. A startling proposal, though the idea was no longer new! For all copies of old schools were excluded from the 1902 Exhibition at Turin; and the Munich Exhibition of Decorative Art, in 1910, enlightened the public as to its value. An Act authorising a Decorative Arts Exhibition was introduced in 1912, with a view to holding it in 1915. But, while it was being learnedly reported on, the sands of time were running out, and soon the only art practised was the undecorative art of war. When peace came, however, it found the ground well prepared for a manifestation of modern art, though some timid people were still frightened by the word "modern." It merely meant "the art of our own time," the organisers of the exhibition explained, adding that they were really inviting all nations to a congress of the workaday arts. Simplicity, they said, was the keynote of the new-born style. So, after the usual delay where everybody wishes to air his views, the foundation stone of the *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes* was laid in March, 1924. Then followed a friendly contest of designs, further retarding the work, which was not in full swing until July. Consequently, the 150 pavilions, galleries, and buildings of all kinds, to house the work of 20,000 exhibitors, were not completed by the opening date, the next May. The Overseas Trade Department, which controls our display, concentrated at first, therefore, on the Grand-Palais, where we made a most creditable show.

Outside that permanent building, the exhibition was as much behind-

the Great War there was for a moment of a few years Imperial consultation in the true sense of the word. Now things have returned to a less cohesive position, and often consultation with the Dominions is a pretext for procrastination when the Foreign Office wants to gain time more than anything else. It will be some time before there is real Imperial consultation.

Careful study brings the conviction that there is a national need to-day which in Great Britain surpasses all others. It is expressed by the question: what is the country to do with the surplus of her population? There was a time when the radiating energy of a small nation threw her sons into the world. In their exuberance these exiles and hardy adventurers built up Empires. They achieved even more, for, going beyond national and Imperial limits, they founded new States and new nations. With time the British nation became great, but the world became small. The period of joyous far flung adventure was followed by periods of fruitful acquisition, of prosperous growth, and of consolidation. At home the period of industrialisation brought to the British colossal wealth and power. The Great War ushered in a new period. A future generation will decide what name to give it. Yet if we do not know its name, we know well the burden it has brought: the problem of the surplus of population.

A natural law exists which imposes a limit on the number of people able to exist on a square mile of land in proportion to its natural and agricultural food resources. This number is exceeded if additional resources are provided by industrial development, by transport facilities, or by the increased buying power of accumulated wealth. This is the law of the so-called "civilised surplus." If industry goes back or disappears, if transport facilities dwindle, if the flow of wealth is arrested, the civilised surplus suffers. There is the example of Russia. After the Bolsheviks came into power that country saw its industries closed down, its transport ruined, and its reserves of wealth wiped out. In consequence millions of people were doomed to disappear. War and Terror, epidemics and famine—they all worked towards the

The golden stairs, ornamented with a few bluish orange trees, were quickly used for one of those artistic spectacles that outdo the super-film. Such a Babylonian night was the *Fête de la Parure*, in which the leading players of Paris appeared. Mme. Ida Rubinstein represented neo-classic romance, and Mlle. Cécile Sorel the spirit of high comedy. Mlle. Mistinguett, of the sunny smile, with a lofty, glittering headdress, danced amidst the cloth-of-gold-clad "Girls" of the Casino de Paris. The rectangular background, which, unlike Madelon, is severe, was flooded with dim diffused light, while the spot-lime picked out one of a myriad stars. And, as it was all for charity, none could feel aggrieved.

A more democratic, if not more popular entertainment, was the *Fête des Provinces Françaises*, held here one Sunday night, also for charity. Down the great stairway, emblazoned with the provincial banners, came an endless procession of the National Delegates in their characteristic costume, supported by the Grand Opera Ballet, Student Corps, choirs, and all the *redettes* of the Parisian theatres. Then they danced and danced, as they could not well have done on the narrow Pont d'Avignon.

It matters not that when the President pronounced the Exhibition open in May most of the smaller buildings were empty. M. Doumergue was far too tactful even to peep inside them. For he learned not to expect the unattainable when he had all exhibitions under his control, as Minister of Commerce, in 1906-7. The stately Grand-Palais gave importance to the ceremony, and already housed many interesting French and foreign sections. Turning, as in duty bound, to the British section, one was pleased to hear that our pottery held its own with that of the twenty other nations represented. Sheffield cutlery looked as useful as ever, and the James Powell blue-glass goblets are things of beauty. Our municipal art schools seem to be moving with the times. But the printed book is shown far more artistically by London publishers than the productions of the theatre, which seem colourless compared with the lavish display of grease-paint.

One looks in vain for an American section, as for some unfathomable reason the United States held aloof from this non-committal league of nations, wherein even little Lettonia makes a brave show. In the Italian Section there is much boldly Futurist work, from kaleidoscopic wall-decoration to the crudest of wood-carving. Milan, however, sends some faithful pictures of scenes in the recent gorgeously realistic production of Boito's *Nero* at the Scala. The Austrian School of Applied Art is evidently going strong, applying the fantastic to vast Cubist tenements more freely than any other school of architecture. And a tiny white seaside villa, designed like a battleship, shows the cheery sense of humour for which Vienna was once famous.

The roving eye picks out, in passing, Swiss enamelled watch-clocks that are gems of delicate colour. And in the French Section opposite are precious stones in a still more precious setting, of which one may only take a mental note. For the Parisian jewellers are more afraid of their treasures being copied than stolen. So the police-guard may

slumber at his post, but the wide-awake shop assistant promptly reports any attempt to write things down. And there is nothing very novel about the new settings, the nearest approach to Cubism being made by Dusausoy. Some there are, however, who would far rather copy Boucheron than Benvenuto. This dread of imitation is, moreover, common to all classes of manufacturers. The only direct result to be obtained from a great exhibition is, they think, to have their work copied by unscrupulous rivals, who will try to undersell them in the world market. But it is not enough nowadays to make a name; one must, even in art, keep it before the public, or it will soon be a dead letter. Better, then, to be abused than ignored; better to be copied than overlooked. Besides, they do not want to keep their masterpieces for ever to themselves; and there may, after all, be some virtue in originality. A few there are, of course, whose names have become household words. Still, these fortunate few never fail to appear on proper occasions. Thus, Lubin, of the perfumed bath, takes up his stand here, close to where Madame la Mode holds her well-attended court. To-day she is decked out in feathers and flowers, theatrical jewellery and artificial fruit, multi-coloured yet with a discreet note of black, wearing the golden casque or Gainsborough hat. We leave her in her glory, supremely indifferent to its cost, to breathe the free air outside.

An amorphous wooden structure, daubed a dull red, that faces us in the Cours-la-Reine, is the Pavilion of the United Russian Soviet Republics. The last to open, it has striven for a striking effect on the cheap. In this temple of ugliness are scenic models from the ten Moscow theatres. But the place of honour is given to much literature about Lenin, whose bust—a frank caricature—presides over a propaganda club for working-men. Various industries are here represented by a "trust," while the Gostorg, or State exporting and importing agency, is held out as a bait to capitalistic countries. Near this ramshackle gazebo, with its salient beams and breakneck stairs, but far removed from it in taste, is the Renaissance Palace of Italy. Squarely built of brick and stone, with a projecting gilded cornice, it seems to typify the grandeur of the New Roman Empire. The Italians have, indeed, skilfully adapted modern art to their ancient traditions. The vaulted Byzantine interior has a noble and majestic aspect that strikes but does not hurt the eye. The domestic and State apartments installed here, though Futurist in style, could be lived in without grave discomfort. And the Italian goldsmith has not lost his cunning. Comfort—a proverbial British attribute—has not been banished by the ambitious decorator from our own modest pavilion. The model bedroom is not suggestive of nightmares, there is the jolliest little nursery, and the objects of art displayed are novel without being fantastical. Our young artists excel in solid bindings, illuminated manuscripts, heraldic devices, and ecclesiastical ornaments. Here church furniture and stained glass nobly play their part. A silver memorial trowel, lent by the Prince of Wales, is the work of a master-craftsman.

Over the way, Belgium—land of good cheer—spreads herself in a

dining-room, with massive glass and diminutive table-lights. The rose-hung pergola and lily pond before the Alpes Maritimes Pavilion invite one to halt in that fascinating tea-garden; but an embryo jazz band may drive one soon away. Even so, the adjacent City of Paris Pavilion will repay more than a casual glance. For it contains all the latest material used in technical and art education. Here, indeed, is an overwhelming display of the crafts, including those of the printer, the binder, and the engraver. Drawing from memory is taught by means of the cinematograph, and comically Cubist dolls are dressed up in old-world costumes by the "professional schools," which also turn out the tools for making motor engines. Ultra-modern architecture is represented by an octagonal court, in which dwarf pylons and flowers are grouped round a circular pond with Futurist fountain. Then in the model primary schoolrooms you will see what sport the little pupils have with the primary colours. Thus, it seems, in France all things useful can now be learned without tears—except, of course, the language.

Ever onwards, you hurry across the broad Pont Alexandre III, between a double row of shops, as on old London Bridge. For beyond you see the wonderful lay-out of the manufacture of Sèvres. There is the ideal dining-room planned by René Lalique, and a lotus garden adorned with curious ceramics. The flashing bowers of the milliners and the tall strongholds of the wine-growers may not attract you. But you will be drawn to the spacious Cour des Métiers, with shady arcades and brightly frescoed walls about a variegated but symmetrical garden. The many-roomed mansion that forms one side of this court, though designed for a French Embassy, seems less fitted for work than for play. But the Futurist architect doubtless meant to combine both in the modern happy-go-lucky way. The up-to-date theatre hard by, rectangular in form and of a dull silver tint, strikes one as cold. But it provides the desired neutral surroundings. And for warm colouring you have only to go back to the crimson Pavilion of Czecho-Slovakia, where brilliant scenes from the National and Municipal theatres of Prague are set in miniature. Then a cheerful note is struck by the gaily painted house-boats M. Poiret has so artistically turned into restaurants.

The light air of Paris demands just this touch of vivid colour, and gives it a value seldom to be obtained in our land of fogs. It is hard, indeed, to say how much of this exhibition's charm is not due to this exhilarating atmosphere. But you feel what Americans call "an uplift" when you walk there of a morning beside the placid river, ruffled by the breeze that gently stirs the leaves of the plane trees overhead. And in the eclectic French village, with its haste-to-the-wedding town-hall and church, you find the joy of life—a simple life among an art-loving people. Was it not hereabouts that once upon a time, youth and pleasure flocked to the *très sportif* Jardin Mabille?

It is, of course, after dark that the full splendour of the buildings and gardens comes to light. For then pavilions are changed into magic lanterns, fountains pour forth flames, transparent china fish take fire,

here and here. Your main drive will be along this valley. Here and here and here your reserves will be in waiting. We know and we are prepared. It will be for you a very big defeat."

"Possibly," he said, "it may be less severe though than you imagine."

"It may also," I answered, "be considerably more severe. Certainly it would be, for instance, were two or three pieces of information that you have to pass into my possession. Oh, no," I added, quickly, "please don't interrupt. I can see you to be a brave man. I am not going to attempt to torture you. It would, I am very sure, be useless. You are a man of honour. I respect you as a man of honour. It is to that sense of honour that I now appeal."

"In the first place, I need not tell you that, should you, after you have heard me speak, think fit to tell me what I wish to know, no one except myself will ever know how that information has come to me. You will be sent immediately to a prison camp behind the line. You will be treated as all other prisoners, neither worse nor better. No one will ever know. That is, of course, if you should act as I hope and believe you will act."

"And if not?" he said.

"If not," I said, "when we retire from here, as we shall retire on Wednesday morning at about half-past five, we shall leave you here, bound and gagged, with this message pinned upon your chest."

"I handed him a sheet of paper. On it was written in large characters: 'Thank you very much. He has told us all we needed. You can have him back again.'

"That paper," I said, "will be pinned upon your chest. And on the table will be left two or three copies of this document."

"I handed him a sheet of foolscap. It was a memorandum, drawn up for battalion commanders. 'The following information,' it began, 'has been given by an Italian Staff Officer who was taken prisoner this morning.' And then followed such facts as we had received already from our spies."

"You realise what this means?" I said.

"I am not a fool," he answered.

"Your men will find you here. They will not believe your story when you tell it them. They will be convinced that through your treachery several thousands of their countrymen are dead. You will be shot ignominiously as a spy, unless, that is to say, you choose to speak."

He shook his head.

"I have nothing to say to you."

"Think again," I insisted. "You are a man of honour. Your honour matters more to you than anything in life. Far more than life itself. You bear a name that you are proud to bear; a name that many generations of men have honoured. Do you realise that that name will be for ever branded now with the slur of cowardice? You will forfeit the respect for ever of your parents, and your wife, your brothers and your children. You will be shaming your family as no bearer of your name has ever before shamed it. Very likely your

children will prefer to change their name. They will not want to be poken of as your children. You speak of yourself as a man of honour. But what is the use of honour if it does not confer honour? I shall know you to be a brave and honourable man, but I shall be the only living man who will. What is honour after all but the extent of other men's opinion of you? You will not gain honour, but forfeit honour by remaining silent."

"Do not decide at once," I added. "In two hours' time I will have you brought again to me."

But he shook his head.

"That would be a waste of time," he replied. "I shall not have then, any more than now, a word to say to you."

Those were practically the last words he ever said. I argued and pleaded and entreated.

"I know," I said to him, "that the thought of death has no horrors for you. You consider your life to be well spent if it can save the lives of certain other hundreds. But do you not, I ask you, owe something to the honour of the name you bear? Have you any right to disgrace your ancestors and those living who are dear to you? Which, after all, is of greater matter—a thousand common soldiers whom you have never seen, who mean nothing to you, to whose presence or absence in the world you have been until yesterday utterly indifferent; which is of greater matter, those nameless men, or the five or six people dearer than life to you, and all that past and all that future that they represent? Is it worth it? As a question of exchange, I ask it you."

But he made no answer. His face with its hard, furrowed lines from nose to mouth was like an exquisitely chiselled piece of stone.

We tied him up there as we had threatened on the Wednesday morning; tied and gagged him with the placard pinned upon his chest, and the memoranda to the commanders of battalions were scattered upon the desk. At half-past five we had decided to withdraw. At twenty-five past I came back to him.

"Look here," I said, "it's not too late. Don't be quixotic. Tell me and come back with us. No one will know. No one can ever know. And you know what it must mean if we leave you here."

He could not speak or move his head so close bound was he. But his eyes were eloquent, steely grey they were, lit with such self-sacrificial fire as the martyrs of old time had shown. And I was sore tempted as I looked into them to break my word, to loose him who had stood the test, and take him with us.

But . . . well, what would you? War is war. It is no good to threaten and not perform. And besides, with the guilt and the betrayal fixed on him, our spies would be the less hedged by vigilance.

I went and left him there. And half-an-hour later the attack began, disastrously for the Italians, but less disastrously than it would have had our prisoner spoken."

He paused.

"And he was shot?" his companions asked.

The old man nodded.

"He made no defence," he said. "I heard the story of it two months later from another prisoner.

"We were talking of this battle:

"Ah, but we should have won a great triumph," the Italian asserted. 'had we not been betrayed.'

"So?" I said.

"Two days before the fight," he told me, "a Staff Officer who had been captured gave away the whole plan of our attack. We found him when we came across, bound and gagged in an Austrian dug-out, with a notice pinned on his chest saying that he'd served their purpose and we could have him back. Rather low of them, I thought; they might have sheltered him. But then war is war. And there were papers lying about that proved the affair completely."

"And he was shot?" I asked.

"Of course; he did not try even to defend himself. 'I have nothing to say,' he said, and stood there like a piece of stone listening to the evidence. He'd been a good soldier, too; came of a fine family. It broke his father, and his wife re-married after a few weeks a man she didn't love so as to change her name. A bad business."

"I had half a mind to tell him. But it would have served small purpose, and, who knows, he might have escaped, and things would have been made the harder for our spies. And perhaps, who knew? I might want later on to try the same tactics on another prisoner: tactics that would be unlikely a second time to fail.

"I said nothing. I let it pass. And I've never since allowed decorations to influence my view of a man's courage."

CURRENT LITERATURE

By S. M. ELLIS.

It is a melancholy task to review a new and important book whose author, by the decree of unkindly fate, has died soon after its publication. It seems almost a work of supererogation to offer opinions and suggestions when the person mainly concerned is beyond all interest in the matter. Miss Amy Lowell died three months after the appearance of her monumental study of Keats,¹ at the comparatively early age of fifty-one. Some assertions have been made that her end was hastened (as legend asserts Keats's was also) by an unfavourable review of her book by a leading English critic. That I take leave to doubt. No author was ever killed by an unkind review of his book, for every author despises a critic who has been unfair to him, and he says: "What an asinine dunce this critic is in failing to perceive the glorious merits of my book," the while he regards more complacently than ever his literary offspring. He has support, too, for his complacency, for all authors will agree with the statement that a batch of literary criticisms of any given book will offer the most amazing contradictory opinions, for what is one man's meat is another man's poison. After all, when the worst has been said, criticism is only the expression of one man's personal prejudice or idiosyncrasy. So why worry about unfavourable reviews? It may be answered that unfair and derogatory criticism will affect adversely an author's sales. That is possible, of course; but the point would not apply to Miss Lowell, who was obviously a wealthy woman, with her secretaries and her power to purchase every Keats document or relic that came to her notice. And I am sure Miss Lowell must have been gratified by many appreciations of her great memorial of Keats, and by tributes to her industry and faculty for marshalling a vast army of facts and strategical theories.

For this is a notable biography (perhaps the fullest and most detailed ever produced by a woman writer), a fine achievement, a storehouse for every student of Keats in years to come. At the same time, it is a work not remarkable for any literary distinction in style; it is terribly redundant, and overweighted with unnecessary detail. Miss Lowell would devote pages to speculation and theory about small points which at the end remained matters of speculation still, for proofs were lacking. Sometimes Miss Lowell was a little unscrupulous in juggling with dates and so on to make them "fit in" with her preconceived theories. To her meticulous detail I, personally, have no objection, because I love

(1) *John Keats, A Biography*, by Amy Lowell, in two volumes, with many illustrations (Jonathan Cape, 42s. net).

details and dates myself. She favoured the romantic narrative style of biography, and her story commences in this wise:

The leaves were turning brown, and fluttering down in companies to be scuffled carelessly underfoot by passers-by in the squares, and parks, and graveyards—anywhere, in fact, where there were leaves to turn brown and fall. In the West End of London, shuttered houses gazed blankly at empty streets, except when caretakers flung open their wide doors and revealed glimpses of darkened halls echoing with emptiness. Drawing-rooms slumbered, swathed in cambric coverings. Rats scuttled unmolested across the floors of deserted stables. Footman's knock and postman's bell were events of rare occurrence. The West End, or rather that important part of it composed of strictly human elements, was scattered all over Great Britain.

And so on for two pages in order to convey the information that London was deserted by *haut ton* on that autumn day of 1794 when Thomas Keats, ostler, was married in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to Frances Jennings, daughter of a livery-stable proprietor in Moorfields. So, too, with the career of this couple's son, John Keats, surgeon's apprentice and divine poet, the biographer pursues the same wordy but picturesque course.

It is difficult—nay, impossible—within the compass of a short article to deal with the suggestions that arise from a perusal of this lengthy study of Keats, or to analyse the importance of the subject. Interleaved with the story of Keats's life, Miss Lowell discusses each of his poems in chronological sequence and offers her views and interpretations of them. To examine and comment upon her readings would need a pamphlet: I must confine myself to a few biographical points.

Although Miss Lowell is often keenly critical of Keats, both as man and poet, she will not have others blame him, and is engagingly indignant with all his earlier critics. Matthew Arnold she labels "an arch-snob" because he called Keats's love-letters vulgar. "the letters of a surgeon's apprentice." And thus she apostrophises Lockhart for his wicked bludgeoning of poor Keats in *Blackwood's Magazine*:

O Lockhart! Lockhart! Aged twenty-three! With what a proud and strutting air you deployed your erudition . . . Latin, the Gentleman's tongue—Wieland, German literature, the latest usage of travelled youth—closed books both to the middle classes. Keats had read Ovid, even in the original, but Lockhart chose to believe otherwise. Mr. Twenty-three-years-old, travelled-into-Germany-and-back John Gibson Lockhart, and blustering, devil-take-the-hindmost coadjutor Wilson, sized the book up at once.

Reverting for a moment to the view I put forward earlier, that authors do not die from chagrin after reading unkind reviews of their works, so, too, I include Keats, who would have survived and despised the Cockney School articles had he not been a victim to consumption.

Miss Lowell has a great partiality for Fanny Brawne, and endeavours to present that rather unpleasant young woman in a most amiable light. In the course of her Apologia she can even forgive Fanny for (oh! murdered Romance!) marrying another man after Keats's death, for selling her miniature of the poet, and for saying of Keats's love-letters to her "that they would some day be considered of value"—financial

value. I take it, though Miss Lowell offers the interpretation that Fanny's permission for the posthumous publication of these letters was "the crowning act of a love that, with the contemplation of years, had become heroic."

Miss Lowell pleads that Fanny Brawne had a great deal to endure from Keats, who was an unsatisfactory, petulant, and very absent (in a bodily sense as well as spiritual) lover. That is true, of course, but Miss Lowell fails to understand that Keats never was "in love" with Fanny Brawne in the highest sense of the word. He loved her body, but not the real Fanny Brawne, the agreeable "rattle" and would-be wit—the "mix," as Keats once termed her. There could have been nothing in her shallow mind and coquettish nature to appeal to him. It was simply her fresh youth and what he considered her beauty that drew him, often reluctantly, to her. As he wrote to her: "I love you: all I can bring to you is a swooning admiration of your Beauty. . . . I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks—your loveliness and the hour of my death." That last phrase sums it all up. Keats was fully aware of the shadow of death lurking close behind him, conscious that the satisfaction of physical passions was not to be his portion in what remained to him of life. Fanny Brawne's beauty was the medium through which he gazed upon sensuous visions never to be realised; but the high call of his poetry was pre-eminent in the short time that was left to him before the end. As he again wrote to her: "I see you through a mist. . . . The thousand images I have had pass through my brain—my uneasy spirits—my unguessed fate—all spread as a veil between me and you. Remember I have had no idle leisure to brood over you—'tis well perhaps I have not. I could not have endured the throng of jealousies that used to haunt me before I had plunged so deeply into imaginary interests. I would fain, as my sails are set, set on without an interruption for a Brace of Months longer. I am in complete cue—in the fever, and shall in these four Months do an immense deal. This Page as my eye skims over it I see is excessively unloverlike and ungallant—I cannot help it—I am no officer in yawning quarters; no Parson-Romeo. My mind is heaped to the full; stuffed like a cricket ball—if I strive to fill it more it would burst. . . . Even as I leave off it seems to me that a few more moments' thought of you would uncrystallise and dissolve me. I must not give way to it—but turn to my writing again—if I fail I shall die hard. O my love, your lips are growing sweet again to my fancy—I must forget them."

So it was the fevered spirit turned from Fanny Brawne, his symbol of Beauty and baffled desire, to the creation of that poesy which was to make him immortal. Fanny Brawne cannot claim to have inspired Keats's finest poetry: there is no trace, even, of her physical influence. She was of the earth and not of the spirit.

Miss Lowell makes some mention of the interesting theory, first propounded by Miss Martha Hale Shackford, that in writing *The Eve of St. Agnes* Keats had been strongly influenced by the gorgeous setting and picturesque scenic accessories of Mrs. Radcliffe's romance, *The*

Mysteries of Utopia, but she suggests that Keats was probably as much indebted to Coleridge's *Christabel* for these glorious furnishings, such as the lamp with two-fold silver chain. And I would suggest that Coleridge may also have borrowed his stately *persona* from Mrs. Radcliffe, because *The Mysteries of Utopia* was published in 1794, and the first part of *Christabel* in 1797.

I am not aware, of course, if proofs of authenticity attach to the silhouette of Keats as a boy of fifteen, which is reproduced at page 36 of the first volume of Miss Lowell's biography. The date would be 1810, but the boy in the picture is not wearing the dress of that period but rather that of thirty years later. Is not this some other "Master John Keats"?

Miss Lowell hurries in her last chapter, and no longer verbose and theoretical, is content to give Joseph Severn's broken but poignant account of Keats's last days and that terrible death bed in Rome, where it was not granted him to meet "with easeful Death." Keats was twenty-five when he died; but what an achievement was his in a few years. And how amazing his modesty concerning that immense achievement. "If I should die," he said to himself in his last year of life, "I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory—but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered." This from the poet who stands next to Shakspeare, and whose name, if "writ in water," also shines in opaline lines upon the eternal Tablets of Fame.

* * * *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. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be typewritten.*

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RUSSIA'S RECOVERY PROGRAMME

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

IN Diplomacy as in Sport outsiders see most of the game. In Diplomacy—this being the difference from Sport—outsiders sometimes determine the result of the game. The Pact Conference may easily illustrate that truth. At Locarno Russia, the incalculable, the threatening, the country whose transformation into a reliable political factor is more important than the best agreement against remote war contingencies, takes no part. But Russia is more likely to influence the ultimate result, if not the actual conditions, of a Pact than more than one of the Governments represented at the Conference. Of that Soviet Diplomacy is sufficiently conscious, and it aims at making the participating Governments conscious. As at Rapallo, where she was laid upon the dissecting table as an object but became an uncomfortable subject, Russia seized the opening of the Pact Conference to show her vitality. First was M. Tchitcherin's visit to Warsaw, which seems to have resulted in the detachment of Poland from the—indeed not very real—Baltic group; secondly was the conclusion of a Commercial Treaty with Germany, followed by M. Tchitcherin's visit to Berlin. The aim of this visit, which was seasoned with some demonstrative talk to newspapers, was to secure a guarantee that Germany's entry into the League of Nations will mean no diversion from the path of friendship with Moscow. This, like Rapallo, where the Ally dictators were undoubtedly outgeneralled, as they admitted by the vehemence of their denunciations of Germany, is a success for Berlin also. It has spread the impression that downtrodden Germany is being courted by rival interests in the West and in the East. It has strengthened Dr. Stresemann's hand at the

Conference. For the one event that could create an effective anti-Ally force in Europe would be the creation of a Russo-German *bloc* extending from the Rhine to the Pacific, with the intervener Poland suppressed or absorbed. Even if the Allies and Germany really conclude peace, Russia remains Germany's potential ally.

This potentiality will be the weakness of a Locarno Pact, if a Pact is agreed upon, just as it was the weakness of the League of Nations. If at Locarno a real peace is made with Germany, equally a real peace must be made with Russia. It is useless shutting eyes to the fact that Russia is once more a Great Power, impregnable not merely negatively and by virtue of geography as she was in the past and in the first Revolution years, but also positively, as the result of her political and economical recovery. If in England the recovery is ignored, or rather denied, by a majority, the cause is that Bolshevism is a bone of contention between English parties, who measure everything that happens in Russia by their opposing attitudes towards Soviet principles. Those persons who, being so predisposed, saw truly the ruin, corruption, violence and despotism which the Revolution of October, 1917, brought, refuse as a rule to admit that Russia, in spite of Communism, is recovering. Those who proclaim that Russia is recovering are mostly optimists with Communistic leanings who denied the ruin, corruption, violence and despotism from the first. This is a repetition of history. Also, during the Tsardom Tories and Liberals had party attitudes towards Russia's internal politics. It was difficult then, as it is to-day, for persons familiar with Russian affairs to describe them objectively without falling foul of one or other of the two English political schools.

This English attitude is unfortunate, because the Soviet Government is just now engaged in a vigorous peace offensive, based upon recent achievements, which needs to be impartially followed and not summarily rejected or too credulously accepted from either of the English points of view. When M. Tchitcherin arrived in Berlin he painted a glowing picture of progress both in agriculture and industry, paraded the Commercial Treaties which have

been concluded and even some which have not yet been concluded, and emphasised the main point of the peace offensive that "of course (foreign) credits are necessary." M. Tchitcherin had facts on his side, even although he kept in the background such facts as were not on his side. The economical position of Russia is better to-day than at any time since the Soviets grasped power, and even better than at any time after the first year of war. The year 1925 has been one of exceptionally good crops. The business year 1924-25 (October to September) just concluded witnessed an undoubted recovery of industry and home trade, and a still more rapid recovery of foreign trade, though here the full programme fell short of realisation as a result of the very bad crops of 1924. The currency stabilisation, which began in October, 1922, and ended in March, 1923, has been fully maintained, presenting a striking contrast with the recent history of Poland's zloty, on which Russian publicists do not fail to harp. And the business year 1925-26, newly begun, is to beat all records since 1913, and very nearly to reach the records of the last pre-war year.

This view is based not upon Soviet declarations, such as that of M. Tchitcherin, which are necessarily vague. It is based upon Soviet statistics, the prosperity of 1925-26 being only a statistical programme. How far Soviet statistics can be relied upon is doubtful. Denying their veracity brings one no further, because one cannot correct them, much less replace them. At best they are very defective. The Soviet magnates, who exercise a liberty of expression which they deny to their native subjects and which they resent in foreigners, have repeatedly exposed one another's failings in this matter. Not long ago one of them, dealing with the question of total industrial production, showed with facts and figures that whereas the different items in two sets of output tables differed very considerably, they had been manipulated to bring practically the same totals; and commented on this as "the most amazing fact ever met with in the history of our statistics."¹ The Finance Commissariat with equal

(1) Cf. M. Dubovikoff, *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, June 1st, 1925.

severity lately assaulted the "Gosplan," declaring that its data were unreliable and lacking in concrete basis, and that sometimes programmes, without waiting to see if they were fulfilled, were paraded as accomplished facts. There is more of such criticism. But it is impossible to assume that any elaborate national system of statistics, however erroneous, is altogether fictitious. The Soviet Government has no reason for perpetrating such a gigantic fraud; and certain visible facts—the currency stability, the improved supply of the cities, and the undoubted increase in foreign trade—accord with the official claim that the economical situation has indeed greatly improved.

It is therefore advisable for Great Britain, at a time when she badly wants foreign customers, to prepare for selling to Russia on an extended scale rather than to assume summarily that nothing can be sold. The Soviet Foreign Trade Commissariat has not so far failed in its programme of increasing purchases abroad. This policy has been maintained against great difficulties, such as the failure of crops in 1924. The Commissariat's policy was to attain permanently active foreign trade balances, with the aim of accumulating gold and foreign bills for use in reforming and later in consolidating the currency. In the business year 1923-24 this policy succeeded. The collapse of grain exporting in 1924-25 made it impossible. It could have been achieved even despite the crop failure had imports been drastically cut down. But a few weeks after the crop failure was seen to be inevitable the Commissariat announced that imports would not be cut down; sooner than do that a passive trade balance in 1924-25 would be put up with. Hence while the receipts from exports fell heavily off, importing was continued at practically the proposed volume. From this there were three favourable results, the third of which was the most surprising. The native peasant consumer got the (indeed limited) quantity of foreign goods which he needed; the foreigner exporter was not disappointed in his (also indeed limited) expectations; and the passive foreign payment-balance which resulted did not shake the exchange.

The figures for the first eleven months¹ of the business year 1924-25 show very clearly the first two points. Exports in the whole eleven months totalled 437,800,000 roubles, imports 556,800,000 roubles, against 312,900,000 roubles and 282,800,000 roubles in the same eleven months of 1923-24. Exports fell, reaching a low point in April, 1925, and recovered first in June, when a good harvest was assured. But imports increased almost from month to month, and were more than three times as great in the late spring as they were at the beginning of the business year. Not until August, 1925, when the first grain exports took place from the new crops, was an active balance regained. Considering the importance of good crops and the greatness of the failure in 1924, the trade balance was very satisfactory. The reason was that other exports largely took the place of grain. In the first nine months of the business year exports without grain totalled 355,000,000 roubles, against only 196,000,000 roubles in the same months of 1923-24. The foreign trade factor in Russia's recovery tends to become more and more important of late. In the business year 1922-23 imports and exports together amounted to 9.7 per cent. of the pre-war volume; in 1924-25 (despite the bad crops of 1924) to 24.2 per cent.; in 1925-26 (according to the official programme, which in view of the good crops may easily be realised) they will amount to 44 per cent. The statistics in the "Gosplan's" (very doubtful) programme put industrial production in 1924-25 at 70.3 per cent. and in 1925-26 at 93.5 per cent. of the pre-war volume, the corresponding figures for agriculture being 71.3 and 89.2 per cent. Even if these figures are not too high, they represent less rapid recovery than in the case of foreign trade, because in 1922-23 industrial production was already 36.1 per cent. of the pre-war, and agricultural production 64.6 per cent. The foreign trade recovery began later, but to-day it is proceeding more rapidly.

The Foreign Trade Commissariat's programme for 1925-26, as appears from the above percentages, pro-

(1) The report for September, 1925, the twelfth month, has not yet appeared.

vides for more than doubling the volume of imports and exports of 1924-25. The programme figures are: Imports 972,000,000 roubles, exports 994,000,000 roubles. The so-called "wares famine" (*tozarni golod*), as a result of which the peasants clamour for manufactured articles, has forbidden the Soviet Government in this new year to think of accumulating gold and exchange by restricting imports. The exports of agricultural products are to total 515,000,000 roubles, or more than half of the whole. Of the 972,000,000 roubles imports about 300,000,000 roubles' worth has already been ordered, but the balance is sufficient to yield some profitable orders to (it is hoped) British exporters. Of the whole 972,000,000 roubles, 363,000,000 roubles were to be raw materials (largely cotton), 175,000,000 half-manufactured materials, 94,000,000 technical equipment for factories, and 103,000,000 roubles articles required for the special needs of the peasantry. The realisation of this programme depends not merely upon the expected volume of grain, wood and other commodities being available, but upon conditions in the world-market, and these at present are not favourable. Wood prices are so depressed that Sweden and Finland have been obliged to come to an agreement for minimum pricing. Crops, not only in Russia but also in nearly every other European country, have been exceptionally good. Germany, a chief customer, has just reimposed on rye and wheat her pre-war import duties. The realisation of the export programme value, and therefore of the import programme, however, depends upon the attainment of prices not lower than those of last year; and this is doubtful. M. Krassin, who in general paints the foreign trade prospect extremely favourably, has on this matter published a warning. A fundamental fact, he writes, will be the saturation this year of foreign markets; the more Russia's export ability increases the harder she will find it to place her exports. "In the first few years our selling to abroad met with no serious obstacles; but in the next few years conditions will have greatly changed, and we must be prepared for desperate competition."¹ In fact, Russia's resumption of wood exporting was the main factor

(1) Cf. *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, October 1st, 1925.

which ruined the North European wood export trade, and this year Russia's increased export of grain must, other things being equal, depress world prices and react against Russia herself.

Russia is in much the same unsatisfactory condition as are other great exporting countries. Goods are there; the markets are to seek. Her abundant harvest will seriously affect Continental agriculture. The official statistics, which in this case there is no reason to doubt, put the gross yield of grain at 4,144,000,000 puds, against 2,840,000,000 puds in the bad year 1924 and 3,143,000,000 puds in the middling year 1923. The yield per head of population is 29 puds against 20 in 1923. According to the programme, the surplus will be between 622,000,000 and 789,000,000 puds, of which, however, not all will be exportable. The last official figure put the probable export at 480,000,000 puds; but M. Trotsky in a later speech says 600,000,000 puds, which is about 10,000,000 metric tons. All the other crops that count in export trade were equally good. The flax crop is returned at 17,000,000 puds, against 12,000,000 puds in 1924; hemp 27,000,000 puds, against 18,000,000 puds; oil seeds 210,000,000 puds, against 100,000,000 puds; sugar beet 350,000,000 puds, against 120,000,000 puds. Even if these official figures are too optimistic, it seems certain that the whole agricultural production and the ability to export have greatly increased. There are, however, other difficulties than low prices. The Soviet Press complains of difficulty of transport, especially of river transport, which, unlike the railways, has not recovered; of successful operation by speculators to prevent movement towards the ports; and of the hopeless inefficiency and costliness of the State trading organisations. It is even stated that the cost of handling export grain (apart from railway charges) is as much as fifteen times higher than when it was privately conducted. All internal trading, except upon a petty scale, is still in State or co-operative hands.¹ The war against private initiative

(1) A Soviet writer, M. Suirnieff, publishes tables to show that of 359,918 registered trading concerns all except 7,390 are in the first to the fourth class—employing, that is, not more than four persons. Nearly 220,000 are in the first or second class, and therefore consist of either a single individual or a single individual helped by one member of his family.

resumed after Lenin's death is responsible for this evil, and though peace was again declared at the Moscow Labour Congress of November, 1924, the loss has not yet been made good.

The Moscow "Gosplan" has prepared for 1925-26 a general production programme, which, as always, must be accepted with reserve, but which probably foreshadows real progress. In this programme appear the crops of 1925, these being mainly realisable after October 1st, 1925, the beginning of the business year. In 1924-25 (including the bad harvest of 1924) the gross production of agriculture, forestry, fishing and hunting is put at 9,150,000,000 roubles, or 71 per cent. of the production of 1913 on the same area. The value of industrial production is put at 3,950,000,000 roubles, or 70 per cent. of the figure for 1913. The value of agriculture, forestry and fishing production in 1925-26 (crops of 1925) is put at 11,436,000,000 roubles, of which 10,236,000,000 is from agriculture proper. Industrial production, omitting petty industries, is put at 5,275,000,000 roubles, which is not far short of the 5,620,000,000 roubles of 1913. The whole value of national production in 1925-26, including petty and home industries, is put at 18,100,000,000 roubles, or 90 per cent. of the production of 1913. It is quite certain that these estimates, even if conscientiously compiled, must be wide of the truth, because no country, least of all Russia, has precise figures of production values for all branches. At best the Soviet statisticians would have reliable data concerning the nationalised industrial undertakings, which account for (M. Surnett in *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*) 99 per cent. of the total output of all big undertakings, but for a much smaller proportion of the total output. For the past few years the nationalised undertakings' returns are all optimistic:

	Percentage of Pre-War Output.	
	1921-22	1924-25
Chemicals ...	47.5	70.7
Textiles ...	25.3	60.9
Coal ...	42.0	60.2
Oil ...	31.8	56.6
Paper ...	14.0	74.5

The "Gosplan's" programme for the new business year does not carry these percentages further, but gives certain absolute figures which are equally optimistic. The gross oil output (including gas at its oil value) is to be 521,000,000 puds, against 432,000,000 in 1924-25 and 562,000,000 in 1913. For the coal industry only the Donetz Trust's estimate is available; but the output of all the coal concerns is to be 42 per cent. higher than in the past business year. The output of heavy metals is to double. The pig-iron programme is 151,300,000 puds, against 72,971,000 puds in 1924-25 and 257,210,000 puds in 1913. The textiles industry has certainly improved; the recent purchases of British and German spinning and weaving machinery were not made without reason. In 1924-25 were employed 307,900 persons, against 429,630 in 1913; the figure for 1925-26 is 409,000. The number of spindles operated (cotton industry) in 1924-25 was 3,493,000, against 7,245,000 in 1913; the estimate for 1925-26 is 5,560,000. Consumption of raw cotton in 1924-25 was 10,200,000 puds, against 20,000,000 puds in 1913; estimated consumption in 1925-26 is 13,500,000 puds. These increases seem suspiciously large. They are suspicious, however, only because the "Gosplan" and the statistical departments have been criticised for unreliability from Soviet quarters. In themselves they present no unreasonable picture in view of the almost complete suspension of industrial production in the first three years of Bolshevik rule. The Soviet's own figures show that the iron production at its lowest for a whole year averaged only 2.4 per cent. of the production of 1913. Starting from such stagnation, it is extremely easy to double output year by year; even after the further promised doubling in the new business year, the iron production will be only about three-fifths of that of before the war. But a friendly judge may doubt (though it is accepted and confirmed by M. Krassin) the "Gosplan's" promise that industrial production as a whole is to reach in 1925-26 93.5 per cent. of the pre-war value.¹

(1) The value here and elsewhere is at pre-war prices. It should therefore also serve for a comparison of quantities.

There are many obstacles, which cannot be examined in detail, to the realisation of the industrial programme. One is finance. Apart from replacement of operating deficits (the Donetz Coal Trust programme provides for a loss of 20,000,000 roubles), large capital expenditure is required for repairs, re-equipment, and extension of plant. The estimated outlay for these purposes on nationalised industry alone is 1,922,000,000 roubles, which is equal to four-sevenths of the combined Budget of the Union of Soviet Republics in 1925-26. Where this money is to come from is not clear. The plan of the Supreme Council of Economy sanctions expenditure of only 800,000,000 roubles, and only 120,000,000 roubles of this is to be provided out of public revenue. The increased oil-production programme has already been prejudiced by the action of the Finance Commissariat in reducing by 50 per cent. a proposed capital advance for improvement of plant and for sinking of new wells. Of all obstacles this is the most serious. It is at the bottom of Russia's frantic appeals for credit. In the new business year the receipts from exports will, even at their lowest, provide payment means for very considerable imports; but the whole of these estimated receipts amounts to only half the estimated capital expenditure on re-equipment, and normally a great part of this capital expenditure would go upon import of machinery. Whether it is a British economic interest to grant credits to Russia is a question which cannot be considered here—it is, rightly regarded, merely a question of risk; but it is a pity that political views are allowed to influence the decision. Germany's only limit in granting credit to the Soviet State's buying organs is her ability, which is very narrow. Yet the four Berlin "D" banks have just guaranteed 75,000,000 marks for the financing of export to Russia of agricultural machinery to a value of 100,000,000 marks.

Granting foreign credits to Germany is merely an indirect way of granting credits to Russia. Germany takes the risk, but, being enabled by the increase of her free capital to increase her credits to Russia, she gains as exporter. Although politically Germany (whose Socialist

Party, unlike the British, is solidly and vehemently anti-Bolshevik) is no friend of Soviet methods, she does not allow that to interfere with her trade, any more than she would allow it to interfere with her diplomacy if it should prove advantageous to respond to M. Tchitcherin's blandishments. German exports to Russia are rapidly increasing. In the first half of this year they totalled 96,400,000 marks, against 37,300,000 marks in the corresponding half of 1924. The rate of increase is rapid. If the absolute totals seem insignificant it should be remembered that the combined German sales to the States which were formerly Russian provinces is very large. In the first half of 1925 they totalled 432,300,000 marks, or nearly 900,000,000 marks a year. (It has been necessary to include all of Poland.) To the countries which formerly constituted parts of Russia, together with Danzig and Memel, which are now within the Customs unions of these new countries, Germany's exports increase more rapidly than her total exports. In the first half of this year, as compared with 1924, they increased by 11.6 per cent., as against 10.4 per cent. in the case of all exports. The total, 486,800,000 marks, exceeds Germany's exports to the Netherlands (468,700,000 marks) and to Great Britain (467,700,000 marks), which come next in magnitude. Trade with "Russia" to-day appears insignificant only because the vastness of Russia's remaining territories obscures the relatively greater importance in density of population and in consuming power of the new national States. "Russia" in the pre-war sense is the greatest buyer in Europe. Whereas Great Britain makes a fair display as seller to Russia in the narrower, present sense, she is hopelessly beaten by Germany in selling to Finland, Poland, and the minor Baltic countries. In the new business year Russia in the present, narrow sense is also going to prove a big buyer; and it is to be hoped that antipathy to her political and economic system and resentment over past losses will not be allowed to reduce the British share.

THE MOSUL QUESTION AT GENEVA

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

GENEVA, October.

THE *bise*, the cold wind which sweeps down from the mountains on Geneva before the summer has departed, held me in its grip while the whip of a cold rain stung my face as I approached the Hôtel de la Paix, where Tewfik Rushdi Bey had promised to see me. The smiling lake with its azure waters had turned to an angry sea with crests of foam over which flashes of lightning leapt. For every reason the name of the Hôtel de la Paix had an ironical sound that day. For Rushdi Bey, the chief of the Turkish delegation, had thrown off the mask and declared that the Turkish Government had never had any intention of accepting the decision of the Council of the League on the Iraq frontier question. Turkey would accept neither the decision of the Council, nor the verdict of the International Court of the Hague on the question of the competence of the Council to give an arbitral award, in spite of the pledge which Fehi Bey had given in her name. Nothing but the whole vilayet of Mosul with the exception of the small district of Diala would content her—that was what Tewfik Rushdi Bey's defiant attitude meant.

We might have known that this would happen, when Mr. Amery, looking at Rushdi Bey at the Council table, repeated the pledge which His Majesty's Government had given to accept the decision of the Council, and gave the Turk an opportunity of renewing his pledge. Rushdi remained silent, and when subsequently reproached for misleading the Council declared that it was not his business to enlighten it. He allowed the debate to continue on the assumption that Turkey would honour her word, waiting until the end, when he feared that the verdict might go against him, to challenge the authority of the Court. At least so it seemed to me, and I think that the uppermost feeling of most Englishmen at Geneva that day was a fierce indignation at having been fooled. For up to

that moment the British Government had believed, as, indeed, the world had believed, that the Turks were pledged to accept the verdict of the Council on the Mosul question. I thought it quite possible that the Turkish Government, egged on by the campaign in the British Press against the British Government, might refuse to accept the decision of the League. But that they would defy the authority of the League, declaring that the Council had only the power to give an advisory opinion, had not occurred to me. It was at this point that my narrative of the proceedings on the Mosul question had perforce to come to an end in the October number of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. I will not weary my readers by repeating the sequence of events which, owing to the refusal of Kemal Pasha at Lausanne to recognise Mosul as part of Iraq, brought Mr. Amery, as the British champion of the rights of Iraq, face to face with Tewfik Rushdi Bey at the Council table at Geneva.

Amery, in his imperturbable John Bull way, never losing his temper or sense of fair play, had, to my mind, utterly demolished the arguments of Rushdi Bey, and, if it had not been for the incitement to resist which the Turk received from the advocates of the "policy of scuttle" in Fleet Street, the Mosul question might have been settled by this time. Naturally when the Turk was told every day that Turkey would fight and Turkey would be in the right, and that the only safe course for the British Government to take was to clear bag and baggage out of Mesopotamia to prevent such a calamity, he began to reconsider his position. Why should he wait for the hazard of an adverse decision on the part of the Council when a bold face on his part appeared to be all that was required to make Great Britain fling up her mandate in Iraq?

My duty, however, that day when the *bise* was blowing was to discover what defence the Turk had to make for refusing to accept the arbitration of the League. The long and rambling speech which Rushdi Bey had made at the Council table had left all who heard it bewildered and perplexed. We knew that he had taken his stand

on something that Lord Curzon had said in the long and tedious negotiations on the Lausanne Treaty, when the Turk overnight would go back on all that he had said on the previous day. Extraordinarily resourceful in its shifts and its turns, but infinitely exasperating, had Turkish diplomacy proved on that occasion. It had worn away Lord Curzon's patience to the point of breaking off negotiations, to resume them later when Ismed Pasha appeared more reasonable.

Lord Curzon was always bringing the Turk to the point, to find that next day he had slipped away again. It was, indeed, a malign act of fate that some words of Lord Curzon, spoken in the hope of bringing the Turk to reason, should be used by Rushdi Bey as an excuse for refusing after all to submit the Mosul question to arbitration. But I am anxious that the Turk should speak for himself. I have come to the Hôtel de la Paix to find out what manner of man he is, to try to get some idea of Turkish psychology and an insight into the methods of Turkish diplomacy. Rushdi Bey could not, after all, see me, but Munir Bey, his right-hand man and by far the astutest of the Turkish delegation, was prepared to do his best to answer my questions. With his mild eyes and gentle manner Munir Bey appears to belong to the meditative rather than the combative type of man, and while I sit opposite him in his room in the Hôtel de la Paix, with flashes of lightning from the storm which had now reached its height playing across his face, I have a fascinating lesson in the art of trying to read the Oriental mind. He takes my written questions, looks at me keenly, and remarks that I do not appear to take an altogether impartial view of the Mosul question. Would it not be better, he suggests, that we should try to divest our minds of all prejudice, and talk in an impartial, judicial way on the subject which, he regrets to note, rather perturbs me?

Impossible to take offence at his irony, his words are so suave, and perhaps there is a little truth in them. Certainly I agree that one should approach the question with as little prejudice as possible. All that I desire to know is what defence the Turkish Government have for their

strange behaviour in refusing to accept in advance the verdict of the Court which they were pledged to acknowledge. Munir Bey looked pained. No sensible man, he said, could really think that Turkey was pledged. Had I listened to Tewfik Rushdi Bey's speech? He would be glad to present me with a copy of it. "There you will find," he said, "an answer to all the questions you desire to put to me."

In the meantime Munir Bey was ready to give me his answer. It was first of all desirable to establish the facts on which the discussion was to take place. When at Lausanne it was found impossible to come to an agreement on the Mosul question, it was finally arranged, although Ismed Pasha at first refused arbitration on the ground that there was no doubt that Turkey had a just claim to the vilayet, that the frontier between Turkey and Iraq should be laid down in a friendly way, an arrangement to be concluded between Turkey and Great Britain within nine months. In the event of no agreement being reached between the two Governments within the time mentioned the dispute was to be referred to the Council of the League. "The Turkish and British Governments reciprocally undertake," so ran the agreement, "that, pending the decision to be reached on the subject of the frontier, no movement, military or other, shall take place which might modify in any way the present state of the territories, of which the final state will depend on the decision." The word *final* seemed clearly to indicate that Lord Curzon considered that the decision of the League was to be binding on both sides. In recommending this procedure to Ismet Pasha Lord Curzon pointed out that the Turkish Government would be represented at Geneva, in precisely the same way as the British ("The Turkish Government will be there just like ourselves" were his actual words), and that when the two cases had been settled, the Turks would get the most impartial examination which it was possible to secure.

It was at this point in our discussion that Munir Bey intervened to point out a passage in the minutes of the Lausanne Conference in which Lord Curzon is repre-

sented as saying that Article 5 of the Covenant provided that the decision of the Council, upon which the Turkish Government would be represented, would have to be unanimous, so that no settlement could be arrived at without their consent.

When Ismet Pasha refused to submit the Mosul question to arbitration Lord Curzon went on to say: "If the Turkish Government refuse and persist in their refusal, I shall be obliged on behalf of my own Government to act independently," and he proceeded to explain that he would act under Article 11 of the Covenant by addressing himself at once to the Council of the League to say that a situation had arisen which seemed likely to disturb the good understanding between nations, on which peace depended. In that event Lord Curzon warned Ismet Pasha that the Council would meet at once to consider the question, and would at once address an invitation to the Turkish Government to state their case, which if they declined to do, would be followed by all the sanctions which exist in the Covenant being placed in operation. When it was necessary Lord Curzon could deal with the Turk in a masterful way, and if the International Court of Justice decides that the Council of the League has the necessary authority to decide the Mosul question, and interprets Article 15 to mean that neither Turkey nor England as parties to the dispute have the right to vote, it may be necessary to remind Turkey once more of Article 11. But this point did not arise in the course of my conversation with Munir Bey. We did not get so far because the Turkish Minister declared that his Government had no intention of recognising the decision of the International Court at The Hague. They had made up their minds that neither Council nor Court had any jurisdiction in the Mosul question, and, like Rushdi Bey at the Council table, Munir Bey pinned his faith to the words of Lord Curzon, which, in his view, since the Council was to be unanimous, and no decision could be arrived at without the consent of the Turkish Government, clearly meant that Turkey had a right to claim in bringing her case to Geneva that there was never any question of the Council being asked to give a binding decision

Moreover, Article 15 was used by the Turkish Minister as an argument to strengthen his case. If I read it carefully, he suggested, I should see that the Council was not entitled to impose its decision in such disputes, but to issue a recommendation only. This is, of course, a question which has still to be settled. But there still remained the pledge which Fehti Bey gave on behalf of the Turkish Government, that Turkey would accept the decision of the Council. That, I was assured, was to be interpreted in the light of Lord Curzon's words at Lausanne, by which no decision was to be taken without the consent of the Turkish Government. "Would I care to read them once more?" As to Fehti Bey's sincerity, did I really believe, asked Munir Bey, that any Turk was so foolish as to think of bringing a dispute with a Great Power like England before a Court on which England was not only represented, but had the greatest possible influence? A Court which was largely composed of the representatives of the Powers which had lately been at war with Turkey? Munir Bey looked keenly at me. How was it possible for anyone to believe that the Turks were so foolish?

"But would it not have been better, when everybody apparently believed that Turkey was pledged in advance to accept the verdict of the Court, that Fehti Bey should have stated what was in his mind?" I asked. Munir Bey shrugged his shoulders. "If you are going into court," he said, "do you state your case before you get there? Do you present your brief to the other side?"

"It is an achievement in the circumstances to have brought the dispute to the arbitration of the League. The Turkish Government deserves credit for consenting to this procedure." But it was useless to read these words, which I recalled to mind from *The Times* of August 8th of this year, to the Turkish Minister. They would not convince him that I was sincere in saying that we had all believed that the Turkish Government were pledged to accept the decision of the Council, whatever it might be. I could imagine the thin-lipped smile with which Munir Bey would look at me if I continued to press this point.

It was more important to consider if any way could be

found out of the present deadlock. "Is Turkey," I asked, "prepared to reopen direct negotiations with England so that the basis of a compromise may be discovered?"

The answer was that Turkey was ready at all times to negotiate, but that the British Government had given no sign of any desire to do so. The remark had, of course, to be qualified by the fact that for nine months negotiations were carried on, without any result, before the Mosul question was brought to Geneva. But the Turkish Government has since then offered a security pact for the establishment of mutual guarantees for the frontiers of Iraq and Persia, provided the Mosul vilayet (excepting the Diala district) were given to Turkey. And as the Diala district is rich, being the granary of Bagdad, the Turks consider that they are making a great concession in offering to surrender it, as they put it. Beyond that I understood the Turkish Government would not go, claiming, therefore, more than the line of partition suggested by the Mosul Commission if partition were accepted by the Council, although it was not recommended by the Commission. But this does not necessarily mean that a compromise might not be arranged on the line of the Lesser Zab, a tributary of the Tigris which joins the big river between Mosul and Bagdad. This would leave the town of Mosul, to which the Turks attach so much importance, within the Turkish frontier and an important Kurdish district, including Suleimanie and Kirkuk within the frontier of Iraq. To deliver these Kurds to the Turks, seeing that the Turks have been engaged in stamping out the Kurdish national sentiment in Turkey, is not a course which anyone with a regard for humanity would care to contemplate. But Munir Bey thought it very strange that I should think it possible that the Turk would persecute any of the inhabitants of the Mosul district, who were, he said, all passionately anxious to join their motherland, the Kurds being, in his view, Turks. I reminded him of the reports which the British Government had received of the deportation of the Christians, Chaldeans, Assyrians, and Nestorians, in the region to the north of Iraq which we claimed should belong to Iraq. But Munir Bey denied that there were any

Christians there. The cruel treatment of these people was subsequently brought to the attention of the League, and the Council decided to send out a Commission to investigate the allegations against the Turks and the Turkish counter-charges against the Chaldeans, and even British troops, for raiding over the Iraq frontier. But I have yet to learn that the Turkish Government will give any facilities for the Commission to enter the country north of the provisional frontier known as the Brussels line.

The fact that there is a League Commission there may act as a deterrent against Turkish raids over the border line, which, pending a settlement, Turkey has promised to respect. Munir Bey had, of course, no authority to declare what the Turkish Government might do if negotiations were opened again. But he insisted that the whole of the Mosul vilayet, Diala excepted, was necessary to the security of Turkey. "Why should Great Britain not give it to us?" he pleaded. "It belongs by legal right to Turkey, according to the finding of the Commission. You have no right to keep it. By surrendering what does not belong to her, Britain will gain the friendship and goodwill of Turkey, who offers her a pact of security for the frontiers both of Iraq and Persia. Also, Turkey will promise to respect the rights of minorities." I suggested that Turkey should enter the League and subscribe to the obligations of the Covenant, thus placing her willingness to respect the frontiers of Iraq beyond doubt.

Munir Bey appeared to think that this was a reasonable suggestion. He wished to get it out of my head that the Turks were a persecuting race or had any desire to act in an unreasonable way. But they must have their rights respected, and no reasonable man, in his opinion, could, after reading the report of the Frontier Commission, doubt that the Mosul vilayet belonged to Turkey, and that she was acting most generously and in a most conciliatory way in surrendering the Diala lands and offering a pact of security to Iraq. And again he went off at a tangent to Lord Curzon's declaration that no decision should be taken without Turkey's consent. As to the Mosul oilfield, Munir Bey assured me that Turkey would

offer every possible facility for its development; moreover, British interests in Persia would be safeguarded by the solemn pledge Turkey was prepared to give to Persia in extending the pact of mutual guarantees to her. He expanded on the great advantages to British trade which would follow from the reconciliation of the two countries.

But the Turkish Minister appeared to think that the only way to reconciliation lay in complete submission to Turkey's demands.

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The cold wind had dropped, the last rays of the afternoon sun were gilding the waters of the lake, as I left the Hôtel de la Paix. But my interview with Munir Bey had left me even more depressed than the effect of the *bise* on my nerves. For in so far as it afforded me a peep into the Oriental mind, it had impressed me with the hopelessness of carrying on any negotiations with Turkey. I recalled the words of a statesman who had taken part in the proceedings at Lausanne: "Negotiating with the Turk is like sitting down to play bridge with a man who insists on the right to revoke, and who, if refused, will kick over the table." This was exactly what had happened, for there was no doubt that the Turkish Government had revoked the pledge which Fehti Bey gave on September 30th, 1924, when he agreed that the question to be decided at Geneva should be submitted in the form indicated by Lord Parmoor, who had declared that the British Government regarded the Council as an arbitrator whose decision was to be accepted by both parties. Mr. Amery was therefore justified in saying that the Council was entitled to give a clear decision, for Fehti Bey had said that on the function of the Council in dispute there was no disagreement between the Turkish and British Government. Munir Bey was no doubt sincere when he said that, in his belief, Fehti Bey made this remark with Lord Curzon's statement in mind limiting the functions of the Council by the necessity of a unanimous vote. But can anyone believe that Fehti Bey did not mean what he said or that diplomacy can be carried on with such jesuitical reservations in mind?

Nevertheless, since it is advisable to leave no stone

untuned to end this unfortunate quarrel, let negotiations reopen between London and Angora. The British Government insist on waiting until the International Court has given its decision on the legal questions submitted to it as to the competence of the Council to give a decision and whether the vote must be unanimous. But after that, either under the ægis of the League, which, although it naturally and rightly shrinks from putting sanctions into force, may have to face the necessity of bringing the Turk to book under Article 11, as Lord Curzon suggested, or by direct negotiation, if the competence of the Council of the League to decide the question by a majority vote is not established, the Mosul question must be tackled again. In the meantime Mr. Amery should not have thrown away the handsome advantage which the Turks gave him in defying the League, by announcing that H.M. Government would follow their example. But I do not conceive that this means that the British Government has definitely closed the door to any further negotiation, if the Mosul question is removed from the agenda of the Council. We have to think of the state of our finances, the always anxious internal situation at home, our own military resources, which might be severely taxed if war broke out with Turkey, and the results in the East generally of the continuance of the quarrel. But we have also to think of our obligations to Iraq, whose people we could hardly leave to the mercy of the Turk, when the present treaty with Iraq comes up for revision in 1928. We have seen the horrible results to the Christian population of Cilicia which followed the evacuation of that province by the French. We have some foretaste of what will happen to the remnant of the ancient Christian tribes of the Assyrians, Chaldeans and Nestorians who have taken refuge in Iraq (and whose territory Mr. Amery desires to incorporate in Iraq) from the stories of atrocities by massacres and deportations which reach us from well-authenticated sources. I had an opportunity of testing the truth of these charges against the Turk in conversation with the Most Rev. Mar Timotheus, who spoke on behalf of the Assyrians before the Council of the League. His information, drawn from

the refugees themselves, made a pitiable tale which a Christian country like England cannot ignore. These people fought for us against the Turk in the Great War, which is one of the reasons why they are marked down for Turkish vengeance. If in the future the Turk places his devastating hand on the Mosul area again, which will leave the rest of Iraq at his mercy, for the new frontier line would be so difficult to defend that Great Britain could hardly accept responsibility for it, the rest of this ancient Christian stock will be driven away, just as those who have remained outside the Brussels line have been deported into the interior of Turkey. There is reason to fear that the Kurds, who desire their autonomy and have been allowed to foster their national feelings under the benign protection of Britain, will also suffer the same fate. Then, if the Turks are called to account, they will give the same answer that Rushdi Bey gave with a sinister smile to the Council, when reproached with the Turkish treatment of the Christian population in the Goyan villages, although Turkey was pledged to respect the *status quo*. "There are no Christians there," he said.

How can anyone who has been brought up in the Gladstonian tradition, and whose earliest recollections are bound up with that great man's speeches on the Bulgarian atrocities, not sympathise with the present British Government, however he may differ from them in other respects, in their effort to keep all Iraq under the protection of Great Britain and the mandate of the League?

MOSUL AND THE TURKS

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

WHILE Germany's plea that the Treaty of Versailles needs extensive revision meets with a support that, though considerable, is of itself insufficient to obtain adequate results, the New Turkey of the Nationalists, that was created by the genius of Mustapha Kemal and the courage and self-sacrifice of the Anatolian peasantry, is achieving a success in diplomacy and world politics that seems out of proportion to its strength or influence.

We are all of us inclined to like the Turks, whatever our feelings may be with regard to the old Ottoman Empire; we respect their soldierly qualities, their undoubted dash and bravery, their staunchness in the face of adversity, and the fair and straight manner in which they have ever opposed our troops on the field of battle. But all these factors should not debar us from criticising and opposing them when they are in the wrong, as they are obviously in the case of Mosul.

That their claim to this vilayet is a bad one there can be no doubt; we are aware, of course, that they claim to have legal justification for the disputed territory, a right that they base on a decision made some time ago by the League Iraq Commission.

According to this finding, Mosul belongs in law to Turkey because she has not formally surrendered her sovereignty over it. But this opinion of three commissioners is only that of three inquirers, and not a judicial ruling. In any case, moreover, the Commission that gave it added a recommendation, according to which it was to continue to form part of Iraq, if the British agreed to extend their mandate over the country for a further period of twenty-five years, a recommendation that shatters any case which the Turks can pretend to possess previous to it, since Mr. Amery immediately agreed to England remaining for that further period as mandatory Power. The Turks, nevertheless, continue to claim the region in

dispute. They state that their promise to abide by the ruling of the League is conditional to a plebiscite being taken of the whole area, and that, since this is refused to them, they can no longer undertake to accept the decision of that body, if it agrees with the British view.

In short, the Turks are not only refusing to recognise any British mandate and insisting that the whole province of Mosul, highlands and lowlands, shall be allotted to them, but they are loudly asserting that if they once discover that force alone is capable of solving a problem, which it is vitally necessary shall be settled in their favour, they are ready to appeal to that arbiter, even if pitted against the whole might of the British Empire.

Now, before examining the question as to whether this apparent grim resolve on the part of the Turks to hold on to Mosul, irrespective of any odds, is as genuine as it appears, there are other questions with which I shall first deal; there are the points of ethnography and racial rights, and, above all, the economic aspect, all of which the Turks have brought forward to buttress their claims.

The Turks maintain that the Turcomans and Kurds living in the area are not only ethnographically indistinguishable from themselves, but that economically the future of Mosul is indissolubly bound up with that of Turkey. They demand, therefore, that the whole of the former Mosul vilayet on both sides of the Tigris, and at present comprised within the Iraq State, shall be restored to their rule. The British, on the other hand, categorically deny the *bien fondé* of these claims and assert that in these respects, as in others, their opponents have no case.

What, in the first place, is this area, and who is it inhabited by?

The vilayet is situated between Anatolia and Syria and north of what was called Chaldea in ancient times. It roughly corresponds to the old Assyria or Mesopotamia, "between two rivers," and consists mostly of undulating grasslands interspersed by hills. It is bounded on the east and north by the mountains of Kurdistan, on the west by the Syrian desert, and on the south by the Jebel Hamrin, a barren, stony region, which I can best compare to the

country lying north of El Kantara in Algeria, since south of it the date palm and orange-tree flourish, while to the north are bleak expanses of steppes, that are yearly exposed to the most wintry climate.

Before the war this province was divided into three *sanjaks*, or administrative areas: Mosul, Shehrizor, and Suleimanieh. It comprises 450,000 Kurds, a patriarchal and primitive race who inhabit the highland districts of the north, and are neither of Turkish origin nor friendly disposed towards them; 150,000 Arabs and 60,000 Oriental Christians belonging to the Jacobite, Syrian Catholic, Nestorian and Chaldean churches, the Arabs and Christians mostly inhabiting Mosul, the capital or the plains; 40,000 Yezidis, or Devil worshippers, a curious sect which are probably of Kurdish origin, and a few thousand Jews—a veritable medley of nationalities, compared with which the jumble of races in Macedonia is simplicity itself.

How can the Turks lay claim to any of these races from an ethnological, or indeed any other point of view?

Taking them in order, I find that, like the Turks, the Kurds belong to the Hanafi branch of the Moslem religion, a circumstance that might tend to substantiate their claim, if it were not for the further fact that while Pan-Islamism was in days gone by an undoubted rallying cry for Moslems, it hardly applies where the present Turkish Republic is concerned—its strong anti-religious bias is too well known—that, apart from the further fact that the Kurds, like the Turks, have ever taken a keen delight in devastating the lands of their Christian fellow countrymen or in violating their womenfolk, there are no points of contact between the two races from either an ethnological or cultural point of view. I am convinced, furthermore, that, if this is true with regard to the Kurds, it applies even more to the other nationalities that are found in the vilayet. The Arabs, though a Moslem race, are certainly not clamouring for a return of the Turks, while the constant persecution which the Christians and Devil worshippers have always undergone at the hands of their late masters hardly suggests that they would welcome a return to old conditions.

There remains the economic question. Is the vilayet economically dependent on Anatolia, or is its present status to be preferred? Here again the Turkish view that Mosul and Anatolia are economically interdependent is inadmissible.

Looking to the north, east or west, I see nothing but huge mountain barriers and desert steppes to hinder communications, there being not even the slightest prospect of the former German Baghdad railway being completed; looking to the south I see the open waterway of the Tigris and communications being assured by the building of new railways, there being the additional expectation that, with the help of the mandatory Power, capital will flow into the country to help it develop its manifold resources.

This being the case, the cause of the determined stand made by the Kemalists to hold on to Mosul must be looked for elsewhere. It lies, I fancy, in the principle of strategic security, a principle which, when all is said and done, will be found to be at the root of every frontier devised by the peacemakers since the war, and which in the particular case that we are dealing with is practically the only one that can be applied.

Obviously the Turks, like ourselves, realise the need of making their frontiers strategically secure.

They are genuinely nervous of the separatist tendencies of their Kurdish subjects, and feel that the only way of effectively curbing their activities is by controlling as much of Kurdish Iraq as possible; they wish, in a word, to be in a position from which they can not only easily overawe the remainder of the province if our hold on it should weaken, but also seriously menace British connection with India if war broke out between our country and their own.

So truculent and determined has been their attitude, in short, that a considerable section of our Press and people has been stampeded into panic, and that a constantly increasing storm of criticism has been levelled against Mr. Amery for the firm stand that he has taken. It has been said that the great majority of the British people was resolutely opposed to any prolongation of a mandate that

we were in honour bound to maintain only for a further period of three years (1928), and that the Colonial Secretary's decision to remain in Iraq rather than hand over Mosul to the Turk—which was the other alternative presented to us by the League—was only risking a costly and dangerous war which the British public would not tolerate at any price.

Now though this feeling of profound anxiety cannot be denied, it is as equally certain that it is caused by a profound ignorance, not only of the whole question of our commitments, but also of Turkish psychology, it being my opinion that the attitude taken by the Turks only illustrates what bluff can achieve in the field of international politics, an art in which, moreover, the compatriots of Mustapha Kemal have always shown themselves proficient.

Taking first the question of our actual commitments with regard to the disputed area, it is clear that the many critics of Mr. Amery entirely overlook the fact that our relationship with Mosul is governed not by an ordinary mandate, but by a treaty of alliance that we signed in 1922, which, while carrying out the responsibilities that we had already undertaken as mandatory, bound us to help the Iraqi establish an independent and national life, for a period of twenty years. This treaty was certainly modified by a Protocol which terminated the operation of the 1922 treaty in 1928 if Iraq had not before that date qualified for the League of Nations, and both treaty and Protocol were accepted by the Council of the League of Nations in September, 1924; but what the Colonial Secretary's detractors forget is that this same Protocol especially stipulates that a third treaty shall be signed before the expiration of the second, a proviso of which the Commissioners who were sent out some months ago to report on conditions prevailing in Iraq were not unmindful. In fact, the report of these Commissioners included a direct question as to whether our Government was ready to carry out the preamble of the existing treaty and to replace it by a further one, and Mr. Amery had no other alternative but to accept.

Of the probability that the Turks are again playing their

customary game of bluff, on the other hand, I am pretty convinced. Like many other fighting races, they have often relied on truculency to enable them to win a diplomatic victory when their cause was hopeless; they realise the ever-growing aversion to fighting that is so striking a feature of our post-war psychology; and, banking on this sentiment, have never ceased to bluff Europe into granting them more than their just deserts.

They recall the indisputable triumph which they won at Lausanne by such methods against the might and *fine fleur* of Western diplomacy; and as they estimate their present opponents to be far less formidable antagonists, and are conscious, moreover, of the strong objection so widely entertained in this country to a prolonged extension of our responsibilities in Iraq, are seeking to force a favourable issue by flaunting high their resolve to disregard any decision given by the League which shall not uphold their point of view.

Truculency at home, in the Press, and in the Council of Geneva; the most open contempt for the august body to which they had at first been ready to submit their claims, coupled with such measures as are calculated to impose on public opinion abroad and make the world believe in their grim determination to see things through; troops concentrated in the neighbourhood of the Brussels line and held in readiness to occupy Iraq if the League gives a decision adverse to them; deportations of large bodies of Assyrian Christians, who, after being driven away from their homes at the point of the bayonet, are then exposed to death, spoliation or cruel usage and their womenfolk to rape and violation as they are sent on a march through Kurdistan that was never intended to have any other ending. Measures all breathing the most apparent dour resolve, but having as little behind them as Porthos's celebrated red cloak.

For what did I find in Asia Minor in the course of the journey that I have just completed there?

I found a corruption so general that the honest *vali* (governor) among the many who received me was a man

so poor that his wife and children lived in comparative want and he himself was forced to husband the only suit of broadcloth that seemed at all respectable; an indolence so general that now the Greeks have left the towns, districts formerly prosperous and buzzing with life are rapidly degenerating and losing any importance; roads, bridges and houses constructed in pre-war days gradually falling into decay because no one troubles to keep them up, and a lack of capital so great that public services are being neglected and everything is falling into wrack and ruin.

"We need foreign capital badly," a merchant said to me, "for without it we will never prosper. Our people are incurably lazy and refuse to do anything to develop our transport facilities. Consequently, though we have had a wonderful harvest, we are unable to market it to the best advantage."

"Look at these houses crumbling away into decay," a Turkish banker remarked to me. "Is it not a pitiful sight, and would you not imagine you were in France in the devastated area? Well, these houses were formerly owned by the Greeks, and were, as you see, well-built stone houses, a marked contrast to the miserable wooden shanties in which the majority of my countrymen are content to dwell. After the expulsion of the Greeks every man rushed to the houses that they had vacated to see what he could get. Some helped themselves to the woodwork of the doors or windows, some to the window panes, others to portions of the roof. Everything that could be removed had disappeared when the police arrived to take possession."

I enquired why so little had been done to repair the damage, and pointed out that it was extremely improvident on the part of the authorities to permit such fundamentally sound buildings to go to wrack and ruin, but sadly he confessed that, though the Government had made no end of promises, they had done nothing.

"Of course, they put up the houses for sale and offered facilities to any man who undertook to restore them, but there is such a dearth of money in the land that only three

or four wealthy men were able to take advantage of the offer. The great majority accordingly remain uninhabited."

In Trebizond I was surprised to find several passable roads and others which, though unfinished, were equally good, but soon ascertained that they dated from the time of the Russian occupation, and that there was no one to-day who could either keep them in order or complete any that still needed completing.

"We have no engineers, no architects, no stonemasons worth mentioning," a Turkish official remarked. "They were all Greeks, and so far we have been unable to replace them. People insist on being their own builders, architects, and engineers, with the result that nothing is built that possesses any stability. It was a great misfortune when the Greeks left Asia Minor. They were certainly the only hard-working portion of our population." Then, reflectingly, he added:

"Why could not the Russians have stayed another year or more in our towns, if only to terminate the beautiful roads that they started building. I hardly see them being completed to-day."

Of the general penury of the country there can consequently be little doubt, while it is equally indisputable that not only is the Turkish Government living considerably above its means, but that a stabilised Budget remains to-day, as for many years in the future, an ideal to be sought after, but which so far remains in the realm of the unattainable. It could hardly be otherwise.

Kemal's rule is a dictatorship founded on force, and to maintain his authority he is lavishing every penny that he can squeeze out of the depleted Turkish Treasury on maintaining an efficient and well-equipped army. That he is desperately anxious to hold on to Mosul I have every reason for believing, for not only has he never varied in saying that Mosul was a Turkish town and that nothing could alter that fact, but I know him to be equally alive to the necessity of holding that city if his country is to recover Iraq, as certainly it intends to do. But if it be asked whether his determined resolve is not principally a

counsel of despair, I confess that I am inclined to believe it is. Mustapha Kemal is too astute a statesman and too clever a soldier not to know that though his army is prepared for war and its *moral* good enough to affront any Western nation, it does not possess enough of the sinews of war to hold out beyond a month or two. Any campaign lasting longer than that period he could not possibly finance. I believe, therefore, that the Turkish attitude regarding Mosul is one-quarter iron resolve and three-quarters bluff, and that our statesmen and people would do well to recognise it as such instead of increasing the nervousness which they seem to possess whenever their responsibilities—under the mandate—or otherwise are called into question. The truth is, moreover, that, together with the League of Nations, we have undertaken to place this dual land under one realm and under one crown, and that, having shouldered this burden, our own part should be to acquire sufficient wisdom and resolution to carry it through. We should endeavour to make the new Arab state so prosperous that it will be able to stand by itself and not only become a firm ally of Britain in the East, but develop into a gradually expanding market for our exports. Leaving, then, aside the prestige that we should lose if we abandoned Arab and Christian to the tender mercies of their agelong enemies, I am of opinion that the undoubted commercial progress made recently in Mesopotamia affords no little encouragement to these hopes, and that consequently the speculative risk that the prolongation of our mandate would entail is of a certainty well worth taking. In any case let us strive to remember that no Government, and certainly not our own, will ever succeed in any dispute with Turkey at Geneva or anywhere else unless it is known to have the support of public opinion in this country behind it. It would be well if a certain powerful section of our Press realised that this is so.

A TRANSFORMED LABOUR PARTY

BY JAMES CORBETT¹

It is hardly realised in the whirlpool of political events that the Labour Party is undergoing a steady and vital transformation. It is doubtful if this wonderful change is being recognised by the rank and file of Labour adherents, and although some Labour leaders are amazed at the political evolution within their own party, yet Labour intellectuals behind the scenes are convinced the miracle in Labour politics has already occurred.

The actual miracle commenced when it was realised that Liberalism had received its death-blow, and to those who believe that Liberalism will still revive we point out the logical truth that if the Labour-Socialist Party continues to increase Liberalism must dwindle more and more into complete insignificance.

It should be pointed out that the former renaissance of the Liberal Party occurred when there was no Labour Party in potential existence, and it concurrently follows that Liberalism could only revive in the real sense of the term by the extinction of the Labour Party in a political *coup d'état* which would convince the working-classes that Labour had betrayed their most vital interests. It is impossible to think such a move on the political chessboard could be played unless Labour brought the country within the verge of economic destruction by entangling the nation in some wild Socialistic or Communist experiment.

The hypothesis put forward in this article is the simple prediction that Labour will eventually disavow Socialism as it has already sternly disavowed and rejected Communism.

Let us examine the political situation.

It is self-evident to every Unionist, Liberal, and Labour

politician that the three-party system is fatal to the best progressive instincts of the country, because it does not ensure any homogeneous majority, and the existence of a number of political groups will always call for an unsteady period of Coalition. In fact, the Unionist Government is in power with a swinging majority to-day because it has been clearly demonstrated that the three-party system is fatal to the highest traditions of our Imperial Parliament.

What of the future? The plain truth is that several millions of excellent and honourable citizens, who have been banded together by the traditional and historic name of the Liberal Party, will, within the next few years, automatically transfer their political allegiance to an absolutely new and transformed Labour Party. There is no optional choice from that eventual decision.

We know, of course, what is happening at the present time. There has been a great effort on the part of the Earl of Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George to bring about a complete resurrection of the Liberal Party, and Mr. Lloyd George seems destined to be the political Joshua who will endeavour to lead the scattered tribe of Liberals into the Promised Land. Yet there is no greater student of democracy than Mr. Lloyd George, and it may be safely predicted that at the vital moment this great fighter in contemporary politics will be prepared, like Mr. Churchill, to make a deliberate choice between the Unionist and Labour Parties. It may even be a safe speculation to prophesy that this remarkable little Welsh wizard might ultimately throw all his eloquence, oratory, and strategy into a transformed Labour camp; but that, of course, is on the lap of the gods.

It is frankly admitted that Liberalism has played its gloriously constructive part in British politics, and instead of passing into cruel extinction as a spent potential force we are merely witnessing its gradual evolutionary progress into higher fields of broader and nobler political thought and action.

Liberalism, in the old sense, was a creed of abstract liberation, whereas the social and international problems everywhere to-day are questions of organisation which are

(1) Author of "Man as a Separate Creation" (*The Nineteenth Century and After*, November, 1924), "Wise Men of the Labour Party" (*FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, April number), etc.

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mate right of the Labour Party to select this particular name for its political banner, yet, irrespective of that gibe it seems destined for the working-classes of the nation to be identified, to a great extent, with Trade Unions and Labour politicians. The Trade Unions have earned a right to protect the working-man from the selfishness of the employer, and it hardly seems within the bounds of possibility that Trade Unions will ever be identified with any other political group than the Labour Party. It is no logical, in this sense, to infer that Trade Unions represent a solid vote for Labour, yet it is conceded that the preponderating influence of the Unions is mainly on the side of the Labour Party. There may be a distinct evolutionary modification of that political support in the near future, for it is within the zone of probability that the very existence of certain Unions may be imperilled by some wild, fantastic scheme engineered by their Socialistic "friends."

It is the grave consideration of these facts which must lead Labour politicians to make up their minds that the fallacious theories of Socialism must be eternally expunged from the programme of the Labour Party, if ever Labour is successfully to govern this country from the political standpoint. It is hardly feasible that this conversion to sanity will occur within a few years, but it must be felt by those behind the scenes at Westminster that the next General Election will determine the fate of Socialism just as the last election meant the extinction and expulsion of Communism.

The speculation that Socialism will soon be overthrown by the Labour Party might seem too precipitate if we did not consider the fact that modern Labour leaders have already had a stern object-lesson in the task of ruling Britain from an economic point of view. Mr. Philip Snowden has a wise head on his shoulders, and his thrilling experience as Chancellor of the Exchequer must have convinced him for an absolute certainty that there could be no sane plan of Socialism in an island nation like Britain that is completely dependent upon the strictest supervision of national expenditure down to the minutest degree and

fraction. Neither could he have earned the historic thanks of the nation for his satisfactory Budget if that Budget had contained the germinal seeds of revolutionary Socialism throughout all its figures and concepts, and he could never have balanced his Budget with such brilliant success and certainty if he had pandered to the wild Socialistic experiments in finance suggested to him by his political friends.

The same speculation is true of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who made such a fine name for himself in the zone of international politics, but even this clever statesman would have been stigmatised for ever as a dismal failure if he had not steered an even keel against revolutionary proposals of every kind during his term and tenure as British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary! One, indeed, must feel convinced that the transformation of the Labour Party commenced when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald took up his official residence as British Prime Minister at 10, Downing Street. Contact with realities from that high altitude of common-sense and vision must have demonstrated beyond argument, both to himself and his colleagues, that Socialism as a working factor of economics could never be made to fit in with the fundamental principles of justice and liberty that have made our nation famous, great, and prosperous down all the centuries.

Dealing again with this steady march of the Labour Party to sanity and reform, it has to be observed that the serious stream of Liberal voters who joined the Labour camp must have exercised a magical effect upon the mind and imagination of Labour strategists who are planning the foundational planks of a great political programme for some General Election ahead. The Unionists have helped in an unconscious but comprehensive measure to bring this transformed Labour Party into reality, because lately all the potential speakers in the Conservative group have conceded the fact that there must be some vital compromise between Capital and Labour if this old nation is to maintain its place among the industrial comity of nations.

It is difficult to realise that a time should occur in the history of our land when emotion, morality, and sentiment should be introduced as an important factor in the zone of economics. Yet that concession to human nature was made at one stroke by Mr. Winston Churchill when he submitted his scheme for pensions to widows and aged in a plan of contributory insurance. The cross-roads will be passed when the Act embodying this great reform is placed on the Statute Book, for it means that wealth, influence and capital must all play a constructive part in adding to the prosperity and comfort of every citizen in the land. Such concession on the part of Capital will go a long way to convince Labour intellectuals that Socialism must be discarded and dropped, not merely as a matter of political strategy, but from the grim realisation that it would mean the ruin and degradation of the working-classes in Britain.

A transformed Labour Party may work experimentally along the lines of shorter hours and higher wages, but it will have to be demonstrated that such a policy would mean greater output and greater harmony between employers and employed before such a reform could be carried to ultimate success. It may be mentioned, however, that the late Lord Leverhulme was the first big industrial magnate after the war who proposed both an increase of wages and a general reduction of time to the six-hour standard, and it might be confidently felt that such a proposal would never have entered his brain if he had not been assured beforehand that the experiment would result in both increased output and less friction between capitalist and employed. Indeed, a transformed Labour Party may seek to realise throughout the nation what Lord Leverhulme accomplished in Port Sunlight; it may seek more and more to introduce that human element and personal factor into modern industry, and even Mr. Baldwin hinted in a recent speech that it was the human touch in industry that laid the foundation of some of our greatest engineering firms.

Labour, in short, is being educated to the principle that no Socialistic theory can ever meet with even mediocre

success in practice. During the last Parliament, for instance, it was clearly demonstrated by Mr. Lloyd George in his trenchant attack on the Nationalisation of Mines Bill that a Socialistic experiment of that kind simply meant the usurpation and ownership of the mines by the miners at the expense of the entire community. In other words, the nationalisation of the means of distribution, production and exchange is simply an economic fallacy that will not stand the test of practical experiment, and the working-classes are seeing more clearly every day that State control of any kind means the absolute elimination of freedom and the human element so far as the worker is concerned.

Perhaps Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will be fated to lead his party into this broader evolutionary field of political endeavour, but before such an absolute conversion of thought and principle is obtained, it will be imperative for him to fight the Wheatleyites tooth and nail in order that extremism and violence may be finally expunged from the programme of the party. If the effort is made by Mr. MacDonald we have every confidence that he will be thoroughly supported in the fight by Messrs. Thomas, Clynes, and Henderson, and other Labour stalwarts. But the clash between sanity and Clydeside revolution seems predestined to be an inevitable certainty in the days ahead, and the sooner it comes the better.

There is one positive fact, that we can never return to the three-party system, which, in the end, has always meant an interminable series of Coalitions and conflicting groups. Besides, the British nation has never loved a Coalition, and that is why a consolidated Labour Party must form in the future either His Majesty's Opposition or the actual Government. So in this new amalgam of thought and action the stream of Liberalism will go forward into the broader ocean of political freedom, and in such a union the homogeneity of Liberal and Labour ideals will be complete. At present Liberalism means nothing in relation to the dominating issues of the moment. It is merely the shadow of a great name. It has no clear, definite principle connected with any of its detailed propositions. It has no distinctive creed that can be intelligible to the average

voter, so complete amalgamation with a reformed Labour Party will save it from complete and final negation.

It is not expected that such a transformation in the Labour Party will be delayed or hastened by any political change that may occur within the Russian area of politics. The Russian experiment has been watched with very critical eyes, and even supposing it had resulted in brilliant economic success, it is quite certain our own political course would not be deflected one inch. There is no comparison between Great Britain and Russia in an economic sense, and as Russian Communism has meant the greatest and most hopeless fiasco in modern history, so will the greater chaos of Russia mean the recoil of British Labour politicians to sanity and wisdom.

We do not reckon in this forecast without the fierce determination of Mr. Lloyd George to restore the flower of Liberalism to its former pristine grandeur and power, but although we admire the man for his tenacity and will power, and indeed for his superabundance of resource, we do not see how it is possible for Liberalism to revive unless it is permeated through and through with some great new vital policy. If that policy cannot be brought forward at the critical and psychological moment, then the attempt to revive Liberalism will be cruel and abortive, and after the climax to that unfortunate attempt there will be a steady movement towards the transformation of the Labour Party on broader and more constitutional lines. With one or two exceptions, the close affinity between Liberalism and Labour has always been recognised, and only the doctrinaire dogmatism of Communist fanatics, and the wild revolutionary proposals of extreme Socialists, have frustrated the ultimate union between these two great political groups.

It has to be emphasised again and again that the British working man is a moderate and not a revolutionary at heart, and, in addition to this vitally important fact, we have to take into consideration the tremendous progress in political thought and education which the working classes are making at present. The average miner to-day is broadly conversant with a great deal of political thought, and

although trade unionism still exercises a predominant sway in the mining fields, it would be a fatal mistake to imagine that the bulk of the miners are not intellectually conscious of what is meant by extremism, and nothing is more certain than that a great proportion of them realise instinctively to-day that mining as an occupation will be doomed and destroyed unless sanity is introduced into the present political system of retarding output.

Again, there seems to be a fixed idea in the minds of many Conservatives that trade unionism is deliberately working for the overthrow of the capitalist system, and that it is placing every obstacle in the path of the individual employer in order to bring about the millennium of Socialism in England. That idea is erroneous from start to finish, and it must be eradicated if we are to understand the political psychology of the working man. Trade unionism, without doubt, has grown arrogant, bitter, and self-assertive—indeed, in many cases, it exercises a tyrannical mandate over the members—and doubtless such a form of trade union dominance will have to be curbed by a strong Government within a few months, but, apart from these things, we shall find that the heart of British trade unionism is still sound for steady, constructive effort in the industrial world. Providing there is some *concordat* principle of action which could be decided on between employer and employed, there is every certainty that Great Britain will yet go forward on her triumphant stride towards the highest place in the world's markets. For instance, if we get behind the scenes, we shall find that there is widespread desire on every hand for conference, arbitration, and agreement, and when such a desire remains uppermost, and when the striving for industrial peace is sincere in the mind of Labour leaders, then we are within an ace of reaching that principle of co-partnership at which Lord Leverhulme and other wise men have aimed.

LEGAL AID: A MESSAGE FROM ONTARIO

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY

PARLIAMENT having appointed a Commission to consider methods of legal aid to the poor, it would be interesting to discover what problems the Commissioners are proposing to discuss. If they intend to go to the root of the matter they must be prepared to consider many more basic and elementary problems than out of pockets, costs, Treasury fees, and income limits.

The profession of law has always enunciated a similar standard of duty to the poor as that actually practised by the profession of medicine. From Anglo-Saxon days we have rendered lip service to the ideal that justice should be equally open to rich and poor. It is set down in *Magna Carta* "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay right or justice." Advocacy being essential to justice, our professed ideal is to refuse it to no one in need of it. Our maxims on the subject are beyond praise, but unfortunately we cannot live up to them. Until recently we never tried to put them in practice. But of late, on both sides of the Atlantic, English-speaking lawyers have been troubled in mind and conscience about their duty to their poorer neighbours. Chief Justice Taft put the problem in a nutshell. "We must," he said, "make it so that the poor man will have as nearly as possible an equal opportunity in litigating as the rich man, and under present conditions, ashamed as we may be of it, that is not the fact."

The principle of legal aid that the Chief Justice demands seems to be something of this kind. If a State enacts a complicated system of law in relation to the works and days of poor citizens it is not fair to leave them to struggle for their rights in the law courts against individuals and corporations equipped with superior wealth and heavier weight of legal ammunition.

If you study the history of the Workmen's Compensation Acts in the volumes of the Law Reports you will see

at once how want of wealth to follow up appeals has hindered the worker from enjoying the full benefits that Parliament intended to bestow. But for trade union support few appeals could have reached the House of Lords, though those that did were generally decided in favour of the workmen. In many instances error in the Court of Appeal, depriving workers of the benefits and protection of the Act, remained temporarily the governing law of the land, because the particular litigant could not at the time find means to reach the highest tribunal. The insurance companies, on the other hand, could spend as much as they pleased upon litigation. What Chief Justice Taft refers to is well exemplified in the history of our Workmen's Compensation Acts, because here of necessity the applicants were always poor and the respondents were nearly always wealthy corporations employing expert legal assistance.

It is interesting to remember that, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain first put forward his proposals for workmen's compensation, his scheme had no place for the lawyer, and had he lived in health and strength to see the business through he would probably have resisted their claims for a share in the administration of the Acts.

When, in 1915, the State of Ontario proposed to pass a Workmen's Compensation Act, the Chief Justice, who was called upon to draft a scheme, determined to "get rid of the nuisance of litigation." His attention was aroused to the unsatisfactory condition of affairs by a consideration of English decisions where workmen had failed to recover, which, though legally sound, "shocked" his sense of justice.

Some day, when the history of our Compensation Acts is recorded, the historian of the future will write an entertaining chapter on the "Social Inconvenience of Legal Error." He will find that for want of money and legal aid workmen's appeals could not easily get beyond the Court of Appeal, but that when they were able to be carried to the House of Lords, on many occasions where matters of vital principle have been at stake, the decision of the Lords has been favourable to the worker.

The reason of this diversity between two Courts of eminent lawyers about matters of comparative simplicity was probably that the Lower House spelt out the letters of the Act and the Upper House construed their spirit. Lord Halsbury was the first to preach the true gospel of the matter when he stated the fairly obvious proposition that a Workmen's Compensation Act was an Act to compensate workmen. Lord Davey carried it further when he said "that you ought to construe an Act as far as possible to give effect to the primary provision of it." But, in spite of these sane texts, the warfare of lawyers continued, and for want of legal aid the worker was often in difficulties.

The statesmen of Ontario, having learned their Chief Justice's views of these matters, came to the decision that the remedy for the troubles our workers had suffered was not to provide legal aid to enable workers to obtain compensation, but to enforce compensation by means of administration rather than litigation. In other words, to go back to the original path of wisdom pointed out by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain from which we had so foolishly erred and strayed.

Their experiment has proved so successful that it is worthy of our study, as it goes to show that in law, as in medicine, the best form of "aid" is not to call in a free doctor or take a patient to a free hospital, but by hygienic and sanitary methods of life to prevent the necessity of calling for the aid of either doctor or hospital.

And the way in which the Ontario Compensation Act achieves this end is by removing compensation cases altogether from the jurisdiction of the law courts. There are two main differences between their scheme and ours. In the first place, their Acts are administered by a Workmen's Compensation Board instead of by Law Courts; and, in the second place, no matter what may be the length of disability, injured workmen are provided with medical and surgical aid, and hospital and skilled nursing services, and are entitled to be supplied with artificial limbs or any surgical apparatus rendered necessary as a result of an accident.

This latter provision follows the methods of our war

pensions system and is a valuable benefit to the injured workman. Our system of giving an injured man a dole, or a legal right to claim one, instead of at once finding him the best medical treatment, is neither humane nor economical.

The Ontario Acts do not at present include as many classes of workers as ours, but new employments can be added at the discretion of the Board. The larger employers, such as railway companies and municipalities, etc., insure themselves and are individually liable to provide medical aid and compensation as required by the Board under the Act.

Other industries, which include all the ordinary trades and employments, are called upon to pay the Board such sum as the Board assesses in relation to the industry insured. These moneys form a collective accident fund, out of which the Board provides medical aid and compensation to the injured workmen.

Workers not included in the scheme are still protected by Employers' Liability Acts.

A worker is entitled as of right to compensation for any accident where the disability lasts seven days, unless the accident was caused by his serious and wilful misconduct. In cases of total disablement the compensation is two-thirds of the average weekly earnings, but must not be a smaller sum than \$12.50. Partial disablement is calculated on a percentage basis according to the seriousness of impairment, as in our war pension system.

These are shortly the benefits that an injured man receives during the healing period, but if the case turns out to be one of permanent disability the Board then assesses a monthly pension for life, in connection with which there are powers of commutation and advancement.

The procedure seems domestic and simple. The employer and workman choose their own doctor and the three send their reports of the accident and the injured workman's condition to the Board, who deal directly with the workman. No legal assistance is necessary. If the reports are in order the case is promptly dealt with by payment of a cheque. The Board, however, has power to institute an

majority of disputes could be decided by conciliation, without the present waste of costs and fees, but for exceptional cases the right of access to the courts should be maintained.

Mr. Price, the Chairman of the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board, frankly admits that complaints have been made that claimants have been malingering or imposing on the Board, and that some of the doctors chosen by the workmen and employers do not give satisfactory certificates. Then there are those numerous and difficult cases where a weak man becomes a victim to what has been called "compensation neurosis" and manages to persuade friends, family, and perhaps doctor, that his case is hopeless. There is no better method of dealing with cases of this class than a trial of the facts in open court and a full discussion of the medical evidence *pro* and *con*. before a judicial tribunal assisted by a medical referee. It seems to me that the Ontario system would be strengthened if the Board in a proper case had power to refer to the Courts cases of this kind where there was a difference of opinion between their officers and the workman. As it is, Mr. Price complains that in cases of this character the Board is subject to pressure and importunity from friends and supporters of an injured man, and the power to refer such a case to the Courts would put an end to such undesirable interference with the Board's decisions.

All pension schemes bureaucratically administered encounter similar difficulties. The great majority of cases can be settled, under honest and capable administration, to the satisfaction of the public and the individuals concerned, but it seems necessary that exceptional and difficult cases where there is a *bona fide* dispute should be decided by judicial authority, and here the worker should be entitled to legal aid.

Indeed, it is only possible to give adequate legal aid to poor people by so amending your laws that, at all events in poor people's affairs, you do not tempt or compel the poor to enter upon useless litigation. The Workmen's

Compensation Acts and the Rent Restriction Acts both deal with matters which could be more economically managed in the bulk by administration and conciliation than by litigation.

No Treasury will ever find the necessary money for all the useless and unnecessary litigation that these Acts have caused and are still causing, nor should it be called upon to do so. What is wanted is not legal aid, but a non-legal machine which will do the work more cheaply, more speedily, with less friction, and at a smaller cost. Such a machine is the Workmen's Compensation Board of Ontario, and such machines are the Conciliation Courts in Denmark and other countries. No discussions of methods of "legal aid" will be of much avail without a careful consideration of how the poor can be protected from the heavy burden of useless and unnecessary litigation.

MARSHAL LYAUTEY

BY W. L. MIDDLETON

THE resignation of Marshal Lyautey removes from the scene of his work one more figure in the great line of Colonial administrators. In thirteen years he has conquered, pacified and largely organised for economic life a country four-fifths the size of France. His splendid energy, self-sacrificing, inspired, ruthless as that of a creative artist, has overcome a multitude of obstacles to reach its aims. He would doubtless have preferred to leave at a time when nothing could put in doubt the perfection of his achievement. A proud spirit longs to finish *en beauté*. But the troubles which have clouded his last days in the French Protectorate were not provoked by his administration. The blame for them must be shared among the authors of the treaties touching Morocco, the long succession of governors of the Spanish zone, and Abd-el-Krim. As a highly competent observer recently wrote, the wonder is not that a few border tribes revolted but that the rest of Morocco stood firm and loyal to France. That was a triumphant proof of Marshal Lyautey's prestige.

When General Lyautey, at the age of fifty-seven, became the first Resident-General of the Protectorate, the only part of the country which was occupied was a broad hinterland behind Casablanca and a tongue of land stretching eastwards to Fez. The old capital was practically besieged on the day after his arrival. North, south and east he had to conquer before he could govern. He had to deal with an astonishing variety of contrasting races and conditions—with the restless tribes of the plains south of Meknes, the great feudal lords of Marrakech, who remain like a dream of the Middle Ages, with the polished Mussulman society of Fez and Meknes, and the untamed Berber clans of the Middle Atlas and the north.

Similar complex problems have been faced in history with equal courage but rarely with equal imagination. The conqueror was endowed with apparently conflicting

qualities which, in delicate equilibrium, fitted him to be at once soldier and administrator. Tall, slim, he had the soldierly dignity of a ruler, but his long, nervous hands were the hands of an artist. Strong and sensitive, he was firm in his choice of great ends to achieve and supple in the use of means. An almost tyrannously exacting master, he positively insisted, nevertheless, on initiative in his subordinates. A man of action, he was patient with, and came to love, the roundabout Mussulman palaver. In spite of the power and authority which showed in all his policy, he kept his mind so open that persons who talked with him sometimes left with the impression that he was indecisive.

There was something mystical in his nature to which must be attributed his singular affinity with the Mussulman mind. The display of affection with which the Moors of Fez the other day wished him good-bye was quite genuine. It was not only that he was a lettered man interested in the ways of thinking of those he governed. He had the eyes of a dreamer. With M. Poincaré he had the burning patriotism of the Lorrainer, but, like another child of Lorraine, he heard Voices to which M. Poincaré is deaf. For all his fine friendships there was an inner being in him which was solitary. In the frontier camps, after the day's work was done, his officers grew accustomed to seeing his silhouette and lighted cigarette in the darkness as he strolled about meditating on new plans. He worked and thought late after his colleagues were in bed. On one occasion at Rabat, after a long evening's conversation with an intimate friend, he suddenly rose at midnight, ordered horses to be saddled, and rode about the silent countryside for two hours.

Apart from all questions of personal qualities, the sending of Lyautey to Morocco was one of those miraculous strokes of policy which give to a soldier and a statesman the opportunity for which every professional instinct in him, every bit of his experience, has been calling. In 1894, at the age of forty, Lyautey had been sent to Tonkin as assistant chief of the general staff. There was then going on, under the inspiring direction of Gallieni—the

Gallieni who long afterwards sent soldiers out in taxicabs from Paris to help win the battle of the Ourcq—the remarkable campaign of conquest and pacification which ended by suppressing brigandage and establishing order on the Chinese frontier. It was this military utilitarianism, the employment of an army not merely to defeat enemies in the field but to conciliate, to construct politically, which fired Lyautey. "What a pity," he wrote in December, 1894, "that I did not come here ten years sooner. What careers could be founded and pursued! There is not here a single humble lieutenant, commander of a post or of a reconnoitring detachment, who does not develop in six months more initiative, will, endurance, personality, than an officer in France in the whole of his career. And what maturity is gained, what contact with realities, with the practical and fruitful! If I do not dare to hope to start a fresh career here, I can, far from the Cavalerie, from Paris, at least forget." No more enthusiastic record has ever been written of work done in obscure corners of the world, work as fruitful as it was unrecognised, than the letters which Lyautey sent home to his friends describing, almost as in a diary, the small details and great aims of the campaign. At that time, for Lyautey and for those who thought with him, England was, in colonial policy, at once the admirable model and the feared competitor. One of his correspondents wrote back to him in 1896: "If you and I were English, I know what I should wish for you, and for that it would be necessary that Tonkin should be a colony managed in the English fashion. I should wish you to be the thinking and acting soul of it." The writer, little knowing how prophetic his words were, saw Lyautey as one fitted by nature to become "the Man of a young colony, the creator of a new country." Lyautey had had previous colonial experience, African experience. He had been in Algeria from 1880 to 1887 as a young lieutenant, and he was to return in 1903 for a series of campaigns on the Sahara border and in Eastern Morocco. In 1908 he was even sent on a military mission of inquiry to Casablanca. But it was the Tonkin period and the immediately succeeding experience in Madagascar, whither

he followed Gallieni in 1897, which fixed his ideal. He was athirst for colonial action, not merely for its own sake but because he thought that France, "swaying between the Utopianisms of one party and the snobisms of the other," had unconsciously need of "a team of men of action" as a stimulus to national endeavour.

His appointment as Resident-General of Morocco was, therefore, very far from resembling a routine promotion: it was the satisfaction of a supreme ambition. His success must be measured by the extent to which his deliberately chosen aims were achieved, and also by the difficulties encountered. The thirteen years of his rule were years of war as well as of peaceful construction. In public works alone the progress has been remarkable. The construction of 2,000 miles of motor roads, the building of 300 miles of railways of normal gauge and 1,000 miles of military railways, the making of a port for ocean-going ships at Casablanca, the creation of the port of Kenitra: these may serve as examples of what has been done. The population of Casablanca grew from 4,000 in 1907 to 110,000 in 1917. The total value of foreign trade in 1907 was 70,000,000 francs; in 1923 it was more than 1,000,000,000 francs. But these material facts, important as they are, do not give a true measure of the work of the Protectorate Government. Before Morocco could begin to take full advantage of her agricultural and commercial resources the native social and political life had to be re-established. It is this restoration which has been the real work of Marshal Lyautey. He has not thrust French institutions or ideas on the people or mercilessly pulled down the old to make way for the new. Rabat, Meknes, and Marrakech, where the European towns are being built outside the boundaries of the old native cities, are fitting emblems of the "policy of association" which applies to the whole *régime*. The main organs of government are French, but those which deal with the deep-rooted customs of religion and traditional law are staffed by natives, and all that the French officials do is to supervise. Characteristically, the Resident-General has surrounded the Sultan, as representing what Bagehot called the theatrical

element in the Constitution, with a pomp of ceremonial recalling the magnificence of the best days of the Cherifian Empire. The whole Moorish hierarchy not only remains intact, but has been treated with the most solemn respect. The rule that the sanctity of mosques shall not be violated by unbelievers has been rigidly enforced. Marshal Lyautey was once himself invited by a Mussulman dignitary to set foot within one of these holy places of Islam, but refused. "You do this honour to me," he said, "but someone who comes after me to whom you might not wish to offer it might take my action as a precedent."

So completely did the *régime* of the Protectorate rest on the acceptance and confidence of the governed that a visitor to the country might travel for scores of miles without seeing a sign of armed authority. It was, indeed, the first essential of the method of pacification that no tract of unoccupied country should be brought effectively within the Protectorate until everything was prepared to ensure its orderliness. Every military post in the lines which constituted the boundaries of the Protectorate at any given moment was at once a fort, a market, and the home of a political officer who kept himself in touch with the neighbouring tribes. Ethnography was as much considered as geography, and in normal cases an advance of the line enclosed some new political unit assured in advance of conditions in which it could pursue its natural way of life in peace. Where such methods failed force was used. The line itself was a decisive barrier, a protection for the subdued tribes against the unsubdued. The army was, in short, a military force equipped with means for installing a political organisation in the region it proceeded to occupy. It was, in Marshal Lyautey's phrase, *une organisation en marche*.

The home Government, never very enthusiastically interested in colonial affairs, was mainly concerned to hold the purse-strings, and Marshal Lyautey took good care that beyond the military expenditure Morocco should cost very little. When, after five months of the Protectorate, he went to France to explain his method of slow and more or less pacific conquest there were many who doubted and

some who even laughed. His success gave him so independent a position that he was able, far more easily than an ordinary Governor-General, to make his own plans and carry them out. In Morocco he was the master. He recruited his civil service, not from the ordinary reservoir of French officialdom, but rather in the manner of the British Indian Civil Service, for which he had an ungrudging admiration. His young men were chosen from what might be called the governing class, men of a good general education. For the same reason he was not called upon, at any rate until quite recently, to co-ordinate his policy with that of Algeria and Tunisia. In this position of individual responsibility he exacted from his assistants the same self-sacrifice, the same subordination to the great ends of his policy, which he gave himself. He took all the risks of leaving the Grand Kaid of the south in possession of their ancient feudal powers, though they might and did abuse them. They have at any rate ensured tranquillity, if not progress, in that region. He personally directed that strange mixture of war and negotiation which has marked the operations on the edge of the Middle Atlas and on the northern frontier, where the curious code of the Berber tribes is consistent with their being enemies one day and friends the next. On the fringes this picturesque kind of bargaining is not yet quite finished, but over the great expanse of Morocco the main business is done. The Moroccan system is set up firmly.

In spite of the shock of the Rifi invasion the system thus created has held together. As for the events of this year, nobody, assuredly, can regret them as much as the late Resident-General. His method had only the minimum of war in it. When it was known that he was to visit the Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles in 1922 and the Reception Committee was discussing the form of welcome which should be given him, a general of another school said: "If you want to give him something he is not used to, fire cannon." Lyautey disliked both the carnage and the waste of war. The total cost of the military operations in Morocco from 1907 to 1923 was 4,000,000,000 francs, of which 2,500,000,000 francs would in any case

have been paid as garrison expenses wherever the troops had been. It will be interesting to know how far short of the net expenditure of 1,500,000,000 francs the cost of a single season's war in 1925 will turn out to be.

Marshal Lyautey's policy for the northern frontier for many years had been to leave unoccupied a wide margin to the south of the Spanish zone. Even the important town of Wezzan, near the present French front, was not occupied until 1920. Last year, in anticipation of the Rifi menace, the Resident-General ordered the establishment of a line of posts north of the Wergha which would carry the front to a greater distance from the highly sensitive point of Fez. Whether this measure was purely defensive or not, General de Chambrun's report on last year's operations shows that it was known that Abd-el-Krim would resent it. It was calculated, however, that the line of posts would hold an attack if one were made. The suddenness of the attack of last spring and the extent of the revolt among the border tribes which accompanied it disappointed that expectation. For the first time in the history of the pacification of Morocco a post was taken by assault and a column carrying supplies to another post was unable to reach its destination. Such incidents contributed to spread the rebellion, the posts on the Wergha became islands in a sea of revolt, and in face of the impossibility of sustaining them all it was decided to abandon the line.

There is scarcely any doubt that the military staff of the Resident-General, admirable for the purposes of the regular campaigns of pacification, was incapable of dealing with the problems of a war on the scale of that which is now going on. But Morocco had become so used to looking after itself, both in civil and military affairs, that the staff was jealous of interference. The Government finally took the strong action of sending out Marshal Pétain and insisting that he should have undisputed control of the operations. This meant that the Resident-General was deprived in effect of the military functions conferred on him by the decree of 1912, and his resignation followed almost as a matter of course. As for the

question of responsibilities Marshal Lyautey is sheltered from all criticism in respect of the general mismanagement of the question of the Rif. He was not responsible for the colossal stupidity which resulted in the arming of Abd-el-Krim's forces as no Moroccan tribes have ever been armed before. Although he probably received private communications from the Rifi leader he could not negotiate with any respect for the treaties or for Spain. The only possible ground on which he could be criticised is that of the preparation which he made to meet the invasion. There is evidence that he foresaw the main danger and probably to its full extent. He asked for reinforcements for February and got them, but the further reinforcements which he wanted for April were not sent in time owing to the Cabinet crisis in France. In any case, the events on the northern frontier, the result of international complications, did not seriously damage the main edifice of the Protectorate which his genius had so patiently erected.

His passing is the end of an epoch for Morocco. The country will never again have a French governor of his school. The making of the Protectorate was so much his personal work that his position approached that of a *grand seigneur* in his *domaine*. Governors of Algeria changed, but he remained. Governments in France came and went, but left him very much alone, sometimes from the old indifference to colonial enterprise and sometimes from confidence. He gave Morocco an aristocratic look. There was something in the care with which he preserved the ancient beauties of architecture, in the grace with which he brought the French spirit into relation with the Mussulman, which made the Protectorate like a work of art lovingly designed. The France he brought to Morocco was a France independent of the particular *régime* by which it is governed. His patriotism, like that of many other fine spirits, distinguished France, the *patrie*, from the republics and monarchies which succeeded each other in the nineteenth century. In the gesture with which, on the outbreak of the European war, he refused to withdraw all troops and European residents to the coast as the

Government in its alarm ordered him to do, there was something of this imperious patriotism. "I will hold Morocco for France," he telegraphed in reply, and made good his word.

For Marshal Lyautey is substituted M. Steeg. The Person makes way for the representative of the French Parliament. It will be a difficult transition. M. Steeg, who has been Governor-General of Algeria, has been successful in dealing with Mussulman problems and still more successful in the work of economic development. Marshal Lyautey leaves Morocco at a stage at which economic exploitation becomes the great task. There will be changes. Although an amalgamation of the two North African Protectorates with Algeria seems to be out of the question, it is likely that the economic and commercial relations between them will be made more intimate. The flow of French capital, French colonists, and French farming, which will in the end give the country its full development, will be stimulated. It will be the business of the French Government to profit by the political results won by the prestige of Marshal Lyautey, without having a personal prestige of the same kind to put in place of it.

RELIGION BY RADIO IN AMERICA

BY EDWIN W. HULLINGER

THE romance of radio and the story of its effect on the social institutions of our day still belong largely to the future. It is too short a time since this new creation—almost a social institution as well as a mechanical device—became, overnight, such a large factor in America's national life. That it is having an effect, however, and that its invention was an event in the evolution of social movements and public opinion comparable in any ways to the injection of the force of electricity into the world of mechanics, has been demonstrated. Radio is already shown its potency in so many realms of human endeavour. In the New World it is already a recognised factor in national politics, music, and public education. And all this in the short space of three years!

One of the most impelling phases of this story of the shaping of social destiny through this great voice in the air is that of its influence on religion, man's oldest, most deep-seated institution. That radio could have an effect on religion was obvious. Its possibilities as an instrument toward this end were realised very soon by leaders in the Protestant wing of Christianity in America. Yet radio also held a challenge to the church. And on this latter point there were clericals who looked upon the situation with raised with apprehension. In the radio these latter perceived an actual danger to the church, the institution which, through the ages, has been the material expression of the force of religion in society. If the congregations of the future could get a sermon, music, in fact, all the noble parts of the whole religious service, simply by turning a button in their own homes, would they make the physical exertion of going to church? That small oval, shaded on a pulpit like a darkened reading lamp, which brought hundreds of thousands of listeners into the range of the speaker's voice, might also, these people feared,

reduce church ritual to a mere talking into an instrument in a church full of empty pews, and perhaps later still only to talking into a radio disc among the upholsterings of some broadcasting studio! Furthermore, what effect would it not have on the small rural church, if all the facilities of the powerful metropolitan church were thus placed at the easy disposal of the people in the small outlying parish? From the clerical point of view it was a prospect to give pause.

The more progressive elements in New York's Protestant churches prevailed, however, and in 1923 the decision was made to incorporate radio into the programme of action. Radio has been used for more than a year in connection with religious services throughout the country, of course. But it is in New York and vicinity that the outstanding experiment has been conducted. Here two distinct methods have been employed—one, that of broadcasting sermons directly from churches during the regular Sunday morning service; the other, broadcasting only special auxiliary religious services, held specially in a broadcasting studio, or in a Y.M.C.A. in the afternoon, so as not to conflict with the Sunday morning services. This distinction is worth bearing in mind, for it figures in a difference of opinion on the subject of radio even among those who favour the practice of broadcasting. But despite the difference in technique, both methods represent a positive effort to make use of radio as an instrument to further religion.

For nearly two years radio broadcasting has been a regular feature of religious activities in New York. It has become an established part of the radio programme on Sundays. It is possible, then, to do a measure of stock-taking of the consequences.

In his enquiry the writer visited both of the largest stations in New York which handle religious broadcasting, talked with the secretary of the New York Federation of Churches, interviewed ministers who have spoken over the radio or had had their services broadcast, and sounded representatives of the great Catholic wing of Christianity (which, by the way, does not consider itself immediately

affected owing to the fact that its church discipline obliges actual physical attendance at Mass).

Two questions were asked: How has the radio affected interest in religion, and how has it reacted on church attendance?

The response to the first was universally affirmative: that (in the words of most of the persons approached) radio has "sold" religion to the community on a much broader scale. (Several decades ago clergymen were a race apart, a group who spoke an idiom of their own, heard only in the half-light of churches. To-day they speak, without self-consciousness, of "selling" religion! I quote the expression. It did not originate with me.)

The radio has "sold" religion by bringing it to hundreds of thousands who otherwise would not have been reached. Upon this all the clergymen agreed. It has forced religion upon the attention of many who never go to church—both those who could not and those who would not. In the latter case it has been largely a question of the course of least resistance. There was nothing else on the radio programmes at the time. The broadcasting stations have co-operated with the churches to avoid any competitive feature at the time. "Fans" who tuned up on Sunday morning and afternoon had to hear religion, if they got anything!

"The radio has shown itself to be a beneficial factor in religious life," said the Rev. William B. Millar, secretary of the New York Federation of Churches. As the central organisation of Protestant Christian churches in New York, the Federation has had charge of broadcasting religious services from station WEAJ since the feature was introduced a year and a half ago. "There has been a marked increase in interest in religion recently. True, there have been contributory causes, such as the modernist-fundamentalist controversy. But radio undoubtedly had a large share.

"We receive letters by the hundred showing how widespread is the interest in our religious broadcasting.

"The function of radio, as I see it, is to supplement the churches, to touch an element in society which they

cannot reach. It has possibilities within the church, of course; our radio 'normal school' for Sunday school teachers illustrates the point. But its chief value now, I believe, is to bring religion to people who either cannot or will not attend church."

He reached into his desk.

"Here are dozens of letters from people whose religious life has been brightened by the radio. The most appealing is the story of the 'shut ins,' that large body of invalids and aged people who cannot go to church. The radio has brought comfort to the sick bed, the invalid's chair, and the dreary retreat of the infirm. Here is one letter from a man who had been paralysed for five years. He is just recovering the use of his left arm. He encloses five dollars to help defray expenses of our work. We have many letters from invalids. All this, of course, is primarily humanitarian.

"But we have reason to believe that radio is helping to spread religion." He showed me letters telling of people who had been "brought to God" by the radio. I asked if he knew of any conversions by radio.

"Yes, I know of one, a man in Brooklyn. He 'listened-in' one afternoon. We happened to sing his favourite hymn. He was converted on the spot. The psychology of such occurrences is interesting. It is a matter of emotional shock. That song, over the radio, brought back a flood of strong emotional associations, the impact of which aroused him and changed his life. I know of a number of instances where the radio has revived an interest in religion which had slumbered for years.

"The letters commenting on our services brought out another interesting trend in the popular attitude toward religion. They showed a marked swing away from controversial themes and back toward the gospel. People are wearying of debates over theological issues. Our speakers are instructed to avoid these fields."

I enquired what he meant by "the gospel." He replied, "The teachings of Christ."

The question arose of the "satisfactoriness" of radio sermonising from the personal viewpoint of the preacher.

"It affects different men differently," he explained. "I have seen eminent speakers, men accustomed to large metropolitan audiences, grow confused at the sight of the broadcasting disc. I recall one distinguished preacher who had all he could do to complete his sermon, even though he read it. He said the nervous strain was worse than a year of ordinary sermons. Some become panicky when they see the oval, and know they must keep going in front of it. All, however, complain of the absence of the stimulating effects of a visible audience. There is nothing to inspire you in a radio studio.

"It obliges a speaker to be pithy, however. Our first instruction to our sermonisers is to be pointed."

For this reason, E. H. Felix, of station WEAf, believes that the radio spells the death-knell of long-winded sermons, that—to revert to the ecclesiastical phrase!—it will improve religion as a "sales product."

"Judging from results thus far," he said, "the radio will oblige preachers to speed up their sermons. Unless a speaker can get right into his subject, and keep it interesting, he cannot expect to hold a radio audience. The tenure over these invisible hearers is so fragile compared with that held on listeners in a church, where the disgruntled hearer has to face the moral disapproval of an entire congregation and possibly his own conscience if he leaves before the end. At the radio set he has only to turn a button and he is free. Once gone, he seldom returns. Long sermons are taboo over the radio. As preachers realise this—if broadcasting from pulpits becomes universal—they will improve the quality of their effort. It has speeded up the sermons in our studio during the last year."

A radio studio "church service" in itself is an interesting sight to the uninitiated. Every Sunday afternoon the choir of the Federation of Churches comes to the broadcasting rooms of station WEAf. The outer compartment might be the reception room of a club—oil paintings on the wall, several bronze statuettes, upholstered chairs and sofas, a writing-table, all in the glow of subdued indirect light-bowls against the ceiling. The only hint of

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the purpose of the room is a large perforated area at one corner, from which may issue voices or music. This is connected with the broadcasting studios. The studios themselves adjoin—cosy, quiet, like a small music-room in a well-equipped private home. You have a peculiar mixture of sensations as you enter. You have a feeling of the intimacy of it all, yet you cannot escape that consciousness of man's mastery over the elements which it involves. You feel what a superman he is to command this audience of from half a million to two million people.

The first hour is devoted to familiar hymns. Then the preacher begins. He may stand facing a disc on a pedestal level with his mouth, or he may sit at the library table and talk into an apparatus which, at first glance, might be mistaken for a small library reading lamp.

Broadcasting from a church has much less of the unusual. I inspected the pulpit at the West End Presbyterian Church, one of the two largest churches which broadcast regular Sunday morning services through station WJZ. A small pedestal, with the disc, is placed immediately in front of the pulpit. A casual visitor would scarcely notice it.

Station WJZ broadcasts Sunday morning services regularly from three large New York churches—St. Thomas's (Episcopal) on Fifth Avenue, the West End Presbyterian (105th and Amsterdam Avenues), and the Grace Methodist Episcopal.

"Religious broadcasting has become an established feature of our station," S. H. Hawkins, of WJZ, said. "We do not intend to give it up."

What, however, has been the effect of all this on attendance in the churches? The facts for the past year indicate that:

In New York radio broadcasting has had no appreciable reaction on church attendance. So far as the churches in this city are concerned—both those which broadcast their services and those which do not—the fears of those who anticipated a gradual emptying of pews have not materialised.

Reports from the staffs of the two large metropolitan

churches in which station WJZ has placed a radio dial, as well as scattering reports from the others, fail to reveal either a marked diminution or increase in attendance. If a few of the more indolent parishioners remained at home in their armchairs on Sunday mornings their places were taken by others who became interested in the preacher through the radio. In New York City the radio has worked both ways, and the pull in each direction has been about equal.

In the churches in the outlying districts, however, there are traces of a decided reaction. Here there is evidence to indicate that there has been a tendency towards a dwindling of congregations. In absence of any other outstanding cause during the past twelve months, this has been laid, by some, to the radio.

Rev. Wilbur Caswell, associate to the rector of St. Thomas's, said he had heard of protests from rural clergymen that radio was stealing some of their hearers; that their congregation were more inclined to remain at home and listen to one of the leading pulpit orators in New York than make the physical exertion of going to church in their own district, where at best they could hear a service of inferior quality compared with that of the big metropolitan cathedral.

One country church met this dilemma in a unique manner, according to Rev. Caswell. A little chapel in Maryland actually set up a radio horn in its pulpit one Sunday morning, got in tune with the Cathedral (Episcopal) in Washington, and the congregation sat in silence while the services of the great church came to them through the instrument. When the preacher in Washington announced a hymn the congregation got out its hymn books and sang too.

The incident suggests the question, is this a forecast of the rural church of to-morrow? Will the devotional feature of religious activities be thus centralised in a large metropolitan centre, with the country parishes becoming reduced to provinces of "ministration," presided over by pastors whose sole duty will be that of making pastoral calls and officiating at marriages?

It also raises the possibility of an immense concentration of control in the hands of the great ecclesiastical leaders over currents of thought in the church body. As one religious writer humorously remarked, "If this scheme is adopted then the bishops need no longer lie awake at nights over the possible heresies of 'individualistic' pastors in remote precincts. They can simply hook up the radio attachment and step into their pulpits on Sundays, serene in the knowledge that all their domain will be receiving the 'truth' in the most approved high-church form!"

To what exact extent radio has already reacted upon the country churches it is impossible, of course, to measure at this early stage. But it is possible to say that if the present drift continues the smaller chapels are likely to be confronted with a situation which will cause them embarrassment. Either they must devise some method of effectively competing with the metropolitan institutions or they may have to yield to them in this one department of religious activities.

On the question of the ultimate effect of radio on church attendance in the cities Rev. Caswell was reluctant to venture judgment. At St. Thomas's, he reported, it had worked both ways.

"Cases have come to our attention where people have been drawn to the church by the radio. Visitors have told us they heard Dr. Spires in their sets, liked him so much that they wished to see what he looked like in the flesh.

"I do not believe the radio can ever displace church services, for those who love the church. The majority in our parish are loyal, and could not be satisfied by radio alone."

I objected that while that undoubtedly would apply to the older members of the congregation, would it apply with equal force to the younger? Was it not true that the practice of going to church from sense of loyalty was growing out of date?

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I would compare the radio to the automobile," he concluded. "The automobile, by making transport easier,

has brought many to church. It has also offered an incentive to a great many others to stay away!"

As a sect the Jews have not taken up broadcasting on any regular basis. Individual rabbis have, however, spoken on religious subjects several times from the studios of station WJZ.

The Easter service was broadcast from St. Patrick's Cathedral. Station WJZ always picks up the Christmas chime service. One priest ventured the opinion that the Catholic Church might be able to use the radio to broadcast services of an educational nature, services primarily designed for non-Catholics. But he did not see how the radio could be of value to the church in its regular Mass.

"The Catholic Church requires of its parishioners actual physical attendance at Mass every Sunday, and at Masses on five or six feast days during the year," he explained. "Attendance over the radio would not answer."

He was careful to add that the Catholic Church does not oppose the radio, which it regards as a wonderful scientific achievement.

TURKEY IN REVOLUTION

BY MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

NOT since Japan threw off the shackles of her Oriental feudalism and set out resolutely upon the path which has made her one of the Great Powers has there been any parallel to that revolution in Turkey which began with the "Kemalist movement" against the Sublime Porte and which, so far from having spent itself, is perhaps manifesting itself to-day with even greater vigour than ever. The Young Turks had, of course, done valuable pioneer work and the powerful Committee of Union and Progress would, no doubt, have brought about a great evolution in the customs and traditions of the country if their work had not been arrested by the series of wars in which Turkey found herself so quickly involved. But one cannot help feeling that if to-day Turkey is still in revolution, a Turkey in the hands of the C.U.P. would have been undergoing a stage of evolution and that the sharp distinction implied in these two words is overwhelmingly due to the effective leadership of the State having passed into the hands of the President, Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

Writing not long ago about the personality of the President, an ardent admirer and deputy described the Ghazi as being "the living incarnation of the Turkish nation. He is the conscious and thoughtful interpreter of the profound forces of the people, of its aspirations, of its most intimate desires. This it is which explains that a nation of fourteen millions advances with him like one man. In war as in peace he marches at the head of the nation, which follows him step by step in the path of the national objectives with an ensemble, a harmony, an order that surprise the universe. Taking his inspiration from the masses that he draws after him, he expresses one by one so well the wishes of the people that this same people applauds him as though it were applauding its own words, and thus he advances in the midst of the applause and emotions of the masses

towards the realisation of these wishes and dreams. Thus it is that in time of war as also in time of peace those events have proved possible of accomplishment which ordinary minds and intelligences swayed by routine considered as follies, events which the reason and logic of the vulgar mind are incapable of grasping and penetrating." It is not, perhaps, possible for an outsider to subscribe to every word of this panegyric and to all the subsequent statements in this same article, but the general tenor can hardly be controverted, and it is scarcely possible to overestimate the great debt which Turkey owes to her President for all that he has done for her both on the field of battle and since the conclusion of peace.

It is curious to find how quickly one becomes accustomed to changes even the most radical. How many Londoners, one wonders, could describe accurately the Strand of twenty-five years ago, when the old Gaiety Theatre was still standing, or could recall that maze of streets which were cleared away to make room for Aldwych and Kingsway? It is only just two years now since the Allied occupation of Constantinople came officially to an end, and yet when there is an outbreak of fire nobody to-day expects unconsciously to see the old type of Turkish firemen race barefoot through the streets with their decorative but utterly ineffective hand-pump borne aloft upon their shoulders. We are forgetting the dusty curtains which used to shut off the front seats reserved for women from the other seats in the tramcars, just as surely as we shall soon forget that special accommodation was kept for women in the stern of the ferry-boats; that the decks of these vessels were patrolled by the now threatened vendors of water, cakes, nuts, and sweetmeats; that the privacy of Turkish houses was ensured by those "cafess" or shutters, which have recently been condemned on the score that they shut out the sunlight and so injure the health of the young children within.

If we would understand how all these and other reforms have come to be accepted so docilely and what consequences they are likely to have in the future, one must go back to the successful deposition of the Sultan Vahideddin

and to the expulsion of the Caliph Abdul Medjid. No more momentous or pregnant acts could well be imagined. For hundreds and hundreds of years the old Ottoman Empire had been a theocracy. The Sultan-Caliphs had been the "shadows" of God on earth, and with the aid of the Sheikh-ul-Islam they had exerted an autocratic sway both over the consciences and over the bodies of their Moslem subjects. The abolition of the Sultanate was an easier task than that of the Caliphate and was accordingly taken first in hand. It was about the middle of November, 1922, when news filtered through to Constantinople that, on the proposal of Mustapha Kemal Pasha himself, the Grand National Assembly had decided to put the Padishah and the members of his Cabinet on trial. The Sultan took the hint and disappeared two days afterwards on board H.M.S. *Malaya*.

The abolition of the Caliphate was deferred for another fifteen months and was, as events have proved, a more ticklish operation. If it had been comparatively simple for the Nationalists, fresh from their victories over the Greeks, to eject a Sultan who was ready to sign the Treaty of Sèvres, it was another matter to turn out of the country a man who had been elected to the Caliphate by the Grand National Assembly on the score that he was the most "cultured, upright, and noble" member of the Othman family, more especially as Article IV of the famous National Pact, which contained the fighting programme of the "Kemalists," declared that "the security of Constantinople, capital of the Empire and seat of the Caliphate and of the Ottoman Government, as also the security of the sea of Marmora, must be protected from all attacks." But as the American humorist has said:

A merciful Providence fashioned us hollow
O' purpose that we might our principles swallow.

Although, then, Islam was formally declared to be the religion of the newly founded Turkish Republic, it was found inconvenient to maintain the Caliphate in the midst of a Republic which was already beginning to give tokens of its future laic developments—a Caliphate which would

involve the Republic in constant difficulties as the champion of Islam and the holder of which, Abdul Medjid, had as a matter of fact justified all the official eulogies pronounced upon him at the moment of his election and had acquired what was thought at Angora to be a dangerous popularity in Constantinople. A vigorous Press campaign of vituperation against all members of the Imperial family skilfully prepared the way for the expulsion of the Caliph and his relatives, and when that unhappy gentleman was at last bundled unceremoniously across the frontier in circumstances that put more indignity upon his persecutors than upon himself it was, for the moment, left to foreigners rather than to the Turks themselves to express openly their disgust at such wanton proceedings. But this did not necessarily mean that the expulsion of the Caliph was universally popular. That it would not be so outside Turkey had already been proved by the famous letter of remonstrance addressed to Ismet Pasha by the Aga Khan at the end of 1923, and indeed the Angora campaign against the Imperial Family had provoked many sharp retorts from the Constantinople Press. But the trial before a "Tribunal of Independence" of those editors who had ventured to publish the copies of the Aga Khan's letter when received through the post had warned the Turkish Press that expressions of regret for the banished Caliph were likely to bring tribulation. For the time being, therefore, there was no overt criticism in Turkey itself. But the discontent among a certain section of the people was none the less real for being latent. When a year or so later the standard of revolt was raised by Sheikh Said and the Kurdish tribes the religious policy of Angora was one of the most potent, if not the principal motive of the uprising. The conduct, too, of some of the Government forces at the outset showed the authorities that the menace to their power from this cause was not negligible, and subsequently troops levied and brigaded in Western Anatolia were drilled in propaganda specially prepared to overcome their religious scruples before they were launched against the rebels.

If, however, there is small reason for Turkey to be

proud of the way in which she banished the last of her Caliphs, and whatever may be the division of opinion upon the effects which such a step has already had upon the position of Turkey in the world of Islam and upon the whole foreign policy of the country, there is little doubt that the essential ideas of Angora are destined to exert a beneficial effect upon the internal condition of the country. It may be that the expulsion of the Caliph was a condition precedent to the launch of a progressive social policy. So long as human flesh is weak there will always be a demand for a "sign." It is no great tribute to the moral fibre of some among us that we need the artifices of "summer-time" before we can get out of bed at 6 a.m. instead of 7 a.m. though we are fully conscious that we have cheerfully bamboozled ourselves into the belief that we are rising as usual at 7. So, too, it is quite possible that so long as a Caliph, even the veriest puppet, were to remain in Turkey no great changes would have been feasible. The physical fact of his expulsion was needed to convince the masses that the Government really meant business and was striking out a new course, just as again now it has needed the concrete example of the Ghazi discarding the fez and kalpak in order further to emphasise the policy which is destined to make Turkey a thoroughly progressive and up-to-date modern State.

Anyway the expulsion of the Caliph coincided with the Presidential address in which Mustapha Kemal Pasha opened the fifth year of the existence of the Grand National Assembly, and in which notably he foreshadowed the abolition of the religious schools (*medressés*) and the bringing of all public education under the direct supervision of the Ministry of Education, and, further, the abolition of the difference between civil and religious jurisdiction, the placing of all Courts under the Minister of Justice, and the devotion of more attention in legislation to the needs and conditions of the nation. The wisdom and practicability of both these reforms is not open to doubt. The following, for example, are two examples of the quaint but cumbrous procedure which continued until recently to obtain in the religious tribunals under

the Sheriat (Moslem Canon Law). A high official of the Government dies. His heirs are in the process of dividing up his property when an individual intervenes and declares that the dead man was his slave, and that therefore his goods rightfully belong to the claimant as his master. Whereupon the claim is solemnly argued out before the Court, and the heirs finally win their case by bringing witnesses to prove that, even if the dead man had once been a slave, he had subsequently gained his freedom. The second illustration is that of the procedure required to establish the beginning of the month of Ramazan. The plaintiff Ahmed presents himself before the judge and declares that Mehmed owes him one piastre which was due for repayment on the first day of Ramazan, but which has not yet been repaid. Mehmed admits the debt, but says in his defence that the appointed day has not yet arrived. Whereupon the plaintiff produces two witnesses who swear to having seen the new moon. The judge then orders Mehmed to discharge his debt, and thus indirectly is established the opening of the great Mohammedan festival. As for the *medressés*, they had long been notorious for the inadequacy of the instruction given in them, and there is hardly a single Department of State in which Turkey lagged further behind other countries than that of public instruction. Fortunately for Turkey she has now as Minister a man who is both intelligent and well educated, and, further, is endowed with much energy and strength of personality. Not only is Hamdoullah Soubhi Bey determined to make effective that compulsory attendance at elementary schools which has been so spasmodically enforced in the past, but he has also a well-defined policy for the extension of the number of normal schools and for bringing the methods of existing teachers up to date by means of special courses of three months' duration.

How profoundly the Ghazi is penetrated with the idea that "clericalism is the enemy" may again be seen in the remarkable speeches which he delivered at the end of August during his visit to Kastamuni and the neighbourhood. It was at Ineboli that Mustapha Kemal Pasha openly ridiculed the historical falsehood that the fez had

any religious significance, and advocated to his countrymen the adoption of Western dress as a symptom that Turkey had made up her mind to take her place among the civilised nations of the world. "It is my wish," he said, "it is my duty, to speak very clearly in order that the country, nay, the whole world, may understand my thoughts without difficulty. . . . Is our costume that of civilised people? A costume which, if you will allow me the expression, is without symmetry cannot be either national or international. It follows, therefore, that we are a people lacking in any logical costume. Do you consent to so be called? What a strange idea is this of wishing to show before the eyes of the world a precious jewel only after it has been smeared with mud. In order to show off the jewel it will first be necessary to remove the mud which covers it. . . . There is no need for us to revive the Touranian costume. Our people is perfectly worthy of wearing the costume of civilised peoples. Let us put on this costume. Let us wear boots or shoes, let us have trousers, waistcoat, shirt, collar, tie, jacket, and, finally, let us naturally complete this outfit with a headdress with a peak. But here I wish to speak more clearly. This headdress to cover the head is called a hat, just as a frock coat is called a frock coat, a jacket is called a jacket. . . . A large number still hesitate over this question. They are naive and ignorant folk. I reply to them by asking why they wear the fez, which comes from the Greeks, and not a hat. And I invite them to answer when, how, and why they have adopted the cassock, which was the Byzantine costume and which is still worn by the Jewish rabbis."

The Ghazi then turned his attention to the women and asked why it was that women, both in the towns and country, hid their faces. "Women are our comrades, they are creatures like ourselves, with the same thoughts and actions. Let them also show their faces before the world, let them contemplate the universe with their eyes. What is there to fear in this freedom? . . . Ladies and gentlemen, it is vain to try to resist the torrent of civilisation. The peoples who try are condemned to disappear, or at least to be dishonoured and enslaved. On the other

hand, the Turkish Republic is firmly decided to live in the world as a perfect entity, and as for the chains of slavery she has broken them with heroic acts without parallel in history."

Speaking two days later at Kastamuni the President further developed his policy, and emphasised the need for Turkey to adopt modern methods. "We wish," he said, "by the revolution which we have effected and by continuing its working to convert the Turkish nation into a social group wholly adapted to modern ideas. That is the sense of our revolution. Those minds which are refractory thereto must disappear. It is precisely they who have hitherto paralysed the brain of the nation. So long as myths and foolish beliefs dwell in the mind the light of truth will fail to make itself seen through the brain of man." The Ghazi then went on to foreshadow the abolition of the *tekkes*, or convents of the Dervishes, and of the various Dervish orders. "What," he asked, "do all these religious orders promise to those who listen to them? Happiness in the practice of religion! To-day, when science shines so brightly in the midst of civilisation, I cannot admit in a nation civilised like Turkey the presence of these narrow-minded persons who expect to obtain material and moral happiness by taking such or such a sheikh for their guide. Comrades, learn that Turkey cannot and never will be the country of the adepts of the Sheikhs, Dervishes and others. The straightest road, and that which must lead to the truth, is that of civilisation. In order to be a man it is necessary to bow to the exigencies of civilisation. The chiefs of the religious orders will no doubt understand this truth in all its clarity, and will undertake to close themselves their *tekkes*, realising that their disciples are sufficiently educated to find their own way."

Although the heads of the religious orders would scarcely have ventured to disregard this hint, no such opportunity was given to them. Hardly had he returned to Angora than the President called a Cabinet meeting which decreed the closing of all *tekkes* and *turbehs* (mausoleums), abolished the titles and special costumes

of the Sheikhs, Dervishes and their adepts, and strictly defined those persons who should have the right to be regarded as *ulemas* and to wear the duly prescribed dress. There has been a certain inclination to exaggerate the material effect of this decree on the grounds that the *tekkes* were asylums of vice and sloth, and that at a time when the country is in need of all the labour it can muster in order to further the development of the nation there should have been so many people living in idleness on public charity. As a matter of fact, the vast majority of the *tekkes* have long fallen into a ruinous condition, and it is quite beside the mark to suppose that their abolition will bring in such a rich harvest as was reaped in England by the closing of the monasteries. At the same time, there is no reason to regret the closing of the *tekkes*, which, as was abundantly proven during the trials of Sheikh Said and his fellow rebels, had degenerated into hotbeds of ridiculous superstition and of political intrigue. Originally the protectors of the masses and of the small artisans against the tyranny of the Caliphs and of the *ulemas*, the *tekkes* had, with the growth of power, fallen away from their prototypes, and had become no less the instruments of oppression in the hands of degenerate sheikhs until, with the further lapse of time, they, with only a comparatively few exceptions, fell into more and more neglect and dilapidation. It is only to be hoped that a fair number of them will prove capable of being converted, as is the intention of the Government, into public elementary schools.

It is tolerably clear from what has been said above that the excretions upon the Moslem religion have been the principal obstacles to reform in the eyes of the present rulers of Turkey, and further projected innovations, such as the making of a civil ceremony the really operative part of marriage, and any subsequent ceremony in a church optional, that we have not yet seen the last of the measures destined to make this once theocratic State the most completely laicised republic that it is possible to imagine. But with these reforms there have been other important improvements, such, for example, as the abolition of the

tithe tax. The levying of this tax constituted one of the most burdensome of all the heritages from the old Empire. The tax was levied in circumstances which made it profitable only to the people who had bought the privilege of farming it, and lent itself to every sort of corruption and unfair and vindictive application. It lay within the power of a tax farmer who wished to gratify a spiteful whim to ruin completely the object of his resentment, and the suppression of this tax was certainly indispensable to the promotion of what is and will for some time yet be the principal industry of Turkey.

But after all the really important thing to find out is whether all these and other reforms—for the list given does not by any means pretend to be exhaustive—are having any appreciable effect upon the mentality of the people as a whole, or whether they are destined to fail before the traditional spirit of passive fatalism and Oriental sluggishness. It is all very well, in other words, for Mustapha Kemal Pasha to force his compatriots to abandon the fez and to wear Homburg hats, but will the Turkish Teufelsdröckh succeed in drilling the essential truths of his philosophy of clothes into his fellow countrymen, and in changing not only the Turkish headdress but also the ideas in the Turkish heads themselves? It would be perilous indeed to attempt as yet to give a definite answer to this question. The Kurdish revolt and the many ramifications which have since been discovered have shown clearly enough that the forces of reaction were both widespread and sufficiently formidable, and it is not to be supposed that these forces have been absolutely conjured away by the failure of that revolt, and that the silence of all criticism now means that everybody has revised his opinion and has come to believe that the ideas and methods of the Government are perfect.

On the other hand, as has been well remarked by a Turkish writer, the Ghazi is not only a soldier and a politician, but also a social revolutionary, a tribune of the people. Until he appeared upon the scene those who held the leading places in the administration of the country used to follow a quite other method than his, and acted

in obedience to a very different mentality. They used to shut themselves up in their offices, bury themselves in the ruts dug by the old State institutions, draw their ideas from old books or dusty files, and try in this way to govern the country. But Mustapha Kemal Pasha broke away from the old traditions. He left Constantinople with nothing but his clothes upon his back and his baton in his hand, and drew the strength for his movement from among the people. "Woe," he once exclaimed, "to those savants who remain fixed, attached to certain old books and outworn traditions; they wish to exercise their influence upon the ideas of the nation without thinking that it is necessary to study the life and the soul of the people. The savants of this category, without distinguishing the path upon which the people has entered in the light of its own simple good sense, try to divert it into another path, and are covered with confusion when they realise that the people is separating from them." And again he declared that "if these unhappy egoists, instead of acting as they do, had addressed themselves to the good sense of the mass of the people, if they had sought their inspiration in popular circles, they would not have fallen into the errors which place them in the most ridiculous and shameful of positions. But it is true that it is not given to false savants to understand that popular good sense is above all science and all logic."

This insistence upon the wishes and thoughts and good sense of the people is something which was rarely, if ever, heard in the days of the Ottoman Empire. Nor is it necessarily inconsistent with the view that the Ghazi Pasha is virtually dictator of his country. It was J. J. Rousseau, was it not, who declared that the people must be forced to be free. There is something of the same idea under the conduct of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. He must realise that, whatever the form of Constitution under which Turkey is nominally living, he is himself the mainspring of all the machinery, and that if anything were to happen to him there would be at least a strong danger of the country relapsing back again into much of its old habits. He is therefore impelled to act with rapidity while he still has

the opportunity, and while the country is still enjoying the benefits of peace and of that immunity which is procured by the preoccupations of Europe. It must be many years before the whole Turkish people can properly grasp the significance of what is being done by the handful of intellectuals who are the intimate collaborators of the Ghazi. But the future is not without good augury. Even the unquestioned devotion of the army would not have sufficed for the President to carry through some of his daring innovations if large sections of the people had not been prepared to accept on trust those revolutionary measures which must sometimes leave them gasping with bewilderment.

THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE

BY SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE, BART.

DISEASE and death are often mentioned in one breath. Both seem linked together and both are considered unavoidable by the great majority of men. The old Bible contains priceless stores of medical wisdom. It contains not only the medical wisdom of the ancient Jews, but the wisdom of their forerunners, the Egyptians, Babylonians, Persians, and Assyrians as well. The Bible tells us in many places of the inevitableness of death, but it does not couple death with disease as we habitually do. There is a very good reason for this. In primitive races disease, as we know it, is comparatively little prevalent. Primitive men and women live for decades free, or almost free, from disease, and they are either suddenly carried away by battle and murder, by accident, exposure, starvation, and by virulent contagious diseases, or they die from old age. Death from old age is painless and sweet, but it is exceedingly rare among civilised men. If civilised men lived in the way in which they ought to live they would lead long, happy and useful lives. Their physical and mental faculties would remain practically unimpaired to the end, and they would pass away peacefully, often in their sleep. Such deaths are very exceptional among the more advanced nations.

We pride ourselves, not without cause, upon the wonderful advances made by medicine and surgery. During the last hundred years the sciences of healing have probably made more progress than they have made during the preceding two thousand years. We pride ourselves upon the great reduction in the death-rate and upon the virtual elimination of various contagious diseases which used to devastate and desolate civilised lands. By communal regulation we have improved the water supply, the drainage of towns, etc. However, there is another side to the shield. Individual hygiene leaves very much to be

desired, and while certain diseases, such as tuberculosis are swiftly being eliminated, others, such as cancer, the various diseases of the digestive tract, arterio-sclerosis heart disease, insanity and others, are increasing in a very alarming manner.

The old word "disease" is a very wise word. It is a word full of meaning. A great many illnesses are preceded by years of impaired health, by years during which people do not feel at their ease and complain about slight ailments, such as headaches, indigestion, and other disturbances which are considered of little account. Unfortunately, years of impaired health lead very, very often to the most serious illnesses followed by protracted sufferings and death. We boast of this age as being the health age. Yet there was never a time when disease, in the true meaning of the word, was more prevalent than it is now. Of ten people one meets nine complain of more or less impaired health. At no time in the world's history was the taking of medicaments as much in evidence as it is to-day. To millions of people medicaments have become as necessary as their daily bread.

Civilisation has got rid of many diseases by improved sanitation, greater cleanliness, better housing, etc. On the other hand, civilisation has given us certain diseases which may be called diseases of civilisation. Cancer is almost unknown among primitive races leading primitive lives. It is exceedingly rare among the South African negroes, but it is very frequent among the North American negroes who have adopted the food and the methods of living of white men. Cancer is exceedingly rare among certain mountain races of Northern India. A friend of mine, Colonel Hallilay, of the Indian Medical Service, has spent about twenty years among the Indian hillmen. They readily come forward to be operated upon. Colonel Hallilay has performed thousands of operations upon the hillmen, among them seven hundred for stone of the bladder, but he has done practically no operations on them for internal cancer. His numerous cancer operations were performed on Anglo-Indians and on Europeanised natives. Among primitive races leading primitive lives indi-

gestion and constipation are almost unknown, and so are appendicitis, colitis, gastric and duodenal ulcer, gall-stones, etc. The primitive peoples are not slaves to pills and potions as we are. The freedom of native races from these diseases has been questioned. We have been told that the diseases mentioned are universal, and that they attack equally the rich and the poor, the civilised and the uncivilised. We do not require exact statistics for the natives of the wilds to decide whether the one school or the other is right. Common sense will settle the point at issue. If we see primitive races leading primitive lives we find that the black, brown, and yellow peoples have as a rule good hair, perfect eyesight, strong, straight bones, well-developed jaws full of perfect teeth, roomy noses and throats, and a perfect digestion and excretion. On the other hand, the civilised have generally poor hair, poor eyesight, weak bones and jaws, and their teeth, throats, and digestive apparatus are a disgrace. If the civilised and the uncivilised show such startling differences from the physical point of view, it is only fair and reasonable to conclude that they must differ as greatly with regard to the incidence of disease.

The civilised races are unfortunately apt to become the victims of their own civilisation. That is the lesson of all history. The great civilisations of Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and many other countries were destroyed by barbarians. Ingenious writers have traced their downfall to lack of patriotism, the disappearance of the fighting spirit, and to various other causes. Very likely their disappearance was due to wrong feeding. In ancient Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome people learned to live on over-refined food and they had to pay the penalty.

The over-refined food of civilisation appeals to the eye and to the palate, but it is disastrous to racial health and strength. That can easily be proved. We give to our puppies, kittens, and other young animals hard bones, hard biscuits, and other hard food because it is good for their teeth. On the other hand, we feed our babies, not on natural food, but on pseudo-scientific food and, particularly, on slops. Among civilised nations breast-feeding

is falling largely into disuse. Breast-feeding requires energetic sucking on the part of the baby. The breast-fed baby not only gets the food which Nature has provided, but it is forced to use the jaws with considerable energy. Exercise gives strength while disuse weakens. The breast-fed baby has stronger jaws and a better developed nose, throat, etc., than the bottle-fed, for no energy is required in taking milk from the bottle.

When the baby is weaned it is fed, unfortunately, largely on pap. The jaws and the structures connected with the jaws become under-developed. In pap-fed England the receding lower jaw, which is hardly ever seen among natives, has become almost universal. The under-developed jaw does not give sufficient space to the teeth. The teeth are cramped and, therefore, stunted; and as upper and lower jaw do not meet, they do not function properly. Wrong feeding, insufficient exercise of the jaws and soft, sticky food which attacks their enamel combined, make dental decay and pyorrhœa almost universal, and these troubles lead to a long number of serious diseases which follow the incessant swallowing of poisonous matter.

Civilised men live on civilised soft food from the cradle to the grave. Owing to their intimate connection, not only the jaws of the over-civilised are under-developed, but the nose and throat suffer as well. The narrow, aristocratic nose leads to mouth-breathing. The impurities and germs of the air go straight to the lungs, while its passage through the nose would warm the air and would stop the impurities and disease germs by the wonderful mechanism of the nose which Nature has devised. The causes mentioned affect the throat as well. Weak throats are becoming universal, and so are catarrh, tonsillitis, adenoids, etc., which are practically unknown among primitive races.

Indigestion and constipation are the two great diseases of civilisation. That may be seen from the enormous sale of patent medicines for which there is no demand among the primitively living. Tempted by business men and misled by the chemists of the past, we are shunning natural food and live almost entirely on over-refined, over-manipulated and pseudo-scientific food which is recommended to

us by countless posters and advertisements "for the good of our health." It may be argued that there is no natural food for man, that all our food is more or less artificial. In my opinion the natural food for man is that food which has proved its suitability and excellence by the experience of countless ages. For countless ages men have lived on the fruits of the earth, which were consumed largely raw, for fuel and cooking apparatus were rare and expensive. The cheapening of coal, gas, and ironware has made cooking universal, and the fear of the microbe has led to the abandonment of raw food in innumerable cases.

Preserved food, chemically treated food, tinned food, and over-cooked sloppy food has taken the place of our time-hallowed diet. With the assistance of modern machinery we extract the outer skin and the germ from the wheat, leaving the dead white flour, and we have the outer skin polished off our rice, barley, etc. Providence has put the most valuable constituents of our food into the very portions which we give to animals or throw away. The outer skin of the various kinds of grain contains the precious vitamins, those mysterious substances which are essential to health, and they contain in addition the wonderful mineral elements which help in building up our teeth, bones, etc. We over-boil our vegetables and the most precious constituents are thrown away with the water, and we destroy the vitamins contained in the green vegetables by adding soda during the cooking.

The husks of the wheat, the bran, we give to animals, which flourish on it. A mania for white flour and for white bread has arisen. In order to please the short-sighted, millers bleach flour to startling whiteness with chemicals which cannot possibly be of advantage to our bodies. Formerly people lived on brown bread and brown sugar. Both are exceedingly wholesome. In many parts of the country both wholemeal bread and brown sugar are unobtainable. Refined white sugar is deprived of its essential mineral elements. The wholesomeness of brown sugar may be seen by the fact that black treacle, the residue of the refineries, is a most excellent medicine which is given by wise mothers to their children.

Meat-eating animals, when they have killed their prey, first drink the blood and then open the carcass and consume the liver, which is particularly rich in vitamins. The liver contains a reserve store of these mysterious and potent elements. Hence the livers of cod and of other fishes furnish us an oil which is of priceless value in certain deficiency diseases, in diseases which are due to vitamin starvation. The blood and livers of slaughtered animals are largely used for manure.

As mentioned before, civilised men live on ultra-soft food, on food of the consistency of pap, from the cradle to the grave. Crusts of bread are either soaked to pap-consistency or thrown away. Pursuit of concentrated, wholly soluble and entirely digestible food has led to the universal discarding of roughage in every form. Now, roughage is one of the most important portions of our food. Absence of roughage is a very serious cause of disease. Vegetarian animals get plenty of roughage in the food they normally eat, and if it is not sufficient they eat the bark of trees, twigs, and even thick branches in addition. The animals of the cat tribe get their roughage in the shape of skin, fur, bones, etc. A daintily fed cat will catch a mouse or a bird and eat practically the whole of it.

We have a bowel which is about twenty-seven feet long and the lower portion of it, the colon, is of very considerable dimensions. The holding capacity of the intestinal tract indicates that we were intended to live not on concentrated, wholly soluble "scientific" food, but on bulky food of comparatively low nutritive value, on food which contains plenty of roughage. We foolishly measure our food intake by calories, disregarding the all-important factors, such as vitamins, mineral constituents, and roughage. Absence of roughage leads to the clogging of the system, to constipation, and to innumerable diseases springing from it. Men living on concentrated foods may have an evacuation every day, but, owing to the length and the holding capacity of the intestinal tract, they may carry with them the putrefying remnants of food for days and even for weeks.

The various eliminations of the body are more or less

poisonous. Many of these are dispatched by way of the bowel. A large portion of the bowel contents consists of dead cells and other poisonous matter which the body wishes to get rid of. The bowels of primitive men which are filled with large quantities of food residue empty themselves readily, as a rule, after every meal. That is, indeed, a provision of Nature. The intake of a meal automatically leads to a movement of the bowel contents for the purpose of making room for that meal. That may be seen by the habits of every infant as long as it wears napkins.

We not only eat food which causes constipation, but actually train our children and ourselves to constipation by suppressing the calls of Nature and instituting the custom of retiring only after breakfast. Babies, when they abandon their napkin, and small children at school are actually punished when they wish to obey the call of Nature, apart from the orthodox one call after breakfast.

Bowel and stomach stand in closest contact, and both co-operate. An over-filled bowel causes *malaise* in the stomach, lack of appetite, etc. Most of the troubles which are attributed to indigestion, and which are treated only too often with stomachic patent medicines, are due in reality to an overloaded bowel. The bowel dominates the stomach and a great many other things besides. Constipation is established, as a rule, by over-refined food and the suppression of natural desires. Instead of overcoming it, in accordance with the demands of Nature, by changing over from an over-refined to a more natural diet, men combat it as a rule with pills and salts, which are apt to make things worse instead of better.

Civilised nations suffer not only from a great many diseases which are caused directly by the mistaken and injudicious feeding and faulty methods of living described which are general in civilised countries, but they suffer also from innumerable nervous complaints which are usually ascribed to the "stress of civilisation." Nerve troubles, which are becoming ominously prevalent, are by no means due to the rush of modern life, as is usually stated. The most nerve-worn among the people are not the rushing

City men who gamble with fortunes every day, but are seamstresses and other people who lead a quiet life, and who subsist on white bread, margarine, jam and strong tea with plenty of white sugar. Experiments on animals have shown that such a diet, which is deprived of the essential vitamins, causes the gravest disturbances of the nervous system, and these disturbances lead eventually to long-drawn-out and totally unnecessary suffering.

I have come to the conviction that of the health troubles and diseases of civilisation approximately ninety per cent. are quite unnecessary and are comparatively easily avoidable. These avoidable health troubles and diseases not only lead to the deterioration of the race, but they undermine at the same time the happiness of families and the security of the State. The vitamin-starved seamstresses and others take poisonously strong tea in the vain attempt to counteract the defects of their diet, while vitamin-starved men take alcoholic drink, and both sexes fly to narcotic drugs. Drunkenness is found particularly in the vitamin-starved countries of the North, where fresh fruit and greenstuff are scarce. In Southern countries, where fruit, salads and vegetables are superabundant, both drunkenness and the drugging with poisonously strong tea are practically unknown.

Avoidable ill-health and disease are undermining the family and the State, and they are largely, and possibly chiefly, responsible for social unrest and dissatisfaction. The Southern peoples who do not suffer from vitamin starvation as we do are happy and bright, and their cheerfulness is principally due to the fact that they feed more wisely than we do.

Our economic position is desperately serious. Unemployment is widespread, taxation is high, and the great employers of labour complain about the inefficiency of their workers. I have no hesitation in stating that the financial burden of avoidable ill-health and disease is very much heavier than that imposed by our War Debt. The heaviest tax of all is our tax on health. It inflicts a calculable burden of £500,000,000 per year on the nation in the form of lost earnings, and it inflicts an additional impost

of considerably more than £500,000,000 per year upon the people at work, because their working power and efficiency are reduced by physical *malaise* and mental depression consequent upon it.

A nation's health is a nation's wealth. Guided by the conviction that prevention is better than cure, some medical and non-medical men have banded themselves together and have formed the New Health Society, which aims at the prevention of disease, and the words "A Nation's Health is a Nation's Wealth" is its motto.

Of course the sentence "Prevention is better than cure" is a grave under-statement of fact. All experienced medical men agree that most serious diseases cannot be cured in the true sense of the word. Our bodies are like porcelain vases. A broken porcelain vase can be very skilfully patched, but it cannot be made whole. A disease may be brought to a standstill, or the sufferings of the patient may be alleviated, but in innumerable cases the patient cannot be made whole. When, after decades of unhygienic living, vital organs have degenerated or important functions can no longer be fulfilled, the most skilled physician and surgeon can do but little. He cannot supply the patient with a pair of lungs as good as new or a pair of kidneys or a fresh stomach. The sentence "Prevention is better than cure" is utterly misleading, because in innumerable instances a real cure of disease is entirely out of the question. The only true cure of disease consists in right living, which prevents organic degeneration and consequent damage which is more or less permanent and incurable.

The power of surgeons and physicians is great if compared with the power wielded by them in former generations. However, more potent than the most wonderful drugs and serums which science commands are the wonderful drugs and serums which are distilled in our own bodies when we are in health. More than two thousand years ago Hippocrates, the greatest physician of all times, humbly wrote: "Nature is the curer of all diseases." That is now as true as it was then. The greatest medicines of all are air, water, sunshine, right food, rest and proper

exercise. With these remedies of Nature we have reduced the tuberculosis death rate in the most remarkable manner. If with fresh air, water, sunshine, right food and proper exercise we can cure people acutely suffering from tuberculosis, which means in their case that we can bring that terrible disease to a standstill, it is obvious that with fresh air, water, sunshine, right food and proper exercise we can keep people in health and prevent not only tuberculosis but a host of other diseases as well.

The New Health Society wishes to renew the health of the nation. It has been founded by physicians, surgeons, and other men who have become profoundly convinced that a new race can be created by a new way of life. The leading people of the land are joining it. A former Prime Minister and a former Minister of Health are among its founders, and two other former Prime Ministers have recently joined the Council of the Society. A most distinguished and most powerful Medical and Scientific Research Committee, composed of the highest authorities on air, sunlight, nutrition, vitamins, housing, tuberculosis, rickets, teeth, etc., will assist and guide the society. If the people will give adequate financial support to the society, as no doubt they will, its ideals will be realised before long, and the present generation will witness indeed the arrival of a golden age of health.

The nation at large will vastly benefit, and among the principal beneficiaries should be the members of the medical profession. The nation can be kept in health only with the co-operation of the doctors, who will become more interested in prevention than in cure.

The present position of the doctor seems to be an illogical one. He is called in as a rule far too late, and it is most disheartening for a medical man that that should be the case. Moreover, he is paid by the sick and the suffering, who can ill afford it, and not by the people in robust health, to whom his charges would be far more easily bearable.

There is an old joke about Chinese doctors being paid for keeping the health of their patients and being deprived of their yearly fee if their patients fall ill. There is much

sense in that idea. I think it would be a very good plan for people in perfect health to arrange with doctors something on the following lines. People in perfect health, instead of keeping away from their doctor, should give him a retaining fee of so much per year and place him under the obligation of keeping them in health. They should arrange for constant guidance and periodic overhauls, so that slight deviations from normality may be discovered before these slight deviations have developed into great and serious ones. After all, one's general health is at least as important as one's teeth, and is infinitely more important than one's motor car or bicycle. Every sensible man and woman goes every six months to the dentist for an inspection of the teeth, even if there is nothing to complain of. Similarly, every owner of a motor car or a bicycle has his machine overhauled by an expert more or less frequently, in order to protect himself against undesirable surprises. Surely our wonderful bodies are at least as precious to us as machines which we can always replace.

The New Health Society intends to begin a nation-wide propaganda by means of books, pamphlets, articles in the Press, lectures, addresses, broadcasting, etc. A large staff of expert lecturers will be required, and the society intends to co-operate with all existing agencies, such as philanthropic societies, medical organisations, trade unions, professional organisations, boys' organisations, co-operative societies, women's associations, the schools, the churches, the local authorities, the medical officers of health, and so forth. A vast organisation will be required, and every one can help in the task at hand with money, advice and active work. All those who are able to help and are willing to help should come forward and should communicate with the Secretary of the Society at Sentinel House, Southampton Row, W.C.

HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS

BY JOHN PALMER

"THE play's the thing," said Hamlet on a certain occasion, an assertion which has often been quoted, but one to which, as a generic proposition, very little attention is paid in modern productions of the tragedy. *Hamlet* the play, as distinguished from Hamlet Prince of Denmark, has, indeed, hardly contrived to exist at all in the majority of the revivals with which we are to-day familiar. The tragedy with which we are acquainted on the modern stage is little more than a series of opportunities for the central figure to reveal his qualities at the expense of every other personage in the story. No serious effort is ever made to realise and present the motives of Gertrude, Claudius and the rest. All the more celebrated Hamlets of recent times, far from believing that "the play's the thing," have never hesitated to discard any portion of the plot, any speech or incident, which did not square with their individual conception of the central character. The other persons of the tragedy are neither here nor there. So far has the process gone of sacrificing the play to its hero that "*Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark" has become a synonym for something altogether inconceivable. We remember Henry Irving, Forbes Robertson, Martin Harvey, John Barrymore, as moving and distinguished figures, surrounded by a company of incredible puppets whose incomprehensible activities were only condoned because they so aptly ministered occasions to the protagonist.

One quite understands, of course, how this has come about. Young Hamlet is admittedly quite the most interesting character in the tragedy that bears his name. The play, moreover, must always to the barbers with the beard of Polonius. The full version is an affair of some five hours, and it is rarely possible to present more than about three-fifths of the original text. A prominent actor wishing

to play Hamlet and finding it necessary to shorten the proceedings naturally tends to sacrifice the play to its hero. Quite as naturally he prefers to be the best actor in the company, in spite of the fact that he happens to be playing one of the easiest parts. Polonius, Laertes and Claudius are all much more difficult to play than Hamlet; but no actor desiring to appear in the principal rôle would dream, theatrical nature being what it is, of looking for someone abler than himself to assume these very difficult and somewhat unsympathetic characters.

There is another reason still why we never see *Hamlet* as a play.

The Elizabethan tradition died with Burbage; and after Burbage *Hamlet* fell first under the influence of the classical and then under the influence of the romantic tradition. It became invested with a dignity and a glamour which has increased from generation to generation, until the original naked appeal of the story, the root reality of its characters, the plain sense of the intrigue, the unadorned significance of its leading incidents and ideas, have been gradually obscured. We tend to listen to the soliloquies of Hamlet as to a sacred litany. His appearances are in the nature of a ritual; his speeches have the quality of an incantation. It is a process which is not, of course, confined to *Hamlet*. All Shakespeare's plays suffer from the spirit of bardolatry in which they are almost invariably approached, not only by actors but even more mischievously by the more devout critics and commentators. To such an extent has this been carried that the series of seven rather disagreeable pictures in which the life of man is divided by the melancholy Jaques is usually delivered as though it were a complete epitome of human existence.

Shakespeare would gain enormously if each generation could read his plays for itself, finding in them what it required for its own purposes and its own inspiration. There is more matter in *Hamlet* of direct and burning interest to people of to-day than in the whole mass of contemporary literature—a statement which will absolve me, I hope, from any charge of irreverence for its author;

but this fact would be more swiftly and more widely realised if the play could be put before the younger generation on its merits, if we could look straight at the tragedy in a spirit of adventure and curiosity, instead of looking at it, as we are almost bound to do, through a haze of solemn tradition. Each generation tries to impose its own view of Shakespeare on its successors, with the result that very often the smart young men of the time prefer to be clever at his expense rather than allow him to convince them of their own futility.

These observations are naturally provoked by Mr. H. K. Aylliff's production of *Hamlet* in modern dress. This production, quite apart from its intrinsic merits, which I do not propose very seriously to discuss, is an important event which cannot fail very strongly to influence the contemporary attitude to Shakespeare. It has brought a large number of young playgoers more directly into contact with Shakespeare's original play than they ever expected to find themselves. It has confronted them with the play itself, divested of its traditional glamour; has emphasised its direct appeal to the modern intelligence; has torn away the customary suits of solemn black and set Hamlet naked upon his kingdom of the twentieth century. No intelligent actor or producer or critic who has seen this production of the play can ever feel quite the same again in regard to it.

One of the most signal proofs of the universal character of Shakespeare's genius is the fact that every race and every generation finds something in his plays which appears to be aimed directly at its own peculiar susceptibilities. Dr. Johnson admired him for reasons almost unintelligible to Coleridge and Lamb. Voltaire praised him for qualities that were not perceived by his contemporaries. Mr. Bernard Shaw discovered quite unprecedented reasons for recognising in the author of *All's Well that Ends Well* one of his most important forerunners. A new generation will doubtless discover new meanings and proclaim in years to come that Shakespeare anticipated them as intelligently as he anticipated their predecessors. It is essential, however, that the new generations, if they are to derive any real benefit or inspiration from Shakespeare, should be brought

into contact with his work in a way that does not too closely identify him with traditions of thought and feeling with which, for better or worse, they are momentarily out of sympathy. Mr. Ayliff does this in his production of *Hamlet* at the Kingsway Theatre, and a proof of the benefit which he thus confers upon his contemporaries is shown by the fact that, after the performance, one heard the younger generation talking of the tragedy as one talks of a play by Pirandello or Mr. Galsworthy and scarcely mentioning at all the *Hamlet* of Mr. Keith Johnston.

One felt, while the play was in progress, an atmosphere in the theatre utterly different from that which usually prevails on these occasions. Here was no audience following the interpretation of a famous rôle by a celebrated actor, but an audience following the play. There was almost a "first-night" atmosphere, elements of appreciation and discovery and suspense hitherto unknown in any London theatre during a Shakespeare revival, with the possible exception of the "Old Vic." And this atmosphere prevailed in spite of the fact that one half of the audience came to the performance expecting to be offended by an irreverent perversity, and the other half in anticipation of a modern "rag" at the expense of everybody over forty years of age. In less than five minutes the audience had realised that, even though it had come to see the Prince of Denmark in plus fours, or King Claudius taking a necessary whisky and soda after his experience of the mousetrap, it was not to be allowed to continue in that mood. It was caught up into the play so quickly and so firmly that it soon lost sight of the fact that this was *Hamlet* in modern dress, and to realise only that this was *Hamlet*. For many young people the production was, in fact, decisive. It has shown them that Shakespeare not only continues to exist when stripped of the shreds and patches with which he has been clothed by successive generations of actors and producers, but that his immediately contemporary appeal gains enormously by the process. There was present in the theatre that species of astonishment with which people realise that a thing they have heard scores of times from an old book without paying very much attention to it is really true and of present application.

Hamlet in modern dress is not incongruous because *Hamlet* is modern. The fact that he speaks in blank verse is neither here nor there. Such a method of speech was as unusual with princes of the blood who wore doublets as with the modern young men who wear pullovers. One simply noticed that he expressed himself unusually well, and when you are dealing with Shakespeare it is hardly possible to disguise that circumstance, however hard the actors may seem to try.

Hamlet as a young man who, so far as his outward appearance was concerned, might be met at the "Ivy" or seen in Pall Mall was not in the least disconcerting. One accepted him quite naturally, just as Shakespeare's contemporaries accepted him in their own "modern dress." The illusion that he was *Hamlet* Prince of Denmark did not suffer for an instant from the fact that he was wearing trousers; it merely suffered, just as any other performance, however dressed, would suffer, from the fact that the actor was not always in temperament or physique professionally well fitted to the part.

Incidentally, it should be noted how triumphantly this production bears out the contention of the critics who have struggled continually against the actors and producers of Shakespeare who are obsessed with costume, lighting, decoration, and all the rest of the childish lumber with which his stage has for generations been littered. Shakespeare's appeal is rhetorical; it begins and ends with an adequate delivery of his lines; the actor, to give his plays their full value, must get into touch with his audiences more in the fashion of an orator than of an actor, never allowing them to escape the verbal incantation by which scene and character, feeling and atmosphere, are conveyed. The real reason why the audiences at the Kingsway Theatre so soon lost sight of the modern dress was simply that in Shakespeare, if the producer understands his business, the dress scarcely matters at all. Even the people who came expressly to see the modern dress were in this case obliged almost at once to lose sight of it. Almost Shakespeare's whole skill as a playwright consisted in thus obliging an audience to disbelieve the palpable evidence of its eyes by filling its ears, by bringing it under

the spell of an actor with something to say and a most prevailing way of saying it. It is almost preferable for an actor of Shakespeare to be obliged to struggle against his accessories than to rely on them. Mr. Ayliff's actors are more or less in this stimulating position. They are obliged, being actors, to make every possible effort to get their play over the footlights, and they begin every evening with the knowledge that their audience has probably come to see them more as an amusing collection of anachronisms than as characters in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. So they are thrown back on to the text. They have to be incisive and rapid and persuasive. There is nothing else for it but the words, words, words. All the archaic pageantry has been taken away. There is nothing easy or familiar to fall back upon, and instinctively they are driven to rely on the text where in an ordinary production they would be relying from force of habit on traditional "business" or on the fact of being picturesquely attired. It is partly for this reason that this production holds the attention more firmly and more continuously than the ordinary, conventional production. The company is driven to rely on the effects on which Shakespeare intended them to rely.

But this is only one aspect of a general process. The real value of Mr. Ayliff's production was that it presented *Hamlet* as though Macready, Irving, Forbes Robertson and the rest had never existed. Do not infer that I undervalue the classical and romantic tradition, or have anything but admiration for the distinguished *Hamlets* of recent years. I am merely saying that it was good and useful to present the play of *Hamlet* in terms that would bring it into direct relation with a generation for whom these traditions are an impediment rather than an encouragement to their appreciation of its fundamentals. Shakespeare is often proclaimed as being not for an age but for all time by actors and critics and professors who proceed at once to claim him for themselves alone. Mr. Ayliff has shown that Shakespeare belongs not only to our grandfathers but to ourselves. He has demonstrated that, in whatever manner or epoch we may present the tragedy of *Hamlet*, the play is able to stand alone on its merits as a

masterpiece level with the best thought and the subtles understanding of human character of the time.

And he gives us not Hamlet Prince of Denmark, a traditional figure round whom the devoted imagination and ingenuity of generations of great actors have accumulated, but the play itself, with its parts nicely balanced, its story complete and intelligible, a just value given to the ideas and motives of all concerned.

Compare for a moment the traditional treatment of Claudius with the treatment he receives from Mr. Ayliff. In the traditional *Hamlet* Claudius is presented entirely from the point of view of his nephew. He is a monster, so incredibly gross that Gertrude's affection for him is as inconceivable to the audience as to her son. He is not even given the time or opportunity to deliver properly the few lines of his part which have necessarily to be retained. It is the same with Gertrude. No one has ever really troubled about either of them for generations. Who, for example, has ever seen on the stage any indication of how the relations between Claudius and his wife are affected by her discovery of the murder? Who has ever been asked to wonder what Claudius really thought and felt about Hamlet's strange behaviour after the ghostly visitation? Who, indeed, on the stage or off it, has ever seriously regarded Claudius as anything but the "adulterate beast" of Hamlet's description, to be fittingly stabbed through the ribs in the general *dénouement*? Who has ever asked why it was that Gertrude liked Claudius better than his brother? Hamlet could not understand it, but Hamlet was infatuated with his father, and even a most cursory reading of the text shows conclusively that Claudius was superficially the more agreeable fellow. Almost certainly he did not, like his predecessor, sleep within his orchard every afternoon. Hamlet's father seems from all accounts to have been the kind of paragon whom people admire most when they are dead. It should be noted that his ghost retains a certain complacency in spite of the sulphurous and tormenting flames in which he normally resides. Claudius, on the other hand, was a sanguine and impulsive person, intelli-

gent and resourceful, who liked to make everyone about him happy and comfortable. The murder was an unfortunate incident. It probably surprised him whenever he thought about it. Gertrude, at any rate, hadn't the least idea that he had ever done anything of the kind. He obviously wanted to do his best by young Hamlet, short of surrendering his possessions—a very human and general attitude of the genial *arriviste*. On the whole there is a lot to be said for Claudius.

No attempt, however, is made in the traditional productions to present him as a credible personage. Mr. Ayliff, by bringing Claudius and Gertrude to life, restores the play of *Hamlet* to the stage. The audience, instead of merely waiting for Claudius to be killed when Hamlet shall have delivered as much of his part as he considers necessary, is interested in a real duel between the two men. This not only makes the play interesting as a play; it makes Hamlet's own motives and conduct more intelligible. Take, for example, the famous irresolution with which he so often taxes himself. This irresolution is in the conventional *Hamlet* quite incomprehensible. No one would hesitate five minutes about killing the conventional horrid monster of the romantic stage, any more than one would hesitate in killing a pig. It is quite another matter to make away with the pleasant gentleman presented to us by Mr. Vosper. One can even doubt, as Hamlet was inclined to doubt at times, whether such a pleasant gentleman could be really a murderer after all.

I do not know exactly how much this enterprise was intended to effect. I do know that, when I was persuaded to go as the result of hearing nothing else talked about for several evenings in succession, I did not anticipate half the results that inevitably flow from the original idea. I had met people who vehemently refused to go at all. *Hamlet* in modern dress was like laughing in church. There were also people who thought it might be good fun. But there could have been very few who really anticipated that as a result of the adventure they would see the play of *Hamlet* produced for the first time on any stage, a production in which the play counted for so much and the

Prince of Denmark for so little (in comparison with what we usually expect) that there were actually better actors in the company than Mr. Keith Johnston, while at times one was tempted to wonder why it had never occurred, say, to H. B. Irving to add to his gallery of criminals a fascinating likeness of Claudius, leaving Hamlet to an inferior player.

To judge from the general talk and the audience one saw at the Kingsway, the younger generation is convinced. *Hamlet* as a play for modern men and women indubitably exists—a fact which was never really brought home to anybody under thirty in the great classical and romantic productions. The Court of Denmark, formerly seen as an impossible environment for a delicate hero, becomes a world familiar to us all—very familiar, indeed, to anyone who has seen anything of diplomatic society. It might be almost any little Court in South-eastern Europe, and the English Ambassador could be matched from any Foreign Office in the world. Hamlet's moral problems, dissociated from doublet and hose, become the problems of almost any serious young man of to-day, and the story of Claudius and Gertrude is one to which the evening papers might be devoting the first column of the front page to-morrow evening. And all this is achieved without offence, without forcing the modern note, without any deliberate idea of startling or disconcerting the public. The play is taken for what it is worth, and presented in a modern setting—a procedure which throws into relief elements that belong indestructibly to the play as distinct from elements that have become associated with it by the accumulated traditions of nearly three hundred years. The success of the experiment is measured by the extent to which its incidental features, like the bridge and the plus fours and the bowler hat of the gravedigger, are almost entirely lost to view by the audience which follows the play. The effect of the modern dress and the modern environment is not positive. It does not intrude. It merely removes impediments. It clears away obstructions between the modern playgoer and a play which is modern because it is eternal.

POLAND AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

DURING the last six months the combination of Poland and Czechoslovakia has become a familiar feature of high politics, not only to those who are deeply interested in the general situation in Central Europe, but to every reader of the papers, for no one can have escaped seeing and noting the frequency with which the names of the two States have appeared in close conjunction. In all the news of and comment on the negotiations touching the Pact of Security these countries have been prominent, and always bracketed together, usually in the persons of two protagonists, Dr. Benesh and Count Skrzynski. The former as the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, and the friend and confidant of President Masaryk, had much earlier come into notice as a statesman of international importance. Count Skrzynski, the Foreign Minister of Poland, had also made his mark, but was not so well known, at any rate in England, as the other. In our own Press the references to Dr. Benesh and his policy were respectful, if sometimes marked by reserve; those to the Count and Polish policy were tinged far too much by a certain doubt of the political permanence of Poland and of the stability generally of the Polish character. The fact remained that the two States, taken together, had to be considered seriously. A date can be placed over against their entry as joint actors in the big diplomatic drama. Towards the end of April last Dr. Benesh went to Warsaw, discussed the common situation with Count Skrzynski, settled some outstanding matters of difference concerning the frontiers of the two countries, and, most significant of all, signed two treaties with Poland: a commercial treaty and an arbitration treaty.

Dr. Benesh described the aim and object of these settlements and conventions as being a continual and durable

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collaboration between two States whose interests and historic destiny it was to supplement one another. He intimated that, though there was no question at the moment of a treaty of alliance, the *rapprochement* that had taken place might prepare the way for still closer political co-operation in the future. In an interview published in the *Matin* on May 3rd he said that everything was favourable to an intimate *entente* between his country and Poland—their geographical position which tended to unite them in both peace and war, the traditions and teachings of their history, and particularly the fact that the two States had been resuscitated by the Peace Treaty. He was represented as stating that the agreements which had been concluded might be regarded as the foundation of an alliance. Now, all this was extremely important. Only a short time before Poland and Czechoslovakia had been at variance, and France, the ally of one and the friend of the other, had tried in vain to bring about a reconciliation. The Poles had bitterly resented the indifference which they said the Czechs had shown to their fate during the desperate struggle with the Bolshevik hordes of Trotsky in 1920. They had declared that the psychology of the two peoples was not the same. While acknowledging the efficiency of the Czechs, they had sneeringly called them the "Prussians of the Slav race." Yet here was an *entente*—even a prospective alliance! And its interest was increased because Czechoslovakia was a leading member of the Little Entente and Poland had a treaty of something like an alliance with Rumania, while Poland was furthering the formation of a Baltic League. The Covenant had contemplated "regional understandings," of which the Monroe Doctrine and its implications were illustrations. Regional pacts were in the air, but here were some that had been or were about to be consummated; the latest was the Polish-Czech *entente*, and in some ways it was the most significant of these understandings. Indeed, it was in itself a great event.

Immensely interested, I determined to make a tour of Poland and Czechoslovakia, to see with my own eyes the condition of these countries, and to get into touch, where

Poles; its policy was frankly obstructionist, and looked to Berlin for support. But the economic situation of Danzig indicated something altogether different. Poland is the sole hinterland of the port; nineteen-twentieths of the export and import traffic of Danzig are Polish, and it can draw trade from no other source. The political bearing of these truths was probably not very clear at first to the Danzigers. Poland, except in Posen and Pomorze (the area fronting on the Baltic), had been cruelly devastated during the Great War, and in 1920 it suffered severely from the Bolshevik invasion; in effect it was a sort of derelict. It had before it as a State a terrible task in reviving and reconstructing its ruined agriculture and industries—it looked an almost impossible undertaking. German propaganda incessantly preached that Poland must collapse or, in any case, lose what it tendentiously called the Corridor, the territory separating East Prussia from the rest of the Reich. Intensely German, Danzig absorbed and reflected such teaching. When I visited the city in 1921 little else was to be heard, nor was there much change when I was there again three years later, 1924, but this year, 1925, I could not help observing a marked alteration in the situation. The economic truths were establishing themselves as political facts, which could not be ignored.

The central economic truth was that Poland, despite the enormous difficulty of the effort, was recovering and was "making good"; this was the case even before the great harvest of this season emphasised the progress of the country. This was seen, notwithstanding the intransigent attitude of the Senate with regard to the port, in the increasing trade of Danzig, which, without that trade, must have soon dwindled and died. It was recalled by intelligent Germans in Danzig or Danzigers less German politically minded, that Poland was potentially anything but a poor country, whether in crops or minerals. Even those Danzigers who were clamorous for the re-annexation of the Corridor by Germany eagerly stipulated that in that event matters should be arranged in such a manner as to make Danzig the port of Poland. But no faintest sign of re-annexation was to be discerned; on the contrary, the Polish Army was much in evidence, and there was Poland's

alliance with France also to be reckoned with. Then there was the *entente* with the Czechs. In these circumstances it was not surprising to me to find in Danzig a very distinct and powerful movement which aimed at better relations with Poland by giving a pro-Polish instead of a pro-German aspect to the Senate of the Free City; the big German industrialists of Danzig headed this movement, and were most anxious and indeed determined that it should succeed. There was another reason for this—another economic truth; in one word, Gdynia. This is Poland's new port on the Baltic, two or three miles northwest of the western frontier of the Free City. Most people, outside of Poland and probably France, who were interested thought of Gdynia rather as a political manoeuvre than as something that was *meant* to be a great centre of shipping, a big port. It was described as a menace to Danzig, and the Danzigers thought it was an empty threat. Work was begun at Gdynia in 1920, and suspended in 1921, but it was resumed to some purpose in 1924, construction of the port being undertaken in dead earnest by a Franco-Polish group, including such important French firms as Schneiders, Hersent and Battignoles. The result was very plain in July, 1925, a year later: a solidly built mole, a third of a mile long, well into the Bay of Gdynia, with quayage and a railway; a breakwater, farther along, about a third of the length of the mole; a power station, water supply and other equipment. Lying at the quay four Polish destroyers indicated that here was Poland's naval base. By 1930 this new port will be completed to the extent of a traffic capacity as large as that of Danzig. From that city to Gdynia is but a dozen miles, and any Danziger can see for himself, as I did, what has been done. It is a great argument for his coming to terms with Poland—and he is doing so, for the political cast of the Senate has been changed, and obstruction is being replaced by co-operation. Thus, very simply, Danzig is ceasing to be a danger spot of Europe. And as Poland becomes more and more prosperous, as may be expected, its commerce and industry will find plenty of employment for both Danzig and Gdynia.

Berlin considered itself right in thinking of Danzig as a German outpost, and cannot be pleased with the change that is coming over the Free City. Short of the forcible re-annexation of what was German Poland, now an integral part of the Polish Republic, Berlin, as things are, can do very little effectively in this quarter to oppose the Poles. So far as Danzig itself is concerned, the city in its banks, shops, and speech is not so distinctively German now as it was in 1921, or even in 1924; there are far more Poles in it than there were a year ago. The whole Corridor was never distinctively German; the deputies it elected to the Reichstag before the war were not Germans but Poles; to-day it is distinctively Polish throughout. No doubt Germany would like to regain the Corridor, and this, equally no doubt, holds in it a possibility of war. Some writers go so far as to say the Corridor is the most dangerous thing in Europe, and to talk of it as a German Alsace-Lorraine—which is absurd, as anyone will see for himself if he cares to go and investigate the subject on the spot. It is not there that Poland really feels the pressure of Germany, except indirectly. That pressure, and it is heavy enough, is felt in the south-west of Poland, in Upper Silesia, and there were many signs of it in the anxieties and apprehensions of the local Polish industrialists and bankers. For months past Germany has been carrying on a kind of commercial war in and about that area, and it would be idle to deny that Poland has been and is embarrassed thereby. There has been no renewal of the treaty under which Germany took many thousands of tons of coal every month from this district, and the upshot has been a lessening of the output of the pits. The coalmasters of Upper Silesia point out that before the question of its possession was settled by the League of Nations Germany maintained that its coal, in large quantities, was absolutely necessary for the very existence of German industries—and now Germany is showing that this plea is false. None the less, German hostility to Poland remains the greatest problem for the latter to solve; and solved it must be if there is to be a durable peace. Not that danger is imminent; it is distant, for Germany cannot and could not

hope to make a successful war against Poland for many years to come because of the Franco-Polish alliance, which is definitely military in its scope. On the other hand, the upkeep of its army imposes a serious financial burden on Poland.

Not alone with Germany has Poland difficulties. Its eastern frontier marches with the western boundary of Soviet Russia, with the World Revolution still inscribed on its banners, and there is unquestionably a certain menace implied. It was at once interesting and gratifying, if a little surprising, to find that Poland, while maintaining the necessary vigilance, did not believe the Soviet menace was to be considered too seriously. Its point of view was that while there were regrettable frontier incidents of occasional occurrence, there was nothing approaching the tension preceding a war; the frontier incidents were devoid of political importance, as were the Red plots within the country itself, and were easily dealt with; the Border States were well linked up against Soviet aggression; the atmosphere was one of peace. This being so, the fact emerged more and more that Poland and Soviet Russia had great commercial and industrial interests in common; already there was a considerable and growing trade going on between them, and Poland desired to develop that trade as much as possible; it was in the interests, too, of peace. Such was the attitude of Warsaw in mid-August; it was strikingly exemplified by the welcome accorded M. Chicherin when he visited Warsaw towards the close of September, some six weeks later. Still, vigilance will have to be maintained. Poland is rich in proverbs and is sure to have one like our "He that sups with the Devil needs a long spoon."

Besides its difficulties with Germany and Red Russia, Poland has on its hands the controversy with Lithuania, the latest development of which, an outcome of the major Vilna question, is the trouble over the use of the Niemen river and the port of Memel by Polish lumbermen. This, however, seems likely to be settled before long; it should be settled quickly, for meanwhile Memel, once the greatest timber port on the Baltic, is suffering from the lack of logs.

I spent two days in Vilna, where I had hoped to meet two leaders—on the one side Marshal Pilsudski, of Lithuanian descent but a Pole of the Poles, and on the other side Dr. Basanavicius, the greatest of living Lithuanians. Nothing could have been more interesting than hearing their respective statements of the case; as things fell out, I was disappointed, for I saw neither of them. My impression of Vilna was that, whatever it might have been before, it was now a Polish city. While in Lwow (Lemberg) I made inquiries about the Ukrainian or Ruthenian agitation against the Poles, and could not but come to the conclusion that the reports of it received in London had greatly exaggerated its importance. Last but not least of Poland's problems is the large Jewish element. Everywhere in Poland, except in the country districts, there are Jews; some cities, such as Lodz, appeared to swarm with them, and much of the trade and commerce of Poland lies with them. The Polish-Jewish question has a history that goes back for hundreds of years, and the burden of it is that very few Jews became Poles. As a body the Jews of Poland were opposed to the establishment of the Republic; during the war they favoured Germany. In spite of this, the Constitution of Poland gives them precisely the same status as it gives the Poles themselves, and the result remains to be seen. It will depend more on the Jew than on the Pole, but Polonisation may be helped by the progress of the country. My first and last impression is that Poland is progressing; there is hope for Poland, good hope.

In the third week of August I travelled south from Katowice, which has become the capital of Upper Silesia, and passed into prosperous, well-cultivated, highly industrialised Czechoslovakia, over which the devastating flood of the Great War did not sweep at all. The Poles had virtually to make a fresh start; the Czechoslovaks took over their country from Austria-Hungary as, it might be said, a going concern, and as it is not in their nature to slack, they have kept it a strongly going concern ever since. They are a hard-working and most industrious people, and in some ways rather like my own Scottish countrymen and countrywomen. A true story illustrates Czech thrift. In

Prague, surely one of the most beautiful cities of the world, there is a bank called the Bank of the Legion. The reference is to the Czech Legion, which fought or otherwise made its way out of European Russia and across Siberia to Vladivostok after the Armistice. At a certain point in the route the men received a considerable sum in gold as their pay, which had long been in arrears, and their leaders suggested to them that instead of spending it on frivolities and trifles, they should save the money and take it home with them. This they did, and with that heroic money was founded this Bank of the Legion. What a revelation of character! Their great president, Dr. Masaryk, has given his people as their watchword "Work!" To be sure, it is not a sensational or an emotional rallying cry, but it appeals to the Czechs. Their crops had not been so favoured by fine weather this season as had been those of the Poles; cereals had been battered by rain, but still the grain harvest was fairly good, and there was an abundance of beets for their big sugar industry. The Czechs cannot grow enough foodstuffs to supply their needs, but the Poles will be able, at any rate this winter, to supply all that is required; in this respect, as in others, Poland and Czechoslovakia are the complements of each other. Their *entente* has a strong economic basis.

How far does the Polish-Czech *entente* go? There is nothing military about it, but it has to be added that in this matter the treaties made separately by the two States with France have to be carefully considered. Poland's treaty with France is military; if Poland is attacked by Germany or any other State, France is bound to go to its assistance at once. Czechoslovakia's treaty with France is not military. President Masaryk assured me that there was no secret treaty, though it is sometimes asserted there is one. But—it is a very important but—there is a provision or understanding by which if Poland, for instance, is attacked, Czechoslovakia will immediately concert such measures as may be deemed necessary with France or other countries directly concerned. This undertaking goes very far—it might and probably would go all the way. Nor should the fact be lost sight of that there is a French

Military Mission in Czechoslovakia, just as there is one in Poland; it is to be supposed that the chiefs of the respective staffs have their plans all worked out for joint action, if required. The Czechoslovak Army is a good deal smaller than that of Poland, but it is as highly trained, and doubtless would give a good account of itself. The chief and abiding interest, however, of Czechoslovakia is peace, as Dr. Benesh never tires of repeating; it has made its alliances and *ententes* with that predominant object. The famous Skoda works show the direction of the Czech mind. No one can have forgotten the huge Skoda guns that wrought such havoc in the war; Skoda still makes guns, but of its whole present production more than eighty per cent. is peace production—locomotives, agricultural machinery, tractors, turbines, motor cars, and so on.

Though there are more Germans in Czechoslovakia than in Poland, and far more proportionately to population, the situation of the former country *vis-à-vis* Germany is far less strained than is that of the latter. While the Germans in Czechoslovakia remain politically far apart from the Czechs, their common economic interests tend increasingly to bring them together. The Germans in Bohemia are split up as regards locality and politics; very many of them are Socialists, and certainly have no sympathy whatever with Germans of the extreme Nationalist type; if they had to choose between the Nationalists and the Czechs they would most probably elect to remain where they are. The Czechs have no particular fear of Germany as the Reich is constituted to-day, but a preoccupation of their statesmen is the possible combination of Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria—the Great War combination over again. Thus they are strongly opposed to the union of Austria with the Reich, and keep ceaseless observation over its every move; but they are not unfriendly to it, and would help it where and when possible. Their attitude to Hungary is very different—which is not at all remarkable, as that of the Hungarians to them is hostile and highly provocative, at least in words. But Hungary is powerless; the chief aim of the Little Entente is that the frontiers fixed by the Peace Treaties shall “stay” fixed, and

this covers those of Hungary. Across the Danube, north of Hungary, rises to the High Tatra the beautiful land of the Slovaks, racially and linguistically akin to the Czechs, and, freed after the Great War from Magyar oppression, joined with the Czechs in the one Republic of Czechoslovakia. It is being said, by parties not altogether disinterested, that there is grave dissatisfaction among the Slovaks with the Czechs—grave enough to threaten the disruption of the State. It is a gross exaggeration; what is true is that there are sectional differences of the kind to be expected in the respective economic and educational circumstances of the Czechs and the Slovaks. Even of these differences no indication was to be noted in the great Oriental Fair last August in the Slovak capital, Bratislava, Slovaks from every district of the country joining with the Czechs in making it a wonderful national success. Here were many specimens of the fine embroideries in which the women of Slovakia excel, as well as samples of the numerous agricultural and industrial products of this region, together with exhibits of the heavy industries of Bohemia and Moravia. Like other lands, Czechoslovakia suffers from the general industrial depression, but when that depression lifts it will share in the returning prosperity. As times are, it is in no bad way.

THE COMMUNIST "OFFENSIVE" BY SEA

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE trouble in the shipping industry, which was fomented in this country with only very partial success, but assumed the character of a blockade in Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, was not primarily concerned with wages or the conditions of labour, as is the case with most strikes. Of all seamen in Europe those who serve in the British mercantile marine are the best off. Their wage is more than twice that paid on board German or Italian or French ships, and Belgian, Norwegian, Danish, Dutch and Swedish crews also receive lower pay than British crews. We need not pause to deal with the unhappy lot of the Russian sailor, because it is not comparable with that of the seamen of any other countries. The plight of these men, under the rule of the Communists, reflects the general condition of the working classes wherever Communism has raised its head. The amount of Russian tonnage is so small that it is of little importance in the international carrying trade. German, French, Italian, Belgian, Norwegian, Danish, Dutch and Swedish vessels are, however, serious competitors of the British mercantile marine in the carriage of goods. If the issue on which the strike was fomented had been a matter of wages or conditions of work the attack would have been made on these other mercantile marines, and not upon the merchant navy of this island country, which provides the essential life-line of the peoples of the British Empire, widely scattered over the seas and oceans of the world.

The aim of the agitators was not, of course, to improve the lot of British seamen, already better than that of other seamen, but to deal what they hoped might prove a vital blow at the country which they regard as the main bulwark of capitalism in the Old World. They reasoned much as the Germans reasoned during the war, when their "invincible army" had failed them and their fleet had proved

useless, and they consoled themselves with the belief that the intensive submarine campaign would prove their salvation. The extremists, avowed Communists in association with Moscow and others in Trade Union circles, were disappointed owing to their failure to win over any considerable proportion of the skilled workers in industries ashore, and they had incurred, at last, the determined opposition of the outstanding leaders, as the Labour Conference at Liverpool was to prove within a few weeks of the outbreak of the trouble in merchant shipping. In these circumstances, the opportunity which an agreed reduction of wages in the mercantile marine offered was eagerly seized upon to make mischief, and, as was hoped, undermine the Trade Union movement in this country as well as overseas. The holding up of supplies of food and raw materials, it was assumed, would, owing to the stoppage of shipping services, create discontent on all hands in this island, and thus assist the agitators in their larger revolutionary plans, which they are being urged to carry out without further delay. As Mr. F. S. Allen, Chairman of the Shipping Federation, has declared, "the strike was really a reconnaissance in force, in connection with the general Communist 'offensive,' by direct action, against the existing order of society." The seamen who succumbed to the agitation became the unthinking tools of the Communist elements in this country and in the Dominions, who are under orders from Moscow, as the Communist Press admits, to bring the British Empire down in ruins as speedily as possible.

It is unnecessary, however, to indulge in general speculations, since the sequence of events reveals with sufficient clearness the character of the strike. During the war, when the seamen's pay soared to dizzy heights under the influence of State control, the shipowners of this country agreed with the accredited representatives of all the various classes of seafarers to set up what is known as the National Maritime Board for the regulation of the conditions of work of all the numerous grades of men, seamen, firemen and others, serving afloat. The constitution of this body was welcomed by the shipowners as well as by the men's

the door of the seaman's home owing to the laying up of more shipping. They decided, however, that last year's increase of pay had not been justified, and conceded that wages should be put back to the level at which they stood in the summer of 1924. This decision, having been unanimously approved by the National Maritime Board, was confirmed by the Executive Council of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, as well as by the districts. "Better have work at the wage paid last year, surrendering £1 a month, than have no work at all, leaving foreign ships, with lower wages and operating costs, to steal away the trade of the British mercantile marine." That was the trend of opinion on all hands.

During later weeks there was no whisper of revolt. Seamen and other ratings signed on, the men agreeing, as usual, to serve under the new conditions for the homeward as well as the outward voyage. The contracts of seamen are of the most specific character, and, in the interests of the men even more than of the shipowners, cover the homeward as well as the outward voyages. Mr. Havelock Wilson was so satisfied with the position at the end of July—possibly was over-contemptuous of the rival union, itself engaged in internecine quarrels—that he decided to fulfil an engagement to go to Canada, and, in spite of what happened on the eve of his departure, he very characteristically carried out his intention.

The well-known shipping weekly paper, *Fairplay*, published on August 6th an account of the proceedings at two meetings of the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union, "Bro. J. Cotter" and "Bro. Emanuel Shinwell," described as "the Parliamentary agent and national organiser," being the leading protagonists in the proceedings, which were sadly lacking in harmony. According to this report, "the total assets of the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union on April 4th, 1925, amounted to £27,773," and it was added that "the solidity of this balance is only due to the fact that 'Bro. Cotter'

(1) Mr. Emanuel Shinwell was Parliamentary Secretary to the Department of Mines in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Government. He is a tailor by trade.

has been persistently sitting on the cheque book, and, under the advice of his lawyer, has refused for some time to draw on the account, a course which is naturally not entirely popular with the officials of the Union." "Bro. Cotter," who presided, stated that the Union had "no more than 1,800 financial members throughout the country." *Fairplay* added:—

Following the chairman's remarks came other reports from the general secretary, from "Bro. Shinwell," and others, one of whom took so pessimistic a view of the future that he was constrained to tell the meeting that "he knew for a fact that the forthcoming quarter would be far worse in this respect than any of the seven previous quarters. He was of opinion that something ought to be done before all the remaining money was spent. He had heard about dissolution, and was of the opinion that dissolution should be very carefully considered at this meeting and the whole financial position gone into, as it was dishonest to any longer spend the men's money as it was being spent, with no prospects of being able to do anything worth while."

It was not until August 12th that trouble in the shipping industry began, and then the insignificant rival union, in desperate straits, showed its hand, it having been decided apparently that the long anticipated opportunity of ruining the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union had come. Mr. Allen stated early in the struggle what happened.

On the latter date, as the result of an agitation which began in London, troubles developed in connection with the engagement of seamen in this country. A few days afterwards news was received that the crews of vessels—with the honourable exception of the navigating and engineer officers—in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa had, at the instigation of local agitators, refused to take their vessels further.

What has created this situation? How is one to account for the simultaneous occurrence of so complete and sudden a change, both here and at the Antipodes, in the attitude of men who, in many cases, are old servants of the various lines, who have hitherto borne excellent characters and have earned the confidence and respect of their employers?

It has been suggested that the men who have broken their contracts, though they have no possible justification, have some excuse for so doing, because the reduction of pay came into force during the currency of the voyage, they being ignorant of their liability to such a reduction; that it was, in fact, a furtive and sinister device employed by the shipowners to entrap the men. There is no shadow of truth in the suggestion. A special clause in ships' articles provides that any agreed increase or decrease in pay shall take effect on the same date in all British ships, wherever they may be, and the attention of the men is drawn to this clause at the time of signing on.

As to the fairness of this arrangement, I can only say it was the subject

keeps a free hand to decide when and with what force she shall act in virtue of her guarantee of the western frontier of Germany is of the utmost importance as a warning both to France and Germany that if they enter on hostilities for a frivolous cause, they will do so at their own peril. And that is the most effective way of keeping the peace.

We may regret that a gap for war should still be left in the Covenant, but it was not the business of the statesmen at Locarno to enter on the debatable ground of the Protocol of Geneva. Mr. Chamberlain had denounced the idea at Geneva that war could be prevented by organising the League as an instrument against war. He insisted that the way to peace lay in moral disarmament, and, pursuing this idea, he did his very utmost at Locarno to create that atmosphere of goodwill which is the most effective antidote to war. He realised that unless he could create this spirit neither Pact nor arbitration treaties would be of any avail as enduring instruments of peace. He therefore laboured unceasingly to remove the hatred, fear and suspicion left by the war and to open a new chapter in European history. M. Briand worked heart and soul with him, and I can well believe the story which was current in Locarno that he and Mr. Chamberlain pledged themselves not to say a cross or provocative word at the Conference table, however difficult it might be to persuade the Germans of their good intentions.

Fortunately, Dr. Stresemann and Dr. Luther responded to this effort to convince them that their former enemies were sincere in their desire to make a new *entente* with Germany. Mr. Chamberlain played his rôle of conciliator with such admirable tact and discretion that he really astonished the Germans, who had the idea that he was the type of a stiff and self-conscious Englishman who viewed the world through the cold and haughty stare of an eyeglass. At the same time, M. Briand charmed everyone by his *bonhomie*. At the long table in the Conference room, which was adorned by the Mayor of Locarno with a fresh bouquet of flowers every day, all the Ministers were on a footing of equality. Arguments were put without

heat, but lost none of their force for that reason, and when the tussle became severe, as it did on certain questions, Mr. Chamberlain would relax the tension by summing up the points on both sides and by suggesting that concessions on one side should be met by concessions on the other, while M. Briand would dispel the dark clouds by the lightning flashes of his humour.

Thus did the days pass, the jurists working feverishly to tide over the difficulties which the Conference could not solve and to find the right form of words to express a real agreement.

Let us look at the chief actors in this great drama a little more closely, for the success of the Locarno Conference depended on their skill and characters and on the play of mind on mind. Of Mr. Chamberlain I have already spoken. His achievement as Conciliator-in-Chief was very remarkable. He was never discouraged, never over-elated, but steered his course on an even keel. He deserves the highest recognition, for he established such a reputation for fairness, that when it came to the tussle between the Germans and the Poles on questions connected with their arbitration treaty and the French guarantee, both sides went to Mr. Chamberlain, who called in the aid of Sir Cecil Hurst.

It was Mr. Chamberlain's idea to commission the boat called the *Orange Blossom*, in which he and M. Briand, Dr. Luther and Dr. Stresemann sailed one Saturday to find a solution to the vexed question of the conditions which should govern Germany's entry into the League. The day was happily chosen, for it was Mrs. Chamberlain's birthday, and she accompanied these master mariners in their adventurous voyage in the *Orange Blossom*, presiding at the tea-table in the cabin as the genius of this romantic occasion. I watched the Ministers return to Locarno, where they were greeted with acclamation, for the good news had spread abroad that they had reached an agreement.

Briand's broad-shouldered figure, with its stooping gait, reminded me of honest Jacques Bonhomme, the very

Torrington, or Nelson. This fact has long been recognised by those who have studied Imperial as well as Home Defence, and Mr. Amery is the first Imperial statesman strong enough to carry out the unanimous recommendations of experts in face of opposition raised solely for party propaganda.

1923 Election.—If any one man was responsible for bringing about this Election, then that man is truly entitled to the rank of statesman. If Mr. Amery, then not only the thanks of the Empire are his, but the thanks of civilisation. Since the institution of Parliamentary Government, England and later Great Britain has been governed alternately by one of two parties. The leaders of both were recruited from the moneyed classes. The rise of a Parliamentary Labour Party was welcomed by a large section of the electorate, not in sympathy with the party policy, but from a desire to see a change from the old order of things. The extremists of the party realised that a full term of office would be necessary to carry out their socialistic policy—to nationalise everything—and it was this unhampered period they were working for. Had it been given them—and it would have been given had the General Election been delayed until 1927—within three years of taking office a Socialistic Government, composed of Communists with a majority in Parliament, would have lost first India, then Australia, and New Zealand would have been compelled to amend their Asiatic restriction laws or be handed over to the mercy of Japan. Canada would have thrown in her lot with the United States, and South Africa become a Republic. The restraining influence of the Empire having been removed from the Continent, it will be imagined what would happen between Germany and France, not to mention the smaller European Powers. The statesman responsible for that election foresaw that sooner or later the electorate would give the Labour Party a mandate, if only as an experiment in government. The longer the election was delayed, the greater would be the Socialists' majority and the longer would its Government be in power without any curb against extreme policy—hence the Election of 1923. The electorate could see that Labour had been given its chance to show its fitness to govern. This was in accordance with British fairness. The electorate quickly discovered that the extremist tail was wagging the moderate dog; it also discovered that, having felt the responsibility of office, Labour would develop that strength necessary to form a stable and loyal Government in the future. The man responsible for that election was a far-seeing Imperialist, and not a Little Englander, for that election saved the Empire from disruption, Great Britain from Communism, and Europe from another devastating war.

Mosul.—Rumours are assiduously spread in clubs and elsewhere that Mr. Amery's policy in Mesopotamia is actuated by certain oil interests—that the British taxpayer is to dance to a tune played by a gang of cosmopolitan financiers. Anyone knowing Mr. Amery can say with conviction that all the pugnacity in him would show itself if he had the slightest suspicion that any of his colleagues had any ulterior motive for remaining in Mosul. As an Imperialist he knows how costly a policy of scuttle has been in the past and what legacies successive Liberal Governments left in their invariable policy of scuttle. Our scuttle from the Transvaal in 1881 led to an expensive war both in men and money in 1899-1902, and an aftermath of racial bitterness that is only now disappearing. The scuttle from the Sudan led to the

massacre of Gordon and his comrades and loyal tribes, only to be followed a few years later by another costly war. In 1903 we again scuttled from Somaliland, leaving the friendly tribes to the mercy of the Mad Mullah.

The critics in their personal or party dislike for the Colonial Secretary have not paused to consider the far-reaching effect upon the Asiatic population of the Empire—some 500 millions of people, be it remembered—of this policy of scuttle from the point of the bayonet.

A few more Amerys in the Government and the Empire would regain that honour and prestige it lost under the Asquiths and Lloyd Georges, and which it may yet take a Labour Government to restore.

Mr. Amery's misquoted proverb was appropriate, but, being polite, he did not give the correct Arabic translation: "The curs (pariahs) may yelp, but the caravan passes." His modesty possibly forbade him quoting the old German proverb even more appropriate: "I know that I ride when the dogs do bark."

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